

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none, and Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance

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LOUISBURG, N. C., JANUARY 2, 1891.

NO. 48

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The author of Old Oaken Bucket evidently did not believe in letting well enough alone.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.
Is one who is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised drug-gist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, Asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Clifton's drug store.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before-hand than to endeavor to settle it afterward.

SHOULD WIN.
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Dr. King's New Life Pills, Backlen's Arsenic Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Clifton, Druggist.

No one is satisfied with his fortune nor dissatisfied with his own wit.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, letter, chapped hands, eczema, eczema and all skin eruptions; also positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is ready to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
For sale by J. B. Clifton.

Nothing cures Like Success!

The reason Radam's Microbe Killer is the most wonderful medicinal preparation because it has never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, it has been used most to the smallest disease known to the human system.
The scientific men of today claim and prove that every disease is

CAUSED BY MICROBES.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

Eliminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, at which time is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Child 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. History of the Microbe Killer, given a key by

Dr. J. B. CLIFTON Druggist, Agt. LOUISBURG, N. C.
H. S. FURMAN, Agent, FRANKLINTON, N. C.

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. Kell.]

I had seen much of the world and of life, and nothing held me back any more. Rich, independent, from early youth longing to see the sunny climate beyond the mountains and the seas, I had preferred the varied existence of a traveller to the quiet life and some duties of a citizen at home. Restlessly I had for years gone from one place to another, from city to city, from land to land, from continent to continent; I had seen the manifoldness of the divine creation and admired its transcendent unity; I had seen many lovely countries and charming spots everywhere, none resembling the other. I had seen thousands of people of all races, forms and colors, who all resembled each other in their actions and desires and longings, whilst I resembled them all. Rich in memories and experiences, and bodily as well as mentally exhausted, I had finally returned home and was trying to live myself into the ways and customs in Germany, as I had done at Smyrna and Buenos Ayres. Often, very often, especially during those long hours, which one passes at sea, where the constant monotony of companionship produces an almost complete exhaustion, I recalled to mind that bloody episode of my youthful days, that dreadful morning in the olive-grove near the Marchese Palla Cascati's villa, which I had followed upon a night, in which I had made the acquaintance of a man, who would have assuredly been a true-hearted friend of mine for life, had not a higher hand torn us asunder by removing him from earthly misery, throwing me back from the gates of death into the tossing waves of human life. The whole terrible drama unfolded before my eyes in the short space of scarce ten minutes, in which I had even been one of the principal actors, had often appeared to me as an idle dream; the scar on my breast alone reminded me there had been such a person as Cavaliere Carlo Salvati—an expert marksman with a diabolical smile, a capital fence with a ruminating glance in his eyes.

I had quietly resolved to spend the rest of my life at home, to settle down and to walk the long road which leads to the inevitable goal in peace and quietness devoting myself to the welfare of those around me.

CHAPTER XVI.

For a year or more nothing occurred, that could have made me waver in my laudable resolution, when suddenly an unforeseen event upset the whole structure of my charming castles-in-the-air and I, as the reader already knows, set out once more on a journey to Italy.
It happened as follows: One morning I was quietly seated at my writing desk, overhauling several bundles of old papers, which a pending lawsuit required me to examine more closely, when a pocket-book, which must have belonged to my father, fell into my hands. I opened it and found a passport vised for Italy, dated back to the time when he had hurried to the side of his severely wounded son. I also found the letter which Prince Cibo had written to him and my thoughts instantly wandered back to the past, with which that dreadful episode was connected. I examined the rest of its contents and found many other insignificant documents, hotel bills, cartes de visite, etc., and had just determined to tie them all up again and put them back into the drawer, when an old faded letter, adhearing, as it were, to the two sides of one of the pockets, arrested my attention. I looked at the direction the letter being entirely untouched, and the reader will certainly share my astonishment, when I tell him, that it bore not my father's address, but my own. For some time I sat there vainly trying to guess how the letter could have got and remained there unopened; at last I broke the seal and eagerly looked for the signature.

I uttered a loud scream, when I discovered it to be that of Camillo Ginozzi.
My excitement increased as I ran over its faded lines; the whole scene came back to me with a doubled force. The letter ran: "My Dear Sir—
"You, whom I shall soon call my friend if it so pleases God, have left me not an hour since. Meanwhile I have written to my dear ones and I lifted them farewell rather than from an 'adieu.' Had I remained in the army, a similar occurrence might have taken place any day and my wife—the wife of a soldier, God's will be done!
"I have also written to my father, asked his forgiveness and, for my dear mother's sake, implored him to befriend my child, if I should be taken away.
"It is your turn next! Why? Let me tell you. Although I am thoroughly convinced, that I have always done my whole duty, yet this taking leave of life falls heavily upon my soul! Except the relations between my father and myself, I am a very happy man. You will one day know what that means, when you can hold a beloved wife in your arms, and a lovely child by your hand! To part with such a bliss—to leave my wife and child to an uncertain and treacherous fate without relatives, without

friends or protection. Oh! I know that God is the father of the widows and orphans, but I should die more bravely, if I knew, that they had one friend, one protector left them on earth. You are young, very young, but in your veins flows generous blood. I have seen it this night. I have discovered it in your words, and yet I had not the courage to ask you to promise me, if God should let you survive, as I fervently hope I may, to watch over my wife. You are a stranger here, we know each other only an hour or two, and my request might appear—what shall I call it?—romantic. I have let you go from my room, without daring to speak to you about it; now I am angry with myself for having done so. Be that as it may, my dear sir, you will surely understand what I mean and the anxiety, which oppresses me. If Salvati's bullet should pierce my breast, will you promise me to think sometimes of this night and to tender occasionally after to widow and orphan child of your companion in arms. In order to see, whether they require the services of a friend, to assist them when in trouble, and if in need of help, will you befriend the helpless? I could not have asked you this face to face—I hardly know why not. This letter at all events will only reach you, if I do fall; but I feel confident, you will comply with my request, and do even more than I could hope for. I have felt it in the pressure of your hand. I have read it in your eye; and now good night, Cavaliere! Maybe this letter will never reach you! God grant it may not—but no, God's will be done!
"Faithfully Yours,
"CAMILLO GINOZZI."

A sensation of shame, such as I had never felt before in all my life, came over me, while I read the letter. How unpardonable was it in me, during twelve long years, never to have inquired after the family of my companion in arms! How contemptible did I appear in my own sight, for having regarded that sad affair as a mere episode in my tourist life, without seeing in it the hand of God, who probably saved me from death, that I might become the instrument of His mercy in the case of my poor fallen friend's family! I seemed to have lost every particle of my German nature in my travels back and forth; else how could I have acted thus?—I felt as heartily ashamed, as if I was guilty of an act of cowardice, and as repentant, as if I had committed a crime.

But how had the letter got into my father's pocket-book, and why had he never given it to me? The only explanation I could find for this most singular neglect was, that the letter must have been brought to me after Camillo's death; that my servant had omitted to give it, and that my father had finally put it into my pocket-book and after my recovery forgotten to speak to me about it, especially since it firmly adhered to the pocket-book, in which I found it, and where my father had probably overlooked it over since.
Whether this simple explanation is the correct one, who can tell? But that and how much it pained me not to have found the letter years ago, I can hardly say; in fact, I could scarcely find words to express my grief.
The excitement over, I hastened to see, if it were possible to make amends for past oblivion and neglect. I had a friend, whose acquaintance I had made in early life at Turin and who had since been transferred to an important place, connected with the Italian embassy at Paris. I wrote him requesting him to give me, if he could, the information he could collect about the family of the late Major Ginozzi.
In what terrible suspense I passed the days awaiting his reply, the reader may imagine, when I tell him, that I apprehended the worse, and gradually arrived at the eccentric conclusion that I bore the chief part of the blame. My friend's letter came at last. It contained some data, and quite a little of tangible information, that my confusion and anxiety increased to an alarming degree. What he wrote was, briefly this. After the Major's death, a very stormy scene had taken place between the Colonel and the Cavaliere, which, however, resulted in no rupture, but on the contrary apparently increased the influence, which Salvati had until then exerted over the old gentleman. Baroness Ginozzi had caused the body of her husband to be interred at Ponte Decimo and lived at the latter place in great seclusion for about three years after. One morning the unexpected news of her death had been received, and from the physician of the little village, my friend's informant had learned, that she had slowly pined away since the day on which she had become a widow. Her little child, a daughter, had a guardian appointed for her. In the person of her grandfather, who positively declined to see her, and sent her to an educational institution abroad. Beyond this I had no clue whatever given me, except the mere mention of the fact, that the Colonel, by that time a feeble and decrepit old man—was leading a very retired life and was scarcely ever seen outside of his house. For a day or two I remained undecided what to do. The idea, however, that the Colonel, who perhaps scarcely knew what he was doing, and who, moreover, was completely subjected to Salvati's will, was the child's guardian, and as such could dispose of her future fate as it seemed to him best, made me feel unexpressably wretched.

I resolved to see for myself how matters really stood, in order to save myself any further anxiety and bitter regrets. This resolve I promptly and firmly adhered to; once more I bade farewell to my native country and the joys and pleasures to which I had been so long accustomed, and—the reader has seen me arrive at Turin.

CHAPTER XVII.

It is a matter of no little difficulty to enter into an undertaking, which we hardly know where and how to set about. How was I to proceed at Turin? What was I to do in order to ascertain, if I were really still able to comply with Camillo's last request? My first request was utterly frustrated almost the very moment I made it. I had determined under some pretext or other to simply call upon the Colonel—having left his house a number of years ago without giving any special offense—and once in conversation with him, to allude to his granddaughter, in order to learn in what relation they stood to each other. When I presented myself at the house in Via Borgo Nuovo, I was temporarily informed by the servant at the door, that the old gentleman received no visits whatever, by order of his physician; and that, if I had any special business with him, the Colonel's nephew, Cavaliere Salvati, would be the proper person to address myself to.

Without leaving my name, I left the house, and strolled along the arcades leading from the Piazza Madame to the river. "What was I to do next?" Common sense told me, that after what had happened between us, I ought to be especially on my guard against the Cavaliere, and be more than cautious, not to let him know, with what intentions I had come to Turin. He was, nevertheless, the only person who could give me any reliable information concerning the precise relations between me and my grand-nephew!

Quo vadis?—Unmindful of the crowd of promenaders, vendors, and loungers, who at times rendered the arcades almost impassable, I had walked on beyond the Piazza Carlo Emanuele, and arrived within a few steps of the bridge across the Po, before I asked myself where I was going.

I indulged in a short reflection, and the day being exceptionally pleasant, I concluded to take a walk in the open air. I crossed the bridge, and turned into the charming avenue running down the river in the direction of Chieri. This promenade is undoubtedly one of the finest in Turin; but little frequented, because the fashionable world does not affect it, and prefers to display itself in the lovely garden-like walks, which surround the city like a rampart of flowers.

On the promenade above alluded to, people of the respectable middle and the working classes are seen on Sundays and holidays; but during the week one meets but few solitary promenaders, seated on benches here and there, indulging in fond reveries or the still sweeter dolce far niente; or occasionally reading, and looking up from their books, as if the rich shady foliage were the frame of the picture, which the eloquent author had conjured up before their minds. I had been walking for some time in the broad, straight avenue, when my foot suddenly hit against an object, which proved to be a book. I picked it up; it was a breviary, evidently well-thumbed. Between its leaves were many bookmarks in the shape of ribbons, and these apparently not sufficient the zealous owner, he had even turned down the corners of a number of leaves.

I looked around me, and seeing nobody to whom I could return what I had found, I continued my walk, reading a few sentences now and then, in order to see how much of my Latin studies I had forgotten. Suddenly I observed a shadow close in front of me, and looking up, I recognized its owner in a monk, who stood there with his arms crossed, smilingly awaiting my approach. The smile seemed to indicate, that the breviary belonged to him. I held out my hand to him and, smilingly, he handed it over pleasantly, and came forward to meet me. "I am very sorry, Signore," he said, "to interrupt your pious reading!"

"Take it, Padre," I replied. "I confess frankly, that it was less the prayers, than their language and form, which occupied my attention!"
"Indeed! And if I am not mistaken, well as you otherwise speak the language of Dante, you are not an Italian, my son?"
"You have guessed right, Padre!"
"A Frenchman?"
"A German."
"Ah! no allegro! I like the Germans; they possess more positive knowledge than any other nation!"
"You flatter us, Padre, since I but just found out, that I had almost forgotten the classical idiom. I only noticed, that the text of your breviary was in French."
"Well, my son?"
"I beg your pardon for saying so. It is poor Latin," I said, with a smile.
"Ah! you are not so far wrong either. I have often been told so. But believe me, God looks more at the heart, that prays to Him, than at the syntactic construction of the words the lips utter."
"Quite right, Padre, and I am pleased to return you the book, which you seem to have been using for a good many years."
"Yes, my son, ever since that happy moment when the mercy of the Lord descended into my soul on the dizzy road of life, leading to the lowly abyss of corruption, from which His paternal arm-guided me to repentance and godliness."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[CONTINUED.]

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 OF THE FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY 1891.

NAME	ACCOUNT	AMOUNT
289	Feb. 3, Connel C. Colby conveying William Pender to jail	3.50
290	Henderson H. H. H. 8 days service as servant to Court	3.20
291	J. C. Baker 8 days office to grand jury	12.00
292	W. D. Swartz 8 days office to Court	18.00
293	W. D. Harris 8 days office to Court	18.00
294	G. A. Bent holding post mortem upon body of R. E. Gill	60.00
295	High Cemetery Association, examining body of R. E. Gill	2.00
296	J. W. Young 4 days committee on C. S. report and treasurer	6.00
297	T. S. Collier 6 days committee on C. S. report and treasurer	12.00
298	P. A. Davis Amount of account	75.15
299	F. M. H. H. Examining J. B. Terrell maniac	5.00
300	Wm J. King C. S. Court cost January term 1890	80.00
301	H. C. Kearney Sheriff fees January Court 1890	18.00
302	D. W. Worthington Sheriff fees January Court 1890	18.00
303	R. G. Wain J. P. fees January term 1890	2.00
304	Sheriff of Vance J. P. fees January term 1890	2.00
305	A. D. Williams do do do do	45
306	G. L. Ellis do do do do	0.70
307	S. T. Gray do do do do	0.70
308	J. H. Bryan witness and do do do do	3.37
309	Wm H. Mitchell do do do do	1.10
310	Wm M. Harris do do do do	1.10
311	M. D. Stamper constable do do do do	2.80
312	Peter Collins do do do do	58
313	P. E. Evans witness do do do do	60
314	Horton Allen do do do do	1.00
315	Asbury Bert do do do do	2.10
316	P. G. Alston do do do do	2.10
317	J. B. Hamlet do do do do	1.07
318	Diak Egerton do do do do	2.81
319	Spencer Egerton do do do do	2.06
320	Sam Perry do do do do	2.06
321	Peter Lewis do do do do	2.05
322	S. L. Duke constable do do do do	2.89
323	Leather Williams witness do do do do	1.00
324	Laymond Hammer do do do do	1.00
325	Thomas Private do do do do	1.10
326	J. F. Brewer do do do do	1.75
327	D. H. House do do do do	1.75
328	Henry Carter do do do do	1.75
329	M. Tharrington do do do do	1.70
330	P. F. Payne do do do do	1.25
331	P. C. Holden do do do do	1.80
332	V. E. Knight do do do do	1.80
333	Ennis Fuller do do do do	1.75
334	Alex Fuller do do do do	1.75
335	J. H. Parrish do do do do	1.60
336	W. J. Edwards do do do do	1.75
337	A. W. Alston do do do do	2.00
338	G. W. Farrar do do do do	1.95
339	Irvine King do do do do	1.95
340	Jan Gordon do do do do	1.02
341	Geo Alston do do do do	2.12
342	R. T. Hodgepeth do do do do	1.70
343	G. W. Brown do do do do	1.80
344	C. H. Jackson do do do do	1.33
345	Wm. Johnson do do do do	4.10
346	Henry Johnson do do do do	4.10
347	W. G. Perry do do do do	1.00
348	Louis Strickland do do do do	1.30
349	Edwards do do do do	1.10
350	Elizabeth Phelps do do do do	1.00
351	J. F. Jacobs Hayes do do do do	1.00
352	Wm. Mitchell do do do do	1.00
353	Mr. Levy Leonard do do do do	1.00
354	Mrs. E. Dorsey do do do do	2.00
355	Britton Medina and wife do do do do	1.00
356	Mrs. Tony Harris do do do do	1.00
357	Elizabeth Bolton do do do do	1.00
358	Napoleon May do do do do	1.00
359	S. A. Hamlet do do do do	1.50
360	Mrs. H. Hampton do do do do	2.00
361	Mrs. J. G. G. do do do do	2.00
362	J. E. G. do do do do	3.00
363	Wm. Patterson do do do do	3.00
364	Edwin Edwards do do do do	1.00
365	Geo. Southland do do do do	1.00
366	Martin Dunston do do do do	1.00
367	Sarah Hayes do do do do	1.50
368	Elia Beckerson do do do do	1.00
369	Wm H. Tharrington do do do do	1.00
370	Nancy Bell do do do do	2.00
371	John Catlett do do do do	1.00
372	Mrs. M. S. Vaughan do do do do	1.00
373	Helen Rogers do do do do	1.00
374	Nick Goswick do do do do	3.00
375	Henry Epiphany do do do do	1.00
376	Polly Harper do do do do	1.00
377	Joshua Nunn and wife do do do do	2.00
378	Lizzie Strickland do do do do	2.00
379	Canceled do do do do	3.00
380	Turner Medina do do do do	3.00
381	Wm. Perry and wife do do do do	2.00
382	Charlie Harris do do do do	2.00
383	Ben Perry do do do do	1.00
384	Wm. Ehrigle do do do do	1.00
385	Ellen Alley do do do do	1.00
386	Arthur Sandling do do do do	1.50
387	Rebecca Terry do do do do	1.00
388	Mrs. Geneva Faulkner do do do do	1.00
389	John R. Alford do do do do	2.00
390	Barbara Hickey do do do do	3.00
391	Headerson Harris do do do do	3.00
392	Kitty Spivey do do do do	1.00
393	Isabella Williams do do do do	1.50
394	Mary Aily do do do do	1.00
395	Henry Wilder do do do do	1.00
396	Frances Wilder do do do do	1.00
397	Bachar Davis and wife do do do do	2.00
398	Joseph Bridges & daughter do do do do	2.00
399	Alfred Dunston do do do do	1.00
400	Alfred Evans do do do do	2.00
401	Berry Webster do do do do	2.00
402	William Toney and wife do do do do	2.00
403	J. M. Terrell do do do do	1.50
404	Nancy Davis do do do do	2.00
405	Bon Faulkner and wife do do do do	2.00
406	Toney Harris do do do do	1.00
407	March 3, John H. Chew's letting and receiving bridge at Rogers Ford 3 days	4.00
408	John H. Chew's repairs on bridge at Rogers Ford 1 day	1.00
409	William Perry repairing stock law fence Cedar Rock township	16.00
410	Allen Cooper do do do do	34.80
411	W. B. Howerston do do do do	18.00
412	W. B. Howerston do do do do	18.00
413	Add Williams do do do do	18.70
414	E. J. Lester do do do do	8.00
415	J. W. Young do do do do	29.00
416	J. W. Pearce conveying Geo. Joyner inmate to jail and guard and board	8.00
417	N. C. Gupton repairing stock law fence, Gold Mine township	29.77
418	J. P. P. repairs on Sandy Creek bridge	4.50
419	E. M. Fuller board of papers one month, February	6.50
420	P. A. Davis amt of acct	44.80
421	T. R. G. 4 days Commissioner and 112 miles	13.60
422	E. Sykes do do do do	48
423	George Winston do do do do	112
424	J. W. Young do do do do	112
425	P. A. Davis do do do do	94
426	H. C. Kearney do do do do	8.00
427	H. C. Kearney, Sheriff amt of acct fee 1	21.50
428	E. M. Fuller repairing house for papers	9.00
429	Edmond Sykes letting county house for repairs	7.25
430	O. L. Ellis issuing papers for removal of Joe Joyner to Nash Co	2.50
431	R. C. Hodgepeth conveying Henry Morgan and Geo. Harper to jail	3.00
432	W. B. H. Board of papers	1.00
433	N. D. D. May Board of prisoners, &c	25.75
434	P. N. Egerton Amt of a set filed	8.00
435	C. M. Cooke Atty to Board from Dec 1888 to Dec 1889	100.00
436	March 10, Mark Leonard repairs on stock law fence Gold Mine township	6.00
437	Harrod Frazier conveying Mary J. no Moye to poor house	2.00
438	Elizabeth Phelps One month outside pauper	1.00
439	Wm. Mitchell do do do do	1.10
440	Wm. Mitchell do do do do	1.10
441	Mrs. E. D. D. do do do do	1.10
442	Mrs. E. D. D. do do do do	1.00
443	Britton Medina and wife do do do do	2.00
444	Mrs. Tony Harris do do do do	2.00
445	Elizabeth Bolton do do do do	5.00
446	Napoleon May do do do do	1.00
447	S. A. Hamlet do do do do	1.50
448	Mrs. E. G. do do do do	1.50
449	Mrs. H. Falconer do do do do	1.50
450	J. E. Gupton do do do do	3.0