

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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THE FRANKLIN TIMES is the only newspaper published in Franklin county, and its circulation extends all over every section of this and adjoining counties, subscribers should make a note here.

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.

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NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of L. C. Wester will present them to me at once.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE Atty. for W. T. COLLINS Adm.

BLACKSMITHING.

I desire to return my thanks to my many patrons who have given me these patronages for 1888, and already had a considerable amount of work for 1889. I am sure I will be able to do better in the future. The times are hard and prices very low. Those who have horses to be shod call on me. I will guarantee satisfaction in every particular. Prices low. If you have a horse that over-rides, cuts his ankle, stumbles, has corns or the narrow heels, call and see me, and I will guarantee satisfaction. Do not forget that I am prepared to repair girths and harnesses—such as harnesses, shoes, &c.

ANTHONY T. NEALE.

Love Lighthead. The silver days, the golden days, The days of sunny weather, With amber on the mountain line And violet on the heather. Are but remembered days of love, For fled from them and me; The lost delight is out of sight, And horn and lone are we.

Yet the gay days the dreary days, With gusty storms blow hither, And cloud racks smitten to the blast And drive a yewer— Through sob and moan and anguish These days of muffled gloom Their coronal of glory wear, Which deathless stars illumine.

For in the mingled brightness Of other years aether, Too strong to break in any stress, Bound out two souls together, And better pain with thee, love, With thee, true heart to heart, Than all the sunbeams shining, Aid thou, and I spare.

Margaret E. Sangster in Bazar.

THE DIAMOND RING.

Like a drop of dew it sparkled on Cora Vane's slender forefinger, catching the standing reflection of the afternoon sunshine, as its every sunbeam loved to linger within the crystal-hearted jewel, as the young girl sat there, her fair head drooped like a lily bell and the lashes hanging low over her flushed cheeks.

"It's so strange that he loves me," thought Cora, her scarlet lips half apart, and the sweetest dream-like shadow of a smile hovered about her mouth. "He, so wealthy, so high born, so courted in aristocratic circles, where poor little I have never been admitted. I should almost fancy the whole thing to be a dream, if it were not for this precious stone sparkling on my finger."

A then Cora Vane leaned her cheek on her hand and drifted off once more into the delicious reveries that come to those who have set foot within the mystic temple of love.

It did seem not unlike the phantasmal outlines of a dream when one came to look at it from a sober, every-day point of view. Here was a little hand working, daily, for a modest livelihood by constant toil—how could it be that Alban Carlesford, the courted favorite of fortune and fashion, should have learned to love her—should have won her promise to be his wife. And she had told him so frankly and freely the story of her humble life, even to the brief strange episode of Bruce Wayne's love and proposal.

"Bruce Wayne!" Mr. Carlesford had repeated, "you do not mean the Bruce Wayne who was in the Seventh Regiment at one time. Why, I know him well."

"Yes," said Cora, blushing, "it was Captain Wayne. He said he loved me, but he was so fierce and passionate that I was afraid of him. Oh, Alban, I never could have felt toward him as I do toward you!"

And Mr. Carlesford forgot the incipient pang of jealousy which had already entered his heart, concerning this handsome, reckless, young captain, Bruce Wayne, and he felt happy in the undoubted certainty that Cora was all his own.

Cora Vane was secretly thinking of all these things next day as she sat by little Bessie Malden's piano, counting time for the child's unpaid fingers as they strayed regularly over the ivory keys, for Cora had insisted on duty fulfilling all her engagements for the quarter, before she would consent to fix the marriage day, when the schoolroom door opened, and Capt. Wayne lounged fully in.

"Bessie," he said to his little niece, "run and get my gold eye-glasses, that's a little gem of a girl. They're in the parlor or under my dressing table, or in your mamma's work-basket, or somewhere!"

And Bessie, glad to be released from the thrumming of the pinoforte, slipped down from her seat and tottered merrily away.

Bruce Wayne sat down beside the daily governess, with a darkening look of care upon his brow.

"Cora," he said, almost fiercely, "I am in trouble, and there is no one to help me—save you!"

"Help you? I? Captain Wayne, what do you mean?"

"Cora, I must have a hundred dollars between this and sundown, or I shall be a ruined, disgraced man. I can't tell you how it happened—you need not look at me so inquiringly. Moreover,

it is but a temporary need—my allowance comes in tomorrow, but you see how it is—today is a period of necessity."

"But," faltered Cora, turning white and red, "your brother-in-law, Mr. Malden—"

"He will not listen to a word. He says—and I cannot blame him much—that he is tired of lending to me and my sister just as he is."

"Surely, your friends—"

"He contemplated her with a mocking laugh. "I have no friends! Yes, you may look among them, but it is the melancholy truth. Sometimes," he added, with bitter emphasis, "it seems to me that it would be better to end the whole farce of life at once."

"Captain Wayne, you did not mean—"

"I do, Cora. Nothing has gone right with me in this world, and I swear to you, before high Heaven, that unless I can somehow raise the money to-day, I will blow my brains out."

His eyes glittered with a fierce light and a deadly whiteness came around his lips and brows.

"But, Captain Wayne, how can I help you? I have no money."

"It is easy for you to say no with that jewel sparkling on your forefinger; but I understand—you are like all the rest of them, and turned away from the poor forsaken outcast."

"Oh, Captain Wayne," sobbed the poor, tender-hearted little Cora, "what can I do? How can I—"

"It is not for one day, Cora; I solemnly swear to you that by this time to-morrow you shall have the money. I will go with you to a jeweler's; he will advance the money on this ring, to meet all my present needs. Cora, will you save a fallen fellow creature's soul by one day's sacrifice of your vanity, or will you drive me to a suicide's grave?"

"But, Capt. Wayne—"

Cora turned pale and scarlet and hesitated; how could she tell him, her rejected lover of the past, that the diamond was the betrothal gift of Alban Carlesford?

"It is enough," he said huskily, turning away; as little Bessie's footstep sounded in the hall; "I have asked, and I have asked in vain. The offense never shall be repeated."

Cora sprang to his side, pale and eager. When a human soul trembled in the balance, how could she stop to weigh the pros and cons of orthodox etiquette?

"Take it," she murmured, drawing off the ring which Alban Carlesford had placed on her finger; "but, remember, it is but for a day."

His murmured blessing hardly reached her ear, so bewildered was she with the conflict of emotions within her heart; and the next moment she was alone in the room and Bessie's tiny hand on the door-knob.

"Where is uncle Bruce?" inquired the child; "I couldn't anywhere find his gold eye-glasses, and mamma said it was hanging on his watch-chain."

Messrs. Stone & Sparkle's elegant emporium of jewelry was crowded, as Mr. Carlesford sauntered down the marble paved room, but Mr. Sparkle himself came eagerly forward to meet the new customer.

"What can we do for you, sir?" questioned Mr. Sparkle, rubbing his plump white hands smilingly together. "Emerald, sir? certainly; please step this way. There's a very choice set just sent in—old Mr. Balaplau's, sir—that used to be—setting a little old-fashioned, to be sure, but the stones much choicer than you see now-a-days. We could set them for \$60 and—"

Mr. Sparkle opened a little private drawer—a special sanctum where he kept choice jewels, rare canoes and priceless antiques. As he sought about for the set of emeralds, Mr. Carlesford's eye was caught by the glitter of a large solitary diamond, set round with tiny seed pearls.

"Why?" he ejaculated "that's the very ring!"

"That's the ring you lost week ago, isn't it?" chimed in Mr. Sparkle. "It is here only on deposit to raise a little money temporarily. We are often called on in this way."

"Who brought it here?"

"I don't mind mentioning it," hurried on the terrified Mr. Sparkle. "It was Captain Bruce Wayne."

"Bruce Wayne!"

Mr. Carlesford stood silent for a minute or two, while every feature of his face seemed to settle and grow rigid, as if it had been carved in marble.

"Thank you. That will do. I will not look at the emerald's this afternoon."

What a storm of contending passions shook Alban Carlesford's breast as he walked along with mechanical footsteps, scarcely listening whether he went. Deceived, slighted, betrayed, his very betrothal gift gone to swell "the purse of a mere spendthrift like Bruce Wayne."

"I have been a fool—a lovesick!" he muttered in his clenched teeth, "and I am fittingly repaid."

When Cora Vane returned from the days round of music lessons, weary, yet happy (for had not the consciousness of a good man's love gone with her on her tedious way), she found a note lying on her table, a note directed in Alban Carlesford's hand.

She took it up and broke the seal with a soft crimson glowing over her face; but as her eyes glanced over the contents a deadly hue usurped the delicate carnation. It read thus:

MISS VANE: I return your troth, Capt. Wayne is welcome to the diamond ring as well as your heart. I want no second hand affection.

A. C.

As she stood there pale and startled, a knock came to the door. It was repeated and then the door was opened as if in despair for an answer, and Bruce Wayne stood there eager and smiling.

"I have brought you your ring, Cora, and it has saved me. My Heaven bless you as truly as I shall ever do."

"It is too late," said Cora, in a strange hard voice. "Read that."

Bruce Wayne glanced over the note.

"Cora," he said earnestly, "this must not be. No fatal mistake such as this must undermine the happiness of two lives, and through my fault, too. I will see him myself!"

"It will be no use," said Cora, "he is stern and adamant and—"

"It will be of use, Cora. Wait here but half an hour!"

And Bruce Wayne hurried off. Mr. Carlesford was particularly engaged; he could see no one. At last that was the answer brought to the door by his servant.

"I must see him," said Bruce Wayne; "stand aside, man!"

And he pushed his determined way directly into the presence of Alban Carlesford.

"Captain Wayne!"

"But Bruce was not to be disheartened by the frightful sarcasm of the stern voice."

"Carlesford listen!" he cried, "you must listen to me while I tell you what a true and noble-hearted girl you have won."

And he told the whole story of the diamond ring.

"It was to save me from a self-inflicted death, not from any personal feeling, that she entrusted the ring to me for one single day. Carlesford, she is a gem of the purest ray, and although she may never shine for me, I can but render my humble tribute to her noble nature. That was a cruel letter which you wrote to-day. Go and contradict it in person, but first shake hands with me as a sign that you have forgiven my folly and rashness."

Carlesford pressed Wayne's hand so fervently that he absolutely winced with the pain and hurried away without a single word!

"Cora, my darling—my treasure!"

She sat alone with her head drooping on her hands, while this tender voice thrilled through the silence.

"Oh, Alban! you never could have meant it—what you wrote me in that harsh little note!"

He folded her tenderly to his heart.

"I think I was mad for the moment, dearest. Oh, Cora, how near I came to the shipwreck of all happiness!"

But the guardian spirit of all true lovers had watched over them in the hour of peril, and the golden chain of affection glowed brighter than ever!

Not was it the last of Cora's happiness when she was Alban Carlesford's dearly-beloved wife, that Bruce Wayne was dating a new and better life from the day when the diamond ring stood between him and a suicide's grave.—New York News.

Basely Ungrateful.

An old fellow sat on a rail fence. His hat lay on the ground; his long hair was tangled and his face wore a revengeful expression. A traveler, noticing the old fellow's hardness of countenance, stopped and thus addressed him:

"You seem to be worried."

"Am I?"

"What's the matter?"

"Got a duty to perform."

"It must be an unpleasant one."

"No the duty is pleasant enough, but the waiting is tiresome."

"Why do you wait?"

"See that house up yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a fellow in there that I am going to lurrup as soon as he comes out!"

"He has done you an injury, I suppose."

"He has."

"What did he do?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He came into this neighbor hood about six months ago and began to practice medicine. I have been a practicing physician in this community for thirty years, yet I treated the wretch kindly. How did he repay me? With the basest ingratitude. I'll tell you how it was. About two weeks ago old Peter Nolan was taken sick. He was as sick a man as I ever saw in my life. Why, he had swamp fever, rheumatism, pleurisy, and a number of other diseases. I was called in. As soon as I looked at him I saw he had no show, and I told him it would not be honest for me to give him medicine and take his money when I knew that I could not do him any good."

"That was surely commendable," said the traveler.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Mich., 25, '89.

It is not the purpose of the writer, in touching matters political, to do more than state what he sees. He means to give the facts and permit the reader to draw his inference to suit himself. So with this preliminary understood he will proceed. For the past fortnight politics have been to the fore. To the right and on the left they have been rolled and thundered. If an acquaintance stops to speak with you on the street he is sure to say something touching offices and the hungry Democrats.

Why, the Democratic visitation was not one-fourth as fierce and wolf-like as that which bears down upon President Harrison from every quarter of the country. It was six weeks before Cleveland began to make changes at all. Harrison was in five days, when he had to throw something to the hungry mass that beset him, as relentless as death. "I'm glad to see a man whose pockets are not bulged out with papers," said the President one of those lovely days last week, as he held out both hands to a Democratic Senator, with whom he maintained very kindly relations while he himself was a Senator from Indiana. His conversation with the Democrat, was, of course, confidential, but it is enough to say that Harrison never dreamed of what he had to endure when he came into the Presidency. One expression so exactly fits the case, that I trust I may be pardoned if I quote it: "It seems to me, said the President, 'that every man who voted for me thinks he ought to be provided with a living without working for it.' That epitomizes the status. The Republican Senators are overwhelmed. For four years they have had an easy time, for they could always say to an office-seeker, 'Why, I have no political influence with this administration,' at the same time getting pretty much all they really wanted.

There are two classes of people desirous of drawing Government salaries who will find this Administration a cold and heartless one. Very few of them resigned, and Republican testimony is an file touching the difference between the prominent officials under Cleveland (all of whom tendered their resignations) and the men who held the same places under Arthur when Cleveland came in. How they kicked and squirmed! How it hurt them to let go! And now they are here in legions "to get back my old place." Most of them have had their term. The policy of this Administration is to give some member of the party who has never had a chance to pull at the Public Treasury rather than return to office men who have lived by office all their lives. Members of the Cabinet are very short in dealing with such cases. "You've had your turn; let some one else have a chance," said Secretary Windom to one of this class, who was importunate and he expresses the general attitude of the whole Administration. The other class consists of those clerks, who, professing to be Republicans, were very glad to hold on under a Democratic President, but now, fearing they will have to go, are talking of what they had to endure for the sake of their principles under Democratic rule. To hear the stories some of them tell would remind one of the persecutions of the early Christians. "And you tell me you had to stand all this?" said a staunch Republican Congressman to a clerk from his own State, who was trying to make his calling and election sure. "Yes, and even worse repaid the other, thinking he had found a sympathizing soul. "Well, all I have to say is that any man who would endure what you say you did and not get out is a miserable sunk. Nobody made you stay, did they?" and the wretched one vanished, feeling that this is a cold, heartless and unfeeling world.

If there is any special feature of Mr. Cleveland's administration which meets the full approval of the whole nation, without regard to political predilections it is the manner in which the Navy Department was managed. The Department and his administration has been a source of infinite shame and disgrace to that very large class of Republicans who love their country and wish to see the affairs of the nation honestly administered. With nearly one hundred millions of dollars appropriated and expended by the party in power from 1865 to 1885, there is but little to show for

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions and positively cure piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by J. B. Clifton.

Boys Must Not Smoke.

HARTFORD, March 14, 1889.—A reminder of Connecticut's blue laws is found in a bill passed in the Legislature this afternoon to prevent the use of tobacco by boys. It is a sharp and severe measure, striking alike at the tobacco stores and the urethras. It provides that no person shall sell, give or deliver to any minor under sixteen, tobacco in any form under penalty of a fine the maximum of which is fixed at \$50. The next section imposes a fine not exceeding \$7 on any minor under sixteen who shall have, smoke or in any way use tobacco in any form whatsoever in any public place, street or resort.

The original intent of the bill was to strike at cigarette smoking by the boys, but the Legislative committee who considered the matter concluded to extend it to all forms of tobacco. The bill went through the Senate the other day and passed the House to-day without a division.

EPOCH.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health to Electric Bitters. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and \$1 per bottle at W. H. Furness Jr's Drug Store.

A real king's headdress, Anna Drew, Her lover did possess.

On hearing 't give utterance to some socialist views.

He passed his arm her waist around She did not long resist— And soon the little maiden found herself an Anna Drew.

—Free Press.

March 10, 1865; the United States Navy was the most powerful and formidable fleet. But somehow the Navy was not kept up. The country did not seem to understand the necessity of keeping abreast in this matter of naval defenses and fighting power with other nations. And then the spirit of plunder—but it is useless now to enter into the reasons why the Navy declined, till its officers were ashamed of the ships they commanded, and in which they had to maintain the honor of their country and flag. But at last there came a change. The narrow escape we had from a war with Spain, from a fight with Chile, from half a dozen other little difficulties, taught the sense of the country that it would not do to let things go on in this way. And with the incoming of the Cleveland administration there was brought to the service of the nation the best Secretary the Navy has had in peace times for fifty years.

"Afternoon Tea."

Said Mrs. G. to Mrs. D. ("Twas o'er a cup of fine Bohemian.") "Our pretty hostess yonder, has gained in looks surprisingly. She seems as well as well can be!"

"What is the cause, I wonder?"

Said Mrs. D. to Mrs. G. "She's changed indeed, but then you see not that the rhinoceros, in which it is dressed he correct so long as it is gorgeous. It is a curious plan, followed by some parents; that of keeping a strict watch over their children's associates and yet allowing them to read what books they choose; of keeping a girl among pure, innocent girls, and giving her such companions as 'Carnille' and 'The Quick or the Dead' in books.

Great mistakes are often made in trying to economize. It is a safe rule to follow that the best is always the cheapest. A cheap physician may cost your life. If you have malaria in your system, you will not only be miserable, but unfit to work. Last time is money lost. One dollar spent for Shallenberger's Antidote will cure you in twenty-four hours. Sold by druggists.

Smith—Good for your wife, Jones! I noticed that she took off her hat at the theatre last evening.

Jones—Yes; it was an old hat.—Free Press.

The annoyance occasioned by the continual crying of the baby, at once ceases when the cause is removed by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

The most beautiful complexion can only be had where there is pure blood. Lazarol will reconstitute the blood, and remove impurities.

Why Marriage is a Failure.

The following clipping from the Sunny South, is in our estimation the best answer to the articles giving the rounds of piss headed, "Why Marriage is a Failure?" It says:

"She meets him in powder, paints, puffs, pads, false hair and artifices; he meets her in dust, perfume, high collar and brass made for the occasion. She smiles, he whines, and mamma giggles. Love, marriage, divorce."

What we need is more noble men and women, whose every action has for its motive some good, and less of the dodes and dodges of society, who ape the manners and customs of other countries.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade as W. H. Furness Jr's Drug Store, as these giving away to their customers so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it cures and cures diarrhoea, coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can't see it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.