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J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

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TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin County, will be in Louisville on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, 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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In Friendship's Remembrance

OF TWO DISTINGUISHED SPECIMENS OF NATURE'S NOBLESSE, AND ILLUSTRIOUS BORN OF FRANKLIN COUNTY: CAPT. W. H. BALLARD AND W. T. COLLINS.

Actors on the stage of life. For two weary years and more, Now passed from earthly cares and strife To a bright and blissful shore.

Owing to the peculiar tenets entertained by one, if not both of the above named parties, the sentiment embodied in the last line of the foregoing verse may be considered by some persons as shallow and bigoted conceptions as sacrilegious, inappropriate and misleading. But to those endowed with the faculty of deep thought and sound reasoning, coupled with the benefit that research and investigation confers, we are sure there are none who were favored with an intimate acquaintance, and were at all conversant with the inner make-up of the men, and their self-sacrificing devotion to principles, and the demands of humanity, who will for a moment entertain such vain and deluding fancies.

That the deceased entertained peculiar views in regard to religion and a future existence, we admit. And that they were entitled to their views and the free exercise of expressing their theories, we as readily acknowledge.

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beyond. Nor need we give ourselves any great concern for the inability thereof. Suffice for us, that we see directly or walk in life, that the echo of the footfall of our conduct be such as to insure for us from these we leave behind a parting benediction of an earthly kind, and in its effect, as the spontaneous outpouring of love and good will, that was theirs while here, and journeyed with them when leaving, and still lingers in their memory, and ever will, while recollection lasts, and good deeds command memory's esteem.

In concluding these lines as touching upon a defense of their theology, and ideas of a future existence, we will for once and all time say, that inasmuch as goes the adage,

"Handsome is that handsome does," we consider it useless for any one to worry themselves as to what extent their faith may have influenced their present state and condition. For it is a clear case to us, that if there is a future existence, and state of bliss, and man's rectitude of purpose and unswerving walk while here plays any part toward procuring for him a passport to that Celestial home, then for a certainty when the immortal parts of W. H. Ballard and W. T. Collins vacated their earthly tabernacle here, upon the soaring pinions of equity they were wafted to a land of pure delight, where with loved ones gone before, they now dwell amid the Elysian scenes of Eden, and with their loved ones will ever henceforth walk the primeval paths of peace.

That the deceased were no ordinary mortals in no ad eption of the term, is a statement that will be verified by every one who knew them. And though dissimilar in some respects, yet in others they were alike. And especially so in their unswerving devotion to friends, and adhesive tenacity to their own personal convictions.

It was our fortune to be favored with a close acquaintance with the deceased, and an earnest effort to attempt to delineate or individualize their many virtues, for they were legion; sufficient to say, that in all of our vast experience, with the varied types of humanity, we have seldom met their equals, and never their superiors in the many traits and characteristics that are requisite to constitute our idea of a noble manhood, or upon whom nature had expended in its bestowal of the divine effluence. Therefore it would be wanting in laudability in us to contribute to the creative and controlling deity, the memento in supplanting that the immortal part of our departed friends, has, or shall fall to be the recipients of celestial favor. But such is not our supposition, or any part of it. But in the stead thereof, it is this: At the last day—the general judgment—the grand assize, (to use the expressions) when all souls shall appear at the bar of eternal justice to receive their final reward, then the immortal parts of our friends with the rest will also appear, clad in the habiliments of justification.

And with nature's perfected, and with friends reunited, will share in the edict universal: "Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth."

And when that shall have been accomplished, and earth and its existence is no more, then it is that we all shall inhabit that house not made by hands, eternal in the Heavens.

When with the permit of Isael's God, And the guiding light of his love, We will wander through Eden's flowery fields, And its bright archway in groves.

That this was the kind of faith they subscribed to in admitting the possibility of a future existence is our understanding, which is also in accord with our own. Therefore in sorrowing over the loss of departed friends the poignantness of our grief is somewhat alleviated by the ray of hope that is engendered thereby. And though it be but a mere hope, and insusceptible of any positive proof, yet for the little comfort it brings, let us hope on and hope ever; that the faint, flickering light that now exists in our hearts, may at least lead to, and be a living reality, when the time shall have come for us all to cross that borderland, from whence there is no return.

In concluding this testimony of our attachment to the deceased while living, and a continuation of its existence since dead, we disclaim any knowledge of relationship to either, save that which is common to all mankind; or that we have ever been the recipient of any bounty or special consideration at their hands that would tend to prompt us to the execution of this puerile though heartfelt effusion to their memory. But rather that it springs from the fountain of affection, and an innate desire to act

with equity in all things, or in other words: "To render unto Caesar the homage that is his." But which in this case is impossible, as our faculty of expression is inadequate to do justice to the subjects whose mortal remains have now found their last resting place within the peaceful bosom of mother earth. The first beneath the twilight shadows of the whisp'ring pines, that environ the northern border of Louisville, and the hallowed precinct of his childhood's happy home. While the latter now sleeps his last sleep in the burying ground of his father's at the old homestead, amid the sylvan scenes and solitude of classic Sandy Creek.

In the demise of the latter the family tree became extinct. He being the only child of his parents, both of whom preceded him in death several years ago. His loving wife also passed away a few years ago, and without issue. Thus leaving him of his family his sole survivor, disconsolate and alone.

And now he, the last shoot of a long line of noble ancestry is also gone. And oh, how sad it is to contemplate, that the persons and places that once knew him—well, will know him here no more forever. Billy Collins—the genial and generous—peerless and pure—him of whom we can say without fear of doubts or dispute, that in point of human perfection and true nobility—a better man hath never lived. The other, the first named in chronological order, though last in death, leaves a kind-hearted, devoted and affectionate wife, and eight lovely and obedient children to mourn their irreparable loss.

And though the loss is irreparable, yet may the chaunting hand of Providence that smote them, and whose shadow still lingers in the once bright and happy household soon be removed. And though the affliction that now is theirs can never be entirely obliterated while here, yet may their grief be ameliorated by the comforting ray of hope, that the separation, though sad and bitter now, is not to be eternal. But that ere long, in the bliss of time, and dispensation of his leisure life will reunite them all again in a brighter and happier home on high.

Now having to the best of our ability indited the foregoing lines as a feeling tribute to the memory of our departed friends, and an earnest effort in defense of their opinions against the obloquy and criticism of perhaps well-meaning, though blinded zealots, we will bring this to a close. And while awaiting our turn in the tide of human events, that will also transport that which is immortal of us into that great hereafter, we bid them each farewell.

Now recited by your Spirit's greet, Beyond life's trouble waves, May the flowers be bright, and their fragrance sweet, That bloom above your grave.

A. S. F. Sweet Home, N. C., May 27th, 1890.

Ulcerated sore throat.

Two years ago I had ulcerated sore throat, and was so weakened and reduced in flesh that my friends thought it impossible for me to recover. I was attended by the very best physicians, but their endeavors to relieve me were futile. My mother seeing Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) so highly recommended, decided to give me a course of it, and after taking the first bottle I was greatly relieved, and after taking several bottles I was entirely cured. I have not had any sign of the return of the disease since.

CLIFF BLOXTON, Williamsburg, Va. THE GRANDEST HE EVER SAW.

Mr. W. A. Colman, a prominent citizen of Gainesville, Fla., writes the following under date of Feb. 10, 1890: "I contracted a severe case of contagious blood poison that gave me a great deal of trouble, and baffled the physicians of this place. I was finally advised to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), and I can say with great pleasure, that a few bottles of it has entirely cured me. I have no hesitancy in saying that S. S. S. is the grandest blood medicine I ever saw, and can cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering as I was."

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

If you are afflicted with any of the following diseases, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will brace you up, make you strong and vigorous.

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

A Phantom Lynching.

A party camped near Jasmotta, Tex., witnessed a phantom lynching the other night. Two men dreamed of seeing men strung up by a mob, and awaking related their experience. As they discussed it, someone, observing that the ground was very damp, put out his hand and rubbed it lightly over the short, coarse prairie grass, remarking as he did so that it was the heaviest fall of dew he had ever seen.

Perhaps, when from that flying train the lady fell to what seemed certain death, it was caught in the arms of an unseen angel and clasped to a breast as tender as its mother's. Who knows?

It Brought Down the House and Spoiled the Sermon.

"During my boyhood," said a gentleman the other day, "there lived in Virginia a Baptist preacher named B—.

Though uneducated, he was a sound thinker and eloquent speaker, and no minister had a more devoted flock. It was the custom during the inclement season to hold meetings at the residence of members, and once or twice during the winter at the house of the preacher. For many years it was observed that B— neither preached nor conducted the meetings when held at his house, but secured the services of some neighboring minister. It was often pressed for an explanation without success, but finally in response to the importunities of some of his flock, he said, "When I was much younger and now—in fact, not long after the commencement of my ministrations, I held a meeting at my own house. It being customary for many of the congregation to remain for dinner, Mrs. B— sent our negro boy Tim, to neighbor Paul's for some butter. Tim returned and located himself, standing on one foot at a time in the outskirts of the congregation. Being well warmed up in my sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most successful mode of pressing upon my hearers one of my strongest arguments, I commanded with all the energy in my power, "And what did Paul say?" Tim, at the top of his little squeaky voice, exclaimed as Tim only could have done: "He said you couldn't get any butter till you paid for what you got!" It brought down the house and cut short one of the finest efforts of my early ministry. Since then I have kept my preaching disconnected with my domestic affairs."

A Remarkable Cure. Sam Tysack, the enterprising lessee of the Syndicate, broke into a natural cave in a mine in Mono County, California some few days ago, about two hundred feet from the surface, and discovered many things of interest to the student of archeology. The miners were putting in a hole when the drill suddenly disappeared much to their astonishment. A couple of holes of less depth was then drilled and fired, which made an aperture through which the men entered a chamber about forty feet square and quite as high, the sides and roof of which were chalcopite bulged out in all kinds of grotesque and fantastic shapes. Semny entered first and swinging his candle around caught sight of a score of objects that startled him. "Come in, boys!" he exclaimed. "Here's a bloody anatomical museum." They crawled in and participated in Sam's astonishment, for which there was ample cause, as the interior of the cave flashed with the iridescence of a million colored gems. It seems—so Sam says—as if all the glittering stars in the firmament had come down to hold high carnival and flash themselves through lenses of variegated hues. Exploring farther they found still more cause for wonder. Petrifications of animals, birds and reptiles abounded. There were great owls and monstrous bats, and several snakes as hideous as if endowed with life, as they were many, many years ago before Bodie Bluff was created, and when the present site of Mono's metropolis was closely potted with the thermal springs, from the secretions of which millions of dollars in bullion have been given to the commercial world. Mr. Tysack has removed several of these petrifications in perfect form, intending to forward them to Professor Irwin, Chief of the State mining bureau, who will highly appreciate them. The few who have been permitted to view this interesting chamber of antiquities were almost dumbfounded with astonishment. Hank Blanchard remarked that it recalled the time when God was molding the earth to its present spheroidal form, cycles of ages before Cain beated the stuffing out of Abel with a baseball club. As this is Hank's second time on earth, he has a right to refer to such things.

Pirates Defeated by a Woman. One season back in the forties I shipped aboard of a British ship, the Swallow, to make a voyage from Bombay by the Persian Gulf and back. She was an old craft and a poor sailor, and her crew of twelve men was made up of four or five nationalities. I remember there were two Canakas or Sandwich Islanders, one Lascar, a negro or two, and the others were American, English and Dutch.

The Hand of Providence.

The Atlanta Constitution gives a history which we take occasion to use, in which one can almost see the hand of that mysterious Providence which guides and guards our lives.

A mother and her babe were seated in a car on one of the railroads going out from Philadelphia. The woman sat near an open window holding her babe in her arms. It was leaping and laughing, and clapped its hands as the train dashed on at a rapid rate of speed. Suddenly a sharp curve was rounded—the coach gave a lurch, and—out of the coach went the baby—out, out into the arms of death!

But that was only as they thought. The distracted mother rushed to the door, and would have sprung from the platform, but the passengers restrained her; the bell rang, the engine pulled up, and a hundred men went in search of the baby, expecting to find only its mangled remains on the road. But there, on a soft cushion of grass, it lay unharmed, and clapping its hands still! It was nothing short of a miracle.

Perhaps, when from that flying train the lady fell to what seemed certain death, it was caught in the arms of an unseen angel and clasped to a breast as tender as its mother's. Who knows?

FALLS CITY, NEB., May 18, 1890. I WANT another jug of Microbe Killer. I have used one jug and must say that my catarrh and dyspepsia, of many years standing, has almost disappeared. My appetite, which was so delicate, is just the opposite. My kidneys also bothered me a great deal, but they do not now. I believe Microbe Killer is the greatest medicine in the world. You may use my testimony and welcome, if it will do any good.

Yours truly, H. E. EMERSON. For sale by Dr. J. B. Clifton.

Eighteen tons of steel disengaged yesterday in the single system of the London and Northwestern Railway through wear and rust.

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

Even a hen that misses a couple of chickens is not such a beautifully true picture of shilly and worry as a woman looking for her gowns when she is otherwise busy to go out.

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

A Georgia editor offers a free marriage license as a premium for ten subscribers. He says that he intended to use the license himself, but "thought better of it."

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

Love is the loneliness of life. Smiles, cheers and words, and helpful deeds are the sunshine of our days.

Shiloh's consumption cure is sold by us as a guarantee. It cures consumption, restores appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price \$1 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale at Furman's drug store.

It is said that Jefferson carried his sinple taste into official life. Lots of office-holders do that, but the trouble is they taste too often.

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

The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Few men sow their wild oats without getting more or less rye mixed with them.

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

The most costly possessions are those acquired by questionable means.

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."

Better a crust with honor and integrity than untold millions won by fraud and dishonor.

Over 40,000 fires took place last year in this city.

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

The best government is self-government. 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.

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.

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

BUCKINGHAM'S SALVE

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

For sale by J. B. Clifton.

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

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.

There are about 600 women in Chicago own and ride bicycles.

MERIT WINS. We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction.

We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use.

There are about 600 women in Chicago own and ride bicycles.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success!

The reason Radam's Microbe Killer is the most wonderful medicine, is because it has never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, from the simple case of Malaria to the simplest disease known to the human system.

CAUSED BY MICROBES, AND RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

Eliminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria to the simplest disease known to the human system.

See that our Trade-Mark (same as above) appears on each jug. Read for book "History of the Microbe Killer," given away by

Dr. J. B. CLIFTON Druggist, Agent, LOUISBURG, N. C.

H. S. FURMAN, Agent, FRANKLINTON, N. C.

McKIMMON, Masely & McGee. New Goods For Spring and Summer.

SILKS. Fallies, Armures, Rhadames, Bengalines, Sorbes, Printed Indian and Chinese.

DRESS GOODS. Mohairs, Wool Henriettes, Serges and every other variety of fashionable Dress Goods.

TRIMMINGS. Appliques, Valenciennes and Effelt Pointe, Black, White and Colors, Plain and Fancy Silks and Velvets.

Wash Fabrics and Prints. Scotch and French Zephyrs, Gingham, French and American Satinets, Challies, Lawns and London Percales.

White Goods. A complete assortment of Embroideries and Laces, Hemmed and Laid-in-the-needle, Embroidered Flouncings (in new and exclusive styles) for ladies and children. Tucked and Hemstitched Laces.

Ladies Muslin Underwear. Celebrated "W" Brand. Lock stitch, tucked and all. Express prepaid on all orders of five dollars and over. Samples sent on application.

125 and 121 Fayetteville Street, RALEIGH, N. C.