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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXIII. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1893. NUMBER 32.

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. He 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.

Professional cards.

C. M. COOKE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

DR. J. E. MALONE.
Office two doors below Thomas & Aycocke's dry goods, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

DR. W. H. NICHOLSON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on Nash street.

F. S. SPRUILL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections, &c.

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NOTICE.

North Carolina, Franklin county. } In Superior Court.

Cim Cannady vs. Julia Cannady } Order of Publication.

The above defendant will take notice that a summons has been issued against her in the above cause returnable to the October term of the Superior Court of Franklin county, 1893, which has been returned endorsed by the Sheriff "not to be found in my county." That said defendant will appear at said term to answer or demur to the complaint which will be filed against her or the relief demanded will be granted.

B. B. MASSENBURG, C. S. C.

Sept. 13, 1893.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARKET PLACE.

* * * The grass plot before the jail, in Prison lane, on a certain summer morning not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston, all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron clamped oaken door. Among any other population, or at a later period in the history of New England, the grim rigidity that petrified the bearded physiognomies of these good people would have augured some awful business in hand. It could have betokened nothing short of the anticipated execution of some noted culprit, on whom the sentence of a legal tribunal had but confirmed the verdict of public sentiment. But in that early severity of the Puritan character an inference of this kind could not so indubitably be drawn. It might be that a sluggish bond servant, or an undutiful child, whom his parents had given over to the civil authority, was to be corrected at the whipping post.

It might be that an Antinomian, a Quaker or other heterodox religionist was to be scourged out of the town, or an idle and vagrant Indian, whom the white man's fire water had made riotous about the streets, was to be driven with stripes into the shadow of the forest. It might be, too, that a witch, like old Mistress Hibbins, the bitter tempered widow of the magistrate, was to die upon the gallows. In either case, there was very much the same solemnity of demeanor on the part of the spectators; as befitted a people among whom religion and law were almost identical, and in whose character both were so thoroughly interfused that the mildest and severest acts of public discipline were alike made venerable and awful. Meager, indeed, and cold was the sympathy that a transgressor might look for, from such bystanders, at the scaffold. On the other hand, a penalty, which in our days would infer a degree of mocking infamy and ridicule, might then be invested with almost as stern a dignity as the punishment of death itself.

It was a circumstance to be noted, on the summer morning when our story begins its course, that the women, of whom there were several in the crowd, appeared to take a peculiar interest in whatever penal infliction might be expected to ensue. The age had not so much refinement that any sense of impropriety restrained the wearers of petticoat and farthingale from stepping forth into the public ways and wedging their not unsubstantial persons, if occasion were, into the throng nearest to the scaffold of an execution. Morally as well as materially, there was a coarser fiber in those wives and maidens of old English birth and breeding than in their fair descendants, separated from them by a series of six or seven generations; for throughout that chain of ancestry every successive mother has transmitted to her child a fainter bloom, a more delicate and briefer beauty and a slighter physical frame, if not a character of less force and solidity than her own.

The women who are now standing about the prison door stood within less than half a century of the period when the manlike Elizabeth had been the not altogether unsuitable representative of the sex. They were her countrywomen: and the beef and ale of their native land, with a moral diet not a whit more refined, entered largely into their composition. The bright morning sun therefore shone on broad shoulders and well developed busts and on round and ruddy cheeks that had ripened in the far off island, and had hardly yet grown paler or thinner in the atmosphere of New England. There was moreover a boldness and rotundity of speech among these matrons, as most of them seemed to be, that would startle us at the present day, whether in respect to its purport or its volume of tone.

"Goodwives," said a hard featured dame of fifty, "I'll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof, if we women, being of mature age and church members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips? If the hussy stood up for judgment before us five that are now here in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? Marry, I trow not!"

"People say," said another, "that the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his congregation."

"The magistrates are Godfearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch—that is a truth," added a third autumnal matron. "At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne's forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that, I warrant me. But she—the naughty baggage—little will she care what they put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch or such like heathenish adornment and so walk the streets as brave as ever!"

"Ah, but," interposed more softly a young wife, holding a child by the hand, "let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart."

"What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown or the flesh of her forehead?" cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self constituted judges. "This woman has brought shame upon us all and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly, there is, both in the Scripture and the statute book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!"

"Mercy on us, goodwife," exclaimed a man in the crowd, "is there no virtue in woman save what springs from a wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips! for the jail door is opening and Hester Prynne herself—"

The door of the jail being flung wide open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grizzly presence of the town beadle, with a sword by his side and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward until, on the threshold of the prison door, she repelled him by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character and stepped into the open air, as if by her own free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day, because its existence heretofore had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon or other darksome apartment of the prison.

When the young woman—the mother of this child—stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom: not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and with a burning blush and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbors. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a fast and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore, and which was of a splendor in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was lady-like, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days, characterized by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent and indescribable grace which is now recognized as its manifestation. And never had Hester Prynne appeared more lady-like, in the antique interpretation of the term, than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished and even startled to perceive how her beauty shone out and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped.

It may be true that, to a sensitive observer, there was something exquisitely painful in it. Her attire, which, indeed, she had wrought for the occasion, in prison and had modelled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, transfigured the wearer—so that both men and women who had been familiarly acquainted with Hester Prynne were now impressed as if they beheld her for the first time—was that scarlet letter, so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity and inclosing her in a sphere by herself.

"She had good skill at her needle, that's certain," remarked one of her female spectators; "but did ever a woman, before this brazen hussy, contrive such a way of showing it? Why, gossips, what is it but to laugh in the faces of our godly magistrates, and make a pride out of what they, worthy gentlemen, meant for a punishment?"

"It were well," muttered the most iron visaged of the old dames, "if we stripped Madam Hester's rich gown off her daring shoulders; and as for the red letter, which she hath stitched so curiously, I'll bestow a rag of mine own rheumatic flannel to make a fitter one!"

"Oh, peace, neighbors, peace!" whispered their youngest companion; "do not let her hear you! Not a stitch in that embroidered letter, but she has felt it in her heart."

The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff.

"Make way, good people, make way, in the king's name!" cried he. "Open a passage, and, I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous colony of the Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along Madam Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market place!"

A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle and attended by an irregular procession of stern browed men and unkindly visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth toward the place appointed for her punishment. A crowd of eager and curious schoolboys, understanding little of the matter in hand, except that it gave them a holiday, ran before her progress, turning their heads continually to stare into her face and at the winking baby in her arms, and at the ignominious letter on her breast.

It was no great distance in those days from the prison door to the market place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length, for, haughty as her demeanor was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as it her heart had been hung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon. In our nature, however, there is a provision, alike marvelous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it. With almost a serene deportment, therefore, Hester Prynne passed through this portion of her ordeal, and came to a sort of scaffold at the western extremity of the market place. It stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church and appeared to be a fixture there.

In fact this scaffold constituted a portion of a penal machine, which now, for two or three generations past, has been merely historical and traditionary among us, but was held in the old time to be as effectual an agent in the promotion of good citizenship as ever was the guillotine among the terrorists of France. It was, in short, the pillory. A wooden framework, with holes for the head and hands of the culprit, and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze. The very ideal of ignominy was embodied and made manifest in this contrivance of wood and iron. There can be no outrage, methinks, against our common nature—whatever be the delinquencies of the individual—no outrage more flagrant than to forbid the culprit to hide his face for shame, as it was the essence of this punishment to do.

In Hester Prynne's instance, however, as not unfrequently in other cases, her sentence bore that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing that grisly penance about the neck and continuance out of the head, the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine. Knowing well her part, she ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude, at about the height of a man's shoulders above the street. * * * The unhappy culprit sustained herself as be tits a woman might, under the heavy weight of a thousand curious eyes, all fastened upon her, and concentrated at her bosom. It was almost intolerable to be borne.

Of an impulsive and passionate nature, she had fancied that she could encounter the stings and venom darts of public contumely, wreaking itself in every variety of insult; but there was a quality so much more terrible in these men and women of the popular mind and she had dared rather to exhibit all those qualities of character and passion that were most akin to what had brought her hither. Hitherto, in her life, she had had much to do with the world at large, but now, for the first time, she felt herself a mere piece of public property, and felt that henceforth there would be no escape for her.

Yet there were intervals when the whole scene, in which she was the most conspicuous object, seemed to vanish from her eyes or, at least, glimmered indistinctly before them like a mass of imperfectly shaped and ill assorted images. Her mind, and especially her memory, was preternaturally active and kept bringing up other scenes than this roughly hewn street of a little town on the edge of the western wilderness; other faces than were looking up at her from beneath the brims of those steeple crowned hats. Remembrances the most trifling and immaterial, passages of infancy and school days, sports, childish quarrels and the little domestic traits of her maiden years came swarming back upon her, intermingled with recollections of whatever was gravest in her subsequent life, one picture precisely as vivid as another, as if all were of similar importance or all alike a play. Possibly it was an instinctive device of her spirit to relieve itself by the exhibition of these phantasmagoric forms from the cruel weight and hardness of the reality.

* * *

Lastly, in lieu of these shifting scenes, came back the rude market place of the Puritan settlement, with all the townspeople assembled and leveling their stern regards at Hester Prynne—yes, at herself—who stood on the scaffold of the pillory, an infant on her arm and the letter A, in scarlet, fantastically embroidered with gold thread, upon her bosom.

Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast that it sent forth a cry, she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes!—these were her realities—all else had vanished!

CHAPTER II.

THE RECOGNITION.

From this intense consciousness of being the object of severe and universal observation, the wearer of the scarlet letter was at length relieved by discerning on the outskirts of the crowd a figure which irresistibly took possession of her thoughts. An Indian, in his native garb, was standing there; but the red men were not so infrequent visitors of the English settlements that one of them would have attracted any notice from Hester Prynne at such a time, much less would he have excluded all other objects and ideas from her mind. By the Indian's side and evidently sustaining a companionship with him stood a white man, clad in a strange disarray of civilized and savage costume.

He was small in stature, with a furrowed visage, which as yet could hardly be termed aged. There was a remarkable intelligence in his features, as of a person who had so cultivated his mental part that it could not fail to mold the physical to itself, and become manifest by unmistakable tokens. Although, by a seemingly careless arrangement of his heterogeneous garb, he had endeavored to conceal or abate the peculiarity, it was sufficiently evident to Hester Prynne that one of this man's shoulders rose higher than the other. Again, at the moment of his first recognition of her, and the slight deformity of the figure, she pressed her infant to her bosom with so convulsive a force that the poor babe uttered another cry of pain. But the mother did not seem to hear it.

At his arrival in the market place and some time before she saw him, the stranger had bent his eyes on Hester Prynne. It was carelessly at first, like a man chiefly accustomed to look inward and to whom external matters are of little value and import unless they bear relation to something within his mind. Very soon, however, his look became keen and penetrating. A writhing horror twisted itself across his features, like a snake gliding swiftly over them and making one little pause, with all its wreathed intervolutions in open sight. His face darkened with some powerful emotion, which nevertheless he so instantaneously controlled by an effort of his will that save at a single moment its expression might have passed for calmness. After a brief space the convulsion grew almost imperceptible and finally subsided into the depths of his nature. When he found the eyes of Hester Prynne fastened on his own and saw that she and the scarlet token were beholding him, he slowly and calmly raised his finger, made a gesture with it in the air and laid it on his lips.

Then, touching the shoulder of a townsman who stood next to him, he addressed him in a formal and courteous manner.

"I pray you, good sir," said he, "who is this woman—and wherefore is she here set up to public shame?"

"You must be a stranger in this region, friend," answered the townsman, looking curiously at the speaker and his savage companion, "else you would surely have heard of Mistress Hester Prynne and her punishment. She hath raised a great scandal, I warrant you, in godly Master Dimmesdale's church."

"You say truly," replied the other. "I am a stranger and have lately been sorely adrift on the world. I have met with grievous misfortune by land and sea and have been long held captive among the heathen folk to the southward. And now I thought rather by this token to have refreshment of my captivity. Will it please you, then, before I tell me of Hester Prynne, have I her name rightly—of this woman—of her and what has brought her to yonder scaffold?"

"Truly, friend, and it should seem that thou hast been a captive in the wilderness, that thou art so ignorant of our ways," replied the townsman. "Verily, the Indian hath made thee his bondman, or thou hadst not been so long absent from a Christian land. Yonder woman, then, you must know, was married while yet a young maiden, to a man, English by birth, but who had long dwelt in Amsterdam, whence, some good time before this, he had intended to come over and settle in Boston with his wife. On account of his business, he had tarried behind his young wife, and she had come hither to Boston without any friend to look after her and make her heart glad with the sunshine of kindness. Now, what befell Master Prynne's young wife, we know not, for she was young and fair, and her husband, we have reason to fear, is a man of evil fate. At all events, she had not been long in our town, before she fell into the snare of a wicked man, a ruler in church and state, and a learned man, too, and a man of noble birth, and of a venerable and honored age, insomuch that the sin of Hester Prynne seemed the more heinous because it must needs be committed in high place. In the end, the woman was brought before our worshipful magistrates and stoutly refused to name the father of her child. For this, and for her contumacy in other matters, she hath been adjudged to wear the badge of her shame upon her bosom for the term of her natural life. Her husband, we have heard, is a captive among the Indians, and may be dead or worse than dead, for aught we know, insomuch that his wife may be reckoned a widow, and her child a fatherless babe, between the savages and the Christians. All this hath befallen within the compass of a few brief months, gossip, between the departure of a ship and the return of another from our haven."

"Methinks the sin of adultery hath been a heavy one in this woman," observed the stranger, with a grim smile. "Have you any law here in Boston to put the adulterer to death?"

"It behoves thee well, if thou be still in love with this woman," replied the townsman, laughing at the notion that seemed so ridiculous to him. "Now, good sir, our Massachusetts magistracy, by the blessing of God, are a godly and learned rulers and there is not a more righteous court on the earth than our court of justice. Verily, we have not been wont to put to death our young women for a single sin, though it be a heavy one, and we have no mind to do so now. But, as I hinted to thee, Hester Prynne has been a notable sinner, and hath caused much scandal by her evil example in our godly church. Moreover, she hath not been willing to disclose the name of her child's father, which we think she might well do if she would, for her husband is a long way off, and it is a sin and a shame that this young man should walk in the light, while his sin is hidden in darkness. For this matter we have the law of Hester Prynne, and we have her husband's law, and we have the law of the Indians, among whom she hath dwelt, and all three laws agree that she hath deserved to die. But, as I have said, our magistrates have been mild with her, because of her young child and of her husband's absence and because, moreover, there is a young man in the case, who, we trust, will be put to shame and punishment sooner than the law requires. At his age and station, he should be the first to cast the stone at his erring disciple. But he is young and of a tender heart and he will not do his duty as a Christian man should do, and as our worshipful magistrates will do, in the case of Hester Prynne's adulterer."

"The law should have its course," observed the stranger, with another smile, which seemed to come involuntarily and to depart reluctantly from his grave countenance. "Methinks, friend, you have told me a strange story for your own country. I thank you for your courtesy and will requite it if I may. Meanwhile, if you would do me a kindness, point out to me the man upon the scaffold."

"It behooves him well, if he be still in love with such a woman as Hester Prynne," repeated the townsman. "Now, good sir, our Massachusetts magistracy, in their great wisdom, have ordained that the man shall not be publicly known for a certain term of years, during which he may hide his shame in his own heart if he see fit. It is a godly law, and it doubtless will have a good effect on this young man, who is of a family and station well known in the country. We shall see how he bears himself in this matter, and then, if he do not come forward of his own accord to the scaffold of shame, we shall be the more willing to deem that he is a godly man and a fit person to be a magistrate in the Lord's vineyard. There is a young man yonder who, we hope, will be our worshipful governor before he grows old, if he be but a man of godly life and fair and honorable deeds, for his father's sake. Wilt thou look at the scaffold, friend?"

"I will, indeed," replied the stranger, "and thou hast told me all that I desired to know, except the name of the man of sin who is to be put to shame for his evil deeds. Thou hast said that he is a man of high station and learned age and honored by all. Methinks I should like to see such a man publicly shamed."

"The law and the magistrates will be obeyed in his case, sooner or later," said the Indian, speaking for the first time, in a deep, guttural tone, and with a scowl of ferocious hatred.

"Let us, then, go to the market place," said the stranger, smiling at his companion's earnestness in his own quiet way.

They accordingly took their way through the crowd.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove Pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle at Aycocke & Co's., Drug Store.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Same Democrat as of Yore.

FALKLAND, N. C., Sep., 1893.

To the Editor of the Southerner:

I see you have informed the public that I have declared myself a Populist. It is of the smallest consequence what my political or party affiliations may be, as I am only a private citizen and yet I dislike to be misrepresented. How, or when, or where, you get your information, I cannot imagine. With the single exception of Horace Greeley, I have voted steadily the Democratic ticket for forty two years, and I am to-day the same old Democrat, without any variableness or shadow of turning, standing with both feet on the Chicago platform, as I did in the last campaign whilst stumping for Cleveland. If that platform did not teach free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver as money metals, and a further extension of the currency, I did not know how to read it.

In advocating a repeal of the 10 per cent tax, it showed opposition to the present banking system, our State platform that nominated Mr. Carr put in various advocated a graduated income tax, and every state Democratic platform had one universally for a lower tariff, or some form of protection only. These are my offenses, nothing more.

I have given the best part of my life battling on the side of the farmers and laborers, and now when the fight is raging between the money devils, trusts and monopolists on one side and the farmers and laborers on the other, I shall still be found at my place wherever my feeble efforts are called for.

Truly,

W. R. WILLIAMS.

With courage and civility as allies you can often take captive good luck.

OFFICE OF S. CARSAY, 21 Drayton St.
SAVANNAH, GA. Dec 16, 1890.

Messrs Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.

Dear Sirs—I would like to add my testimony to the almost miraculous effect of P. P. P. in the case of Mary Ingraham, a woman living on my place who had a constant cough, sore throat, debility &c., and was emaciated to a degree that she was unable to do any work. Being given up by physicians, she took the P. P. P., the result being that she has not had the least cough since she commenced taking the medicine, and is now in perfect health. You can refer to me at any time as to the effect of P. P. P. in this case.

Yours truly, [illegible]

For sale by all druggists.

P. P. P. A wonderful medicine. Gives an appetite. It builds up and gives strength.

P. P. P. Cures the worst cases of Blood Poison in 30 days. Sold by druggists.

P. P. P. [illegible] Sarsaparilla.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

I am back from [illegible] and ready to do work at my jewelry store. Those who want a thing in my line, such as clocks and jewelry of all kinds, repaired at short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Very respectfully,

H. [illegible]

NOTICE

[illegible] administrator of W. [illegible] all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment on or before this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This Sept. [illegible]

W. N. HILLER, Adm'r

FEED SALE AND LIVERY STABLES

[illegible] will be accommodated as [illegible]

DUKE & WARD,
Franklinton, N. C.

REMOVED.

Jacob Kronig, the celebrated Boot and Shoe Maker of Louisburg, has moved back into the Main street, recently occupied by Ferrell Parrish, and is glad to have his patrons call and see his beautiful stock. He is L. K. [illegible] the sign of the

THE BIG BOOT.

NEW BARBER SHOP.

I have opened a barber shop in L. [illegible], and will be glad to see the people. My shop is on Nash Street, the house formerly occupied by [illegible]. My razors are sharp, and I know I can satisfy you.

Respectfully,

EDWARD FORTIS.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

EQUIPMENT.—[illegible] INSTRUCTIONS.—Five general courses [illegible] TUITION.—Free to [illegible] Address

PRESIDENT WINSTON,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

A Beautiful Stylish Shoe for Ladies.

Perfection Adjustable Shoe

It is made to expand with every motion of the foot. It retains its stylish shape when other shoes go awry and break. It is the best shoe made.

PRICES, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50.

Consolidated Shoe Co., Mfrs., Lynn, Mass.

FOR SALE BY

PERRY & PATTERSON,
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Contentment Dwells.

Webster's Weekly says that a properly conducted farm, on which the necessaries of life are grown, is a little independent republic in itself. Conspiracies may plan to raise the price of bread and meat, but the man with his crib and his smokehouse in his yard can defy them. Tightness of the money market does not affect him much, for he has little use for money. One of our subscribers who has pursued this course for years recently defended his views against the ridicule of some of his brethren and showed them the inconsistency of putting the hand in the lion's mouth and then complaining because it bites. While others have been paying tribute to the gamblers of Chicago, this sensible man has been eating bread and meat raised on his own farm.

It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe" when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksburg, Pa., writes Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottle at Aycocke & Co's., Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c and $1.00.

The honey which we gather ourselves tastes the sweetest.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it.