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The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in Louisa 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 Louisa on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my office.  
J. N. CLARK, Supt.

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PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,  
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Office opposite Eagle Hotel.

# The Franklin Times.

J. A. THOMAS Editor and Proprietor

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

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NO 9.

## MORTON HENDRICKS;

### A Story for Boys.

BY J. E. MALONE.

CHAPTER VI.

When these three bad men were planning for their foul work that night, they had not put Tom Martin down in their "bill of fare," so some plan had to be devised for the disposition of Tom's dead body, and it had to be done at once.

Joe Holmes' object and purpose in this night's work was to ruin Morton and at the same time get one-third of the supposed large sum of money which Morton had with him, though he really didn't care so much about the money as he did about getting Morton out of his way. Joe was after revenge more than money, and while his companions were very much disappointed at finding so small an amount of money on Morton's person, Joe was very well pleased with the success made in securing the boy. If Joe had gotten the sum he anticipated he intended to deposit it in a bank and remain where he was on the Vickers for a year, at least, and at the expiration of that time, with the excuse that he was going down South and trying to rent a farm, he would take his family and leave the scene of his late misadventure.

Joe had engaged the other two men not only by holding out to them as an inducement the direct amount of cash, which they would get from the boy by the robbery, but that they might hide the boy away and use him in the future to raise "big money," as Joe expressed it, thinking perhaps, that some one would offer a large sum for the boy's return or arrest. And Joe's main object was to get Morton out of his way.

The three men had decided that Joe was to return to his house that night, and resume his work the next morning as if nothing had happened, while the other two men were to take their money and Joe's part too, (Joe thought it best to let them have his part too, because they had been disappointed in the amount) and carry the boy into the city and hide him away in some of their dark alleys, to await an opportunity to use him. Joe said to them: "Do as you please with the boy, just so you never let me see or hear of him again."

This was their plan until Tom Martin made his appearance on the stage of action. Now the question arose: what disposition shall we make of this man's (Tom Martin's) body?

After consultation for a few moments Joe decided this question for them, and said that he would be responsible for the care of Tom Martin's body, and that they would never hear of it again in any way that would implicate them. They all knew, (they said) that Tom was dead, for there lay the man stiff in death before them.

Joe told the other two men that Tom was the driver of a four mule team with which he had been hauling hay into the city, that he had been to the city that very day with them and had come out about dark and that if he (Tom) had followed him (Joe) to the woods that night he certainly could not have had time to go to his (Tom's) mother's, but must have followed him (Joe) direct from the stables, so he would take his body home in the buggy that Morton had driven, and lay it down in the stables at the heels of one of Tom's most vicious mules, so that when the stable boy came early the next morning he would discover it there and the boy would come to one of two conclusions (it mattered not which one) either that Tom had gotten home late that night and when he had finished feeding and was about to leave the stables he had gone too near this mule and was kicked dead, or that Tom after getting home had concluded to lie down in the hay and wait for Morton so that they might have a chat together and that he (Tom) would hear about the lecture, (for all knew that Tom was very fond of Morton's company, and loved to hear his little educated friend, as Tom called him, talk.) And that when Morton came with a large sum of money he had made a proposition to Tom for them to take the money and run away, but when Tom refused to do this, Morton for fear Tom might expose him, got a chance and knocked Tom in the head and dragged the body down into the stable to the heels of the mules to make the same expression that Joe had first mentioned.

Imagine the feelings of our honest

and brave little hero as he stood there dumb and helpless listening to the plans of this diabolical crew of beastly demons in human form. There lay his true friend, Tom Martin, whom Morton thought had given his own life in an attempt to protect him (Morton.) From those eyes that were not accustomed to the shedding of tears could have been seen the hot, bitter tears of sorrow and distress, tracing each other in quick succession down his flushed and feverish cheek. Morton had forgotten his own woful condition while thinking so intently over his friends' sad fate, but he was unable to speak or act. O, thought Morton, if my hands were only united, I would die right here before another step should be taken by these murderous villains, but so far as resistance, alarm or engaging any one's attention, Morton was as helpless as a babe, and these men knew it.

Scraping up the little stream of blood that had run from the stream in Tom's head, they scattered into the woods and then they helped Joe put Tom's body into the buggy, (taking care to fix Tom's head so that no blood could get on Joe's clothes or the buggy) they all separated with the promise or bargain to meet again and talk the matter over. Joe drove off up the road. The two men untied Morton's hand and feet, and a man getting on either side of him they marched off in the direction of the city. They did not take the church route to the city, but went across fields and meadows in order to get on the other side of the city as near their den as possible before they attempted to enter.

These men were not novices in this kind of work, so they were not at a loss as to how best to execute their plans. Just before day broke, Morton found himself going down a street which he was never in before, and soon turning into a dark alley he was led into an underground cellar through two dark, damp rooms to a thin and smaller one, into which he was pushed and the door securely locked behind him.

Morton found himself in a room where there was no light at all, and feeling around he discovered nothing but a pile of straw, a stool and a stove pitcher. The walls all around him were rock with solid earth behind them. The small door to the room was made of two oaken plank two by twelve inches and hung on two large iron hinges. Morton thought that escape from these surroundings was impossible. We will leave our young hero to his silent meditations in the gloomy room, and go back to the exciting scene on the farm.

The next morning when the stable boy came down to open the stable door about the first thing that he saw was Tom's dead body, (as he supposed) lying at the heels of one of the mules. He ran back to the house in a most excited manner and alarmed the inmates.

Mrs. Vickers hurriedly threw on her wraps and went down to the stables, where she almost fainted at the sight of Tom's outstretched form, with his livid face and bleeding head.

The first thought and conclusion to which they all came was that poor Tom had been kicked and killed by one of his mules. It was soon noticed, and the fact remarked upon, that Morton was not in the crowd at the stables. Inquiry was made for Morton, but no one knew anything of his whereabouts. They sent to his room thinking perhaps that getting home so late the preceding night, he might have overslept himself, but the one who went to seek him returned saying he was not there, and his bed had not been disturbed at all. There was his horse and buggy in their proper places, but where was Morton?

No one had yet touched Tom's body, but Mrs. Vickers noticed that blood was still trickling from the wound in his head, and remarked that he could not have been dead long, for blood doesn't run from a dead person long after death. She approached the body, and observing it very closely, she exclaimed: "Thank Heaven, he isn't dead, he breathes!"

And sure enough it was true, for the blow instead of killing him (as they thought on the road that night) had only produced by the concussion what surgeons call an extravasation of blood into the brain, and its accumulated pressure had brought on complete paralysis of all voluntary muscles and profound stupor, with slow, soft breathing. Generally there is stertorous breathing under these conditions, but there are exceptions to the rule, and Tom's case was one of the exceptions.

They tried hard to arouse Tom, but

## HARD TIMES FOR FARMERS.

### Let Farmers Read.

LEARN THIS LESSON.

The following editorial from the Philadelphia Times, tells so clearly and simply the reason for the depression of agriculture in Pennsylvania, that we reproduce it entirely and commend it to the study of our farmer readers. The conditions that caused agricultural depression in Pennsylvania are at work in North Carolina, and in a much greater degree, for while our farmers are oppressed with the iniquitous tariff under which the farmers of Pennsylvania groan, we have very few, if any, manufacturing factories to take advantage of its benefits, while Pennsylvania annually reaps millions of dollars profits from its monstrous inequalities. The Times says: "The farmers of Montgomery and Berks counties have been aroused to organized action by the general depression in the farming interests of those counties. It is claimed that the market value of farm lands in Montgomery county has declined forty per cent. during the last ten years, and it is ascertained in both counties that many farmers will be compelled to abandon farming in the near future unless some speedy and substantial relief can be obtained.

The depression of the farming interests is not only local but it is inevitable. They are now paying nearly the same high war taxes on everything they buy when they received war prices of \$2 per bushel for their wheat and like prices for all their other products. The needless tariff taxes the farmer pays upon the necessities of their industry and the necessities of life would make the difference between actual loss and reasonable profit on any well regulated farm in Montgomery and Berks counties.

The farmers are mocked with false protection, and then taxed excessively on what they must buy when there is no possible method of protecting them in their chief products, the price of which is regulated by the foreign market to which their surplus must go. They are mocked by protection on wool, when there are not five hundred farmers in Pennsylvania who would not gain more from cheap wool in cheapened woolsens they consume than they could possibly lose on wool, eggs, butter, etc., they are taxed in home and harn from foundation to roof, taxed in furniture, clothing, utensils, farm implements, and everything that goes on their tables from salt to china, with the single exception of tea and coffee.

The farmers are walking monuments of high war taxation in time of peace, as are their wives, their children, and their laborers. When war taxes were a necessity and values of farm products advanced with taxes, farmers could afford war taxation; but war taxes and other farm products at two fifths their price in war times, must bankrupt our farming interests in the old States. Let the farmers look to Congress, where tariff revision is on hand, and note that wool and woolsens are to be loaded with increased taxes, and that tin plate, of universal use on our farms from kitchen utensils to dinner plates and outhouse roofs, is to be increased one hundred and twenty-five per cent. in taxes, and they will understand why they are impoverished and where the remedy is to be found. Truly, these are hard times for farmers, but it is quite as true that the farmers have always had the power to release themselves from bondage and that they have thus far failed to exercise it.

**Greatest State in the Union.**

Our Southern Home.)  
What North Carolina needs is 100,000 farmers who understand growing clover and the grasses. She has plenty of unoccupied room for them and a soil as well adapted to clover and grasses as there is in the world; her climate cannot be excelled and she can grow and ripen every variety of fruits and grains that can be grown outside the Torrid Zone, and the day is coming when North Carolina will be the grandest agricultural State in the Union.

**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. L. Furman, Jr.'s Drug Store.

## MUCH WISDOM.

### Let Farmers Read.

LEARN THIS LESSON.

Old Homestead.  
If you wish to drive the boys from the farm send them out to cut green wood at the back door and tell them to get up at five o'clock and make a fire from it. Send them out to milk by lantern light in the dead of winter when the cold winds are blowing through the cracks of the barn. Have them to drive the cattle to water and be obliged to chop a hole in the ice in order to let them drink. Let them carry water the year round up hill from the spring. Have them turn the grindstone for hours. Send them out to pull wool from the carcass of a sheep when they have to hold their nose with one hand and pull with the other. Make them do all the drudgery and disagreeable work found to be on a farm, giving the pleasant work to the hired man. Tell them there is no time for fishing and hunting; and when you have come to your meals, where every one should wear a smile on his face, cry out: "We are going to have a drought and we will have to go to the poorhouse," or "the season is so wet there will be a failure of crops and I will not be able to pay my taxes." Fret and scold about everything that does not go just right. These and other things that could be mentioned are driving the boys from the farm.

**Love's Homes.**

Nothing appears to us so beautiful in human experience as the reciprocal affection of parents and children, especially after the latter have attained maturity, and it may be, from new relations in life. We have seen the loving and lovely daughter, after she had become a wife and mother, seize every opportunity of visiting the parental home, to lavish her affectionate attention upon her parents, and by a thousand graceful and tender kindnesses, assure them that though she was an isolated wife and happy mother, her heart still clung with ever strengthening fervor to father and mother, who watched over her infancy and guided her youth.

It has been our privilege to know such; and as we have witnessed the outpourings of love and happiness between these devoted and glowing hearts, we have felt that surely much of heaven might be enjoyed here if all families were equally attached. And would that every daughter knew what pure joy she might create in the parental bosom by a constant keeping alive of the spirit of filial devotion, and seizing frequent opportunities to make it manifest in little acts of gentleness and love, notwithstanding the child may have become a parent. The child never grows old to a fond parent. It is always the dear child, and never so dear as when it keeps up the childish confidence and love of its earliest years.—Ex.

**Our State Contemporaries.**

Everybody in the State is proud of the State Guard, and the condition of the whole organization is a matter of general concern. That it is in good condition—the best in its history—is creditable alike to the officers and the men in the ranks.—Charlotte Chronicle.

A gentleman who is extensively interested in gold mining, told the Register a few days since that he thought there would be a boom in mining circles in North Carolina this spring. Northern men and Northern capital are becoming more interested in North Carolina mines, and opportunities for investment are being sought.—Monroe Register.

In the West the farmers are burning corn for fuel. In Pennsylvania the coal mines are running half the time and the miners are starving. Yet transportation across the continent is cheap and the exchange could be easily made, but it does not suit the purpose of the monied monopolies. They want high prices for their coal, and want farm products at low prices.—Oxford Day.

After all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working.

What we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport of life.

You cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to yourself.

To prosecute the unfortunate is like drawing stones on one fallen into a well.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### Do not meddle with business you know nothing about.

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.

If you have a piece of business, be found there when wanted.

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

No man can get rich by sitting in shops and bar-rooms.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, dysuria and bladder trouble. Sold by Furman.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out-of-fashion but say it firmly and respectfully.

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."

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford simply because it is fashionable.—Flet.

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

The exclamation girl doesn't necessarily migrate, but she is very "gay gracious!"

The herald of the olden times corresponded somewhat to the theatrical agent. He made a business of advance notices.

Shiloh's Vitellier is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, diarrhea and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price \$1 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale at Furman's drug store.

It is a record of the mellow and ripe moments that we would keep, we should not preserve the husk of life, but the kernel.

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

It is in fact that prompts a girl who knows nothing of the world to ask to drive when you strike a lonely road.

To allay 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.

To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.

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

There are many dogs that have never killed their own mutton, but very few that have begun hair-stopped.

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

The heart is like the tree that gives balm for the wounds of men only when the iron has pierced it.

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.

Years cannot be weighed on scales, but the weight of them bends the back of all men.

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

Kind feeling may be paid with kind feeling, but debts must be paid with hard cash.

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.

Two things a man should never be angry at: what he can help, and what he cannot.

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel "our 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 as healthy as the healthiest of us.

**MEMORY**  
What wonderful power. Double interest in your individual, should take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla! It will make him feel as well as healthy as the healthiest of us.