

# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

**PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.**  
The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in session on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September and December, and for the purpose of examining applicants for positions in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be in session on Saturday of each month at all public days, to attend to all business connected with my office.  
J. N. HARRIS, Supt.

**Professional cards.**  
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Franklin, N. C.

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M. PEIGSON,  
Attorney at Law,  
105 N. 2d St.,  
Franklin, N. C.

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of Wake Forest, N. C.

**DR. R. E. KING,**  
DENTIST,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

**YARBOROUGH & DAVIS,**  
The Blacksmiths  
OF LOUISBURG.

**J. M. C. HILL,**  
THE TINNER.

**OSBORN HOUSE,**  
C. D. OSBORN, Proprietor,  
Oxford, N. C.

**R. R. CROSEN,**  
FIRST CLASS PAINTER,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

**STILL AT THE BRIDGE.**  
**BLACK-SMITHING.**

**RUFFIN & LEWIS,**  
BLACKSMITHS

**SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER YEAR.**  
Safely through another year,  
Hour by hour and day by day,  
By His hand of love and might,  
In His patience infinite,  
God has brought us on our way  
Safely through another year.

In the way His hand hath led,  
Bread from Heaven did He provide,  
At His word the waters burst  
From the rocks to quench our thirst;  
Well hath He our need supplied,  
In the way His hand hath led.

Let us now His praises speak  
For the care His love hath shown;  
Never hath He us forgot,  
Lo, His mercy changes not;  
For the blessings we have known,  
Let us now His praises speak.

**STORY OF A NEW HAT.**  
A business man had purchased a new stiff hat, and he went into a saloon with half a dozen friends to fit the hat on his head. They all took beer and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a county office went to the bartender and had a thin slice of Limburger cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through their beer glasses, the wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat-leather of the hat, and the man put it on and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people who is always complaining of being sick, and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table, and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he said he believed he did. He then turned pale, and said he guessed he would go home. He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car man who sat next to him moved away to the end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of small-pox there and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead, when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breathe, and the man got the full benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home, and his wife made and asked him what was the matter. He said he believed mordification had set in, and she took one whiff as he took off his hat, and said that she should think it had. "Where did you get into it?" said she. "Got into it?" said the man. "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me and I shall not live." She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The hat was lying on the centre-table, and the children would come in and get a smell of it and look at each other with reproachful glances, and go out and play. The man slept and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house, and that he was riding in a butcher's wagon to the pest-house. The woman sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat tried it on, and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before ripe. The doctor and the wife held a post mortem examination of the hat and found the slice of Limburger. "Few and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were arranged in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said that he had not, but he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor then asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to

lead a different life, and tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a mistake some way, and that he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of the stock.

The doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat-leather, and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him that he was as well as any man in the city. The man pinched himself to see if he was alive, and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on the way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bartender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat lining.—Ex.

**GENUINE SYMPATHY.**  
Helpful Thoughts Drawn From Study of the Sensitive Plant.

Sympathy might almost be considered a sixth sense, by means of which we are enabled to put ourselves into another's place, and suffer in his sufferings, or rejoice in his joys, feeling either emotion to a more or less keen extent as we are endowed with this wonderful gift.

Nothing can describe sympathy as well as a few words written concerning the very symbol of sympathy—the Mimosa sensitiva, or sensitive plant as it is commonly called.

"As a friend feels for a friend, so each of its leaves seem to feel for each other. Who that knows, who that has seen it, has not also remarked the strange sensibility of its leaves? The slightest touch suffices to make its folioles close upon their support, the petiole twigs upon the common petiole, and the common petiole upon the stem. If we wound the extreme end of one foliole, the others immediately approach in succession, like friends who come to share in suffering or death. The irritation is not local, but communicates from circle to circle in the various elements of a leaf, and propagates itself from one leaf to another, like sympathy in an association of true friends. The more vigorous the sensitive plant is in its habit, the more susceptible is it; for sympathy everywhere is always most powerful in the noblest organizations."

This power of sympathy connects us all together in one common brotherhood, and the more abundant our own vitality, the richer and fuller should our sympathies be. If we are, as we should be, all members of one body, then the slightest touch upon one of the members will communicate itself to all. If one member suffer, all the body suffers with it. We do not need to feel the pressure of pain ourselves to share the shrinking of our brother, but suffering in his suffering we also strengthen him by our strength.

Sympathy must be an entering into the feelings of another; taking upon ourselves for the time being his sorrows or joys. Only by doing this can we strengthen and support by sympathy.

We only wound and hurt by our efforts if we are not willing to thus truly sympathize. When anyone sits in the shadow of a great grief, the one who stands apart from him in the sunlight and calls out to him to be of good cheer, only increases the distance between himself and the mourner. It is the one who enters softly into the silence of the shadow, and with loving arm and speech uplifts and cheers by the very sense of oneness with the sorrow, who comforts most tenderly.

We have reason for great thankfulness if this precious gift of sympathy has been bestowed upon us. It is a gift that costs, for with it the shadows of others will lie across our sunshine, and our own hearts will ache with the sorrows of others, but when with this pain comes the knowledge

that in just so far as we enter in we can help and comfort those who are in sorrow, we forget all else in the joy that we may share in this Christ-like ministry. He who came to bind up the broken-hearted was a Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief, and He not only commanded us to bear one another's burdens, but Himself set us the example, that we might follow in His steps.—Christian Work.

**DESERTING THE RIGHT.**  
Lesson Drawn From an Interesting Natural Wonder in the West Indies

In one of the West India islands they tell us that often articles of furniture or other pieces of timber used in dwellings or shops have a very sordid look. If a heavy pressure is put on these apparently sound pieces of wood, they snap asunder and a fine white powder fills the air. The reason is that a little worm had eaten its way stealthily into the heart of the wood and slowly devoured its fiber until there was nothing left but a hollow shell. This is the history of all backsliding. Desertions from chastity, desertions from sobriety, desertions from integrity in business, desertions from posts of Christian duty are the results of gradual corruption at the core of the heart. And as Carlyle once pungently said "it is astonishing how long a rotten tree will stand if nobody shakes it."—T. S. Cuyler, D. D.

**Cure for Headache.**  
As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It affords a permanent cure and the most dependable relief of headache, neuralgia, and all other ailments which are allied to nervousness, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by acting the needed tone to the bowels, and for a long time the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at Aycock & Co's Drug Store.

**Make Yourself Happy.**  
This little clipping is good, though homely:

The men who prosper in this world are the men who mind their own business and keep on minding it. An exchange furnishes an example:

"Tatoes!" cried a colored peddler in Richmond.

"Hush that racket! You distract a whole neighborhood!" responded a colored woman from a doorway.

"You kin hear me, kin you?" "Hear you? I kin hear you a mile!"

"Tanks! I's bollering to be heard!" Tatoes!"

The Discovery Saved His Life.  
Mr. G. Gallon, the Druggist, says: "I, Dr. King's New Discovery, I use my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began the use of it, and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it. Get a free trial at Aycock & Co's Drug Store."

**Choice Selections.**  
Truth is the highest beauty. Through our commons lies the path to the uncommon. It takes a braver man to forgive an enemy than to make one.—Young Men's Era.

The only antidote to the bitterness of life is the sweetness of Christ's love. There are a hundred kinds of religion, but only one kind of pity.—H. W. Shaw.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence.—Tilison.

If we must answer for our idle works, how much more for our idle silences?—St. Augustine.

Self-respect is an honor due to a Christian from himself, because he is one.—Interior.

It is one thing to meet death intrepidly, and it is altogether another to meet it peacefully and trustfully.—F. W. Robertson.

**BUYING BABIES.**  
How the Men in Trinidad Secure Their Brides.

The old silversmith gave me a good idea of coolie marriage customs, and surprised me by saying that almost every little girl in the village was engaged, as we would express it. They had all been picked out and paid for, some of them not more than two or three years old, and from the time they were old enough to speak or think they knew who was to be their future husband, or "papa," as the Hindoo women call a husband. In many cases the sale had been made in India, and the husbands were only waiting for the girls to grow large enough to marry, which meant usually about twelve years old. When the arrangement was made in India the future husband would not emigrate unless his little "sweetheart" and her parents emigrated also. There were several cases in the village, I was told, where both parents of one of these little engaged girls had died, and where the future husband took the child into his house, to be treated in every respect like his daughter until she was old enough to become his wife.

How much a coolie pays for a baby wife was one of the things I was not able to find out. It must be very little, for they have absolutely nothing when they reach Trinidad.

The marriage of an adult coolie woman is said to be very rare; the coolie prefers to see his little bride grow up and to marry her before she has learned to read. It often happens that these baby wives go to school after they are married—demure and graceful little matrons of twelve sitting with the other children, learning to read and write. They can always be distinguished from the other pupils by their superior clothes and the quantity of jewelry they wear. In my intercourse with the coolies I saw nothing to lead me to believe that they ever treat their young wives unkindly; they seem to be very fond of them and of everything connected with the little home, even to the domestic animals. It is only in cases of unfaithfulness, which are rare, that the husband points his arguments with a dirk.

"What do the little girls think of having older husbands selected for them without being consulted?" That is what any American will ask, and it is what no American can answer without knowing enough of their language to talk with them, for the young children do not speak English. Their feelings can be judged only by their actions, and they almost invariably accept the arrangement and make good wives. A coolie girl can marry a lover of her own selection if she chooses, under the British law of Trinidad; but she knows that the other fellow will cut her throat if she does, and the next minute will very likely stick a knife into himself. This pleasing custom naturally tends to make the marriage contract very binding.—N. Y. Sun.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

**GROVES**

**MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS RIGGS**

**TASTELESS CHILL TONIC**

**IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 CTS.**

GALLATIA, ILL., Nov. 18, 1893.  
Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.  
Gentlemen—We sold last year 500 bottles of GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 24 years in the drug business, I never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,  
ABNEY, CAKE & CO.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**  
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Thomas & Aycock.

**HARPER'S WEEKLY.**  
IN 1895.

Harper's Weekly is a pictorial history of the times. It presents every important event promptly, accurately, and exhaustively in illustration and descriptive text of the most order.

The number in which, during 1894, it has treated the Chicago Railway Strikes and the Russo-Japanese War, with the various incidents connected with the latter, Korea the most attention was directed to that little-known country, are examples of its almost boundless resources.

There is no other magazine in the world which has so many years' residence in Japan, who has been engaged to cooperate with Mr. Ralph in sending to Harper's Weekly exclusive information on a variety of subjects.

Harper's Weekly is a pictorial history of the times. It presents every important event promptly, accurately, and exhaustively in illustration and descriptive text of the most order.

Send for Illustrated Prospectus.

**HARPER'S PERIODICALS.**  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE \$3.00  
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**READ!**

**NEW FURNITURE**  
Store at the old Eagle Hotel.

Do you want to buy? If so, read and see how cheaply I will sell. I shall endeavor to carry a full line of goods.

Upholstering and repairing done in the best manner by a practical workman.

**HARPER'S BAZAR.**  
IN 1895.

Elegant and exclusive designs for set and other articles, drawn from worth models by Sander and Chipman, are an important feature. These appear in the Bazar, accompanied by minute descriptions and details. Our Paris letter, by Katherine de Forest, is a weekly transcript of the latest styles and appears in the Bazar. Under the head of New York Fashion, plain directions and full particulars are given as to shapes, fabrics, trimmings and accessories of the costumes of well-to-do women. Children's clothing receives practical attention. The woman who takes Harper's Bazar is prepared for every occasion in life, to be generous or informal, where beautiful dresses are required.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt.

Send for Illustrated Prospectus.

The volume of the Bazar begins 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.

**SELL YOUR TOBACCO**  
—AT—

**Pleasants' New Warehouse.**

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Our facilities for selling your tobacco for high prices are equal to any house in the State. We have ample means, and intend that every pipe of your tobacco put on our floor shall give us a profit. It is worth. Bring your tobacco to us, and we will pay you New Warehouse prices for it.

**LOUISBURG Carriage Shops,**  
H. C. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

If your Carriage, Buggy, Wagon or any other vehicle is in need of repair, and you want a done right job, come to us, and if you want your Carriage or Buggy repaired in a first-class manner, bring it to us. I have a stock of new harnesses, and a fine line of new harnesses, and a fine line of new harnesses.

I have a stock of new harnesses, and a fine line of new harnesses, and a fine line of new harnesses.

Thank you very much for the carriage you have sent me, and I am very glad to hear that you are very satisfied with it.

**SHOE MAKING.**  
Moses West, Proprietor.

**Feed, Sale & Livery STABLES.**

**HAYES & PINNELL, Proprietors.**  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

**GOOD TEAMS AND POLITE DRIVERS.**

**SPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRAVELING MEN.**  
A FINE LINE OF BUGGIES ALWAYS ON HAND.

**Flowers, Bulbs, Etc.**  
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