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The Franklin Times.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL. PRICE \$1.50 PER ANNUM In Advance.

LOUISBURG, N. C. APRIL 15, 1887. NO. 14.

AMY'S PROTEGE.

BY BONNE HEURE.

It was a sad sight. Five ragged, unkempt, and weeping children, huddled together in the corner of a scantily-furnished room, eyed and frightened, and as yet unable to realize that death had made them orphans.

"I will take one of the poor things, although I have four children of my own," said a woman, regarding one of the little group with compassion.

"And I will take another," said a neighbor, catching the spirit of benevolence.

"I, also, will take one!" exclaimed a third, stepping forward.

"And so will I!" responded a fourth.

But there still remained a baby—a toddling boy, not quite two years old, whose blue eyes were now full of tears, as he shrank behind his sisters.

"I could take one," said one of the women. "But I am quick-tempered, and the Lord will never forgive a woman who strikes a dead mother's child."

"I could take him, but am old," said another. "And when he had learned to love me, and I love him as a son, death would come and separate us."

There had been another witness whom no one had noticed thus far. A girl of twelve, on her way home from school, as the satchel of books on her arm testified, had followed one of the women into the house, prompted by childish curiosity.

She was comfortably dressed, and her manner and appearance indicated that her parents were well-to-do people of middle class. She had been lingering in the doorway, gazing with much interest upon the touching tableau; and now, as the women stood looking into each other's faces in silence, she reached out for the babe, and drawing him up to her, patted his little head and kissed him fondly.

Then looking up, said: "I will take this one. I have no brother, and pa and ma will let me keep him. You just wait here until I run home and bring my mother. I live only a few blocks away. She will let me take him, I know; the dear little fellow!"

Kissing the child again, she sprang up and darted out of the room before they could have checked her, even if disposed to do so. In about twenty minutes they heard her feet again upon the stairs as she returned accompanied by her mother.

Amy had, in that short interval, given her mother a general idea of the situation, and now raised her little protegee in her arms, and said earnestly:

"See, mamma, what a dear little creature! And no one to take care of him! Can't I have him? I would love him so!" And Mrs. Wentworth had not the heart to refuse her. A few minutes' conversation with the neighbors enabled her to learn that the parents were respectable people of some education; and then Amy, hugging the baby still closer, left the room with her mother.

For four happy years Amy's little protegee was her pet, companion and playmate. At the end of that time having graduated from the city school where she had been a pupil, her parents wishing to give their only daughter every advantage within their reach, concluded to place her, for two years at a boarding school a hundred miles away. The novelty of the proposed change was pleasing to Amy, but the thought of parting from her adopted brother, now a lovely child of six years, was almost too much for her to bear; and on the night before her departure she cried herself to sleep, with the little fellow in her arms. Nothing was said to little Robbie of Amy's proposed departure until the next day; and then, for

the second time in his short life, his blue eyes filled with tears of grief and distress, as he clung to her embrace and begged her not to leave him.

"Please take good care of him, dear mother," said Amy, wiping away her own tears, as she at last unclasped his clinging arms and pressed a farewell kiss upon his ruby lips "I feel almost as if I would never see him again!" And with a sadness at her heart that seemed as if caused by a realization of the truth of her prediction, she left the home that was to be hers no more.

The time at school passed swiftly and pleasantly, occupied with its round of duties, and at the end of the first year Amy had progressed so rapidly in her studies that she was offered a position as assistant teacher, the salary from which would very nearly pay her school expenses without interfering seriously with her duties and privileges as a pupil.

Vacation was approaching, when a letter was handed Amy one morning, bearing her father's well-known superscription, telling her that she must remain at school for the present, and until the malignant pestilence that had broken out in the city was so far abated that she could return with safety. Her parents and little Robbie were well, but were intending to leave the city in a few days, and remain away until the danger was over.

That week dragged wearily by, followed by two more, at the end of which another letter reached her, addressed in a strange hand. Hastily opening it, she read the few lines it contained, and then fell fainting to the floor.

That letter brought her the terrible announcement that her parents were among the victims of the raging epidemic; and a further glance at the date of the letter showed by some mischance it had been delayed on its way fully ten days.

Amy started immediately for her home. Arriving there, she learned that her father had been suddenly seized with the deadly plague while preparing to leave the city, and his wife had survived him only a few hours.

With regard to little Robbie she could learn nothing beyond the fact that a gentleman had taken charge of him when her parents were first stricken down, and promised to adopt him in the event of their death; but who he was no one could tell, not even the doctor, in the confusion and solicitude that had been pressed upon him on all sides.

Her father's estate, when settled up, left only a small amount for Amy—barely of home and parents, and also her dear little adopted brother, with whom she had resolved to share every blessing that life might bring.

Twenty years had passed, bringing no tidings to her in regard to the fate or fortunes of the dear boy, whose young life during those four happy years were so closely intertwined with her own. Amy had married a Mr. Langdon, who had become acquainted with her while visiting the school, and one child, a second Amy—had blessed his union.

At a time when his business seemed to warrant the venture, Mr. Langdon had purchased a house, leaving on the property, however, a mortgage of several thousand dollars. The interest and taxes he had been able to pay promptly, and he had also increased the value of the property by some very desirable improvements.

The home the little family had thus secured, as they supposed, was very dear to them; but the sudden death of the husband and father compelled the survivors to realize that, while that home was now doubly dear, they were holding it by a feeble and uncertain tenure. The overdue interest on the mortgage with unpaid taxes, was threatening soon to place it beyond their reach.

A year after her husband's death, a friend of Mrs. Langdon, who was going abroad with her family for a two-year's European tour, offered to take Amy as a companion for her own daughter, and the offer was thankfully accepted.

During her absence by leasing the house and handling with the tenant, Mrs. Langdon was able to reduce her expenses and meet some of her more pressing liabilities; and she began to hope afresh that some ray might be foreshadowed by which her home might yet be saved.

The two years had expired, and Mrs. Langdon was sitting in her room, clasping the hand of her beautiful young daughter, who had returned, and was recounting her many experiences.

"What did you think of the picture I sent you in my last letter, Mama?" Amy asked, after a short silence, while her cheeks deepened its color.

"A noble face," replied Mrs. Langdon. "What was the gentleman's name?"

"Mr. Archibald Raynor," said Amy, with another bright flash. "We met him first about six months ago, and afterwards saw him frequently. He lives in New York, and will return in about three months. He was very kind to me, mama; and when we parted, he told me that if he could ever be of service to me in any way it would afford him the greatest pleasure. Of course I know that is merely a conventional way of speaking, and is not supposed to mean very much; but I am sure he meant all he said, for he added, 'You will, I hope, Miss Amy, permit me to call and see you on my return, for I shall wish to renew and re-cremate our acquaintance.'"

"That was very kind," said Mrs. Langdon, smiling, "but not enough, my dear, to form the basis for any confident expectations."

"You will see when he comes," said Amy, with another bright and hopeful look, "whether my expectations are as strong as they should be. Indeed, mama, I like him ever so much, and shall count the days until he comes. But now tell me how you have been getting along. You said in your last letter that you had been able to pay up all the back interest and taxes."

"Yes, dear," answered her mother, with a sigh. "But I have not been able to pay any of the principal; and the agent has just informed me that he has been ordered by the holder of the mortgage, now in Europe, to demand an immediate payment of a thousand dollars on account, or else foreclose. I really do not know which way to turn, or what to do."

"Never mind, dear mother," Amy answered, hopefully. "The darkest cloud always has a silver lining, if we can only see it. I can, I am sure, make some money now by teaching, and can help you to reduce the mortgage; and perhaps we can find some one who will advance the money, and hold the mortgage for us. I will see the agent and have a talk with him; and I don't believe we shall lose this pleasant home, on which my dear father expended so much money. A way to save it will be found."

"That is all right, Miss Langdon," said Mr. Green, the agent, when Amy called upon him the next day. "I will wait for the return of the gentleman who holds the mortgage, and will then obey his orders, which may, perhaps, be to let you deal directly with him."

In giving liberally, the gentleman's name had been incidentally mentioned; Amy made no further inquiries, but remained silent for a few minutes, then rising, bade Mr. Green good morning, and left rather suddenly, her looks betraying as it seemed to him, a sort of agreeable confusion quite inexplicable to him.

Three days more had passed, then a young man called, whom Mrs. Langdon recognized as a messenger from Mr. Green's office, and handed her a legal looking document, at sight of which she started with a nervous shudder.

"The owner of the mortgage has returned, I suppose," Mrs. Langdon said, casting a troubled look towards Amy. "Here is what I take to be a notice that foreclosure proceedings have been commenced."

"Let us see it, please, mama," said Amy, holding out her hand for the envelope and the next instant she was imprinting a kiss upon the well-known signature.

"How strangely you act, my dear!" said her mother, who was now looking more closely at her paper, but the tears that filled her eyes gave the printed form, also the filled-in writing a blurred and indistinct appearance. She read enough, however, to see that the dreaded document was a discharge of the mortgage, and bore the signature of Archibald R. Raynor.

"But, stranger and more startling, were the contents of the letter enclosed in the same envelope."

"What does your letter contain, dear mamma?" said Amy, as she saw her mother, after having glanced rapidly over it, press it first to her lips and then to her heart in an ecstasy of joy, and at the next moment, overcome by her emotion, sink half fainting upon a sofa.

"I'll never think about stowing it away now," added Amy, observing how closely her mother grasped the precious missive. "I shall know all about it when Mr. Raynor comes, as I am sure he will very soon."

Another hour had passed, when Amy, up in her room, heard the door-bell ring again, and descending, entered the parlor just in time to see her mother grasping Mr. Raynor by both hands, and looking into his eyes like one entranced.

"Can it be possible," exclaimed Mr. Langdon, gazing into the handsome, manly face, "that you are my long-lost protegee—my Robbie? And yet I know you are, for I see his face in yours."

"I certainly am, or rather, was the very child you so tenderly loved and cared for. I learned the whole truth in regard to you this very morning. While conversing with my business agent, on whom I had called soon after my return, he mentioned that a young lady had called on him some time ago in regard to an overdue mortgage owned by me, resting on property belonging to her mother, Mrs. Amy Langdon. 'Do you know mother?' I asked; and my question brought from an old gentleman in his office who chanced to hear me your full history. With amazement and delight I learned that I had found my long-lost friend, the guardian and protector of my childhood."

"And now let me tell my story from the time we parted," continued her father. "Immediately after your mother's death, I was adopted by a Mr. Raynor, who had been one of his business friends, and who, within a few days, left the city, and went South. From him I learned my early history as I grew older, but he understood that you had also perished in that terrible epidemic having heard that you had come to the city soon after your parents' death; so that your likeness, and the brief sketch of your early history, which your father had written, were my only mementoes of those early but never forgotten days. Mr. Raynor changed my name to Archibald R. Raynor, and at his death left me his entire property, among which there chanced to be, strangely enough, a mortgage on this very house. Somehow, I could not believe that you were dead, but continued to cherish the hope that I might find you some day, as I have done."

"I remained in Mr. Green's office until I knew you were just long enough for that mortgage release to be made out and executed, in the meantime writing a letter to let you know that your long-lost protegee had been found and would soon be with you."

"And with me," Amy was tempted to say. But her eyes carried the thought; and the young man added:

"And how I know, dear mama, why my heart told me to love this other Amy; the moment my eyes rested on her, 'Will you, Mrs. Langdon, trust the welfare of this dear girl to him who was once your own little protegee?' he added, turning to her mother."

The answer soon came, in tears as well as words.

Whether Amy herself accepted the words, just then, was never known; but the fond embrace she received and returned gave good reason to believe that her sentiments in regard to that matter were about what they should have been; and within the next half hour she ventured to say:

"It is all right, mama; for it is only a matter of property, after all. If I take charge of Mr. Raynor, as I have promised to do for the rest of his life he will still be Amy's Protegee."

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head, everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fayer Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, no matter how bad. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind. testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism after 10 years standing. Abraham Harrod, Druggist, Bellville, Ohio, writes: 'The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 25 years experience, is Electric Bitters.' Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood."

Gluttony is one of the most reprehensible of vices, fostering as it does, pride, laziness, hardheartedness, cruelty, and all other sinful qualities.

CHILDREN.

Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching illness or to relieve colic, headache, sick head, ache, 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. Zoll in & Co., Philadelphia Pa.

CANCEROUS KNOTS.

Near Oglethorpe, Ga., Dec. 2, 1886. Gentlemen: This is to certify that for years I had suffered with cancerous knobs on my face, and I feared they would turn into malignant cancer. About a year ago I began to use Swift's Specific. At that time I was in general bad health. After using about one dozen and a half bottles of S S S the cancerous knobs passed away, were dissolved, and my general health rapidly improved. I am seventy years of age. To my medicine has a splendid reputation among my neighbors, and there are plenty of cures herabouts to vouch for the efficacy of S S S in all ailments arising from blood disorders of whatever kind. Tristram Waters.

COME AND SEE.

Gentlemen: Having used your remedy, S S S for rheumatism, and having been relieved, I feel it but a duty to the afflicted to make this uncollected statement, and recommend all who are suffering with rheumatism to try S S S. And if any in the city want to know more about Swift's Specific as a rheumatic cure, let them call on me at my home, 619 1st Avenue, New York. Andrew Tierney.

Dec. 17, 1886.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Druser 3, Atlanta, Ga.

If you would not have affliction to visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches. The proof that Shallenberg's Pills are a true Antidote for malaria is found in the fact that a cure is immediate. Quinine and other remedies bring contemporary relief after some time—often many days. One dose of the Antidote brings immediate relief; chills are stopped, all unpleasant symptoms disappear, and after a few more doses perfect health and strength are secured.

THE TIMES is the oldest newspaper published in Franklin 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 responsible for the views of correspondents. Brief communications from all sections most earnestly solicited. News items of any nature will be thankfully received.

WHERE THE REVENUE COMES FROM.

The Philadelphia Record, a most reliable journal corrects a statement of John Sherman in his Nashville speech in which he said that luxuries such as wines, liquors, and cigars, like jewels, and other articles mainly consumed by rich people yield the largest portions of the revenue from customs. The fact is that the total revenue of \$188,900,000 from customs last year the duties on these luxuries did not amount to \$30,000,000. The duties collected from tobacco and woollen clothing were twice as much in amount as the duties on these articles. The duties on raw hemp, and just and their manufacturers were greater in amount than all of the duties collected last year from wines and liquor. The duties collected from iron and steel greatly exceed the duties collected from tobacco. By misreading a section concerning the importation of the imports in which revenues are collected, John Sherman and other protectionists seek to deceive the public in regard to the tariff system.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fayer Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, no matter how bad.

BILIOUSNESS. Is an affection of the Liver, and can be thoroughly cured by that Grand Regulator of the Liver and Biliary Organs.

J. E. ZEHLIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. I was afflicted for several years with diseased liver, which resulted in a severe attack of jaundice. I had no good medical assistance at our section, and to the enjoyment of my former good health, I then tried the famous prescription of one of the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but to no purpose; whereupon I was induced to try Simmons' Liver Regulator. I found immediate relief from its use, and it has since been my constant remedy.

HEADACHE. Proceeds from a Torpid Liver and Impurities of the Stomach. It can be invariably cured by taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES. Let all who suffer remember that SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR can be procured by taking a dose at once to the program indicates the location of an object.

We ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

D'BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc. It is the best remedy for all these ailments.

SALVATION OIL. The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain. Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Wounds, Headaches, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. The best hair dressing ever used. It keeps the hair soft and healthy, and prevents it from falling out. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the hair.

PARKER'S TONIC. The best Tonic ever used. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the system. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the system.

HINDER CORNS. The best remedy for all ailments of the feet. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the feet.