

State Library

# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXIII.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1894.

NUMBER 44.

## FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be holding on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my office.

J. N. HARRIS, Supt.

## Professional cards.

M. COOKE & SON.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. J. E. MALONE.

DR. R. W. H. NICHOLSON.

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, LOUISBURG, N. C.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C.

F. S. SPURILL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C.

N. Y. GULLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FRANKLIN, N. C.

THOS. B. WILDER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C.

W. M. PERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executor of William Gay, all persons indebted to his estate are requested to pay the same at once, and all persons holding claims against the said estate will present them on or before December 8, 1893, of this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This December 8, 1893.

THE GAY, Ex'rs.

NOTICE.

In pursuance of a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county made in the case of P. J. Dineen vs. Mrs. E. E. Dineen, the following real estate assets, to-wit: A tract of land in the town of New Hope, containing 111 acres, more or less, bounded as follows: On the north by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less; on the south by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less; on the east by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less; on the west by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county, made in the case of the Raleigh National Bank vs. Robert A. Spaul, Jr., and I will expose to public sale at the Court House door in the town of Louisburg on Monday, January 22nd, 1894, a certain tract of land in Franklin county, State of North Carolina, being part of the land described in a certain mortgage deed to J. J. Davis from R. A. Spaul, Jr., and wife, Book 89, page 228, together with a certain tract of land containing one hundred and eight acres, more or less, bounded as follows: On the north by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less; on the south by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less; on the east by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less; on the west by the land of J. A. Dineen, containing 111 acres, more or less.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed executed to me by J. R. Collins, registered in Franklin county, Book 72, pages 191 and 192, I shall sell at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., on Monday the 8th day of January 1894, at public auction for cash, a certain tract of land in Cedar Rock township, Franklin county, adjoining the lands of J. D. Wood, J. J. Murphy, T. C. Collins and others, containing fifty-three and three-fourths acres, more or less.

Mrs. JOSTA A. GREEN, C. M. Cooke, Attorney, Dec 6th 1893.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of N. H. Murphy, dec'd., all persons owing his estate are notified to pay the same at once, and all persons holding claims against said estate must present them on or before the 1st day of December 1894, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This November 10, 1893.

A. S. TUCKER, Adm'r.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrator on the estate of John W. Ham, all persons owing said estate are requested to settle, and all who have claims against said estate to present them on or before the 1st day of December 1894, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

J. T. HAM, Adm'r, W. M. Person, Attorney, Dec. 1st, 1893.

## THE SCARLET LETTER.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

With a convulsive motion he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who in the crisis of some path had won a victory. Then down he sank upon the scaffold. Hester partly raised him and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside her, with blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed. "Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned." He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he feebly—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child—"dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wilt not wonder in the forest! But now thou wilt!"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but to be a woman in it. Toward her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke—the sin here so awfully revealed—let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear, I fear! It may be that when we forgot our God—when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul—it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows, and he is merciful. He hath proved his mercy most of all in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man to keep the torture always at red heat! By bringing me hither to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praise be his name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent as the grave, looked on in strange, deep wonder, and wondered, which could not yet find utterance, save in this manner that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

## CHAPTER XIX.

After many days, when time, sufficed for the people to arrange their thoughts in reference to the foregoing scene, there was more than one account of what had been witnessed on the scaffold. Most of the spectators testified to having seen on the breast of the unhappy minister a scarlet letter—the very semblance of that worn by Hester Prynne—imprinted in the flesh. As regarded its origin, there were various explanations, all of which must necessarily have been conjectural. Some affirmed that the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, on the very day when Hester Prynne first wore her ignominious badge, had begun a course of penance, which he afterward in so many futile methods followed out, by inflicting a hideous torture on himself.

Others contended that the stigma had not been produced until a long time subsequent, when old Roger Chillingworth, being a potent necromancer, had caused it to appear through the agency of magic and poisonous drugs. Others, again—and those best able to appreciate the minister's peculiar sensibility and the wonderful operation of his spirit upon the body—whispered their belief that the awful symbol was the effect of the ever active tooth of remorse, gnawing from the inmost heart outwardly, and at last manifesting heaven's dreadful judgment by the visible presence of the letter. The reader may choose among these theories. We have thrown all the light we could acquire upon the portent, and would gladly, now that it has done its office, erase its deep print out of our own brain, where long meditation has fixed it in very undesirable distinctness.

The view of minute purity we are sinners all alike. It was to teach them that the holiest among us has but attained so far above his fellows as to discern more clearly the mercy which looks down upon him, and repudiate more utterly the phantom of human merit, which would look aspiringly upward. Without disputing a truth so momentous, we must be allowed to consider this version of Mr. Dimmesdale's story as only an instance of that stubborn fidelity with which a man's friends—and especially a clergyman's—will sometimes uphold his character, when proofs, clear as the midday sun, establish him a false and sin-stained creature of the dust.

The authority which we have chiefly followed—a manuscript of old date, drawn up from the verbal testimony of individuals, some of whom had known Hester Prynne, while others had heard the tale from contemporary witnesses—fully confirms the view taken in the foregoing pages. Among many morals which press upon us from the poor minister's miserable experience we put only this into a sentence: "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred!"

At old Roger Chillingworth's decease (which took place within the year), and by his last will and testament, of which Governor Bellingham and the Reverend Mr. Wilson were executors, he bequeathed a very considerable amount of property, both here and in England, to little Pearl, the daughter of Hester Prynne.

So Pearl—the elf child, the demon offspring, as some people up to that epoch persisted in considering her—became the richest heiress of her day in the New World. Not improbably this circumstance wrought a very material change in the public estimation, and had the mother and child remained here little Pearl, at a marriageable period of life, might have mingled her wild blood with the lineage of the devoutest Puritan among them all. But in no long time after the physician's death the wearer of the scarlet letter disappeared, and Pearl along with her.

For many years, though a vague report would now and then find its way across the sea—like a shapless piece of driftwood tossed ashore with the initials of a name upon it—yet no tidings of them unquestionably authentic were received. The story of the scarlet letter grew into a legend. Its spell, however, was still potent and kept the scaffold well peopled by the poor minister had died, and likewise the cottage by the seashore, where Hester Prynne had dwelt. Near this latter spot one afternoon some children were at play, when they beheld a tall woman in a gray robe approach the cottage door. In all those years it had never once been opened; but either she unlocked it or the decaying wood and iron yielded to her hand, and she glided shadowlike through these impediments and, at all events, went in.

On the threshold she paused—turned partly around—for perchance the idea of entering all alone and all so changed the home of so intense a former life was more dreary and desolate than even she could bear. But her hesitation was only for an instant, though long enough to display a scarlet letter on her breast.

And Hester Prynne had returned and taken up her long forsaken home! But where was little Pearl? If still alive, she must now have been in the flush and bloom of early womanhood. None knew—nor ever learned, with the fullness of perfect certainty—whether the elf child had gone thus untimely to a maiden grave, or whether her wild, rich nature had been softened and subdued and made capable of a woman's gentle happiness. But through the remainder of Hester's life there were indications that the recluse of the scarlet letter was the object of love and interest with some inhabitant of another land. Letters came with armorial seals upon them, though of bearings unknown to English heraldry.

In the cottage there were articles of comfort and luxury such as Hester never cared to use, but which only wealth could have purchased and affection have imagined for her. There were trifles too—little ornaments, beautiful tokens of a continual remembrance that must have been wrought by delicate fingers, at the impulse of a fond heart. And once Hester was seen embroidering a baby garment, with such a lavish richness of golden fancy as would have raised a public tumult had any infant thus apparelled been shown to our sober hued community.

In fine, the goings of that day belied—and Mr. Surrage, who made investigations a century later, believed, and one of his successors in office, moreover, faithfully believes—that Pearl was not only alive, but married, and happy and mindful of her mother, and that she would most joyfully have entertained that sad and lonely mother at her fireside.

But there was a more real life for Hester Prynne here, in New England, than in that unknown region where Pearl had found a home. Here had been her sin; here her sorrow, and here was yet to be her penitence. She had returned, therefore, and resumed—of her own free will, for not the sternest magistrate of that iron period would have imposed it—resumed the symbol of which we have related so dark a tale. Never afterward did it quit her bosom. But, in the lapse of the toilsome, thoughtful and self-devoted years that made up Hester's life, the scarlet letter ceased to be a stigma which attracted the world's scorn and bitterness, and became a type of something to be sorrowed over and looked upon with awe, yet with reverence too. And as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived in any measure for her own profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and besought her counsel, as one who had gone through a mighty trouble.

burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unthought, came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy. Hester comforted and counseled them as best she might. She assured them, too, of her firm belief that at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in heaven's own time a new truth would be revealed in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness.

Earlier in life Hester had vividly imagined that she herself might be the destined prophetess, but had long since recognized the impossibility that any mission of divine and mysterious truth should be confided to a woman stained with sin, bowed down with shame, or even burdened with a lifelong sorrow. The angel and agent of the coming revelation must be a woman, in fit lofty, pure and beautiful, and woe-moored, not through dusky grief, but the ethereal motion of joy, and showing how sacred love should make us happy by the truest test of a life successful to such an end.

So said Hester Prynne, and glanced her sad eyes downward at the scarlet letter. And after many, many years a new grave was delved near an old and sunken one in that burial ground beside which King's chapel has since been built. It was near that old and sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tombstone served for both. All around there were monuments carved with armorial bearings, and on this simple slab of slate, as the curious investigator may still discern and perplex himself with the purport there appeared the semblance of an engraved escutcheon. It bore a device, a herald's wording of which might serve for a motto and brief description of our concluded legend, so somber is it and relieved only by one everglowing point of light gloomer than the shadow. "On a field, sable, the letter A, gules."

## DRIFTING TO THE CITIES.

Biblical Recorder.

There is a very marked tendency now, especially on the part of young men to leave the country, and the farm, and drift to the cities. More or less of this may be expected at all times; but after all, is the rapid growth of this habit best for the young men, the cities, and the country at large? America has since its settlement been largely an agricultural country. There seems to be something in the life of the farmer that develops a sturdy and virtuous type of manhood, and we can but hope that the day is far in the future that our people shall cease to be noted as an agricultural people. To our young men, then, who are growing weary with what they call the hum drum of country, and especially farm life, we would say, be very slow in deciding to leave the farm for the city. All pursuits have their trials and their worries. Farm life has its trials, but after all it is the most independent life a man can live. One great advantage connected with life on the farm is found in the fact that those who lead it are generally stout and healthy. Many a pale and debilitated merchant or resident of the city would give the accumulated wealth of years for the robust health and vigor of the young man on the farm. Then, again, as we have just intimated, there are fewer temptations thrown in the way of young men in the country than in the city. To enjoy life, one must have a good appetite, must be able to sleep well at night, must have a clear conscience, and good morals. If he is a Christian his capacity to enjoy life is greatly increased. If a man has these blessings he certainly ought to be content with his lot. "Godliness with contentment is great gain," says an inspired apostle, and one can often more readily realize the force of this language in leading of a life that has a tendency to promote both of these graces. If the young man, then, has anything like a fair showing, let him stick to the farm. Many have learned by sad experience the force of these words by Eugene Field:

"I am sick of the roar of it— And of those cold and st. urge; I know where there is warmth of welcome, And my yearning fingers range Back to the old homestead. With an aching sense of pain; But there'll be joy in the coming When I go home, again."

To all whom it may concern—A sprain of the wrist or ankles is not an uncommon occurrence. It is well to know that a few applications of Serravallo's Oil will rubbed in will invariably produce the desired result—an entire cure. 25c.

I forgot it.

A successful business man says there are two things which he learned when he was eighteen which were afterwards of great use to him—namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything."

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I should lose it; what shall I do then?" "You must not lose it." "I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should?" "But I say, you must not; I shall make no provision for such an occurrence. You must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind and fastened it there and made it stay. He used to say, "When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might have said, 'I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think about it again.'"

## I FORGOT IT.

I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important task to say, "I forgot it." I told him that it would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember.

It was because he did not care enough that he forgot it. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy careless habit of the mind, which he cured—EX.

## The Importance of One's Name.

An important matter to teach a girl is the value of her signature. If the habit is once formed of attaching her full name to every letter she writes with her address, it may save a great deal of trouble in future times should her letters be lost by mail. She should be taught the responsibility she assumes in this signing her name, and she is not likely then to write silly and foolish letters, which she would gladly recall. She would also learn that she must not affix her name to any list of individuals, any society or any document without knowing fully what responsibility she is assuming. The matter may seem trivial, but she should give time to thought in all matters where her name is asked for and not trust even to her dearest friend against her own judgment.—Philadelphia Times.

For cold and cough it has no equal. Mr. A. P. Jesperson, Irvine, Warren Co., Pa., writes: "I bought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and can recommend it lightly. I had a very bad cough and it cured me at once."

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE THE BEST WLD. W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes are stylish, easy fitting, and give better satisfaction than any other shoes. Try our pattern and be convinced. The stamping of W. L. Douglas on the bottom, which guarantees their value, saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear them. Dealers will push the sale of W. L. Douglas shoes, and you will be glad to receive the same for the sake of your customers. Write for our pattern and you will receive it free. Catalogue free upon request. W. L. DOUGLAS.

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

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The people who would have done so and so if they had been there never get there. Success will never come to your house without a special invitation.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good if you have a cough or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money refunded. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Aycock & Co.'s, Drug Store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

## STATEMENT.

SHOWING THE NUMBER OF MEETINGS HELD BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, N. C., FROM DECEMBER 5TH, A. D., 1892, TO DECEMBER 5TH, A. D., 1893, AND THE FEE DUE AND MILEAGE RECEIVED BY EACH MEMBER OF THE BOARD DURING THAT TIME.

Name	Number of meetings held	Fees	Mileage
T. S. COLLIE, Chairman	16	\$30.00	\$21.00
J. R. ALFORD	16	\$30.00	\$19.80
J. A. BERT	16	\$32.00	\$24.70
J. H. UZZELL	15	\$30.00	\$20.00
GEORGE WINSTON	14	\$28.00	\$20.00
B. F. WILDER	1	\$2.00	\$0.70

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, LOUISBURG, N. C.

In accordance with law, I, W. K. Martin, Clerk of the Board of Commissioners of Franklin county, North Carolina, do hereby certify that the above is a true statement for the year ending November 30, A. D., 1893, of the amount of claims per diem and mileage of the members of the Board of Commissioners of Franklin county, North Carolina, audited by the said Board of Commissioners.

W. K. MARTIN, Register of Deeds and Ex-officio Clerk to Board.

FOR SALE ONLY BY Aycock & Co. LOUISBURG, N. C. Price 10 cents.

Raleigh Dye Works, J. T. OLIVE, Prop'r. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Orders from a distance promptly filled.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This Remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 25c. Injurious free.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This Remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 25c. Injurious free.

There is a great deal of genuine selfishness going up and down in the world that goes by the name of religion.

Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness, and having derived great benefits from the same, having gained 11 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate like myself. Yours truly, J. C. MORRIS.

Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist, (LOUISBURG, N. C., April 20, 1891.) Messrs. Lippincott Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs—I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one little small size today. The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism water before last. It came back on her the next winter and a half bottle, \$1.00 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since. I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, and he has cured his catarrh of the eye and his asthma. It is a wonderful medicine and has cured thousands of people. It is the only medicine that will cure the above named diseases, and it is the only medicine that will cure the above named diseases, and it is the only medicine that will cure the above named diseases.

FEED SALE AND LIVERY STABLES. The attention of the public is called to the fact that the undersigned are prepared to give their patrons the satisfaction of being able to accommodate at any hour during the night. DICK & WARD, Frankfort, N. C.

REMOVED. Jacob Evans, the celebrated Boot and Shoe Maker of Louisburg, has moved his shop to the house on Main street, recently occupied by Ferris Parrish, and will be glad to have his patrons send in as usual, with a liberal discount. Look out for the sign of the The Bio Boot.

New Barber Shop. I have opened a barber shop in Louisburg, and will be glad to serve the public. My shop is on Nash Street, one door below Jones & Cooper's new building. My razors are sharp, and I guarantee satisfaction. Respectfully, EDWARD PORTIS.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL. E. M. WARD, Prop'r. Good accommodations, polite servants, and the best fare the market affords. Good livery in connection with hotel.

NOTICE. By virtue of a mortgage deed made to me as Trustee by Charles E. Aycock and wife Mary G. Aycock, and J. E. T. Aycock and wife Lucy Aycock, for the benefit of E. N. Egerton and G. W. Ford, trading as Egerton & Ford, I will sell at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., to the highest bidder for cash, on Saturday, December 23rd, 1893, a certain tract or parcel of land in Haywood county, State of North Carolina, and more fully described in said mortgage deed, which is recorded in the Court House in Louisburg, N. C., in Book 92, pages 121 and 122, containing one hundred and twenty-five acres, more or less. The said tract of land is situated in the prior mortgage deed of Charles E. Aycock and wife Mary G. Aycock, and J. E. T. Aycock and wife Lucy Aycock, for the benefit of E. N. Egerton and G. W. Ford, trading as Egerton & Ford, I will sell at the Court House in Louisburg, N. 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