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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Pearl looked as beautiful as the day, for the purpose of examining applibut was in one of those moods of perrants to teach in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be in

verse merriment which, whenever they occurred, seemed to remove her entirely Louisburg on Saturday of each out of the sphere of sympathy or human week, and all public days, to attend | contact. She now skipped irreverently to any business connected with my from one grave to another, until, coming to the broad, flat, armorial tomb-J. N. HARRIS, Supt. stone of a departed worthy-perhaps of Isaac Johnson himself-she began to dance upon it. In reply to her mother's command and entreaty that she would behave more decorously, little Pearl paused to gather the prickly burrs from a tall burdock which grew beside the Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, tomb. Taking a handful of these, she Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolinp, and the U. 4. Circuit and District Courts. arranged them along the lines of the scarlet letter that decorated the maternal bosom, to which the burrs, as their nature was, tenaciously adhered. Hes-Office two doors below Thomas & Aycocke's drug store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis. ter did not pluck them off.

Roger Chillingworth had by this time approached the window, and smiled grimly down.

"There is no law, nor reverence for authority, no regard for human ordinances or opinions, right or wrong, mixed up with that child's composition," remarked he, as much to himself as to his companion. "I saw her the other day bespatter the governor himself with water at the cattle trough in Spring lane. What, in heaven's name, is she? Is the imp altogether evil? Hath she Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, affections? Hath she any discoverable principle of being?" the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt

"None-save the freedom of a broken law," answered Mr. Dimmesdale in a quiet way, as if he had been discussing the point within himself. "Whether capable of good I know not."

The child probably overheard their voices, for looking up to the window, with a bright but naughty smile of mirth and intelligence, she threw one of the prickly burrs at the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. The sensitive clergyman shrunk with nervous dread from the light missile. Detecting his emotion, Pearl clapped her little hands in the most extravagant ecstasy. Hester looked up, and all these four persons, old and young, regarded one another in silence, till the child laughed aloud and shouted: "Come away, mother! Come away, or yonder old black man will

catch you! He hath got hold of the

minister already. Come away, mother,

nents of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized; or he will catch you! But he cannot and the compound is so condensed and us leportable that it is sent all over the catch little Pearl!" So she drew her mother away, skip-It are been in use for over twenty years: ping, dancing and frisking fanfastically title of natients have been treated. among the hillocks of the dead people, ... one thousand physicians have like a creature that had nothing in com-. I man amended it-a very signifimon with a bygone and buried genera-1 Mygen-Its Mode of Action tion, nor owned herself akin to it. It the title of a book of 200 liv Drs Starkey & Palen was as if she had been made afresh, out of new elements, and must perforce be a de manirers full information markable curative agent and permitted to live her own life and be a

and will be mailed free to any address ties being reckoned to her for a crime. "There goes a woman," resumed Roger Chillingworth after a pause, "who, be her demerits what they may, hath none of that mystery of hidden sinfulness which you deem so grievous to be borne. Is Hester Prynne the less miswable, think you, for that scarlet letter

law unto herself, without her eccentrici-

Coffins and Caskets. "I do verily believe it," answered the clergyman. "Nevertheless, I cannot answer for her. There was a look of pain in her face which I would gladly have been spared the sight of. But still, methinks, it must needs as a contine We have added to our already sufférer to be free to show his pain, as this poor woman Hester is, than to cover

it all up in his heart." There was another pause, and the physician began anew to examine and arrange the plants which he had gathered. "You inquired of me, a little time agone," said he at length, "my judg-

SOLID WALNUT COFFINS AND CASKETS. ment as touching your health." "I did," answered the clergyman, and would gladly learn it. Speak frankly, I pray you, be it for life or

"Freely, then, and plainly," said the physician, still busy with his plants, but keeping a wary eye on Mr. Dimmesdale, "the disorder is a strange one; not so as nice and fine goods as is carmuch in itself, nor as outwardly manifested-in so far at least as the sympried in any of our cities. Our toms have been laid open to my obserstock is complete in every line. vation. Looking daily at you, my good sir, and watching the tokens of your aspect now for months gone by, I should deem you a man sore sick it may be, yet not so sick but that an instructed and watchful physician might well hope say-the disease is what I seem to know

> "You speak in riddles, learned sir," said the pale winister, glancing aside out of the window.

yet know it not."

"Then, to speak more plainly," continued the physician, "and I crave pardon, sir-should it seem to require pardon-for this needful plainness of my speech. Let me ask-as your friend-as one having charge, under Providence, of your life and physical well being-hath all the operation of this disorder been fairly laid open and recounted to me?"

"How can you question it?" asked the

within itself, may after all be but a have known, are he whose body is the closest conjoined and imbued and identified, so to speak, with the spirit where-

of it is the instrument." "Then I need ask no further," said it, in medicine for the soul?"

"Thus, a sickness," continued Roger Chillingworth, going on in an unaltered tone without heeding the interruption -but standing up and confronting the emaciated and white cheeked minister with his low, dark and misshapen figure

-"a sickness, a sore place, if we may so call it, in your spirit, hath immediately its appropriate manifestation in your bodily frame. Would you therefore that your physician heal the bodily evil? How may this be unless you first lay open to him the wound or trouble in your soul?"

"No! not to thee! not to an earthly physician!" cried Mr. Dimmesdale passionately, and turning his eyes, full and bright and with a kind of fierceness, on old Roger Chillingworth. "Not to thee! But if it be the soul's disease, then do I commit myself to the one Physician of the soul! He, if it stand with his good pleasure, can cure, or he can kill! Let him do with me as in his justice and wisdom he shall see good. But who art thou, that meddlest in this matter-that dares thrust himself between the sufferer and his God?"

With a frantic gesture he rushed out of the room.

"It is as well to have made this step, said Roger Chillingworth to himself, looking after the minister with a grave smile. "There is nothing lost. We shall be friends again anon. But see, now, how passion takes hold upon this man and hurrieth him out of himself! As with one passion, so with another! He hath done a wild thing ere now, this pious Master Dimmesdale, in the hot passion of his heart!"

It proved not difficult to re-establish the intimacy of the two companions on the same footing and in the same degree as heretofore. The young clergyman, after a few hours of privacy, was sensible that the disorder of his nerves had hurried him into an unseemly outbreak of temper, which there had been nothing in the physician's words to excuse or palliate. He marveled, indeed, at the violence with which he had thrust back the kind old man when merely proffering the advice which it was his duty to to bestow and which the minister himself had expressly sought. With these remorseful feelings, he lost no time in Prynne likewise had involuntarily making the amplest apologies, and besought his friend to still continue the care which, if not successful in restoring him to health, had in all probability been the means of prolonging his feeble existence to that hour. Roger Chillingworth readily assented, and went on with his medical supervision of the minister, doing his best for him in all good faith, but always quitting the patient's apartment at the close of a professional interview with a mysterious and puzzled smile upon his lips. This expression was invisible in Mr. Dimmesdale's presence, but grew strongly evident as the physician crossed the threshold.

"A rare case!" he muttered. "I must needs look deeper into it. A strange sympathy betwixt soul and body! Were it only for the art's sake I must search this matter to the bottom!"

It came to pass not long after the scene above recorded that the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale at noonday and entirely unawares fell into a deep, deep slumber sitting in his chair, with a large black letter volume open before him on the table. It must have been a work of vast ability in the somniferous school of literature. The profound depth of the minister's repose was the more remarkable inasmuch as he was one of those persons whose sleep ordinarily is as light, as fitful and as easily scared away as a small bird hopping on .... . . . o such

an unwonted remoteness, however, had his spirit now withdrawn into itself. that he stirred not in his chair when old Roger Chillingworth, without any extraordinary precaution, came into the room. The physician advanced directly in front of his patient, laid his hand upon his bosom and thrust aside the vestment that hitherto had always covered it even from the professional eye. Then, indeed, Mr. Dimmesdale shud-

dered and slightly stirred. After a brief pause the physician

turned away.

But, with what a wild look of wonder, joy and horror! With what a ghastly rapture, as it were, too mighty to be expressed only by the eye and features, and therefore bursting forth through the whole ugliness of his figure, and making itself even riotously manifest by the extravagant gestures with which he threw up his arms toward the ceiling and stamped his foot upon the floor! Had a man seen old Roger Chillingworth at that moment of his ecstasy to cure you. But-I know not what to he would have had no need to ask how satan comports himself when a precious human soul is lost to heaven and won into his kingdom.

But what distinguished the physician's ecstasy from satan's was the trait of wonder in it!

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTERIOR OF A HEART. \* \* \* While thus suffering under bodily disease, and gnawed and tortured by some black trouble of the soul, and given over to the machinations of his deadliest enemy, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale had achieved a brilliant minister. "Surely, it were child's play | popularity in his sacred office. He won it, to call in a physician and then hide the in great part, by his sorrows. \* \* \* To the high mountain peaks of faith "You would tell me then that I know | and sanctity he would have climbed had all?" said Roger Chillingworth deliber- not the tendency been thwarted by the ately, and fixing an eye, bright with in- burden, whatever it might be, of crime ther, with a saintlike frown, and his tense and concentrated intelligence, on or anguish, beneath which it was his again! He to whom only the outward | level with the lowest; him, the man of and physical evil is laid open knoweth | ethereal attributes, whose voice the anoftentimes but half the evil which he is | gels might else have listened to and called upon to cure. A bodily disease, answered! But this very burden it was which we look upon as whole and entire | that gave him sympathies so intimate with the sinful brotherhood of mankind; symptom of some ailment in the spirit- | so that his heart vibrated in unison with ual part. Your pardon once again, good | theirs, and received their pain into itself, Decamber of Monday the 4th day of sir, if my speech give the shadow of and sent its own throb of pain through offense. You, sir, of all men whom I a thousand other hearts in gushes of sad, persuasive eloquence. Oftenest persuasive, but sometimes terrible!

The people knew not the power that moved them thus. They deemed the young clergyman a miracle of holiness. from his chair. "You deal not, I take heaven's messages of wisdom and recare as if it had been for public worship,

ground on which he trod was sanctified. | stole softly down the staircase, undid The virgins of his church grew pale around him, victims of a passion so imbued with religious sentiment that they imagined it to be all religion and brought it openly in their white bosoms as their most acceptable sacrifice before the altar. The aged members of his flock, beholding Mr. Dimmesdale's frame so feeble while they were themselves so rugged in their infirmity, believed that he would go heavenward before them and enjoined it upon their children that their old bones should be buried close to their young pastor's holy grave. And all this time, perchance, when poor Mr. Dimmesdale was thinking of his grave, he questioned with himself whether the grass would ever grow on it, because an accursed

thing must there be buried!

It is inconceivable, the agony with which this public veneration tortured him! It was his genuine impulse to adore the truth, and to reckon all things shadowlike, and utterly devoid of weight or value, that had not its divine essence as the life within their life. Then, what was he?-a substance?-or the dimmest of all shadows? He longed to speak out, from his own pulpit, at the full height of his voice, and tell the people what he was. "I, whom you behold in these black garments of the priesthood; I, who ascend the sacred desk and turn my pale face heavenward, taking upon myself to hold communion, in your behalf, with the Most High Omniscience; I, in whose daily life you discern the sanctity of Enoch; I, whose footsteps, as you suppose, leave a gleam along my earthly track, whereby the pilgrims that shall come after me may be guided to the regions of the blest; I, who have laid the hand of baptism upon your children; I, who have breathed the parting prayer over your dying friends, to whom the amen sounded faintly from a world which they had quitted; I, your pastor, whom you so reverence and trust, am utterly a pollution and a lie!"

More than once Mr. Dimmesdale had gone into the pulpit with a purpose never to come down its steps until he should have spoken words like the above. More than once he had cleared his throat and drawn in the long, deep and tremulous breath which, when sent forth again, would come burdened with the black secret of his soul. More than once-nay, more than a hundred times -he had actually spoken! Spoken! But how? He had told his hearers that he was altogether vile, a viler companion of the vilest, the worst of sinners, an abomination, a thing of unimaginable iniquity; and the only wonder was that they did not see his wretched body shriveled up before their eyes by the burning wrath of the Almighty! Coul1 there be plainer speech than this? Would not the people start up in their seats, by a simultaneous impulse, and tear him down out of the pulpit which he defiled? Not so, indeed! They heard it all, and did but reverence him the more. They little guessed what deadly purport lurked in those self condemning words. "The godly youth!" said they among themselves. "The saint on earth! Alas, if he discern such sinfulness in his own white soul, what horrid spectacle would be behold in thine or

The minister well knew-subtle, but remorseful hypocrite that he was-the light in which his vague confession would be viewed. He had striven to put a cheat upon himself by making the avowal of a guilty conscience, but had gained only one other sin and a self acmowledged shame without the momen-

had spoken the very truth and transformed it into the veriest falsehood And yet, by the constitution of his nature, he loved the truth and loathed the lie as few men ever did. Therefore above all things else he loathed his mis-

His inward trouble drove him to practices more in accordance with the old. corrupted faith of Rome than with the better light of the church in which he had been born and bred. In Mr. Dimmesdale's secret closet, under lock and key, there was a bloody scourge. Oftentimes this Protestant and Puritan divine had plied it on his own shoulders, laughing bitterly at himself the while, and smiting so much the more pitilessly because of that bitter laugh. It was his custom, too, as it has been that of many other pious Puritans, to fast-not, however, like them, in order to purify the body and render it the fitter medium of celestial illumination, but rigorously. and until his knees trembled beneath him, as an act of penance. He kept vigils likewise night after night, sometimes in utter darkness, sometimes with a glimmering lamp, and sometimes, viewing his own face in a looking glass by the most powerful light which he could throw upon it. He thus typified the constant introspection wherewith he tortured, but could not purify, himself.

In these lengthened vigils his brain often reeled, and visions seemed to flit before him; perhaps seen doubtfully, and by a faint light of their own, in the remote dimness of the chamber, or more vividly and close beside him, within the looking glass. Now it was a herd of diabolic shapes that grinned and mocked at the pale minister and beckoned him away with them; now a group of shining angels, who flew upward heavily, as sorrow laden, but grew more ethereal as mother, turning her face away as she passed by. Ghost of a mother-thinnest fantasy of a mother-methinks she might yet have thrown a pitying glance toward her son! And now, through the chamber which these spectral thoughts had made so ghastly, glided Hester Pryune, leading along little Pearl, in her scarlet garb, and pointing her forebosom and then at the clergyman's own breast. \* \* \*

have faintly hinted at, but forborne to picture forth, the minister started from his chair. A new thought had struck buke and love. In their eyes the very and precisely in the same manner, he the door and issued forth.

THE MINISTER'S VIGIL Talking in the shadow of a dream, as it were, and perhaps actually under the influence of a species of somnambulism, Mr. Dinmesdale reached the spot where, now so long since, Hester Prynne had lived through her first hours of public ignominy. The same platform or scaffold, black and weather stained with the storm and sunshine of seven long years, and footworn, too, with the tread of many culprits who had since ascended it, remained standing beneath the balcony of the meeting house. The minis-

CHAPTER X.

ter went up the steps. It was an obscure night of early May An unvaried pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eyewitnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment could now have been sunmoned forth, they would have discerned no face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark gray of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. The ing them will never make them minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should red den in the east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night air would creep into his frame, and stiffen his joints with rheumatism, and clog his throat with catarrh and cough, thereby make individuals, and not mere defrauding the expectant audience of defrauding the expectant audience of tomorrow's prayer and sermon. No eye could see him, save that ever wakeful one which had seen him in his closet cal health mental attainments are wielding the bloody scourge. Why, then, had he come hither? Was it but the mockery of penitence? A mockery. indeed, but in which his soul trifled with itself! A mockery at which angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced

with jeering laughter. He had been driven hither by the im- dren's inherited character, and pulse of that Remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely linked companion was that Cow- and failings. ardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous gripe, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the dren of life and its possibilities; verge of a disclosure. Poor, miserable you have no right to depress them man! what right had infirmity like his to burden itself with crime? Crime is for the iron nerved, who have their intertwined in the same inextricable knot the agony of heaven defying guilt and vain repentance.

And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr. Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that them. spot, in very truth, there was and there had long been the gnawing and poisonons tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will or power to restrain himself he shricked aloud, an outcry that went realing through the night. and was beaten back from one house to another and reverberated from the hills in the background as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound and were bandying it to and fro. "It is done!" muttered the minister.

covering his face w. whole town will awake and hurry forth and find me here!"

But it was not so. The shrick had perhaps sounded with a far greater power to his own startled ears than it actually possessed. The town did not awake, or if it did the drowsy slumberers mistook the cry either for something frightful in a dream or for the noise of witches, whose voices at that period witches, whose voices at that period they will thank you for it in later ments or lonely cottages as they rode with satan through the air. The clergy man, therefore, hearing no symptoms of disturbance, uncovered his eyes and looked about him. . . .

His eyes, however, were soon greeted by a little, glimmering light, which, at first a long way off, was approaching up the street. It threw a gleam of recognifence, and here a latticed window pane and there a pump with its full trough of water, and here, again, an arched door of oak, with an iron knocker and a rough log for the doorstep. The Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale noted all these minute particulars, even while firmly convinced that the doom of his existence was steal- itely. ing onward in the footsteps which he now heard, and that the gleam of the lantern would fall upon him in a few moments not as if you were turning them more and reveal his long hidden secret. As the light drew nearer be beheld within its illuminated circle his brother clergyman-or, to speak more accurately his professional father as well as highly valued friend-the Reverend Mr. Wilson, who, as Mr. Dimmesdale now conjectured, had been praying at the bed side of some dying man. And so he

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Woman's love is the perfume they rose. Now came the dead friends of the heart. It rises to the greatof his youth, and his white bearded fa- est heights, it sinks to the lowest principles. Your children will depths, it forgives most cruel in. be your keenest judges in the fugrows in every climate. Neither small things as well as in great. coldness nor neglect, harshness or If you cannot tell what they wish cruelty, can extinguish it. That to know, say so, rather than deis the real love that conquers the ceive them. world; the love that has wrought finger first at the scarlet letter on her all miracles of art, that gives us On one of those ugly nights, which we song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that the children as much to please the clergyman, somewhat hastily rising They fancied him the mouthpiece of in it. Attiring himself with as much than life, and far stronger than

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panions of them, then they will days ago. not seek companioush p else-

Let the children make a noise Mesers Lippman Bres Sararoah Ga sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets. If they have concealments, worrytell, and patience will probably good for the

Allow them as they grow older wall and the to have opinions of their own ;

Remember that without physiworthless; let them lead free, seeperg !happy lives, which will strength land ... en both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are the largely responsible for your chil. have patience with their faults

Talk hopefully to your chile process because you have suffered.

Teach boys and girls the actual choice either to endure it, or, if it press facts of life as soon as they are too hard, to exert their fierce and savage strongth for a good purpose and fling it off at once! This feeble and most sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet constructed by the spirits and give them the sense of respectively. The spirits are sponsibility without saddening which is an interest and first the spirits and give them the sense of respectively.

tastes are, and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into where I wall be gain to see a studies which are repugnant to who wish as young in my

them good-night after they are and satisfaction guaranteed. in bed; they do like it so, and it keeps them very close. If you have lost a child, re-

member that for the one that is Having pushed as administrate of gone there is nothing more todo; the har state are a tiled to make a

Impress upon them from early pleaded in tar for the said infancy that actions have results, 15, 15,3 and they cannot escape consequences even by being sorry when FEED SALE AND LIVERY SIL they have acted wrongly.

life a great deal more than for ac-

omplishments.

Try and sympathize with gir.

ish flights of fancy, even if they has seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence and not lover your daughters, and not love. tion on here a post and there a garden teach them to seek sympathy

are all your children, each one liane pere's and and has an individual character, and the sand and the sand and the sand qualities vary indefin the first the sand qualities vary indefin

Cultivate them separately, and

Encourage them to take good walking exercise. Young ladies in this country are rarely walkers Girls ought to be able to walk awell as boys. Half of the nerv. ous diseases which afflict young ladies would disappear if the habit of regular exercise were en-

Keep up a right standard of juries. It is pereniel to life, and ture. Do be honest with them in

Reprove your children for tale bearing; a child taught to carry musicall the way from the cradle reports from the kitchen to the parlor is detestable.

Remember that visitors praise you as they deserve it, and their presence is oftener an affliction than not .- Selected.

The body of a negro child was found pressed in the middle of a As boys grow up make com- cotton bale at Ada, Ark, a few

Life, Health and Strength. APALACHROLA, Prin. Feb. 17, 1889.

I was afflicted a tone leatile.

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made new types of a latterage, TO THE PUBLIC I am back home again a dean

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By virtue of a decree of the Superior court of Franklin county, made in the case of F. B. Daney vs. Mrs. Julia Thomas, I will sell at public auction at the court house door December next, the tract of land in Sandy (reek township adjoining lands of J. F. Jones and others, containing 415 acres, being land conveyed by mortgage of Joel Thomas and wife Julia, to F B. Dancy, and recorded in December of Decemb recorded in Register of Deeds office in

Franklin county. Terms of sale, one-fourth cash, balance on credit of 12 months with 8 per cent, interest on deferred payment. E. W. TIMBERLAKE,

Commissioner.