

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April 7, July 1, September 2, and December 1, and remain 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.

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A STUDY IN SCARLET

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Once on the high-road they made rapid progress. Only once did they meet anyone, and then they managed to slip into a field, and avoid recognition. Before reaching the town, the hunter branched away into a rugged and narrow footpath which led to the mountains. Two dark, jagged peaks loomed above them through the darkness, and the defile which led between them was the Eagle canyon in which the horses were waiting them. With uttering instinct Jefferson Hope plotted his way among the great boulders and along the bed of a dried-up water-course, until he came to the retired corner, screened with rocks, where the faithful animals had been picketed. The girl was placed upon the mule, and old Ferrier upon one of the horses, with his money-bag, while Jefferson Hope led the other along the precipitous and dangerous paths.

It was a bewildering route for anyone who was not accustomed to face Nature in her wildest moods. On the one side a great arc towered up a thousand feet or more, black, stern and menacing, with long basaltic columns upon its rugged surface like the ribs of some petrified monster. On the other hand a world of bowlders and debris made all advance impossible. Between the two ran the irregular track, so narrow in places that they had to travel in Indian file, and so rough that only practiced riders could have traversed it at all. Yet, in spite of all dangers and difficulties, the hearts of the fugitives were light within them, for every step increased the distance between them and the terrible despotism from which they were flying.

They soon had a proof, however, that they were still in the jurisdiction of the Saints. They had reached the very wildest and most desolate portion of the pass when the girl gave a startled cry and pointed upward. On a rock which overlooked the track, showing out dark and plain against the sky, there stood a solitary sentinel. He saw them as soon as they perceived him, and his military challenge of "Who goes there?" rang through the silent ravine.

"Travelers for Nevada," said Jefferson Hope, with his hand upon the rifle which hung by his saddle.

"By whose permission?" he asked. "The Holy Four," answered Ferrier. His Mormon experiences had taught him that that was the highest authority to which he could refer.

The base of a beetling crag, where the rocks offered some protection from the chill wind, and there, huddled together for warmth, they enjoyed a few hours' sleep. Before daybreak, however, they were up and on their way once more. They had seen no signs of any pursuers, and Jefferson Hope began to think that they were fairly out of the reach of the terrible organization whose enmity they had incurred. He little knew how far that iron grasp could reach, or how soon it was to close upon them and crush them.

About the middle of the second day of the flight their scanty store of provisions began to run out. This gave the hunter little uneasiness, however, for there was game to be had among the mountains, and he had frequently before had to depend upon his rifle for the needs of life. Choosing a sheltered nook, he piled together a few dry branches and made a blazing fire, at which his companions might warm themselves, for they were now nearly five thousand feet above the sea level, and the air was bitter and keen. Having tethered the horses and bade Lucy adieu, he threw his gun over his shoulder and set out in search of whatever chance might throw in his way. Looking back, he saw the old man and the young girl crouching over the blazing fire, while the three animals stood motionless in the background. Then the intervening rocks hid them from his view.

He walked for a couple of miles through one ravine after another with-

out success, though from the marks upon the trees, and other indications, he judged that there were numerous bears in the vicinity. At last after two or three hours' fruitless search, he was thinking of turning back in despair, when, casting his eyes upward, he saw a sight which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart. On the edge of a jutting pinnacle, three or four hundred feet above him, there stood a creature somewhat resembling a sheep in appearance, but armed with a pair of gigantic horns. The big-horn, for so it is called—was acting, probably as a guardian over a flock which were invisible to the hunter, but fortunately it was heading in the opposite direction, and had not perceived him. Lying on his back, he rested his rifle upon a rock, and took a long and steady aim before drawing the trigger. The animal sprang into the air, tottered for a moment upon the edge of the precipice, and then came crashing down into the valley beneath.

The creature was too unwieldy to lift, so the hunter contented himself with cutting away one haunch and a part of the flank. With this trophy over his shoulder, he hastened to retrace his steps, for the evening was already drawing in. He had hardly started, however, before he realized the difficulty which faced him. In his eagerness he had wandered far past the ravine which were his goal, and it was no easy matter to pick out the path which he had taken. The valley in which he found himself divided and subdivided into many gorges, which were so like each other that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. He followed one for a mile or more until he came to a mountain torrent which he was sure that he had never seen before. Convinced that he had taken the wrong turn, he tried another, but with the same result. Night was coming on rapidly, and it was almost dark before he gained himself in a defile which was familiar to him. Even then it was no easy matter to keep on the right track. For the moon had not yet risen, and the high cliffs on either side made the obscurity more profound. Weighed down with his burden and weary from his exertions, he stumbled along, keeping up his heart by the reflection that every step brought him nearer to Lucy, and that he carried with him enough to insure them food for the remainder of their journey.

When he turned the corner, he came full in sight of the spot where the fire had been lit. There was still a glowing pile of wood-ashes there, but it had evidently not been tended since his departure. The same dead silence still reigned all around. With his fears changed to convictions, he hurried on. There was no living creature near the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone. It was only too clear that some sudden and terrible disaster had occurred during his ab-

sence—a disaster which had embraced them all and yet had left no traces behind it. Bewildered and stunned by this blow, Jefferson Hope felt his head spin round, and had to lean upon his rifle to save himself from falling. He was essentially a man of action, however, and speedily recovered from his temporary impotence. Seizing a half-burned piece of wood from the smoldering fire, he blew it into a flame, and proceeded with its help to examine the little camp. The ground was all stamped down by the feet of horses showing that a large party of mounted men had overtaken the fugitives, and the direction of their tracks proved that the death of his father or the loss of Salt Lake City. Had they carried back both of his companions with them? Jefferson Hope had almost persuaded himself that they must have done so, when his eye fell upon an object which made every nerve of his body tingle within him. A little way on one side of the camp was a low-lying heap of reddish soil, which had assuredly not been there before. There was no mistaking it for anything but a newly-dug grave. As the young hunter approached it, he perceived that a stick had been planted on it, with a sheet of paper stuck in the cleft fork of it. The inscription upon the paper was brief, but to the point:

JOHN FERRIER, FORMERLY OF SALT LAKE CITY. Died August 1, 1893.

The sturdy old man whom he had left so short a time before, was gone, then, and this was all his part of the story. Jefferson Hope walked wildly round to see if there was a second grave, but there was no sign of one. Lucy had been carried back by her terrible pursuers to fulfill her original destiny, by becoming one of the harem of the elder son. As the young fellow realized the certainty of her fate and his own powerlessness to prevent it, he wished that he, too, was lying with the old farmer in his last silent resting place.

Again, however, his active spirit shook off the lethargy which springs from despair. If there was nothing else left to him, he could at least devote his life to revenge. With indomitable patience and perseverance, Jefferson Hope possessed also a power of sustained vindictiveness, which he may have learned from the Indians among whom he had lived. As he stood by the desolate fire he felt that the only thing which could assuage his grief would be thorough and complete retribution brought by his own hand upon the man who had murdered him. His stern will and untiring energy, he determined, he devoted to that one end. With a grim, white face he retraced his steps to where he had dropped the food, and having stirred up the smoldering fire, he cooked enough to last him for a few days. This he made up into a bundle, and fired as he was, he set himself to walk back through the mountains upon the track of the avenging angels.

For five days he toiled, footsore and weary, through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he flung himself down among the rocks and snatched a few hours of sleep, but before daybreak he was always well on his way. On the sixth day he reached the Eagle canyon, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he would look upon the mountains upon which the track of the avenging angels. For five days he toiled, footsore and weary, through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he flung himself down among the rocks and snatched a few hours of sleep, but before daybreak he was always well on his way. On the sixth day he reached the Eagle canyon, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he would look upon the mountains upon which the track of the avenging angels.

"I am Jefferson Hope," he said. "Remember me." The Mormon looked at him with undisguised astonishment—indeed, it was difficult to recognize in this tattered, unkempt wanderer, with ghastly face and fierce, wild eyes, the spruce young hunter of former days. Having, however, at last satisfied himself as to his identity, the man's surprise changed to consternation.

"You are mad to come here," he cried. "It is as much as my own life is worth to be seen talking with you. There is a warrant against you from the Holy Four for assisting the Ferriers."

"I don't fear them or their warrants," Hope said, earnestly. "You must know something of this matter, Cowper. I conjure you by all you hold dear to answer a few questions. We have always been friends. For God's sake don't refuse to answer me."

might have been chiseled out of mar-



"DON'T MIND ME," SAID HOPE, FAINTLY. "I'm so hard and so set was its expression, while his eyes glowed with a baleful light.

"Where are you going?" "Never mind," he answered; and, slinging his weapon over his shoulder, he strode off down the gorge and so away into the heart of the mountains to the haunts of the wild beasts. Among them all there was none so fierce and so dangerous as himself.

The prediction of the Mormon was only too well fulfilled. Whether it was the terrible death of his father or the effects of the hateful marriage into which she had been forced, poor Lucy never held up her head again, but pined away and died within a month. Her sordid husband, who had married her principally for the sake of John Ferrier's property, did not affect any great grief at his bereavement; but his other wives mourned over her, and sat up with her the night before the burial, as is the Mormon custom. They were grouped round the bier in the early hours of the morning, when, to their inexpressible fear and astonishment, the door was flung open, and a savage-looking, weather-beaten man in tattered garments strode into the room. Without a glance or a word to the covering women he walked up to the white, silent figure which had once contained the pure soul of Lucy Ferrier. Stooping over her he pressed his lips reverently to her cold forehead, and then snatching up her hand he took the wedding ring from her finger. "She shall not be buried in that," he cried, with a fierce snarl, and before an alarm could be raised sprang down the stairs and was gone. So strange and so brief was the episode that the watchers might have found it hard to believe it themselves or persuade other people of it, had it not been for the undeniable fact that the circle of gold which marked her as having been a bride had disappeared.

For some months Jefferson Hope lingered among the mountains, leading a strange, wild life, and nursing



HE WALKED UP TO THE WHITE, SILENT FIGURE.

In his heart the fierce desire for vengeance that possessed him. Tales were told in the city of the weird figure which was seen prowling about the suburbs, and which haunted the lonely mountain gorges. Once a bullet whistled through Stangerson's window and rattled itself upon the wall within a foot of him. On another occasion, as Dredder passed under a cliff, a great boulder crashed down on him, and he only escaped a terrible death by throwing himself upon his face. The two young Mormons were not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and led repeated expeditions into the mountains in the hope of capturing or killing their enemy, but always without success. Then they adopted the precaution of never going out alone or after nightfall, and of having their houses guarded. After a time they were able to relax these measures, for nothing was either heard or seen of their opponent, and they hoped that time had cooled his vindictiveness.

Far from doing so, it had, if anything, augmented it. The hunter's mind was of a hard, unyielding nature, and the predominant idea of revenge had taken such complete possession of it that there was no room for any other emotion. He was, however, above all things practical. He soon realized that even his iron constitution could not stand the incessant strain which he was putting upon it. Exposure and want of wholesome food were wearing him out. If he died like a dog among the mountains, what was to become of his revenge then? And yet such a death was sure to overtake him if he persisted. He felt that that was to play his enemy's game, so he reluctantly returned to the old Nevada mines, there to recruit his health and to amass money enough to allow him to pursue his object without privation.

[NO BE CONTINUED]

The roller cotton gin was used in Asia and Africa before the dawn of authentic history. Three quarters of a pound of cotton, cleaned by means of this gin, constitutes a day's work.

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

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"I never in my life," said a clergyman to his wife after a sermon in Westminster abbey, "so touched the congregation. They were entranced. Every eye was upon me from the first word to the last."

"No wonder," said his wife. "Your gloves were inside your hat, and when you took it off they remained on top of your head all through the sermon."

It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 37 1/2 Clay St., Sharrpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber of Cooksport, 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 & Co.'s Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and \$1.00.

A six-year old was seated in a barber's chair.

"Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?"

"Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

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1894.

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Louisburg, N. C., Sept. 1893.

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 at the Court House door in Louisburg, Franklin county, N. C., one certain tract or land situated in Franklin county, adjoining the lands of James J. Jamison, Mrs. Elizabeth Ayscove, John Ayscove and others, containing 20 1/2 acres. The said lands being portions of the tract upon which the late William Ayscove resided. Terms one-half cash balance on credit of twelve months. The deferred payment to bear 8 per cent interest. This 24th February 1894.

ELIZABETH AYSCOVE, Adm'r of William Ayscove, Dec'd.

A. C. Zollieffer, Atty.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrator on the estate of J. J. Bobbitt, all persons owing said estate are required to settle, and all who have claims against said estate to present them on or before February 4th, 1894, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

R. Z. EGBERTSON Adm'r.

July 6, 1894.

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