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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. I 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.

D. J. E. MALONE,
Office two doors below Thomas & Aycocke's drug store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

D. R. W. H. NICHOLSON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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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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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 the 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,
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Coffins and Caskets.

We have added to our already complete line of wood and cloth covered Coffins and Caskets

SOLID WALNUT COFFINS AND CASKETS.

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as nice and fine goods as is carried in any of our cities. Our stock is complete in every line.

Respectfully,

R. R. HARRIS & Co.
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Bank of Louisburg

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. H. 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 Creek 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 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.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The good old minister came freshly from the death chamber of Governor Winthrop, who had passed from earth to heaven within that very hour. And now surrounded, like the saintlike personages of olden times, with a radiant halo, that glorified him amid this gloomy night of sin—as if the departed governor had left him an inheritance of his glory, or as if he had caught upon himself the distant shine of the celestial city, while looking thitherward to see the triumphal pilgrim pass within its gates—now, in short, good Father Wilson was moving homeward, aiding his footsteps with a lighted lantern! The glimmer of this luminary suggested the above conceits to Mr. Dimmesdale, who smiled, and mused, and meditated, and then wondered if he were going mad.

As the Reverend Mr. Wilson passed beside the scaffold, closely muffling his Geneva cloak about him with one arm, and holding the lantern before his breast with the other, the minister could hardly restrain himself from speaking. "A good evening to you, venerable Father Wilson! Come up hither, I pray you, and pass a pleasant hour with me!" "Good heavens! Had Mr. Dimmesdale actually spoken? For one instant, he believed that these words had passed his lips. But they were uttered only within his imagination. The venerable Father Wilson continued to step slowly onward, looking carefully at the muddy pathway before his feet and never once turning his head toward the guilty platform. When the light of the glimmering lantern had faded quite away, the minister discovered, by the faintness which came over him, that the last few moments had been a crisis of terrible anxiety; although his mind had made an involuntary effort to relieve itself by a kind of lurid playfulness.

Shortly afterward the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break and find him there. The neighborhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely defined figure aloft on the place of shame, and half crazed by alarm and curiosity would go knocking from door to door summoning all the people to behold the ghost—his needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor.

All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turn up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom, but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen and dead, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute—he recognized the tones of little Pearl.

"Pearl! Little Pearl!" cried he after a moment's pause; then, suppressing his voice, "Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?" "Yes; it is Hester Prynne," she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the sidewalk along which she had been passing. "It is I and my little Pearl."

"Where come you, Hester?" asked the minister. "What sent you hither?" "I have been watching at a deathbed," answered Hester Prynne; "at Governor Winthrop's deathbed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling."

"Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl," said the Reverend Minister Dimmesdale. "Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together!"

She silently ascended the steps and stood on the platform, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand and took it. The moment that he did so there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

"Minister!" whispered little Pearl.

"What wouldst thou say, child?" asked Mr. Dimmesdale.

"Will thou stand here with mother and me tomorrow noontide?" inquired Pearl.

"Nay, not so, my little Pearl," answered the minister; "for with the new energy of the moment all the dread of public exposure, that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him; and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which—now, with strange joy, nevertheless—he now found himself. "Not so, my child, I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee another day, but not tomorrow."

Pearl laughed and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast.

"A moment longer, my child!" said he.

"But wilt thou promise," asked Pearl, "to take my hand and mother's hand tomorrow noontide?"

"Not then, Pearl," said the minister, "but another time."

"And what other time?" persisted the child.

"At the great judgment day," whispered the minister, and strangely enough the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. "Then and there, before the judgment seat, thy mother and I must stand together. But the day of this world shall not see our meeting."

Pearl laughed again.

But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which, the night watcher may so often observe burning out to waste in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of midday, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light.

The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden plots, black with freshly turned earth; the wheel track, little worn; and, even in the market place, margined with green on either side—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister with his hand over his heart, and Hester Prynne with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom, and little Pearl, herself a symbol and the connecting link between these two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets and the daybreak that shall unite all who belong to one another.

There was witchcraft in little Pearl's eyes, and her face as she glanced upward at the minister wore that naughty smile which marked its expression frequently so elfish. She withdrew her hand from Mr. Dimmesdale's and pointed across the street. But he clasped both his hands over his breast and cast his eyes toward the zenith.

Nothing was more common in those days than to interpret all meteoric appearances and other natural phenomena that occurred with less regularity than the rise and set of sun and moon as so many revelations from a supernatural source. Thus a blazing spear, a sword of flame, a bow or a sheaf of arrows seen in the midnight sky prefigured Indian warfare. Pestilence was known to have been foreboded by a shower of crimson light. We doubt whether any marked event for good or evil ever befell New England from its settlement down to the Revolutionary times of which the inhabitants had not been previously warned by some spectacle of this nature. Not seldom it had been seen by multitudes.

Often, however, its credibility rested on the faith of some lonely eyewitness, who beheld the wonder through the colored, magnifying and distorting medium of his imagination, and shaped it more distinctly in his afterthought. It was indeed a majestic idea, that the destiny of nations should be revealed in these awful hieroglyphics on the cope of heaven. A scroll so wide might not be deemed too expansive for Providence to write a people's doom upon. The belief was a favorite one with our forefathers, as betokening that their infant commonwealth was under a celestial guardianship of peculiar intimacy and strictness. But what shall we say when an individual discovers a revelation, addressed to himself alone, on the same vast sheet of record? In such a case it could only be the symptom of a highly disordered mental state, when a man, rendered morbidly self-contemplative by long, intense and secret pain, had extended his egotism over the whole expanse of nature, until the firmament itself should appear no more than a fitting page for his soul's history and fate!

We impute it therefore solely to the disease in his own eye and heart, that the minister, looking upward to the zenith, beheld there the appearance of an immense letter—the letter A—marked out in lines of dull red light. Not but the meteor may have shown itself at that point, burning dusky through a veil of cloud, but with no such shape as his guilty imagination gave it, or, at least, with so little definiteness that another's guilt might have seen another symbol in it.

That sounded, indeed, like human language, but was only such gibberish as children may be heard uttering themselves with, by the hour together. At all events, if it involved any secret information in regard to old Roger Chillingworth, it was in a tongue unknown to the erudite clergyman, and did but increase the bewilderment of his mind. The elfish child then laughed aloud.

"Dost thou mock me now?" said the minister.

"Thou wast not bold! Thou wast not true!" answered the child. "Thou wouldst not promise to take my hand and mother's hand tomorrow noontide!"

"Worthy sir," answered the physician, who had now advanced to the foot of the platform. "Pray Master Dimmesdale, can this be you? Well, indeed! We men of study, whose heads are in our books, have need to be straightly looked after! We dream in our waking moments and walk in our sleep. Come, good sir, and my dear friend, I pray you, let me lead you home!"

"How knowest thou that I was here?" asked the minister feebly.

"Verily, and in good faith," answered Roger Chillingworth, "I knew nothing of the matter. I had spent the better part of the night at the bedside of the worshipful Governor Winthrop, doing what my poor skill might to give him ease. He going home to take a better world, I likewise went on my way homeward when this strange light shone out. Come with me, I beseech you, reverend sir, else you will be poorly able to do Sabbath duty tomorrow. Ah! see now how they trouble the brain—these books! these books! You should study less, good sir, and take a little pastime, or these night whimsies will grow upon you."

"I will go home with you," said Mr. Dimmesdale.

With a chill despondency, like one awaking all nerveless from an ugly dream, he yielded himself to the physician and was led away.

The next day, however, being the Sabbath, he preached a discourse which was held to be the richest and most powerful and the most replete with heavenly influences that had ever proceeded from his lips. Some—it is said more souls than one—were brought to the truth by the efficacy of that sermon, and vowed within themselves to cherish a holy gratitude toward Mr. Dimmesdale throughout the long hereafter. But as he came down the pulpit steps the gray bearded sexton met him, holding up a black flag, which the minister recognized as his own.

"It was found," said the sexton, "this morning on the scaffold when evil doers are set up to public shame. Satan dropped it against you, intending a scurrilous jest against your reverence. But indeed he was blind and foolish, as he ever and always is. A pure hand needs no glove to cover it!"

"Thank you, my good friend," said the minister gravely, but started at heart, for so confused was his remembrance that he had almost brought himself to look at the events of the past night as visionary. "Yes, it seems to be my glove, indeed!"

"And, since Satan saw fit to steal it, your reverence must needs handle him without gloves henceforward," remarked the old sexton, grimly smiling. "But did your reverence hear of the perfect letter in the sky—the letter A, which we interpret to stand for Angel. For as our good Governor Winthrop was made an angel this past night, it was doubtless held fit that there should be some notice thereof."

"No," answered the minister, "I had not heard of it."

CHAPTER XI.

HESTER AND THE PHYSICIAN.

In her late singular interview with Mr. Dimmesdale, Hester Prynne was shocked at the condition to which she found the old physician reduced. His nerve seemed absolutely prostrated. His moral force was almost more than childish weakness. It grew to a helplessness on the ground even while his intellectual faculties retained their pristine strength, or had perhaps acquired a morbid energy which disease only could have given them. With her knowledge of a train of circumstances hidden from all others she could readily infer that, besides the legitimate action of his own conscience, a terrible machinery had been brought to bear and was still operating on Mr. Dimmesdale's well being and repose.

Knowing that this poor, fallen man had once been, her weak heart was moved by the shuddering terror which he had appealed to her—the outcast woman—for support against his instinctively discovered enemy. She was, moreover, that he had a right to her utmost aid. Little accustomed, in her long seclusion from society, to measure her ideas of right and wrong by any standard external to herself, Hester saw—or seemed to see—that there lay a responsibility upon her, in reference to the clergyman, which she owed to no other, nor to the whole world besides. The links that connected her to the rest of human kind—links of flowers or silk or gold or what-never the material—had all been broken. Here was the iron link of mutual crime, which neither he nor she could break. Like all other ties, it brought along with it its obligations.

Now, however, her interview with the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, on the night of his vigil, had given her a new theme of reflection, and held up to her an object that appeared worthy of any exertion and sacrifice for its attainment. She had witnessed the intense misery beneath which the minister struggled, or, to speak more accurately, had ceased to struggle. She saw that he stood on the verge of lunacy, if he had not already stepped across it. It was impossible to doubt, that whatever painful efficacy there might be in the secret sting of remorse, a deadlier venom had been infused into it by the hand that proffered relief. A secret enemy had been continually by his side, under the semblance of a friend and helper, and had availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded for tampering with the delicate springs of Mr. Dimmesdale's nature.

Hester could not but ask herself whether there had not originally been a defect of truth, courage and loyalty on her own part in allowing the minister to be thrown into a position where so much evil was to be foreboded and nothing auspicious to be hoped. Her only justification lay in the fact that she had been able to discern no method of rescuing him from a blacker ruin than had overwhelmed herself, except by acquiescing in Roger Chillingworth's scheme of disguise. Under that impulse she had made her choice, and had chosen as it now appeared, the more wretched alternative of the two. She determined to redeem her error so far as it might yet be possible. Strengthened by years of hard and solemn trial, she felt herself no longer so inadequate to cope with Roger Chillingworth as on that night, flustered by an and half maddened by the indignity that was still new when they had talked together in the prison chamber. She had clung to her old man, on the other hand, had brought herself nearer to her level, or perhaps below it, by the revenge which he had stooped for.

In fine, Hester Prynne resolved to meet her former husband, and do what might be in her power for the rescue of the victim on whom he had so evidently set his grips. The occasion was not long to seek. One afternoon, walking with Pearl in a retired part of the peninsula, she held the old physician, with a basket on one arm and a staff in the other hand, stooping almost in quest of roots and herbs to concoct his medicines within.

Hester had little Pearl run down to the margin of the water and play with the shells and tangled seaweed, until she should have talked awhile with her father-gatherer of herbs. So the child flew away like a bird, and making bare her small white feet went pattering along the moist margin of the sea.

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



AN EXCHANGE SAYS:

What think those who have been harping that the administration was trying to demonize silver of the fact that there is to be a beginning of the coinage of silver after it has been stopped for two or three years? This too remember, immediately after the repeal of the Sherman law which it was said would do away with silver. It is said there is to be about four millions of dollars coined per month and this is to be continued until silver circulation is increased one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Wonder what the "Refarmer" papers will say about this? Gentlemen, be easy, the country is safe when the Democrats rule. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle may make what they seem to us mistakes, but they are informed and know what they are about, and we are a little more than ever inclined to give them a chance without complaining. They have never been found wanting yet.

THE Burlington News says: When Grover Cleveland reached his new celebrated Tariff Message in 1887, there went up a great wail which put him down. At the mention of his name for the Presidency in '92 another wail, but the wail was not sufficient to stem the tide and in '96 went amid great rejoicing. But as soon as it dawned on Grover's whoever "them" is, that Grover's backbone had lost some of its strength there went up another wail, and this time it comes from those who should have stood shoulder to shoulder with him. But in spite of all that has been said and done, Grover Cleveland with a backbone "all wool and a yard wide" is again on top, and what he advocates will ere long be the popular idea. Don't go back on Grover! This century has never seen any such a man.

It is a wonderful advantage to a man in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman.

In women there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man.

A certain musician having heard a village post repeat some verses on a staid wife was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There's no necessity for that," said the post, "you have got the original."

"Gentlemen," shouted a boy, as he poked his head into a car, "did you post that letter your wife gave you this morning?" And six men simultaneously halted the conductor and hurriedly left the car.

First Musician—"Does your wife always meet you with a smile?"

Second Musician—"I smile so often before going home, that her's would be superfluous!"

Y. Press.

Electric Bitters.
This remedy is becoming a well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters and the same way of praise—a pure medicine that cures all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, 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 50¢ and \$1.00 per bottle at Aycocke & Co's drug store.

In this country 2,500 women are practicing medicine, 275 preaching the gospel, more than 6,000 managing post-offices, and over 3,000 earning independent incomes. Since 1880 the patent office has granted over 2,500 patents to women, and in New York City 27,000 women support their husbands.

It Should Be in Every House.
J. R. 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 severe cold physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cookeport, Pa., claims 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 bottles at Aycocke's drug store. Large bottles 50¢ and \$1.00.

Ugliness has this advantage over beauty—it never fades.

It is human nature to hate him whom you have injured.

Life, Health and Strength.

AYCOCKE'S FILE #17-1009
Messrs. Lippman Bros., Syracuse, N. Y.
I have used your Compound Oxygen Treatment for several years, and it has done me more good than any other medicine I have used. I have been cured of my chronic cough, and my general health has improved. I have also used it for my wife and child, and they have both been benefited. I highly recommend it to all who are afflicted with chronic cough, asthma, or any other pulmonary disease.

M. J. PUGH,
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FIRST CLASS PRINTER,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

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