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J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

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NO. 8.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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.

I will also be in Louisburg on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my office.

J. N. HAYES, Supt.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

N. Y. GULLEY.

Attorney-At-Law.

FRANKLINTON, N. C.

All legal business promptly attended to.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office on Main St., one door low the Eagle Hotel.

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Attorney At Law,

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren, Nash, and Federal and Supreme Court. Prompt attention given to collections, &c.

PAUL JONES

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

LOUISBURG N. C.

Will practice in the courts of Franklin, Warren, Wake, Vance and Nash, and in the Supreme court of the State.

COCKE & DANIELS, C. C. DANIELS, Goldsboro, N. C., Wilson, N. C.

ATCOCK & DANIELS & DANIELS

Attorneys At Law,

WILSON, N. C.

Any business entrusted to us will be promptly attended to.

B. B. MASSENBURG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office is the Court House.

All business put in my hands will receive prompt attention.

C. M. COOKE.

ATTY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

LOUISBURG, FRANKLIN CO., N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren, and Wake Counties, also the Supreme court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

D. R. J. E. MALONE.

Office 2 doors below Furman & Cooke's Drug Store, adjoining Dr. O. L. EHLI.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office in the Court House

MORTON HENDRICKS;

A Story for Boys.

BY J. E. MALONE.

CHAPTER V.

In the performance of the duties of his new office the next morning after Mr. Vickers left, Morton found that the work was very pleasant, though he felt that he had his hands full. He made the work pleasant by treating all with whom he had any business dealings, in a polite and respectful manner, and in return he commanded respect and admiration from all.

Morton would attend to his allotted business during the day, and when he had finished the days work, he was in the habit of leaving the city for home about sun-down, though sometimes it would be much later when he started.

It was about four miles from the city out to the farm, and often when he would be late coming out, Morton would think of the threat that Joe Holmes had made to him that day in the stable yard.

Morton Hendricks was not a coward by any means, and he was never concerned about his own personal safety, but he did feel some anxiety about the safe-keeping of his employer's money. With the exception of a little incident (which would have frightened most boys of his age) nothing had occurred up to this time to interfere with the proper and satisfactory discharge of his new duties.

One Sunday evening while Morton was reading the Sunday Telegram he noticed that Dr. Munsey, a very gifted orator and divine, was to deliver a lecture the following Thursday night in Baltimore city on the following subject: "There is no Conflict between Science and Religion."

Morton was very anxious to hear it, so he asked Mrs. Vickers at once to let him remain in the city that Thursday night. After the lecture was over, and she readily gave her consent for him to do so. This occurred on Sunday, and Morton had spoken of his desire and intention to hear the lecture and also that Mrs. Vickers had told him that he could remain in and come out after the lecture was over.

Joe Holmes had heard what Morton was going to do, and he at once went to work conspiring against the boy, and putting into execution his threat to "fix him." During the intervening time between Sunday and Thursday night, Joe Holmes had gone into the city, and with two of his pals who were as mean as himself, they had planned the robbing and kidnapping of Morton.

Their plan was for Joe to continue at his work on the farm until work hours were over that Thursday night, and then meet these two friends (who will call them friends) at the edge of a piece of woods on the Vickers place, where they would complete their arrangements.

The day preceding the night upon which the ugly work was to be done, Tom Martin, as usual, had gone into the city with a load of hay, driving a fine team of four mules. He saw Morton in the city and told him to tell him (Tom) all the news when he came out. Tom Martin came out about dark that night, and as he neared the Vickers place he noticed two men walk off of the turnpike and into the woods. Tom thought nothing of this at the time, and probably would not have thought of it again, but for the fact, that while he was hatching his last snare (after he had gotten into the stable) he happened to look out through the window that opened towards the woods mentioned above, and saw the figure of a man disappear into their shadow. Tom thought this was rather a strange coincidence and was at once struck by the striking resemblance of this said figure to that of Joe Holmes, and Tom at once decided to quietly follow up and investigate the proceedings of these suspicious parties.

Tom lived with his mother in a cottage about a half a mile from Joe's house and about the same distance from the Vickers residence. Tom finished feeding his mules and then took a circuitous route, so that he could come up in the rear of any parties who had met on the edge of the woods facing the road. The old Frederick turnpike at this place ran some distance alongside of the Vickers' land, for a mile at least, until at the upper edge or centre of the Vickers' land, it was tapped by an oyster shell avenue leading from the residence of Mrs. Vickers. As Tom got about half way

through the woods he observed three men going from him and back towards the edge of the woods, where he had seen the two men enter when he came out from the city.

By this time Tom Martin was thoroughly convinced that something wrong was going on, for surely nothing good could come out of a secret night meeting of these three suspicious looking and acting characters, when Joe Holmes was one of those characters. Tom now felt sure, when he remembered that Morton was going to be late coming out that night that a deep dark plan was being formed by these three men that would work harm to his young friend Morton.

Tom Martin was not a man wanting in true courage and bravery, though it had been insinuated that Tom Martin "wouldn't fight," simply because Tom didn't on one occasion take any notice of a general challenge that some brag gart had made in the community, "that he could whip any man in the neighborhood." Tom was as gentle as a woman, as kind-hearted as any good man, and as brave as a lion. He was not quick to see or take an insult because he was not looking for or deserving one. But in the protection and defense of women and children, or the weak against the strong, where true bravery and strong muscles were called into action, give us Tom Martin as an ally, with his sunny face, warm heart, and cordial hand-shake, then was to the man or men who dared oppose him.

Tom would have been willing to meet and fight all three of these evil men if it were necessary to protect an innocent person, and especially if that person was Morton Hendricks. In this instance he decided to follow their movements and discover the object of their meeting. The three men walked on to the edge of the woods, Tom only moving as they moved.

It was now so dark that if Tom allowed them to get fifty yards from him he could not see them, so Tom kept at the proper distance until they got to the edge of the woods when they went towards the turn-pike and soon arrived at a part of the road where a long wall was cut by the road, which road was over-arched by its entire length by a row of arching chestnut trees on each side. In order to reach the road from the woods these three men had to cross a small strip of cleared land which ran parallel with the road and between it and the woods. As the three men were crossing this strip of cleared land, Tom stopped just at its edge, concealed himself in the brush until he saw them seated under one of the large chestnut trees by the side of the pike. He could now only see three dark objects, and in this position they remained for hours, (which seemed an age to Tom) or until the bell in the Catholic monastery struck the hour of eleven, and as the last stroke of the bell died away, Tom imagined he saw one of these dark figures glide away down the side of the pike. Tom now kept his eyes and ears strained as it were (like some wild animal watching its prey) towards the remaining two dark objects. Finally, these two followed the third down into the out. As soon as they disappeared Tom dropped upon his hands and knees and soon occupied the very spot just vacated by them, under the large Chestnut tree, and here Tom remained listening with his mouth open and his right ear leaning in the direction of the road.

After the lecture was over that night Morton went to the foundry, and talking out his key unlocked the yard gate, and as he was in the act he was hailed by the night watch: "Who comes there?"

"Morton Hendricks," was the answer. The watchman recognizing the voice said: "all right."

Morton got his horse and buggy and started out, but stopped under the lamp at the gate, just within the enclosure, and examined the roll of money in his possession and found the amount as he had last counted it: There was \$150 the amount paid him by the contractor who was to buy the stone crushing machine from Mr. Vickers as soon as the present road was finished. He had been renting it up to this time, but there was an understanding between Mr. Vickers and the contractor that he was to buy the machine when the pike road was finished, so the amount had been paid over to Morton as agent. Morton had collected for other things that day \$240, which was to be taken out home and placed in the safe. The

whole sum amounted to \$390.02.

Joe Holmes was under the impression that Morton would carry out all the money that he had collected, which would have been a much larger sum.

Morton locked the gate, mounted his buggy and drove down Schroeder street to where it enters West Baltimore, then up this street to where it divides into the new and old Frederick turnpike. The old Frederick was a lonely and unfrequented road, especially at this hour of the night, because the majority of the people who lived out in this section had either built on the new road, where the horse cars ran, or on the Franklin town road which runs in a North-West direction from the city. So this old Frederick pike was between these two popular thoroughfares, Morton knew and often felt this loneliness, but he was not afraid, and never thought of carrying any weapon of defense. He drove on in a slow trot until he reached the foot of this long hill which we have spoken of, and where we left Tom Martin trying to watch the suspicious movements of those three men. These three horses came down to a pulling walk. The buggy and horse had not made much distance up the hill before Morton looked towards the top of the hill through the slight opening (made between the overhanging trees and the road) and imagined that he saw the form of a man (cross over from the right to the left side of the road, and he at once thought of Joe Holmes and his threat. Morton determined to disappoint him in his purpose which he imagined to knock or drag him (Morton) from the buggy seat and beat him.

The horse which Morton was driving had the peculiar trait of not allowing any one to approach him and take hold of his head, but Morton and the stable boy

Joe Holmes knew of this peculiarity in the horse, and Morton thought that he (Joe) would not try to stop him in that way. Just before the buggy reached the place another figure crossed the road. Morton to circumvent Joe, stepped from his seat on to the right shaft of the buggy and then to the ground, and putting his left arm over the shoulders of the horse, caught step with him and walked on in this way until he had gone about a hundred yards, when he stopped the horse and was in the act of getting into the buggy when he was seized from behind by two strong men, who gagged and tied him hand and foot. Morton struggled with all his might to free himself, but to no purpose. One of the men gave a low, peculiar whistle and Joe Holmes came running up the road and roughly caught hold of Morton, who had already managed to get one hand untied and there was a considerable scuffle before they could hold him again. During this time Tom Martin had caught the sound of Morton's voice soon after that low whistle, and had rushed into the road where he stopped long enough to locate the parties, this he did in a moment, when he sprang into their midst like a tiger, saying as he did so:

"Stand back, ye cowardly rascals, or by St. Patrick, I'll teach ye a lesson or two."

At this moment two of the men made a rush at Tom, but the very muscular arm of Tom sent one after the other toppling into the ditch, and with the next turn he gave Joe Holmes such a kick in the short ribs that sent him some distance in the shape of a half moon. Tom then turned his attention to Morton and was trying to get the gag out of his mouth, but while he was doing this, the first man who was knocked down, had recovered, and stealthily creeping up behind Tom, dealt him a blow on the head with a sting that fractured his skull and he fell unconscious to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMARKABLE RESCUE.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption, and no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own house work, and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this great Discovery at Furman's drug store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.

It takes a pretty good hunting dog to be worth a cent.

HAPPY ROOBLERS.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me all other medicines combined, for that had feeling arising from kidney and liver troubles. John Leslie, farmer and stockman of same place, says: 'Find Electric Bitters to be the best liver and kidney medicine, made me feel like a new man.' J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: 'Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies, he found new strength, good appetite, and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle at Furman's drug store.'

SOME POLITICS.

Greensboro North State, Rep.)

Recently in commenting upon, and commending portions of Senator Vance's speech in reply to Senator Butler of South Carolina, the North State freely handled the practical points involved.

The position and expressions of this paper have called out many dissimilar criticisms. The Democratic papers seem dashed at the frank manner adopted, and the able and generous Hamilton Herald wonders why we open the party door and invite the colored man to leave his old home.

Unintentional injustice is done the North State. The negro is not invited to leave. We simply want to accord him the privileges enjoyed by the white man. He has under our laws the right to vote as he pleases. If his adhesion and loyalty to the Republican party is asked for on the ground that he was given his liberty by that party, it must be admitted that he paid the debt a long time ago and is entitled to a full receipt.

Observation convinces all fair-minded people that the colored man never can obtain offices of importance in the Southern States. The greatest objection to giving offices to the negro comes from the Southern white Republicans. As soon as it was known that Harrison was elected, Indianapolis was the Mecca of office seekers and bosses from the South whose cry was, "don't give the nigger any office." This same course was followed up in Washington until all the offices were disposed of.

There is too much hypocrisy and deceit in the political treatment of the negro. The North State intends to tell the truth, even if it does hurt the negroes themselves, can see that we are right. The theories of the Northern Republicans are on the abolition line, and savour of principle; but in the practical maneuvering for party advantage the Northern Republicans will trick the colored brother just as quick as he will the Southern white republican, and more successfully, because they can deal in honeyed words that reach the colored leaders with effect.

The North State is republican in its politics, out and out, and it will not deceive the colored people. If they believe in Republican principles they ought to vote for the party representing those principles. They have done this in past years and in our opinion they did it on principle—because they were and are devoted to the party of Lincoln and Grant.

The negro is more interested in the peace and prosperity of the South than he is in the success of any party. He has lived under a Democratic national administration since his emancipation, and he knows that it is not a menace to his freedom. The party of his choice is in power in the nation and he can easily see the manner in which his white political brethren oppose his right to hold office.

We do not believe it good policy for the colored people to take the offices if they could get all of them. It would be the cause of great irritation and lead to untold trouble—probably bloodshed. But, as a general thing, what difference does it make to the negroes what kind of white men hold the offices so long as they are good citizens? A majority of the white men in the South holding places under the Republicans, left the Democratic party to get office. They are generally most persistent and cry the loudest for position.

There is no mistaking the proper course when we discuss the principles involved in the rights of citizenship of the negro race. That race is the equal before the law of the white race. But when we look at the practical workings of politics in treatment of the negro we must conclude that his future happiness and success cannot be solved on the lines laid down by northern Republican statesmen. And it being known and recognized that a large majority of Southern white Republican office seekers have no other use for them than to ride into office, or trade them off at national conventions, it is difficult to foretell what the political future of the negroes will be. Our advice is—vote for your race and your personal interests. Next to the hunt for the almighty dollar, there is more deception and intense selfishness in the scramble for office than can be found in any other pursuit.

PEANUT CULTURE.

MR. G. T. DANIEL TELLS ABOUT IT IN THE WILSON ADVANCE.

1st. Break up your land as you would for cotton.

2nd. Run rows three feet apart unless land is rich; if so, run 3 1/2 feet apart.

3rd. Drill 200 lbs. of good guano per acre in the rows, throw one furrow, then sow at the rate of 1 lb. rock lime, slackened, per acre, then throw on the other furrow.

4th. Open the ridge with your cotton planter—raising the cover—drop your peanuts from 16 to 18 inches apart in the little furrow, one in a place, covering with the foot. I have a peanut planter that drops with accuracy and saves the labor of five hands; it opens, drops and covers at the same time.

5th. After your peanuts are up, bar off as you would cotton, chop nicely. I use Planet Jr. Cultivator first plowing you can run very close on either side of the peanut using an 8 inch scraper, together with one of the shovel points; this implement thoroughly pulverizes the row and sweeps the middle up and down.

6th. Second plowing I chop and use cotton plow, running close up to the peanut and don't mind covering up the limbs or branches, as they will push out in a day or so. In a few days split out the middle—one furrow.

7th. Last plowing, if the vines have begun to peg nicely, you must not run close under them, as you may injure the peanuts already formed, by tearing them off. Use cotton plow as before, let the middle be a short while afterwards, run one furrow and lay by.

8th. The most important in the successful culture of peanuts, is the use of land plaster, which you must apply between the second and third plowings. Use two hundred pounds per acre and put on the vines dewy mornings and dust them well.

9th. Cut poles in August 64 feet long. Begin to plow up last week in September if your peanuts are matured. Use A. B. Watt, Jr. turning plow and peanut point. Hitch two mules to the plow, if the vines are small run under them deep—one furrow will do, if large, run two furrows. Plow up and shake out with pitchforks, keeping the peanut to the ground till dinner. Take care not to put more than three vines on one another while dew is on, if you do it will not dry out, and you positively must not shock the vines wet with dew or rain. You can shock out the dewing what you can plow up and shake out in the morning. Bury your poles 12 feet in the ground and nail on two pieces across about 8 inches from the ground, begin to shock and take care to place the root of the vine as near to the pole as possible, as it is highly important to get the peanuts as near the pole as you can that they may be protected from the weather. If your vines are very large take care to somewhat hang them around the pole, and make your shocks as reasonably small as you can on account of drying out, as the wind can penetrate a small shock better than a large one. As soon as cured pick off and store away. Or this process I need not speak, as all are acquainted with the art. Of course it is necessary to separate the light from heavy nuts. Plant last week in April and first week in May.

Talmage on Grady.

Dr. Talmage has preached a funeral sermon upon Grady, from which we make the following extract: "Mr. Grady might have had any political reward in the gift of his State," said Mr. Talmage, but he wanted none, and remained "plain Mr. Grady." He stood for the new South, and was just what we want to meet—three other men, one to speak for the new North, one for the new East, and another the new West. The bravest speech made for the last quarter of a century was that made by Mr. Grady at the New England dinner in New York about two or three years ago. I sat with him that evening and know something of his anxieties, for he was to tread on dangerous ground and might by one misspoken word have antagonized forever both sections. His speech was a victory that thrilled all of us who heard him and all who read him.

Who will in conspicuous action represent the new North as he did the new South? Who shall come forth for the new East and who for the new West?

THE FRANKLIN TIMES is the only newspaper published in Franklin county, and its circulation exceeds all other papers in this and adjoining counties, advertisements should make a note here.

The Editor will not be responsible for the views of correspondents.

Brief communications from all persons most earnestly solicited. News items of any nature will be thankfully received.

Let old political issues be buried; let old grudges die. Let new theories be launched!

In conclusion Mr. Talmage said: "And now, thou great and magnificent soul of editor and creator! Under brighter skies we shall meet again. From God thou comest and to God thou hast returned. Not broken down but succeeded! Enthroned one! Empradoned one! Hail and farewell!"

THE RAINBOW OF PROMISES from the store-house of nature came by injection a priceless boon to the human race, through which physical suffering in untold thousands are made to rejoice in the restoration of health, and all the blessings, joys and pleasure therewith pertaining.

"Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has been a blessing to me. Afflicted with rheumatism and female weakness for a number of years, during which time I took a great deal of medicine, nothing giving me relief but Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) What I suffered and endured before commencing on Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is painful to even think about, but after taking that medicine I got well, and have continued to enjoy the best health since. I cannot say more than I believe in the praise of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)"

Mrs. M. A. FRELON, Morgantown, N. C.

Treaties on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Concentrated life isn't always serviceable in cleaning political records.

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.

Shiloh's consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption, Furman's drug store. Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, dysentery and weaker mouth. Sold by Furman.

Feed plentifully, and of the best for age.

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

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

Shiloh's Vitallizer is what you need in constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 1 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale at Furman's drug store.

You cannot accomplish any work or business unless you feel well. If you feel unwell—tired out—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will give you health, strength and vitality.

To stave pains, subdue inflammation, heal foul sores and ulcers the most prompt and satisfactory results are obtained by using that old reliable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

If you suffer from any affection caused by impure blood, such as eczema, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, letter ringworm, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

For weak back, chest pains, use a Dr. J. H. McLean's Wonderful Healing plaster.

Cultivate only safe, paying crops, and select the best seed for the soil.

If you have a painful sense of fatigue, find your duties irksome, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will brace you up, make you strong and vigorous.

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

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

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel "out of sorts," take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

When you are constipated, have headache, or loss of appetite, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pills; they are pleasant to take and will cure you.

That sour-tempered, cross, dyspeptic individual, should take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla! It will make him feel as well and hearty as the healthiest of us.

This spring is tough enough to be served as a wagon maker.

MEMORY

Small advertisement for MEMORY.