

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIX.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

LOUISBURG, N. C., DECEMBER 19, 1890.

NO. 47.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Italy has at last recognized the government of the United States of Brazil.

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. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, it will place in the hands of every man, woman and child, a remedy for all the ailments of the stomach, the liver and the bowels, and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at J. B. Clifton's drug store.

Go where you will, you will find people going to the Cough Syrup, and unani- mously in its praise. I suffered most severely from rheumatism during winter. After using Salvation Oil two days the pain entirely subsided, and now I am a well man.

The Mexicans object to the employment on their railroads of Americans as conductors. They say that Americans are rude, and moreover, they do not speak Spanish well.

RUKLINS' ANTI-CALVE

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.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success!

The famous Radam's Microbe Killer is the most wonderful medicine because it has never failed in any case, no matter what the disease, from the most common to the most singular. It is the simplest and most effective remedy known to the human system. It is the scientific means of today 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 can not have the disease 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.

Adema, Convulsions, 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.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.

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

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

LOUISBURG, N. C.

H. S. FURMAN, Agent

FRANKLINTON, N. C.

Dec. 10, 1890.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I desire to inform my friends and the public generally that I have opened a first class stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

In Louisburg, where I shall be glad to have you call when in town.

My place of business is on Main street, opposite the post-office. To

say that I will please you only half expresses it, as it has always

been my rule to never allow any one to go away without believing

that he or she had received their full money's worth. My stock will

consist mainly in

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, SHOES, GROCERIES, &c.

All of which will be sold at bottom prices. Give me a call.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. H. COOPER.

CLELIA'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of Romance and Adventure in Sunny Italy.

[Translated from the German of A. Kett.]

Camillo came nearer and nearer—they were but a few paces apart. The blood seemed to curdle in my veins. I think I should have been much calmer, had I been in Salviati's place; every second at all events seemed an eternity. Now he stood close to him—one slight pressure, one motion of his finger and a scoundrel—no, a human being—would have been in the presence of his maker! All at once—I shall never forget the sight—Camillo dropped his pistol, took it into his left hand and held it out to his right to the Cavalieri.

"Will you forgive me, Carlo, for having insulted you yesterday?" he said. "Come give me your hand. That I may pardon you for having killed me! Be a son to my poor forsaken father, Salviati! Never leave him—do you hear me? Think of God and the last judgment, Carlo. Your hand—quick, give me your hand—Jesus Maria! Take my soul to—Thee, O Lord!"

CHAPTER XII.

We rushed forward all of us; I caught the Major in my arms. The doctor bent over him; a deadly suspicion of a few moments followed, and—"Nun da fate! There is nothing more to be done—he is dead!" were the words of the medical man.

A cry of anguish fell from our lips—I came near fainting.

Notwithstanding we stood around Camillo's body, which we had carried to the shade of a tree. The doctor had examined it a second time and could only confirm the sad and terrible certainty.

"It seems almost incredible," he said, "that any man, wounded as he was, could have walked ten paces and uttered forty or more words! A physician seeing the wound would be utterly amazed. All science seems to be upstaged here; the wound must have been fatal on the spot. It is my firm conviction that the Major was dead even while he walked, and attended! Such an energy and force of will is unheard of, gentlemen. We have seen it; but nobody, I assure you, would believe us—no expert at any rate!"

My head was in a whirl. I began to understand the meaning of Salviati's diabolical smile. He alone had noticed, that the blood flowed in a perfect stream from Camillo's breast, and he would probably have had foreseen, that he would be unable to walk up close to him, or if he did, that his hand would tremble at the last; and that even if he should be killed, his own revenge would have been accomplished beyond a doubt.

My whole frame fairly shook at the sight of the man, who stood not far from us, slowly, yet carelessly as if nothing had happened, picking the leaves off an olive-branch he had broken off from the tree, against which he leaned.

"Signor Cavalieri" he addressed him in a solemn tone of voice, "Major Camillo Ginozzi, your cousin, has been killed by your hand. Are you still prepared to give instructions for the second duel?"

"I am extremely sorry," was Salviati's reply, "for having fired with such deadly aim; but a duel is a duel, and they, who provoke it, ought to think of the consequences before it is too late. I am obliged to leave this very day, and see no reason why this other affair should not be settled at once. At all events I am unwilling to postpone the second duel, unless this German gives me full and complete satisfaction by asking my pardon, if the sight of what has just happened have affected him too much."

The Prince brought back his answer. I went up to the spot where lay the sword and seized the first one in my reach.

"I beseech you," I said to the Prince, "to hasten the necessary preparations as much as possible. I am so terribly excited, that I fear I might repeat the scene of last night."

"For Heaven's sake be calm," said Palla Cassotti. "If he fences as well as he shoots."

"Quick, quick!" I interrupted him, brandishing my sword in the air, "I cannot be kept waiting much longer."

Accidentally looking up, I met the Cavalieri's eyes watching me. I had to make a great effort upon myself, not to rush upon him then and there. That diabolical grin, which I had noticed upon Salviati's face when Camillo was advancing upon him, was once more upon his lips, when he observed how impatiently I beat the air with my sword.

It was indeed fortunate, that the seconds were just finishing their preparations. I hardly knew what otherwise might have happened; for when I faced my enemy at last, sword in hand, I experienced the same sensation which, since then, I have had frequent occasion to observe in similar extraordinary cases; namely a strangely excited state of the nervous system immediately before and after the danger, and a complete tranquillity and presence of mind while trying to avoid or to overcome it.

When my blade crossed that of the Cavalieri, I calmed down at an instant, as if by magic; so much so in fact, that I realized during the first two or three passages, that I was in imminent danger, and that I required

all my courage and dexterity, if I did not want to share the Major's fate before many more minutes.

CHAPTER XIII.

The reader is probably aware that there are two systems of fencing both of which have their zealous adherents and defenders and are equally good in their way; both leading to the same sad result, when in practice pitted one against the other. I am referring to the two schools, the Neapolitan and the French so called; the former showing its peculiar merits chiefly in the modes of attack; the latter, from more modern principles, confining its special art to the defense, in which respect it has made such rapid strides toward perfection during the last twenty years, that duels among its champions rarely result fatally. When, however, the two systems are practically applied on one and the same occasion, it is a rare case for the encounter to result in other than the most serious consequences, and at placing myself "on guard," I, as well as all present, saw at once, that we were disciples of both these systems. Salviati guarded himself in the Neapolitan style with arm outstretched; I, on the French system, with arm bent.

I am unable to give the reader all the details of the duel; the technical description of Salviati's attacks, and my happy parades, moreover could interest him but little. All I can say is, that although my fencing-masters, both in Germany and in France, had pronounced me a very able fencer, I had found my match in Salviati. His attacks were bold and adroit; he tried to disturb my attention in every possible way for some time, and when he found that he did not succeed in this, he endeavored to intimidate me by pressing me hard and uttering savage exclamations and curses.

I reiterate, that I was perfectly calm. My German phlegm stood me in good service; do what he would, I remained strong on the defensive and fully executed my strength, which he by his bold or if he did, that his hand would tremble at the last; and that even if he should be killed, his own revenge would have been accomplished beyond a doubt.

My whole frame fairly shook at the sight of the man, who stood not far from us, slowly, yet carelessly as if nothing had happened, picking the leaves off an olive-branch he had broken off from the tree, against which he leaned.

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When my blade crossed that of the Cavalieri, I calmed down at an instant, as if by magic; so much so in fact, that I realized during the first two or three passages, that I was in imminent danger, and that I required

remembered everything—Camillo, Salviati, Prince Cibo; but who was the man in the dressing-gown, sleeping there beside me?

The effort of trying to collect my thoughts seemed to have exhausted my strength. I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was night, for a lighted lamp with a green screen stood on the open leaf of a writing-desk, glanced at the arm-chair in front of my bed—it was vacant. I looked for the man in the dressing-gown and my dim vision espied him at last, sitting at the desk, writing. The profile of his face seemed familiar to me, but I was unable to give a name to the person I faintly recognized and remembered to have seen before. The writer suddenly turned his face in my direction; a strange emotion came over me! If the faint light of the lamp did not deceive me, that man resembled the one dearest to me on earth.

He raised the screen a little and looked at me. I saw his face and called aloud: "Father—father!"

He jumped from his chair, ran towards me and put his arms around my neck.

"Heaven be thanked!" I heard the dear familiar voice say—"Heaven be thanked! Reason is returning at last!"

I wanted to speak, to ask him questions, but he put my hand back upon the pillow, and begged and implored me to remain silent. With my hand in his, I again fell asleep.

On awakening I felt much stronger than before; and when I became fully conscious, that it was not a dream which had deceived me, that, on the contrary, it was actually my father who sat by my side, looking at me with an indescribable expression of heart-felt joy and satisfaction—the reader will readily conceive, with what eagerness I asked him question upon question.

He told me, that I had been taken to my hotel immediately after the duel, where the celebrated surgeon, Professor Lavetti, examined my wound and pronounced it not fatal, the cavalieri's sword having glanced off from one of the ribs, thus diminishing the force of the blow, and preventing the more vital parts from being injured. The wound, however, he feared, would be a protracted one and my ultimate recovery required more than ordinary care. My father also told me, that Prince Cibo had found in my coat pocket the letter I had written to my father, thus learning the latter's address, whom he had at once informed of my mishap, and who had started for Genoa on the evening of the same day, on which he received the two letters.

"How long have I been lying here then?" I asked greatly astonished.

"The duel must have taken place only yesterday."

"Poor boy!" replied he, "it is just a fortnight to-day. I came here eight days ago."

CHAPTER XV.

I shall not tell my readers by a description of the slow stages of my recovery. It was indeed a long and tedious one, and I owe it to the unremitting care, such as only a loving parent can bestow upon his only child, that I could consider myself sufficiently cured at the end of two months.

Prince Cibo and Marchese Palla Cassotti had called only once, their regiment having been ordered to the Crimea. They told me, that Camillo's wife had come to Genoa herself, in order to see the body of her husband to Ponte Decimo. They had hardly more than seen her and, as might be supposed, found her utterly prostrated under the affliction. Salviati, they informed me, had left and nothing had been heard of him since. They would no doubt have told me more, but they were on the point of embarking with their troops and could not spare me more than a quarter of an hour.

We bade farewell to each other and my father thanked them for their generous kindness and attention to me.

When I was sufficiently strong to hand-his all fears of a relapse, Italy began to burn under my father's feet, and it was the happiest day of his journey, when we finally took passage for Marseille. Still happier was he, when he led the son, whom he had just saved from death, into the home in our native city and into the sitting-room which looked more cozy and pleasant than ever; in which the spirit of my dear mother seemed to linger, while the genial smile of her face shone on the wall, as if to thank her faithful husband for having safely brought their sick child back from foreign lands! Years had gone by and I but just returned from a long journey, on which I had started one day, when the deserted home had become unrecognizable to me, after whose fond affection was the only charm that bound me, had followed my mother into the better land above.

[To be continued.]

There is no bed carrying in Japan, writes a correspondent from Tokio. The natives have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to an onlooker.

Three men were repairing the roof of a one-story building the other day by resetting the heavy black tiles in mortar. The mortar was mixed in a pile on the street. One man made his up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tossed up to a man who stood on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly caught the ball, and tossed it up to the man who stood on the roof. This was playing ball to good purpose.

A STATEMENT.

ACCORDING TO LAW OF THE AMOUNT OF EACH ACCOUNT CLAIMED AND ALLOWED BY THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, AND TO WHOM ALLOWED, BEGINNING OF THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1890, AND ENDING ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1890.

[CONTINUED]			
Witness fees November term 1889			
W H Rowland	45		
W J Southland	65		
Robin Massenburg	1.00		
J B Perry	4.50		
E L Perry	4.50		
Alfred Mingo	4.50		
Dr M L Hicks	4.10		
Beadie Rayborn	1.47		
Geo Pearce	3.40		
Ednah Baker	3.80		
A C Poyett	3.80		
W T Dean	1.47		
Willie Payne	3.80		
C H Stallings	1.80		
J H Dean	2.50		
E M Upchurch	3.40		
John Sykes	3.40		
A C Poyett	3.40		
L A Alford	1.40		
Haywood Johnson	1.55		
C H Brown	2.00		
J O Galt	3.80		
Douglas Cooke	3.80		
M Woodfill	3.80		
Spencer Kempton	1.80		
Sam Perry	2.80		
Peter Davis	1.80		
Elizabeth Phelps	1.80		
Mrs Maggie Hayes	1.00		
Willie Mitchell	1.00		
Mrs Lucy Leonard	1.00		
Mrs E Dorsey	1.00		
Britton Medlin and wife	2.00		
Mrs Tony Harris	1.00		
Elizabeth Bolton	5.00		
A. S. Hamlet	1.50		
Mrs E Guppon	3.00		
J O Galt	1.00		
Wm Patterson	1.00		
Matilda Edwards	1.00		
Geo Southernland	1.00		
Martin Dunston	1.00		
Sarah Hayes	1.50		
Ella Dickerson	1.00		
Wm H Tharrington	1.00		
Mrs Rosa Davis and dr.	2.00		
Nancy Bell	2.00		
John Catlett	1.00		
Mrs M S Vaughan	1.00		
Heber Rogers	1.00		
Nick Goewick	3.00		
Ursula Upchurch	1.00		
Folly Harper	1.00		
Josiah Nunn and wife	2.00		
Lizzie Strickland	1.00		
Cancelled			
Turkey Medlin	Support Prindle Young	3.00	
V. H. Perry and wife	Outside pauper	2.50	
Chas. Harris		3.75	
Joseph Terrell		1.00	
Ben Perry		1.00	
Wm Ethridge		1.50	
Miss Ellen Alley		1.00	
Arthur Sandling		1.00	
Mrs Geneva Frankner		1.00	
Amy R Alford		1.00	
Barbara Henley		1.00	
Handerson Harris		3.00	
Isabella Williams		1.50	
Kitty Spivey		1.00	
Mary Alley		1.00	
Henry Wilder		1.00	
Susan Wilder		2.00	
Bachus Davis and wife		3.00	
Joseph Bridges & daughter		1.00	
Alfred Dunston		1.00	
James Evans		1.00	
197 Jan. 6, '90	Building bridge over Sycamore Creek	148.75	
W B Dossell	One day committee on Sycamore bridge	2.00	
W B Dossell	Amount of account	6.00	
J A Davis	books, advertising, &c.	51.60	
J A Thomas	Amount of account for blankets, &c.	23.57	
Cresshaw, Hicks & Allen	Board of prisoners, &c.	38.75	
A D Williams, Jr.	Conveying Medusa Alston to jail	3.00	
Nathan May	Making gate for stock law fence	2.25	
Mrs F W Pinnell	Making clothes for paupers	2.25	
Mrs F W Pinnell	Ant of sect for board of paupers	181.25	
Mrs F W Pinnell	Extra services at Poor House since her husband's death	10.00	
E J Blackley	Coroner's witness and jurors fees in case of Bunch Jones	31.45	
W G Winn	Conveying Walter Alston and Eliza Harper to jail	5.00	
W H Mast & Branch	Ant of acct for timber and work on bridge	7.07	
Dr E S Foster	Services as Supt of Health for six months ending Dec. 31st 1889	2.50	
W K Phillips	2 days letting and receiving bridge near W. K.	125.00	
Samuel Green	Putting up bill boards at the Court House door	2.50	
Elizabeth Phelps	One month outside pauper	1.00	
Mrs Maggie Hayes	do do do	1.50	
Willie Mitchell	do do do	1.00	
Mrs Lucy Leonard	do do do	1.00	
Mrs E Dorsey	do do do	2.00	
Britton Medlin and wife	do do do	1.00	
Mrs Tony Harris	do do do	5.00	
Elizabeth Bolton	do do do	1.00	
Napoleon May	do do do	3.00	
A S Hamlet	do do do	1.00	
Mrs E Guppon	do do do	1.00	
Wm Patterson	do do do	1.00	
Matilda Edwards	do do do	1.00	
Geo Southernland	do do do	1.00	
Martha Dunston	do do do	1.00	
Sarah Hayes	do do do	1.00	
Ella Dickerson	do do do	1.00	
Wm H Tharrington	do do do	2.00	
Mrs Rosa Davis and dr	do do do	2.00	
Nancy Bell	do do do	3.00	
John Catlett	do do do	1.00	
Mrs M S Vaughan	do do do	1.00	
Heber Rogers	do do do	3.00	
Nick Goewick	do do do	1.00	
Ursula Upchurch	do do do	1.00	
Folly Harper	do do do	1.00	
Josiah Nunn and wife	do do do	2.00	
Lizzie Strickland	do do do	1.00	
Cancelled			
Turkey Medlin	do	Support Prindle Young	3.00
V. H. Perry and wife	do	Outside pauper	2.50
Chas. Harris	do		3.75
Joseph Terrell	do		1.00
Ben Perry	do		1.00
Wm Ethridge	do		1.50
Miss Ellen Alley	do		1.00
Arthur Sandling	do		1.00
Mrs Geneva Frankner	do		1.00
Amy R Alford	do		1.00
Barbara Henley	do		1.00
Handerson Harris	do		3.00
Kitty Spivey	do		1.00
Isabella Williams	do		1.50
Mary Alley	do		1.00
Henry Wilder	do		1.00
Susan Wilder	do		2.00
Bachus Davis and wife	do		3.00
Joseph Bridges & dr.	do		1.00
Alfred Dunston	do		1.00
James Evans	do		1.00
Berry Weaver	do		1.00
William Toney and wife	do		2.00
Feb. 8.	W. H. May	Building bridge across Red Bud Creek	63.00
J. O. Galt	Keeping rats from Ferrill's bridge one quarter	2.50	
E. J. Blackley	Ant of acct for repairing clothes for paupers	1.50	
J. D. Tharrington	Repairing stock law fence	49.25	
R. W. Duke	Conveying Daniel Alston to jail	3.00	
E. S. Foster	one day committee on inventory at Poor House	2.50	
J. A. Thomas	Publishing annual statement, notices, &c., to merchants and books for Register of Deeds	182.88	
Wm J. King, O. C.	Ant of acct for January Court	74.25	
E. M. Fisher	Ant of acct for repairing clothes for paupers	1.50	
Rylin Branch	Keeping water gates in repair for 12 months	3.00	
R. M. Fuller	one month board of paupers	57.00	
R. M. Fuller	Coffin and attention to Bettie Cooke	5.00	
A. H. Moore	Keeping rats from Sycamore bridge last quarter	2.50	
Lafayette Williams	Ant paid B. H. case in case of Robt Jones	3.15	
Keve & Observer	Advertising notices to be not holders	1.00	
R. D. May	Ant of acct for board of prisoners, &c.	57.70	
J. C. Kaganay	Ant of acct filed	41.95	

[TO BE CONTINUED]