

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

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NO. 43.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

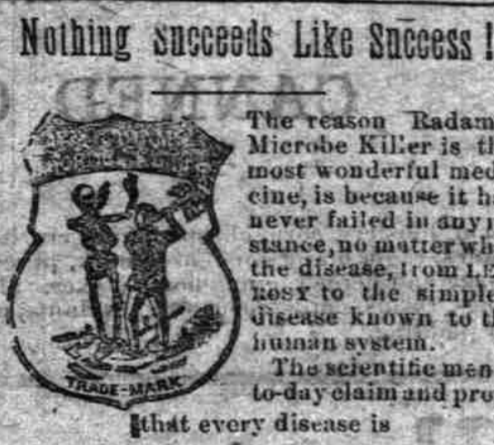
Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WAGON
REPAIR SHOP
REPAIR SHOP
REPAIR SHOP

SECOND-HAND CLOTHING.
I expect to open a second hand clothing establishment in the town over at the corner of the store on next Saturday the 23rd of October. I ask the patronage of the people both in the town and country. To those who wish to sell second-hand clothing I have to say that I would be pleased to sell them at the very small commission of 40 per cent, and to those who wish to buy I have to say that if they will call on me I think they will find what they want.
Respectfully,
MARTHA EHRIDGE.

To Whom it May Concern.
My term of office will soon expire, and I have a large number of papers in my possession—deeds, mortgage deeds, contracts, &c., belonging to different persons, all of which I have taken care of and protected since my first term of office. In order that the owners of these papers may save trouble and expense as well as myself, I would be glad for them to be sure and call and get them as early as possible, thereby protecting their own interest as well as obliging your obedient public servant and friend.
P. A. DAVIS,
Register of Deeds.



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 simplest to the most complex, in all its forms, and, in fact, every disease known to the human system.
The scientific use of day-claim and prove that every disease is 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, Fever, or any other kind of disease, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases essentially.
Anemia, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every disease known to the human system.
Because of Fraudulent Imitations.
See that our Trade-Mark (same as above) appears on each jug.
Send for book "History of the Microbe Killer," sent away by
Dr. J. B. CLIFTON, Druggist, Agent,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF DENTISTRY.
Bake a graduate of the Baltimore College of DENTAL SURGERY, with an active experience of Nineteen years, I do not hesitate to Guarantee Satisfaction in
EVERY PARTICULAR.
My office is furnished neatly and with an eye to the privacy and comfort of my patients. My prices are regulated in accordance with the
Hard Times and Scarcity of Money.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH
A SPECIALTY.
Natural teeth extracted and Artificial teeth inserted, nervous patients leave the office.
All lawn products taken in exchange for Dental work.
A part of your patronage is respectfully solicited.
Very Respectfully,
Dr. R. E. KING,
Dentist.

You Will Find
RODERSON'S BAR
If you want a pleasant drink
the "good old" always call at
B. H. RODERSON'S.
ON THE CORNER,
a full line of best Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco.
Remember—I WILL NOT BE UNDESOLD.

Tobacco Lands
Pratties desiring to have first class tobacco men located on their farms, as buyers or tenants will do well to communicate with me
J. R. YOUNG,
Ins. & Real Estate Agt.,
Henderson, N. C.

MR. HOWARD'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Howard was by no means a wealthy man, but he was in comfortable circumstances, and lived in a neat, two-story brick house, which was tastefully furnished. His wife was economical, and did all the house-work herself, thereby saving the expense of a servant.
"I don't see what you have to do in this house that keeps you busy all day," said Mr. Howard to his wife one morning at the breakfast table. "I could do everything there is to be done in an hour."
"As for cleaning up the house, I could do it in an hour," answered his wife, "but there are the children to take care of."
"That's no excuse. Let the children take care of themselves," said Mr. Howard, as he buttered a roll.

Just then the baby, who was upstairs in his crib, began to cry. Mrs. Howard went upstairs and brought him down to the dining room, and sat at the table with him in her lap.
"Now, what is the use of your spoiling child in this way," said Mr. Howard. "It would not have hurt him to cry a little."
"The baby is hungry," explained Mrs. Howard. "He has not nursed since three o'clock this morning, and it is now seven."
"It will do him good to get hungry," replied Mr. Howard, shortly.
Now, we don't say Mr. Howard was a bad man, or a tyrant, for he was as kind-hearted and indulgent with his family as any father could be; but he was a little conceited, and liked to have everything his own way.

"That's the way you fool away your time all day," said Mr. Howard decidedly, "nursing the baby, and perhaps reading foolish love stories."
At this Mrs. Howard was ready to cry, but restraining her tears, said: "Suppose you try my work this morning and let me try yours." "You couldn't stand the work I have to do this morning," said Mr. Howard with pride.
"Just try me once!" said his wife.
"Very well," was the answer; "I will make out a list of work that I have to do from eight to twelve o'clock."
Mrs. Howard got her note-book and Mr. Howard gave her the following, which she noted down:

"First, go to Mr. C's carpenter shop and have him repair the house on A—St; the windows and doors are to be mended and a new picket fence put up. Go with the man and show him what to do. Second, go to my office and remain there one hour, receiving and paying bills; third, go to B's and see if he has attended to that work on —St; collect Stanley's rent and issue a notice for Gibbs to vacate. I believe that is all."
"Very well, now I will give you a list." Mrs. Howard smiled as she thought how her husband would attend to the five children, let alone the housework. The eldest of these five children was six years, and the youngest two months.

"The first thing you must do," began Mrs. Howard, "is to hang the children's beds out to sun; then wash the dishes, sweep the dining room, set the table for dinner and darken the dining room. Next, clean up the kitchen and sweep the floor and bricks; in the mean time keep an eye on the children, that they don't kill themselves or each other. Then go up stairs, take Robert and Guy with you, make up the beds, sweep the rooms, dust the furniture, wipe up the hearth and also wipe off the mantel, empty the slop bucket and clean the wash-bowl and

pitcher. After that is done, wash and dress the baby and put him to sleep. Wash Robert and Guy, and let them go out doors to play. Then wash out a few things for the baby, put dinner on, and while it is cooking, iron those few things for the baby."
Mrs. Howard arose from the table, went up stairs and dressed herself for the street. After she had gone, Mr. Howard smiled to himself to think how soon he was going to get through with his wife's work. He managed to get the children's beds out to air, profiting by the instructions of Ada, the eldest girl. Then he began on the dishes, forgetting to put on Mrs. Howard's apron, which she had laid out for him to wear. Such a large racket among dishes and water, regardless of trousers and stiff shirt bosom, was never heard.

The children left their play and ran to see the fun. Guy, who is fourteen months old, climbed on a chair; Mr. Howard pulled him down and turned to his fight with the dishes. Robert, who is a little over two years old, climbed on the table and turned the castor over. While Mr. Howard was taking him down, little Guy, who was anxious to find things out, pulled the dish-pan over and nearly drowned himself with its contents. Then he began yelling at the top of his voice. Robert bumped his head by slipping down on the greasy dish-water, and engaged in a prolonged howl. To add to the music the baby set up a tremendous wail.
Mr. Howard took the children up stairs. He put a dry dress on Guy, but put it on him wrong-side out, and hind part before. Still they kept up their yelling.

"Confound it! Can't you stop that noise?" he thundered. At this juncture, Johnnie, who is four years old, came in crying with his finger bleeding. Mr. Howard tied it up and sent him about his business.
"I'll clean up the room and leave those miserable dishes until the children are out of the way."
He began turning things around the room.
"I don't see why Kate can't put her clothes away, and not leave them lying around on the floor like this. 'Always put mine away,' he muttered. But when he was gathering them up, he found that not one of the articles belonged to his wife. His soiled shirt was in one place, collar in another, and so on. By this time Robert and Guy were getting sleepy, and they began duling at their papa. He tried to get them away from him, but they clung the closer.

"Ada, can't you stop that baby's yelling?" he shouted.
Ada got some boiled milk, and Mr. Howard fed it to the little fellow, and he soon went to sleep, much to his papa's relief. But Robert and Guy kept up incessant strains of sobs and screaming.
"Will you never stop?" cried the father, who was now thoroughly aroused. "I'll go down stairs and leave you up here by yourselves," and he started down stairs. The children started down stairs, fearing he would leave them—Ada, Johnnie, Robert and Guy, all of them crying.

"Stop that noise, or I'll leave you and go up town!" At this the children cried the harder. Mr. Howard sat down on the top step and watched his children cry.
"If I wasn't a man I would join in your concert," said he.
They stood around, poking their little fists in their eyes, and sobbing at intervals. It was now half past ten.
"Well," thought Mr. Howard, "I might as well sit here until Kate comes and watch these youngsters to keep them from getting away."
He did not have to wait long. Mrs. Howard approached the house smiling. Mr. Howard looked sheepish as his wife came up the steps.
"Never mind, darling," she said, kissing him. "I anticipated all this. Get

your paper and go into the parlor and read and rest until dinner time."
Mrs. Howard soon put things in order and got the children all quieted. When dinner was announced, Mr. Howard came out laughing. He kissed his wife and said: "We have had a regular 'monkey and parrot' time since you have been gone. But you are the bright, beautiful sunshine, come to make everything and everybody cheerful and happy. I would rather face a whole regiment than take a woman's place. I will never after hold my tongue."

DUCKLINS ARMOIA SALVE
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, 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.

STATEMENT

SHOWING THE NUMBER OF MEETINGS HELD BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, N. C., FROM DECEMBER 2ND, A. D., 1889, TO DECEMBER 1ST, A. D., 1890, AND THE PER DIEM AND MILEAGE RECEIVED BY EACH MEMBER OF THE BOARD DURING THE TIME.

Member	Number of Meetings	Per Diem	Mileage
T. S. COLLIE, Ch'm'n.	19	\$200 per day	Traveled 544 miles at 5 cents per mile. Making for same, \$65.20
J. W. YOUNG,	19	\$200 per day	Traveled 272 miles at 5 cents per mile. Making for same, \$51.60
GEORGE WINSTON,	17	\$200 per day	Traveled 476 miles at 5 cents per mile. Making for same, \$57.80
E. SYKES,	19	\$200 per day	Traveled 544 miles at 5 cents per mile. Making for same, \$65.20
W. B. UZZLE,	16	\$200 per day	Traveled 192 miles at 5 cents per mile. Making for same, \$41.60

By mistake in distance of J. W. Young, he is entitled to an addition of 44 miles, making a balance due him of \$2.20 cents, and making his mileage 316 instead of 272 miles.

COMMISSIONERS OFFICE,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
In accordance with law I, P. A. Davis, Clerk of the Board of Commissioners of Franklin County, North Carolina, do hereby certify that the above is a true Statement for the year ending Nov. 30th, A. D., 1890, of the amount of claims per diem and mileage of the members of the Board of Commissioners of Franklin County, North Carolina, audited by the said board of Commissioners.
P. A. DAVIS, Register of Deeds
and Ex-Officio Clerk to Board

BREXEL'S COLGNE
LAXADOR
DEBULL'S COUGH SYRUP
SALVATION OIL

A Smart Boy.

A few mornings since, while waiting at the station of a large country town, I witnessed a little incident that I think will interest our readers.
The ticket agent had gone to breakfast, leaving the office in charge of a bright-looking boy of fourteen or fifteen. The boy was reading what must have been a very interesting book, judging from the reluctant manner in which he hid it aside to wait on the passengers.
Shortly after my arrival, an old lady, oddly dressed, and evidently not accustomed to traveling, came in, and after dipping her bundles and procuring her ticket, inquired civilly of the office boy: "What time is the up train due?"
"There's a time table on the wall behind you," was the surly answer. "You can read, I reckon."
Without a word the old woman put on her glasses, and after a long search gained the information he might have given her in less time than it had taken to give his ungracious answer.

"7.33, 7.33. It must be that time now, she soliloquized. "Young man would you please tell me what time it is?" she asked timidly, glancing at the boy again. "Why don't you look at the clock?" sneered the smart lad. "My business is to sell tickets, not to answer questions."
An old gentleman, very plainly dressed, who had been sitting in a corner with his hat pulled down over his eyes, looked up quickly when he heard the boy's impolite response; but he said nothing, and after the lapse of a few minutes, sauntered slowly across the room to the ticket window.

"What is your name, my boy?" he asked kindly, after nodding intelligently to the telegrapher.
"I do not know that it is any of your business; but if you have a fortune to leave, you can just name Dick Marton's kid Jack, and it will be all O. K."
"Your father ought to be proud of such a promising boy," returned the old gentleman dryly. "Is Mr. Johnson in?" he asked a little sharply.

"You can find out by making use of your eyes, I guess," said the boy, glancing around under tables and benches, apparently very much amused.
Just then another boy came in with some papers for the agent, and his smart friend said, loud enough to be heard all over the waiting room:
"Here, Fred, don't go away till Johnson comes. Attend to the tickets if any are wanted! I have been bored to death answering questions, and I want to finish this book before the boss gets round."
The new comer quickly hung up his hat and coat, and went to wait upon some ladies who were standing at the window.

A few minutes later the old gentleman asked, somewhat sharply:
"What time is the train due, Bub?"
"7.33," was the prompt answer.
"And what time is it now?" demanded the same impatient voice that had spoken before.
"It is just fifteen minutes past seven," replied the boy cheerfully.
"Ape," sneered Jack. "Why don't you bluff him off?"
"What is your name?" persisted the old man, stepping up a little closer.
"Fred Myers," responded the boy, politely.

"Is the boss in?" was the next inquiry, in a much lower tone.
"No sir. He has gone to his breakfast, but will be back in a few minutes," was the quiet answer.
"Seeing your master is not in, can't you give me cut rates to Wheeling? I'll see that you are not found out."
"My master is always in," was the boy's quick reply.

Just then Mr. Johnson, the agent, came in, and addressed the plain-looking stranger as Mr. Hayes and the boys both knew that the superintendent of the railroad had been talking to them, and before they had recovered from their confusion, they heard him say: "Mr. Knox your telegraph operator has been appointed to take charge of an office in the city, and I came to look after a suitable boy to take his place here. Remembering the information you gave me some time ago, I had made up my mind concerning whom his successor should be, but after what I have witnessed this morning, I have come to the conclusion that Dick Marton's kid Jack is entirely too smart for our business, and this boy, whose Master is always in, can be trusted to take charge of this responsible position."
Smart Jack tried to mutter an excuse for his impudence when he realized what he had lost, but the indignant superintendent coolly informed him that his roughness towards passengers could not be tolerated, and that he must seek other employment until he learned to apply the small courtesies of life.—Belle Chalmers in Our Young People.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Success Certain.

It is said that Bacon, Shakespeare and the following alphabetical list of maxims framed on his back wall:
Attend carefully to details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation nor business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating liquors.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.
Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right.
And success is certain.

Wise Words.

Not so slow, means not to rest.
A bad egg takes up as much room as a good one.
If we could know all, we could forgive more easily.
Get each man right, and the nation will be right.
It is better to fall in trying to do good than never to try.
The more money a man has the more he needs religion.
Wrong doing people are the most exacting of all people.
Heart work is something that cannot be paid for in money.
The man who loves others will try to make himself lovable.
You can tell what a man believes by finding out what he does.
No man ever hears high praise who goes into a cave to look for them.
You can't tell how much milk a cow will give by the way her bell rings.
Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the father of lies also.

HOUSTON, TEX., Oct. 9, 1890.
Messrs. Wallace O'Leary & Co.,
Agents Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer.
Gentlemen— I have been using the Microbe Killer for malarial fever and general debility, and write you to certify that I am again strong and healthy, and am satisfied the Microbe Killer is a sure remedy for those diseases.
H. E. LEWIS,
Prop. Capital Stables.
For sale by J. B. Clifton, Druggist.

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 that 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 J. B. Clifton's drug store, large bottles 80c. and \$1.
A breath may dim the fame of a great man, who neglects to show a clove arising from out between the soles of a pair—Texas Siftings.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Keokuk, Ia., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from liver and kidney troubles." John Lapsley, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best liver and kidney medicine, made up 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'll find new strength, good appetite and feel just like he had a new lease on life." Dudley A. Lottie, at J. B. Clifton's drug store.