

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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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 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 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,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.
- D. R. H. MALONE,**
Office two doors below Aycock & Co.'s drug store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.
- D. R. W. H. NICHOLSON,**
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
- E. W. TIMBERLAKE,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on Main street.
- F. S. SPURILL,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections, &c.
- N. Y. GULLLEY,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
All legal business promptly attended to.
- THOS. B. WILDER,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on Main street, over Jones & Cooper's store.
- W. M. PERSON,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Practices in all courts. Office in the Court House.

Dentistry.

—W. H. EDWARDS—
OF WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Will visit Louisburg on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday following the first Sunday in each month prepared to do all kinds of dental work.
Office in the Meadows Hotel.

DR. ROBT. S. BOOTH,

I have fitted up an office for the practice of Dentistry in all its branches in Louisburg, N. C., and will be in my office the two weeks following the second Sunday in each month. Guarantee all my work and my prices to suit the hard times. Office in the Jones & Cooper building.

DR. R. E. KING,

DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Racket Store.
Graduate Baltimore Dental College. Twenty-four years active experience. ARTIFICIAL TEETH A SPECIALTY. Natural teeth removed and new ones inserted in twenty minutes.
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.

YARBOROUGH & DAVIS,

The Blacksmiths
OF LOUISBURG.
All work in our line done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. We have our new shop (the old tin pen alley) in good shape and are better prepared than ever to serve our customers.

J. M. C. HILL,

THE TINNER,
Is prepared to do all kinds of tin work, re-pairing, &c. All work guaranteed. Place of business on Main street in house recently occupied by F. Parrish.

OSBORN HOUSE,

C. D. OSBORN, Proprietor,
Oxford, N. C.
Good accommodations for the traveling public.

RUFFIN & LEWIS,

BLACKSMITHS.
We are prepared to do all kinds of work in our line. Call to see us at our shop near the Louisburg mills.

R. R. CROSSEN,

FIRST CLASS PAINTER,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
I wish to offer my services to the public, and will say that I am prepared to do all kinds of house painting, graining, &c. I work in Louisburg, speaks for itself, and I refer to all parties for whom I have worked. Old furniture made new. Give me your patronage, and you shall be pleased.

STILL AT THE BRIDGE.

BLACK-SMITHING.
Where I can well known and prepared to do all kinds of house painting, graining, &c. I work in Louisburg, speaks for itself, and I refer to all parties for whom I have worked. Old furniture made new. Give me your patronage, and you shall be pleased.

ARP ON STRIKES.

Bill Says Let Everybody Quit Work for a While.

We are crowded now. What with all the ramifications of the big strike, the wide-spread war between capital and labor, the miserable contention over the tariff bill and the red-hot strike of candidates for office, our weak minds are kept on a continual strain. Every trade or occupation has got a union now, even to the barbers and the newsboys, and if these unions don't strike or boycott occasionally the boys get lukewarm and quit paying their dues and that cuts off the salaries of the officers, and so they must get up a carousment to fire up the boys again.

It is like the great monarchies of Europe. When their people get restless and discontented and threaten the government the monarch gets up a little war with some other nation and that unites the people and kills off the surplus. Suppose we all strike for a little while and swear off from any kind of work unless we can get more for it. Let the newspapers strike against the newsboys and quit publishing papers. Let the railroads stop running. Let the merchants quit buying and selling. Let all the manufactories close up for awhile. Let us all wear our old clothes and live off our gardens. Capital is just as good as labor and brains are better than both. It takes all three to keep the world going and if they cannot get along in peace let us dissolve the partnership awhile and everybody and everything get on a strike. But that wouldn't do. Just think of the poor; not the farmers nor the laborers on the railroads and in the workshops, but the poor women and children who toil in the cotton mills or at the needle in some miserable garret—the sewing woman in the great cities who make our garments for a mere trifle and who still sing "The Song of the Shirt." Who is striking for them? Nobody. It is not the very poor who are raising all this racket. It is the able-bodied men who have employment at living wages. I heard a farmer say yesterday that they could get along if labor was not so high, and no doubt his laborers are growing because wages are not higher and so it goes. The farmer grumbles because wheat is down to 60 cents a bushel and the laborer would reduce it to 50 cents if he could. And yet all classes who are not rich enough to live without work sympathize with the strike, and in its last analysis the prime cause is envy and selfishness. How rich will a man be allowed to get and still have the good will of his poorer neighbors? How poor must a man get before he will have the help and pity of the rich?

But every day the press ventilates the whole business and everybody knows all about it. It was a relief when Mrs. Arp told me this morning she wanted that big red oak that stood near the corner of the garden cut down. I've been hinting about that a long time, but she is opposed to cutting down shade trees, and so I never argued the case at all. I never do. Some years ago I proposed to thin out the trees in the front yard but she objected. While she was off to Rome on a visit I got the boys and we cut down three of them level with the ground and didn't leave a sign of a stump, and we hauled away every chip and scrap and covered the places with grass and she never found it out for two months, and wouldn't have them, but one of the mischievous girls remarked one day that we didn't use to see the hills as plain as we do now, and my wife caught on to the business right away. She always does. But she suggested this morning that that oak would have to come down and it would give more garden. As a woman sometimes changes her mind, I went at it like killing snakes. The trunk of the tree was perpendicular. I know it was, for I planted it. I tied a pair of big scissors to a string and stood off

and was sure it wouldn't fall up the hill where I wanted it. If it went down the hill it would fall across my own fence and across the narrow lane and onto the widow's fence and smash up the fruit trees in her lot. So to be sure I climbed the ladder and sawed off some big limbs on that side, and I knew that the limbs on the other side would pull it that way. I sharpened the ax and then I and Uncle Sam went to work. When it was most down the good widow, who is our nearest neighbor and lives alone in her cottage, came along and looked anxiously at what we were doing. I assured her the tree was bound to fall up the hill on my side, and so she went on to spend the day at a friend's, and we chopped on a little more. The wind was blowing quite a breeze, and I got my plumb and sighted again. Then I sighted the top in line with another tree, and told Uncle Sam to chop some more. By and by I saw it was moving a little up the hill and all right. "It's going all right, Uncle Sam," said I. "Let her go—give another lick or two on the lower corner." Just then the wind got up almost a gale, and before we could say Jack Robinson, it sent that tree crashing down onto fences and orchards and into my corn patch and just tore things all to pieces generally. "Dar now," said Uncle Sam, and "there now," was echoed from the back door, where my wife and the girls were watching. "It was the wind," said I. "I reckon it was gravity," said my wife. They gazed me almost as bad as the small boys guy a baseball team from a neighboring town, and I had to walk into the garden to let my collar down. I didn't care anything about my fence nor the corn patch, but there was the tree top in the poor widow's orchard. My wife and the girls came out to comfort me, but I wouldn't be comforted. How long would the widow be gone I ruminated, and how long would it take to clean up things and repair the damage as far as possible? But we never stopped a minute. There were three of us now, all good hands, including myself. I never worked as hard in my life. I dragged off brush as fast as they could trim up the brushy top. I got the step ladder and sawed off the broken limbs of the apple trees and unlaced those that were fastened down. We cut up every part of the tree that was on the widow's side and cleaned up the fragments and then put a new post in the ground and brought plank and built up the fence again and replaced the barbed wire. Every little while I looked down the lane to see if the widow was coming, but she didn't come. Then we cut up that part that was in the lane and we carried or rolled every piece to my woodpile, and by 5 o'clock you could hardly tell that a tree had fallen there at all. I was hot and tired and my garments stuck to my perspiring flesh. I looked again for the widow, and sure enough she was in sight. Putting on a smile, I said: "Well, the wind did take the tree down in your lot." She looked at the fence and the orchard, and said: "Well, I don't see where it fell. The fence looks just like it did, only better." "It broke a large limb from that beautiful apple tree," said I. "Well, that doesn't matter," she said. "It hardly ever bears any fruit, and when it does the apples are not much account." "There was a young peach tree there," said I, "but it is not there now." "Just a volunteer," she said, "and they were too thick, anyhow." If I had known she would be so pleasant about it I wouldn't have worked so hard, but "all's well that ends well." Hereafter when I go to fell a big tree I shall make more allowance for wind or we wait till there is none. Now I am going to make a new strawberry bed plant out a little more root, but that tree business will never be forgotten. It will be a photograph on my memory. It actually crowded out of the strike and politics, and after it was all over it left me calm and serene.

BILL ARP.

Lack of Money.

If men realized how their wives dislike to ask them for money, they would be quite willing to allow the partners of their lives a weekly allowance, and thus secure to them a certain feeling of independence. But the majority of husbands never think of such a thing. Under the old common law a wife was entitled to "food, clothing and medicine," and it has become customary to give her so much, and to suppose she should be satisfied with these. I knew a woman, many years ago, who insisted that her husband should pay her one dollar a week. She had three children and no servant. But her small demand was the standing joke among other husbands, who regarded that unfortunate husband who paid a dollar a week to his wife as really henpecked. If a husband who holds the purse-strings tight from his wife, would put himself for a single month in her position so far as the limitation in money-matters is concerned, he would learn a lesson of humiliation and shame of whose bitterness he had before no conception. The dissatisfaction among wives on this one point is wide-spread. Men who mean to be considered just should see to it that the cause of this dissatisfaction is not allowed to remain as a root of bitterness, to poison and spoil all the home life.—Ex.

Hogg's Children are Campaign Thunder.

Charlotte News.
Governor Hogg, of Texas, is a dandy, according to the statement of a young man from that State, whom the News had a little chat with to-day. The young man said Hogg was a regular Democratic nominee for Governor and therefore was elected. He will probably be in the race for something this year again and is using everything he can to further his interests. Not long ago, so the story goes, the Governor's wife presented him with triplets—two girls and a boy. They are all very healthy looking, and the Governor wishing to show his wife that he was not mad and also get some notoriety, named the children as follows: Utah Hogg, Iowa Hogg and Rosa Hogg. The newspapers have never said anything about it, but according to the names the Governor has given his children they are undoubtedly all Hogs, or he would not have said so uniquely.

The Deadly Cigarette.

"This idea of taxing Cigarettes is a great one," said the man who is always in earnest. "They are pernicious and health destroying. Why, I knew a man who was killed by Cigarettes."
"Yes, such cases are said to be common."
"Such a nice young man he was, too. Cut off right in the prime of manhood. It was a cruel blow to his friends."
"It's terrible," said his auditor, with a sympathetic sniff.
"I will never forget when they brought him home mangled and—" "Bug pardon. Did you say mangled?"
"Certainly."
"But I didn't know Cigarettes mangled."
"But you see, this young man was run over by a wagon load of them on their way to a Richmond firm. He was—" "But his listener had vanished.—American Industry.

Poor, But Kindly.

Clerk—I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?
Employer—Couldn't really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so you will have an excuse to get away.—New York Weekly.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Burglar's Novel Experience.

"I think about the most curious man I ever met," said the retired burglar. "I met in a house in Eastern Connecticut and I shouldn't know him either if I should meet him again unless I should hear him speak; it was so dark where I met him that I never saw him at all. I had looked around the house down stairs and actually hadn't seen a thing worth carrying off; it was the poorest house I ever was in, and it wasn't a bad looking house on the outside either. I got up-stairs and groped around a little and finally turned into a room that was darker than Egypt. I hadn't gone more than three steps in this room when I heard a man say:
"Hello, there."
"Hello, says I."
"Who are you?" says the m'n, 'burglar?'
"And I said yes, I did do something in that line occasionally."
"Miserable business to be in, ain't it?" said the man. His voice came from a bed over in the corner and I knew he hadn't even sat up.
"And I said, 'Well I don't. I got to support my family some way.'
"Well you've just wasted a night here," says the man. "Did you see anything down stairs worth stealing?"
"And I said no I hadn't."
"Well, there's less up stairs," said the man. Then I heard him turn over and settle to go to sleep again. I'd like to have gone over there and kicked him, but I didn't. It was getting late and I thought all things considered, that I might just as well let him have his sleep out."—N. Y. Sun.

A Farewell Sermon.

The following spicy and unique discourse, says The Sun, was recently given by a worthy brother pastor who was forcibly struck with the sentiments of the retiring pastor:
"Dear Brethren: the hour has come for the severance of the tie which binds us. This is my farewell sermon. I must bid you adieu. During my pastorate with you I don't think the Lord has loved you much—not many of you have died. Neither do I think you loved each other much—not many of you have married. Neither do I think you love me much—not all my salary has been paid, and what you did pay was in rotten potatoes and worm-eaten peaches, and you know the Scriptures say: "By their fruits ye shall know them." I shall now leave you, I am invited to a better field, I have been called to chaplain to the penitentiary. Let not your hearts be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you."
One of Its Dreaded Results.
Banks—I don't mind the influenza itself so much. It's the after effects I'm afraid of.
Rivers—The after effects are what ails me. I'm still dodging the doctor.—London Million.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Pringle, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Aycock & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

If things are so wisely ordained in this world that everything fits nicely in its place, then in what part of a crowd is the place for a short woman with an umbrella?
Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Backlin's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Specker, Catawba Co., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Backlin's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Aycock & Co., at their Drug store.

CEDAR ROCK ACADEMY

Business Institute.

MALE AND FEMALE.

Situated in Franklin county, N. C., eleven miles east of Louisburg, in one of the best sections of the State for health, refinement and religious and moral influences. The course of study is thorough and practical, preparing to teach, for college, or the practical pursuits of life. Our prices are reasonable, corresponding to the low prices of your produce. Board in 300 yards of Academy at \$7.00 per month. Tuition ranges from \$1.00 to \$3.50 per month. A commercial hall is being fitted up and Fred. Tenge will be prepared to do as good work for the young men in this department as can be had in the State. Telegraphy will also be taught. Special attention paid to penmanship. Our large and roomy building was recently newly painted and will probably be furnished with new school furniture by middle of Fall term. Arrangements are already made for all girls who board to board with the Principal, so that parents need apprehend no danger in entrusting their daughters to our care. The music department will be under Miss Mary Chock, who is now taking a special course at the best Music Conservatory in the South. Miss Chock is very energetic and will take great interest in music classes. Another new piano will be added to our stock of instruments, so pupils will find no difficulty in having good instruments and plenty of time for practice, for after all, it is practice that makes perfect in music, as well as in other things. Full term will open August 21st, 1894, and continue 18 weeks. Spring term will open January 8th, 1895, and continue 18 weeks. For further information apply to W. A. SMITH, Principal, Cedar Rock, N. C. Or Jno. A. Coppinger, Sec'y, Cedar Rock, N. C.

CAROLINA Collegiate Institute,

NASHVILLE, N. C.

S. D. BAGLEY, M. A., Principal.

WITH COMPETENT INSTRUCTORS.

Board eight dollars per month, the best of food and fuel.

Tuition on reasonable terms. Next session will begin MONDAY, AUG. 21st, 1894.

SELECT PRIVATE SCHOOL.

CAREFUL TRAINING

THOROUGH INSTRUCTION.

Misses Edith and Fannie Yarbrough will open a select school for girls on Thursday August 30th.

TERMS

Primary Dept., per month, \$2.00

Advanced pupils, 3.00

No extra charge for Latin and Physical Culture.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Includes the College, the University, the Law School, the Medical School and the Summer School for Teachers. College tuition \$60.00 a year; board \$7.00 to \$13.00 a month. Session begins Sept. 6. Address President Winston, Chapel Hill, N. C.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE,

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

A Christian College embracing ten Academic Schools and the professional School of Law. A select Library of 3100 volumes. A large and well furnished Reading Room. Thoroughly equipped Gymnasium and Laboratories. Literary Societies unsurpassed in the South. No secret Fraternities allowed. Free tuition to ministers and sons of ministers. Loans for the needy. Board from six to ten dollars per month. A complete system of water works with ample bathing facilities. The summer Law School opens July 2nd.

Next session begins September 5th. For further information address

REV. C. E. TAYLOR, President.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.

We have opened a market and stock exchange at Clifton's old corner, and want to buy beehives 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.

E. J. BAGSDALE & Co.

Coffins and Caskets.

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

METALICS

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

Respectfully,

R. R. HARRIS & Co.

Louisburg, N. C.

TAR RIVER STOCK FARM.

Raise Your Bacon, Mutton, Beef,

Milk and Butter.

Pure Bred Inbred Jersey Figs.

Pure Bred Oxford-down Ducks.

Pure Bred Jersey Heifers and BULL CALVES.

My cows have butter records of 20 pounds per week. Best Bull, Boon and Ram in America at the head of my herd. My stock is registered. Write for what you want and I will supply you at reasonable prices.

W. L. MCGHEE,

Franklinton, N. C.

LOUISBURG

Carriage Shops.

The undersigned having leased the Louisburg Carriage Shop, together with the Blacksmith Shop attached thereto, desires to say to the people of Franklin and adjoining counties that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line at short notice. If you wish your vehicles of every kind repaired and repainted in the very best manner by first-class workmen you can have the work done at my shops promptly and at reasonable rates. I shall have a first-class workman in the Blacksmith shop, who will fully understand his business, and will guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

If you will give me your work you shall be satisfied.

Very respectfully,

H. C. TAYLOR.

Furniture repaired at short notice and in the very best manner.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL

E. M. WARD, Prop'r.

Good accommodations, polite service, and the best fare the market affords.

Good Livery in connection with hotel

Feed, Sale and Livery

STABLES.

HAYES & PINNELL, Proprietors.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

GOOD TEAMS AND

POLITE DRIVERS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRAVELING MEN.