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State Edition

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

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NO. 26.

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NOTICE.

Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of W. B. Uzzle, dec'd., all persons indebted to the estate are hereby notified to make immediate, and any party holding a claim against the estate will present the same to us on or before May 15th 1892, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of a recovery thereon. This May, 16th, 1892.

JNO. H. UZZLE,
WM. E. UZZLE,
Executors of W. B. Uzzle, dec'd.

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WRIGHTSVILLE LETTER.

CAMP HOLT.
WRIGHTSVILLE, N. C. July, 25 1892.
Special cor. TIMES.

MR. EDITOR:—After a tedious and exceedingly hot trip we arrived at the encampment about 10 o'clock, p. m. without an accident or an incident to mar the enjoyment of the boys or to reflect discredit on the honored and beloved name and memory of the glorious old Franklin Rifles of Confederate fame, and up to date, the gentlemen who compose the present Franklin Rifles, although they have had lots of fun, yet it has all been of an innocent nature, and very much enjoyed by officers and privates. I cannot express the pleasure and gratification it gives me to state the above facts, not only for myself and the company but for the good people at home who are and should be justly proud of their soldier boys. If these boys were inclined to act badly they would be restrained by the love and respect they have for their people at home. The boys of our company make no complaints and give their superior officers no trouble. They are too proud and generous to complain and as they are all gentlemen, and obey orders they are not complained at by their superior officers.

Our "farago" is exactly like that of regular soldiers, with the exception that it is just a little better. Our Captain, W. T. Hughes, is active and industrious in his efforts to make his men as comfortable as possible under the conditions that surround them in camp life, and to fit himself and company to command and receive the plaudits and compliments (which they are daily receiving) from officers and visitors. Although the Franklin Rifles have been named the Baby Company, yet we can boast of the tallest man in the encampment. Leaving out the hot sun and sandy fields, (minus shade trees) the encampment is finely located and well arranged. Situated on an elevated plateau, fronting the sound we have a full view of old ocean who is continuously and rapidly marshaling his white capped forces in the distance, and concentrating them into successive lines of battle array for their final charge, they dash on with thunderous roar and exhaust themselves on the long white sandy beach, yet with a wailing murmur of disappointment they sullenly withdraw and renew the attack incessantly until one feels that there is no peace in the "restless ocean." Instead of the dust and smoke which always follows the charge in ordinary warfare we have the sweet cooling breezes to fan our excited cheeks into peaceful enjoyment of what is passing before us.

From the encampment we have a short cut railroad running across the sound to the Hammocks, a fine and commodious Hotel where all that the inner man craves can be satisfied, and the outer man too, in the nature of a good swim and bath in still water. A little farther on the road leads up the beach to Ocean View, and the sea beach where all the pleasures and enjoyment repeat themselves with the expected improvement in bathing. Here we have the hundreds of miles of smooth clean white sandy sea beach, upon which the roaring dark billows dash themselves with the successive fury of maddened watery giants. Now, Mr. Editor, it would gladden your heart, revive your spirits and make you gloriously happy to see the soldier boys as they gracefully and successfully ride these great cooling waves by the hundreds. Then the view from the Hotel porch at night, what a sight. How small and insignificant one feels, as he gazes upon, and thinks on the mysteries, and wonders of that mighty body of water before him, its roar of thunder never ceasing its continual and ceaseless activity, its

white and blue phosphorous lights, its great depths and expansive stretch, its ebb and flow teeming with annual life within its bosom, and bearing upon its waves the commerce of nations. The thought involuntarily arises at once—who conceived it, who planned it, who created it, who governs and controls it? As one sits on the Hotel porch, and drinks in the cool refreshing winds, that are wafted shoreward on these watery ground swells, the answer to the above questions forces itself—an infinite mind and an infinite hand created and controls it. One would think (if he had never seen the ocean) as he gazed out upon the great expanse of barren waste before him, that the air and winds coming from the quarter before him, would be dry and parching, for the scene looks like a great prairie in flames, for every wave and walet is capped and tipped with the blue green phosphorous glow, and the sound produced in the distance is similar to that of a burning prairie, and the appearance too, with the exception of smoke and heat. This sight is the grandest and sublimest that we ever witnessed. Just in front of the encampment, on the sound, we have a beautiful shady grove about an acre wide where are located the tents and headquarters of the chief officers, the Y. M. C. A., the Wilmington Messenger and Star &c. I know our people will be rejoiced to hear that by their fine appearance, good drilling and good soldierly behavior have won the Regimental flag and will proudly and triumphantly bear it home. Altogether we have a good time down here, we have floored tents with cots to sleep on, and our fare is better than we get at home. As the drum-beats call us to drill we will have to close and tell you more about it when we get home. Yours,
"Jim."

A New Way.

Husbands are not only apt to forget to put letters in the office or give letters to their wives, but they frequently forget to go to market and to the grocery, and send up wood and coal when needed. Here is how one wife managed, so an exchange says.

A wife recently gave her husband a sealed letter, begging him not to open it till he got to his place of business. When he did so, he read:

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming, but kept it to myself until today, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer. You must not censure too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you."

By this time the cold perspiration stood on his forehead with the fear of some terrible unknown calamity. He turned the page, his hair slowly rising and read:

"The coal is all used up. Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget." He didn't.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

YOU MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN HARRISON AND CLEVELAND.

The Third Party Only a Republican Ally—Intended to Delude the Distressed.

In 1888 the Republicans were able to concentrate their forces in New York and Indiana and leave the other States to take care of themselves. New York and Indiana are still essential but besides they will have to fight vigorously to hold their own in Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan and Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.

These facts, taken in connection with recent political occurrences, put new spirit into the Democratic party all over the country and give more than a reasonable assurance of success. Four years ago the country was not ready for the tariff issue. Thousands hesitated, and the Republicans insisted that it was wise to "let well enough alone."

Given power they reconstructed the tariff on a new basis; increased the taxes of the poor and the bounties of the rich, plundered the farmer, paid a bonus for the formation of trusts, squandered millions of money and emptied our overflowing Treasury, in order "to avoid the surrender of any portion of the system of protection."

The Republican party has not yet been forced to account for its betrayal of the people. Its iniquitous tariff is still the law of the land. American producers are still forced to pay toll to the greedy Trusts before they can enter the markets of the world. Wrong is making men desperate, and riot is prevalent over large sections of the country.

To this condition have four years of Republican supremacy brought this nation. Relief must be had, and the first step toward relief must be a reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis. No such reduction can be made if the Republicans retain control of the Senate and re-elect Mr. Harrison.

The people have to choose between Harrison and Cleveland. The People's party is an ally of the Republican organization. Every vote cast for Weaver in a Democratic State is a vote for Harrison.

The People's party serves merely to delude the distressed and to hold out false promises of the success of a score of ill-considered and impossible measures. The sub-Treasury scheme would give the speculators control of the money market, and enable them to fix the prices of all farm products.

The land loan scheme would be no help, for to-day men with land can get loans that in the end would be less costly than Government loans. The Government has nothing; all that it can get comes from the people. The whole plan is the dream of a fanatic or the device of a scoundrel.

Government ownership of railroads would end free institutions; Government telegraph would be a boon to the sporting fraternity and to the speculators and merchant, if rates were lowered, but the inevitable loss would have to be made good by taxes on the farmers, laborers and others who seldom use the telegraph.

The free coinage of silver is at present unattainable, and is not the only measure of currency reform. But currency reform must wait for tariff reform. With wider markets we would get some relief from our currency difficulties.

markets and more buyers.

Opposition to the Republican party must be based on these issues. Freer trade. Economy in Expenditures. No Force Bill. Republican success means more juggling with the currency for speculative purposes, a continuation of the McKinley tariff; corrupt and extravagant appropriations, and a Force bill.

Men of the South do you wish negro Postmasters and negro Supervisors at the polls? Do you wish a continuance of the iniquitous McKinley tariff? Are you satisfied with extravagance in high places? With bounties, subsidies and pensions for everybody but yourselves? If so, vote for Harrison or Weaver, it does not matter which.

Weaver is a worn-out politician who won a little easy prominence by abuse of the South. Will you turn from Cleveland who put your sons in the Cabinet, on the bench and in the diplomatic service, to Harrison or Weaver, who stand ready to re-establish negro supremacy under the guise of the Force bill?

Let farmers, laborers, rich men, poor men, all men work together for the re-election of Cleveland.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Wise Words from a Former North Carolinian. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, Aug. 1. Fellow-citizens of North Carolina:—Allow me to assure you of my unselfishness in this my word to you. I have no "axe to grind," no private end to serve, no personal prize to win; I write to you because I love you, and only because I love you. I am not up for office; nor am I personally interested in any one who is up for office. But I love the South, and North Carolina in particular; and for that reason, and for that reason alone, I would ask you one and all to hear me. I have a right to be heard because I love you; and fully conscious of the perfect purity of my motives, I demand to be heard.

In North Carolina you cannot see yourselves as I see you from this distant standpoint, and looking at you as you cannot possibly look at yourselves, I give you the benefit of my observation, and offer, in the meanwhile, my word of warning.

From the columns of our State press I find that you have, in North Carolina, a political movement known as the "Third" or "People's party." It appears that some of you look upon this new party as being your friend, the Moses that is to lead you out of the wilderness of financial trouble, the Goliath that is to slay the last enemy of your social and material well being. But friends! let me disenchant you of the delusion, and speak the word here which shall cause you to stand up again clothed and in your right mind. Here then is the word: The so-called Third party is a deep-laid and most cunningly contrived plot, on the part of the Republicans to break up the solidarity of the South. Such is the so-called Third or People's party—one of the best laid political conspiracies of all history; and, I need not add, one of the most dangerous foes against which you have ever had to contend.

If it should take off its mask it would be instantly annihilated, of course; but coming to you disguised as your friend and helper, it is all the easier for it to stab you while you embrace it. The history of more than a hundred years shows that North Carolinians are a brave folk, amply able to defend themselves against you ever had, comes to you as

an open enemy in an open field—this is seen from Golliford Court House to Appomattox; and all along down through the dark days of reconstruction. But this latest foe, known as the "Third party," really the worst foe that your friend, and as your friend it will destroy you, if you listen to it. The devil knows that he is hated of all good souls; hence, often times, he comes to us arrayed as an "angel of light."

Harrison & Co., know very well that their disreputable policy is hated with a mortal hatred by every true Southern man; but they think that, if they come South disguised as the friends of the farmer, they will be able to accomplish their purpose. North Carolinians! be on the alert—look well to your ways—or you may be led into the doing of that which shall be a shame and disgrace to you forever. Halifax, Nova Scotia, where I am now preaching the gospel, is a great summer resort for the people of the Northern States. During the months of July and August there are thousands of them here, and among the rest, many Republicans; and in the reading rooms and corridors of the hotels I have heard the Republican visitors laughing and chuckling over the prospect of Harrison getting the electoral vote of North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida and West Virginia, through the instrumentality of the Third party dodge.

"Yes," exclaimed one of them, "the Third party will split up the old Bourbon crowd, and we'll scoop up all four of those States; and then New York may go to h—!" This rascal did not know that an old-time Heel was listening to them, and that he would tell what they said.

Fellow citizens—for I am with you in heart and spirit, though absent in body, and love you though I cannot see you. Fellow citizens! I say, watch! Let none of you be deceived by the false cries of false men. As profoundly as I love the Old North State, I should hate her, as never Hannibal hated Rome, if I thought she was going to be led out of the way by such cheap and in every way insignificant fellows as Peffer and Simpson, and their ilk, possible, still smaller and more worthless henchmen. What! the State that names among its children the Iredells, Gastons, Badlers, Macons, and that bears upon its escutcheon legends of immortal glory—is such a State now to receive its political wisdom from the degenerate sons of the dead abolitionists! "Angels! and ministers of grace—defend us!" Such shame, surely, is not to be written against your noble Commonwealth! You will not permit it to be! No, never!

Fellow citizens, you will remember of reading how, a long time ago, the dread cry arose on a day in the Eternal City—"Caesar line is at the gates!" And he was there—the red-handed conspirator against the Roman constitution and its venerable liberties. But, my countrymen, worse than Catiline is at your doors, and his name is "The Third Party." Watch him! Never your wrath to keep it warm. And when the time comes for you to strike, strike hard, deliver a blow which shall annihilate the political devil that has dared creep into your midst.

Yours for Democratic victory,
THOMAS E. GARDNER.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Legitimate House.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Treasch are owners of the Gov. Lighthouse at Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly until she was a "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at Thomas & Aycock's drug store.