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will have no proof."

your hands."

wronged him.

VOL XVI.

LOUISBURG, N. C. MARCH 25, 1887.

NO. 11

"Fool I if I give them to him you

"Do as I say, I will trust him."

nald was in deadly earnest, and with a

muttered curse he threw the papers on

"Examine those papers, Mr. Rig-

"They are, sir , and I place them in

"Keep them New, Guy Verines, I return the compliment, and discharge

you; and if I hear one word of this af-

fair from your lips, I will prosecute

you for stealing those papers and

The thwarted villain turned and

left the mansion, while Ralph Regi-

nald surned to the man that had so

"Mr. Rignold, were it not for your

daughter, I would take from you that

which is my own. But for her sake I

leave you in full possession, for I love

her fondly, and do not hold her guilty

He turned to go, while Rodny Rig-

nold in vain tried to speak to him,

crushed as he was with emotion; but

suddenly there swept into the library.

from the adjoining sitting-room, none

other than Irene, looking grandly

"Mr, Reginald" I, too, have been a

listener. I was reading in the adjoin-

ing room, and heard all. You say

that you love me, and I frankly con-

fess that you are dearer to me

than all else in the world, and yet I

would not have you become the hus-

band of a woman whose father has so

defrauded you of your rights. For-

give me, father, but I must speak the

In an iustant Ralph sprang to her

"Irene, bless you for those words,

'Let the dead past Bury its dead.'

and be bappy together. Come Mr.

Rignold,not an atom of feeling against

you remains in my heart. Come, and

From that hour, kind reader, joy

reigned supreme in the mansion of

Rodney Rignold, and no shadow again

RENEWS HER YOUTH.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay co., Iowe, tells the following

emarkable story, the truth of which

is vouched for by the residents of the

town: "I am 73 years old, and have

been troubled with kidney complaint

and lameness for many years. could

not dress myself without help. Now

I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own house-

work. I owe my thanks to Electric

Bitters for having renewed my youth,

and removed completely all disease

Try a bottle, only 50 cents at Fur

A little city boy who had just re-

sarned from his first visit on a farm,

gave this description of butter- nak-

ng! "You ongut to just see how

auntie makes butter with a barr. I and

A GIFT FOR ALL.

In order to give all a chance to les

t, and thus be convinced of its won-

coughs, colds, consumption, a-thma,

brunchitis, or any affection of throat,

chest, or lungs, are especially re-

The most striking view of a mule is

TENSTRUATION or

LONTHLY SICKNESS

large buttles \$1

man & Cooke's drug store.

broomsteik!"

side, and said, earnestly:

give us your blessing."

crossed its threshold.

and pain.

and from this moment we will

beautiful, beaute A will In him

with you. Farewell, sir."

blackmailing this old man. Go P!

the table beside Rodney Rignold,

nold, and see if they are correct."

Gy Vertner saw that Ralph Regi-

THE MUSIC OF MY HOME:

The music of the nightengale That warbles sweet and clear, His woeing to the dewy flowers
That blooms and blushes near,
Is sweet to hear at eventide While shadows softly creep, Butsweeter is the fullaby That my young wife sings tenderly To soothe our bake to sleep.

Pve heard the greatest music
Of every land and elime,
Pve heard the Prima Donnas,
The wonder of their time,
The wonder of their time,
The best music, grand and high,
But they never gave such joy to me,
No music half so swert can be
As mother's in laby. As mother's lullaby.

I love the music of the brook
That parls through woods and meads,
The cataract's wild harmoneous,
And the wind among the reeds,
And the carels of the morning birds, But they're not so sweet to me And when at even, kand in hand, My children sing the "Happy Land," Beside their mother's knee.

I've heard the grandest choruses Of old cathedral choirs; I've heard great oratorios; I've heard the singing lyres; But more I love the simple strains That haunt me while I roam-The mother's crooning lullaby, The children's merry roundelsy. The music of my home. Abbe Kinne.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

A man lay dying in a humble, room, with no comforts around him, and but one person standing by his bedside to soothe his last hours on earth, and to whom he

"To you I look for justice to one who is deprived of his rights by the sin of another."

"You have been kind to me, and when you saw me struck down by those runaway horses, you brought me here to your room, and all that I have is yours when I am gone. "I was a lawyer's clerk in Lon-

don, and it came to my knowledge that a man, dying suddenly years before, left to his son a very large sum in money, and left it in the keeping of a friend who was to search for the boy, whom the father had not seen since he was an infant, for, in a drunken fit one night, he had driven his poor wife

and her baby out into the streets." "Strange to say the man proved successful after his vileact, and became very rich. But death overtook him at last, and repenting, he left his son his wealth, for the mother had died years before."

"The boy was in America, and that fact, with his name, and a few other circumstances by which to trace him, was all the friend had to commence his search with.

"Coming to America' the friend proved false to his trust, kept the money as his own, paid the lawyer, whose clerk I was, to keep quiet, and is now living in luxury with his family, whom he sent for to come here." 8 1. J. L. H. Leili

"By accident 1 came here possessed of the secret, and my employer being killed in a railway accident, I took the papers from the safe and came here, determined to force from Rodney Rignold-"

"Rodney Rignold!" exclaimed the man who had been patiently listening to the story.

"Yes; do you know him?" "I know him as a man of vast wealth."

"Yes; he invested his money in manufacturing, and has been very successful, and I knew, with the papers which I hold, that I could make him pay me a large sum to keep silent, and I was on my way to see him when I met with the ac-

"In my satchel, there, are the papers, and I wish you to pledge yourself to hunt up the son who was defrauded of his wealth, and ve them to him, so that he ca get that which is his. He will pay you weil, and I know you will keep your sacred promise to a dying

"I will faithfully keep my prom-

ise to you-I swear it!" A few more hours and the man was dead, and his few effects were turned over to the friend who had tenderly nursed him, and who paid the burial expenses.

Returning to his lonely room after the funeral, Guy Vertner in great impatience he again rode searched the satchel left to him by out to the Righuold mansion, to Mr. Rignold.

the dead man, and found a small sum of money, the papers that held the secret of a crime committed, and a few clothes. He would have the

For a long time he paced the room, his lips set, his brow clouded. Then he said:

"I will not struggle longer against the temptation. I will use my power, and then, my haughty Irene Righnold, you will not dare refuse my love as you did one year ago, for I hold here that which will lower your father's proud head with shame."

Having made up his mind to his course, Guy Vertner, the next day, attired himself neatly, and set out for the country home of Mr. Riznold, which was in the vicinity of his large manufactory.

As he rode along the highway he suddenly saw coming towards him, at breakneck speed, a pair of horses, dragging after them a stylish coupe, the coachman's box empty. Suddenly a man dashed out from the roadside and boldly siezed the frightened agimals.

Cheeked momentarily, they again dashed on, but there was an iron hand upon their bits; and, though broosed and bleeding, the courageous fellow hung to them until they were subdued. Then he tottered back and sank down in the road, just as Guy Vertner approached, and a maiden, with white face, sprang from the ve-

"Miss Rignold, I am glad to see that you are safe." said Guy Vertner, springing from his horse and approaching the maiden, who bowed scmewhat coldly as she recognized him, and replied:

"And I owe my safety to this poor man, who, I fear, is badly hurt. Oh, Mr. Vertner, please place him in the carriage and drive at once to the mansion, and I will follow with your horse;" and she bent over the unconsious man, who seemed badly injured.

His face was dark and haudsome, his form elegant, though poorly clad, and his age could not have been over twenty-five.

"It was foolish in me to let Gray leave the horses for an instant; but I did so wish a bunch of wild honeysuckles that I asked him to get them for me, and his slipping down the hillside caused the animals to take fright and dash away. Do you think the gentleman is seriously injured, Mr. Ventuer?"

"Gentleman! Why, he is some poor laboring man, Miss Righnold. All here comes your coach

At that moment a man in livery, and with white, scared face, came up at a run, crying:

"Oh, Miss Irene, I'm so glad you are not hurt!"

"But this brave gentleman, who stopped the horses, is. Drive at

once to the manslon." Turning to Guy Vertner, she continued, coldly:

"I thank you for what you have done, Mr. Vertner. Good evening,

She sprang into the carriage, the coachman mounted his box, and the vehicle rolled rapidly away, leaving Guy Vertner slone, and

with no very pleasant thoughts. To his chargin, he found, upon arriving at the elegant mansion of Rodney Righnold, that the seedy looking stranger had been taken into the best room in the house, and every attention being bestowed upon him by both Irene

"Another time I will, strike but not now, he muttered, as he noticed his cold reception; and he returned to town, his thoughts in no way pleasant company, as he did not like the fine looks of the man who saved the life of Irene at the risk of his own; and so quickly does one go down deeper into crime after the first step is taken. Guy Vertuer almost wished that he could find a way to prevent the recovery of the

handsome stranger. After waiting a few more days

find that Irene's brave rescue had hovered for a while betwee life and death, having been very seriously injured by the hoofs of the maddened horses; but a strong constitution had cause him to rally quickly, and he was now doing well, so Mr. Righnold told him. "And who is he sir?" asked

Guy Vertner of the manufacturer "Some poor fellow that for he is well educated and refined. He was on his way to the city to seek employment, he tells me; but he need not go any farther, as I will make him mp book-keeper."

"And who now has the superintendant's position, Mr. Rig-"A man by the name of Gordon; but he is untrustworthy, I think, and I intend discharging him

"I would like that position, Mr.

Rignold.11 "I regret that under the circumstances I cannot give it to you, Vertner; I have not forgotten how disipated you were when in my employ one year ago."

"Still, I seek the position, having reformed; and 1 shall expect you to give it to me."

"Sir, I am the best judge of wish; and leave the rest to me." what I shall and shall not de," said Mr. Rignold with some anger. "Permit me to differ with you, as I happened to know, Mr. Rignold, that all this wealth came into your posession by foul means."

"In the name of heaven what do you mean?" cried Rodney Rigneld, turning deadly pale.

"Simply, that the lawyer you paid hush-money to in Loudon is dead, and that I hold the papers that were in his posession, and know who is the rightful owner of the property now in your name." old man. And he burried his face "No, no, for I know how to

keep a secret, and have no desire to push to extremes. Only I am out of work, and need a few hundred dollars, and the position of superintendent, which, of course, you will give me."

Rodney Rignold saw that he was in the power of a dangerous man, and Guy Vertner returned to town that day with a check for one thousand dollars in his pocket and an order to report in a week as superintendent of the manufacto-

Promptly he was on hand, and devoted himself to his duties. Mr. Rignold hoped that all would be well; but when Ralph Merton, the stranger, was able to go to work, Guy Vertuer commenced towards him a petty tyranny that was certainly disagreeable to the new book-keeper.

Still, as the position was an easy one, with good pay, Ralph Merton quietly submitted to being found fault with, so long as Mr. Rignold

had nothing to say against him. One, day, however, several month after the coming of Guy Vertner, he entered the office in anger, and accused Ralph Merton of misplacing some papers upon

"I never go near your desk, sir, and, thesefore, know nothing of

the papers," was the calm reply. "You lie, sirl" shouted the superintendent, in a voice that turned every eye in the establish-

But hardly had the words left hi lips when he fell to the floor in a heap, sent there by a well directed blow full in the face from the fist of Ralph Mer-

Quietly collecting his own papers, Ralph turned to leave the office, when the superintendant, having regained his feet, yelled savagely;

"That ends your stay here, for, I discharge you. Go to the cashier and draw the money due you."

Ralph Merton turned very pale, bu simply bowed, while Guy Vertner tenderly nursing his swelling face, went rapidly towards his own room. and soon after entered the mansion, where he asked for an interview with

He was shown into the library, and soon his employer entered. "Mr. Rignold, I have just discharg-

ed Merton from your service, as he struck me!"

"And what provocation did you give him Vertner ?" "He had been meddling with my

papers, I am convinced; and denying it, I gave him the lie." "I am glad he had the pluck to promptly penish the one who applied such an epithet to him."

against me, Rodney Rignold?" "I do not wish Mr. Merton to leave my employ, sir. He is devoted to his duties. He has rendered me a service I can never repay him for, and both myself and daughter admire him ex-

"What! Do you intend to side

ceedingly." "Ha! Then it is as I supposed. You have an idea of promoting him to a more honored position ; but it shall not be, for he leaves this place at once; and I now make a formal propasal for your daughter's hand, Mr.

Rignold." "Great heaven's Can you mean it?" "I certainly do. And you will give your consent ?"

"Never !" "Hold on, old man, for I shall put the screws upon you if you do not, Give your cobsent ; tell Irene that it is your

Rodney Rignold sank down in chair, almost overcome; and Guy Vertuer approached him, taking from his pocket two folded legal-looking documents.

"Here, Rodney Rigneld,"I hold the proof of your guilt, and I shall seek Reginald and tell him that you are in possesion of his property, and his father. Harvey Reginald, left him vast wealth which you appropriated for yourself, and then you will go to prison as a thief.

"Mercy ! Oh, spare me, Vertner!" groaned the old man.

"You promise, then, that Irene shall be my wife?" When she becomes such, I will give to you these papers." "I promise! I promise!" "And I object ?"

The speaker was Ralph Merton, and the two men started as he appeared before them, and continued, in his calm,, deep tones: "Pardon me, Mr. Rignold, for be-

ing a listener; but I came over to bid you farewell, and hearing my name mentioned by that man, naturally paused to see what he had to accuse me of. Now, sir, you also mentioned the name of Harvey Reginald."

"And what is that to you?" asked Guy Vertner, with anger. "Harvey Reginald was my father

"Your father? But your name is Merton ?" gasped Roducy Rignold while Guy Vertner turned deadly pale

"Knowing from my mother, sir, that my father drove her from his house, with me an infant in her arms, I scorned to take his name, and took that of my mother before her marriage, which was Merton; and I have proof of who and what I am, and know that my father died worth a vast sum, yet I never made an effort to get it, and now find that he left that sum to me."

"Yes, he left all in my hands for you, and a letter begging you to forgive his cruelty to your mother and yourself; but I committed a crime against you, and kept the money as my own ; yet, I yield up now."

"Hold on, gentleman. I happen to have the papers here which are the only proof, and with them I will send you, Rodney Bignold, to jail, and nake you pay for them well, Ralph Merton, or Reginald, when I know you are what you represent yourself

"Those papers belong to me, and von have stolen them, and I know your vile game against this old man, whose act toward me I freely forgive. Now, sir, give to Mr. Rignold those papers you hold, or I swer to you that you shall never leave this room alive." As he spoke, Ralph Reginald drew from his pocket a small pistol and leveled it at the breast of Guy Vertner,

who shrank back in deadly fear. "This little weapon, Mr. Vertner, is your own, as it has your mome uponit, and you, doubtless, dropped it on the lawn as you passed, for there I picked it up."

"It seems wrong to turn it against its owner, but nevertheless I do so, and demand that you give up those paTHE FRANKLIN TIMES

THE TIMES is the oldest newspape published in Franklic county, and its circulation extends all over every section of this and adjoining counties, Advertisers should make a note, here The Editor will not be reamonable

for the views of correspondents. Brief communications from all seco tions most earnetly solution. New & items of any nature will be thankfully.

THE HOME THAT IS HAPPIEST."

Our burdens are lightened.
That many hands bear,
And pleasures are brightened. That many hearts share, And the home that is happiest Brightest and best, Is where they all labor, And where they all rest.

Where no care-worn father,
The brunt of work bears,
And no gray-haired mother
Is burdened with cares,
Where no tired viller asset
Le halperulene, tut each one le basy Till all work is done.

Then mother has lessure To laugh with her girls, She shares all their scorets.

They smothe her soft cirls.

And deck her with blossoms. And fondly declare

There never was a mother to winsome and fair. And father is jolly;
His stories and fan Are the life of the households blancer He has not a son Who does not think father

Knows best and is best; And would not work double That he might take rest. So, helping each other In labor or play, In happiness ever The years pass away; For pleasures are brightest That many hearts share, And burdens are lightest That many bands bear,

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