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THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

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

Professional cards.

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A STUDY IN SCARLET

By A. COHAN DOYLE.

"And how have I neglected it?" asked Ferrier, showing out his hands in exasperation. "Have I not given to the common fund? Have I not attended at the temple? Have I not—"

"There are your wives!" asked Ygnon, pecking young Lucy. "Call them in, that I may greet them." "It is true that I have not married," Ferrier answered. "But women were few, and there were many who had better claims than I. I was not a lonely man; I had my daughter to attend to my wants."

"It is of that daughter that I would speak to you," said the leader of the Mormons. "She has grown to be the flower of Utah and has found favor in the eyes of many who are high in the land." John Ferrier groaned internally. "There are stories of her which I would fain disbelieve—stories that she is sealed to some Gentile. This is the gossip of idle tongues. What is the of the month in the role of the sainted Joseph Smith? Let every maiden of the true faith marry one of the elect; for she wed a Gentile she commits a grievous sin. This being so it is impossible that you, who profess the holy creed, should suffer your daughter to violate it."

John Ferrier made no answer, but he played nervously with his riding whip. "Upon this one point your whole faith shall be tested—so it has been decided in the sacred council of four. The girl is young, and we would not have her wed gray hairs; neither would we deprive her of all choice. We elders have many helpers [Heber C. Kimball, in one of his sermons, alludes to his hundred wives under this endearing epithet, but our children must also be provided. Stangerson has a son, and Debbler has a son, and either of them would gladly welcome your daughter to their house. Let her choose between them. They are young and rich, and of the true faith. What say you to that?"]

Ferrier remained silent for some little time, with his brows knitted. "You will give us time," he said, at last. "My daughter is very young—she is scarce of an age to marry." "She shall have a month to choose," said Young, rising from his seat. "At the end of that time she shall give her answer."

He was passing through the door, when he turned, with flushed face and flashing eyes. "It were better for you, John Ferrier," he thundered, "that you and she were now lying blanched skeletons upon the Sierra Blanco, than that you should put your weak wills against the orders of the Holy Four!"

With a threatening gesture of his hand he turned from the door, and Ferrier heard his heavy step crunching along the shingly path. He was still sitting with his elbows upon his knees, considering how he should broach the matter to his daughter, when a soft hand was laid upon his, and looking up he saw her standing beside him. One glance at her pale, frightened face showed him that she had heard what had passed.

"I could not help it," she said, in answer to his look. "His voice rang through the house. O father, fear, what shall we do?" "Don't you scare yourself," he answered, drawing her to him, and passing his broad, rough hand caressingly over her chestnut hair. "We'll fix it up somehow or another. You don't find your fancy kind of lessening for this chap, do you?"

A sob and a squeeze of his hand were her only answer. "No, of course not. I shouldn't care to hear you say did. He's a likely lad, and he's a Christian, which is more than these folk here, in spite of all their praying and preaching. There's a party starting for Nevada to-morrow, and I'll manage to send him a message letting him know the hole we are in. I know anything of that young man, he'll be back here with a speed that would whip electro-telegraphs."

Lucy laughed through her tears at her father's description. "When he comes, he will advise us for the best. But it is for you that I am frightened, dear. One hears—some hears such dreadful stories about those who oppose the prophet, something terrible always happens to them." "But we haven't opposed him yet," her father answered. "It will be time to look out for squalls when we do. We have a clear month before us; at the end of that, I guess we had best shin out of Utah."

John Ferrier went into Salt Lake City, and having found his acquaintance, who was bound for the Nevada mountains, he intrusted him with his message to Jefferson Hope. In it he told of the young man of the imminent danger which threatened them, and how necessary it was that he should return. Having done thus, he felt easier in his mind, and returned home with a lighter heart.

As he approached his farm, he was surprised to see a horse hitched to each of the posts of the gate. Still more surprised was he on entering to find two young men in possession of his sitting-room. One, with a long, pale face, was leaning back in the rocking-chair, with his feet cocked upon the stove. The other, a bull-necked youth with coarse, blotted features, was standing in front of the window with his hands in his pockets, whistling a popular hymn. Both of them nodded to Ferrier as he entered, and the one in the rocking-chair commenced the conversation.

"Maybe you don't know us," he said. "This here is the son of Elder Debbler, and I'm Joseph Stangerson, who traveled with you in the desert when the Lord stretched out His hand and gathered you into the true fold." "As He will all the nations in His own good time," said the other, in a nasal voice; "His griddeth slowly but exceeding small."

John Ferrier bowed coldly. He had guessed who his visitors were. "We have come," continued Stangerson, "at the advice of our fathers, to solicit the hand of your daughter for whichever of us may seem good to you and to her. As I have but four wives and Brother Debbler here has seven, it appears to me that my claim is the stronger one."

"Nay, nay, Brother Stangerson," cried the other; "the question is not how many wives we have, but how many we can keep. My father has now given over his girls to me, and I am the richer man." "But my prospects are better," said the other, warily. "When the Lord

removes my father, I shall have his tanning-yard and his leather factory. Then I'm your elder, and am higher in the church." "It will be for the maiden to decide," rejoined young Debbler, smiling at his own reflection in the glass. "We will leave it all to her decision."

During this dialogue, John Ferrier had stood fuming in the doorway, hardly able to keep his riding-whip from the backs of his two visitors. "Look here," he said at last, striding up to them, "when my daughter summons you, you can come, but until then, I don't want to see your faces again."

The two young Mormons stared at him in amazement. In their eyes this competition between them for the maiden's hand was the highest of honors both to her and her father. "There are two ways out of the room," cried Ferrier; "there is the door, and there is the window. Which do you care to use?"

His brown face looked so savage, and his gaunt hands so threatening, that his visitors sprang to their feet and beat a hurried retreat. The old farmer followed them to the door. "Let me know when you have settled which it is to be," he said sardoniously. "You shall smart for this!" Stangerson cried, white with rage. "You have defied the prophet and the council of four. You shall rue it to the end of your days."

"The hand of the Lord shall be heavy upon you," cried young Debbler. "He will arise and smite you!" "Then I'll start the smiting," exclaimed Ferrier furiously, and would have rushed upstairs for his gun had not Lucy seized him by the arm and restrained him. Before he could escape from her, the clatter of horse's hoofs told him that they were beyond his reach.

"The young canting rascals!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I would sooner see you in your grave, my girl, than the wife of either of them."

Young as to his conduct, and he was not mistaken, though it came in an unlooked-for manner. Upon rising next morning he found to his surprise a square of paper pinned to the corner of his bed, just over his chest. On it was printed in bold, straggling letters:

"TWENTY-NINE DAYS ARE GIVEN YOU FOR AMENDMENT, AND THEN—"

The dash was more fear-inspiring than any threat could have been. Now this warning came into his room upon the walls of his sitting-room, for his servants slept in an out-house, and the doors and windows had all been secured. He crumpled the paper up and said nothing to his daughter, but the incident struck a chill into his heart.

The twenty-nine days were evidently the balance of the month which Young had promised. What strength or courage could await against an enemy armed with such mysterious powers? The hand which fastened that pin might have struck him on the heart, and he could never have known what had slain him.

Still more shaken was he next morning. They had sat down to their breakfast when Lucy, with a look of surprise, pointed upward. In the center of the ceiling was scrawled, with a burned stick, apparently, the number 23. To his daughter it was unintelligible, and he did not enlighten her. That night he sat up with his gun and kept watch and ward. He saw and heard nothing, and yet in the morning the great beam of paint upon the outside of his door.

Thus day followed day; and as sure as morning came he found that his unseen enemies had kept their register, and had marked up in some conspicuous position how many days were still left to him out of the month of grace. Sometimes the fatal numbers appeared upon the walls, sometimes upon the floors; occasionally they were on small plaques stuck upon the garden-gate or the railings. With all his vigilance John Ferrier could not discover whence these daily warnings proceeded. A horror, which was almost superstitious, came upon him at the sight of them. He became haggard and restless. Yet the old man never wavered in his resolution to part with life itself before he consented to what he regarded as his daughter's dishonor.

He was sitting alone one evening pondering deeply over his troubles, and searching vainly for some way out of them. That morning had shown the figure 3 upon the wall of his house, and the next day would be the day when the alleged warning was to happen then. All manner of vague and terrible fancies filled his imagination. And his daughter—what was to become of her after he was gone? Was there no escape from the invisible network which was drawn all round them? He sank his head upon the table and sobbed at the thought of his own helplessness.

What was that? In the silence he heard a gentle scratching sound—low, but very distinct, in the quiet of the night. It came from the door of the house. Ferrier crept into the hall and listened intently. There was a pause for a few moments, and then the low, insidious sound was repeated. Some one was evidently tapping very gently upon one of the panels of the door.

Was it some midnight assassin who had come to carry out the murderous order of the secret tribunal? Or was it some agent who was marking up that the last day of grace had arrived? John Ferrier felt that instant death would be better than the suspense which shook his nerves and chilled his heart. Springing forward, he drew the bolt and threw the door open.

"The young canting rascals!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I would sooner see you in your grave, my girl, than the wife of either of them."

"Yes, it will not be long before he comes. The sooner the better, for we do not know what their next move may be." "It was, indeed, high time that some one capable of giving advice and help should come to the aid of the sturdy old farmer and his adopted daughter. In the whole history of the settlement there had never been such a case of rank disobedience to the authority of the elders. If minor errors were punished so sternly, what would be the fate of this arch rebel? Ferrier knew that his wealth and position would be of no avail to him. Others as well known and as rich as himself had been spirited away before now, and their goods given over to the church. He was a brave man, but he trembled at the vague, shadowy terrors which hung over him. Any known danger he could face with a firm lip, but this suspense was unnerving. He concealed his fears from his daughter, however, and affected to make light of the whole matter, though she, with the keen eye of love, saw plainly that he was ill at ease.

"That's well. The house is watched on every side. That is why I crawled my way up to it. They may be darned sharp, but they're not quite sharp enough to catch a Washoe hunter." John Ferrier felt a different man that he realized that he had a devoted ally. He peized the young man's latherly hand and wrung it cordially. "You're a man to be proud of," he said. "There are not many who would come to share our danger and our troubles."

"You've hit it there, pard," the young hunter answered. "I have a respect for you, but if you were alone in this business, I'd think twice before I put my head into such a hornet's nest. It's Lucy that brings me here, and before harm comes on her I guess there will be one less of the Hope family in Utah."

"What are we to do?" "To-morrow is your last day, and unless you act to-night you are lost. I have a small and two horses waiting in the Eagle ravine. How much money have you?" "Two thousand dollars in gold, and five in notes."

"That will do. I have as much more to add to it. We must push for Carson City through the mountains. You had best give me your money, and let the servants do to sleep in the house."

While Ferrier was absent preparing his daughter for the approaching journey, Jefferson Hope pecked all the eatables that he could find into a small parcel, and filled a stone jar with water, for he knew by experience that the mountain wells were few and far between. He had hardly completed his arrangements before the farmer returned with his daughter all dressed and ready for a start. The greeting between the lovers was warm but brief, for minutes were precious, and there was much to be done.

"We must make our start at once," said Jefferson Hope, speaking in a low but resolute voice. Like one who realizes the greatness of the peril, but has steeled his heart to meet it. "The front and back entrances are watched, but with caution we may get away through the side window and across the fields. Once on the road, we are only two miles from the ravine where the horses are waiting. By daybreak we should be half way through the mountains."

"What if we are stopped?" asked Ferrier. "Hope slapped the revolver butt which protruded from the front of his tunic. 'If they are too many for us we shall take two or three of them with us,' he said with a sinister smile.

The lights inside the house had all been extinguished, and from the darkened window Ferrier peered over the fields which lay below him, and which he was now about to abandon forever. He had long served himself to the sardonic, however, and the thought of the honor and happiness of his daughter outweighed any regret at his ruined fortunes. All looked so peaceful and happy, the rustling trees and the cool, silken draft of grain-laden wind that it was difficult to realize that the spirit of murder lurked through it all. Yet the white face and set expression of the young hunter showed that in his approach to the house he had seen enough to satisfy him upon that head.

Ferrier carried the bag of gold and notes, Jefferson Hope had the scanty provisions and water, while Lucy had the small bundle containing a few of her more valued possessions. Opening the window very slowly and carefully, they waited until a dark cloud had somewhat obscured the night, and then one by one passed through into the little garden. With bated breath and crouching figures they stumbled across the lawn, gained the shelter of the hedge, which they skirted until they came to the gap which opened into the cornfield. They had just reached this point when the young man seized his two companions and dragged them down into the shadow, where they lay silent and trembling.

It was as well that his prairie traifing had given Jefferson Hope the eyes of a lynx. He and his friends had hardly crouched down before the meddlesome hooting of a mountain owl was heard within a few yards of them, which was immediately answered by another hoot at a small distance. At the same moment a vague, shadowy figure emerged from the gap for which they had been making, and uttered the plaintive signal cry again, on which a second man appeared out of the obscurity.

"To-morrow at midnight," said the first, who appeared to be in authority. "When the whippoorwill calls three times." "It is well," returned the other. "Shall I tell Brother Debbler?" "Pass it on to him, and from him to the others. Nine to seven." "Seven to five!" repeated the other, and the two figures fitted away in different directions. Their concluding words had evidently been some form of sign and countersign. The instant that their footsteps had died away in the distance, Jefferson Hope sprang to his feet, and, helping his companions through the gap, led the way across the fields at full speed, supporting and half-carrying the girl when her strength appeared to fail her.

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An uptown shoe dealer displays this sign in the window: "Don't you wish you were in my shoes?"

Pronounced Hopeless Yet Saved. From a letter written by Mrs. Adm. E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My health improved, I was able to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. I gave it a trial, took in all, eight bottles, it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman. Trial bottles free at Aycooke & Co.'s drug store, regular size, 50c. and \$1.00.

In Japan for \$520 a year a man can rent a good house, employ 2 servants and live like a gentleman. Backen's Arnicin Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, letter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money returned. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Thomas & Aycooke.

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SHILOH'S CURE, the Great Cough and Croup Cure, for sale by Thomas & Aycooke. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children love it.

1894. HARPER'S BAZAR. ILLUSTRATED. Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. It gives the latest information with regard to the fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the house dress-maker or the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies, and delightful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues, everything is included which is of interest to women. The serials for 1894 will be written by Walter Besant and William Black. Mrs. O'Connell will become a contributor. Marion Harland's timely talks, "Day and Night" (only intended for matrons, and Helen North will specially address girls. T. W. Higginson in "Woman and Men" will present a wide audience.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS. PER YEAR. HARPER'S BAZAR, \$4.00 HARPER'S WEEKLY, \$4.00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, \$4.00

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order. Bound volumes of Harper's Bazar for three years back, in next cloth binding will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7.00 per year.

Notice. By virtue of power conferred upon me by an order issued from the Superior Court of Franklin County in a cause therein pending, I shall on Monday, April 2, 1894, sell at public auction to the highest bidder the above House, situate in Lenoir County, Franklin County, N. C., one certain tract or land situated in Franklin County, adjoining the lands of James Journeaux, Mrs. Elizabeth Aycock, John Aycock and others, containing 204 acres. The said lands be divided into four equal parts, each part containing 51 acres, and the same shall be sold in parcels of 51 acres each, or in such other parcels as may be desired by the purchaser. The deferred payment to bear 8 per cent interest. The 24th February 1894. ELLIOTT AYCOCK, Adm'r. of William Aycock, Dec'd.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria