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THE FRANKLIN TIMES

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
JAMES A. THOMAS,
Editor and Propretor

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One Year	$1 50
Six Months	1 00

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VOL XVI. LOUISBURG, N. C. APRIL 8, 1887. NO. 13.

A MERCENARY MARRIAGE.

Am I married, Ned? Yes, 'tis all over.
The gay guests have all gone away,
And Neddie, old boy, I'm in clover—
My fortune has changed in a day.

For her wealth, did you say? Well, 'tis funny
That the gossips all have it that way,
But it a fellow has plenty of money,
What matters what people may say?

Were you speaking of Nell? Ah, that's over,
It was only a silly boy's passion,
I was then but a jolly young rover—
Such things now are quite out of fashion.

'Tis true, when the evenings were mellow,
We sometimes strolled down by the sea;
And no doubt now, with some other fellow,
She is talking the same as with me.

But don't fail to be with us next season—
I will then show you something of life;
And perhaps you will then know the reason
Why I made such a choice of a wife.

With friends in our mansion so "toney"—
You see mine's an innocent game—
We can leave her and run down to Coney,
And flirt with the girls just the same.

FRANK E. HERN.

TOBEY'S SILVER MINE.

—:O:—

Josiah Stoker, holding a conversation over the fence with his next door neighbor suddenly looked up the road and exclaimed,—

"Who on earth!"

A little old man with a huge valise was coming down it.

"He's pointing straight here," said Rufus Bissel.

The old man came on slowly; paused before the neighbors, set down his valise and searched their faces with sharp, good-humored eyes.

"Don't you know me, boys?" he asked.

The "boys" looked puzzled.

"Makes me think of Joel Tobey, I declare for it!" said Mr. Stoker.

"Just what I was thinking," said Mr. Bissel.

"A man that used to keep store here," Mr. Stoker explained. "Bissel and I clerked for him one winter. Twenty-five years ago, it was. He went West."

"Don't say so?" said the old man, with a chuckle. "Well, he's come back?"

There was a chorus of exclimations and a hearty hand shaking.

"Of course you'll put up with me?" said Stoker, hospitably. "My wife, Sarah Burt, that was, she'll be glad to give you a bed."

"You'll be more than welcome at my house," said Mr. Bissel, beamingly.

"I'm calculating to stay a week," said the old man. "I'll divide it up between you. I can't spare more than a week—can't leave my business a moment longer."

"Well, begin with me," said Mr. Stoker, cordially, dragging him towards the house.

A pretty dark-eyed girl opened the door.

"My daughter Jenny," said Mr. Stoker, proudly.

"And my wife," he added, indicating the motherly woman advancing to meet them.

There was two chairs by the fire and a pitcher of cider in the cupboard.

"Things have gone along pretty slow with Bissel and me," said Mr. Stoker, wiping his mouth and leaning forward to punch the coals. "We've lived alongside of each other for twenty five years without anything happening to speak of. Just now, to be sure, we're rather looking for something. Bissel's son Wallace, has come home from college, lately, and he and my girl there have taken a regular shine to each other. No telling what'll come of it. And how's the West?"

The man's face grew animated.

"Well," he said, complacently, "silver mining's rather more paying than storekeeping."

"Silver mining?" said Mr. Stoker, in an awe struck tone.

"Exactly!" responded his guest. "I've made my pile. I could buy up this town and fifty like it!"

"Good gracious, Tobey!" gasped his hearer. And he sat in open-mouthed wonder while Tobey, with his wrinkled face aglow, described his mind and the manner in which he "struck."

"There's one thing that troubles me considerable," Tobey concluded, "I hain't a relative in the world, Stoker—no one! And the question is, what is going to become of my money? It worries me."

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Stoker, in a most sympathetical manner.

There was a pause.

"See here, Stoker," said the old man, bringing his fist down on the table suddenly, "you're as good a friend as I've got. I knew you when you were a boy, Stoker. See here; why shouldn't you have my money?"

Mr. Stoker, having no satisfactory reason at hand, was silent.

"It's a bargain," said Tobey, with energy. "You are the man, Stoker. I feel it. You're deserving of it, Stoker, and you shall have it. No, you need not say a word. I've made up my mind." Tobey drained his mug with a benevolent smile.

When Mr. Bissel came over that evening—his son Wallace had arrived a full hour before, and was talking to Jenny Stoker in a corner—he noted a change in his friend and neighbor. Mr. Stoker was excited. He paced the room restlessly while Tobey and Mr. Bissel talked over old times by the fire; and the few remarks he addressed to the latter were vaguely patronizing.

Mr. Bissel was puzzeled; but he went home without discovering a clew to the mystery, leaving Wallace still absorbed in pretty Jenny Stoker.

The old man came down stairs next morning with his big valise bumping after him.

"Thought I'd give Bissel a turn to-day," he explained. "And see here Stoker," he added, confidentially, "I wouldn't say anything to Bissel, if I was in your place, about that little plan of mine; it might make hard feelings."

J"ust so, just so," said Mr. Stoker, approvingly.

When he settled himself against the fence that afternoon, therefore, for a friendly chat with Mr. Bissel, in a like attitude on his side of it, it was with a preceptibly increased condecension in his manner. If he had been in the mood for observing he might have seen that Mr. Bissel's demeanr had also undergone a subtle change. But the fact escaped his notice.

"Curious, wasn't it, Tobey lighting down so sudden?" Mr. Bissel remarked.

Mr. Stoker assented.

"Been doing wonderful well out West," Mr. Bissell pursued. "Got a silver mine out there. Maybe he mentioned it"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Stoker guardedly. Mr. Bissell recrossed his legs and coughed reflectively.

"Well, he did say something about not speaking of it," he said slowly; "but I don't see as it will do any hurt to tell you. I declare it knocked me all of a heap, Stoker, and I don't know how to tell it; but the old man has made up his mind to leave me his money! You see, he hain't a relative in the word; and he says I'm as old a friend as he's got, and he always did think everything of me—good gracious, Staker!"

For Stoker's face was lengthening.

"That's what you are up to, is it?" he said, raising himself from the fence with an ominous jerk.

"What?" retorted his hearer.

"You're deeper'n I thought," said Mr. Stoker, in a voice grown angrily hoarse.

"What d'ye mean?" said Mr. Bissell, with resentful sharpness.

"If he told you that," Mr. Stoker responded deliberately. "It was because you proposed the thing yourself, and wouldn't let up!" If he said them words to you, Rufus Bissell, he was made to."

Mr. Bissell's face grew red, and the hand which clutched the fence trembled indignantly and he struggled to speak.

"There's been foul play!" Stoker went on, excitedly. "He told me, did Joel Tobey, right there in my kitchen, just yesterday, that he was going to leave every cent of his money to me!"

Mr. Bissell's face turned from red to white.

"I don't believe it!" he said wrathfully. There was a palpitating silence. The two old friends, the neighbors of twenty-five years stood glaring at each other.

"Don't you ever set foot in my house again!" said Mr. Stoker unsteadily; you nor your son, either. I would see my girl in her grave before I'd see her married to him!"

"And I'd give my last drop of blood to save him from being tied to kin of yours!" said Mr. Bissell furiously.

If there came a thought of their long friendship, of the mony years they had lived side by side in peace, it was thrust aside. The red-haired man who had come up unobserved and stood waiting for a chance to speak, said to himself that he had never seen a livelier tussle.

The red-haired man looked weary and travel-stained, and was himself out of temper.

"Well," he remarked impatiently, "seeing you are stopping to take breath, maybe you will tell me if you know anything about an old man I'm after? Escaped from a private asylum. Must have gone through here yesterday. I've tracked him every step, but he's kept a little ahead. Short and thin, with sharp eyes."

His listeners started.

"He can't mean Tobey?" said Stoker.

"Tobey's his name!" said the red-haired man, joyfully. "Have you got him?"

"He ain't the one," said Mr. Bissell, with dignity. 'He's on a visit to friends. He owns a silver mine out West.'

The red haired man laughed.

'Thinks he does. That's his mania. He did have one and sunk all his money in it, and it turned his brain. He's been in our asylum ever since; his friends keep him there. Perfect harmless, but cracked. If you'd just mention where he is, by the way! I don't care about missing him this time."

Mr. Bissell jerked his thumb backward in agitated silence, and the red haired man disappeared with alacrity.

Mr. Stoker rubbed his chin for a moment in sober reflection.

"It's just what we deserve, Bissel," he said at last, solemy.

"Just what I was thinking," Mr. Bissell replied.

"I declare, I don't know but I'm glad of it," said Mr. Stoker. "When it comes to quarreling with your best friend, Bissel—"

'A silver mine, more or less wou'dn't hardly make it square; just what I was thinking."

A tall young man and a dark-eyed girl was coming up the street together.

'They're a handsome couple, ain't they, Bissel?' said Mr. Stoker.

'They can't be beat,' said Mr. Bissell, heartily. And the two old friends shook hands.

A GIFT FOR ALL.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds, will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but it shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from coughs, colds, consumption, asthma, bronchitis, or any affection of throat, chest, or lungs, are especially requested to call at Furman & Cooke's Drug Store and get a trial bottle free, large bottles $1

"A barking dog never bites," says an old addage. Of course not. How can a dog bite and bark at the same time.

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A GREAT YEAR IS THIS.

The man who can't make milk and honey to live on out of the prosperity which is going to prevail throughout the country for the entire year of 1887 ought to die for the benefit of his family.

HAD A "DAISY."

"Come out through the back way and see my daisy!" he chuckled as he rubbed his hands together.

What! gone into the funeral flowers business on your own account? Yet, after all, why not? An undertaker might as well furnish the flowers as the coffin."

"Come on. There—how does that strike you?"

"That's a hearse—a new one."

"But it's the daisy I was speaking of. Isn't she spic-span and shiny?"

"Very nice."

"I should smile. It lays over anything of the sort in this town, and don't you forget it! Get in and lie down and let me bob the springs to show how easy it rides."

"No, thank you."

"You go on! There's points about a hearse the public ought to know. Get up on the drivers seat."

"Excuse me, but I prefer a family carriage."

"Oh, pshaw! but you are too thin-skinned. Just notice these springs. I tell you it will be a positive pleasure to ride above 'em. The dish of those wheels is absolutely perfect, and such a finish!"

"Yes, very nice hearse"

"You bet! Say, it will be a proud hour in my life when I hitch a spon of white horses to that vehicle and prance around to the house of the late deceased. Lands! but won't the other undertakers look blue! Say, feel of these curtains—pure silk."

"I'll take your word for it."

"Go on, now! Hang it, but when an undertaker puts up his cash for at regular daisy like this you newspaper fellows ought to encoueage him. Just remember that the old-fashioned way of carrying a body around in a lumber wagon and then gaze on this? Just notice that these rear doors open to admit the coffin."

"Very handy."

"Handy? Why man its superb."

In the treatment of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, tic douloureux, semicrania, sciatca, &c., Salvation Oil should be applied to the parts affected, and thoroughly rubbed in, so as to reach the seat of the disease. It kills pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The dairymen generally have the creaming of things.

UNTOLD SUFFERINGS—A TEN YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Near Bronwood, Ga., Dec. 6, 1887.

Gentlemen: For ten years I have had a tumor. During that time I have been under the treatment of the best physicians in Atlanta Ga., and Utica, N. Y., none of whom were able to give relief or assurance of cure. Then I turned to the use of patent medicines, several of which I used without avail. My doctor in Dawson, who had attended me for twenty years assured me that I could not live a year. About two years ago I began using S. S. S., and at once my tumor yielded to its influence. it grew softer and smaller, and my general health, which was badly run down, was built up with the decrease of the tumor. Finally, I felt so well and my general health was so good, that I stopped the Swift Specific, and went on performing my household duties. But, of course, as I had not persisted in the use of the medicine until the tumor had entirely disappeared, I could only look for a return of the ailment. Again I resorted to the use of the Swift's Specific, with the same happy results as on the first occasion. This has been repeated several times within the last two years, the medicine never failing to reduce the tumor and build up my general system. When I first began to take the Specific, I was so nervous that I could not sleep for hours on retiring. I felt that if I just held my feet still for a few minutes by force or will, that it would have throw me into convulsions. That nervousness the S. S. S. entirely cured. My pain was so great that my physician urged me to keep under the influence of morphine all the time, and to abandon hope of recovery. When I began the use of the Specific I was on the bed half of my time, a helpless invalid. This year I have been able to do all my cooking, except when I was down with a severe cold.

Mrs. M. E. Sasser.

Treatise on Bood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

The chirpodist is proud to stand at the foot of his profession.

CHILDREN

Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness or to relieve colic, headache, sick headache, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine. The genuine has our Trade Mark "Z" in red on front of wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia Pa.

THE STATE PRESS.

The Republicans claim that Virginia and North Carolina are doubtful States. Democratic dissensions are aiding the enemy to recapture their strongholds, and censure of Cleveland weakens the hands of the Administration. It is our duty to aid and defend President Cleveland, our standard-bearer and our strongest man. Captious criticism and Democratic dissensions will bring to us only defeat, and if we lose the Presidency now in our possession, we cannot hope to regain it soon. From our present vantage ground, with a statesman at the helm and a united front, we can again achieve a victory. North Carolina, with organization in every county and with few trivial prosecutions for violation of internal revenue in the Western portion of this state, will give a democratic victory. More and better organization in every township and better revenue officials will aid in achieving another Democratic Success.—Shelby Aurora.

We notice that the Signal and other Republican papers have been much exercised over the appointment of Commissioner Jones because he is a lawyer. They do not seem to dwell much upon the fact he is also a mechanic. They seek to array the prejudice of the working people of the State against the Democratic party. They have run the negro so long through his prejudice that they now hope to run the white working people of the State in the same way. What do the leaders of the Republican party care for the working people of the State? They—most of them, never willingly did an honest days work in their lives, and yet they are seeking to advise working people of the State as to who should be honored among them, and who should not be. The leaders of the Republican party can be found in the lodges of the Knights of Labor in all parts of the State. Of course they are not there for political purposes, not they. They are too unselfish for that. They are only there for the "good of the order." They have gone into the order as disinterested advisers, and they are making the most of their opportunities.

We remember that in the last campaign that in the county of Wake two lawyers were put upon the Democratic Legislative ticket, and quite a hue and cry was raised because the lawyers got everything and the workingmen were not recognized. One of the lawyers had been put upon the ticket very much against his will, and he asked the executive committee to strike his name off the ticket and put some mechanic on. This was done, and a leading Knight of Labor was substituted. A few weeks after the Republicans held their convention in the same county, and a leading white mechanic and Knight of Labor was pressed for a place on the Legislative ticket. He was defeated in a square vote with a negro bar-keeper. Nothing was heard of this afterwards, though Knights of Labor refuse to admit barkeepers in their order. When the election was held it was found that the negroes and republicans had voted solidly for their ticket, while the white democrats were found to be the only scratchers. The white Knights of Labor had been hoodwinked by the colored Knights of Labor. It is the same old tale—the whites may be divided, but the negres vote solid. Such a state of affairs cannot always continue. And it may be as well said now as further on that the workingmen of North Carolina are not to be run by the negroes of the State through any secret organization for the benefit of republican office seekers, who hope to live by feeding upon the prejudices of the people.—Smithfield Herald.

RENEWS HER YOUTH.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable 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 housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain."

Try a bottle, only 50 cents at Furman & Cooke's drug store.

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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The Editor will not be responsible for the views of correspondents.

Brief communications, from all sections most earnestly solicited. News items of any nature will be thankfully received.

There is just one thing that will make time slide away faster than a toboggan, and that is a three months's promissory not signed by yourself.

A man is wiser for his learning, and the sooner he learns that the only proper way to cure a cough or cold is to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the better he is off.

The 'killing bonnet is now supposed to mean the bonnet that causes the man seated just behind her to twisthis neck off trying to see around it.

ASTONISHING SUCCESS.

It is the duty of every person who has used Boschee's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing consumption, severe coughs, croup, asthma, pneumonia and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case was reported where it failed. Such a medicine as the German Syrup cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggists about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all druggists and dealers, in the United States and Canada.

A note of warning—People who steal watches are apt to wind up in jail.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP,

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

If minorities could elect, a good many men would be in office most of the time.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

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No Household Should be Without It,

and, by being kept ready for immediate use, will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

THERE IS BUT ONE

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

See that you get the genuine with red "Z" on front of Wrapper. Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Sole Proprietors, Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, $1.00.

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