

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. SEPTEMBER 23, 1887. NO. 37

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

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RUFFIN FOGG. ASHLEIGH BARBE, My shop is still on Court Street where I will be pleased to have my friends and patrons call to see me.

A GOOD CATCH.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"Mr. Ainsley Arbutnot" was the name beautifully engraved on the elegant visiting card which a servant presented to Evelyn Ogden, as she stood before a tall pier-glass, admiring the sweep of her white satin train and the wave of her glossy black hair.

"You are ready, I suppose, Sybil?" she asked, with a disdainful glance at that shy young cousin, whose modest toilet of wine-colored cashmere hardly suited Miss Evelyn's elaborate taste.

"Oh, yes!" Sybil answered, promptly. "I have been ready for some time."

"Why don't you put some white lace around your neck?" Evelyn asked, critically. You look so—oh, so plain."

"I almost wish I hadn't said I would go," observed Sybil, looking down at her own plain dress. "I am afraid I shall disgrace you, Evelyn. I don't even know how to behave, for I never heard of a progressive-angling party before."

"Oh, its simple enough," said Evelyn, buttoning her long gloves. "There will be a lot of tabs, or punch-bows, probably, and we will all have gilt fishing-rods and lines, with hooks on them. The fish are hollow and have prizes inside. We all fish for them, and nobody knows what he is going to get, till the fish are opened. There will be a gold ring in one to-night, they say. It will be like wedding cake. But you needn't worry, Sybil; I'll tell you what to do."

Sybil was not worrying. She was perfectly quiet—in fact, so much so, that Evelyn fancied her brilliant escort would not be at all pleased with this unexpected addition to their party.

ably never possessed in all her lifetime. The progressive-angling went on at Mrs. Bayard's house, where Sybil felt as though she were in fairy-land, among flowers and fragrances, and parti-colored lights, that shone on a crowd of elegantly dressed men and women, who moved about in a scene of rare beauty and splendor.

"Don't be afraid," said Arbutnot, kindly. "They all make botches of it."

"You don't go at it right," said Dick. "Drop your hook down deep, and bring it up slowly—this way. Try the little fellow over there. That's right. Gently now. There—aha. What did I tell you? That was well done, wasn't it, Ainsley?"

"Excellent," said Ainsley. "Open him—do. I am consumed with curiosity."

"By Jove!" Dick cried. "She's hooked the gold ring."

"You have not fished yet!" he said, looking at Evelyn. "There is plenty of time, Arbutnot answered. 'There is Miss Irwin, Dick. She looks appealing.'

"You are fishing for me, Miss Weir," said Dick, boldly. "I want a good partner, and you look as if you danced divinely."

"I am very fond of it," Sybil said, modestly; "but I don't know much about the game. I think I should almost be afraid to try."

ly, as she sat by the little old study-lamp, thinking it all over. "I might as well stay at home, and not spend money going to town, indeed," she added, with a sigh, "is would have been a great deal better."

"I have followed you," he said, holding the hand which she gave him. "I found that I could not be happy away from you, and I came to see, Sybil, whether I might not stay with you always."

"Come to me, and I will be true to the point, when only the freckled shone. 'Excuse me,' she added hastily. 'I will get a lamp.'

"This will do," he said, detaching her. "I like this best. Sybil, you know what I came for. I love you. Will you marry me?"

"She was a natural girl, without any art or coquetry, and she answered him out of her heart: 'Yes!'

"Then my wish will come true," he said, lifting her hand and kissing it where the gold ring spanned her pretty finger. "Do you know what I wish our darling? The ring said that the year would bring you a husband, and I wished it might be me."

"It is needless to say that Sybil did not look for any further position. 'She ought to be satisfied,' said Evelyn Ogden, when she heard of the engagement. 'It is astonishing, what good fortune some of those plain girls have. Mr. Arbutnot is the best catch of the season.'

Testimonials from persons who have been cured by a medicine ought to convince those suffering from the same disease, and would, if known to be genuine. Please notice that whenever we publish any testimony in favor of Shallenberger's Asthmate for Malaria, the name and address are given, and that we invite you to verify it by writing directly to the parties themselves.

THE TWO RACERS. In Georgia they are discussing with some warmth and interest, the merits of a bill lately introduced to the legislature of that State, by one of the members. The bill provides for the separate education of the negroes, and makes it a punishable offense for white school or black to receive among its pupils any of the opposite color.

We ourselves think the Southerners right in this latest attempt at settling some of the local difficulties by the color problem. We cannot approve of the spirit which many of them display towards the black, but we know how they are aggrieved and wounded by conditions which would bring even the leathery hide of a primal abolitionist. At the base of the negro question lies one question, which, when answered rightly, offers a clear road to the settlement of the whole question. Is the negro to die out, to emigrate or to merge himself in the white population? It is not likely he will die out. Statistics show that he is increasing. He might emigrate, but this, too, is unlikely, and becomes more so the longer he remains in the country. The idea of his merging with the white race, and being a disappearing may be looked upon as a moral impossibility.

There is but one destiny for the black on this continent, and it is that which nature marked out for him. If he cannot blend with the whites, he must live by himself, in well-defined boundaries. There is no escape from this condition. The social irritation in the South is its propulsion. The race tendency alone is irresistible, towards it, and manifests itself more strongly every day.

The spirit of laws like that contained in Glenn bill is in favor of that consummation. It does not set the races in opposition, nor encourage unadvised hatred, but it marks more clearly those natural boundaries which God has placed around races, and which they do not cross without danger of destruction. We think all classes should look at the matter in this light.

His Only Game of Chance. Mr. Dunsbury—"I wish, dear, that you wouldn't take part in that church fair. The games of chance" Mrs. Dunsbury—"Oh, yes! I suppose you never indulged in a game of chance?"

Only one in my life, my dear, and when was that? "When I married you," Philadelphia Call. "I don't remember it."

BRIEF AND TO THE POINT. Dyspepsia is dreadful. "Dyspepsia is a misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature."

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and sensitive things in existence. It is easily put out of order, and all sorts of ailments, such as indigestion, flatulency, headache, neuralgia, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspepsics.

SPORTSMEN who want to get game bags with the best possible expenditure of money, will be interested in Charles Ledyard Norton's Illustrated Description of "A Pot-Hunter's Paradise," so aptly in the American Magazine for October.

BUCKLE'S ARNICA SALVE. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Blisters, 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.

On the Safe Side. He—"I see that between sixty and one hundred persons in different parts of the country have been poisoned by ice-cream."

He—"No; but some of them were very sick."

She (color slowly coming back)—"One cannot be too careful, George, when one eats ice-cream. Here's a letter in stick to Delmonico's—Harper's Bazar."

The biggest gun-bolt on record has been discovered in a machine factory.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING. Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade as Furman & Cooke's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption.

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy.

A DUBIAN MERCHANT'S EXPERIENCE. Mr. J. H. McLean, of Raleigh, N. C., well-known throughout the State as a Co. Durham, N. C., has written the following for his assistance in the case of a man who had been suffering from dyspepsia for many years.

MORE UNFOLDED SEALS. (Dunville, Va., Dec. 18th, 1887.)

Some one asks, "Is there a cure for a man who can live on a piece of bread a week?"

I have been myself a sufferer from dyspepsia for many years, and can testify from experience to the fact that I never recommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a case of twenty-five years I have often tried the need of such a medicine, and I found it in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

A cross old bachelor suggests that birth should be announced under the head of new minutes of his company.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment is a powerful remedy for all sorts of ailments, and is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded.

The design of a married couple where may be availed if you will only take of Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

A disordered condition of the stomach, or malarial in the system will produce sick headaches, you can remove this trouble by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills, 25 cents per box.