

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. It 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, Sup't.

- Professional cards
C. M. COOKS & SON. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
W. H. EDWARDS. DENTIST.
DR. R. E. KING, DENTIST.
J. M. C. HILL, THE TINNER.
OSBORN HOUSE, C. D. OSBORN, Proprietor.

Lost Opportunity.
Time slips by us almost unheeded, never to return. It cannot be saved like money, to be used after a while, or stored as in a reservoir. Each moment is given to us but once. We must make use of it or it will pass away, never to return. To the wage-worker especially, time is of very great value. He cannot afford to waste any of it. This does not mean that he shall never be idle. On the contrary, he will make a great mistake if by overtasking himself he cripples his powers of work. Time is wasted unless it is used so as to keep a sound mind in a sound body. There must be an adequate allowance of time for rest and time for recreation, or the time for work cannot be fully utilized. The greatest waste of time and opportunities, however, is committed by young men and young women. They do not realize the value of time until years have rolled away and they find themselves bound down to hard labor that they might have escaped if they had taken time to improve their minds or develop some kind of special skill that would put their services in demand. Much of the distress of the world falls upon the workers of little skill, whose places can easily be filled from a great throng of other incompetents, always seeking a job. Very many of these (not all, perhaps) have wasted their time and opportunity in their youth. They have sought recreation and amusement when they should have been studying; they have refused to work at any calling that required them to soil their hands or their clothes; they have accepted easy situations and have reached manhood or womanhood ignorant, lazy, and incapable of giving useful service to their employers. But they cannot recall one minute of the wasted hours and days of their youth. No repentance will bring back to them lost opportunities. They are doomed as by a fate, for which they are themselves in part responsible, to a life of ill paid toil or of shame. This lesson cannot be too often held up before the young, for they are thoughtless and always more or less in different to the lessons of experience. Here and there, however, one may be found who will listen to the warning against the waste of time. In doing so he need not sacrifice the rational enjoyments of life. There is abundant time for play, as well as for study and work and rest, if one will make a proper division. And there will be no waste of time if each hour is made to help build up the physical, mental or moral qualities, or to develop some special skill that will be useful in the bread-winning contests of the future.

Unity, Brethren.
We are perfectly candid when we say that at no time since the war have the prospects for a Democratic victory in North Carolina been more brilliant than they are now. The morale of the party is superb, its spirit, its enthusiasm, are wonderful and admirable, and it only remains for us to keep the peace within the party and to do, each man, his duty to realize the most splendid triumph in the history of the party. We have a record to go before the people with which must commend itself to them. A panic which threatened the country under Republican rule came upon it in the first months of a Democratic administration and was so dealt with by that administration that it has subsided and prosperity is returning after a long period of depression. A Democratic Congress has given us a tariff bill which goes far toward restoring to the people the rights which favored interests have heretofore enjoyed. The expenses of the government have been reduced,

As to national affairs, the Democratic campaigner does not need to be on the defensive. The argument is with him and he only needs to use it. The record of the party in the State is irrefragable and its excellence needs only to be brought to the attention of the voters, when they will endorse it. The fusion between the Populists and the Republicans in North Carolina is already a failure, and many of those of both parties can be won by the Democracy this year. Neither of them has a ticket of its own and the Democratic party offers a better ticket than the opposition presents. All that we want is unity in our ranks. In every quarter of the State it obtains, thus far. Let us see to it that it is preserved. Let the nominations be a finality, and all Democrats rally to the nominees. Let all extraneous issues and all distracting issues among ourselves be relegated to the rear, and the Democratic party of North Carolina will this year go forth to a victory which will be memorable.—Charlotte Observer.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.
Life Like The Sand.
New York Herald.
If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.—I. Corinth. ians, xv. 19.
If a man lives in the conviction that there is nothing in the future he has very little to complain of when the time comes for him to be annihilated, because he has had all he expected to get. If, however, a man is promised another life on what he deems good authority and makes great sacrifices in order to fit himself for it, but is told when nearing the end that the promise cannot be kept, he is "of all men most miserable." St. Paul was quite right in declaring that such a disappointment overtops all other kinds. How brief is the span of human life! It is at best only an isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas, the past, the future—two eternities. Our days and months and years go by so noiselessly that we scarcely note the footfalls of their coming or their going. Childhood passes into youth in the twinkling of an eye. A little laughter, an hour's play with a few toys and the time arrives when childish things must be put away. Youth, exuberant youth, shortly sobers into manhood. A dream or two, a few castles in the air, a fleeting vision of divine possibilities, then the shoulders broaden to bear heavier burdens, and the heart recognizes the graver responsibilities of life. Manhood changes to old age like a flash of lightning in a summer cloud. Some hard work, some short years of earnest toil, some days of bitter disappointment, some nights of weary weeping, and then the nerves grow dull, the sight becomes dim, the snows of winter are scattered over the head, the hopes of earlier days have either ripened or withered. The sun sets, we linger in the twilight for a few moments and then the night comes down, in which we can neither walk nor work. You cannot hold on to your years, however strong your grasp may be. They will slip away from you in spite of entreaty or menace. When you have stood on the seashore you have perhaps tried to hold a handful of sand. What a useless task it is! It falls between your fingers in spite of your utmost endeavor, and after awhile, when you open your hand, only a few silvery or golden grains are left. So life escapes, and every present day becomes a yesterday. The clock ticks the time away whether you are hungry or well fed, and the pendulum swings relentlessly whether you are rich or poor. "And the same thing," says Solomon, "happeth to all." Now here is a curious fact. The elm by the roadside outlives us. The rusty sword that hangs on your library wall, telling you of the heroic deeds of a former generation, will be received by your children's children after you have been laid in your resting place. The pebble which you kick off the sidewalk, if it had a tongue, would tell you the story of this earth when it was in its very infancy, many years ago than your imagination can conceive. The elm, the rusty sword, the worthless pebble have a kind of eternal life, but you must die. What a marvellous statement! How incredible it seems! Is it not stranger than words can express that any thoughtful man should assert that the soul is fouled in by death, and that the road it has traveled ends at the grave? The body may be satisfied with seventy years, but not the mind. The soul's keen appetite is just whetted when it is told that there is nothing more to eat. Bodies are easily sated, but by the time they are ready to drop the soul within them has just begun to learn how to live. Why then should both die at the same moment. Why was the soul made so large, if this life is all? If you were told that Niagara was made to drive the farmer's gristmill for a single day and nothing more, you could not believe it. If you were told

Work is Genius.
G. E. M., in Scotland Neck Democrat.
Phillip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire, is said to have worked six days in the week from 6:45 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Work is what counts, solid persistent labor. Our millionaires, our great statesmen, our noted authors have attained their positions by the untiring efforts of a life time. Neither does genius do without diligence. Charles Dickens had a friend, by profession an author like himself, who had given great promise in early life but had been too indolent to produce any work of real merit. This friend called one day upon the great novelist, and after contrasting their positions he mournfully remarked, "If only I were gifted with your genius!" "Genius, sir," said Dickens, "I don't know what you mean, I have no genius but the genius of hard work." Never failing industry was the secret of the great writer's success. In bringing to perfection the smallest detail in any of his books no pains were too great for him; days were often spent in polishing a single incident or description. How many boys there are who never amount to anything simply because they are waiting for some wonderful inspiration instead of working out resolutely their own success.

Free Pills.
Send your address to H. E. Roeklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action, and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Aycocks & Co., Druggists.

The Destiny of The Populists.
The Greenwood (S. C.) Enterprise makes the following comment upon the Populists party: "Born in adversity, the child of ignorance and demagoguery, sustained by falsehood, misconception, prejudice and vagaries—its career must necessarily be ephemeral. The recent State elections in Tennessee and Alabama seemed to point to the fatal ending of the Populist party. An organization that came into being without demand for it, represented no particular economic question or principle in government that was not already covered by some other political party, it will pass into history and be remembered only as one of those occasional pimples—feathered excrescences, which come upon the body politic—the manifestation of a disease resulting from an exuberance of Anarchy, communism, ignorance and idiocy and other foreign and poisonous elements in the political system. Let it die, and the sooner the better. The only thing it can do now is to furnish a field for the demagogue to do his diabolical work of deceiving, gulling and imposing upon ignorance and poverty."

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.
We have opened a market and stock exchange at Clifton's old corner, and want to buy beavers and hogs of any size. Milch cows, instant or lamb, and fowls of all kinds. All that want most of any kind send us your orders. Everything as represented. We mean business, call and see us. E. J. RAUSDAL & CO.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE
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that a Corliss engine was invented to move the machinery which makes a single pin and after that is of no further use, what would you say? Can it then be true that the soul of man will live just long enough to find out that it can do something and then be told that it shall never have an opportunity to do this something? So odd an anomaly is beyond our credence. There is a pitiless irony in the statement that we no sooner gather our aspirations together and set ourselves sternly to some noble task than our day's work is over and we must lay aside the tools and the materials with which we know we can build. Let us give an illustration. Yonder is a vessel about to be launched. The plan has been carefully drawn by the architect, and the contractor has chosen his timber from a dozen forests. Now she stands complete, and the workmen with their sledges loosen the wedges, and she slips down the ways and for the first time embraces the mighty deep which is to be her home. How gracefully she floats, a thing of life and beauty! How promising is her future! She is able to bear a thousand tons burden across a wintry ocean, in spite of mountainous waves and northern gale. She will laugh at the tempest, for she is brave and strong. We board her for a trial trip. Her white sails waft us by the forts and through the Narrow and around the lightship. Then she comes back and is anchored in some convenient place. Suppose we tell you that her whole mission is accomplished and there is nothing more for her to do. You ask in wonder. "Why build her, then? Is it not folly to take so much pains for a trial trip, and then leave her at her anchorage to rot and sink?" The same may be said of the soul. This brief life is only the trial trip. We pass by a few boys in the harbor of eternal life, we stem the ebb or flood tide for it a few hours, we just get a glimpse of the ocean that spreads beyond our vision and then what we call death intervenes. With the great Atlantic of immortality ahead of us shall we come to anchor in the grave? It cannot be true. We were made for eternity, and the great ambitions which throb in our souls cannot be stilled by death. The funeral procession leaves us at the mouth of the harbor, and when our friends return to their homes we spread invisible canvas and sail on toward the Throne of God.

The Jug of Plenty.
Corn in the corn crib,
Chickens in the yard,
Meat in the meat house,
Bar' hill oflard,
Milk in the milkhouse,
Butter on the board,
Coffee in the little bog,
Sugar in the corner,
Cream on the sabbler,
Honey in the mug,
Elder in the humpyjohn
Licker in the jug.
Almost a New York Daily.

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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 METALLIC. 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.

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Raise Your Bacon, Mutton, Beef, Milk and Butter. Pure Bred Duroc Jersey Pigs. Pure Bred Oxford down Bucks. Pure Bred Jersey Heifers and BULL CALVES. My cows have butter records of 20 pounds per week. Best Bull, Boar and Ram in America at the head of my herds. My stock is registered. Write for what you want and I will supply you at reasonable prices. W. L. MCGHEE, Franklinton, N. C.

ALBION ACADEMY, STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.
SIXTEENTH SESSION WILL BEGIN OCTOBER 1ST, 1894.
This School offers the benefits of a liberal education to young men and ladies of color. It is located at Franklinton, N. C., on the East side of the S. A. L. Railroad, about one hundred yards, three minutes walk from the station, and in a park of three acres. It commands a picturesque view of the surrounding country, and is free from malarial and pulmonary diseases. The buildings are spacious, well ventilated, and suitably adapted to the comfort of the students. Scholarship, \$45.00 for a term of 8 months, including board and washing. Tuition, Free. For further particulars address, REV. JNO. A. SAVAGE, A. M., President, FRANKLINTON, N. C.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.
Can be cured by using THOMAS' POULTRY POWDER. It also cures ROUP and GAPS. Now is the time to use it. 25 cents a package. For sale by W. G. THOMAS, Druggist, Louisville, N. C.
NOTICE.
On Wednesday the 28th day of October 1894, I will rent at the Court House door in Louisville, for the year 1895, the house now occupied by Mrs. Fannie M. Hawkins, being the same last allotted to Mrs. Maggs S. Brown. This Sept. 12th, 1894. B. R. MANSFIELD, Receiver.

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