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TO SCHOOL TEACHERS. The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April July, Sept. October and December, and remain for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the Public Schools of this County.

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Office in the Court House

The Franklin Times.

J. A. THOMAS Editor and Proprietor

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

PRICE \$1.50 PER ANNUM In Advance

VOL. XIX.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1890.

N. O. 5

MORTON HENDRICKS;

A Story for Boys.

BY J. E. MALONE.

Morton Hendricks was sitting in his room anxiously waiting for an answer to his application from the Bureau of Employment. About 3 o'clock in the evening there was a summons to the front door, which was answered by one of the inmates of the house.

MORTON HENDRICKS: Dear Sir:—You will please call at our office at once, and oblige, Yours, J. W. MULLINS & Co. No—Franklin St.

Morton's heart seemed to jump into his throat as he read the note, but he thought to himself, I will accept this position, it matters not what it may be, so it is honest work. With a decided look of expectancy in his face, he went immediately down to the employment office where he was informed by the manager that the place he had secured for him was that of Assistant Superintendent of a dairy farm.

Morton returned to his boarding house and asked to see the landlady in the parlor. She came down and her young friend told her of his trials and troubles which he had gone through since he had been in the city, and stated the fact that he had at last secured employment and that he would pay the balance of his board bill just as soon as he could earn the money; he added that he would leave his trunk and its contents with her as security until he paid his board.

"No, madam, I want to pay it, and will do so as soon as I get it." She continuing said: "My only boy left home about twelve months ago with an object and purpose similar to your own in leaving your home. He got the place of cabin boy on a West India steamer, and to-day, one week ago I received a letter from the Captain of that vessel bringing the sad news that during severe storm on the voyage, my dear boy was swept from the deck by a tremendous sea and he was never seen again. Here the poor woman sank down into a chair and wept bitterly, while Morton stood, with moist eyes and a sympathizing heart, looking at her.

She soon arose from the chair and looking very sad, asked Morton when he expected to leave. He replied that he was going now to meet the gentleman who employed him, and that they would go out into the country at once. Thanking his landlady for her kindness and bidding her good bye, Morton took his departure for the place of meeting, where he found the Englishman (the Dairyman) sitting upon his one horse jigger wagon and at his side his wife, a fat, red-faced business looking little woman.

She soon arose from the chair and looking very sad, asked Morton when he expected to leave. He replied that he was going now to meet the gentleman who employed him, and that they would go out into the country at once. Thanking his landlady for her kindness and bidding her good bye, Morton took his departure for the place of meeting, where he found the Englishman (the Dairyman) sitting upon his one horse jigger wagon and at his side his wife, a fat, red-faced business looking little woman. Morton was requested to take a seat between them, when off they drove up Baltimore street

through the busy, rushing crowds of people and vehicles. If Morton had thought that any of his acquaintances from home had been on the streets to see him, he would have crawled down from his high perch into the body of the wagon, but he felt safe that no one would be there to recognize him, so the wagon rolled on up Baltimore street with its solid looking iron into the new Frederick turnpike, passing green pastures with their grazing herds of fine Jersey cows; beautiful residences with their imposing structures and ample grounds; the latter as green as emerald and as smooth as a brasses carpet which was serpentine with nicely cut walks and drives, laid with pebbly white oyster shells. These scenes, with their accompanying pure country air were really refreshing to Morton's eyes and lungs, that for many weeks past had been accustomed to look upon brick walls and stone pavements and to breathing the impure vitiated air that had passed through so many other lungs.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the Western horizon they arrived at the beautiful country place and dairy farm of Mr. George Landis, of Baltimore City. This was the private dairy farm of Mr. Landis, upon which was built his fine summer residence. It seems that Mr. Leeds was Mr. Landis' Superintendent, and at the same time a regular laborer at his farm, and the work being too much for one man, Mr. Landis had authorized Leeds to employ a man or a boy to assist him. The wagon drove up to a beautiful little cottage in the valley which was surrounded at some distance by very white and neatly arranged cow stables. When the wagon stopped, Morton jumped down and was followed by the short Englishman and his still shorter little wife.

After supper, which consisted of salt herrings, fried onions and stale bread, Leeds told Morton to come and go with him to the horse stables near the mansion, where he had an iron bedstead which he wanted to bring down for him (Morton) to sleep on. The iron bedstead was brought and placed in an upper room in which there wasn't another piece of furniture. Morton was now informed that they were in the habit of retiring as soon as supper was over in order that they might rise early the following morning. The boy was directed to the room with the iron bedstead in it. It being in the early days of May, the nights in this Northern climate were yet quite cool and sometimes red cold.

As Morton saw no signs of mattress or covering for the little iron bedstead, he pulled off his coat and vest and spread them on the bedstead and lay down, covering with his overcoat. There wasn't any sleep or comfort under these conditions, with the added discomfort of the cold, hard iron rods which were placed to represent slats, so he got up, placed his coat and vest on the floor near the foot leading from the room below, and used his overcoat as before. Here he remained all night, wide awake, thinking of his warm and comfortable room and bed at home, until the first gray streaks of dawn were shooting their spear-like shafts from behind the Eastern hills, a voice was heard from below, "wake up and come down." The latter half of this summons only was necessary, for Morton had been awake all night.

Leeds told our young friend to go out, feed and milk the cows in the upper stables, while he would go and do the same at the lower stables; when they would both take the milk to the horse-car station and send it into the city. Well, thought Morton, I have often seen many Lucy (all Southern children were in the habit of calling the best and kindest old colored woman at home "Mammy," before the war) milk the cows at home, but Morton had never tried his hand at it. After a few slips Morton soon got the lick or hang of it, and after he had finished he came out and met Leeds at the door, slapping with a light yoke across his shoulders and neck at each end of which hung a large bucket of milk and an iron hook, with each one of Leeds hands grasping a handle. Morton was soon harnessed in the same way, when off they marched to the little horse-car station which was about one mile from the house.

They delivered the milk and were returning when Leeds said to Morton: "See here, me and my wife was talking about you last night, and we don't think you are strong and tough enough to stand this kind of work out here." "Well," replied Morton, "I have done everything that you have called upon me to do, why do you think so?" Leeds answered, "We don't think you were raised to work in fact you don't look like you have ever worked any."

"I was raised up to do my duty," said Morton, "and when I contract to do a thing I try my best to do it, and as I have hired myself to you I propose to fully discharge my duty to you and yours, it matters not what effort it may require on my part. Have you any fault to find with my work thus far?" "No," said the man, "but we don't think you can hold out—here is a dime to pay your car fare back into the city, where you can get nicer work in some of the big stores of the city." As he said this he threw the money at Morton and then turned and walked hurriedly down to his breakfast.

Morton stood for a few minutes gazing at the retiring figure of the Englishman and thought once that he would throw the dime after him, but while there was an aching heart there was an aching void a few inches below his heart and a trifle more material as to sensation, for the early bracing atmosphere of the cool young morning added to the light repast of the preceding night had sharpened the boy's appetite, so he concluded wisely to hold on to the dime until he could get a chance to swap it off for a loaf of bread with which to fill a very annoying and uncomfortable vacuum. What little Irish blood Morton had in him, said light, but the boy's better judgment counseled otherwise. He did not remain standing long in this position, for he did not want Leeds to see him appear confounded or undecided, so he walked off from the road-way to a branch of water which was hidden from the view of Leeds by a growth of trees; here Morton got down and drank from the branch, after which act he felt much better in mind and body—all ailments of a higher and lower class are in better "humor" with replete stomachs than with empty ones, even though the repletion may be caused by water alone.

Morton was so long in deciding what to do under these gloomy circumstances. He cut a walking cane and determined to walk across the country until he found some kind of work. After he had gone about a mile and a half he came to the turnpike and horse-car track about a mile below the little station at which he had delivered the milk. Here he came upon six Irish road-workers sitting down by the side of the pike eating their breakfast. Morton addressed them with a polite good morning, and enquired of them if they could give him work to do. He was answered by a laugh from the entire six, and this remark by the one who seemed to be the leader: "Faith, an' ye licks this loik o' doring this kind o' work, 'Whhear did ye cum from—run erway from school oin't ye." "See here me noise little mon," said another, as he balanced his tin pile of milk near his mouth, "Ye arn't sthohen oiny thing and thrying to hold as er road hand."

"No, sir," replied Morton, not at all confused, by the strange greeting, "I haven't stolen anything nor am I trying to hide from any one. Your suspicions are unfounded and therefore unjust and I hope you will not repeat such insinuations again."

"Ba Jabbers," haes ere shop had oind spunkny too." "Thest arnd buke harnt too," said the fourth. Morton told them that he had attended school some.

"Yes got oiny papers what spakes fer ye—koind o' rekermendaasus papers?" Morton had in his pocket a recommendation written by an old friend of his father, which friend had recently been in Baltimore seeking for a position, but not finding a place to suit him in Baltimore, he had gone to New York where he had succeeded in securing one. Morton took out this recommendation and handed it to one of the men to read. Bald it yae seek; its little the bits thoit 'll ba afthurr raiding."

"Morton read it, and a most excellent recommendation it was too. "Ba Jabbers, and thoits good," said one of the men, who had, up to this time been so earnestly engaged over his breakfast to note the boy much; "and sich a lad as the loiks our thoits should niver go a bigging throit this country fer work. Mike," he continued, addressing one of his companions, "Has Pat Dorcan iver gothen er lad ter drive his milk wagon?"

"Sure an oie donia't koo," replied Mike, "but we'll sind ther lad to 'im fur thoits an any place." They then directed Morton how to find Pat Dorcan who held the same position on Mr. Harrison's place that Leeds did on Mr. Landis'.

After receiving and thanking these gentlemen for their kindness and interest in him, Morton bade them good morning and set out in the direction they had given, but he had not gone many steps before one of the men hailed him to know if he had culc any thing that morning. Morton told them that he had not.

"Come here a blo'!" said Mike, "waece not the bloody spattooz ter ba shraping thru ther country on a joyty stommie," and they put all they had left from their breakfast together and made the boy out a square meal, which he enjoyed very much. As Morton again thanked them and left, Mike said: "Guds lucks ter ye, me lad and ther devil takes the mon that attimps ter barn ye."

[TO BE CONTINUED.] FIVE STRONG POINTS OF S. S. S.

1st. It is entirely vegetable, contains no minerals or poison of any kind, and builds up the system from the first dose.

2d. It cures Cancer of the Skin. No other remedy or treatment was ever before known to cure it.

3rd. It cures hereditary Blood Taint, even in the third and fourth generations. No other remedy has ever done it.

4th. It has never failed to eradicate Scrofula (or King's Evil) in all its forms from the system.

5th. It cures contagious Blood Poison in all its stages by eliminating the horrible virus from the system, thus giving relief from all the consequences of this baneful of the human family.

"My blood had been so out of order during the summer of 1888 that I virtually had no health at all. I had no appetite; nothing I ate agreed with me. I was feeble, puny, and always feeling bad. I had tried various remedies without receiving any benefit, until at length I commenced on Swift's Specific (S. S. S.). That medicine increased my weight from 155 to 177 pounds in a few months, and made me as well and healthy as any man now living. S. S. S. is undoubtedly the greatest blood purifier to-day on the American continent."

JOHN BELLEW No. 449 North State St., Chicago Ill. Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The "Negro Problem."

"Under the conflicting views as to the matter, the best thing to do about the negro emigration business whether to Africa Arkansas or Kansas is to do nothing. Some people want Congress to appropriate money to carry the negroes away; others want to drive out of the county the emigrant agents who come to persuade them away. Let the negroes and the emigrant agents both alone. White people in this country are allowed to come and go at will; why not the negroes also? Have they not been free citizens for twenty-five years? Are they not men and brethren?"—Stateville Lani-mark.

The above covers the whole question. We would rather have the tooth ache than to read arguments on the so-called negro problem. It is a question that will solve itself despite all the arguments that can be made. The negro problem was solved by Butler, of South Carolina, introduced his silly, unconstitutional bill to shove the negro race out of the South which furnished a pretext for Mr. Ingal's to make one of the most incendiary speeches ever delivered in Congress.

If our Southern Senator will stop furnishing the subject for inflammatory speeches on the negro question it will soon cease to be a question.—Mocklenburg Times.

Catarh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarh Remedy, price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at Furman's drug store.

Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitallizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at Furman's drug store.

What We Can Do.

(Salisbury Herald)

Last Monday morning a bale of Rowan county cotton was opened at the Salisbury Cotton Mills, the cotton was raked into yarn, the yarn was carried over to knitting Mills and at noon men's stockings were ready for wear. Cotton in the bale at 7 in the morning and seamless hose at 12 o'clock! We may well ask: "Whither are we drifting?" We believe with the Baltimore Manufacturers, Record that we are drifting or rather pushing ourselves into the ranks of a great manufacturing people and hope that soon we will be in the front ranks of it. This new half hose made out of Rowan cotton and manufactured by Rowan county labor has appropriately been named the "Farmers Alliance" half hose. This hose is not the shoddy product of a Northern or foreign mill, but the honest straight raw material grown in our own county and worked up by hard working home labor. They retail at 10 cents.

THE NEW DISCOVERY.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever afterwards holds a place in the house. If you have never used it, don't should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Furman's drug store.

The shelter that shuts out both pure and cold air is not a profitable structure.

Activity in some business pursuits or in doing good to those in distress, is a sure way to lessen grief.

1890. Harper's Bazar. ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the fashion, its accessories, illustrations, fashion plates, and pattern sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dressmaker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1890 Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Terhune Herrick, and Mary Lowe Dickinson will respectfully furnish a series of papers on the "Daughter at Home," "Three Meals a Day," and the "Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by Walter Besant and F. W. Robinson.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS. PER YEAR: HARPER'S BAZAR \$4 00 HARPER'S MAGAZINE 4 00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE 2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The volumes of the Bazar will begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscription will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Bazar, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7 00 per volume.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail postpaid on receipt of \$1 00 each. (Discount should be made by postal office money order or draft to avoid chance of loss.)

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

To clean inside of frying pans rub with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water, mixed with a little soda.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale by Furman's drug store."

Why will you suffer when Shiloh's cure will give you relief? For sale at Furman's drug store.

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THE TIMES is the only newspaper published in Franklin county, and its circulation exceeds all over every section of this and adjoining counties, advertisers 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.

ODDS AND ENDS.

One of Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver Pills, taken at night before going to bed, will move the bowels, the effect will astonish you.

Culture does not make a gentleman. A regular habit may be a cultivated thing.

No ornament is better repaid or more widely known than Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. It is wonderful remedy.

"Silence is golden," said the wit who wrote and sold his joke, instead of telling it.

Persons advanced in years feel younger and stronger, as well as freer from the infirmities of age, by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

There is hope in the future for every man. Even for the youth with a pair of tight shoes on there is the blissful prospect of bed time.

Many people habitually endure a feeling of lassitude because they think they have to. If they would take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla this feeling of weariness would give place to vigor and vitality.

"Take away women," said a writer on a morning paper, "and what would follow?" A man would. Give us something hard next time.

The most popular liniment is the old reliable, Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

It is better to have a turnip nose than a cabbage head.

If you feel unable to do your work and have that tired feeling, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will make you bright, active and vigorous.

It must be a matter of surprise that the United States of America delay their recognition of the United States of Brazil.

Distress after eating, heartburn, sick headache, and indigestion are cured by Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pills.

Depend on yourself awhile and give your friend a rest.

Disease lies in ambush for the weak; a feeble constitution is ill adapted to encounter a malarious atmosphere and sudden changes of temperature, and the least robust are usually the easiest victims. Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla will give tone, vitality and strength to the entire body.

The chief beauty of woman is in her spirit, not in her perishable body.

Sick headache is the bane of many lives. This annoying complaint may be cured and prevented by the occasional use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pills (Little Pills).

To be alone is a million-fold better than to be in bad company.

Dr. Talmage will bring for his new church a stone from the Jordan, a stone from Mount Calvary, a stone from Mount Sinai and a stone from Mars Hill, Athens, where St. Paul is supposed to have preached.

Men are bad because we have not taught them to be good.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's cure. We guarantee it. For sale at Furman's drug store.

For a cough ball one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey. One ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

Shiloh's Catarh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by Furman's.

Stone jars for lead and gray pipe plates can be cleaned by boiling them for two hours in a kettle with ashes or sand soda. Let them cool in the water.

Shiloh's consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale at Furman's drug store.

There is far more honor in educating persons to keep out of crime than to imprison or hang them for being victims to circumstances laid open for them to enter.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's cure is the remedy for it. For sale at Furman's drug store.

No man loves his children unless he holds them as of more importance than his appetite for drink of gratification of self.

Shiloh's Vitallizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale at Furman's drug store.

Why will you suffer when Shiloh's cure will give you relief? For sale at Furman's drug store.