

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 45.

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

Royal Baking Powder

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A company has purchased five hundred acres of land across the river from Petersburg, Va., and will establish a town.

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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 pain required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. E. Clifton.

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 have 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.

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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. The scientific men of today claim and prove that every disease is

CAUSED BY MICROBES,

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Exterminates 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 a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

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CLELIA'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of Romance and Adventure in Sunny Italy.

(Translated from the German of A. Kell.)

That the tower was intended for me, there could be no doubt. The young girl had evidently guessed that I had overheard their conversation; and that was to be a token of her gratitude for having procured her the sweet consolation of offering up a prayer on her father's grave the next day.

The last of the batch of stages had left the station at St. Jean de Mauricane, and I was still standing behind my pillar lost in meditations of a varied nature.

I shall spare the reader the dreary narrative of the five long hours, which I spent at St. Jean. I think never passed more tedious ones in all my life. The only diversion in which I indulged at times, was to pull out my pocket-book, in order to make sure that I had secured the immortal safely enough to render its loss an utter impossibility.

Towards evening, shortly before the departure of the second batch of stages, which had meanwhile been procured, I found myself once more on the platform. Unfortunately I had been much belated by my reveries, and it was not without extreme difficulty that I could finally secure the last remaining seat—in the "imperiale" on top!

Was I very wrong, reader, when I said at the beginning of my story, that I am an experienced traveller, a master in the art of journeying? You see the fruits of my wisdom. On a chilly night, lightly attired, I was to pass from six to eight hours on the top of a stage, seated between a cattle-dealer of Anney and a tavern-keeper of Montemilano—a post of honor, which cost me seventy francs (not to mention the telegram from Chambery); for the ladies—owing to the unforeseen hurry, no doubt—had entirely forgotten to refund me the fare of the three seats in the coupe!

It is a capital thing to have as thorough an experience in matters of travelling as I have; to be able to forestall certain possible, but probable accidents; to think of schemes when nobody else does, in order to secure in advance the best of seats and the privilege of choosing your travelling companions!

Very true; but I had in my pocket-book a flower from the wreath, which a loving daughter, amid fervent prayers and hot tears, was to place on her father's grave the next day.

I had not been in Turin for several years and found it greatly changed. To be sure, the city had since been made the capital of a great kingdom and, doubtless, thoughts of remaining such for a long time to come. After having rested the whole of the first day from my mid-air ride, I seriously thought myself of the affairs, which had called me to Italy at that time.

sole and chief guardian of discipline in the army, and all and every interference.

"Well, well, my friend," said the Duke, with a smile, "you may settle that with his Majesty. The affair, in fact, is satisfactorily arranged, and your son remains one of the ornaments of our young army as heretofore. My mission as a mediator however is not fully accomplished yet; it is left for me to obtain your forgiveness for your son also."

"My forgiveness, Your Highness? I do not quite understand—I am no longer in the service and military offences."

"Nor is the Colonel, but the father, that I desire to entreat, to pardon the Major. To make matters short, Baron—your son is married!"

"Married?" stammered the Baron, while the veins on his forehead began to throb.

"My Highness is pleased to see?"

"Not in the least—he has been secretly married to the Countess Perotti these four years."

The Baron turned deadly pale.

"To Countess Perotti?" he muttered—"to the daughter of that scoundrel?"

The Prince's brow began to contract.

"Colonel," he said, "do not forget that we are not living in the middle ages and that we are Christians. The crimes of Count Perotti have nothing to do with his children. Baroness Ginozzi, your daughter-in-law, is a most amiable woman—I pledge you my friendly word on it."

The Baron had meanwhile collected himself. He bowed stiffly and said quietly:

"I took the liberty of remarking to your Royal Highness a little while ago, that I should have no interference with the duties of the Minister of War by persons higher than he; still less can I tolerate it in matters relating to my own family."

The Prince bowed and left the royal palace. On arriving at his own, he immediately sent for his son, Camillo, who was on the point of relieving the guard at the royal palace, when his father's message reached him, entered the latter's room in his full uniform; on his breast glittered the cross of the order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus by the side of the gold medal for military bravery, which the kings of Sardinia award on the field of battle alone.

The particulars of the scene which took place between them, have never transpired; all that was known was, that the son, who had just returned to separate from his wife and child, had been struck by his father!

When the Major left his father's room, he was pale as death.

In the ante-room he tore the epaulettes from his shoulders, the decorations from his breast, unsheathed his sword and broke it with his foot.

On the same day he wrote to the King:

"The highly honorable uniform of the army of Piedmont, which I wear, has been inscribed. A man—it is my father, Sir—has inflicted upon an officer of Your Majesty the most disgraceful insult one man can inflict upon another. As his son I have to submit to this undeserved castigation, of which God alone must be the judge between us. But since I am unable to demand that satisfaction, which it becomes an officer to exact, I humbly request Your Majesty to have my name stricken from the army-list, and to take back the decorations, which in favor of my Sovereign has been pleased to bestow upon me."

And the Major, in spite of the urgent entreaties and persuasions of the Duke of Genoa, remained firm in his resolve and never again donned a uniform. When he finally received his discharge, he retired with his wife and child to a small estate near Ponte Decimo, and for several years past had not been seen by anybody. His father's house he had never entered since.

The events had occurred about four years previous to the time, when, as I mentioned before, I arrived at Turin and was most hospitably received by the Baron. I had of course not even the slightest idea of the domestic drama, which had so cruelly and forever separated father and son. I saw in the Baron neither more nor less than a truly old man, who managed his household on a strict military footing, but was not devoid of some excellent qualities, as, for instance, that of having received the son of his old friend with a truly touching cordiality. It was only later that I learned the full history of the domestic discord and misery of the Ginozzi family in the circles into which I was introduced, and where I made many acquaintances and friends among the young men of my age.

him, for I could never forgive him for not using the influence he had attained over the old Baron, in bringing about a reconciliation between father and son, or at any rate for not having made the attempt even.

I could soon see, that the feeling which prompted me to keep aloof from him, had not escaped his scrutiny, and from that moment the behavior of the old Baron toward me experienced a change; so great a change in fact, that a few months later I felt compelled to leave his house, in order to avoid more serious consequences. The Colonel actually assuming a line of conduct, which indicated his desire to treat me as a child of his own. One morning, shortly before my departure from Turin, I met the Cavaliere at the cafe St. Carlo; he came directly toward me and held out his hand.

"I am indeed very sorry not to see you at the Baron's any more," he said. "But allow me to say, you are altogether too sensitive—why can't you let the old fool rant as he pleases? That he is slightly out of his mind, you might have seen long before this."

I turned my back upon him without making him any reply; a man who thus publicly could sneer at his benefactor, did not deserve to be spoken to.

CHAPTER VIII.

After my departure from Turin, I stopped some time at Genoa, in fact I spent there a whole year, which I count among the happiest of my life. I have a decided preference for cities or places that cannot be compared to any others, and those of my readers, who have lived at Genoa, will agree with me that nothing on earth equals the old town of the Mediterranean and her charming environs, and Genoa!

I lived in the little village of Pegli, where the Marquis of Palavicini had tried to imitate the wonders of the gardens of Armida, of which Tasso sings. I went but rarely to the city, devoting much of my time to the study of painting, the Marquis having been kind enough, to place one of the

One evening—it was nearly an entire year after my departure from Turin—the opera at the Carlo Felice theatre was out so late, that on arriving at the quay, in order to find a boat to take me home to my country-seat, all the boats had left, and not wishing to go in a canoe, which would take me nearly two hours, I resolved to remain over night at Genoa. It being too early yet to retire, I sauntered down to the Via Dalmi, and when I began to feel tired from my walk, I entered the Cafe della Concordia.

At that time this cafe was by no means the handsomest, surely one of the finest in Europe. Nowhere could a guest be more comfortable, than in those splendid saloons, whose frescoed paintings and mosaics had cost hundreds of thousands and would do honor to a count's mansion. I could not find a more delightful retreat to be found, than in those gardens, in which, with untold labor, at a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet from the ground, a grove of orange and lemon-trees had been improvised, in whose shade a murmuring fountain kept the air fresh and cool even at mid-day.

I took a seat in the mosaic-saloon, generally empty at this hour, and called for a sherbet, reading a German paper the while. In one corner of the room sat a man, also reading; in another a group of officers, talking merrily. A quarter of an hour might have elapsed, when the noise of two persons entering, disturbed my reading. I looked up from my paper, but dropped my head again instantly—Cavaliere Salvini and another gentleman with whom we were just seating ourselves at a table near me.

I tried to go on with my reading, but I did not succeed. The immediate proximity of this man excited me greatly, and I was on the point of rising to leave the room, when a few sentences of their conversation which I could not but overhear, induced me to remain where I was.

"Then your mother is also going to Turin to live there?" enquired the Cavaliere's companion.

"In a couple of months probably," was the reply.

"Is she to stay at the Colonel's with you?"

"No, that would not do. She will have rooms at the house in the street Dora grassa, which I own."

"You have bought a house? Man, you are jesting?"

"Not at all, my friend! During the past few years I have made my way a good deal quicker than I could have done at the dusty office of the Ministry."

"I plainly see, that the Colonel is a man of business."

"The Colonel has but one objectionable quality, as far as I am concerned."

"Which is?"

"He has an exuberance of health! Per Bacco, that man is good for another twenty years! I'll be hanged, my inheritance is scarcely worth being his obedient servant all my life long! Considering which, I have begun in good season to take something on account, and if he annoys me much longer, I shall give the simple old fool the slip and go."

"Is he really as crazed as people say he is?"

"Nonsense—he is not crazed at all! He is simply a 'briccone.'"

[To be continued.]

A Practical Suggestion.

She (laughter of wealthy man)—I don't want the people in this hotel to think we are newly married.

He (a poor clerk)—Don't you? Then you pay the bill.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Political Puzzle in Kansas.

QUIBBLES ON WHICH HANG THE HOPES OF SENATOR INGALLS FOR RE-ELECTION.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 28, 1890.—An interesting complication has arisen in connection with the election of United States Senator to succeed Senator Ingalls, and if the plan of action proposed by the republicans is successfully carried out it would seem that the Senator may succeed himself. An application has been made to the Supreme Court to compel the State Board of Canvassers to give certificates of election to nineteen delegates, who were elected under the provision of the constitution which says that each county which has 250 voters is entitled to a representative. The constitution at the same time limits the number of members to 125, so that in order that the nineteen delegates from the sparsely settled counties it would be necessary to drop an equal number of members elect from all the more populous counties. If the court issues the mandamus and the nineteen delegates are seated they will vote for Ingalls, as they are so pledged, which would give him 83 votes on joint ballot, the number to elect.

If they are not seated and Senator Ingalls is defeated the plan of the republicans is to contest the election of his successful opponent in the United States Senate or the ground that the delegates were entitled to their seats and that their votes would have elected him. If they are seated and an equal number of members elect are not dropped the House will number 143 members, or eighteen more than the constitution provides for, and a contest will be instituted in the Senate because the Legislature will be an unconstitutional body.

—N. Y. Herald.

Potato Blight and Its Remedy.

The year 1890 has been one of the worst ever known for the Irish potato crop. Everywhere the late crop has been damaged from one-third to four-fifths of a normal yield.

Potato blight is caused by a fungus, Phytophthora infestans. This fungus is propagated by spores produced by the previous crop which remain dormant in the ground during the winter and attack the young vines in the spring. The fungus is also propagated by seed potatoes which contain portions of the mycelium, or growing parts of the fungus.

Potato growers should avoid planting too successive crops on the same land and thus starve out the spores in the soil. This fungus does not attack any other crop. Seed potatoes should be carefully examined and the diseased ones rejected. Spraying the growing vines must also be attended to. The best remedy to use is the Bunsil Copper-soda Mixture, made as follows:

In a wooden or earthenware vessel dissolve 44 pounds copper sulphate (blue stone) in 20 gallons of clean, soft water. In another vessel add 64 pounds carbonate of soda (washing soda) in 6 gallons of water. Stir the soda into the copper solution and use as soon as possible. Apply to the vines by means of the Gallopway Knapsack Sprayer. For small plots the liquid may be splashed on the vines with an old broom or wisp of twigs, or put on with a sprinkling pot. Use about 60 gallons of liquid per acre and apply twice—first when the vines are in full bloom and again after two weeks. If the weather is wet a third application two weeks after the second may be necessary. This liquid costs less than one cent per gallon.—Gerald McCarthy, N. C. Experiment Station.

FROM ST. JOHNS HOSPITAL.

A young girl here had been suffering for 12 years with Blood Diseases until she had lost the use of her limbs, and was subject to many troubles incident to the disease. The physicians declared her case incurable, and predicted that her life would come to a speedy end. After taking S. S. S. she recuperated so fast that it was plain that she had obtained a new lease on life, and she has continued to grow better until her permanent cure is assured. Many other patients in our hospital have obtained signal benefit from S. S. S., and it has become quite a favorite in our house.

The St. Joseph Hospital, Highland, Ill.

Cured Herself and Her Child. S. S. S. has relieved me of a terrible scrofula, from which I had suffered for years. It affected my nose first as catarrh, then carried off the bone, and continued to eat until it destroyed the soft bone in the right side of the nose, then went to my throat, and later on to my lungs, and it looked as if I was doomed. S. S. S. has cured me, and has also cured my little daughter of the same disease.

Mrs. N. Ritchey, Mackey, Ind.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 8, '90. Radam's Microbe Killer Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen—My wife has been suffering for several years with an ovarian tumor; has been treated by our best physicians and has been tapped twice. In July last the doctors said they would have to use heroic measures and perform an operation which was very dangerous. Having heard of the Microbe Killer we would not consent to the operation until we had given it a trial. I procured a jar at once and after two days my wife began to improve and she has improved very rapidly ever since. She has been reduced in size nearly three inches, seems strong and well, and is able to do her own work. It is a good thing she has not done for five years. We consider it a most wonderful medicine and believe it will do all you claim for it.

Respectfully, H. P. POLK.

For sale by J. B. Clifton, Sole Agent. Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

ST. EDWIN ARNOLD

contributor to the December number the first of a series of four articles upon Japan, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

HENRY M. STANLEY

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Faunas of the great African forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent African Expedition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

THE WRECKER

a serial novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd (whose will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hild. A two-part story by Frank H. Stockton will also appear.

PROF. JAMES BYRNE, M. F., author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of four articles upon India, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

will be the subject of an important series of articles upon the lines of the successful railroad articles. "Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Devices," and "Management," are some of the subjects to be dealt upon and illustrated.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD

is the title of a novel collection of a series of articles which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur R. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly, London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once, \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number.

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