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J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1890.

NO. 44.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

BUCKLE'S ARNICA 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.

Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is in great demand; everybody speaks well of it. The price is 25 cts.

"The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us," but if your eyes are weak and sore from catarrh, Old Bull's Catarrh Cure will relieve you.

Radam's Microbe Killer (Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen—I take pleasure in testifying to the remarkable benefit I have recently received from the use of Radam's Microbe Killer. I have been much troubled with chills and night sweats for months, and after trying a great many remedies to no avail, bought a jug of Microbe Killer and was completely cured in ten days.

Respectfully, J. J. SMITH, Frankfort, Ky., March 15, 1890.

For sale by J. B. Clifton.

"Alas, Alas!" the duke exclaims, in my slender ankle I've got pain—"Don't fret," said ma, for whom he had sent, "I have some Salvation Oil."

"My time is up," said the doctor to the patient, whom he found using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and he was correct, for his cough had been cured.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Buckle's Arnica Salve and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large liver sores on his legs, doctors said he was in trouble. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Buckle's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by J. B. Clifton, druggist.

Remarkable Rescues.

Mrs. McChae 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 doctor 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 housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at J. B. Clifton's drug store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

I cheerfully testify that after taking Microbe Killer for fifteen days I am entirely cured, after being sick two years with malarial fever, and during which time I contracted other diseases, flux, etc. I was attended during this time by three of the best doctors of the city without being benefited.

WM. DOHERTY, 10 Celeste St. New Orleans, Feb. 27, 1889.

For sale by J. B. Clifton.

Bull's Baby Syrup

Day's Horse Powder

25¢ BOTTLE SALVATION OIL

BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all other Consumption, persons. At druggists, 25 cts.

SMOKE LANGR'S CUBES ORIGINEES FOR CIGARETTES. Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

CLERIA'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of Romance and Adventure in Sunny Italy.

[Translated from the German of A. Keller.]

CHAPTER I.

I have an idea that I know a good deal about travelling. My fair reader will be good enough not to smile at this bold assertion. It is by no means easy to extract all the satisfaction and enjoyment that can possibly be derived from journeying; to guard against the innumerable vexations incident to a journey; to make the most of any and every event or occurrence in furtherance of one's pleasure and instruction; to divide one's time properly and judiciously; and more particularly still, to gather for the quiet home-life of later years a treasure of reminiscences, so rich and enduring, that one may never regret of having passed one's earlier years on the high roads, instead of devoting them to a higher and more earnest purpose in life.

Even though I do boast of having acquired the art of travelling, the reader need not for a moment suppose that I have succeeded in this without paying pretty dearly for it. I can truthfully assure her or him, that among the manifold and pleasing reminiscences, collected in many lands, I may say, in every one of the five great continents—there are not a few, whose narration might prove to be very amusing to others, but of anything but agreeable to myself.

However, when I started on a journey to Italy a few years ago, I had so completely mastered the art of travelling, that I felt highly elated at having at the very outset an opportunity afforded me of giving positive evidence of my artistic achievements.

I had chosen the route of the Mont Cenis, and set out from Geneva in the morning by the railroad, which, at that time took us to the foot of the mountain. On our arrival in Chambery, every one was told that during the night, between the stations of St. Jean de Maurienne and a small place, the name of which I do not remember, an accident had happened, which would make the road impassable for two entire days at least. We were given to understand at the same time, that the superintendent of the road, for the accommodation of the travellers, would place stage-coaches at their disposal, which in about six hours time would carry us to the terminus of our journey by rail. The fact by these coaches plainly indicated the self-sacrificing nature of the arrangement; a universal burst of indignation at the exorbitant and totally unjustifiable price thus exacted, followed the reading of the tariff, so arbitrarily established.

For a seat in the coupe twenty francs, for one in the interior fifteen, and ten francs for the like accommodation in the tondeuse. But what was to be done? I ran my eye along the line of passengers and saw at a single glance, that, even if these rates were to be doubled still, a sufficient number of persons would yet be found, who preferred to incur this unexpected expense, rather than lay over two entire days at St. Jean de Maurienne.

I knew from experience, that a stage-coach could hold twenty-two passengers at most; and considering the large number of travellers on route for the different parts of Savoy and Italy, I could scarcely conceive how the managers of the road would be able to procure a sufficient number of coaches. It was perfectly clear to my mind, however, that at the stage-office in St. Jean de Maurienne a fearful rush for seats would take place, and that in all probability many of the passengers would be obliged to remain behind—"controcoup" which would have been a lasting disgrace to an old traveller like myself!

CHAPTER II.

I walked quietly up to the telegraph office, paid sixty francs down, engaged three seats in the coupe, and as we had to wait a little over half an hour at Chambery, I had the satisfaction of receiving the answer back, that my three seats had been duly reserved for me.

Three seats for one passenger? I hear the reader ask. He must not forget that I lay claim to the title of a master in the art of travelling, and hence could not nor ought to act like an ordinary mortal. In those three seats one was to be for myself, and the two others for two passengers of my selection from among those who, as I had every reason to suppose, would be unable to procure any seats. This summary proceeding had the advantage, first, of securing a seat for myself beyond a doubt, and secondly, that of giving me a fair chance of selecting the companions, with whom I was to spend six long hours on the most tedious roads in the world.

There can be no doubt that the reader will at once admire the profound sagacity of this ingenious arrangement, and gladly have me enjoy the innocent triumph, which it was my good fortune to achieve and to relish, on our arrival at St. Jean de Maurienne a few hours later. For while all the passengers were running to the stage-bureau in breathless haste, I quietly repaired to the waiting-room, and there began to discuss the intricate charms of the hill-of-fairy.

Nothing imparts a better relish to

one's meal, than self-content. From time to time I cast a glance at the crowd outside, and feasted my eyes by looking at the indescribable throng at the office window. The hurrahs of voices that sounded like music to my ear, and I chuckled inwardly, when row and then a fellow-traveller entered the room in which I sat, loudly complaining of a coat-tail torn off, or a poor seat obtained. I do not remember whether my breakfast was really a good one, but I am very sure I relished it hugely.

This piece of egotism, which may not be the best calculated to raise me in the opinion of the reader, is unfortunately one of the detestable qualities of an accomplished traveller. I had expected so many inconveniences of a similar nature, had been laughed at so often, that I regarded this slight revenge as perfectly permissible.

After I had finished my breakfast, I sent the waiter with the receipt handed me at the telegraph office in Chambery, to the stage-bureau, and in less than ten minutes held in my hands a printed document, ratifying my absolute possession of the three seats of a coupe in one of the stage-coaches. I lighted a cigar, and entered upon the last and most agreeable part of my favorite project—that of making two persons enjoy my appearance, among the persons happily appearing among the great number of disappointed seat-hunters, who in spite of pushing and jostling had not succeeded in procuring a seat—like a "deux-ex-machina," giving away two seats, not only, but two of the very best seats, that could possibly be had for love or money.

On reaching the platform I noticed a groupe composed of three ladies, who greatly attracted my attention.

CHAPTER III.

I suppose I do not differ from most of my readers in one respect; I feel often at first sight attracted toward certain people, and repelled by others, and this first impression, in my case at all events, has rarely proved a wrong one. The three ladies just mentioned interested me the moment I saw them, one of them especially. She was an amiable old lady, ever whose features the winter of life seemed to have breathed still lightly, for her face appeared still fresh, and had evidently retained its former extraordinary beauty. Snow-white curls encircled it, enhancing the expression of its placidness, which seemed stamped upon it in ineffaceable lines.

The second lady was a beautiful young girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age, whose slender figure and regular features, of a transparent complexion, were of the most perfect order. There was surely no blemish in her beauty, to which the elasticity and rapidity of her motions and a remarkable vivacity of the eyes and features imparted an additional charm. The sight of this young girl would have called forth the admiration of any man, and most certainly did not miss its effect upon me, who had always been a devoted admirer of beauty and the fair sex!

The third one likewise was well worth a closer examination. She might have been a year or two older than her youthful companion; her exterior however bore a striking contrast to that of the younger girl. She was "petite" but of an exceptionally well-proportioned figure. All her features were regular and beautiful; large black eyes, whose dark lustre indicated a mind of great depth, gave her face that expression of silent suffering, peculiar to all Southern types. The only thing displeasing in her was a certain immobility, a fondness of countenance and lack of expression, which made her resemble a statue.

By an adroit manoeuvre I had approached to within a few paces of them and, while leaning against one of the pillars on the platform, I succeeded in overhearing a few broken sentences of their conversation.

"What harm is there after all?" said the younger girl. "The next train going to Italy leaves to-night, and we shall no doubt get three places then. Meanwhile we can take a look at the town and the surrounding country. I like to travel slowly; the impressions you receive are all the more lasting."

"So they are, Paula," replied the old lady, "but this part of Savoy is so devoid of picturesque interest, I am told, that there is scarcely anything worth seeing."

"Never mind!" said the young girl with a charming shrug of her shoulders—"that we can see strange faces at least, and that is always amusing."

"We shall have to submit at any rate!" remarked the old lady. "I should have much preferred to continue our journey without delay, for if we have to remain here to-night, we cannot possibly arrive at Geneva until very late to-morrow eve."

"And why should that trouble you, mamma?" asked Paula. "Our journey is one of pleasure; a few hours sooner or later can make but little difference."

"What say you, Cleria?" said the lady turning to the other young girl. "What do you think of our compulsory stay at St. Jean de Maurienne?" "We shall have to submit to it," was the reply made in an apparently tremulous voice.

CHAPTER IV.

The ladies conversed for some minutes longer on indifferent subjects. I began to regret secretly that the coupe had only three seats instead of four, for I had meanwhile become fully convinced, that their society would have greatly enhanced the pleasure of the journey. Involuntarily I cast a glance

at the shorter of the two girls, who had answered to the name of Cleria, and never shall I forget the sight—it might have moved a stone.

The beautiful girl stood there in the same attitude as before, her head turned slightly on one side in the direction where I stood. Her face wore the same serious expression, which had struck me at first; not a muscle had moved; she appeared utterly unconcerned and statue-like; two large tears were running down her cheeks. She seemed to be completely lost in thought; I might have sworn, that she did not know herself, she was weeping!

This expression of suppressed, almost unconscious suffering, touched me profoundly. I do not distinctly remember my feelings at that moment, but I believe I should have plunged boldly into any danger, if by so doing I could have succeeded in drying those two sweet tears and the fountain of others, which lay evidently deeply hidden in the recesses of her troubled heart.

The old lady had meanwhile turned around and noticed the girl's tears. She went up to her niece, took her hand and with an accent of loving solicitude said:

"Cleria, my child, what ails you? You are crying! Why do you weep?" The young girl quickly averted her face, shook her head vehemently, as if trying to suppress a rebellious thought and replied in a tone of voice, whose assumed quietness it was difficult to disguise:

"It is nothing, aunt—nothing! It occurred to me involuntarily to-morrow is the thirty-first of March . . . I should have so much liked to pass that day at Geneva—but I plainly see I cannot."

"What can the thirty-first of March be to you, Cleria?" asked Paula carelessly. "You seem to have a strange list of remarkable days! On the fourth we had to remain at Lausanne on your account, that being your father's birthday and a very tedious one to me besides; and to-morrow . . ."

"It is the anniversary of his death," Cleria interrupted her in a toneless voice, "and his tomb is not far from Geneva."

Paula shrugged her shoulders in a way, which appeared to me less claiming than a few minutes before, and her aunt was evidently on the point of making some remark, when a slight noise near me caused them to look around them, and seeing a stranger in such close proximity, they walked off a short distance and I lost the remainder of their conversation.

After a few seconds' reflection, I followed after them and stepping boldly up to them, politely bowing to the old lady, I said:

"I beg pardon for thus intruding upon you, madam; but I think I saw you returning from the stage-bureau with an air of great disappointment, and this gives me courage to ask a favor of you."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Two friends of mine, living here, intended to go as far as Turin with me and requested me to take their tickets with mine. I was fortunate enough to get a whole coupe and expected to find them here waiting for me. They . . . they sent me word a few minutes ago that . . . that business of an urgent nature would prevent them from starting before night, and that they wished me to defer my departure until to-morrow."

"Well, sir? What is it I can do for you?"

"I should feel greatly obliged, if you would be good enough to accept the three seats in the coupe I spoke of?"

"I do not know what the old lady might have said. I saw very plainly, however, that Miss Paula received my importunity with visible anger; but before either of the ladies had time to reply, the conductor's voice called out:

"En voiture, Messieurs et Dames!—Stage No. 1—got in!"

My seats were in this very stage—I quietly put my tickets into the old lady's hand and she took it.

"Make haste, madam," I said; "the passengers are taking their seats."

"Les passagers du coupe?" sounded the voice of the conductor.

"These ladies here!" I said, pointing them out to the conductor and stepping back.

"Be quick, ladies!" the conductor said—"we shall be off at once!"

CHAPTER V.

I am sure, the three ladies hardly knew how they got into the stage, for my polite invitations were so completely overpowered by the urgent admonitions of the conductor, that they had no time left to realize clearly what happened. Cleria alone had given me a grateful look of her beautiful eyes—a look, which, I may say, I felt rather than caught—especially as I promptly stepped back behind my pillar. On casting another glance at the stage-coach from behind my retreat, I saw that her eye was still fixed upon me; she held a half-opened travelling-bag in her lap and I noticed that she had a wreath of immortelles in her hand, such as in the South are generally placed on the graves of the dear departed ones on the anniversaries of their death. She detached one of the buds from the wreath; suddenly the stage began to move; Cleria smiled gently at me, put her hand out of the window, the flower dropped on the ground—and away rumbled the lumbering stage along the noisy pavement of the little town.

[To be continued.]

Early Religious Impressions.

It is seldom that any person who was brought up on the good old Zion hymns fails to be moved to the depths of his soul when he hears them sung from the depths of the singers' hearts, and perhaps feet moving on unholy errands linger on their way past the church door, as the melody floats out upon the air.

Sometimes a man who has wasted his and energy and talent which might have blessed mankind, on hearing one of these sweet old melodies, is carried back in imagination to the days of his childhood, and kneels with his head upon his mother's lap, while she sings that same hymn, which will never grow old, about the beautiful river. His eyes moisten as he thinks how pained she would be, were she living, to know him now. The hymn ceases, and the low benediction follows, and as the worshippers emerge, he reflects himself, and, with an impatient "Fachaw!" passes on, vexed that he should have been so moved, and muttering, "I have outgrown all that!"

An I but he has not outgrown it. It is there. It will come to his consciousness, whether he desires it or not; come in spite of all his efforts to laugh or reason it away; come, as it did to John Randolph, who, after years of atheism and worldliness and ambition, left on record, "that the only men he ever knew well and approached closely, whom he did not discover to be happy, were sincere believers of the Gospel, who colorized their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts. Often, he says, 'the religious teachings of my childhood were banished wholly by business or pleasure; but after a while they came more frequently, and stayed longer, until at last they were my first thoughts on waking and my last before going to sleep.' He added, 'I could not banish them if I would.'"

"Now and then I like to go into a church," said a young man, apologetically, to a companion who was deriding the idea. "Priestcraft! Priestcraft!" exclaimed his companion. "Tell me, what possible good can it do you?" "Well," said the young man, "sometimes, when I hear those hymns, it is like hearing the pleading voice of my mother as I left home to become the graceless fellow I am now. I cannot tell you how they move me, or how they make me wish I were better. If I ever do become better, it will be because I cannot separate them from all that seems, in my better moments, worth embodying in the word 'home.' Walter Scott said to his son-in-law, when he was on his death-bed: 'Be a good man, Lockhart, be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'"

It would be easy to cite many instances in which earth's gifted and greatest have borne similar testimony, after having tested all the world had to offer as an equivalent for 'that peace which passeth understanding.'

Not Able to Walk.

I was confined to my bed for six months with rheumatism, not able to walk a step. All of the remedies usually prescribed for this disease having been employed to no effect, I commenced taking S. S. S. I have now taken 11 bottles of this excellent remedy and am on my feet, attending to all my house work as of yore. I feel that I cannot sufficiently express my thanks for the benefit I have received from the use of this medicine.

Mrs. M. A. WOODARD, Webb City, Mo.

HE PRESCRIBES IT.

I have used S. S. S. for blood-diseases for several years, and find it is all it is recommended to be. I heartily recommend it to any one needing a blood purifier.

O. B. TROUTMAN, Drug Clerk, Oakland City, Ind.

Treatise on Elood and skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Truthful Woman.

"I am a believer in the truth of women," remarked the man who was the first to empty his glass and last to treat.

"So are we all, we hope," echoed the others.

"But not in the extent I am," he insisted. "I have now been married ten years, and every night when I go home she is sure to say, 'Ah! drunk as usual.'"

"Well, what has that got to do with it?"

"Only this: I have never caught her in a lie yet."—Philadelphia Times.

WHY HE SWORE.

Mr. Billus Rashly Handles Co-nundrums With his Wife.

Loud blew the night winds. Monotonously rasped the early autumn katydid. And yearningly yowled the abandoned and shameless cat on the roof of the coal shed. "Maris," observed Mr. Billus, as he leaned back in his easy chair and looked contemptuously at his wife, "your nose reminds me of an interesting novel, my dear."

"Why so, John," she inquired. "Because it is red to the very end."

Hoarsely murmured the night winds, perseveringly scraped the katydid and wilder grew the wail of the melancholy cat on the coal shed.

Mrs. Billus sat in silence, listening to the weird voices of the night, her hands folded in sublime contentment and her eyes wandering from her husband's countenance to the shadow of his profile moving up and down on the wall as the flame in the cosy grate opposite fitfully rose and fell.

"John," she said at last, "the color of your nose reminds me somehow of the government of Louisiana."

"In what respect, Maria," "Because," she answered, softly, "it takes a lot o' rye to keep it up."

Mr. Billus thoughtfully rubbed his nose and listened awhile in pensive silence to the mournful night winds, the voice of the insistent katydid, and the despairing yowl of the ostracized cat in the back yard.

"And that reminds me, Maria," he said, reaching out for another chair to rest his feet on, "that if I hadn't married you, my dear, you would probably have been for the rest of your life like a lottery ticket after the drawing."

"Why?" "Because you would have been all torn up, my dear."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, John," said Mrs. Billus, sweetly. "I drew a blank anyhow."

"You did, my love," said Mr. Billus, his voice trembling with tenderness, "a blank fool."

"And it would have been better for me, perhaps," she went on, plaintively, "if I had been like a newspaper with lottery advertisements in it."

"Why so, madam?" "Because," replied Mrs. Billus, looking placidly into the fire, "then I should have been excluded from the males."

Mr. Billus got up and went out, and as Mrs. Billus sat looking dreamily at the dancing flames and listening to the sobbing night winds and the guttural refrain of the katydid she could distinctly hear Mr. Billus swearing and throwing stones at the cat.—Chicago Tribune.

Tobacco Unlucky.

It is somewhat remarkable the rapidity with which the culture of tobacco has spread throughout a number of the eastern counties of this State when we remember that until within the past few years the eastern farmer knew practically nothing about the culture and the treatment of the weed. The success they have met with not only establishes the industry as a permanent one in those counties, but will cause it to be extended into other counties where it has not yet been ventured upon. The results in the way of profit as attained by many of the planters in Wilson, Nash and some others, are far ahead of anything realized in the famed Piedmont belt, the prices realized per acre in many cases being much larger, and we think on the average larger. We rejoice at this, for with cotton and tobacco combined, the outlook for the eastern farmer promises well.—Wilmington Star.

Bananas, apples, oranges, melons, always fresh, at Kay & Blaccon's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Notice.

I hereby warn any one from hiring or harboring Norfolk, Glasgow and Lewis Parker, colored, both of whom I have contracted with for the year 1890. They have left my employ without any cause whatever.

REDDING NIGHT.

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, chattels, &c., belonging to different ones, 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.

I. 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 typhoid fever to the simplest disease known to the human system. This scientific men of to-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 Malarial Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

Admits, Constipation, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Child and Peder, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every Disease known to the Human System.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.

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

Dr. J. B. CLIFTON, Druggist, Agt.

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H. S. FURMAN, Agent,

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