

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

RATES: One Year \$1.50 x Months To Clubs of 5 Times will be crushed at \$1.40

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

General Directory. LOUISBURG, N. C. BURGUES. Methodist - Rev. A. McCullen, pastor services every Sunday morning and night.

BOARD OF EDUCATION. N. Y. Gully, Chairman. E. C. Coopers, J. B. Massenburg, J. N. Massenburg.

B. B. MASSENBURG. ATTORNEY AT LAW. LOUISBURG, N. C. Office in the Court House.

C. M. COOKE. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. LOUISBURG, FRANKLIN CO., N. C. Will attend the Courts of Nash, Frank in, G. uville, Warren, and Wake Counties also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

D. R. J. E. MALONE, JR. ATTORNEY AT LAW. LOUISBURG, N. C. Office 2 doors below Furman & Cooke's Drug Store, adjoining Dr. O. J. Ellis.

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

F. A. DAY. ATTORNEY 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.

A. A. HICKS. Attorney At Law & Notary Public. OXFORD, N. C. AND T. T. HICKS.

Will practice together in the counties of Granville, Vance, Franklin and Warren and in all matters requiring their joint attention. We hope by prompt, diligent and faithful attention to business, to deserve a portion of the law business of this section.

JAMES A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL. PRICE \$1.50 PER ANNUM In Advance. LOUISBURG, N. C., APRIL 6, 1888. NO. 18.

"An Ancient Spell." By Wm. G. Clifton. There they stood, like young globe-batters with no salary enriched, waiting for the words mumbled that the dextrous teacher pitched; and he turned the first one at them, like a nicely twisted ball.

Then a curly-headed maiden - waist diminished size. And her professor made, But she happened, too, to wander from the orthographic text, and the teacher smiled in pity as he softly murmured "next."

Then a curly-headed boy struck at it, who to this day spells by ear. And a red-haired girl attacked it, with her pale eyes full of fear. And the word flew on, till one boy, who was looking but sharp-eyed, spelled it by the fifty method that had not as yet been tried.

And the shrewd-eyed boy marched proudly to the ever longed-for prize. With a cunning smile, and under his devil and fabled face. For he'd found that calmly watching what around him came to pass, would succeed at the hardest study.

And in spelling schools, that urchin quite a reputation got. But the boy is now in business; and his letters are a sight! He spends with a "G" when he "spells him down to write."

Now the old school house is banished, like so many of its race, to the elements that wrought it and a new one holds its place; and the spellers write their words down with a chance their parents lacked.

For as Bacon hints 'tis writing that must make a man exact; And the curly-haired sweet maiden and the teacher it is said are a class of two together, with the former at the head.

THE PRICE OF A KISS. BY AD. H. SIMSON. A group of students stood in the shade of a gigantic oak tree, in the park of an eastern town, many years ago. Just across the road the old college rested its friendly brown walls and looked as though it might hold a monopoly in the work of dispensing knowledge to all mankind.

The students were the sons of wealthy parents except one, handsome, dark-eyed Dick Wynn, whose great courage had become proverbial at college. Dick was working his way, unaided, to secure an education that would fit him to fill some useful station in life; and he was as highly respected as were his wealthy companions.

another had Newport in mind, where a fashionable sister expected to reign queen of the season. But the majority favored a trip to the back-woods of that State, in some several weeks in the delightful recreations of hunting and fishing, while they tried the coveted experience of living in tents and camping out.

Dick had kept silent while others laid their plans for spending the vacation so pleasantly, but when they claimed a speech from Dick Wynn, he said: "Well, boys, you know that I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. So, while you are all having a good time hunting, fishing, and reading in some shady nook of the forest, I shall be busy manipulating the golden sheaves in some farmer's harvest field. And later, when you come back fresh and happy to take your places in college, I shall take mine in a country school-house, to earn the wherewithal to return next spring, not before."

"You're quite charming enough to be the hero of an affair like this," said Harry, who concluded with a mischievous grin that he well knew that Harry Corder, the son of a millionaire, was, notwithstanding his wealth, jealous of Dick's many attractions.

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

"Does the old gentleman intend to call me out and shoot me for my impudence in kissing his daughter?" Dick asked himself as he tore the envelope. The note ran as follows: "My dear Dick - Dear Sir: You will please call at my house to-day evening at eight o'clock."

"You're mistaken, boys; I've plenty of courage, but, as Bertie says, we are living in practical times. What would Miss Mason think of such a feat? What would Judge Mason say to a stranger's audacity in daring to publicly salute his daughter?"

"I am tempted to yield to this offer, boys, for only God and my hard working mother and sister can rejoice over your success in being able to get back to them for the summer, instead of remaining in the east to get a job at haying."

"I will do it, boys!" he cried. Then he turned on his heel and joined Miss Mason, who was walking slowly up and down, while the judge rested on a rustic seat near the path. He addressed her in French. He gave her a brief sketch of his life, and wound up by telling her of the student offer, and how it tempted him, not so much for his own sake as that of those so near and dear to him.

"I have taken a fancy to that young Wynn. He is equipped with the right kind of metal. I shall make him an offer, if he has any inclination to study." Dick called again on Judge Mason. He told the judge of his wife and daughter to join them. Dick was formally presented to Miss Nina, who was too well bred to seem conscious of that former meeting in the park. Dick called frequently during the

few remaining weeks of college, and soon became well liked and respected in the Mason household. He was especially esteemed by Miss Nina, although she deemed it wisest to offer him no encouragement just yet.

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

"Does the old gentleman intend to call me out and shoot me for my impudence in kissing his daughter?" Dick asked himself as he tore the envelope. The note ran as follows: "My dear Dick - Dear Sir: You will please call at my house to-day evening at eight o'clock."

"You're mistaken, boys; I've plenty of courage, but, as Bertie says, we are living in practical times. What would Miss Mason think of such a feat? What would Judge Mason say to a stranger's audacity in daring to publicly salute his daughter?"

"I am tempted to yield to this offer, boys, for only God and my hard working mother and sister can rejoice over your success in being able to get back to them for the summer, instead of remaining in the east to get a job at haying."

"I will do it, boys!" he cried. Then he turned on his heel and joined Miss Mason, who was walking slowly up and down, while the judge rested on a rustic seat near the path. He addressed her in French. He gave her a brief sketch of his life, and wound up by telling her of the student offer, and how it tempted him, not so much for his own sake as that of those so near and dear to him.

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

One of the Greatest Mysteries. Of the many mysteries which baffle the analysis of science, in the realm of the governing the transmission of elements and physical characteristics from one generation to another, in no instance is this more completely illustrated than in the general perpetuation of disease. Of all the hereditary blood diseases, none more common than the one which is widely prevalent, and which fills the hospital with its victims, and since the introduction of S. S. S., a remedy for diseased blood, these atrocious afflictions have not their worst features, their alleged incurability. The fact is, in can be cured by the use of S. S. S.

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

"Does the old gentleman intend to call me out and shoot me for my impudence in kissing his daughter?" Dick asked himself as he tore the envelope. The note ran as follows: "My dear Dick - Dear Sir: You will please call at my house to-day evening at eight o'clock."

"You're mistaken, boys; I've plenty of courage, but, as Bertie says, we are living in practical times. What would Miss Mason think of such a feat? What would Judge Mason say to a stranger's audacity in daring to publicly salute his daughter?"

"I am tempted to yield to this offer, boys, for only God and my hard working mother and sister can rejoice over your success in being able to get back to them for the summer, instead of remaining in the east to get a job at haying."

"I will do it, boys!" he cried. Then he turned on his heel and joined Miss Mason, who was walking slowly up and down, while the judge rested on a rustic seat near the path. He addressed her in French. He gave her a brief sketch of his life, and wound up by telling her of the student offer, and how it tempted him, not so much for his own sake as that of those so near and dear to him.

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

Receipts for Parents. You who have taught your children how to live have you taught them how to die? Fate has it not, as important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the new funeral parlors and the grave as the impending legacies beyond. Responsible as you are for their temporal existence, you are also responsible for their eternal - which way will you take them?

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

"Does the old gentleman intend to call me out and shoot me for my impudence in kissing his daughter?" Dick asked himself as he tore the envelope. The note ran as follows: "My dear Dick - Dear Sir: You will please call at my house to-day evening at eight o'clock."

"You're mistaken, boys; I've plenty of courage, but, as Bertie says, we are living in practical times. What would Miss Mason think of such a feat? What would Judge Mason say to a stranger's audacity in daring to publicly salute his daughter?"

"I am tempted to yield to this offer, boys, for only God and my hard working mother and sister can rejoice over your success in being able to get back to them for the summer, instead of remaining in the east to get a job at haying."

"I will do it, boys!" he cried. Then he turned on his heel and joined Miss Mason, who was walking slowly up and down, while the judge rested on a rustic seat near the path. He addressed her in French. He gave her a brief sketch of his life, and wound up by telling her of the student offer, and how it tempted him, not so much for his own sake as that of those so near and dear to him.

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

How to Find the Right Doctor. The doctor will not be found for the victim of his own medicine. The doctor will not be found for the victim of his own medicine. The doctor will not be found for the victim of his own medicine.

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."

"Does the old gentleman intend to call me out and shoot me for my impudence in kissing his daughter?" Dick asked himself as he tore the envelope. The note ran as follows: "My dear Dick - Dear Sir: You will please call at my house to-day evening at eight o'clock."

"You're mistaken, boys; I've plenty of courage, but, as Bertie says, we are living in practical times. What would Miss Mason think of such a feat? What would Judge Mason say to a stranger's audacity in daring to publicly salute his daughter?"

"I am tempted to yield to this offer, boys, for only God and my hard working mother and sister can rejoice over your success in being able to get back to them for the summer, instead of remaining in the east to get a job at haying."

"I will do it, boys!" he cried. Then he turned on his heel and joined Miss Mason, who was walking slowly up and down, while the judge rested on a rustic seat near the path. He addressed her in French. He gave her a brief sketch of his life, and wound up by telling her of the student offer, and how it tempted him, not so much for his own sake as that of those so near and dear to him.

"I never regretted the delightful weeks spent amid the pleasant old mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. Bertie had the story, dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature in the scenery."

"I'm sure you could not have killed her else for the beautiful girl." "Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story," said Dick, with a laugh, and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son."