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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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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.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bunn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others speeding as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. All work in open field or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.

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$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Godfrey, of N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we will teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

Parachute-jumping is not a business that tends to elevate man.—Cape Cod Item.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power conferred upon us in a deed of mortgage executed to us by C. R. Alford on the 29th of April 1890 and recorded in the Registry of Franklin county in Book 85 at page 252, we will sell at public auction for cash, to the highest bidder at the Court house door in Louisburg, N. C., on the 2d day of Nov. 1891, at 12 o'clock, M., it being the first Monday of the month, the following described real estate situate in Franklin county in Harris township, viz: The house and lot, with gin house and outhouses attached, of C. R. Alford, lying on the Tarboro road, adjoining the lands of Mrs. S. M Beasly, Jordan Perry and others. This October 1st, 1891.

CRENSHAW, HICKS & ALLEN,
F. S. SPRUILL, Mortgagees.
Attorney.

NOTICE.

I will offer for sale at the Court house door in Louisburg on Monday Nov. 2nd, 1891, to the highest bidder, the following valuable real estate: That portion of town lots known as Slab Town, including the well known and valuable Mineral Spring. The said property is divided into building lots of one-half acre and one acre each, &c. Some of them have good tenement houses upon them. Terms of sale one-half cash, balance on a credit of 12 months. Right to reject any and all bids reserved. Plats of said lots may be seen at my office upon application.

B. B. MASSENBURG.
Att'y in fact.

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THE OUTLOOK.

We are pleased to announce that the outlook for the Democratic party in the South is growing brighter every day. The Third Party clouds are passing away and the sunbeams of peace and harmony are overspreading the land. In fact there never has been any Third Party movement inaugurated in the South. No Alliance-man of any prominence has declared for a Third Party, while many prominent Alliancemen have repeatedly declared that the Alliance would not go into a Third Party and that there would be no Third Party started in the South. Recently we have talked with a number of leading Alliancemen in North Carolina, and all of them are opposed to a new party.

Last year there were many men who rang alarm bells and predicted that the Alliance would turn over everything to the Republicans. But instead of that the Alliance gave the Democracy stronger support than ever. The farmers have a reputation for being patriotic and conservative, and when the time comes for action they generally display wisdom. Judging the future by the past there would seem to be no just ground for supposing that the farmers were going to divide the white people of the South and turn over everything to the Radicals in 1892.

There are corrupt, ambitious and designing men inside the Alliance as there are in all parties and in all organizations, but these unscrupulous men are about as well understood inside the Alliance as out. They will soon be buried in public contempt.

Instead of wasting our time criticising extreme men in and out of the Alliance, we should all bend our minds and energies towards discussing the great political problems of the day and trying to solve them. The Alliance has done great good in arousing the people to study political questions. Men in and out of the Alliance are alike anxious to remedy the evils growing out of the tariff, the currency, public extravagance, &c. We should not fall out because our remedies do not agree. Indeed, differences of opinion and freedom of discussion are hopeful signs of progress. Let the agitation go on. We will settle all our differences in the Democratic convention and march on to victory. —Mecklenburg Times.

Eight Hours to Sleep.

The value of sleep to brain-workers cannot be exaggerated. In a recent lecture on Nervous Energy it was said that the brain requires twelve hours of sleep at four years of age, gradually diminishing by hours and half-hours to ten hours at fourteen, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown and formed. Goethe, in his most active and productive period, needed nine hours and took them. Kant—the most laborious of students—was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been in any sense, gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but it is not the less a truth, that what is given to sleep is gained to labor.

In the fall is a good time to make a start in the poultry business. Build the house and make the necessary arrangements in good season.

The reason some people "love at first sight" is because they don't know each other then.—Columbus Post.

If you've got a pain or ache or bruise, Salvation Oil will reach the case instantly. Price 25 cents.

Attention Voters.—By resolution passed by our Legislature, all good citizens are requested to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and recommend the same as the people's remedy for coughs, colds, etc. 25 cents.

"THE RACE QUESTION."

Outline of An Address Delivered Before the Martha's Vineyard Association, August 11, By Rev. J. B. Gambrell.

From the Southern Baptist Record.

My friends, you must not be misled by the very kind introductory remark of your chairman. I have been accused of many things, to part of which I must plead guilty, but I have never yet been guilty of eloquence. That is out of my line. I shall not be eloquent, but my purpose is to be truthful. It is the truth that we need now, and I shall give it to you. If any of you have your feelings spread out round you, it would be a good idea to tuck them up, for I have all I can do to tell you the truth without taking care of your feelings.

When the Puritans landed on these shores they brought many things with them. The Mayflower was a wonderful vessel. Artemus Ward said there was enough furniture brought over to stock the Great Eastern six times. Among the things aboard was the race question. No sooner were the pilgrims landed than they began to settle matters by the Bible. "The saints shall inherit the earth," they read, and proceeded to say: "We are the saints and therefore the Indians must go West." And they have gone and gone till there is not much place for them to go now. That was one phase of the race question now almost settled.

But our fathers brought with them to this new world the seeds of a great government. They had ideas and ideals. They belonged mainly to that race which has in the centuries represented the highest civilization of the world. Cavalier and Puritan were Anglo-Saxon. The huguenot strain assimilated easily to the English, enriching it in a peculiar manner, so that the 2,000,000 colonists, who whipped the British lion back to his little island, were Anglo-Saxons, and they set up a government on the great principles which have made this race the torch banners of civilization. Let it not be forgotten, that this was the work of the South and the North, of Puritan and Cavalier. It is the fashion in some quarters to date everything from Plymouth Rock. Along about the time this government was forming, there was a Cavalier gentleman, down in Virginia, of some notoriety, who took some little hand in what was going on. His name was George Washington. Perhaps, some of you have heard of him. There was another gentleman down there, who wrote a nice little Fourth of July piece, called the Declaration of Independence. His name was Thomas Jefferson. You heard of him, too. It would be a good idea for you people to read up on the early history of this country.

From Runny Meade till this hour the Anglo-Saxon race has led the world for liberty limited by law. This was one of the ideas brought over by our colonial fathers. Another was an open Bible. The Puritans had that idea about half. They believed in liberty to worship God as they chose and to compel everybody else to do the same. Free religious liberty came later and south of Plymouth Rock. Liberty limited by law, free religion, a free press and with free schools are the nerve centres of our civilization. And these are the trophies of the Anglo-Saxon race, and are our contribution to all races. These have made great England, and these have made greater America, because they had fuller development in America. They constitute the patent right of the race, with its assimilated elements, to govern this country.

Another phase of the race question was introduced in this latitude. I read in a Boston paper, as I came through the city, that the Jennie Cushman, an exslaver, had just been sold for $2,000.

There is nothing connected with the slave trade in the South that would sell for 29 cents. The ship ought to be condemned, and the money sent South to educate the negroes. The only thing that grieves me about your goodness is that it came so late. If it had come before you sold the negroes to us, it would have saved us a great deal of trouble and money too.

I won't say that the negroes are in no sense to blame for all the trouble about them. They were kidnapped on their native shores by the North for money, sold to the South for money; the South bought them to make money, and kept them for money. They were liberated as a war measure, and enfranchised as a political measure. Throughout his whole history on the continent, the negro has been a mere foot-ball of Anglo-Saxon greed and ambition. "That is so," by a colored man on the stand. The race question is simply whether the races represented in this country are to assimilate to Anglo-Saxon civilization, or whether our civilization is to be Africanized in the South and foreignized in the North.

Toward the solution of the problem in the South, we have great beginnings. Dr. Mayo, of Boston, or some other sensible man, or if no one has said it, I say it: "In the tutelage of slavery the negroes learned the languages, the religion and the industries of the foremost race on earth. Slavery did not do all it might have done, but it did that much. That was a great common ground upon which the two races stand. We are a great religious brotherhood.

But we have had our troubles. Wholesale enfranchisement followed emancipation. A certain quack doctor had a way of throwing all his patients into fits, for he said, "I am death on fits." This has been the common practice with the political doctors. They crammed 4,000,000 unwashed, uncooked negroes into the political stomach of the South and the South went into fits. In 1875 they were vomited out. You probably heard about it. We were very sick. We saw legislators and magistrates who could not read. Sheriffs did not know the multiplication table. Debts were piled up on everything that would carry a debt. Taxes rose till they reached the point of confiscation. Insolence and ignorance ruled the land. But I must stop. I feel like the young man whose mule threw him in the mud-hole, with his best clothes on, when he was going to meeting with his sweetheart. He was noted for the violence of his temper, but, on this occasion, he meekly turned his girl over to some one else and silently led his mule away. A friend asked, "Dick, why did you not say something?"

"Well, simply because I could not do justice to the occasion." I leave you to make the application.

The South is through with the acute stage of the trouble. I take Mississippi, one of the worst of the Southern States. The intelligent of both races agree that intelligence shall rule, and the South must quit lying and stuffing ballot boxes. I said Montgomery, the only colored man in our late Constitutional Convention, immortalized himself by advocating an intelligent ballot, though he knew it would doom his race to a minority. I have an old colored friend, Uncle Rans. I said, "Uncle Rans, what party do you belong to?" "Republican." "You always vote?" "No, I ain't voted in eight years." "Why don't you vote?" "Case they use to come round and tell lies before 'lection, and way long after, I find out dey was lies, dep I quit votin'. It's dis way. If dey is two trains gwine to Mobile, an' one is run by men that know how to run it, and de other by men what don't know how to run it, I is gwine to go on de train run by men what knows how to run it, case when dey git to Mobile dar is I." My friends I nominate Uncle Rans for U. S. Senator from Massachusetts. He has more sense than many men in that body.

The intelligent whites have upheld the government for themselves and the negroes too, and that under great difficulties. Now and then we have had fits, but they are wearing off. The future is safe. The churches and schools will work out the problem to a finish if they are permitted to do it. I wish here to express my gratitude to the noble men and women from the North, who, midst many perplexities, have helped us to lay the foundation of our future safety. The South may be depended on to maintain Anglo-Saxon civilization. If the Lord would only send some politicians to that bourne whence no travelers return, and let some preachers accompany the expedition as chaplains, our troubles would be at an end.

In order to have a fair idea of the condition of the South, you must remember that our people are by far the most religious on the continent. About one in five of the population in Mississippi is a Baptist, and there is a tremendous sprinkle of Methodists and others. And more, we know nothing of the many isms which pester you. The Bible is the great book of authority. If you all had as much religion as we have got, and we had as much money as you have got, this would be a great country.

What of your end of the country? We Southern people are becoming alarmed about you. Look at your great cities, all foreignized, and the double tier of Western States more than foreign, with alien languages, customs, and tramping under foot the Bible, the Sabbath; the free schools, and defying all restraint on a license spirit, bred in the slums of the old world. How are you going to assimilate these millions pouring in on you from every part of Europe? Already they dominate, and have un-Americanized your cities. They hold the balance of power in your State policies largely. The foreign element controls national policies. Every week that side is strengthened by a fresh influx from the old world. Your sons are coming South and helping us to build up the magnificent South. Every one of them is an accession to the right side, and helps to secure our safety and their's. But the going of these from you puts you more at the mercy of the unseasoned, un-American foreign element. Foreigners will not come and work with negroes. Their race antipathies are too strong, and the South will not ostracise the negro as a laborer; the negro will stay in the South, because it is his home, and he is kindly treated, and the foreigner will mainly stay North.

There is another drift worth mentioning. It carries death with it. I am told that the foreigners have large families and that the American families are small. I have in my pocket a statement from an authoritative source to the effect that one and a half children to the pair is all the New England families are producing. You see that less than two is annihilation. I have seen but two babies since I came here. Oh! I am hungry for babies. I want to kiss even a Yankee baby. What is the matter? Think of it; you are doomed to foreign rule on the land of the Pilgrim fathers. What are you going to do about it?

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

No question of this nature can be restricted to a section. It becomes national, because the national life is affected. Now turn your eyes South. Roundly speaking, in the Southern States, are 20,000,000 souls. Not less than 12,000,000 of these are pure Anglo-Saxon with the traditions, principles and ambitions of the Revolutionary fathers. They hold all the ideals of what I heard the negro Bishop Turner last week call "The Giant Anglo-Saxon race." The Southern negro is every whit an American, and follows his white brother. This is the nation's reserve. There is another thing that counts. There is no end of babies in the South. It is easy to find a dozen children to the family. One of our preachers had nineteen and did not brag about it, either. The race that laid the foundations in the South will build on them. Does it not look very much like if the institutions of this country are saved from anarchy and ruin, the South will have to take a great hand in the business? But you say that in every contest the South allies itself solidly with the foreign element of the North; that the South is doing all it can to break down the conservative truly American element of the North. Yes, I grant that is so, and you don't like it, do you? Let me ask you if in every contest since the war you have done your best to Africanize the South; to put the intelligent Anglo-Saxon under the good-natured, but ignorant African? The South has given you your own medicine and you find it is bitter.

There is a passage of scripture which ought to be dear to your heart: "The Lord preserveth the simple." We have all been doing very foolish things. It is time to pause. The destiny of this country is in our hands under God. We have given hostages to future generations, and we must meet solemn issues. Fairly treated, the great Anglo-Saxon vote of the South, augmented on the negro basis of representation, will come to your help, and it will be as the coming of Blucher of Waterloo. You must meet the South on broad American issues if you would have it so.

I must close my friends. I read once of two people, a man and his wife who, after living together for years happily, and gathering about them many comforts in a comfortable home, allowed outsiders to alienate them, the one from the other. By and by they parted, and then, after a while, mutual friends induced them to meet and peacably divide their belongings. They were both unhappy. The wife said, "John let me have your coat; it needs a few stitches, and when you go away there will be no one to take them for you." They came to the money, and John said: "Sarah, you take it all; I am strong and can earn more, and you are not strong and may need it." Thus they went on, each trying to be considerate of the other, till John looked and saw the big tears in Sarah's eyes, and said, "Sarah, I have been to blame in our troubles. I was not careful of you as I should have been." But Sarah said, "No John, I was to blame; I was petish, and expected too much of you when you were tired." John's heart swelled with a great tide of the old love, and he said: "Sarah, could you love me again?" "Why John, I love you like I used to when we were young." They were in each others arms, and the house was rehabilitated.

Friends of the North, we have had our troubles. There have been wrongs on both sides and together we have suffered.

Your mothers mourn their sons buried in blue and Southern mothers mourn their sons buried in gray. We have a common sorrow. But shall we not reach out our hands to each other in a pledge of a new era of mutual helpfulness? Let us one more quite as Americans, to set our house in order by seeing to it that our Revolutionary fathers did not die in vain to establish a government to preserve liberty, peace and prosperity for their posterity forever. The South needs your sympathy and help in her difficult task; you, every whit as much honored the help of the South in the conflict which left Old Glory waving around you. We hear of the Irish vote, the German vote, the negro vote; shall we not hear something of an American vote, which shall represent the best things in American life?

APRON STRINGS.

"I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron-strings!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightingly of his mother's apron-strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed, too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was 'too late'—and now there were tears in the old eyes—'when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron-strings, in a dark room with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron-strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure your noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ballground together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh,

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes; and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron-strings out of my mouth again."—Harper's Young People.