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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXI. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1892. NUMBER 39.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHAT { IS IT / HAS IT DONE / CAN IT DO ?

The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment, that of Drs. Starkey & Palen is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized; and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

It has been in use for over twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommended it—a very significant fact.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a book of 200 pages, published by Drs Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a good record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,
1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Please mention this paper.

Coffins and Caskets.

We have added largely to our stock, and now carry a full line of these goods—from the plainest wood coffin to the finest plush or velvet covered casket. Also a full line of coffin hardware, linings, trimmings, &c. All of which will be sold at reasonable prices.

Respectfully,

R. R. HARRIS & Co.

Louisburg, N. C.

DAVIS'

Labor Saving Guano Book,

For Keeping the Different Brands, amount of the same, price per ton, in money or cotton.

Just the Book for all Fertilizer Sellers.

FOR SALE BY

S. G. DAVIS,
FRANKLINTON, N. C.

Price $2.25 per book. Express prepaid if you state where you saw this advertisement.

CUT FLOWERS,

BOUQUETS, DESIGNS, ETC.

Fine Cut Flowers in Great Variety.

Bouquets, Baskets and Designs tastefully arranged.

Pampas Plumes, Magnolias and other choice evergreens.

Sugar and Silver Maple, Horse Chestnut and other shade trees.

Early cabbage and tomato plants at the right season.

Orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

H. STEINMITZ, Florist,
Raleigh, N. C.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as executor of P. J. Dement, deceased, late of Franklin county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 26th day of September 1893, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

P. J. DEMENT JR., Executor.

September, 26th, 1892.
F. S. SPRUILL, Attorney.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executor of James Strange, deceased, all persons owing his estate are hereby notified to come forward and pay the same at once, and all persons holding claims against the said estate must present them on or before October 7th, 1893, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This Oct., 7th, 1892.

J. W. STRANGE, Executor.

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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the authority given us in an order of the Superior Court of Franklin county, made at the October term 1889, upon a petition for resale filed by the undersigned, in the special proceedings entitled Jos. J. Davis, administrator of W. W. Green vs. W. H. Ballard, et. als., heirs-at-law, we will sell on Saturday, December 3rd, 1892, at 12 o'clock, M., at Franklinton, N. C., the following valuable parcels of land, to-wit:

1st. A tract of land in Franklinton township, known as the Isaac Levister place, being lot No. 5 in the plats of the W. W. Green lands, according to survey made by W. N. Fuller on February 23, 1888, and containing 93 acres.

2nd. A tract of land in Franklinton township known as the Catlett & Brown place, being lot No. 9 in the said survey and plats, containing 156 acres.

3rd. A tract of land in Franklinton township known as the Laban and Allen Catlett tract, being lot No. 10 in the said survey and plats, containing 219 acres.

4th. A tract of land in Franklinton township, known as the Hicksey Perry tract, being lot No. 11 in the said survey and plats, containing 177 acres.

Plats of said lands can be seen at any time at the offices of C. M. Cooke or F. S. Spruill, Esqrs.

Terms of sale: One-fourth cash, balance on a credit of 12 months with interest on deferred payments at 8 per cent. per annum from day of sale. Title retained till all purchase money is paid.

This 26th day of September 1892.

C. M. COOKE,
J. B. BATCHELOR,
Commissioners.

F. S. SPRUILL, Att'y.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power given me in an order of resale made by the Superior Court of Franklin county at the October term 1892 in the civil action entitled Joe Pearce, Assigaee, &c., vs. Jack Wtnston and others, I will sell on Monday, December 5th, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., to the highest bidder at public auction, the four following tracts or parcels of land lying and being in Franklinton township, county of Franklin and State of North Carolina, and described as follows, to-wit:

1st. A lot of land adjoining the lands of Charles Perry and the land allotted to Jack Winston for a part of his homestead, known as lot No. 1 in the survey made by W. N. Fuller, containing 37½ acres.

2nd. A lot of land adjoining the lands of Charles Perry, T. H. Whitaker and lot No. 3, known as lot No. 2 in said survey, containing 116½ acres.

3rd. A lot of land lying on the Simms bridge road, adjoining William Cannady, T. H. Whitaker, the lot No. 2, and Jack Winston's homestead, known as lot No. 3 in said survey, and containing 126½ acres.

4th. A lot of land adjoining Charles Perry, lying on Tar river and the Hayesville and Simms bridge road, known as lot No 4 in said survey and containing 133⅓ acres.

All these described lots of land are parts of the tract of land devised to Jack Winston by his grandfather, Jack Winston, and known as the Ward tract.

Plats of survey will be shown at the office of the undersigned by parties desiring to see the same.

Terms of sale: ⅓ cash, balance in 12 months. Deferred payment to be evidenced by note bearing 8 per cent interest from day of sale. Title retained till purchase money is paid.

F. S. SPRUILL, Com'r.

Sept 19, 1892.

NOTICE.

In accordance with a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county in the case of W. H. Spivey and C. M. Cooke vs. Thos. Privett, et. al., the undersigned Commissioners will on Monday, December 5th, 1892 offer for sale at the Court House door in Louisburg to the highest bidder 121¾ acres of land in Cypress creek township adjoining the lands of Mary Morehead estate and others. Terms made known on day of sale.

THOS. B. WILDER, Com'r.

Nov. 2, 1892.

NOTICE.

By direction of the will of the late Lewis Bartholomew I will on Monday, December 5th, 1892, offer for sale at the Court House door in Louisburg, the northern part of the land of said Lewis Bartholomew, containing about 64 acres. Terms made known on day of sale. Plat can be seen by calling on Thos. B. Wilder, Esq.

S. P. GREEN, Exr. of
Louis Bartholomew.

Nov. 2, 1892.

NOTICE.

In accordance with a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county, made at spring term 1892, the undersigned commissioners will, on Monday, December 5th, 1892, offer for sale at the Court House door in Louisburg the lot of land lying in the east of Hayes & Pinnell's livery stables It will be cut up in lots if desired. Terms, one-fourth cash, balance with 8 per cent. interest in twelve months.

W. M. PERSON,
THOS. B. WILDER,
Commissioners.

Nov. 2, 1892.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county in case of Raleigh National Bank vs. Willis Pearce, et al., the undersigned commissioner will, on Monday, December 5th, 1892, offer for sale at the Court House door in Louisburg, a tract of land adjoining the lands of T. T. Hunt, A. S. Monger and others, containing 132 acres. Terms made known on day of sale.

CHAS. M. BUSBEE, Com'r.

Nov. 2, 1892.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county in case of Raleigh National Bank vs W. D. Macklin and wife, the undersigned commissioner will, on Monday, December 5th, 1892, offer for sale at the Court House door in Louisburg, a tract of land adjoining the lands of Peter Monger, Willis Pearce, Miss V. H. Terrell and others, containing 130 acres.

CHAS. M. BUSBEE, Com'r.

Nov. 2, 1892.

ON THE ALEGAZAM.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF A THRILLING RAILROAD WRECK.

The Road Was Slow and a Horse Car Line Might Have Made Better Time, but the Speed of Its Trains Was Appreciated in One Case Anyway—Here It Is.

"We were sitting in the smoking car of the sleeper and the conversation unpleasantly enough, drifted into the question of railroad wrecks. It was strange, too, that this should be, for we were all old hands at traveling. That sort of people seldom talk about wrecks, but we were soon in the thick of it, every man of us telling his experiences." So spoke James A. Hart, to whose mind this story was brought by the occurrence of several bad wrecks in the east. "We were traveling from one town to another—I won't say where—on a road I will call the Alegazam, because I don't want to make bad friends of the railroad people. But the experience is worth telling, for I'll never forget it if I live to be a thousand years and a day old. There was one big fellow in the smoker—a drummer who evidently was a kicker. At all events he did not like the Alegazam road. 'Why,' said he, 'it wouldn't surprise me a bit if we were to go smash before the night is over. I never ride on this road without buying ten dollars' worth of accident policy. Oh, this Alegazam is a beauty. If there was a horse car line alongside of it I would take that.' The big drummer was getting to be a nuisance in the conversation.

"At the end of every horrible tale he would brighten up and say: 'That isn't a marker to what will happen some day on the Alegazam. Mark my words. This road is a hoodoo if there ever was one.' Our cigars were smoked out as cigars will be smoked out, and we retired for the night. The drummer's berth was only a few numbers from mine, and as he got into bed he poked his head out between the curtains and said in a hoarse whisper, 'Let your body hang half out the window so you'll be on hand when it strikes;' and then turned in, and, I don't doubt, went sound to sleep, never looking for an accident, notwithstanding all his talk.

"Now, a railroad wreck is a funny thing," continued Mr. Hart. "Everybody thinks he's the last man out and the last to hear the shock, and consequently thinks there's no hope for him. People don't stop to consider that in ninety-nine out of a hundred wrecks the damage is all done at once or not at all. And this case is a good exemplar. I sleep soundly but lightly when I travel, and I am a ready waker when there is any unusual noise—that is, noise not caused by the travel of the train over the rails. This night I turned in with a smile at my drummer's fears and was fast asleep in ten minutes. The rub-a-dub-dub of the wheels sung me into a sound slumber, and I'm sure I don't know how long it lasted until I was awakened by a combination of three things, and pretty thoroughly awakened at that. First, the train had stopped and there was no rattle. Then I heard a voice cry out in the night outside:

"'For God's sake stop that engine!'

"And then following that up almost instantaneously there was a great crashing sound of breaking glass. That was all. Following this there was a silence so profound that I could hear my watch ticking under my pillow. What did it mean? A thousand questions rushed into my head in the second of time that followed the breaking of the glass. But before I had time to get out of the berth a voice rang through the car in a tone the like of which I never heard before and hope never to hear again.

"'Jump for your lives!'

"I have heard and seen some queer things in my day, but before I heard that voice I never knew what horror meant. The feeling of a man's whole life was concentrated into that voice, and it struck into my nerves as might a streak of lightning that had no power to kill.

"As I jumped to the ground and rushed up the track I saw approaching our train on the same track, coming to meet our engine, the headlight of another locomotive. That headlight and the dark outlines of the engine behind it looked to me like some horrible monster from another world. It was more than a simple piece of machinery. The thing was alive, and seemed to be about ten times as large as it really was. The impression I had of it then was the most singular feeling I ever knew, and I can't describe it. Everything had been done so quickly, and I was so terribly excited that it was not for some seconds that I noticed I was the first man in the train that had got out. The strange engine slid along the rails until it was within a few feet of ours and stopped. Then the people began coming out.

"Why, in the interval that elapsed between the cry of 'Jump for your lives!' and the time the passengers were alarmed and had begun to come out, a thousand trains might have been wrecked. Nearly all the passengers were now outside inquiring into the cause of the trouble. In my inquiries I discovered the cause of the crashing glass. The man in the berth next mine had heard the brakes put on, had heard the first outcry and, thinking that trouble was ahead, simply bolted through his window, carrying the glass with him. He was not even scratched. We learned that, through an error in switching at a station up the road, the strange engine had slid down our track just in time to see our headlight and for both engines to stop twenty feet short of a collision.

"But the funniest part is to come. Long after the first rush was over a window of our sleeper was broken through, and our friend the drummer dived through it head first to the ground. He had just learned that we were going to be wrecked, and he didn't want to take any chances. And in his flight from the window to the ground I heard him say, in anything but a pleasant tone of voice, 'Oh, this is the Alegazam, this is!'"—Chicago Post.

The Manufacture of Wire.

The manufacture of wire as now carried out may be briefly and concisely stated, and consists in attenuating or reduction in section thin rods of the metal under manipulation by drawing them cold through holes in a draw plate, usually made of hard steel. The wire drawer's bench is furnished with a horizontal cylinder, driven by steam or other power, on which the wire is wound after leaving the draw plate. The holes in the draw plate are arranged in decreasing diameters, and a fine wire may require some twenty or thirty drawings ere it is reduced to the size desired.

Much friction is generated in the process, notwithstanding the use of lubricants, and "annealing" is necessary to counteract the brittleness produced in the wire. Where great accuracy is requisite the wire is drawn through rubies or other hard stones in the draw plate. The speed of the drawing cylinder is increased as the diameter of the wire diminishes.

Much confusion has existed in regard to the gauges of wires, no fewer than fifty-five different gauges being mentioned by a recent writer, of which forty-five were for measuring and determining the size of wire as made and sold within the United Kingdom. The Whitworth gauge, introduced in 1857 by Sir Joseph Whitworth, and the Birmingham wire gauge (B. W. G.) have been extensively employed. In 1884 an imperial standard wire gauge became a law, and constitutes the legal gauge of this country. It ranges from half an inch to one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.—Chambers' Journal.

Fertile Alaska.

The nature of the whole land in Alaska can be roughly divided into three conditions: Snow and ice fields bury the coast range and choke up every hollow; to the immediate north the valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond is richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation. Scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice fields as spreading over the entire land from the Fairweather and Mount St. Elias ranges north almost to the valley of the Yukon.

Colossal heights mantled in never melting snows tower thousands of feet in the air, but within the shadow of these mighty uplands, in the sheltered hollows beneath, lie immense valleys carpeted in richest grasses and gracefully tinted with wild flowers. Here in the summer a genial clime is found, where strawberries and other wild fruits ripen in luxuriance, where there are 4½ months of summer and 7½ of winter. In June and July the sun is lost below the horizon only for a few hours, and the temperature, though chilly at night, has an average of 65 degs. in the daytime.—E. J. Glave in Century.

Gilmore's Baton.

When Gilmore was in Minneapolis during the exposition in 1888 the music of his band was transferred to a phonograph, and he afterward heard it.

"That is wonderful, grand!" exclaimed Gilmore. "It's all there but my little stick and the tap tap of the alto horn's heel."

The "little stick" was his baton. It was made of whitewood, and he always carried it when at the head of his band.

"I have a dozen or more batons," said the popular leader one day, "but none of them compares with this little stick. I can tap on the edge of my music stand with this, and it will not spoil it. My other batons would be ruined, so I keep them locked up."

During his continental tour he was presented with magnificiently decorated batons in every country. Some of them were diamond tipped, and all were gold trimmed.—New York Advertiser.

A Jealous Elephant.

An amusing instance of elephantine pride is told by Baker. The elephant which usually led the state procession of a rajah being sick, the magnificent trappings were placed on one which had up to this time occupied only a subordinate place. The animal, delighted with its finery, showed its glee by so many little squeaks and kicks of pleasure that general attention was attracted to it.

Not long after another state procession was formed, and the previous wearer of the gold cloths, being restored to health, took his accustomed place and trappings, when the now degraded beast, imagining perhaps that he was being defrauded of his promotion, was with great difficulty restrained from attacking the leader of the parade. —Pearson's Weekly.

When Music Was in Ill Repute.

The objection of the nonconformist conscience to musical instruments did not stay at organs, but was extended to fiddles and harps. The drum was almost the sole instrument which was not Babylonish and anti-Christian and could be heard with no uncomfortable scruples. Neither did that curious conscience object simply to the use of the harp and the fiddle upon the village green after the common evensong upon Sunday afternoons, but objected to them even upon the week days. To be a harper or fiddler was ipso facto to be a sinner. Any money earned by playing a harp or viol was the "wages of iniquity."—London Saturday Review.

Soft Beds for Invalids.

Air beds are the modern sine qua non of the invalid. Nothing can be more restful and comfortable to the sick frame than the relief from the bed fatigue which this invention affords. They are tick covered and readily inflated. The slightest motion alters the position of the occupant, and there is no such thing as a lumpy surface possible beneath him. —New York Times.

Crickets as Pets.

A woman in Kennebunk, Me., has made pets of five field crickets. Each has a name and seems to know it when spoken. They are peculiarly sensitive to music, and are always chirping when the sound of a musical instrument is heard.—New York Tribune.

A MINE THAT SHUTS ITS MOUTH.

One of the Most Remarkable Natural Wonders of Montana.

Reference to the natural wonders of Montana, particularly the chicken broth and bichloride springs, brings to light others of equal magnitude. Colonel John Doyle's wonderful vinegar mine in Beaverhead county passes the domain of doubt into the sunlight of truth. It is backed by crisp affidavits, and affidavits cost one dollar each in Montana. The colonel and his partners did not confine themselves to vinegar. They discovered a mountain of pure alum in the Beaverhead range.

The discovery was considered a ten strike and better than a gold mine. They kept the find a secret for several weeks, during which a shaft was sunk to the depth of 200 feet. The cut was made all the way through a solid vein of alum, and it was estimated that the whole mountain was composed of it. A large pile of stuff was heaped near the mine ready for shipment, and the miners had a scheme to flood the market with their product and rake in $1,000,000 at one fell swoop. Monday the colonel's partner went to town to lay in a supply of grub and the former remained behind to guard the treasure.

During the morning a heavy rain began to fall and continued all day, and in the afternoon the colonel had occasion to go down into the mine, making the descent by sliding down the rope, and when once down at the bottom was so taken up with a contemplation of his novel and wonderful mine that he did not heed the fleeting hours until he happened to cast his eyes upward and saw that daylight had faded from the mouth of the shaft. He started to climb upward, but had not proceeded more than half way when, to his horror, he discovered that the heavy fall of rain had so thoroughly saturated the alum sides of the shaft that, as a natural result, they had drawn together until the hole was scarcely large enough for a man to crawl through.

The imprisoned man recognized his awful position, and without losing much time struggled toward the top of the shaft. Every foot he advanced the shaft became smaller, and for the last ten feet he was compelled to dig his way with a pocketknife, and when he finally reached the surface he was completely exhausted, his clothes were torn and his body badly bruised. The rain, which was still falling, soon revived the colonel, and he started toward the camp to meet his partner, to whom he related his marvelous experience.

Together they started to their mine, or at least tried to, for although they searched for two days they were unable to find any sight of their late possessions. The rain had undoubtedly thoroughly and tightly closed up the discovery shaft and melted away every sign of the alum piled on the outside, so that to this time it has been impossible to find any trace of the mine.—Omaha Bee.

Yucatan's Giant "Skeeters."

"The largest mosquitoes in the world are to be found in Yucatan," said Richard Beverly. "Until a few years ago there was not a mosquito in all Mexico. They were introduced by vessels from the United States, and have in the land of their adoption attained proportions unknown in other countries. The lowlands of Yucatan swarm with monster mosquitoes whose bite is almost as painful as the sting of a bee. The historical Jersey mosquito sinks into insignificance beside these Titans of their kind, which are frequently as large as houseflies. In neighborhoods where marshes abound it is impossible to keep stock of any kind, and during the rainy season people wear coarse netting stretched over face and neck to keep these insects from devouring them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Witty Reply of Pope's.

As narrated by Edward Walford in his "Greater London," Frederick, prince of Wales, sometimes visited Alexander Pope at his villa. On one occasion when the prince was on a visit, Pope, after expressing the most dutiful professions of attachment, gave his royal highness an opportunity of observing very shrewdly that his (the poet's) love for princes was inconsistent with his dislike for kings, since princes may in time become kings. Said his royal highness:

"Mr. Pope, I hear you don't like princes."

"Sir, I beg your pardon."

"Well, then, you don't like kings."

"Sir, I must own that I like the lion best before his claws are grown."

No reply could well have been happier.

A Remarkable Bible.

Mr. Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, possesses what is probably the most remarkable Bible in the world. It comprises forty-two folio volumes, and is illustrated by plates on Biblical subjects. He has copies of all the Madonnas of every age and every school of art, and in the collection are included mezzotints, full line engravings, original drawings and unique prints. He has one original drawing of Raphael's and several of Albert Durer's. The collection is a history of Scriptural art.—Harper's Bazar.

Young People Who Go on the Stage.

Mr. Dancy puts down the "draggle tailed" habits of speech on the stage to the fact that the stage is to a great extent the refuge of young people who take to it because they imagine the life to be free and easy, and who adopt it with no greater qualification than an attractive appearance and a confident manner. They also regard it as especially favorable to their purposes, in that as they imagine it requires no preliminary training.—London Telegraph.

A Death from Lightning.

Casper relates a case in which a young man was struck and killed. His hair was burned off and his nose bled. The surgeon who examined him saw on the skin of his chest a perfect impression of an inverted tree, as if tattooed. His cap was torn to pieces. He died of injury to the brain.

Act Well Your Part, For There The Honor Lies.

Yes, do your duty well and faithfully and honestly in whatever position you may be placed, and the reward that will crown you will come alone from the effort you have made and not from the office you may chance to fill. It is the service and not the position which furnishes the jewels that sparkles with such lustrous brilliancy in the diadem of public approbation, and any one can gem his coronet with just such jewels of worth and excellence. In this earth-life there are various vocations. Some are high and exalted, others are low and humble. All must be filled, and the one, who performs his duty best, deserves the richest reward and highest honor, regardless of the position in which that duty was done. The pilot, who sits on his lofty post of duty, and guides his noble and majestic steamer through the bounding billows of the sea, would be powerless to buffet a single wave were it not for the aid and the co-operation he receives from those soot-besmirched toilers way down at the bottom of the vessel, who shovel and pour coal into the red hot jaws of that hell-likefurnace, and thus doth feed the hungry mouth which makes the steam that gives to the vessel that strength and that gigantic motive power which laughs to naught the wildest sweep of fiercest billows. And so we say to those who may not win the first prize in the race of life, and fill the higher niche in the temple of renown, you make yourself felt and useful in whatever sphere you may be thrown. 'Tis true there is but one mighty Niagra whose thundering roar is wafted on winds of renown to every land of the sun, and induces people of every clime to come and stand upon its awe-wrapped banks, and listen in speechless wonder to the thundering anthems rising in melodius incense to the God of Nature. Yet there are thousands upon thousands of murmuring cascades, which catch the silvery ripples of sweetly flowing streamlets, and, dashing their radiant wavelets into foam-crested whirlpools below, they send up their rising spray in streams of sweetest melody to chant their own sweet peans of praise, and thus help to swell the notes and give more melody to the choral harmonies that flow in dulcet waves of enchantment from the stringless instruments of Nature's matchless orchestra. 'Tis true their strains are not so loud and grand and ocean-toned, but yet they serve to make up that thrilling diapson of melody which pours its ripples over the embattlements of the sky, and there, amid the angel choir their softest echoes die. 'Tis true there is but one Mississippi river, whose majestic sweep of waters move on in noiseless majesty to the warm throbbing breast of the sweetly-wooing gulf, and on whose regal bosom vast orgosies do float to feed the white-winged birds of the boundig billows. Yet there are hundreds upon hundreds of flowing rivers and graceful streams and murmuring brooks and singing rivulets and rippling rills, winding here and there their silvery currents throughout our wide domain, and they are deemed necessary in the divine economy of God, for the sweetest flowers bloom upon their mossy brink, and in their cooling deeps the thirsty drink. 'Tis true there is but one Jupiter and Venus in all the sky, yet if their radiant beamings furnished the only waves of light that rolled like glistening diamonds from off the sea of night, the sky would be empalled with shadows dark and drear, and we would turn not there for comfort or for cheer. But millions of little stars doth all their glories blend, and down upon earth's shadows their heavenly radiance send. And so their mingling beaming doth make the sky so bright, we never dread the shadows that follow the blackest night. 'Tis true that in the forest some monarch oak arise, and point his towering head into the very skies, but suppose no other trees would dare mid it to stand, the shower of the sunbeams would parch and scorch the land; but other growth rich foliage give, and help to make the shade, and in their cool retreats the sweetest songs are made, for birds you know build nests in bush and flower, as well as in tree tops which up to Heaven tower. So acquit yourselves like true men in each and every sphere, and do not once surrender to any doubt and fear. Your missiles may not hit the mark at which you first did aim, but keep on nobly trying and you will then win fame. Yes, be pure men, be true men, be honest and be brave, and honor's brightest banner alike o'er each will wave; and when your work is ended, and you go home above, God himself will crown you with the laurel of his love.—Wilson Mirror.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be refunded. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at Thomas & Aycocke's drug store.

An opera house in Cleveland, Ohio, was burned last Saturday, causing a loss of $300,000.

However solicitous mothers may be about the health and comfort of their little children they cannot prevent them from contracting croup and whooping cough. But while they cannot prevent their troubles they readily cure the little ones with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Western Union Telegraph Company will increase its capital stock to $100,000,000 soon.

What is the dismay of the early pedestrian, who leaves his cozy home on a winter's morning in quest of lucre, or pleasure, when he finds himself suddenly the victim of the treachery of a slippery pavement. It will be a comfort to know that Salvation Oil will cure his bruised limbs.

Destructive gales prevail along the British coasts. A number of wrecks have occurred.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you nothing. Sold by Thomas & Aycocke, Louisburg, and T. C. Joyner, Franklinton.

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ARE DAILY RECOMMENDING

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