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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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

RATES:

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Six Months - - - - 75

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General Directory.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST—Rev. A. McCullen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

BAPTIST—Rev. Purdie Cude, pastor. Services 3rd Sunday in each month, morning and night. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sunday School o'clock.

MAYOR—O. L. Ellis.

COMMISSIONERS—Thos. White, B. B. Egerton, J. A. Burrow, J. A. Thomas.

CONSTABLE—B. D. Pinnell.

Board meets Friday before first Monday in each month.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

COMMISSIONERS—C. M. Nash, Wm. S. J. Cranford, Ross Foster, F. P. Pierce, W. B. Uzzell.

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Superintendent of Public Instruction—J. N. Harris.

Keeper Poor House—J. W. Pinnell.

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Geo. S. Baker, Chairman,
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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,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, FRANKLIN CO., N. C.
Will attend the Courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren, and Wake County; also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

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

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

W. E. DAY. A. C. ZOLLICOFFER.
Day & Zollicoffer
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HENDERSON 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,
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Negotiation of Loans and collecting specialty.

The Franklin Times.

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., SEPTEMBER 2, 1887. NO. 34

THROUGH THE FIRE.

—o:—

Such a beautiful little, wistful face, with deep violet eyes, was raised, with a doubtful, pleading gaze, to the face of the stern, hard-looking man who sat beside her at the library table.

More than once these eyes were opened before she gained courage to say:

"Father!"

She began to think he had not heard her, he was so long in answering. Just one word at last:

"Well?"

Oh, no, it was not well to her it was so curt, so cold, so hope-crushing. The sweet mouth quivered like a grieved baby's. Then, with a silent appeal to another Father, the Only One to look to His child—she gained courage, and spoke again.

"Father, Philip Spencer was with you this afternoon."

She waited for a response. None came.

"I sent him, father."

Still no sign to tell her he was hearing her; not even the eyes were raised.

"He told you he loved me, father. What did you say to him?"

At last the lashes lifted, and the eyes, with their strange brightness, were turned full upon the gentle, timid child, as he said, in hard, measured tones:

"I told him it was your father's gold he loved."

"Oh, father, I did not think you could speak so to Philip. You did not—no, you cannot believe this of him."

"I do. And if you, Grace, were not such a nonsensical, romatic child, you would know it. Any one, with a particle of sound sense, would know that a man like Spencer, probably the most handsomest in town, talented and very popular, would never for a moment think of marrying you, except for the gold he thinks you would bring him. That is all he wants—all, all, all. And so I told him, and continued to repeat it to all his professions and protestations."

"And you sent him away, so—"

"I certainly did, and with the request that he should remain away."

Pressing her hand over her almost bursting heart, to try and calm the wild tumult, she remained so still for a few moments that a slight shade of anxiety came over the hard, stern face, and he said:

"You will get over this, Grace, after a little, and understand I have done this for your good."

Then the wounded spirit forced itself forth, and she cried:

"Is it for my good that you take from me the all of a woman's life? What do I care for gold! Oh, I hate it. I would give all, all—aye, years with golden showers, for a brief space, even of this, as I am crowned with love."

John Harding was surprised. He scarcely could identify this earnest, loving woman, whose every feature was glowing with the emotion which filled her soul, with the timid sensative child he had known for eighteen years.

"Grace, my child, the hard voice softened—if I wound you, it is that I may save. Child, your life would be one of endless misery should you find you were deceived. Do you not know it requires considerable moral courage for a man [illegible] he knows too well, whenever she appears in public, must be regarded always with a pitying eye, to say the least?"

The face so glowing a moment before grew very pale, while a look of intense suffering gathered in the eyes and around the trembling lips.

With difficulty she raised from her seat, and with slow, faltering steps, supported here and there by table and chair, she gained the door. She was about passing out when she hesitated, turned, and then, with a painful, fluttering motion, like a wounded bird, she reeled and dropped at her father's feet. Raising the poor, little suffering face to his, she said:

"Oh, father, you who have known me all my life, must know me best. Tell me, truly is there nothing within me to compensate for this poor, crippled limb?—nothing to win and hold the love of one true heart? Oh, because I am lame must I be denied this dearest of all treasures?"

Raising her gently, John Harding's face showed traces of deep emotion as he answered.

"Grace to those who truly know you, you are very, very dear. And it is for fear that your pure, loving heart might be terribly wounded I am so anxious. Oh, child, few men nowadays are hunting for such treasures. I tell you 'tis gold the race is for. Ah, there was a time when it was God."

John Harding was judging the world by himself.

There was a time when he sought only, and won, such a treasure as his Grace—her mother, for years his battle with the world was very hard. His gold came very slow at first; too slow to bring its comforts to the poor, delicate little creature who was striving always for his sake. Then she passed away he gave his whole soul to money-making, scarcely giving time or thought to the little girl left him.

"Yes, gold was his idol, and he doubted every man, fearing they wished to rob him of his hard-earned treasure.

"Father, how can Philip prove this truth?"

"Child, I told him in answer to the same question, I would scarcely trust him, even though he waded through water, blood, aye, even fire to reach you. Ha! ha! And the fellow said Heaven would help him prove it some day, he felt sure. All words, Grace. Cast him from your heart, child. We will go to Paris—go everywhere—until we find some one that will make this little limb strong and well."

"No, no, father, I should feel no shurer, even if it could be so, of finding truth. No, No; your gold still might be the prize sought. No; leave me as I am. And, listen, father. I may never be Philip's wife—I shall not, unless you consent—but I must see him occasionally. I must have this one comfort. You can trust me, father, and I will trust my Heavenly Father."

Slowly and with pain ful to see, she left the room to seek her own apartment.

After finding some relief from a good cry, she wrote a note to her lover, saying.

"DEAR PHILIP: Father has told me all. Although we have nothing to hope for from him, we can still love and trust the Father who cares for and loves His children. We are to see each other occasionally. Come at the usual hour to-morrow.

"Ever yours, GRACE."

The next evening, when the lovers met, each was surprised to find the calmness—indeed, even cheerfulness—of the other.

"I have perfect faith in you, Philip. And our future I trust to Heaven."

"And I, dear one, after a few hours of mental agony received your note. It was only the thought of a present separation that gave me pain. After knowing that this was not to be, I grew cheerful enough. For the future I have no doubts. I know God will answer my prayers, and give me the power to win you. I only wish something would give wings to your father's mind, and it would soon away."

"Oh, Philip! No, no. Think how harm it was gained. It would kill him."

"No, it would not, darling. I gladly would work for him. And we would make him a happier man, Grace. We would bring back to him his faith in his fellow-man."

Three years had passed. Still John Harding was immovable. Grace did not have an opportunity of seeing enough of Philip to annoy her father very much.

Philip's business was now in a distant city, and his visits were many weeks apart. Of the daily letters Grace did not think it necessary to advise her father. So John Harding began to think that he should eventually be relieved of any anxiety in that quarter.

Philip was making his annual visit. He was growing somewhat restless under the continued cloud.

"Grace," he said, "I shall, before I leave this time, make one more appeal to your father. If he still refuses—you are now fully of age to look to your own happiness—you must come to me, love. And we will gladly leave every dollar of his gold to comfort him."

"No, no, Philip! Wait a little longer, dear. And hope and trust still."

John Harding was just leaving the theatre when the cry of "Fire!" reached his ear. An instant after, he heard the alarm strike. He listened. The terrible fiend was in his own neighborhood—aye, the very street. A great fear filled his mind and heart. He hastened with flying steps, stopping only once to ask a policeman, "Where?" and received answer, "Harding's Row."

He knew full well then his gold was melting, but a more terrible dread almost paralyzed his heart. His child! Was she safe?

He knew she could not fly, poor, wounded little bird! Even then the flames might be in his own home, surrounding her.

At last, breathless, he reached it. His worst fears are realized. The mad'y raging flames were escaping from doors and windows.

And then a cry more terrible than even that of "Fire!" reached his ears:

"There's a girl in the burning house!"

A moaning cry of the greatest agony came from John Harding's inmost heart.

"Oh, God! pity me!"

Directly after he shouted:

"A million dollars to him who saves my child!"

Several rushed forward, but to stop appalled by the fearful risk.

Again the crowd gives way. A man followed by brothers bearing ladders, hastened up, and John Harding recognized Phillip Spencer.

He cannot stop to speak. Yet, as he passed close beside the terror-stricken father, he cries:

"Is she mine!"

"Yes! Yes! Save her for yourself!" groaned the agonized man.

And as he saw the brave fellow disappear through the upper window the words spoken in irony three years before were then ringing in his ear.

"Even through the fire to reach her."

There was breathless silence, only the crackling of the flames disturbing the fearful calm. At length the terrible suspense was over. To the window came Phillip bearing his precious burden. A second to secure his footing, and clasp closer the insensible form, he stopped. Then, blinded by smoke and lashed by the flames, he stepped forth. And aided by the joyous shouts and cheers he descended the ladder, and despite the cries, "Give her to me, you are exhausted," he gained her father's side, placed the fainting girl in his arms, and sank to the ground beside them.

Grace was not at all injured. She had fainted only from the terrible shock. Phillip had guarded her well from the flames, his own hands suffering terribly in his effort to save and shield her. However, his injuries, although very severe, were not dangerous.

The second day after the fire, Phillip awakened after a refreshing sleep, almost free from pain. Grace and her father were sitting beside him.

He was still too weak to talk much. With a feeble effort he tried to put forth the wounded hand, and said:

"Mine at last! Thank God!"

Tenderly Mr. Harding raised the bandaged hand, and taking Grace's placed it in it, saying, with deep emotion:

"Yes, she is yours Spencer. Forgive me for the double that possessed me for years."

"Are you suffering now, Phillip?" Grace asked anxiously.

"Scarcely at all. But oh! my darling, I would suffer all I have, and as much more as God would give me strength to bear, to gain this happiness. Thank Heaven for giving me the chance to win you," Phillip answered.

Mr Harding turned away to hide the emotion which filled his own soul.

Ten days after Phillip was able to get out. Grace was making preparations for her marriage, which was not to be delayed longer than positively necessary. One day Phillip was surprised by a visit from Mr Harding.

As he turned to greet him, he was shocked by the terrible change a few hours had wrought. He looked fully ten years older than when he last saw him, the day before. Traces of severe suffering were still visible on his haggard face.

"What is it, sir? Are you ill? Phillip anxiously asked.

Mr Harding sank heavily in the seat offered, and after a moment of painful silence asked:

"Did you hear of the ——— Bank failure?"

"I was just reading it. Does it affect you, sir?" Phillip returned.

"Affect me? Man, will you want my child when I tell you I am a ruined man? You are rich compared to me." moaned John Harding, as his head sank into his hands.

"Want her! Oh, more now than ever before. Now she is doubly mine! Mine to love! mine to work for! Thank God for clearing all your doubts away."

Then stepping closer, Phillip, passing his arm caressingly around the trembling form, said:

"My father, your children will surround you with something better than riches. Love so true, so perfect, you will need naught else to give you truer happiness than has been yours for many years."

John Harding raised his eyes in wonderment to the clear, honest ones before him. A searching look it was, and then grasping Phillip's hand, he said:

"God bless you! I knew not that such men lived in the world nowadays."

John Harding never again became a rich man; but truly a much happier one. He fully realized Phillip's promise. When his riches took to themselves wings they brought back to him his faith in his fellow-men, without which life is a dreary path and earth a desert spot.

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

Charity begins at home, but should not end there.

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.

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas burner.

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.

Domestic training cannot begin too early.

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.

The human brain needs rest and change.

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.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

Ladies will find relief from their cotiveness, swimming in the head, acene, sour stomach, Heada he, Kidney troubles, etc., by taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator after dinner or supper, so as to move the bowels once a day. Mothers will have better health and the babies will grow more robust by using the Regulator. If an infant shows signs of colic, nothing like a few drops in water for relief. The genuine has the red Z on front of wrapper.

Better go slow, Mr. Secretary, in resorting to obsolete laws and doubtful expedients to empty the national treasury of surplus into the pockets of bondholders. We now live in a time when all sorts of political organizations are being started—'Anti-Poverty societies," "Anarchists," "Prohibitionists," "Knights of Labor," and what not, by all sorts of names, and under all kinds of Leadership, and there is manifestly a deep-seated spirit of discontent among the people. What the outcome of all is going to be, and what effect these things are going to have upon the policy of government financially and otherwise, it would take a prophet indeed to prognosticate. Remember we elected r Cleveland by the "skin of our teeth"—Plant.

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.

What is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.—Cowley.

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 a 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend on this for certain.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—Bulwer.

If you suffer pricking pains on moving 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.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

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

Our nature consists in motion; perfect rest is death.

BUCKLENS ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world or 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.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

WONDERFUL CURES.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggist of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery Electric Bitters and Buckleus Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Furman & Cooke.

Those who command themselves command others.

PERSONAL.

Mr. N. H. Frochlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds, is sold on a positive guarantee.

Trial bottles free at Furman's Drug Store.

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 it.

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.

The fertilizer is another thing good enough in itself, of great help when judiciously used, but in the hands of ignorant men, it is both a destroyer of crops and land; by it our lands is fast becoming burnt up, and for anything unless greatly stimulated. Ignoring these things and pursuing the policy of making one crop, renting to the tenants without property attaching to them, using fertilizers of any brand for any crop without proper care, forces the farmer to look [illegible] in the mortgage and tick him [illegible] season for another year—only [illegible] there it sticks closer than a brother.

TONSORIAL TORMENT—A STORY OF A BARBER SHOP.

Every man who has ever had to sit in a barber shop and keep still while the tonsorial artist's blade, and stereotyped "You want a shave, sir?" How you read the following experience of a gentleman in North Carolina—an experience which thousands have undergone. Read the Knight of the Razor Strop's stereotyped exclamation to the new comer in his shop, will have a new position in your mind. Read, and remember what to do in case you should have a similar experience. Terry writes:

Rockville, N. C. March 19, 1887.

Gentlemen: I had barber's itch for three months the eruption on my face was very bad. I could not shave at all. I took a course of S. S. S., and it completely cured me. To-day my skin is smooth, and my complexion denotes good blood.

T. C. TERRY.

THE CITY MARSHAL OF JUKA, MISS.

The gentleman who sent us the following certificate is the City Marshal of Juka, Miss., and is a man of high character and prominently known throughout the State. His son had suffered intensely for six years with an eruption of the skin caused by poison oak. All remedies it appears failed, until, fortunately, S. S. S. was tried, when the cure was made with wonderful promptness. Here is what this gentleman says:

Gentlemen—Myson has suffered for the past six years with an eruption on his legs, caused from poison oak, and also on the feet. Nothing seemed to eradicate the poison from the blood until you gave him one bottle of Swift's Specific. This entirely cured him, and I heartily recommend it to the public as a sure cure for poison oak.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR—

Malaria, Bowel Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Biliousness,
Kidney Affections, Jaundice,
Mental Depression, Colic.

BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

No Household Should be Without It.

And by being kept in the house it will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctor's bills.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

See that our red Z stamp is on front of Wrapper. Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, $1.00

NOTICE.

By virtue of an order 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 5th day of Sept. 1887, a tract of land situated in said county in Franklinton township, and bounded as follows, to-wit: North by the lands of Jno. Perry estate, on the East by the Debnam land, on the South by the Nancy Debnam land and the land of J. S. Joyner, and on the West by the lands of J. B. Joyner, containing 310 acres, of which 210 acres is fee simple and 100 acres is subject to a life estate in Mr Ann E. Allen. Terms one-fourth cash, balance on credit of eight months with interest from day of sale.

June 30, 1887. C. M. COOKE, Com'r.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as Executor on the estate of the late John Young, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present the same to me for payment on or before the 5th day of July 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar for their recovery. All persons owing said estate are notified to make immediate settlement.

F. P. PIERCE Executor
of John Young.

July 5th 1887.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 66½ Whitehall St.