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The Franklin Times.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., APRIL, 18 1890.

NO 12.

A Southern Girl's Reply.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

I cannot listen to your words, The land is long and wide, Go seek some happy Northern Girl To be your loving bride.

"My Brother," they were soldiers, The youngest of the three Was slain while fighting by the side Of gallant "Fitz Hugh Lee."

They left his body on the field, (Yours stole the day had won.) A soldier spurned him with his foot Yours might have been the one.

My lover was a soldier, He felt good to Gordon's band; A savor pierced his gallant heart, Yours might have been the hand.

He reeled and fell, but was not dead A horseman spurred his steed, He trampled on his dying brain You might have done the deed.

I hold no hatred in my heart No cold unrighteous pride, For many a gallant soldier fought Upon the other side.

But still I cannot kiss the hand That smote my Country sore, Nor love the faces that trampled down The colors that she bore.

Between my heart and yours there rolls A deep and crimson tide, My lover's and brother's blood Forbid me to your bride.

The Girls who loved the boys in Gray, The Girls to Country true, May never in wedlock give their hand To those who wore the Blue.

MORTON HENDRICKS;

A Story for Boys.

BY J. E. MALONE.

CHAPTER X.

Morton Hendricks' parents knew nothing whatever of their boy's troubles and misfortune, for there was not a single Baltimore paper taken at this time, at the boy's home in North Carolina, and as the home papers were too much interested in discussing the vexatious political topics and issues of that day to be molesting Baltimore murder cases, it was almost impossible for the parents to hear from their son. Mr. and Mrs. Vickers felt that they could not inform them of such a sad and mortifying piece of news.

Dr. Hendricks had received a letter from his son the day before the kidnaping, and it was so full of life, hope and bright prospects for the future, that the father felt that he could bear the separation, as Morton seemed to be so well pleased and contented with his surroundings. The Doc or congratulated himself and wife upon their boys success and happiness and they both felt very proud of him. Dr. Hendricks had answered this letter the very night that he received it, so not hearing from Morton for so long a time did not cause him to become uneasy about the boy.

When Joe Holmes and his friends found out that Morton was going to get well in spite of all their efforts to kill him, they quietly pulled up stakes, as they expressed it, and left for Chicago. Joe had never visited his own family since the day he showed his wife that spurious letter, and left, as she thought, for Vermont, and she never knew but what he was still with his sick mother in that State.

A day was finally set for the trial of Morton Hendricks. Every one thought and believed that there would be no difficulty at all in proving that he was guilty of stealing his employers money and of the willful attempt to murder Tom Martin, and they were satisfied that he would be convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Tom Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Vickers had already received their summons at the hands of the Sheriff as witnesses at the trial.

Mr. Vickers had not and would not take any steps to prosecute Morton, but said that the law must take its course and vindicate itself, for he did not intend to be present at the trial. But now after being summoned by the officer he was compelled to attend.

The night preceding the day set for Morton's trial, Tom Martin was attacked with intermittent chills and fever. Tom had lain down on a bed at his mother's cottage just as he was taken sick, in his blue flannel work shirt and overall pants. He had pulled off his boots on lying down and placed them by his bed. Tom's fever lasted until the next evening, and at its greatest height Tom

was delicious for about an hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Vickers went into the city on the morning of the trial, and left Tom in the care of his mother. They went direct to the Court House and secured seats in a retired part of the room before Court was opened. They sat with their heads bowed as if at a funeral, but they dreaded the opening of Court, the sight of Morton and the results of the trial. Yes, they dreaded to see Morton, once the boy of their pride and confidence, honest, truthful and noble, but now Morton the thief, the murderer.

People of all classes and conditions were now rapidly and eagerly crowding into the hands-meet room. There could be seen there every species of the genus homo. There was that pestiferous fester on the body of equity, the rust spot on the arrow to the scales of justice, the man who hangs around the bar of a court consumed almost by the ardent and morbid desire to hear the Sheriff command him to take a seat in the jury-box. With a brain box whose capacity often does not exceed that of a domesticated chimpanzee, he at the same time takes the chair of a jurymen with the perfect satisfaction (to his own mind) that he is the only man who should be privileged to deal out equity and justice to his fellow-man. We see here the cross roads Solons and Solomons, the disguised denizens of gambling halls, the curious merchant, the country doctor, the high hat clergy, the old Colonial looking leader of country Inn society, who has always attended Court for the last fifty years, regularly, if he thought that said Court could not be properly conducted without his knowing presence. We see here the proverbial small boy, with his hat or cap stuffed in his pocket, shaggy, unkempt hair, and dirty hands, climbing up on the highest railing in order to get a birdseye view of the "whole proceedings. Here are the savage visaged deputies who every time they judge taps on the bench with his pen knife they jerk out the words: "Keep silence in Court," which words sound like they had just passed through a patent electric leaf chopper. Here too is the famous court crier, who never get the proper name from the solicitor, but manufactures one to his own liking and bellows it out to the window. Last but not least, we see here the wise and knowing looking young lawyers, who during the most interesting and exciting part of a trial sit in the bar reading newspapers upside down in the attempt to make the audience believe that they are so used to and familiar with courts, trials and the law that they take no special interest in what is going on. And, oh here sat the jury made up from this heterogeneous mass of humanity; composed not of intelligent men really, but of men who think they are intelligent. One half of this jury in whose hands are placed the life or death of their erring fellow-man, are asleep, while the other half are wondering how long they will be allowed to make one dollar a day doing nothing.

In a few minutes the Judge, accompanied by two or three lawyers entered the court room and walked up and took his seat on the stand. When the Judge made his appearance at the court house the busy hum of the great bable of voices died away toward the opposite wall like the receding wave until it strikes some object more powerful than itself, then traverses the same old path again. As the Judge reaches the bench the hum of voices at this part of the room was at its highest pitch, but as soon as the Judge was seen, the crested wave broke in a spray of unfinished sentences and even words and went flowing back in gradually lessening roar until it spent its force against the other wall, and there was a calm on the sea of human faces, for not a ripple of conversation could now be heard. The presence of an intelligent, honest and dignified Judge always command respect not only for himself but for the law which he represents and administers.

This was the kind of Judge Morton Hendricks had to try his case. A few minutes after the Judge took his seat the proper officer placed his head out of a window and called the court to order and announced it ready for the transaction of the business of the day.

After finishing up some business with the lawyers, which was left over from the preceding day, the Judge read out case "No. 72, State vs. Morton Hendricks. Mr. Solicitor," said the Judge

"are you ready for this case?" "We will be ready in a few moments, sir," said the Solicitor, "as soon as the Sheriff brings the prisoner from jail."

While the lawyers were arranging some preliminaries of court business, there was a commotion at the front door of the Court House, and at the same time was heard the deputy voice calling out for the crowd to make room for the prisoner to pass.

All eyes in the house were now turned in the direction of the door, (Mr. and Mrs. Vickers did not look up) and saw the officers marching in with a lad who was pale, slender and emaciated but with an intelligent, honest and frank face as ever grew out of human shoulders. His hands were bound in irons, yet the boy looked handsome and nobly innocent. There was no spasmodic quiver of a facial muscle or dropping of the eyelids against the steady, concentrated gaze of so many eyes.

Morton Hendricks knew and felt his own innocence as he took the seat of a criminal in a modest and dignified manner. As he looked back in his seat all eyes were riveted upon him but the little hero bore their looks without confusion or affectation.

The grand jury had made out a true bill and the Judge again asked the Solicitor if he was ready in case "No. 72, State vs. Morton Hendricks."

That officer looked up over his eye glasses and replied: "Yes, sir, I believe we are ready."

The jury were now empaneled and the bill of indictment against the prisoner was read by the Solicitor, and the "sit together, hear the evidence and give your verdict accordingly" was read to them.

"Prisoner," said the Judge, "stand up. You have heard the bill of indictment in which you are charged with stealing a large sum of money from your employer and with an attempt to murder. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," answered the lad with a firm voice.

If the number of eyes directed at Morton's face at this moment had contained heat, as the sun's rays do, he would have been burnt to ashes.

When Mrs. Vickers heard that familiar voice deny the charges and say that he was not guilty, that was jury enough for her, and she shed tears of joy, because she believed the boy, and other minds in that great seemingly heartless audience, who up to this time had thought of no words but guilty and punishment, were now forced by Morton's frank and open face and manners to doubt his guilt.

"Have you a lawyer to appear for you in this case," asked the Judge addressing the boy.

"No sir," replied Morton. "Do you want any one to represent you?" continued the Judge.

"Yes sir, I would like to have, but I have no means of paying anyone now."

Some one behind Mr. Vickers just then said in an audible voice to those near, "pay with some of that money you stole from Mr. Vickers." The one who said it thought that was jury enough for her, and she shed tears of joy, because she believed the boy, and other minds in that great seemingly heartless audience, who up to this time had thought of no words but guilty and punishment, were now forced by Morton's frank and open face and manners to doubt his guilt.

"Proceed," said the Judge. The Solicitor took up the bill, and said: "Mr. Cryer, call Mr. Vickers."

"Here," answered that gentleman. "Call Mrs. Vicker."

"She is present," answered Mr. Sanderson. "Call J. T. Hanks," (the contractor who paid Morton for the stone crusher day before the night of the tragedy). "Call Peterson Dunn," (the night watch at the foundry).

could do so that he would be innocent in Mr. Vickers' eyes. But under that unjust law then in existence (changed now, thanks) a prisoner was not allowed to testify in his own behalf.

Mrs. Vickers was the next witness, and she stated that Morton had asked her consent to remain in the city until after a lecture that night, and that she had consented. She also stated all that she knew as to what occurred before and after, that night on the pike, and closed by saying that she always trusted the boy and she believed there was something wrong. "Judge," she said turning to the bench, "I don't believe that boy is guilty."

"Step madam," said the Judge, "don't tell what you believe."

Mr. Sanderson at this juncture smiled and shut one eye at his brethren in the bar.

The witnesses Hanks and Dunn, both testified to the boy's good character up to the fatal night.

Tom Martin was excused as a witness when Mr. Vickers stated to the Judge that he had left him at home delicious with fever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Eastern Farmers in Distress.

Washington Post.

While the farmers in Kansas and other Western States are bound hand and foot with mortgages, burning corn for fuel and with no outlook but the day of foreclosure, from which there is no redemption, news comes of a sort of picnic among a class of agriculturists hitherto considered the most substantial in the country, the solid burghers of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

One of these reputed well-to-do citizens, Mr. Benjamin A. Gamber, the owner of several farms in that county, assessed at \$36,000, made an assignment of Thursday with a few indebtedness of \$33,000 and other large liabilities hanging over him.

An execution for \$21,000 was issued on the same day against Jacob H. Hostetter, whose farms in the same county are assessed at \$7,520, and whose liabilities are \$42,570.

Daniel E. Pfifer, another farmer in that vicinity, has also been forced to an assignment, with property of the assessed value of \$15,555, weighted down with mortgage debts amounting to \$13,564 and other obligations. To this startling list of failures are to be added those of Daniel Esch, whose recorded indebtedness is \$9,725 and whose property is valued at \$12,080, and of Isaac Stouer, against whom an execution for \$3,870 has been issued, and whose liabilities are much greater than \$13,370, the assessed value of his real estate.

To what may this singular succession of calamities be attributed? Of course the doctors will disagree as to the nature of the disease and its remedy; but it is pretty safe to say that if high-class farming in the immediate vicinity of Eastern Markets cannot be made to pay, the show is correspondingly poorer for the settler upon a Western prairie, with the odds all against him from the start.

It is plain that the Lancaster county farmers, whose property has gone into the hands of an assignee or sheriff, are past help, but what can be done to relieve the Eastern farmer, generally who hangs upon the ragged edge of a similar predicament?

It is very evident that the McKinley tariff bill will do him no good. A higher duty on eggs and hay won't save him. Increased duties on wool and hides won't make living any cheaper for him. What then can be done to rescue his property from depression and to make his labor fairly remunerative?

Is it over-production that ails him? But the world is not overfull. Possibly there are markets beyond the seas or across our borders, north and south that might be advantageously opened to freer trade.

It may be that there isn't money enough in the country for its use; that the farmer can't always sell because the purchasing power is crippled. Suppose we rest the case here, that it is more markets and more money the country wants, reduction of duties instead of their increase, greater economy in public expenditures, and more saving at the bang-hole than at the spitgot?

Evidently there's something out of gear in our economic establishment, and if Congress will only let politics alone long enough to find out what it is, and apply the proper correctives, it will settle itself to the lasting gratitude of a great people. Otherwise there must come a day of dire and dangerous reckoning.

ALLIANCE COLUMN.

SENATOR INGALLS "WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE."

A new era is beginning to dawn upon the political situation in the United States. For twenty-five years the experiences of the war have been industriously used to arouse the prejudices of the people, that they might receive and adopt the teachings of the DOCTRINE OF SECTIONAL HATE, and thereby perpetuate a solid North and a solid South. This doctrine of hate has been the undivided attention of professional politicians, thieves, and speculators who desired class legislation, and another class who may appropriately be termed Government parasites (Washington is their heaven), who have planted, watered and fed it without stint, and spared no pains to make it flourish. They have even held magnifying glasses in front of all observers, that the size of the noxious plant might appear to be great. During all these twenty-five years they have shown no signs of weariness or any indications that they ever intended to desist from their efforts. But what has been the result of this almost superhuman effort to make the doctrine of sectional hate grow and flourish upon free and honest American soil? Let us see. At first, and for a few years after the war, it flourished wonderfully and grew apace. This was on account of the feelings engendered during the fight; but gradually from that time until the present it has lost vigor, and now we can say that it has long since ceased to flourish, and seems certain to die out entirely in spite of all efforts to preserve it. Among the eminent physicians who have exhausted all their resources to preserve it, the most conspicuous of modern times is the United States Senator whose name heads this article.

ARCHBISHOP, Kan., Feb. 26.—The Farmers Alliance of Kansas, in convention at Topeka, yesterday passed, among other resolutions, the following: "Notwithstanding the fact that John J. Ingalls has represented Kansas for eighteen years in the United States Senate, it is a difficult matter for his constituents to point to a single measure he has ever championed in the interest of the great agricultural and laboring element of Kansas, and we will not support by our votes or influence, any candidate for the legislature who favors his reelection to the United States Senate."

What folly it is for men to try to make the doctrine of sectional hate thrive on American soil, among American people of this day and time. The fact is, its doom was sealed when the Farmers Alliance was organized, because when intelligent and honest men associate themselves together to promote the general good, there will soon spring up a bond of true sympathy as a result of honest hands shaking honest hands, and the getting of pure and upright hearts through eyes that know no guile. An honest man recognizes an honest man by contact. He knows him intuitively, and all the sophistry of the evil one himself cannot convince them after such contact that the other has horns, hoofs, and tail. That all vanishes under contact and

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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.

modern intelligence.

What a fearful verdict the Farmers Alliance of Kansas has rendered in the case of Senator Ingalls. He has verily been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." There is nothing partisan about this; it is the true measure of the Alliance men of Kansas fulfilling a God-given duty to themselves and their country when they use it, and they will stand by their verdict, no matter to what political party each may belong. But look out, gentlemen politicians who depend on the doctrine of hate to fan the flames of sectionalism and prejudice to a ruddy glow that will make the honest farmer blind to your defects, he wears Alliance spectacles now and carries the Alliance yardstick in his hand. With the one he can see through your fustif smoke, and with the other he will measure you, and measure you correctly, too. He cannot be fooled any longer. And now, Mr. Politician, heed the voice of wisdom and stand on your own merits, together with your disposition and ability to carry out the pledges you will hereafter be compelled to make the people, and it will be a warning and a terror to the unscrupulous schemers.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is a Philadelphia barber who remarks that Brazil has shaved off her Imperial.

You cannot accomplish any work or 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.

Favorite song of the milkman—"Shall we gather at the river?"

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.

The laundryman is every man's bosom friend.

If you suffer from any affection caused by impure blood, such as scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, better skin-growth, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

An education that cultivates only the head is not worth the name. Educate the heart as well as the head.

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

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.

Success depends not so much on the amount of your capital as upon the manner of using it.

Groaning over the departure of the dead is no help to the living.

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

Carelessness is the greatest sin of the age. Beware, brother, lest it taint thy character.

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

"It is not how long we live, but how well we live and how usefully we live."

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

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our sorrow.

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.

Clear-headed, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at Farnam's drug store.

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