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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, In Advance.

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1891.

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NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as Administrator of Mrs. Frances Arendell, all persons owing her estate are notified to make payment at once, and all persons holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment on or before Dec. 30th 1891, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This Dec. 30, 1890.

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Having this day qualified as Administrator of Elizabeth Dickerson, notice is hereby given to all persons owing her estate to come forward and settle at once, and all persons holding claims against her must present them for payment on or before the 8th day of January 1892, or this notice will be pleaded in bar for their recovery. This Jan. 8th 1891.

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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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CLELIA'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of Romance and Adventure in Sunny Italy.

[*Translated from the German of A. Kel.*]

CHAPTER XXXV.

The dinner had progressed uninterruptedly and was near its termination when the waiter entered and handed the Cavaliere a letter, which had just been brought by a porter. Salviati opened it; his face assumed an expression of intense astonishment as he read on. He called the waiter back, inquired if the messenger that brought the letter had left, and, on being answered in the negative, he rose and left the room.

Clelia, whose excitement was increasing with every minute, looked hyly about her once more, her eyes were resting on the large looking-glass opposite, and—she turned deadly pale. She had at last caught a glimpse of the Englishman, who had laid his paper aside, fixed his eyes upon the mirror, and—here Clelia's heart stopped beating—in spite of the strange exterior of the man, in spite of his immense whiskers, she had not only recognized him, but observed the sign he had made to her—and understood its meaning!

Meanwhile Salviati was conversing eagerly in the entry with a shabbily-dressed individual, who, cap in hand, answered his questions with that expression of stupidity bordering on half-witedness, which, in a Genoese, conceals a high degree of shrewdness and cunning.

"Did she give you this note herself?" asked the Cavaliere.

"Herself? What do you mean by that?"

"Well—with her own hand then?"

"Yes—with her own hand."

"Did she say anything else?"

"Say? What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? What else can I mean? Did she give you any verbal instructions?"

"Verbal instructions? That's too big for me! She of course told me by her own word of mouth where to take the letter when I asked her."

"Don't be silly, man! Repeat to me, word for word, what the lady told you when she gave you the letter."

The messenger straightened himself up, looked cautiously about him, clacked his tongue and said:

"Hush, I say—hush!"

"What does all this mean?" asked Salviati.

"That's exactly what the lady said!" replied the other. "I rushed forward at once, a good deal quicker than Gianni Lomba, who wanted to lose me the job, although it was not his turn at all, and we are tolerating him at our corner from sheer compassion, his father having broken a leg while passing in front of Signora Mara's store—the same, where old Granny Assunta has her stand, whose husband about ten years ago—per Bacco! it is nearly eleven years—how time does fly, Signore—one is growing old fast, and my youngest brother was conscripted last year and my—"

But Salviati grew impatient and would not hear more; he knew what the Genoese are and that it is absolutely impossible to get anything out of them if they refuse to tell all they know. He gave him some money and re-entered the room, while the reticent messenger slowly descended the stairs, putting the pieces just received in his pocket and counting his earnings over and over again.

The Cavaliere returned to the table. He remained standing, however, and said to his mother:

"You will have to excuse me, mother. An urgent business matter obliges me to absent myself for about an hour."

"Carlo dear, what are we to do in the meantime?" said Paula. "It is too hot to take a walk."

"You had better retire to your rooms and rest. You will be knocked about pretty roughly to-night."

"Oh, for the pleasure of a sea voyage!" pouted the young girl.

"Addio!" was all Salviati said—"Addio!" and casting a significant glance at his mother, pointing to Clelia, he walked out of the room, while the ladies continued their interrupted repast.

The Englishman had his last ordered course placed before him. Clelia, who could not abstain from directing a look at the mirror now and then, saw a white piece of paper disappearing in the hands of the waiter. A secret voice told her that that paper was for her; and when the same waiter approached her table a few minutes later, she opened her hand in her lap; she had guessed rightly, a note dropped into it, which she hid quickly.

The meal was finished at last. The room was gradually being deserted. The ladies rose from their table likewise, and, slightly bowing, left the room. Clelia cast another look at the Englishman, who had resumed his paper, and was so deeply lost in the proceedings in Parliament as not to notice that look. After a while—the dining-room being then almost entirely deserted—the waiter approached him, bringing him coffee and several decanters of wine and cordials.

"Your orders have been well attended to," he whispered.

The Englishman, with that phlegm so peculiar to the sons of Albion, put two gold pieces on the table, and in most execrable French, said:

"Double that sum for the lady's reply." The waiter's eyes glistened as he moved off again. The Englishman slowly finished his coffee, lighted a cigar, and began to examine the different cordials. He had concluded reading the debates in Parliament, and now began to study the Court-records on another page of the Times.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Half an hour might have elapsed, when the waiter again made his appearance, his beaming face indicating that he had been eminently successful. He stepped up to the table, and without saying a word he laid a tumbled-looking note by the Briton's ash-stand.

"Very well," was the latter's whole reply, while he quickly pushed four napoleons, held in readiness all this time, towards the waiter, pocketed the note, and deliberately went on with his reading.

"Queer sort of fellow!" muttered the waiter, as he retired. "The young woman does not take it quite so coolly—she is in a high fever."

Ten minutes more went by. The Englishman folded his paper, rose from his chair, and with slow but long strides, apparently with the utmost composure and nonchalance, went up to his room.

Scarcely had he reached it—scarcely had the door closed upon him, when a singular metamorphosis took place. He flings away hat and cane; takes the note, which he had received with such perfect indifference, in feverish haste from his pocket; his eyes run hurriedly along the barely legible pencil-lines, and, after having perused the precious little sheet, he presses it to his lips, his kisses nearly effacing every trace of the writing.

The note was a very short one, far too short for him. It read as follows:

"Sir:—The last letter of my dying parent, enclosed in your own, clearly prescribes the course I have to pursue. I shall obey you and consider everything you may do or direct in my behalf as if done or directed by my father. Just as it did to my parent, so has your whole manner clearly proved to me that your intentions are both good and honest. I shall follow you wherever you wish me to go. Your image will rank with the sacred one of my dear mother; my life henceforth shall be devoted to offering up prayers for the two beings who have protected and saved the poor orphan-girl. You may rely upon me fully. I shall prove to you to-night that the child of your departed friend is the daughter of a soldier also!"

"Forever, gratefully yours,

"CLELIA GINOZZI."

Meanwhile the Cavaliere was impatiently pacing up and down the Aqua-Sole. He was closely scrutinizing the few promenaders taking their walk at that hour of the day, arresting his steps now and then to cast a searching glance along the path ascending the hill. The next moment he might have been seen pursuing his promenade again, pulling out his watch and with increasing impatience repeating the same scene as before described.

"Hang it!" he muttered; "it seems I am being made a fool of. I have a great mind to go back to the hotel; but I know her obstinacy—she is capable of following me thither and preparing a scene for me right before my mother and sister. How the deuce did she find out that I was here? Hm! I thought she had gone to Bologna long ago. It will be no easy task to make her understand that those two young girls are my sister and my cousin."

"She will be furiously jealous! She must have seen us when we first arrived! What a barbarous orthography she uses in her letters!"

He took a slip of paper from his pocket and could not help laughing at seeing how his fair correspondent had murdered the language of Petrarca.

"It is the first time I have seen her handwriting!" he went on soliloquizing. "When I lived at Turin I had that rascal of a Beppo Mangini for my servant and messagere d'amore. I was confident she had returned to Bologna. Here it is half-past four and not a soul to be seen!"

Again Salviati resumed his walk. The clock struck a quarter of five—then five. Still nobody came. He finally resolved to wait not another minute, and returned to the hotel at the very moment when the Englishman whom he had noticed in the dining-room before was leaving it.

On the stairs he was stopped once more. A stout, lumbering barchettaiolo had been expecting him to inform him of his being the boatman of the hotel and to request him to name the hour at which he was to come for the baggage. A waiter, who happened to pass just then, confirmed the man's assertion, and the Cavaliere ordered him to be ready at half-past seven to take the baggage and to call for himself and family at a quarter-past eight, just in time to reach the steamer leaving at half-past eight precisely; taking good care that no strangers occupy the boat with them.

"No strangers," reiterated the boatman, turning on his heel, while the Cavaliere went up to his mother's room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The harbor seemed to be alive that night. Hundreds of boats, moored near the custom house, were on the alert for the passengers. The moment one of these showed himself he was immediately surrounded by a crowd of boatmen, every one of whom wanted to secure him for himself. It required a pair of strong arms to fight one's way through the crowd of barchettaiolo, which was all the greater on that eventful eve as several steamboats were to leave for different destinations, and the skies so densely obscured that in spite of the gas lanterns on the quai one could scarcely see more than three feet ahead. This state of the atmosphere is a very dangerous one in Genoa; short-sighted travellers are apt to have their baggage disappear in a most remarkable manner.

The Cavaliere left the hotel in company with the ladies and walked straightway to the landing. His mother leaned on his arm. Paula was a few steps in front of her, and Clelia, dressed entirely in black, walked by her side. They entered the gate of the Molo; their appearance was at once hailed by a score of boatmen, who rushed forward to offer their services. Salviati told them to stand aside, and called loudly for the man he had hired expressly.

"Here I am, your Excellency! Away with you, you scoundrels. I am hired by his Excellency—I, Geronimo! Do you hear?"

And, as if afraid of having the Cavaliere taken away from him, Geronimo seized his hand and led him into the boat.

At the same moment two men rushed in between the old lady and Clelia.

A brief hustling, screaming and cursing took place; the old lady was much frightened, but her companion, only separated from her for a second or two, was again by her side Geronimo lifted Paula into the boat, after her Clelia, whose veil had dropped over her face amid all the confusion, and lastly the old lady. Two minutes later his boat was swiftly gliding over the dark waters in the direction of the steamer.

"We shall have to hurry," he said in a stentorian tone of voice. "If I am not mistaken I see the mail boat yonder, and the moment the mail bags are on board off she goes. Avante, avante!"

Before Salviati had time to answer Geronimo began to sing with deafening voice:

Sott' il ponte del Rialto
La barchetta fermaremo . . .

He seemed bent upon a steeple-chase with the mail boat; his brawny arms were working with herculean energy, and he won the race by half a minute. After helping his passengers on board he carried up their baggage in an incredibly short time, received his fare from Salviati, and pushed off shoreward.

The confusion and noise incident to the last minutes before a steamer's departure are too well known to need a lengthy description here. The screw was already in motion, and Salviati still vainly looking for the steward to unlock their staterooms. The ladies had seated themselves on a bench, looking at and counting the numerous masts of vessels which—each having a lantern aloft—emerged from the surrounding darkness like a forest.

Clelia's face was turned toward the shore. With her hands supporting her drooping head, she seemed to be lost in a profound reverie.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The steamer had already passed the bar, nearly a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they left the anchorage and the swell of the Mediterranean was beginning to make itself felt before Salviati returned to the ladies to inform them that their state-rooms were ready for them. Paula insisted upon remaining on deck a little while longer, and the Cavaliere meanwhile sat down by the side of his mother, conversing with her in an undertone.

"It is getting cold," said Paula at last, after the family had been sitting there for nearly half an hour and the steamer reached the open sea.

"We had better go below," replied her mother. "I also begin to feel the effects of the night air."

They rose to go. Clelia alone remained in her seat.

"Are you not going down with us, Clelia?" asked the old lady.

Clelia made no answer.

"Do not urge her," she said to her son. "We have gained our point so far, and ought not to annoy her unnecessarily."

"I do not wish her to stay out here alone," was the son's reply in the same low tone. "Some passenger might take it into his head to go up to her, speak to her, and . . . ."

"You are right, Carlo!" said the old lady, approaching the fair dreamer. "Come, Clelia, my child—it is too cool here on deck."

There was no reply. The old lady at last put her hand upon her niece's shoulder, which greatly startled the girl.

"Come, Clelia!" she said again.

"Can I do anything for you, Madame?" answered a strange voice from under the veil.

For a moment the old lady seemed much confused; the next she repeated her former urgent request.

"I do not know what you mean," replied the voice in the purest Genoese dialect.

"Demonio!" exclaimed Salviati. "That is not Clelia's voice. Where is Clelia?"

In an instant he had torn the veil from the young girl's face. Paula and her mother started back with a loud shriek—they gazed into a face they had never seen before.

[*To be continued.*]

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Republican Thunder for '92.

Charlotte Chronicle, Dem.

A cautious, prudent commander never relaxes his watch upon an opposing army, even though that army may have suffered complete rout. The republican party in North Carolina, for reasons best known to its members, made no fight, organized no resistance, during the last election. The democrats had a complete walk over and as they had no trouble in securing victory, have become emboldened, inconsiderate and callous. They see no enemy in sight and fear nothing. The republican party in this State is not dead. It will present a most lively corpse and a solid front in the great struggle in '92. The leaders of that party are superb organizers and the rank and file the best voters in the world

We are not an alarmist, but there is such a thing as a masterly inactivity, where the individual gets back his wind and renews his strength. There is a great deal of meaning in the old plantation phrase of "playin' possum." We want the democrats to be not too vainglorious or two much puffed up, but exercise moderation and wisdom in their dealings with all. There is a tendency in human nature to take down a button-hole lower every one swelled too largely with self-importance. The democracy must remember that it is legislating not for the present alone, but for the future, the time to come.

Two parties are necessary for the purity of government and for the protection of individual rights, such parties never cease to struggle for the mastery and for the office such mastery insures. When there is a stir in the opposing camp, it is well to watch; when the bugle sounds, it is best to listen, when there is a consultation of commanders, it is necessary to hold the ear exceedingly close to the ground. Most of our readers look at one side. Reading what republican writers say only spoils their temper. People as a general thing will neither listen patiently to a speech in opposition to their views, nor will they read composedly an editorial not in consonance with their fixed sentiments and desires. We print elsewhere a leading editorial from the Greensboro North State, upon the outlook of the republican party in North Carolina.

This paper is the organ of republicanism, and has more talent, conservatism and sense back of it, than any southern republican paper we read. It would seem to presage a most radical change in the next campaign and place that party upon a stronger and more plausible platform than they ever stood upon. A hungry man or animal will fight with more activity and daring than a full one. The battle in '92 will not be a sham, a mere child's play, like it was in '90.

The Living and Dead.

There is a complaint that J. A. Bonitz, late editor of the Wilmington Messenger, had to die to be praised and a proper estimate to be put upon his merits as a newspaper man. Mr. Bonitz has simply inherited the common lot of all useful, influential and good men, who live to-day. It is urged that many of these tributes should have been paid Mr. Bonitz while he lived, and while he struggled so bravely to establish a really good daily newspaper in North Carolina.

Mr. Bonitz, while living, deserved everything said of him, since he went to the grave, but the truth is, a true estimate of some men cannot be made until after their death. Some men have to be dead a century first. The world has greatly modified its judgment of Benjamin Franklin. It will modify its judgment of Grant, of Jefferson Davis and other characters of history We are not prepared to properly estimate our contemporaries because this time no less than others, is selfish and fawning and affords more competition.

This morning this writer received a kind and congratulatory letter from an honest man. A friend stood by and said, "That is cheap and a great deal of it is for sale."

That is mainly a fact, and that is the way the world looks at it. But a good article of praise, a kind and sincere word from a true man or woman makes life more worth the living.

There is many a one who has lost his liberty, his honor, and forfeited his life, who only needed the encouragement of his fellows to attain moderate happiness and success. 'Tis pity, 'tis true, for the world very frequently bestows its tribute of praise, its justice, and its mercy, with as little common sense, as it does many other things.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Uncertainty may attend business ventures and enterprises; but it never attends the prompt administration of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

"My sore run in the night, and my soul refused to be comforted." "Poor fellow! of course it did. Pity, he couldn't get Salvation Oil. Only 25 cents."

Revived in His Coffin.

Joseph Sombaugh, living at St Joseph, Mo., was supposed to have died of Bright's disease. The supposed corpse was laid out and the funeral arrangements made. Just as the family were closing the coffin to have the funeral services performed signs of life were noticed. Physicians were sent for and an hours work brought the man around, He is better to-night than he has been for a long time.

It Caught Him.

A man with a glimmer of hope in his countenance ascended to a third story office in Detroit the other day and was cheerfully bidden to "come in" as he knocked.

"Oh, it's you eh?" observed the occupant.

"Yes. I called to ask——"

"Say!" interrupted the other, as he wheeled about, "did you ever see such a Winter as this?"

"How?"

"I've been here ten years, and I never knew such a season. I have an average of fifteen men per week who come up here to borrow money or to get me to indorse paper for them."

"I—I called to—"

"You called to see if there were any offices vacant in this building. I don't know Ask the elevator boy to direct you to the janitor. Central location and the rents are very reasonable. Good day."

And when the other had backed out and shut the door he uttered an expression which a passer-by would have interpreted to mean "—— him!"—Detroit Free Press.

Senator Vance has been immortalized by a firm of tobacco manufacturers in the Tarheel State. They have issued a million or more highly illuminated advertising cards containing an excellent likeness of the jolly Senator encircled with the brand of the favorite weed, "North Carolina's Favorite." Dozens of these cards have been placed in conspicuous places about the capital. One is in the Senate restaurant, where the portrait gazes admiringly upon the statesman whenever he goes to lunch. Senator Vances friends say the tobacco picture is the best likeness of him in existence.—Ex.

Where the Watch Face Got Its Four I's.

Do you know why four "I's" are used to mark the hour on clocks and watches instead of the usual combination of Roman numerals, which, if rightly arranged, would be IV., instead of IIII.? There is a tradition among watch and clock makers to the effect that prior to the year 1370 all clocks and watches were made with IV., the proper characters to mark the hour of four. In the above named year a clock was made on an elaborate plan for Charles V. of France, surnamed the Wise, who had the reputation of being not only a crank, but of being the greatest fault finder in the world. The clock was a beauty and a fine time keeper, but Charles had to find fault to keep up his reputation. He examined it critically and finally broke out in a storm of rage because the hour of 4 had been marked "IV," insisting that four IIII's should be put on instead. This was done, and, in order to perpetuate a king's mistake, it has been kept up through all succeeding years.—St. Louis Republic.

James River, in Virginia, was originally called Powhatan by the natives. In 1607 its name was changed to James river, in honor of King James I.

Rice, boiled very dry, is acceptably served with fish instead of potatoes.

The Medical Profession.

The attitude of the medical profession towards what is known as "patent medicines" is not at all unreasonable. Thousands of these nostrums are offered to the public every year. Some of them are dangerous, and most of them are futile. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), we are all glad to say, is not classed among these nostrums. It has overcome the wholesome prejudices of physicians in all parts of the country, and some of the strongest testimonials in its behalf come from medical men who have used it in their practice, and who do not hesitate to endorse its wonderful results. This is extremely gratifying, but by no means astonishing, for every claim that is put down in behalf of S. S. S. is based on a series of actual experiments extended over a long period of time.

A good thing to have around the house—A fence.

You get your money's worth, when you buy Old Saul's Catarrh Cure. It never fails. 25 cts.

The man who scolds his crying baby and is too mean to invest 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, should be divorced.

Newly decorated bedrooms have been hung with chintz after the English model.

La Grippe Again.

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the disease left no bad after results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any other Throat Chest or Lung trouble. Trial bottle free at Louisburg Drugstores. Large bottles, 50c, and $1.00.

Pocketbooks are small and ly square, and are made to hold cards.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant same town, says: "Electric bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 25 cts. a bottle, at Louisburg Drugstores.

Pale blue has dethroned yellow.

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 cure piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Louisburg Drugstores.

It is the fad to use only one perfume.

DREXEL'S COLOGNE
Sweet as Roses!! Fragrant! Lasting!
The Leading PERFUME. Price 25 Cts. Sold at Druggists.

LAXADOR Cures Liver Complaint, Constipation, Bilious Affections, Biliousness. At druggists. 50c.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ETC.

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 LANDIS' PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The Superintendent of Public schools of Franklin county, will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, October and December, and remain for three days if necessary, for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be in Louisburg on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my office.

J. N. Harris, Supt.