

Published every Friday by JAMES A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES: One Year \$1.50 Six Months .80

To Clubs of 5 THE TIMES will be furnished at \$4.00.

# The Franklin Times.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE WITH CHARITY FOR ALL. PRICE \$1.50 PER ANNUM In Advance.

VOL. XVI.

LOUISBURG, N. C., AUGUST 19, 1887.

NO. 32

THE FRANKLIN TIMES is the oldest newspaper published in Franklin county, and its circulation extends all over every section of this and adjoining counties.

The Editor will not be responsible for the views of correspondents. Brief communications from all sections most cordially solicited. News items of any nature will be thankfully received.



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

**General Directory.**  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

**MINISTERS.**—Rev. A. McCullen, pastor services every Sunday, morning and night. Prayers meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school 5 o'clock A. M. **BARRISTERS.**—Rev. Baylus Cade, pastor. Services 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month, morning and night. Prayers meeting every Thursday night. Sunday School 9 o'clock A. M. **MAYOR.**—O. L. Ellis. **COMMISSIONERS.**—Thos. Whitton, F. N. Egerton, J. J. Barrow, E. A. Thomas, CONTABLE.—R. D. Pinnell. Board meets Friday before first Monday in each month.

**FRANKLIN COUNTY.**  
**COMMISSIONERS.**—G. A. Nash, E. M. S. J. Craddock, R. S. Foster, E. P. Pierce, W. B. Small. **Superior Court Clerk.**—A. W. Pierce. **Register of Deeds.**—B. F. Hullock. **Sheriff.**—H. C. Kearney. **Treasurer.**—E. P. Clifton. **Superintendent of Public Instruction.**—J. N. Harris. **Keeper Poor House.**—J. W. Pinnell. **SURGEON OF HEALTH.**—Dr. E. S. Foster.

**BOARD OF EDUCATION.**  
Geo. S. Baker, Chairman, E. G. Conners, J. F. Clifton, N. Y. Gully. J. N. Harris, Secretary. The Superintendent will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, October and December, and remain for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the public schools of Franklin county.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
**B. B. MASSENBURG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office in the Court House. All business put in my hands will receive prompt attention.

**C. M. COOKE,**  
ATTY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
LOUISBURG, FRANKLIN CO., N. C.  
Will attend the Courts of Nash, Frankin, Granville, Warren, and Wake Counties also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the Circuit and District Courts.

**DR. J. E. MALONE.**  
Office 2 doors below Furman & Cooke's Drug Store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

**E. W. TIMBLELARK,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office in the Court House

**W. E. DAVY, A. C. ZOLLNER**  
Davy & Zollner  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
RENEBROOK, N. C.  
Practice in the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Halifax, and Northampton—and the Supreme and Federal courts of the State.

**NEEDHAM Y. GULLEY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FRANKLINTON, N. C.  
Negotiation of Loans and collecting pecuniary

## BARBARA'S MISTAKE.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

—O—  
The young people of Groveland were having a picnic. It was in a pleasant grove, just at the edge of the main road.

The scene was a picturesque one, and drew many an admiring look from the passers-by.

Most of the booming village girls were there, dressed in their crisply starched and neatly-ironed white dresses; some with bright-colored sashes and bows to match, others wreathed with wild flowers gathered in the woods which stretched invitingly away in their shady coolness at the back of the grove.

Conspicuous among the rustic beauties was Barbara Wildman. She was a tall, bright-looking girl, whose great dark eyes usually flashed back a merry answer to the jests of the rustic beaux who generally hovered around her like moths around a flame. Just now, however, their brightness was under a cloud; for Mark Everson was standing at her side, and the tete-a-tete she had for some time been endeavoring to avoid was inevitable. She was sorry to lose Mark's friendship, and with a woman's instinct, she knew that it must be all or nothing from henceforth with him, and with a newly-acquired insight into her own heart, she now knew that she did not love him. Her answer must be, "no."

With all her gay, friendly ways, she had not an atom of intentional coquetry about her, and with a sudden resolution to end his suspense, she turned towards him. "Well, Mark," she said gently, "what is it you want to say to me?" "You must know without my telling. Oh, Barbara! it is your own sweet self I want! I have been as true as a needle to you to the pole since the time when, a little boy and girl, we used to go nutting together."

"Poor Mark! I am sorry." There was no mistaking the expression of the soft brown eyes. Genuine pity was in them for the pain she was causing, but not love. "Don't Barbara! I can't bear it! Give me a chance before you say a decided 'No.' I'll do things for you no one ever did before, if you'll only promise to try and love me." Just then a young man rode by on a powerful black horse. Mark saw a sudden change pass over Barbara's face. Turning, he saw, with a bitter pain tugging at his heart-strings, that the eyes of the girl he loved were resting on the stranger's face with a rapt, lingering expression in them which had never irradiated them for him, her old-time, faithful friend.

There was no mistaking the answering look in the eyes of the equestrian, as, bowing low, he rode lingeringly by, turning, over an anon, to smile at the fair face which Mark now was not to be the light of his home.

"So it is that stranger whom you love! You need not deny it," he said, almost fiercely. "I saw it in your eyes." Barbara answered, proudly: "I do not wish to deny it." Then, with a sudden change of manner, she held out her hand. "I love as I love him my life, and have promised to marry him; but, dear old Mark, let us be friends, for the sake of the pleasant days of our happy childhood. Be my brother, Mark!" Mark hesitated; but he could not resist the pleading wistfulness of the eyes, whose brightness shone through a mist, which suggested that tears were not far away. He took the soft, little hand in his great brown palm, hardened by manly toil.

"It will be your friend, Barbara, but I cannot see you and be in your society as I have been. I could not bear it. I shall sell the farm, and leave the place."

Mark looked at her in pained surprise, as, blushing and hesitatingly, she told him this, overcoiling her maidenly shyness and reserve so that the honest heart, whose friendship she coveted, need not drive its owner to take a rash step which might mar his whole future.

"Going away so soon, and with a stranger? Oh, little Barbara! what do you know of him? He may be a fraud, for ought you can tell."

A sudden anger flamed up in the girl's eyes. "I know this, Mark: I love him, and it is cruel in you to make such a suggestion."

"But you know nothing of his family—of his past life."

"He brought letters to Auntie. His mother was an old friend of hers. Don't be worried, dear old Mark. He is good as gold. I would stake my life on it."

Mark sighed heavily and turned away. The joy of the afternoon had gone for him, and another hour found him on his way home.

He did not see Barbara again until after her marriage, though the wedding was quite an event in the neighborhood, for the friends and neighbors were invited for miles around; but poor, heart-sick Mark staid away.

For weeks after the beauty and happiness of the bride was the village gossip, and Mark heard it talked over until he felt as though he must cry out in his agony. Several years passed during which Mark led a lonely life. His disappointment, while not scuring his kindly nature, had made him indifferent to social pleasures. But after a time his Uncle Clifton moved with his family into the village. He had a number of daughters—pleasant, lively girls—and it was not long before they drew Mark "out of his shell," as they called it. He grew to enjoy their merry chatter, and found his way to their home quite often. One of his cousins had formed a friendship with a young girl named Alice Norton while away at school. It had proven more lasting than the ordinary liking between schoolmates, and she was to spend the summer in Groveland.

She was a gentle little thing, whose shy blushes at the most trivial word addressed her by Mark at first amused him greatly. He tried to draw her out, and in doing so found, after a time, that the old wound had gone forever. Little Alice, with her childish ways had brought peace and happiness into the heart once so filled with the image of the lost Barbara.

From the first Mark had seemed to Alice all that was good and noble, so his wooing was a speedy one, and in a twelvemonth after their introduction Everson Farm had a gentle mistress.

Comfort and luxury joined hands in beautifying the quaint old homestead, for the prosperous young farmer had plenty of money, and "Alice must have pretty surroundings," he thought, tenderly, "to make up for such a commonplace work-a-day sort of a husband."

It would not have done to say the concluding clause aloud, however, for he well knew that the little woman would not have changed him for a king; and though he considered himself sadly overrated in her mind, it was very sweet to have it so.

Barbara had faded completely out of the Groveland world. The aunt with whom she had lived died suddenly soon after her marriage, and all trace of the village beauty seemed to have vanished.

From his weekly marketing expedition to the neighboring town, seeming strangely thoughtful and troubled, Alice noticed it, and, after a time, said: "Has anything gone wrong with you to-day, Mark?"

He looked up in surprise. "Why, little wife, what put that into your head?" "I don't know, I'm sure. Unless it is that you seem so quiet and unlike yourself."

Mark thought a moment, then he said: "The truth is, Alice, I am sorry and pained, but not for myself. Did you ever hear any one speak of a girl who was once the beauty of the village—Barbara Wildman?"

Alice had heard the whole story of Mark's infatuation and disappointment, but she made no sign, though her heart gave a great throb at hearing the name from her husband's lips.

"Why, what of her?" she asked, quietly. "I saw her to-day, and it made my heart ache. She is the more shadow of what she was, and she is alone and friendless. Think of it! Barbara Wildman looking for employment! Couldn't we find a place for her, Alice? She was a notable worker in the old times, and could help in the butter and cheese-making."

Alice rather would have died than let Mark see the keen pain his words had caused her. The thought of his first love domiciled in her home! It was like a dart aimed at her heart. But she was too noble not to strive against the unworthy feeling, and as soon as she could command her voice she answered: "Certainly, Mark. If it would please you, bring her here. There is always room for an extra helper."

So it was arranged. Barbara came—a quiet, reserved woman—still beautiful—but not with the winsome brightness of old. Suffering and sorrow had set its stamp upon her high, broad forehead, and the great bright eyes seemed looking away into some unapproachable distance. Her lips were shut so tightly together that the pretty, pouting curves which Mark remembered so well had merged into two straight, red lines, suggesting an idea of firmness which made her face too severe-looking to be attractive. She went about her duties with a pre-occupied air, as though her thoughts were far away; but they were faithfully performed. She made no effort towards sociability. Alice at first regarded her with a mixture of feelings; but as soon as she grew to feel only a sorrowful pity for the lonely unhappy woman moving about in her sombre black robes.

The Everson household was a strangely happy one. Sometimes Mark's quick temper made him unreasonable and exacting, and hasty words would escape his lips; but Alice had sweet, loving ways of her own that he could not resist. She would go up to him and thread her fingers through his curly brown hair, and put her lips for a kiss; so what with some words made Mark feel that no one in the wide world had such a dear little wife as his own "cross, curly self," as he would mentally stigmatize himself.

Barbara, being constantly with them, was often an unthought-of witness of these scenes, where a loving word turned away wrath.

Once she disappeared suddenly, and when, in a few moments, Alice had need of his services, and went to her room to call her, she found her kneeling by the bedside, sobbing convulsively. Going to her, she put her tender arms about her, and said, gently: "Tell me your trouble, Barbara. Perhaps it will make your heart lighter to speak of it."

The woman raised her head and looked wonderingly into the kind, sympathetic face for a moment. At first she made no answer, but rocked herself to and fro, moaning to herself.

"I am unworthy and God has punished me."

Alice caught the words and said softly: "If you have done wrong, and are sorry for it, He who chastiseth the children He loveth, will also forgive."

Mark looked at her in pained surprise, as, blushing and hesitatingly, she told him this, overcoiling her maidenly shyness and reserve so that the honest heart, whose friendship she coveted, need not drive its owner to take a rash step which might mar his whole future.

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## THOSE PICTURES.

We admire business zeal when not carried too far. Anything for the accomplishment of man's success in the way of advertising please us much, provided it is not immoral or indecent. It shows a push. We are even willing to bear the mortification of showing that the merits of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup are detailed upon the historic Turpeian Rock, and it does us good to hear that there is a Durian Bull painted on the pyramids of Egypt. True, our aesthetic taste may be offended; but what of that? Is not this the nineteenth century? Is not this the practical era? However, while ready to be amiable under offence to our taste, we are quite ready to rebel at immoralities, or what may produce them.

Therefore in all candor we call upon the advertisers and manufacturers of certain brands of cigars to substitute other pictures for those contained in these packages. These pictures are for the boys who buy cigars. They are a shame. They are low. They are unfit to be seen in any boy's possession. They excite the passions! They are immoral as the pictures of the Police Gazette, a publication forbidden in our State. We call upon those who circulate them to withhold them. If they are not withdrawn or substituted we will call upon our representatives to suppress them.—Biblical Recorder.

## BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Distorted liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

It is said the cotton crop of the United States will be a large one.

## THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Salt, Druggist, Bippus, Ind. writes: "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 of 10 years standing." Abraham Hurd, druggist, Bellevue, Ohio, affirms, "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.

What kind of pine is the most difficult to saw into lumber? The parcupine.

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

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but that is not its regular business.

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

The modern dandy can truthfully exclaim: "I really haven't an idea!"

Mason, Ala., Nov. 21, 1886.  
Messrs. A. T. Shallenberger & Co. Rochester, Va. Gents.—Your Antidote for malaria is the best chill and fever remedy I have ever known or tried. It never fails to cure every case. Since you sent me the sample bottle I have sold over one dozen, and not a single person has taken it who has not been cured. Please send me a dozen by mail immediately. Yours respectfully,  
N. B. Dixon.

## Contagious Diseases.

An eminent physician says that scarlet fever is very a contagious than is commonly supposed; much less, in fact, than measles and whooping-cough; and in proof of his opinion, he cites the fact that while it is so deadly for measles and whooping-cough to affect all the children in a household, scarlet fever limits its attacks to one or two even though there may be others who have never had the disease, and are therefore presumably susceptible. There is one point which the doctor, it seems to us, does not lay sufficient stress upon, and that is, while persons avoid scarlet fever, they have but little fear of measles or whooping-cough, and being influenced by the popular, pernicious and foolish impression that all children must at some time in their lives have these latter diseases, they take no pains to defend the sick from the well, as they do if the disease be scarlet fever. The writer could give repeated instances where the most rigid isolation was practiced in cases of measles, in which but one member of a family was attacked, though there were a number of others who were presumably susceptible. Until, therefore the same scrupulous care is taken to separate the affected child from the unaffected in measles, as is done in scarlet fever, is much contagious than measles. This will probably never be done until parents are taught that measles is not a trivial disease, but is, in fact, many times a more serious one.—E. C. Cook, Conn.

The farmer's friend for many years past, Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, for horses, cattle, dogs and sheep. It has proved its worth to thousands of men.

Every man who indulges knows that smoking promotes selfishness.

When the stomach is weak and irregularity there will be flatulence, heartburn, nausea, sick headache, nervousness, etc. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, to give tone and regularity to the stomach.

It is reported that Bulgaria intends declaring herself independent.

When you are constipated with loss of appetite, headache, bad breath, nervousness, etc., take Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills, they are pleasant to take and will cure you, 25 cents a vial.

Mint statistics.—The number of juleps dispensed by the bartender.

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism, 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.

After all, the greatest fishery trouble is when they won't bite.

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

To what geological formation does rock the granite belong?

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.

**RUFFIN FOGG.**  
ASHONABLE BARBER,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
My shop is still on Court Street where I will be pleased to have my friends and patrons call to see me.  
Calls to private residences for cutting ladies and childrens hair, promptly responded to by Rufin Fogg the leading barber.

**NOTICE.**  
By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county made at August term 1887, I shall sell at the Court house door, in the town of Louisburg, Monday, the 25th day of Sept. 1887, a tract of land situated in said county, in Franklin township, and bounded as follows: On the North by the lands of Jap. Perry estate, on the East by the Debusen lands, on the South by the Nancy Debusen land and the land of J. S. Joyner, and on the West by the lands of J. N. Joyner, containing 210 acres, of which 210 acres have been simple and 100 acres subject to a life estate in Mrs. Ann E. Allen. Terms one-fourth Cash balance on credit of three months with interest from day of sale.  
J. M. COOKE, Com'r.  
June 30, 1887.