

# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXIV.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895.

NUMBER 50

### PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be absent on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, October and December, and for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applicants for positions in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be absent on Saturday of each month of all public days, to attend to all business connected with my office.

J. N. HARRIS, Supt.

### Professional cards.

W. H. BARNESBURG.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Residence in the Court of the State, 100 North Court House.

M. MOORE & SON.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Residence in the Court of the State, 100 North Court House.

J. E. MALONE.

Residence in the Court of the State, 100 North Court House.

W. W. NICHOLSON.

Residence in the Court of the State, 100 North Court House.

FRANCIS PHYSICIAN.

Residence in the Court of the State, 100 North Court House.

W. S. KITT.

Residence in the Court of the State, 100 North Court House.

AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Residence in the Court of the State, 100 North Court House.

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### A BLUNDER RECTIFIED.

Mrs. Morley was a widow at last. Not, of course, that she had ever longed for that state, for Mrs. Morley had a good, sensible head on her pretty shoulders and she knew she had taken her late husband not only for better but also for worse, probably. Then, too, she was a young woman of conscience and she had tried to bear all the deceased Mr. Morley's ill points as a good, true wife should. In fact, she had succeeded so well that, when the poor man finally realized that he had to die, he honestly confessed that he had kept most wrong in his past treatment of her and died with a half-finished, penitent sentence of praise for her on his white lips.

However, Mrs. Morley all at once woke up to the fact that there was just a hint of relief in the realization that there was no longer a craven-minded, coarse-bodied man to scatter discord along her whole pathway of life. She was deeply ashamed of herself when she finally recognized this disloyalty, and cried half the night in sheer fear and doubt for her future. Nevertheless, by the time that her lawyer had brought order out of the chaos of her husband's small means and had graciously informed her that grim starvation stared her in the face, she had arrived at the point where she could swallow her last sob, give her pretty, tired eyes a farewell dash of tears and set her snowy little teeth in firm determination.

But what should she do? She didn't know a typewriter half so intimately as she did a sewing-machine, and she was as completely ignorant of the latter apparatus as a girl of twelve. She could manage a house, it is true, for hadn't she presided at the head of the late Mr. Morley's stormy household for the last five years? However, after she had answered the advertisement of a gay young bachelor who smiled altogether too fondly, and called to see a crusty old widower, and found that she was supposed to play mother to half dozen irritable, neglected little sons, she gave up all hopes in that direction.

She even contemplated selling tape in a large store, but after she had watched a poor, harassed salesgirl for a few minutes she gulped down a choking sensation in her throat and forswore that as a possible opening. Her best pair of gloves were out at the tips; she had to eschew sugar in her tea last night, and, taking it all in all, poor little Mrs. Morley, for the first time since his death, began to feel a rising indignation towards the man whose unfeeling selfishness had left her so thoroughly helpless.

It was raining sharply, and the demure-mouthed young widow had drawn her curtains close, extravagantly heaped her last coal on her toy-like fire, and settled herself for her lovely tea, this time, not only lacking in the usual sweetening accessory but flanked by only a half-share of wafers.

Suddenly there came a most peremptory knock on her outside door. Instantly all signs of loneliness vanished in the face of this new calamity of a visitor when she was so unprepared. While she flew into her next room and made a frantic toilet before the tiny mirror she gave a sigh of relief when she realized that it couldn't be a visitor on such a stormy evening and just at 6 o'clock.

So with a brave front she threw open the door, and the look of perplexity on her dear little face gave way before a gasp of alarm, as her visitor proved to be handsome, wealthy James Orr, the man she had rejected years before for the apparently superior charms of the then dazzling Mr. Morley.

There was nothing to do but to ask him in, and when he was seated before her miserably meagre fire it was hard to tell which face wore the more puzzled look—hers, why he had come, and his, how this dainty, lovely woman managed to subsist in a rented

parlor, where the carpets didn't reach the north wall by six inches and where the one pitiful lamp was gruesomely pale.

"It's raining, isn't it?" began she desperately, as though she hadn't just helped him to deposit his dripping mackintosh and umbrella in the hall without.

"Yes, pretty hard," he admitted. Then it all at once struck him that a call under such circumstances and at this unusual time of the evening might need explanation, and he went on: "You see, I happened to be passing on my way to the club—and I heard that you were here—and I thought I'd just stop a few minutes to see how you were."

"Thank you," was her only reply. It was a source of deep shame to this woman that she was at a great loss for something to say, as if she had been a school-girl. Finally his eyes lighted upon the tiny table; which she in her haste had forgotten to hide in some way, and he said, with a great show of ease:

"Oh, please, Mrs. Morley, make me some tea—it's decidedly chilly out, you know."

"Who would expect a man of his wealth to know?" asked poor Mrs. Morley to herself, as she set about her task with trembling fingers. "I'm afraid the alcohol will give out before the water is even warmed, and the sugar—and the wafers—oh dear!" and two big tears rose so unexpectedly that the fine, blond-bearded face across from her became all at once blurred.

Mr. Orr saw the tears, noted with quick terror how palely the little blue flame burned, a hasty glance at the plate before him revealed only three little wafers, and he was kind enough to turn his head away so that she could slip the cover over the low sugar bowl to hide its emptiness.

The bachelor showed remarkable grace for one of his kind, for he smilingly declined her invitation to one of the three tiny wafers with the remark:

"I'm not actually hungry, you see. I dined downtown." (She knew he was prevaricating.) "I just wanted to see you working with your pretty things."

Mrs. Morley nodded back at him gratefully, and had half a mind to confess that these bits of china were the last relics of her old home, and that she had been wondering a half hour before he came how much they would go towards paying the rent, which was now two weeks overdue. But, some way, she couldn't just bring herself to it, and he heroically sipped at his weak, savories tea, and didn't blink an eyelash when she looked him fairly in the face and told him that she had finished her evening meal before he had come in.

As conversation lagged, Mr. Orr finally folded his hands over his knee and fixing his eyes on the fast-dying fire, said:

"Do you know that I do not like to call you 'Mrs.'?"

The little widow's pale cheeks lighted up with an encouraging glow as she replied:

"It is ever so much better than to be 'Miss,' you know. It's vastly better to be 'Mrs.' than 'Miss' at twenty-six. I prefer to be a widow to an old maid."

I love his memory. I think that you will hate me less to know that I no longer sham, than to think that I am so blind as to love such a failure of a man as he. Life is unbearable in many ways, but it at least has the charm of being no longer a farce. Pretense is over. Yes, it is a relief to quit shamming, but I've got to go to work, you know, and that isn't very funny."

A sudden light of hope flew into Orr's sympathetic eyes, and he asked eagerly:

"That is an excellent idea—a little work will take you out of yourself. What can you do?"

"Nothing," was the nervous reply, as she held out two empty white hands. "I'm absolutely useless. I've tried and tried, and everybody wants typewriters and stenographers, and I can't see a bit of sense in all the little scratches and dots and things."

"That's true," granted the man, ambiguously, as the vision of the pretty woman opposite him bending her dainty head all day over some dull-clicking machine in a smoke-circled downtown office rose before him. "You mustn't think of working among men, you know."

"But there isn't any demand for china-painting, and I can't find any old lady who wants a companion."

"But you embroider?" asked he, his tongue faltering a little over the unusual words. He had a picture, a far-off memory of a brown, girlish head bent over a big strip of some gay cloth, while her full red lips pouted prettily because the impossible blue flower would insist on coming out wrong.

"A little. I can't sew, you know; I never tried it except to my baby's clothes, and they weren't well done, even when I tried so hard."

He didn't reply to this. In the first place he knew that the greatest joy of her life had been the baby, and her sharpest grief when the little one had died. Besides, he didn't like to have her talk of Morley's baby.

"You can write beautifully," he began, as under a new inspiration.

"But no one wants long hand now."

"Oh, my dear Mrs.—Mrs. Morley, there is just where you're mistaken. I'm in great need of some one at the office at this present time to do—do some special correspondence. A typewriter is so cheerless, cold, don't you know, and if you'll be so kind—"

She realized perfectly well that all this was a mere excuse, but a glance at the empty teacups settled her.

"Thank you, if I can do it. When do you need me?"

"To-morrow morning," came the eager answer, as his eyes fairly shone at the success of his little ruse. "Bright and early—no, not that, for you aren't used to early rising. Any time in the forenoon will do excellently, and you mustn't dream of inconveniencing yourself. The work will be light. I promise you, but as—as it's so important, it will be a great favor to me."

"The poor darling's hungry," he gasped, as he noticed that her step was a little unsteady.

It was only a few minutes past eleven o'clock, but he couldn't endure it any longer, so he said, with a great show of studied carelessness:

"Won't you do me the honor to go out to lunch with me, Mrs. Morley? Yes, I'll grant it's a little early, but I don't like to be rushed, and I'll have to get back before one. You know, Todd, you're going out at one."

Todd, otherwise Mr. Orr's partner, looked a trifle quizzical, for there hadn't been a word said about lunch. Moreover the two men generally went out together, and Orr hadn't had time to explain this away by remarking, as he thrust his arm into his topcoat:

"You know, Todd, that man Smith may be here at any minute, and one of us must see him."

Todd nibbled at his pencil to hide a grin, but fell in immediately at the mention of this fictitious "man Smith" and bravely kept down his laughter till Orr had tenderly bundled Mrs. Morley up in her scanty wrap and had softly closed the door behind them.

Orr insisted that he always lunched at the ladies' tea room, though Mrs. Morley noticed that he had to ask a man which was his floor. It was a place where she had come in her good old days of shopping, and, without a word, led the way to a further corner and set her teeth to keep back the tears. Afterwards she marveled how even a woman can give herself up to the baser occupation of mere eating, but he was so glad in watching her that he couldn't touch a morsel. All at once she noticed what he was doing and a flash of shame flew to her face. An answering, reassuring smile met her glance, and all barriers of pretence between them finally went down in an ignoble heap.

"I was so hungry," she faltered, simply.

"I knew it!" was his low reply. All the reserve, the awkwardness of the night before had left him, and at last he was master of the situation. "You were hungry last night, too, Ruth, but you won't be ever again."

Her eyes fell slowly on her folded hands, lying helplessly in the cloth before her, but she said never a word. He went on softly:

"There is no use in my telling you that I love you. I told you so once, and you know I have never changed. You wouldn't listen then, but the mistake is all past now," and he laid his palm over her two little trembling hands, while she lifted her tear-brimmed eyes to look on the gray scene before her—a tall, bleak wall, through the rain-splashed window.

"When will you remedy that mistake, Ruth? Do not make us suffer any longer for a past blunder."

She was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had slowly drawn off her wedding ring, and a gasp of fear broke from her lips; it hadn't been removed since Mr. Morley had placed it there, one flower-laden June night five years ago. Then the full purport of his words came to her, and she was frightened that he had let it go so far.

"Don't," she sobbed, trying to release her hands. "This is too soon; he has been dead only six months; why did I not stop you long ago?"

"Because," laughed Mr. Orr, happily, "because your heart was prompting you until your sense of propriety came in to spoil it all. Other people have been considered too long in our case, and it is to be only you and I in the future. Come, when will you put on this long black gown, and—"

### "DON'T BE A GRUMBLER."

What a happy world it would be if all discontent were thrown out. Many young people complain about their work, that it is menial and beneath persons of their talents and training, where all honorable work is ennobling. Ambitions are best realized by the faithful performance of the present duty, however humble it may be. The doing of a lowly service may be the best which the employer uses for bringing out the strength of his employees. Generally an employer will see to it that the one that is faithful in that which is least has the opportunity to become "faithful in much." A life spent in brushing clothes and washing crockery and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet in a life spent at the clerk's desk, a life spent in the narrow shop, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of a few minutes it will gladly yield its crown.

Wise Words.

You can't tell what a woman means by what she says. You can't tell you what you like best whatever you have the best of. Time heals all troubles save one, and that it makes worse, growing old. It is a very poor family indeed that does not support at least one drone. A man without a pint of importance ordinarily has a quart on objection day. It must be mighty handsome to be a woman and wait for an unpaid band. Many a man is compelled to stand punishment who never fought a prize fight. No man who doubts the worthiness of his principles can be brave in their defense. It is hard to believe that a sin will bite when it comes along with good in its teeth. The scholar has no place in politics if he has no money wherewith to buy influence. Don't allow yourself to be hoodwinked into the belief that life is only a pretentious stunt. If you really love what you believe to be a duty, opposition only makes you stronger. Nearly any man will sign any petition, or give a letter of recommendation to anybody. It is a good maxim to forgive many offenses of others before you fully expiate your self. The man who is so straight that he leans backwards looks worse than the fellow that stoops. The best stimulant toward right political action is a healthy interest in what is to be done. To make a well-founded opinion on the non-responsibilities must be one with the mental faculties. It is worth remembering that governments as well as individuals have rights of self-defense. A man who is always boasting of what he has done is not always the holdest in the hour of danger. McSwatters—When was your wife's last birthday? McSwatters—A good many years ago.—Syracuse Post.

### SELL YOUR TOBACCO

—AT—

### Pleasants'

### New Warehouse.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

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

W. H. PLEASANTS & CO.

Louisburg, N. C., Aug. 10th, 1914.

### LOUIS BUG Carriage Shops,

H. C. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

It is your Carriage, Buggy, Wagon, or anything else that is in need of repairing and you want it done right, try it at our shop. If you want a new Carriage or Buggy, try it at our shop. We have a large stock of new Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, and anything else that is in need of repairing. We will give you the best work and the best prices. We will give you the best work and the best prices. We will give you the best work and the best prices.

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