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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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JAMES A. THOMAS,
Editor and Proprietor

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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

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BABY MILLY'S DISCOVERY.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

The Rev. Arthur Grey was spending his six weeks' vacation with his family at Petherwin Lodge, as they had named the old stone farmhouse.

Martha, a faithful, time-honored servant, and Peter, the trustworthy, if somewhat crabbed, man of all work, had concluded to follow their young mistress's good example and enter into a life partnership. So they were left in charge of the farm, receiving for compensation one-half of its products.

It made a pleasant summer retreat for Mr. and Mrs. Grey, baby Mildred (called Milly, to distinguish her from her mother, who was too young to be called as yet "old Mildred,") and Robert and Roy Pertherwin, who had grown into fine, robust manhood.

This morning they were all gathered together in the large, old-fashioned sitting-room, each one employed in some genial occupation. The boyish resemblance which had been so striking between the twin brothers—Rob and Roy—as to puzzle those who knew them as to which was the one they were addressing, had merged into widely different types. Roy, being studious, and a perfect book-worm, had contracted a slight stoop, and was pale. Robert was sun-browned, straight as an arrow, and full of lively, frolicking fun, which awoke merry echoes in the old homestead. Just now they were both engaged in watching their tiny niece, of whose active industry more anon.

The young minister was cutting the pages of a scientific montnly, now and then stopping to nibble at the inviting treat spread between its leaves, though continuing his task with something of the spirit with which an epicure lingers over his soup while whetting his appetite with expected dainties.

Mrs. Grey was embroidering a dainty frock for the little one who, fresh from the bath, was enjoying herself in a pastime which showed the tenderness of her baby heart.

I have said that the room was an old-fashioned one, and its antique fire-place was in full harmony with it. It occupied nearly one side of the apartment, and was bordered by a curious garniture of tiles, each one showing a crane, though no two had the same position or similar surroundings.

"Poor Birdie, hungry!" said Milly, in her soft, pittying accents "Milly div it cake!" and the tiny fingers were soon busily engaged in fastening bits of her birthday cake to the long bills of the stationery waders.

She had been playing in this way some time, no one paying much attention to her childish prattle save an occasional smiling glance in her direction, when a crash, followed by a sudden silence, drew all eyes to her.

Another moment and her two chubby arms were thrust into an opening caused by the fallen tile, and, then, with a cry of delight, she ran [illegible] grasping tightly a treasure she had unearthed from her hiding place.

It was a locket attached to a chain, evidently of foreign workmanship. As Mildred took it from her hand it flew open, and revealed two pictured faces. One was that of a girl, young and beautiful; the other? Mildred called her husband to look at it.

"Arthur, whose picture is this?"

He looked and shook his head.

His wife pointed to the portrait in oil of their sailor relative which looked down upon them from the wall.

"Don't you see a resemblance?"

His attention once called to it, it was easy to decide that the pictures were of the same person, one taken in early youth, and the other, after years had silvered his hair.

"This must be looked into," said Mildred, resolutely. "We may be usurpers. This fine old place may belong to some one else."

All watched her with breathless interest as she went to the secret depository of which baby Mildred had unwittingly touched the spring in trying to feed the birds. Mildred put her hand into the cavity, and found it to be of considerable extent. In it was a sealed iron box, and a letter yellow with age and sadly defaced with mildew. It was marked on the outside:

"Copy of a document left in the care of my friend and legal adviser, Squire Atkins, who is my sole confidant as to this secret repository."

She opened the letter and read:

"I herewith bequeath a solemn trust to my nearest male relative. I have been considered an unmarried man, but it is not true. I am going to Germany to get my child, the only daughter of my dear, dead wife Greta—God rest her soul—and of the writer. I have thus far left my poor little girl in a foreign land, because the sight of her recalled my great loss too keenly to have it feeling that I may not be permitted to carry out my intentions. In that case whosoever will seek out my daughter and bring her to an acquaintance with my kindred, shall be entitled to one half of the fortune which lies—in gold and jewels—in the strong box you will find in the hiding-place which contains this letter. The box is not to be opened until my child shall be present, or proof of her death is secured. She wears a chain and locket the fac-simile of one which I leave beside my letter.

"Squire Atkins has my daughter's name and address but, to make doubly sure, I will write it out in full again."

It had been almost impossible to decipher any of the letter, and many of the words had to be supplied to make sense; but here, at the most important part, Time had done its defacing work so completely that it was an unintelligable blur, instead of a name, which greeted the eye.

A solemn silence followed the reading of this voice, as it were, from the grave. After a time Robert rose and went to his brother's side.

"Well, Roy, it lies between you and me. Which shall it be?"

Roy hesitated a moment; then he said:

"It would be a bootless search, without name or address."

"But," answered Robert, earnestly, "we have the mother's name, Greta, and Germany is not of large extent. The child too, must have her father's surname. I'll undertake to find her, if you positively decline the charge."

"It's a quixotic plan, Robert. You are welcome to my share in it."

Robert flushed at the satirical tone which gave a sting to Roy's remark but refrained from giving a sharp answer in return. He looked towards his sister. She understood the glance, and said, encouragingly:

"It will help you in your German, and God may have chosen you for His instrument to bring the poor child to her kindred."

Robert's eyes moistened.

"Thanks, Mildred. You never throw cold water on a fellow's projects even if they do savor a little too strongly of enthusiasm."

So it was settled; and as soon as the necessary arangements were completed, Robert started on his quest.

Each fortnight brought a letter from him to the anxious family. They were full of interesting descriptions of the country and of the people, but a year passed by without his gaining the slightest clue to the object of his search.

His time, however, was not wasted. He was fond of the study of the languages, and upon the native soil he found the acquirements of one doubly easy. His lines had chanced to fall in pleasant places. After a time he wrote home that he had given up all hope of finding the young cousin, but if Mildred approved, he would continue his studies for another six months, adding:

"I have been almost adopted by one of the kingliest old men who ever trod this earth. He is a professor in one of the best colleges in Stuttgart, and has a family who treat me like one of themselves. His two daughters—Hilda and—Gretchen—are the prettiest girls in the city. Hilda is dark, with large, soulful eyes, and Gretchen is a golden-haired fairy, whose blue eyes beam with fun and mischief. The old professor took a liking to me from a fancied resemblance to a son whom he had lost, and insisted that I should make my home with him as long as I remained in the country."

Of course Mildred gave a willing consent to the lengthened stay when she found he would have such kind entertainers.

Some months latter a letter came which occasioned a great flutter in the family. It was as follows:

DEAR SISTER: Give me joy! The lost is found, and in the most unexpected manner. This evening the professor had made arangements to take his daughters to a full dress entertainment. When Hilda came into the sitting-room she was dressed very elegantly in a way which brought out her dark beauty to the best advantage. I rose to compliment her on her toilet. I must have startled her, for I struck an attitude which was more striking than elegant; for there, around her slender neck, glittered a chain with a pendant locket, both the counterpart of Milly's discovery.

"Tell me," I said, hurriedly—"tell me, Hilda, how came you by that chain and locket?"

Hilda turned pale, and glanced at her mother, who answered for her by asking my reason for the question. I then told in as few words as possible, the cause of my visit to Germany. The scene that ensued was very affecting. Hilda threw herself into the good mother's arms, and then they both wept unrestrainedly.

The truth is, Hilda is our cousin, and had been adopted by Frau Isermann on the death of the lady in whose care she had been placed

Gretchen thought Hilda was her real sister, and you'd have thought that I brought news of disaster and loss instead of her inheritance to a large fortune, so deeply did they grieve at the thought of parting with her.

Things have settled down a little by this time, and you may expect to see your new relative in the course of a month. Good-by.

Yours successfully,
ROBERT PETHERWIN.

Summer-time again had lured the little family to the old homestead. All was in readiness to give the travelers a homelike and cordial reception. Roy had roused from his indifference since Robert had met with such unexpected success, and had done his best to make things look attractive to the younger stranger.

He had brought mosses from his favorite haunts in the woods, and arranged them in the Wardian case for the reception of partridge berries and ferns and other woodland beauties. This he placed in her room. Other little acts of thoughtful kindness surprised and pleased Mildred, coming as they did from her abstracted brother.

Hilda's gentle loveliness proved so attractive that every heart in the family yielded her allegiance but one. Roy appeared cold and indifferent, though Hilda tried in many an innocent wile to win his friendship. Her dark cheek learned to flush rosily at his entrance, and his distant demeanor was evidently a cloud upon her happiness.

At last Robert took him to task about it. Roy listened quietly until his brother had finished speaking, then he burst out with the impetuosity of a restrained torrent:

"Robert, do you know what you are doing? You are adding fuel to fire. Do you really think me blind to Hilda's goodness and beauty? No; but I'm not a dastardly sneak. Think you I would raise a hand to win away that angel from you who so richly deserve her? Had you followed my advice, she would have been forever unknown to us. You were unselfish. I—"

His voice broke, and he buried his face in his hands.

"Ha!" said Robert, in surprise, "Lies the winds that direction? Look at me, Roy."

As he spoke, he took his brother by the shoulders with a strong, firm clasp, and gazed into his eyes. They stood just face to face for a minute, Roy's lips working convulsively in the effort to be calm. Then Robert burst into a hearty, ringing laugh, which made Roy's face beam with contagious sympathy before Robert's words fell upon his ear.

"You haven't seen Gretchen, Roy, or you wouldn't talk as though Hilda was the only beauty in the world."

Roy seized Robert's hand and wrung it till he begged for mercy. Then he left the room; and Robert smiled to himself as he watched from the window and saw him take the same direction which Hilda had previously chosen for a walk.

Hilda's fortune proved to be a very large one, and she insisted that her father's intention of giving half to the one who should bring her to his kindred should be carried out.

Robert resisted for a long time, but when Roy and Hilda came to acquaint him with their mutual love and engagement, and told him it was but fair for him who had taken the most trouble in the matter to share equally with him who was to marry the heiress, he consented; and Hilda supplemented her victory by saying, mischievously:

"Gretchen likes pretty things as well as her sister."

This was the first hint to Robert that his secret had been discovered.

So Hilda gained her point; as a willful girl generally does, especially if her cause be right; and Robert and Roy Petherwin are both enriched by her father's estate.

Mrs. Roy was considered the most beautiful woman in Washington last winter, but her fond husband thinks her charms of heart and mind outrank her mere personal loveliness.

And all this happiness and prosperity originated in a baby's generous impulse to feed the "poor hungry birdies." So we find in this wonderful human life. "Great deeds from little causes spring."

INDISPENSABLE TO THE TOILET.

Darbys Prophlactic Fluid cures chafing, eruptions and inflammation of all kinds, cures inflamed or sore eyes; relieves pains from bites or stings of insects, and sore feet, destroys all taint of perspiration or offensive smell from the feet or any part of the body; cleanses and whitens the skin. Used as a dentifrice it purifies the breath; preserves the teeth and cures toothache; sore gums and canker. A little of the fluid in the water used in bathing is very refreshing and especially beneficial to the sick.

Atchison Kansas, does an annual grain business of $5,500,000.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklens Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well.

In Tehama county, Cal., 20,000 rabbits have been killed in about four months, and the animals now seem about as plentiful as before. The bounty on scalps is to be abandoned.

GOOD RESULTS IN EVERY CASE.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga Tenn. writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold which settled on his lungs: had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. Kings New Discovery for consumption did so, and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all coughs and colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this wonderful discovery.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

DYSPEPSIA

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be a specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would afford permanent relief. I had almost made up my mind to abandon all medicines when I noticed an endorsement of Simmons Liver Regulator by a prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used but two bottles, and am satisfied that I have struck the right thing at last. I felt its beneficial effects almost immediately. Unlike all other preparations of a similar kind, no special instructions are required as to what one shall or shall not eat. This alone ought to commend it to all troubled with Dyspepsia.

J. N. HOLMES,
Vineland, N. J.

CONSTIPATION

To Secure a Regular Habit of Body without changing the Diet or Disorganizing the System, take

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

ONLY GENUINE MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia.

LOVES HIS OLD MASTER YET.

When Lincoln's signature shook off the shackles of the slaves in the South there was among the negroes who parted with Col Tom Hardeman a man named George. He drifted away, but the love of the old master never died in his heart. He settled near Americus, and now and then would send Col Hardeman a few peaches or something of the kind in kind remembrance. Yesterday the Colonel received a prepaid telegram which read thus:

George Hardeman sends a crate of chickens to Marse Tom.

George Hardeman.

As may be imagined, there was a lump in the Colonel's throat when he received that message from this old time slave.

A COMPLETE CURE OF CANCER.

Gentlemen:—I had a sore on my upper lip for eight years. Seven different doctors attempted in vain to heal it. One gave me a small vial for five dollars, which was a "certain cure." It is needless to say that it did me no good. About two years ago I became quite uneasy, as people thought I had a cancer, and I took a course of eighteen bottles of S. S. S. The result has been a complete cure. The ulcer or cancer healed beautifully, leaving scarcely a perceptible scar. From that day I have been excellent health. The Specific having purified my blood thoroughly, increased my appetite and perfected my digestion. In a word, I feel like a new woman, and best of all, the eight year ulcer is gone entirely.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. W. P. Cannon.

TWO BOTTLES EFFECT A CURE.

Gentlemen—My blood was in such a condition that on the slightest abrasion my flesh would fester, and sores were difficult to heal. I took two bottles of S. S. S., and after that any abrasion would heal on first intention, and my flesh was firm.

W. T. Wilkins.

Jesup, Ga. March 3, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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

The Canadian Parliament has appropriated $125,000 to maintain fisheries cruisers.

Faults of digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthing Cordial and Blood Purifier perfects the process of digestion and assimilation, and thus makes pure blood.

A Michigan man, aged sixty, who is a grandfather, has just been admitted to the bar.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE!

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend on this for certain.

Six new gold mines have been discovered recently in the eastern part of the Island of Cuba.

BUCKLENS ARNICA SALVE.

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

A recent estimate places the value of the dairy products of this country in 1886 at $780,445,668.

A sort of lethargy sometimes takes possession of the kidneys and bladder; they should be promptly stimulated to healthy action by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

Several olive-growers in Southern California will this year make oil instead of pickles from their crop.

In 1860 Henry Goethe, of Beaufort, S. C., wrote Dr. Shallenberger: "I regard your Pills as a specific for chills and fever. In the construction of the Charleston & Savannah R. R., out of one gang of two hundred negro operatives, fifty were stricken down with chills, but all recovered immediately by the use of Shallenberger's Pills. You have the greatest medicine in the world.

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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 of this.

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

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

A SERMON BY A DEAD BOY.

Chicago Living Church.

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by many friends. A person came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a high roof and I found your little boy standing close behind me when I reached the ground." He looked up into my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly, "Were you afraid of falling when you were up so high?" and, before I had time to answer, he said: "Oh, I guess God's angels are not afraid; you will your prayers this morning, I know you have." I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this."

MOTHER'S FRIEND

MAKES CHILD-BIRTH EASY!

SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS THE PAIN AFTERWARD. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

Should be used a few months before confinement. Send for book "To Mothers," mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The fruit prospect along the Hudson River districts are said to promise more fruit than the farmers will know what to do with.

The farmer's friend has for many years been Dr. J. H McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, for horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. It has proved its worth in thousands of cases.

Rain fell for ten hours on a spot of ground two feet square in Augusta Ga., recently. The phenomenon caused much excitement among the negroes.

When the stomach lacks vigor and regularity there will be flatulence, heartburn, nausea, sick headache, nervousness, use Dr. J H McLean's Strengthing Cordial and Blood Purifier, to give tone and regularity to the stomach.

It is stated on good authority that one of the richest planters in Rio Janiero, Brazil, has decided to set free his 3,000 slaves and settle them on his own plantation.

When you are constipated with loss of appetite, headache, take Dr. J. H. McLean's little Liver and Kidney Pillets, they are pleasant to take and will cure you, 25 cents a vial.

The bodies of 600 Chinese are about to be disinterred at San Francisco and shipped to China for final interment.

If you suffer pricking pains or moving in the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthing Eye Salve, 25 cents a box.

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism and neuralgia and lumbago and will find a valuable remedy in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment; it will banish pain and subdue inflammation.

The quality of the blood depends much upon good or bad digestion and assimilation; to make the blood rich in life and strength-giving constituents, use Dr. J H McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, it will nourish the properties of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn.

In the decline of life, infirmities begin to accumulate and maturity were strangers, our kidneys and liver are subject to derangement, but nothing equals Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm as a regulator of these organs.

THE BLACKSMITH.

I desire to inform the public that I have moved to the shop, at the foot of the river bridge, on the west side of Main Street, where I am prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmith work. Horse-shoeing a specialty.

DURELL DAVIS
Louisburg, N. T.