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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. | With Malice toward none; With Charity for all. | $1.50 PER ANNUM

VOL XIX. | LOUISBURG, N. C., JANUARY 30, 1891. | NO. 52.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The victor of the New Orleans prize fight will get over $20,000 as his share of the proceeds. In this case the palm of victory was nothing to the knuckles.

A Wonderful Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, stated that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction.

Regarded in its bearing on feeding bottles, is not the Rubber Trust an overt attack at a well known infant industry.

BUCKLEN'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. For sale by [illegible]

As the three Alliance men in the Illinois Legislature hold the balance of power, they can have lots of fun, although they may not do much legislating.

CANCEROUS ECZEMA.

For many years I have been sorely afflicted with Eczema on my face. The eruption was in large splotches, and [illegible] nature. I had tried a number of experienced physicians, with little or no [illegible] and only of a temporary [illegible]. After other treatment [illegible] I bought seven bottles of S.S.S. from Messrs. T. [illegible] of Troy, Ala., and it cured me. I feel like a new man, my painful troubles and apprehensions are all gone, and now at sixty years of age I am once more [illegible] health, and it is due entirely to S. S. S. My Post Office is Orion, Pike County, Ala.

HIRAM THWEATT.

Treaties on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT'S SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Fur has never been more popular than it is this year.

The infant reason grows apace and calls for one more application of that good friend, Salvation Oil, which never disappoints but always cures pain.

It is neither pleasant nor profitable to hear people constantly coughing when they could be easily cured by a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Persian lamb is a favorite material for trimming.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Velvet calf in all colors is used for evening shoes.

BREATH & PERFUME
Sweet as Roses!! BEN Fragrant! Lasting!
The Leading PERFUMER. Price 25 Cts. Sold at Druggists.

LAXADOR Cures Liver Complaint, Constipation, Bilious Affections, Dizziness. At druggists. 25c.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
Price only 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists.

SALVATION OIL
Price only 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists.
Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Wounds, &c.

CHEW LANCL—PLUG, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

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To any one sending 10 cents, the WAVERLEY MAGAZINE will be sent for four weeks as a trial subscription. The regular price is four dollars per year. Each issue contains from ten to fifteen complete stories, comments on current events, puzzles, jokes, hints for the household, and the best of music—just the thing for long winter evenings. Think what you get in four copies! 64 pages—256 columns of reading matter—300,000 words comprising over 50 complete stories, and vocal and instrumental music; the latter is worth at least fifty cents; and all for only Ten Cents! Of course you understand this offer is made to get you to give the paper a trial, knowing full well that you will become permanent subscribers.
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TO THE PUBLIC.
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 postoffice. 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. Kel[illegible]]

At these words the monk straightened himself to his full height, and his face once more assumed the same bold expression, I had noticed on a former occasion. He took hold of both my hands and said in a tone, partaking of anger:

"Take care, my friend, do not speak rashly! This child—let me tell you I should willingly give my last drop of blood to see her happy. I—I—Oh, deluded man!—do you think, that your cold friendship can equal the glowing, burning, nay, consuming feeling, which has caused the officer become a monk, and the man of energy, a mere skeleton under the cowl of a Dominican friar? Do not say another word; even though you should sacrifice your very life, still could you do no more for that child than what I shall daily and humbly pray to God to do, to be allowed to do for her."

I hardly knew what to reply. It occurred to me, that the Marchese's mind was slightly deranged, for, as the reader will remember, he had astonished me on the previous day by a similar, although less vehement, answer. I resolved to deal with him, as it is best to deal with patients of his stamp, namely, to enter into his views and ideas.

"You are quite right, Padre," I said. "We men of the world are ill apt to take the same view of life you Southerners do. I tell us have no more words about this matter. It seems we are being observed here. Let us go forward. There is the bell ringing. We shall have to leave the station, lest we excite suspicion."

I went forward to join the throng, and this compelled him to follow me. He shook visibly with emotion, and I seriously apprehended attracting public attention, since he kept close to my side, while I walked along the row of coupes, nearly all of which were by this time filled with people. I looked everywhere for my agent, but in vain. I wished to get out, and have the monk out of the way with me. I hastened my steps for that purpose, when suddenly—Oh! I shall never forget the sound!—close by us, a plaintive, female voice was heard saying:

"Falla Cassotti! Falla Cassotti! Save me! Marchese! Save me—save the daughter . . . ."

We stood transfixed, both of us; I a little ahead. Fra Angiolo almost in front of the coupe, whence came the voice. I stepped back, cast a glance into the interior of the car, and gracious God! what did I see? There was Clelia—Clelia who, held back by the strong arm of a man, had thrown herself forward, and held out both of her arms to the astonished monk!

"Falla Cassotti!" she shrieked, "in the name of . . . ."

The open window was forcibly closed, and all disappeared, while the bell was ringing for the last time.

Quick as lightning my mind was made up, and equally quick was the action, that followed. I tore open the door of the adjoining coupe, jumped in, and when a second or two later the train was in motion, I had hardly time left to call out to the Marchese, who stood there speechless in an attitude of utter helplessness:—

"Do you think of Camillo's child! I shall protect her, who has implored our assistance!"

A shrill whistle was next heard; the monk's reply remained an inaudible one to me. The train dashed off.—

CHAPTER XXVII.

We had reached Moncalieri, the first station at which the express-train stopped. I had as yet been unable to recover my presence of mind or, more correctly speaking, my mind had persistently concentrated itself upon one idea! A sort of—what shall I call it?—exposition had come over me and held me captive. This sensation fed upon the singular events, which had marked my [illegible] . . . . I [illegible] to carry out the Marchese's request, [illegible] . . . . [illegible] . . . . [illegible] . . . .