

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXIV. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1894. NUMBER 9.

TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in Louisville 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 Louisville 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. COOPER & SON.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Guilford, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, at all circuits and District Courts.

J. E. MALONE
Office two doors below Aycooke & Co.'s store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

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PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on Main street.

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LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Warren, and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, at all circuits and District Courts.

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GULLS ARE SACRED IN UTAH.

Why Grateful Mormons Impose a Fine of \$5 For Killing the Bird.

Most interesting of the birds that we saw on our daily walk to the pasture were the gulls—great, beautiful, snowy creatures, who looked strangely out of place so far away from the seashore. Stranger, too, than their change of residence was their change of manners from the wild, unapproachable sea birds, soaring and diving and apparently spending their lives on wings. From this high place in our thoughts, from this realm of poetry and mystery, to come down almost to the tamelessness of the barnyard fowls, a marvelous transformation, and one is tempted to believe the solemn announcement of the Salt Lake prophet that the Lord sent them to his chosen people.

The occasion of this alleged special favor to the Latter Day Saints was the advent about 20 years ago of clouds of grasshoppers, before which the crops of the western states and territories were destroyed by fire. It was then, in their hour of greatest need, when the food upon which depended a whole people was threatened, that these beautiful winged messengers appeared. In large flocks they came, from no one knows where, and settled like so many sparrows all over the land, devouring almost without ceasing the hosts of the foe. The crops were saved, and all Deseret rejoiced.

Was it, any wonder that a people trained to regard the head of their church as the direct representative of the highest should believe these to be really birds of God and should accordingly cherish them? Well would it be for themselves if other Christian peoples were equally believing, and protected and cherished other winged messengers sent just as truly to protect their crops. The shrewd man who wielded the destinies of his people beside the Salt Lake secured the future usefulness of what they considered the miraculous visitation by fixing a penalty of \$5 upon the head of every gull in the territory.

And now, the birds having found congenial nesting places on solitary islands in the lake, their descendants are so fearless and so tame that they habitually follow the plow like a flock of chickens, rising from almost under the feet of the indifferent horses and settling down at once in the furrow behind, seeking out grubs and larvae and mice and moles that the plow has disturbed in its passage. The Mormon cultivator has sense enough to appreciate such service, and no man or boy dreams of hitting a gull against his best friend. Extraordinary indeed was this sight to eyes accustomed to seeing every bird that attempts to render such like service shot and snared and swept from the face of the earth. Our hearts warmed toward the "sons of Zion," and our respect for their intelligence increased as we hurried down to the field to see this latter day wonder.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Famous Race of Belegared Paris.

Everybody conversant with the history of the siege of Paris by the Germans will remember that the inhabitants of the beleaguered city were fed for a time on the flesh of African and Asiatic beasts and birds of prey from the zoological gardens. There has lately been discovered a packet of letters which throw an interesting light on this matter. These documents have been deposited in the Carnavalet museum. They were addressed by M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, director of the Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne, to M. Deboos, a butcher on the Boulevard Haussmann, and refer to the prices which were asked for the animals required for the nourishment of starving Parisians.

Zelras, buffaloes, reindeer, antelope, wild boars, a kangaroo, a cassowary and a black swan were killed during the month of October, 1870, together with several rare ducks, pheasants and geese. The cassowary was sold for \$8 and the kangaroo for half that sum. In November an antelope fetched \$40, and prices began to ascend rapidly all round. Thus a bear cost the butcher Deboos \$20, and \$88 was given for a wild boar. During the Christmas period two camels from the garden were sold at \$200. On Dec. 29 M. Deboos took over the two elephants, which were the veritable pieces de resistance of his food supply. They cost him \$7,000 francs, or £1,080. He soon sawed up their colossal carcasses and sold the pieces at a profit.—London Telegraph.

Imitative of the Fish.

It would probably be found that a smooth surface of iron or steel is about the worst which we can give to our ships, for a smooth metal surface has apparently the property of attracting and detaining the particles of water in contact with it, whether by molecular attraction or otherwise. Thereby the water, in immediate contact with the vessel's side or bottom is drawn along with her, and its particles communicate their motion to an outer circle of particles, and so on till a vast mass of water is set constantly in motion along with the ship.

This is precisely what we want to avoid, as the essence of the reduction of fluid friction is to slip easily through the water with the least possible disturbance. Herein lies, as I imagine, the great advantage of the surface structure of the fish. It would probably be found by experiment that an exact model of a fish in any ordinary material—as wood, iron, steel, etc.—when towed through the water at a given rate would communicate motion to a straw or light floating object lying near its course to a far greater extent than would the real fish passing through the water at the same speed. Experiment on this point would be easy and would be valuable and suggestive.—Contemporary Review.

Flaubert believed almost to the end in the free guerrilla corps, in the "avengers to the death"; he believed that all men are soldiers and every man an army; he believed in Glais-Bizoin and Cremieux; he believed in the proclamations; he believed in the "ballon of deliverance"; he believed in the oath to conquer or die; he believed that the retreats of our armies were only "stratagems of movements"; he believed that Rouen would blow itself into the air rather than suffer the enemy to enter into its walls; he believed that Paris would never capitulate; he believed in the sorties that were to be as a "flood overwhelming the besiegers"; he believed in the European intervention, in the arrival of the Americans, in the utter exhaustion of the Germans. He believed in everything except defeat.—Maxime du Camp's "Literary Recollections."

A Hairbreadth Escape.

"I served all through the late civil war," remarked Jonas Felt of Nashville, N. H., "and I saw a good many narrow escapes from death. About the closest shave to be killed I ever saw was this: One day a sick soldier was lying in a tent with his knapsack for a pillow. He was supposed to be one of the army's way, but a sick shot came flying through the air, struck the knapsack and carried it clean away. The only inconvenience to the invalid was the loss of his pillow and the sudden letting down of his head. As the knapsack was scarcely thicker than the missile it might be called literally a hairbreadth escape."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It Looks Like a "Sure Thing."

The chances that an accident insurance company takes when it sells a policy good for 24 hours to a casual traveler may be estimated when it is known that the interstate commerce commission has figured out that one person is killed by railroad accidents in this country for every 1,800,000 people who ride 24 miles. Selling accident policies on these figures looks like a "sure thing" for the accident companies.—Albany Express.

Must Have the Very Best.

Doctor—Madam, I find that your daughter has pneumonia in its worst form.

Mrs. Nurich—Well, I don't see how it can be. We've got money enough to get the best kind there is to be had.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A NICE, SOFT WAY.

It brought an Expression of Gratitude From the Beneficiary.

The relator of this story was on his way up Monroe avenue the other day when a chap who looked decidedly anxious stopped him at Farmer street to say:

"I think you can tell me what I am very anxious to find out. Can there be such a thing as a snake in the human stomach?"

"Why, I have heard of such ones."

"Did you ever see one?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I met a chap down here who was complaining that he swallowed a snake 10 years ago, and that it was bothering him a great deal. He seemed an honest, truthful man, but I didn't know what to make of his story."

"Did that snake want anything in particular just then?"

"The chap said as how he did, sir, and that was why I was suspicious of him."

"Did he say it was about the usual hour for the snake to take a glass of beer?"

"He did, sir. That's exactly what he said."

"And if he didn't get it he would keep on acting up and making things unpleasant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Man appeared to be conscientious and truthful, eh?"

"Indeed he did."

"He wouldn't have deceived you just to get a glass of beer?"

"I don't think he would, sir. He was holding his hands on his sides, just this way, and his face was all screwed up like this, and I don't think he would act that way unless there was something wrong."

"But you didn't help him?"

"No, sir. I wanted to be sure, you know."

"I think I know the man. I think he is standing right here beside me. Here is a nickel to stop that riot going on down behind his vest, and there's plenty of saloons in this locality."

"Sir," he said as he received the coin and bowed and scurped. "I am 55 years old and have traveled all over the world, but I am free to say that you have the nicest, softest way of doing something for a man without letting him know it that I ever did behold. Myself, and the other fellow, and the ruction are obliged to you, sir, and may you live a thousand years and never know sorrow."—Detroit Free Press.

Stories of Jay Gould.

These two anecdotes about the late Jay Gould are new, and what is better, are true: When Mr. Gould was a young man, in a New Jersey town, he was taken violently ill, and a lady undertook to see him through. He never forgot it, and when any of his old friends of former days came to see him—and his office door always had the latest shiner outside for such—he was wont to ask after this particular woman. She had an adopted child, married, living in the far west, and the lady when she became old resolved on seeing her, and after a year's privation saved enough money to make the journey.

Mr. Gould happened at the last moment to learn of her scheme, and post haste passed were collected for the whole distance there and back and mailed her without a word of comment. The old lady could not wonder as to how Mr. Gould had learned of her intended trip.

At another time an old friend who had just about lifted a mortgage on his farm was seized with inflammatory rheumatism and was in the depths of despair. Accidentally learning of it, Mr. Gould sent him a check for a good, round amount, and the effect was electrical for the man was at once well.—Hardware.

Gray Wolves.

As a rule, the gray wolf soon disappears from settled regions. In the United States there is probably not one wolf today where 30 years ago there were 50. The killing of the ranchmen's cattle, colts and sheep was not to be tolerated, and a bounty was put on the gray wolf's head, with fatal effect. More deadly than the steel trap or the winchester, the strychnine bottle was universally brought to bear upon his most vulnerable point—his ravenous appetite. Even during the last days of the buffalo in Montana, the hunters poisoned wolves by hundreds for their pelts, which were worth from \$3 to \$6 each. Now it is a very difficult matter to find a gray wolf, even in the wild west, and in Montana and Wyoming they are almost as scarce as bears.—W. T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.

At the Barracks.

The colonel on his tour of inspection unexpectedly entered the drill-room where he came upon a couple of soldiers, one of whom was reading a letter aloud while the other was listening, and at the same time stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the latter.

"You see, colonel, I am reading to Pitou, who can't read himself, a letter from his sweetheart."

"And you, Pitou?"

"Please, colonel, I am stopping up Boquillon's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to know what she writes."—Famille.

Zeb Vance is Dead.

EDWARD OLIPHANT IN WASHINGTON POST.

How strange the sound! Undying in his name, immortal in his memory; they came a product of his own, his native soil. Reversed and loved by every son of toll. Zeb Vance! The very name a honor's own; A beautiful name, warm home-coming, ever have A sterling, generous hearted friend, Sincere and honest, faithful to the end. But now 'tis true, that on his restless bed His native place shall whisper, "he is dead."

His name was synonym for hope and song, For cheer and laughter, and truth so strong; The pit, the idol, of the old North State— A beautiful name, warm home-coming, ever have A sterling, generous hearted friend, Sincere and honest, faithful to the end. But now 'tis true, that on his restless bed His native place shall whisper, "he is dead."

North Heaven's great rotunda, laid in state Will in this hollow man—no trace, no mark, And o'er his native's obsequies will roll, And cheer a nation for his noble soul. In many a little school house, by the way, When lessons shall have ended for the day, The pedagogue, with awe, will bow his head; And tell the children that "Zeb Vance is dead."

And home, with voices hushed and awed They'll go, And with wondering, the news they know; The very words catch the strain as dread, And slowly die the name: "Zeb Vance is dead." And when life's good angel shall have brought His safety to the paradise he sought, And led him to the threshold of the gate, Not long the errand of his State will wait.

Nor Governor, nor Senator will be The signal for the rank of his degree; But loud hosannas, "welcome, welcome home," And loud the welkin ring: "Zeb Vance is come!"

ANYTHING TO BE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT?

Mr. W. W. Scott, Jr., editor of the Lenoir Topic, writing from Washington to his paper, says that the Populist crowd cares nothing more about silver "than as their insane whoopings for it may serve their selfish purposes. Mark my prediction," says he, "that in less than two years they will drop silver as a hobby and will be riding some other, like witches on broomsticks."

It would be by no means surprising if this should come to pass. A few years ago the sub-Treasury scheme was all the go; then government ownership of railroads. Now nothing is ever heard of either—both have been relegated to the limbo of dead issues. As to the silver question, we recall distinctly that three or four years ago, when it looked for all the world that Congress would pass a free silver bill—this was probably just before the Sherman law was enacted—the late Col. L. L. Polk, who had been representing eloquently that free silver was of all things the chief desideratum, said in an interview in the Atlanta Journal that free silver was all well enough in its way, but it would not meet the wants of the people, that what was needed was fiat money—that this was the very term he employed.

The Populist party is run on this sort of a schedule: It finds out what can't be had and clamors for that as the all-important thing. If the Democratic party should today give signs of giving it everything it is asking for, it would instantly lose interest in those things. It is strictly an organization of opposition. In view of its zeal for silver we have been impressed with the strange silence of its newspapers and spokesmen upon the Bland seigniorage bill—they have had next to nothing to say about it. Why? Because they were waiting to see what its fate would be, holding themselves in readiness to declare, if it should become a law, that it is of no consequence whatever, and if it should not become a law, to lash themselves and their followers into a fury on account of its defeat.—Charlotte Observer.

"Hoodlum Talk."

The following plain English is from Bishop Keener, and appears in the Tennessee Methodist. There is no doubt whatever that the temple referred to is the one built for Sam Jones in Nashville, and it is equally certain that Sam Jones is the man the Bishop is after:

"I don't want our pulpit lowered, as it has been in this part of the country for many years. You have no right to countenance or encourage a man who would dare to use in the pulpit hoodlum talk which you would reprove your boy for using. You have submitted to it here in Tennessee, silently, and you have suffered by it. You have even built a temple to it. The church is sick and tired of it. It has been patient until the thing has become insupportable. I think I see signs of improvement. I think we shall come back to sobriety and to purity and to propriety of speech in the pulpit."

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TRAINED. EXTREME INDEED.

"Your little brother's in the hall," He muttered, "we must stop."
"Oh no," she answered, "not at all!"
"He's looking out for pop."—Truth.

DESERVING PRAISE.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase money if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Aycooke & Co., Druggists.

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All work warranted.
Louisburg is my home "for better or worse" and you will always find me ready to correct at my own expense any work that may prove unsatisfactory.
Very truly,
R. E. KING, Dentist.

TO GARDENERS:

Early cabbage plants ready now, strong tomatoes, best varieties, ready April 1st, evergreens, magnolias and shrubbery, Verbenas, pansies, and all kinds of bedding plants, palms and rubber plants and others for pot culture; flower seeds, bouquets, cut flowers, floral designs. Send for catalogue.
H. STEINMETZ, Raleigh, N. C.

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

SOLID WALNUT COFFINS AND CASKETS.

Also a line of METALLICS

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

Respectfully,
R. B. HARRIS & Co.
Louisburg, N. C.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.

We have opened a market and stock exchange at Clifton's old corner, and want to buy beefs and hogs of any size, Milch cows, mutton or lambs, and fowls of all kinds. All that want meat of any kind send us your orders. Everything as represented. We mean business, call and see us.
K. J. ROADALE & Co.

ICE!

The Raleigh Crystal Ice Factory having been put in first class order is now prepared to turn out more ice and of better quality than ever before. The ice is put up in blocks of 200 pounds. For sale as follows:
1/2 Block, 100 pounds, well packed, per express, 75 cents.
Whole block, 200 pounds, well packed, per express, \$1.30.
Low prices by the carload or fraction of carload of two tons or over. Not less than two tons will be taken by freight unpacked.
JONES & POWELL, Raleigh, N. C.

Shaved or Sawn Hard Pine Shingles, Laths, Corn, Meat, Oats, Bran by carload, more or less, at lowest prices for cash by

JONES & POWELL, Raleigh, N. C.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. One Coat a Day.

Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 50 cents. Injector free.

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The boy who asks for a milk punch should be hooked by a punch.

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A friend in need is a friend indeed; and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. If you have never used this great cough medicine one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at Aycooke & Co.'s drug store. Large sizes 50c. and \$1.

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

To Build Up Your System and restore Your Strength.

Invigorate Your Liver and Purify Your Blood. Strengthen Your Nerves and Give An Appetite. Take that excellent Medicine P. P. P. [Pills] Ash Pike Root and Potassium.

NOTICE.

By virtue of power given in an order of the Superior court of Franklin county in the special proceedings entitled People M. Boyer, Plaintiff, vs. Boyer, et al., et al., at Frank, made the 23rd day of March 1894, we will sell at public auction at the court house door in Louisville, N. C., at 12 o'clock M., of Monday, the 7th day of May 1894, a lot or parcel of land in Franklin county, North Carolina, containing 70 acres, being lot No. 2 in the plat and survey of the Goodloe land, made in the Partition Proceedings filed by Benj. Holden, Sr., recorded in Clerk's office of Franklin county, in Book No. 2 of Orders and Decrees, at page 161; said lot having in said proceedings fallen to the share of Henry Goodloe, whose heirs-at-law have instituted this proceeding. Terms of sale, 1/3 cash, balance due at six months; deferred payment to carry interest at 8 per cent. from day of sale. This March 21st, 1894.
E. W. TIMBRILAKE, P. S. SPRUILL, Commissioners.

1894. HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly is now a "first class" magazine. It is the most distinguished and interesting of our magazines. It is the most popular and the most profitable. It is the most entertaining and the most instructive. It is the most valuable and the most useful. It is the most interesting and the most profitable. It is the most entertaining and the most instructive. It is the most valuable and the most useful.

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