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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.

Harper's Weekly.
ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly has never failed to justily its title as a "Journal of Civilization," and it has done so with a constant regard to enlarged possibilities of usefulness and a higher standard of artistic and literary excellence. It leaves untouched no important phase of the world's progress, and presents a record, equally trustworthy and interesting, of the notable events, persons, and achievements of our time.

Special supplements will be continued in 1892. They will be literary, scientific, artistic, historical, critical, topographical, or descriptive, as occasion may demand, and will continue to deserve the hearty commendation which has been bestowed on past issues by the press and the public. As a family journal, Harper's Weekly will, as heretofore, be edited with a strict regard for the qualities that make it a safe welcome and visitor to every home.

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PER YEAR.

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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. 30, 1891, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This Dec. 30, 1890.

F. S. Spruill, Adm'r.

R. TYLER,

FANCY ORNAMENTAL

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

Calsomining, graining, parlor painting a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Leave orders at Thomas & Aycocke's drug store.

NOTICE.

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.

J. T. Weldon, Adm'r.

50 STORIES 10 C.
and 4 PIECES OF MUSIC.

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.]

"The Cavaliere arrives at Leghorn to-morrow morning at eight, or, the weather being rather bad, at about half-past eight. By nine o'clock he will have sent a telegraphic despatch here, and if by ten o'clock the lady is not beyond the frontier or on the high seas her departure is sure to be prevented until the Cavaliere's return, which will not be later than to-morrow night."

"There you are mistaken—the steamer only leaves Leghorn to-morrow eve."

"True; but the steamer from Naples touches at Leghorn in the morning, and the Cavaliere will not fail to avail himself of that opportunity, which will bring him back here between three and four o'clock in the afternoon."

"You may be right, and we shall have to bestir ourselves. What advice have you to offer?"

"The principal and best thing under the circumstances is to be far away from Genoa before Salviati's telegram gets here. The next point is to reach the frontier as soon as possible."

"In what way, Beppo?"

"There are two ways! One is to go along the coast to Nizza, provided we have still time to hunt up a conveyance; the other, to take the train at half-past eleven to-night for Turin, where it will be much easier to hide the lady for a few days while we cast about for some means of transportation across the mountains into Switzerland."

I looked at Clelia, wishing to hear what she might have to suggest. She sat there thinking, leaning her head on her hand.

"What is your opinion, Miss Clelia?" I said, pointing at Beppo.

She raised her head, somewhat astonished at my ceremonious address; seeing Beppo, she smiled and said:

"May I speak frankly before this gentleman?"

"He knows all about your relations to Salviati," I replied.

"In that case please listen to me. I would not like to leave Italy before having seen and conversed with my grandfather once more. If you otherwise agree with me we will go to him all three of us, you, Palla Cassotti and I. In the absence of Salviati, who most probably has swayed him, as he sees us, we can speak openly to him, and if after that he still remain inflexible . . . well!—in that event we have done our duty and . . . ."

"But that may delay us and render our flight impossible," I interrupted her.

"Never mind!" said Clelia with a significant smile. "It can do us no more harm now! I am no longer the helpless thing I was, and if need be you, as my friend, can call upon the law for my protection."

"Hm!" muttered Beppo in an undertone. "Let the law alone. Salviati's influence in Turin is great, as I know from experience."

"I fear it not," she calmly replied. "Even though the law should not protect me, you may take this heirloom of my father's, which I always carry upon my person—this golden medal for military bravery with which King Carlo Alberto himself decorated him at Novara—and with it go to the king, telling him that the child of the man who merited that distinction implores his protection. And believe me, he will not deny it to me! Salviati's intrigues will not prevail against it. I feel strong now," she added, with a cheerful, smiling glance at me, "oh! if you but knew what it is to be alone and suddenly to find . . . ."

She did not finish the sentence.

"What are your orders, Signore?" inquired Beppo after a short pause.

"We leave for Turin at half-past eleven to-night!"

Beppo rubbed his hands in high glee, much to my surprise.

"What is the matter with you, my man?"

"You will not be received at Colonel Ginozzi's," he said, highly elated.

"Does that please you so much?"

"Please me? No! Heaven forbid! But I have just bethought myself of a way to render the old cerebus of a porter and the wretch of a housekeeper—creatures of Salviati both of them—perfectly harmless for a couple of hours. It will be fun, capital fun, Signore! But we have no time to spare; it is very nearly eleven o'clock by this time."

After Clelia was once more seated in the coupe opposite me, her hand resting in mine, she burst into a flood of tears. For some time I tried in vain to console her; at last she said:

"O Heavenly Father! What a strange dream this is! This morning I was the most forsaken of orphans—and now . . . . O God! Thy mercy is great!"

CHAPTER XLII.

It was past six o'clock on the next afternoon that we passed along the Via Borgo nuovo in the direction of Colonel Ginozzi's house; for at this late hour only was Beppo able to promise us an undisputed admission to the old hermit's room. Clelia was leaning upon my arm, calm and firmly resolved to do what she considered to be her duty, fully relying upon the help from above which was to lighten its burden. By my side was Fra Angiolo, who, after having been informed of all that had happened, highly approved of Clelia's proposition, and not only promised us his assistance upon this occasion but also the weight of his personal influence in Turin and that of his opulent and powerful family. We had told him everything—our love, our hopes, our plans for the future. The pale Dominican friar had drawn my Clelia towards him and imprinted a kiss upon her pure brow; his hands subsequently were folded in prayer—he probably did not suppose that we divined the thoughts which prompted that prayer.

"And so you are after all willing to assist me, Padre," I said smilingly, "in rescuing Clelia from a convent life?"

"My son," he replied, in a voice scarcely audible, "it is not and never can be the will of God to separate two hearts that love each other warmly and truly! While I supposed that Clelia was alone in the world I deemed the house of God her safest refuge; now there is none safer than your protecting arms."

We entered the house with so firm a reliance on Beppo Mangini's adroitness, as to forget even the possibility of an obstacle being placed in our way. We were not deceived in this. The porter's lodge was securely locked; not a person was to be seen, and we ascended the steps. Scarcely had we pulled the bell at the door which led to the Colonel's apartments when it flew open instantly . . . . and Beppo stood before us.

"Be quick!" he said, almost pushing us into the corridor. "You are just in time. Go across the hall-room and enter the door on your right. The Colonel is there lost in deep meditation."

"And the porter?"

"Lies drunk in his lodge. Here is the key. He won't wake under an hour."

"Where is the housekeeper, Beppo?"

"Ha!" he grinned, "she'll fume! I had her summoned to the police as a witness in a case, of which I have always one or more ready; but she cannot be examined until I come, and will be obliged to wait until you are through. She had given her keys to the porter and I took charge of them when he dropped under the table. But go!"

"Who is there?" sounded a stentorian voice from the room before which we stood. It was a voice that made us turn pale.

We remained silent. A savage imprecation followed the question; the door was pulled open and—we stood face to face with the old Colonel.

Twelve years had gone by since I had seen him. I supposed I should find him an old man, bent down by age and almost childless. I was greatly mistaken. He appeared much the same as he did twelve years ago; there was the same tall, straight, martial form—in spite of his five and seventy years his short hair and his thick moustache were only sprinkled with grey. His eyes had a singular sparkle in them—a sort of vacant stare! He looked at us a few moments in blank amazement before shouting in a menacing, imperious tone:

"Who are you? and what do you want here?"

I stepped forward and gave my name. He paused a moment; the next his features assumed an expression of terrible rage, and with trembling voice he cried:

"Ahm! An accomplice of Major Ginozzi's, and evidently a scoundrel like himself! I remember! I have suffered you to spend nearly a whole year at this house—long, long ago! Get out from here! This is no place for such as you!"

I looked him calmly in the face and noticed a second time that his eye-lids were contracting with an unnatural, convulsive movement.

"I ask you once more, what do you want here?" he said in a voice of thunder.

"Simply to inform you," I replied tartly, "that I have rescued your granddaughter from the hands of your nephew Salviati."

"Whom?" he asked.

"Your granddaughter, the child of your own son."

"I have no son!" he roared—"never had one! Salviati is the only friend I possess. He is my son and no other. He has saved my honor!"

"Salviati is a scoundrel, who killed your son!" I retorted.

"Salviati is a man of honor, who stained his blade with the blood of a villain!"

A scream escaped Clelia's lips. I was dumbfounded myself. I had not expected to hear that!

Before I had fairly recovered myself Palla Cassotti came forward. He approached the Colonel calmly and deliberately; his face wore a strange expression of determination and mildness. When within scarcely more than a pace from the old man he raised the crucifix suspended from his belt and said in a loud and solemn voice:

"In the name of our crucified Saviour I solemnly declare to you that you have uttered a falsehood! Not one syllable of what you have just said is true!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Colonel fell back a pace or two; I noticed that the monk's words had not missed their proper effect. He quickly recovered, however, from his momentary surprise and turning towards me he said:

"Does he call me a liar—me—a liar?"

I concluded that it would be best to excite the wrath of the Colonel to its utmost extent, in order to bring on a reaction of feeling all the more quickly. I summoned all my courage and averting my face from that of the old man I answered in as firm a tone of voice as I could possibly command:

"Yes—a miserable cowardly liar, who moreover dares to speak ill of the dead!"

The Colonel jumped up and was on the point of rushing at me, when, before he could advance a single step, Fra Angiolo's quiet voice again was heard to say:

"You are a liar, old man, as sure as the Redeemer died on the cross for you and me! In a few years, it may be in a few weeks, nay, in a few hours even, the mighty voice of the Lord of lords may summon you before His throne, and you will have to appear before the great Judge with the fearful stain of that crime upon your conscience."

Again the words of the monk made the Colonel cower. His rage was stifled, and in a harsh but slightly trembling voice he asked:

"What do you want of me? Speak, what do you want?"

"I insist," replied Palla Cassotti, "that you shall quietly listen to what this young man has to say. After he has spoken I shall solemnly swear to you that every word of his is true and then—"

"What then?" asked the Colonel, with a look of distrust.

"Then we shall depart," calmly went on the monk, "and leave you to yourself. Mortal men shall then have done their duty towards you. The truth will have been clearly laid before you, and God has willed it that man be the master of his own actions. You may then act, my son, as it seemeth to you best; but the Most High, who will judge you on the last day, will also require you to give an account of how you disposed of the great mercy He has vouchsafed to you, a mercy which so many of your fellow-men have been without—namely, that of having had full knowledge of the facts before you acted."

And without waiting for the old man's reply he turned to me and said:

"Tell your story, my son!"

What great psychologists are these monks, who have had so many hearts laid open to them in the confessionals! The Colonel, but a few minutes ago mad with rage, had dropped upon a chair near him and beckoned to me to begin.

I said what I had to say firmly and concisely. When I alluded to the scene in the Cafe della Concordia, where Salviati had called him a bricconе—the old man smiled incredulously. Fra Angiolo, noticing his smile, interrupted me.

"I can testify to that," he said, "I was present on that occasion."

"You, Padre?" asked the Colonel, greatly surprised.

"Yes, I!" was the cool reply.

[To be continued.]

Their Petition.

When several persons combine in an effort to obtain desired privileges they are usually successful. There lies great virtue in numbers. Elsie, a little New England girl, was delighted with the prospect of a trip to California, and it never occurred to her that all her 12 dolls were not to go also.

"Tell me where they're to be packed, mamma," she said, "and I'll put them in. They mustn't be rumpled and tumbled."

"Elsie, dear," said mamma regretfully, but firmly, "I really can't allow you to take all that set of dolls. You may have two, an two you like, but there I draw the line. Twelve dolls are quite unnecessary."

Elsie made no reply, but went quietly on, altering a skirt on Lady Ethelinda, the prettiest one of the waxen and china faced family.

Later in the day, when her mother entered the room devoted to packing she saw a curious sight. Supported against a trunk sat a row of dolls, in traveling costume, as far as they could manage such, and above their heads was pinned a large placard, bearing the words, "We are waiting to be packed."

What mother could resist the united appeal of a dozen dolls? Not this one, and to California the 12 went.

Too Observant.

A gentleman from Virginia related to a friend in a Gay street car the other day how he hired a negro and put him in a field to work. After a while the planter came along and accosted the new hand:

"Did you see a coach go down the road a while ago?"

"Indeed, I did, boss. One ob de hosses was a gray hoss and the odder was a roan and lame in his off leg."

"I thought I heard some hunters over there on the edge of the woods."

"Yes, boss. One ob dem was Colonel Jones; he was the tall one. De second one was Major Peters, and the third one was Tom McKee. Colonel Jones had one ob dem new fangled breach loadin' guns that breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now?"

"See 'em? Guess I did! Dar was 19 ob 'em. Dey lit in dat old cornfield down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on I'll send for you."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Birthday.

The anniversary of Washington's birth was very properly celebrated yesterday. We made a grand holiday of it and had a good time. The people were in the streets in gay attire, the historical societies had grand dinners and eloquent speeches, flags ornamented private dwellings and public buildings, the mercury crept up above freezing point, the sun filled the heavens with a blaze of glory and the theatres were filled with pleasure seekers.

The immortal George is not forgotten. The Republic is grateful. That bronze equestrian statue on Union square is the symbol of our patriotism. The hand is ever pointing northward, as though asking Wanamaker to build a new post office up town, and the foot of the horse is still pawing imaginary dust, as though he wanted to get into Westchester county, where Beattie doesn't make a fat thing out of alleged street cleaning.

It is lucky for Washington that he is dead. If he could come back, visit Washington and see what the Senate and House have been doing, he would probably shake his fist in the face of Hoar and talk about his Bayonet bill in terms which would melt the type if we tried to print them. And he might so far forget himself as to take Aldrich, who introduced the Gag law, by the scruff of the neck; and he might visit the White House to inform Harrison that his renomination is an iridescent dream; and—well, the chances are that he would leave a strong smell of sulphur in the various departments as an imitation of their deserts.

But he may rest in peace, for the people will do all that in his stead. They are getting wroth over the disappearance of the surplus, the ghastly McKinley bill, the jobs, deals and shams of the republicans, and in 1892 will establish a clean handed, old fashioned, patriotic and democratic *regime* which will make that bronze horse in Union Square neigh in approval and his illustrious rider bow his head and smile on a redeemed people.—*N. Y. Herald.*

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Bonham (Texas) News.

Mr. Cleveland's letter on the silver question is the subject of much comment and in many instances of severe criticism. Many who were advocates of his claims for the next presidency have turned away from him, and there there is not much hope of his being the next standard bearer of the Democracy. Yet Mr. Cleveland occupies the same position on the silver question that he did when he was nominated the first time. When he received the second nomination his views were not then in accord with the most of the Southern and Western Democrats. But he was the strongest man they could get and they chose him. Mr. Cleveland has the nerve to express his honest opinion upon any question. He does not halt and wait to find out which way public opinion for the time being is set; he studies a question and has his honest convictions about the matter and upon these he acts. He is not a reed to be shaken by every wind, nor does he seek popularity by pandering to every popular movement. While the News believes in free coinage, and from its standpoint views it as a measure that would be to the best interest of the great masses, differing in this respect widely from Mr. Cleveland's position, yet it admires the honesty and candor of Mr. Cleveland. He is not like some of the politicians of the present day, who go around pandering to every popular prejudice, regardless of right or wrong, for the sake of getting in office. Mr. Cleveland had rather lose his chance of preferment than to lose his own self-respect which he would do were he to express an opinion and secretly entertain opposite views.

Proper Care of Manure.

Heaps of manure ought not to have all virtue washed out before it is wheeled onto the ground; yet this too often occurs. If there is no possibility of getting it out early, the least that can be done is to throw up altogether in one large heap, making it very solid either by wheeling or carting over it, or by trampling. In this state it will keep well for several months. The bulk can be considerably increased by the addition of common garden soil, a thick layer being laid under and another on top of the heap. Ammonia will be absorbed by the latter, and juices drain down into the former, and all being well mixed before it is used, the gain will be considerable. In many instances what passes as manure is little better than a heap of straw, and if this cannot for a while be placed in a cattle yard, stable or piggery and converted into first-class manure, some other steps must be taken with it. If all is well shaken out and thrown into a large heap, being freely watered at the same time, it will quickly commence decaying, a second turning and watering in the course of about ten days being all the further attention needed. In about a month it ought to be fit for digging in. If liquid manure be substituted for water and the heap sorted over, the value of the manure will be greatly increased. Quite raw manure is not often dug in, but for heavy land, especially any that is quite rotten, is objectionable, that only about half decayed being the best that can be used. Lime ought in no case be mixed with manure.—*New York World.*

Food During Sleep.

Many persons, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet, writes Dr. William C. Cathell, of Baltimore. Physiology teaches that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is, therefore, logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emaciation and lowered degree of vitality, and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result.

I am fully satisfied that were the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless to nightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

THE OLD MAN THOUGHT THE JUDGE WAS GIVING HIM CHESTNUTS.

It became the solemn duty of a Texas Judge to pass sentence on an aged man named George Bliss for stealing a hog.

"It is a shame that a man of your age should be giving up his mind to hog stealing. Do you know any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on you according to law?"

"Now, Judge," was the reply of the aged sinner, Bliss, "this is getting to be a trifle monotonous. I would like to know how a fellow can manage to please you judges. When I was only seventeen years old I got three years, and the judge said I ought to be ashamed of myself to be stealing at my age. When I was forty I got five years, and that judge said it was a shame that a man in his very best years should steal. And now, when I am seventy years of age, here you come and chew over the same old story. Now, I would like to know what year of a man's life is the best one, according to your notion, to begin a life of crime?"

The judge told Bliss that if he wanted legal advice he had better consult with a lawyer, and then passed the usual sentence of five years.

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 Louisburg Druggists.

Rev. A. F. Ridley, of Brooklyn, is the oldest living graduate of Harvard. He is 90 years of age and graduated in 1818.

SAVE MONEY AND SUFFERING.

One feature of the thousands of testimonials that have been given in behalf of S. S. S. is remarkable. In number of instances it is related that a great deal of time and money have been spent in a vain effort to secure relief from disease in the usual way. A knowledge of the virtues of Swift's Specific would have saved the time and money to say nothing of the prevention of the suffering. There need be no such mistakes made now. The great blood purifier is for sale by druggists everywhere, and the S. S. S. Company in Atlanta will send to any address their Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases free, and a pamphlet containing a few of the thousands of testimonials they have received from those who have experienced the benefits of this wonderful medicine.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a bilious look, if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look and if your kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic, acts directly on these vital organs. Cures pimples, blotches, boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at Louisburg drug stores. 50c. per bottle.

Hillsboro has opened a tobacco warehouse.

The people's remedy for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup, influenza, whooping cough, incipient consumption, is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old reliable. Price 25 cents.

To promptly and permanently cure rheumatism or neuralgia, use Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

No man can get rich by adorning the street corners.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at Louisburg drug stores. Large sizes 50c. and $1.00.

Don't expect all the good qualities in one animal.

It is the cry of the dealer that his imitation is "as good as Old Sam's Catarrh Cure." This should convince you which is the best.

Large sales indicate the merits of all good articles. Dealers sell more of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup than of all other remedies for the cure of baby disorders.

Bill Nye, the well known philosopher, will move to Asheville this spring.

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

LAXADOR Cures Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Bilious Affections, Giddiness. At druggists 25 c.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C

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 LAMB'S 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. Hamme, Supt.