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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXIII.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1893.

NUMBER 37.

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.

J. N. HARRIS, Supt.

Professional cards.

- 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.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Pearl looked as beautiful as the day, but was in one of those moods of perverse merriment which, whenever they occurred, seemed to remove her entirely out of the sphere of sympathy or human contact.

Roger Dimmesdale 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 the governor himself with water at the galle.

"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.

"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 spared the sight of."

"I did," answered the clergyman, "and would gladly learn it. Speak frankly, I pray you, be it for life or death." "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 much in itself, nor as outwardly manifested—in so far at least as the symptoms have been laid open to my observation. 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 to cure you."

"How can you question it?" asked the minister. "Surely, it were child's play to call in a physician and then hide the sore!" "You would tell me then that I know all?" said Roger Chillingworth deliberately, and fixing an eye, bright with intense and concentrated intelligence, on the minister's face.

"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?"

"You would tell me then that I know all?" said Roger Chillingworth deliberately, and fixing an eye, bright with intense and concentrated intelligence, on the minister's face. "Be it so! But again! He to whom only the outward and physical evil is laid open knoweth oftentimes but half the evil which he is called upon to cure. A bodily disease, which we look upon as whole and entire within itself, may after all be but a symptom of some ailment in the spiritual part. Your pardon once again, good sir, if my speech give the shadow of offense. You, sir, of all men whom I have known, are he whose body is the closest conjoined and imbued and identified, so to speak, with the spirit whereof it is the instrument."

"Then I need ask no further," said the clergyman, somewhat hastily rising from his chair. "You deal not, I take 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?"

"Not 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 darest 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. To his company, 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 bestow and which the minister himself had expressly sought. With these remorseful feelings, he lost no time in 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 with a mysterious and puzzled smile upon his lips.

"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.

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ground on which he trod was sanctified. 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. 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! His genuine impulse to adore the truth, and to reckon all things shadowlike, and utterly devoid of weight or life within their life. Then, when the life was 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 Omnipotence; I, in whose dark life you discern the sanctity of Enoch; who, as you suppose, leave a gleam of my earthly track, whereby the pilgrims 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 pastor, whom you so reverence and trust, am utterly a pollution and a lie!'"

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 going at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that spot, in very truth, there was and there had long been the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will or power to restrain himself he shrieked aloud, an outcry that went pealing 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 horror 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 with his hands. The whole town will awake and hurry forth and find me here!" But it was not so. The shriek 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 slumbers mistook the cry either for something frightful in a dream or for the noise of witches, whose voices at that period were often heard to pass over the settlements or lonely cottages as they rode with Satan through the air.

"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 acknowledged shame without the momentary relief of being confessed. He 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 miserable self!"

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 bodily 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 as an act of penance. He kept his 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 herd of diabolic shapes that grinned and beckoned 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 they rose. Now came the dead friends of his youth, and his white bearded father, with a saintlike frown, and his mother, turning her face away as she passed by. Ghost of a mother—thin-est fantasy of a mother—methinks she might have thrown a pitying glance toward her son. And now, through the chamber which these spectral thoughts had made so ghastly, glided Hester Prynne, leading along little Pearl, in her scarlet garb, and pointing her forefinger first at the scarlet letter on her bosom and then at the clergyman's own breast.

On one of those ugly nights, which we have faintly hinted at, but forbore to picture forth, the minister started from his chair. A new thought had struck him. There might be a moment's peace in it, if he had been for public worship, and precisely in the same manner, he stole softly down the staircase, undid the door and issued forth.

CHAPTER X. 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. Dimmesdale 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 minister went up the steps.

CHAPTER X. THE MINISTER'S VIGIL.

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 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 purr of discovery. The minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should red-lead in the east, without other mark 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 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 welding the bloody scourge. Why, then, had he come hither? Was it but 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 impulse of that remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely linked companion was that cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous gripe, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of a disclosure. Poor, miserable man! what right had infirmity like his for the iron nerve, who have their choice either to endure it, or, if it press too hard, to exert their force and wage strength for a good purpose and fling it off at once? This feeble and most sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which 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 going at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that spot, in very truth, there was and there had long been the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will or power to restrain himself he shrieked aloud, an outcry that went pealing 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 horror in it, had made a plaything of the sound and were bandying it to and fro.

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FOR MOTHERS. As boys grow up make companions of them, then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves. Respect their little secrets. If they have concealments, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do the work.

Allow them as they grow older to have opinions of their own, make individuals, and not mere echoes. Remember that without physical health mental attainments are worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your children's inherited character, and have patience with their faults and failings. Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered. Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

Find out what their special tastes are, and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies which are repugnant to them.

As long as it is possible kiss them good-night after they are in bed; they do like it so, and it keeps them very close. If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is nothing more to do, for those remaining, everything to hide your grief for their sakes.

Impress upon them from early infancy that actions have results, and they cannot escape consequences even by being sorry when they have acted wrongly. As your daughters grow up teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cooking; they will thank you for it in later life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flights of fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters, and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere. Remember that although they are all your children, each one has an individual character, and tastes and qualities vary indefinitely.

Cultivate them separately, and not as if you were turning them out by machinery. Encourage them to take good walking exercise. Young ladies in this country are rarely walkers. Girls ought to be able to walk as well as boys. Half of the nervous diseases which afflict young ladies would disappear if the habit of regular exercise were encouraged. Keep up a right standard of principles. Your children will be your keenest judges in the future. Do be honest with them in small things as well as in great. If you cannot tell what they wish to know, say so, rather than deceive them.

Remember that visitors praise the children as much to please you as they deserve it, and their presence is oftener an affliction than not.—Selected.

TO THE PUBLIC. I am a hair dresser and have been found at my hair shop, where I will be glad to see a gentleman who wishes a good haircut. I will do all kinds of hair dressing and satisfaction guaranteed. Very respectfully, H. R. FOSTER.

NOTICE. Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of the late Mrs. W. H. HARRIS, I hereby give notice that I will receive and pay all claims against said estate, and will distribute the same to the heirs and legatees of said estate. W. N. COLLIER, Administrator.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA. EQUIPMENT—Faculty of 25 teachers. 14 buildings. Two laboratories. Library of 20,000 volumes. 315 students. INSPECTIONS—of the general course, of the professional course, of the medical course, of the law course, of the engineering and forestry courses. EXPENSES—Tuition \$60 per year. Scholarship and loans for the poor. Address: PRESIDENT WINSTON, CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

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The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment, that of Drs. Starkey & Paalen, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and is so portable that it is sent all over the world. It is in use for over twenty years, and thousands of patients have been treated. It is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and is so portable that it is sent all over the world.

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We have added to our already complete line of wood and cloth covered Coffins and Caskets SOLID WALNUT COFFINS AND CASKETS. Also a line of METALLICS as nice and fine goods as is carried in any of our cities. Our stock is complete in every line.

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Does a General Banking Business. Collections made and returned promptly. Northern Exchange bought and sold. COUNTY ORDERS CASHED. Interest paid on deposits after three months. W. P. WEBB, President.

SALE OF VALUABLE LAND.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county, made in the case of F. B. Dancy vs. Mrs. Julia Thomas, I will sell at public auction at the court house door in Louisburg, on Monday the 4th day of December next, the tract of land in Sandy Jones and others, containing 415 acres, being land conveyed by mortgage of Joel Thomas and wife Julia, to F. B. Dancy, and Franklin county. Terms of sale, one-fourth cash, balance on credit of 12 months with 8 percent interest on deferred payment. E. W. TIMBERLAKE, Commissioner.