

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., JANUARY 13 1891.

NO. 50.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Severe shocks of earthquake were felt at points in California on the 2d.

FROM NATURE'S STOREHOUSE.

Comes all the component parts of S. S. S. There is no chemical nor anything which comes from the chemist's shop contained in it. S. S. S. is therefore a perfectly safe and harmless remedy, yet so powerful is it that it has never failed to cure Blood Poison. It always cures Scrofula, if taken before some vital part is so seriously impaired as to render a cure impossible. It relieves Mercurial Rheumatism, and cures all sorts of eruptions, pimples, blotches, etc., by eliminating the poison from the blood. S. S. S. has cured thousands of cases of Skin Cancer, and many cases of Scirrhus Cancer. It is no experiment to take S. S. S. Treats on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed for 50 CENTS.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York City was burned Friday night.

My wife has been a sufferer for some time with pain in the back; Sassafras Oil was freely used and I am glad to say my wife to-day suffers no pain. W. B. COUNCELL, Baltimore, Md.

An ailment of great obstinacy and hacking chronic coughs use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the favorite.

Two women in West Virginia found a duel with bare knives.

The female academy at Tarboro has been burned.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with neuritis 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 Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrison, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Specker, Carthage, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by King, Clifton & Co., druggists.

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

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 is 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, NO. 10NS, 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. Keller)

I quickly recovered my presence of mind. Taking the roll, containing the hundred Napoleons, in my hand, I stooped down, picked up the handkerchief and handed it to the monk. He, feeling the roll, returned me a "Grazie, Signore. Grazie." and quietly turned to the clerk of the store, he asked him if he had a translation of the famous work of Doelinger on the secular power of the Pope.

"Only a French one," was the reply.

"That would not answer my purpose," asserted firmly the monk, gave a polite bow and left the store.

This whole scene had scarcely lasted more than a minute. I had kept my eyes on Clelia all the while; she had grown paler and paler, closely watched the monk's every movement and expression, and after the latter had left the place, she stood there like a statue.

"Were you able to take the next train?" I was asked by her aunt, who evidently had taken no notice whatever of what had happened.

"Yes, Madame," I replied after a brief pause, during which I tried to master my confusion. "I continued my journey the very same night."

"Mamma," said Paula, "here is just what we want—a description of the road from Spezia to Pisa in its minutest details!"

I noticed a slight contraction of the old lady's brow; the very next moment she replied as calmly and pleasantly as ever:

"Take it then, my child, and let us go. You know, we are being expected."

In a very few minutes the guide was paid for. The old lady gave me a polite bow, wished me a pleasant journey, in case I intended to leave Turin before long, and an agreeable visit, in case I should stay. Miss Paula also bowed gracefully, and Clelia seemed to awaken from a profound dream, when her aunt beckoned to her to follow them.

"Au revoir, Mademoiselle!" I said to her, bowing low. My voice must have sounded strangely agitated, for she cast a long lingering look at me. "Adieu, Monsieur—adieu!" she said at last—and was gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

There came a knock at the door. I called loudly "Come in!" and there entered a man—my, the caricature of a man, looking so dull, that I could not see a hair's breadth of laughter.

The reader will please imagine a man of medium height, so stout that he appeared nearly as large round as he was tall, dressed in a coat so exceedingly tight, that his arms could not touch the waist, but like a boy without a string, stood off nearly a foot from either hip. Grey linen gloves covered his hands, whose size came nearer that of an elephant's foot, than of a human hand; in them he held a ridiculously small hat and a very slender cane. His face—O his face! I had never seen a face more clearly resembling a pumpkin, bloated, peck-nailed, and red as fire; on his head he had a tangled mass of curly black hair, and on his upper lip a fearful jet-black moustache which concealed his whole mouth! It was, without doubt, the drollest figure I had ever seen in my life.

"Gordon, Signore?" I said at last.

"I think you must be mistaken in me. I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

"Fra Angiolo sent me here," he replied in a deep-bass voice, handing me at the same time a note written in pencil, in which the Marchese informed me, that the bearer was a most reliable individual, in whom I could place the utmost confidence. I began to think, the monk was indulging in a joke at my expense; for what could I do with such a ridiculous being?

"Signore," the individual continued in a slightly angry tone of voice, "the kindhearted padre has told me nearly everything and more particularly the reason, why he sent me to you. He also mentioned names to me, in fact I know all that so is necessary. And now listen to me! While coming up stairs, I met in the corridor two persons, who are intimately connected with the affairs that brought you here, for I heard your name mentioned several times. Might it not be well for you to go and see who the two ladies are?"

"Ladies?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. An old lady and a young girl with her."

"In that case wait a moment—I shall be back directly." I rushed from the room to the landing of the second staircase. There was not a soul to be seen! I ran along the corridor, up the back stairs—nobody there! Either the ladies had left or the man must have been mistaken. I listened for a moment, glanced along the corridors and went back to my room, the door of which was ajar, just as I had left it. I opened it wide—it was my room—I recognized it at a glance, and yet I fell back in confusion, muttering a "Scusi, Signore" (beg your pardon sir), and found myself once more in the passage in front of the room.

"I must have made a mistake. It could not be my room. Still there was No. 58 on the door—it was my room after all! I entered it a second time and as I did a minute ago, I observed a short middle-aged man in a light suit, comfortably seated in my arm-chair, an

CHAPTER XXIII.

eye-glass on his nose, a cigar in his mouth, reading a book . . . and that look . . . indeed, it was my book—there lay my coat, there stood my trunk, my hat—it was my room surely! and I said angrily: "What are you doing here?"

The person thus addressed, raised his head slowly and grinned.

"Well?" he said, "did you meet the two ladies on the corridor?"

I stood transfixed, unable to answer a single word. The intruder rose from his chair, put the book and the cigar aside and familiarly approaching me, said:

"Please to walk in. There might be people in the passage, who would surely see you?"

"But who are you, sir?"

"Haven't I just given you my letter of introduction from Fra Angiolo?"

It was his quiet reply.

"You?"

"Si, Signore—I. But be pleased to come into the room. I only wished to give you a proof of my dexterity, for which reason I sent you from the room. There is somebody coming—walk in! Here I go!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Struck dumb with astonishment I went in, my strange visitor quickly locking the door behind me. I believe I should not have come to myself for a good while yet, had I not espied the famous light coat which Fra Angiolo's messenger wore on first entering the room.

"It really you?" I exclaimed still doubting my own eyes.

"It is, your Excellency! Beppo Mangini is your humble servant's name."

"But who are you—and why this humbug?"

"Fra Angiolo told me, that you might need my services in various disguises, and I thought it best to give you a fair sample of my ability in adopting all kinds thereof. You ask me who I am? My name, as I have had the honor of informing you, is Beppo Mangini. What I am, it is more difficult to tell than what I was. I am a hussar by birth, in as much as my father was an orderly in the regiment Piacenza in which I was brought up. I was, however, a Catholic in the King's service. I could not think of remaining, and left likewise. Since however, an irrepressible antipathy to my former master's new profession, induced me to separate from him, I adopted one, for which I think fate had destined me; for ever since my earliest childhood all my hopes and longings had but one aim—that of becoming an actor. Ohime, Signore! Italy, alas! is no longer the chosen home of art and poetry—realism has increased it rather too fast. I have been most unfortunate as an actor, and serving an ungrateful public has deprived me of five of the best years of my life. In consequence of a catastrophe, which can hardly interest you, I left the service of Thalia and re-centered that of the State, in which I am to this day, and doing very well. I can assure you."

"An officer of the State—how am I to understand that?" I asked, after having attentively listened to the long story of my new attendant.

"Yes, Sir, I am serving the State generally," he replied, "and the Questore di Pavia more especially."

"Alm! You are . . ."

"Yes, I know," he interrupted me with a slight shrug of the shoulders; "people are very apt to give hard names to the useful occupation I have chosen, but they are after all only prompted by petty malice, and I care little about them. I have passed most of my life among gun barrels. On leaving the stage, I tried to teach and improve my people, and now I am one of the links of that active and useful chain, which protects the people and society generally. I assure you, sir, I let the ignorant herd give all sorts of names to our profession and mind it just as little, as I did when they listed me on the stage."

"But how happens it, that Fra Angiolo places a . . . an agent of the secret police at my disposal?" I inquired.

"That is easily done and an innovation, which the present Questore has introduced, and which has already proved an inestimable blessing! If for instance, people are engaged in an affair, such as your own at this moment, a well-known and respectable gentleman may simply apply to the police and the Questore, upon security being given, places an agent at his disposal. We are all under oath and see to it carefully ourselves, that he, who claims our services, do not ask anything wrong from us; at the same time we have the power, in our capacity as servants of the police, to render harmless the enemies of those whom we serve. You will recollect at a glance, sir, that this is a most practical institution. It is true, this service requires agents that can—well! I do not wish to sound my own praises—but I have given much satisfaction before this."

[To be continued.]

At the Telephone.

The Queen of Belgium indulges her love of music to the extent of having a telephone connected with the principal theater fixed in her private room. During a rehearsal recently the exclamations of the conductor, urged by a want of accuracy and tone on the part of the orchestra, produced a call at the telephone: "Pardon me, but the queen is listening. Can't the rehearsal go on without swearing?"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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 ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1889, AND ENDING ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1890.

(CONTINUED.)

one month outside pauper	
646 May 5, Geo Rutherford	1.00
647 Sarah Hayes	1.50
648 Ella Dickerson	1.00
649 Wm H Tharrington	1.00
650 Nancy Bell	1.00
651 John Catlett	2.00
652 Mrs M S Vaughan	1.00
653 Helen Rogers	3.00
654 Nick Goswick	do do lunatic
655 Ureline Epchurch	do do pauper
656 Polly Harper	do do do
657 Justina Nunn and wife	do do do
658 Lizzie Strickland	do do do
659 Turner Medlin	do Support Prissie Young
660 Wm Perry and wife	do do do
661 Chase Harris	do do do
one month outside pauper	
662 Ben Perry	1.00
663 Wm Ethridge	do do do
664 Wm Ellen Alley	do do do
665 Rebecca Perry	do do do
666 Mrs Geneva Faulkner	do do do
667 Amy R Allord	do do do
668 Henry Wilder	do do do
669 Henderson Harris	do do do
670 Kitty Spirey	do do do
671 Isabelle Williams	do do do
672 Mary Alley	do do do
673 Henry Wilder	do do do
674 Bacias Davis	do do do
675 Alfred Dunston	do do do
676 Berry Wester	do do pauper
677 William Toney and wife	do do do
678 J M Terrell and child	do do do
679 Nancy Davis	do do do
680 B M Faulkner and wife	do do do
681 Toney Harris	do do do
682 John Strother and wife	do do do
683 Neptune Ballard	do do do
684 Amanda Bridges	do do do
685 Stewart Parrish and child	do do do
686 Chase Perry	do do do
687 J S Collins and child	do do do
688 June 2, J C Pearce	do one day juror in case of John Rayburn
689 W H Williams	do do do do
690 Wm Perry	do do do do
691 E F Johnson	do do do do
692 William Rogers	do do do do
693 Ballard Perry	do do do do
694 H C Kearney	do expenses conveying E C Bachelor, lunatic, from insane asylum
695 J A Thomas	do amount of account, notices to magistrate
696 B M Fuller	do board of paupers for May
697 J R Jones	do coffin for Jack Wiggins
698 W H Perinan, Jr	do amount of account for drugs
699 E B O'Leary	do coffin for Susan Wilder
700 J D D May	do one day committee on C S C report and cancelling orders with Treasurer
701 James Stritton	do one day committee on C S C report and cancelling orders with Treasurer
702 J W Young	do 4 days commissioner and 48 miles
703 T S Collie	do do do do 112 "
704 W R Udale	do do do do 64 "
705 T S Collie	do do do do 84 "
706 J W Young	do do do do 112 "
707 George Winston	do do do do
708 E Sykes	do do do do
709 H C Kearney	do do do do
710 P A Davis	do do do do
711 P A Davis	do do do do
712 G W Brown	do do do do
713 H Hazelwood	do do do do
714 Elizabeth Phelps	do do do do
715 Mrs Maggie Hayes	do do do do
716 Willie Mitchell	do do do do
717 Mrs Lucy Leonard	do do do do
718 Mrs E Dorsey	do do do do
719 Britton Medlin and wife	do do do do
720 Mrs Toney Harris	do do do do
721 Elizabeth Bolton	do do do do
722 Napoleon May	do do do do
723 S A Hamlet	do do do do
724 Mrs E Gupton	do do do do
725 Mrs H Falconer	do do do do
726 Matilda Edwards	do do do do
727 Geo Rutherford	do do do do
728 Sarah Hayes	do do do do
729 Ella Dickerson	do do do do
730 Wm H Tharrington	do do do do
731 Nancy Bell	do do do do
732 John Catlett	do do do do
733 Mrs M S Vaughan	do do do do
734 Helen Rogers	do do do do
735 Nick Goswick	do do do do
736 Ureline Epchurch	do do do do
737 Polly Harper	do do do do
738 Justina Nunn and wife	do do do do
739 Lizzie Strickland	do do do do
740 Turner Medlin	do do do do
741 Wm Perry and wife	do do do do
742 Chase Harris	do do do do
743 Ben Perry	do do do do
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745 Wm Ellen Alley	do do do do
746 Rebecca Perry	do do do do
747 Mrs Geneva Faulkner	do do do do
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761 Toney Harris	do do do do
762 John Strother and wife	do do do do
763 Neptune Ballard	do do do do
764 Amanda Bridges	do do do do
765 Stewart Parrish & children	do do do do
766 Chase Perry	do do do do
767 James Wiggins	do do do do
768 Nancy Shearrit & children	do do do do
769 Jane Thomas	do do do do
770 Lovie Purgerson	do do do do
771 Mrs Frances Hines	do do do do
772 E M Hale	do do do do
773 J W Perry	do do do do
774 J H Bryan	do do do do
775 B M Fuller	do do do do
776 J H Griffin	do do do do
777 Cancelled	do do do do
778 W H Edwards	do do do do
779 B M Fuller	do do do do
780 W B Howerton	do do do do
781 Herrera Jones	do do do do
782 B M Fuller	do do do do
783 Howell Bridges	do do do do
784 J A Thomas	do do do do
785 Mrs Jones	do do do do
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TO THE PUBLIC.

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 ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1889, AND ENDING ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1890.

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A STATEMENT.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.