

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 for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the Public Schools of this county. It 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.

Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Superior Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. District Court.

J. B. E. MALONE,

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

R. W. H. NICHOLSON,

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

W. TIMBERLAKE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office on Nash street.

T. S. SPRUELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Superior Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections, &c.

N. J. GULLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

FRANKLIN, N. C.

All legal business promptly attended to.

THOS. B. WILDER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office on Main street, one door below Eagle Hotel.

W. M. PERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Practices in all courts. Office in the Court House.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executor of Wil-

son Gray, 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 31, 1893, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This December 31, 1893.

THOS. GRAY, Ex'r.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage made by C. H. Jackson and others, registered in Franklin county book 87 at page 219, I will on Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1894, offer for sale to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Louisburg the piece whereon said Jackson filed his petition on Louisiana and Washington roads near J. K. Spencer's and containing about 2.75 acres, more or less, cash, balance with interest at 8 per cent. in North Carolina.

F. G. FRANKEL, mortgagee.

Thos. B. Wilder, Attorney.

LAND FOR SALE.

By virtue of authority given by mortgage executed by Wm. W. Womack, and recorded in Book 87, page 688, in the office of Register of Deeds for Franklin county, I will sell at public auction at the Court House door in Louisburg on Monday, Feb. 2, 1894, at 12 o'clock, m. for cash, the tract of land described in said mortgage, containing one hundred and one acres, situated in Freeman's township in Franklin county on the creek adjoining the lands of Mrs. Mary H. King, J. P. Timberlake, James Jones and others. This January 5th, 1894.

J. P. TIMBERLAKE, mortgagee.

NOTICE.

In accordance with a decree of the Superior court of Franklin county made in the case of P. J. Diment, ex'r. vs Mrs. E. E. Diment et al. to wit: to wit, the undersigned Commissioner will on Tuesday, January 23, 1894 (conveniently) offer for sale at the Court House door in Louisburg two tracts of land formerly belonging to P. J. Diment, deceased, viz. one tract known as the Parrott tract containing 111 acres adjoining the lands of A. A. Diment, James Bidlow and others and the other known as the low ground tract containing about 88 acres adjoining the lands of James Bidlow, Le. E. Lancaster and others. Terms of sale, one-fourth cash, balance with 8 per cent interest payable December 1st, 1894.

THOS. B. WILDER, Commissioner.

The above sale was postponed until Monday, February 5th, 1894.

NOTICE.

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

J. T. HAM, Adm'r.

W. M. PERSON, Attorney.

PATENTS.

CAN YOU OBTAIN A PATENT? For a...

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A STUDY IN SCARLET.

By A. COHAN DOYLE.

PART I.

Being a reprint from the reminiscences of JOHN WATSON, M. D., late of the Army Medical Department.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.

IN the year 1875 I took my degree of doctor of medicine of the university of London, and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the army. Having completed my studies there I was duly attached to the Fifth North-

umberland Fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could reach it the second Afghan war had broken out. On landing at Bombay I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes and was already deep in the enemy's country. I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties.

The campaign brought honors and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but misfortune and disaster. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berishires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Maiwand. There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the murderous Ghazis had it not been for the devotion and courage shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack-horse and succeeded in bringing me safely to the British lines.

Worn with pain, and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the base hospital at Peshawar. Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to bask a little upon the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions. For months my life was des-

paired of, and when at last I came to myself and became convalescent I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England. I was dispatched, accordingly, in the troopship Orontes, and landed a month later on Portsmouth with my health irremediably ruined, but with permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kith nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air—or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be. Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are irresistibly drained. There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortless, meaningless existence, and spending such money as I had considerably more freely than I ought. So alarming did the state of my finances become that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country, or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living. Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to leave the hotel, and to take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's. The sight of a friendly face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing indeed to a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular crony of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in turn, appeared to be delighted to see me. In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked, in undisguised wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a nut."

"I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination."

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered.

"Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man to-day that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first?" I asked.

"A fellow who is working at the chemical laboratory up at the hospital. He was bemoaning himself this morning because he could not get some one to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found, and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried, "if he really wants some one to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wineglass.

"You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Draw out, though he is a first-class chemist, but as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medical classes. His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his professors."

"Did you never ask him what he was going for?" I asked.

"No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be communicative enough when the fancy seizes him."

"I should like to meet him," I said.

"If I am to lodge with anyone, I should prefer a man with studious and quiet habits. I am not strong enough yet to stand much noise or excitement. I had enough of both in Afghanistan to last me for the remainder of my natural existence. How could I meet this friend of yours?"

"He is sure to be at the laboratory. He either avoids the place for weeks, or else he works there from morning to night. If you like, we shall drive round together after luncheon."

"Certainly," I answered, and the conversation drifted away into other channels.

As we made our way to the hospital after leaving the Holborn, Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow lodger.

"You mustn't blame me if you don't get on with him," he said; "I know nothing more of him than I have learned from meeting him occasionally in the laboratory. You proposed this arrangement, so you must not hold me responsible."

"If we don't get on it will be easy to part company," I answered. "It seems to me, Stamford," I added, looking hard at my companion, "that you have some reason for wishing your hands clean of him. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it? Don't be mealy-mouthed about it."

"It is not easy to express the indescribable," he answered, with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold-bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid, not out of malice, you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry in order to have an accurate idea of the effects. To do him justice, I think that he would take it himself with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for definite and exact knowledge."

"Very right, too."

"Yes; but it may be pushed to excess. When it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting-rooms with a stick it is certainly taking rather a bizarre shape."

"Beating the subjects?"

"Yes, to verify how far bruises may be produced after death. I saw him at it with my own eyes."

"And yet you say he is not a medical student?"

"No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are! But here we are, and you must form your own impression about him." As he spoke we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small side door which opened into a wing of the great hospital. It was familiar ground to me, and I needed no guiding as we ascended the bleak staircases and made our way down the long corridor with its vista of whitewashed wall and dun-colored doors. Near the farther end a low, arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical laboratory.

This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad, low tables were scattered about, which bristled with retorts, test-tubes and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue flickering flames. There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he glanced round and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure. "I've found it!" he shouted to my companion, running toward us with a test tube in his hand. "I have found a reagent which is precipitated by hemoglobin, and by nothing else. He had discovered a gold mine, greater delight could not have shone upon his features."

"Dr. Watson—Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Stamford, introducing us.

"How are you?" he said, cordially, gripping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."

"How on earth did you know that?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Never mind," said he, chuckling to himself. "The question now is about hemoglobin. No doubt you see the significance of this discovery of mine?"

"It is interesting, chemically, no doubt," I answered; "but practically—"

"Why, man, it is the most practical medico-legal discovery for years."

"Do you see that it gives us an infallible test for blood-stains? Come and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.

"All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, stopping and turning upon Stamford, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?"

My companion smiled an enigmatical smile. "That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

"Oh! a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant. I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. The proper studj of mine is in man, you know."

"You must study him, then," Stamford said, as he bade me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered, and strode on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCIENCE OF DETECTION.

WE met next day as he had arranged, and inspected the rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting. They consisted of a couple of comfortable beds-rooms and a single large, airy sitting-room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows. So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us, that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and at once entered into possession. That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus. For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings.

Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning. Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, some times in the dissecting-rooms and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him, but now and again a reaction would seize him and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting-room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion. As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased. His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so exactly level that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. His hands were invariably blotched with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his fragile philosophical instruments.

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busy body, when I confess how much his man stimulated my curiosity and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself. Before pronouncing judgment, however, let me remember how objectless was my life and how little there was to engage my attention. My health forbade me from reading, unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence. Under these circumstances I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavoring to unravel it.

He was not startlingly meditative. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point. Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world. Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily ample and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me. Surely no man would work so hard to attain such precise information unless he had some definite end in view. Dearthly readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning. No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very good reason for doing so.

His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing. Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican theory and of the composition of the solar system. That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to be to me such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

["TO BE CONTINUED"]

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["TO BE CONTINUED"]

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

Royal Baking Powder.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

THE FARMER IS NOT IN IT.

We are sorry the Virginia and North Carolina delegations in Congress fell victims to the wiles of the cigarette trust and joined it in urging the ways and means committee to put the cigarette tax at \$1 per 1,000 instead of \$1.50, as it had proposed doing. The argument which, of course, influenced the Congressmen was that the larger tax would operate against the farmers. As a matter of fact it would have come off the cormorants who constitute the cigarette trust, or rather they would have added it to the helpless victims of the cigarette habit. So far as the farmer is concerned, there is absolutely no competition in the purchase of cutters, the grade of tobacco from which cigarettes are made and has not been since the trust was organized. It has already depressed the price of cutters until it buys them new at the cost of production, and if it takes anything off the present price, the farmers will quit raising them, as they should have done long ago.

No. It is not the farmers who are to be hurt by an increase in this tax. The trust has already ground them under its heel, and any change whatever would be a change for the better for them.—Charlotte Observer.

You will miss it if you undertake to measure a man's religion by the length of his face.—Ram's Horn.

Ob. What a Cough.

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

1894.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly is the best of its kind in the world. It is published weekly, except during the winter months, when it is published semi-weekly. It is the most interesting, instructive and entertaining of all the magazines of the day. It contains the best stories, the most valuable information, the most accurate news, the most beautiful illustrations, the most interesting and valuable facts. It is the most complete and authoritative of all the magazines of the day. It is the most reliable and trustworthy of all the magazines of the day. It is the most valuable and interesting of all the magazines of the day. It is the most complete and authoritative of all the magazines of the day. It is the most reliable and trustworthy