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Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutions. One receipt of two stamps will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book.

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WOODWARD'S, S. C. July 3, 1893.  
Mr. W. J. RODDEY, Rock Hill, S. C.  
Dear Sir:—I have before me a statement of the various options offered in settlement of my maturing Fountaine policy in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. I have concluded to accept the surplus and continue the policy. The results are highly satisfactory and I heartily commend the Equitable Society and the Fountaine system insurance as practiced by it, to persons desiring safe and profitable life insurance.

Yours respectfully, T. S. BRICE.

The above letter is but one selected from many received from happy policy holders in the

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It's a word to the wise—a convincing proof to the doubtful. For full particulars address

W. J. RODDEY, Manager,  
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For Barb Wire Cuts, Scratches, Saddle and Collar Galls, Cracked Heels, Burns, Old Sores, Cuts, Bolls, Bruises, Piles and all kinds of inflammation on man or beast. Cures itch and Mange.

Dear Sir: I have used Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil for various ailments, and I heartily recommend it to all who are afflicted with any of the above.

BABY BURNED.  
Gentlemen:—I am pleased to make a word for Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. My baby was burned a month ago and after trying all other remedies I applied your "Oil" and the first application cured him. In a few days the sore was well. I also used the oil on my neck and find that it is the best remedy for this purpose that I have used.

Yours truly,  
C. T. LEWIS.

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E. F. YARBOROUGH, Associate Ed.  
ONE YEAR, \$1.50  
SIX MONTHS, 75  
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1896

## THE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE

BY AN ORESBY MORRISON.

"I stopped during one of my trips," said the drug drummer, "at one of the oldest hotels in New England, for several days. I have often flattered myself that, backed as I am by constantly meeting new faces and the opportunities for reading character, which it is necessary for a fellow on the road to improve, there are few persons who can size a man up more quickly than I. I had noticed several times, during my stay at the hotel, a fine-looking man, who always came into the dining-room just at the close of the dinner hour. He was about 45, with iron-gray hair, dark complexion and very thick and piercing black eyes. He had a queer scar on one cheek; the flesh was torn in three parallel lines, and in healing had left three white marks about half an inch apart and two inches long. I never saw him tip the waiters, nor did I ever see a man receive more obsequious attention from them. He had but to turn his eyes on one of those darkies, and they would fairly jump to show their alert devotion. He had rare taste in the selection of his repast, and when that was chosen and placed before him it always looked as if it was invariably the best there was in the house.

"One morning I sat opposite him, struggling with a very tough piece of steak, when, with a kindly smile, he said:  
"Will you permit me to send for a better steak for you? You notice, perhaps, that I have had some success in obtaining a good one for myself, and he pointed to his juicy bit of tenderloin.

"You may," said I, "for you always have better luck than anyone else."  
"He looked up—every waiter was in an instant ready for instructions. Selecting one with his eyes, he simply pointed to my much-mangled steak, and quietly resumed his breakfast. He had scarcely done so, when the darky returned, bringing the most delicious piece of meat I have ever seen before or since.

"The next day was Sunday, and after dinner I was wandering aimlessly about, when I espied my friend in the reading room alone. His feet were on a low window-sill, and with his chair tipped back, he was looking thoughtfully into the street. I entered, and taking a seat beside him, fell into conversation. We had chatted some time, when I said:

"You will pardon me, sir. I have some reputation as a physiognomist, and, having noticed your marvelous control over the waiters, I have formed an opinion of your character and vocation which is very complimentary."  
"Indeed?"

"Yes," I replied, "and with your permission I will tell you what it is, for I am curious to know if I have reached the right conclusion."  
"I would like you tell me very much," he replied, "for I am always curious to know how I impress strangers."

"Well," said I, "your quick, quiet set, your absolute coolness, your power of enforcing obedience and the strong outline of your nose would indicate the 'general,' but your eye is too quick, and your mouth, with the corners indicating curiosity, tempt me to believe that you are a great traveler. I will even venture to say you are a hunter who has sought the largest game. Shall I call you an 'Allan Quartermain,' or an explorer who has striven to benefit the world by discovery in Africa?"

"Well done," he answered. "I am neither an 'Allan Quartermain' nor an explorer, but I have been to Africa. I did not go to hunt or find anything more attractive than dyewood. Of course, I met with some animals and became a good shot, but not a hunter, by any means. Stanley told me once that he could trust me alone with a gun if it wasn't loaded, which was his quaint way of admitting that I could defend myself."

"Come," said I, "do you not think that my remarkable guess is worthy of a story of some adventures?"

"Before I begin I want to say that I am much amused at the lion stories I read in the papers. The writers have never seen a tropical landscape, a Zulu, or a wild lion, and yet they describe them all at great length, and the papers devote their space to them. I admit they are sometimes very cleverly written, and will do very well for those who do not know where they are at fault, but how can they describe correctly what they have never experienced? I give those writers credit for a marvelous vivid imagination. I will tell you one of my experiences, and you will see that it takes a man who has been there to get the true ring out of even a slight adventure.

"I had penetrated farther than usual that year, and having met with much success was on my way to the coast, when one day we came unexpectedly upon a Zulu village. The people were in great excitement, and impelled by curiosity, (indicated by the turned corner of his mouth, thought I), I moved my boots under a bush and sent one of my men to ascertain the cause. I learned that this community was about to go to war with a neighboring tribe, and were making ready to sacrifice two children to some spirit whom they wished to aid them in the conquest. Two lions had been prowling around for a day or so, and the chiefs declared that they had been sent to receive the sacrifice as a token of the loyalty of the tribe to their god of war. I determined to prevent such a horrible proceeding if possible. I decided to act alone. I ordered my men to hold the lions in readiness to move at any moment, and at dusk set out on my perilous expedition.

"The Zulus had formed a sort of procession, and were marching toward a clump of trees about 500 yards inland, where they proposed to leave the children to be devoured. I was armed with my repeating rifle, a very fine weapon of 48 caliber, a cutlass, and a very long and strong Zulu spear. Skirting the wood with great caution, I was rapidly approaching the trees where the procession had now arrived, when I found I must make a long detour to avoid a swampy mud hole, into which I came very near falling. When I succeeded in reaching the spot where the children had been left it was very dark, and the Zulus had gone. The poor little things were tied to a tree, which stood apart from the clump about 25 feet. They were a boy and a girl. The boy was gagged, and the poor little girl was in a dead faint from fright. I was about to cut them loose, when a thundering roar, so near that the ground trembled, made me clutch my spear in horrified surprise. I dared not fire my heavy rifle, except as a last resort, for the report would surely bring the Zulus. I looked toward the brush and saw two eyes, which glowed ominously in the darkness. I placed my spear against the tree, and holding the point in the direction from which the lion must spring, I awaited the attack."

"He evidently saw the point of the spear, for he moved uneasily from side to side, as if seeking a chance to jump by it. I followed his motions, till, with an angry snarl, he sat upon his haunches, thus showing his intention to jump over it. For a moment he was motionless, and then, good heavens, he came. As he went into the air, I moved the spear quickly under him. He came down upon it, breaking it in an instant. His great paw struck me—he put his finger on the queer scar on his cheek—and I fell with awful force against the little girl. The lion lay motionless, for the spear had entered his heart.

"I, with some difficulty, extricated myself from under his heavy body, which lay across my legs. I found the girl stone dead, but the boy was unhurt, and I could see by his staring eyes, which showed white even in that darkness, that he appreciated his terrible position.

"I cut him loose, but left the gag in his mouth, for fear he might cry out. I placed the little fellow on my back and set out for the boats. When I reached the edge of the mud hole, I heard the bushes crackling and knew at once I must face a new danger, and a second good told me it was the other lion. I hastened on, and had just reached a narrow strip of dry clay between the bushes and the mud hole, when I saw the tell-tale eyes. I got as near the edge of the slimy swamp as possible, and began to have some hopes of escape, when she sprang at me with terrific force. I sprang down and towards her, hoping she would jump over me. She did, and not striking me as she expected, she hit her nose on the hard clay, and turning a completed somersault fell upon her back into the mud hole. In an instant I dealt her a blow with my cutlass, which added to her confusion. I struck her again, but she dashed the weapon from my hand, and turning over, began to struggle through the soft mud. I knew she would be out again upon me in an instant. I had no recourse but to use my rifle. I took a quick aim, fired, and she fell dead, but whether from the shot or the tremendous blow I had dealt her with the cutlass, I could not say.

"I picked up the boy, who had fallen in the struggle, and fairly ran toward the boats. I could, however, make but slow progress in the darkness, and besides my wounded face caused me great agony. I had almost reached them, when a tall Zulu loomed up in my path, and the moment he saw the boy he sprang before me. There was no time for hesitation now. I raised my rifle and fired. He gave a frightful yell, and in a moment I found I was pursued. I rushed on and down the bank, just as the foremost Zulu reached the top. I sprang into the boat, which was pushed off at once, and amid a shower of spears we made our escape. I left the boy at a villager's where I knew he would be well treated, and soon returned to America."

"Having finished his remarkable story, my friend excused himself and went upstairs.

"I went to the hotel clerk and asked: "What is that gentleman's name?"  
"Smith," he replied.  
"Who is he?"  
"He is the steward of the house," was the answer.

"But he has been a great traveler, has he not?" I asked.  
"Oh, no, he came here a green country boy 25 years ago and has been away a week since."  
"How did he get that scar?" I queried.

"Had a 'scrapping match' with a cook, and the fellow up with a three-tined meat fork and hit him a clip. He is a queer genius," the clerk continued; "people always try to size him up, and no matter what they guess he is, he gives them some yarns. At the occasion of a party, he was at the occasion."

"Give me the key to 66 and send up two pitchers of ice water at once, please."  
"Look here," said the clerk, "what do you want with two pitchers of ice water at four o'clock in the afternoon?"  
"I am going upstairs to soak my head," I growled; and up I went, madder than a hornet, with the clerk's merry laugh jangling in my ears.—N. Y. Ledger.

"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my shortcomings, and though I do not cast my cares away, I pick them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—Southey."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became a Woman, she still to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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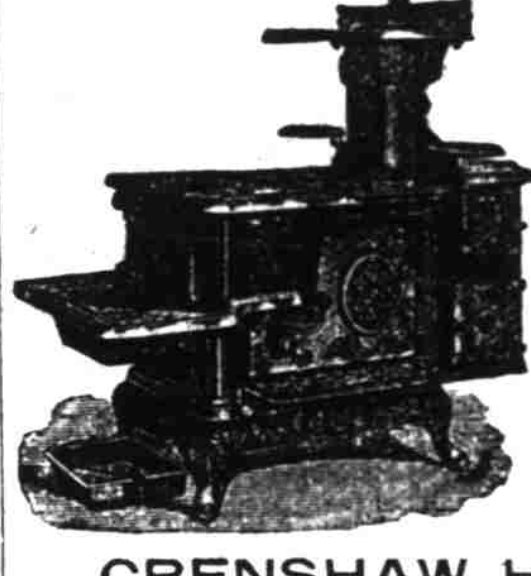
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The above lot was sold by J. W. Wholes, Jan, 10 1896. See other high sales:

Jones Denton, 7.10, 25, 18.10, 25, 19, 15.75  
W. H. Allen, 26, 27, 24, 16, 21, 23.25, 20, 6.10  
Buck Howard, 4.10, 19, 25, 25, 20, 20, 12.75  
Figures do not lie and the above speak for themselves. Our books are open to prove their truth.

It is generally admitted that J. B. Thomas can sell tobacco as high if not higher than any Warehouseman in Eastern N. C. So farmers bring your tobacco to the reliable Thomas Warehouse where such averages as the above are of daily occurrence.

Everybody honestly and promptly treated and the best accommodations of any house in Louisiana. My personal attention given every pile of tobacco sold on my floor, and instead of piling the farmers during the coming year than ever before. Come to see me with a load and it will pay you.

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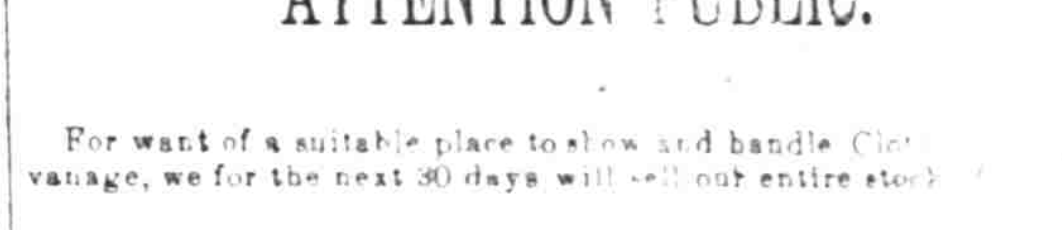
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requires a large amount of sulphate of potash. Experiments show that the largest yields and the best quality are produced from fertilizers containing Not Less than 12% Actual Potash.

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Which can't be beat. We have just in a large lot of Genesee Seed-Tick Coffee at 20 cents worth 25, we don't claim to make anyone, but will meet competition of any who claim to make. Our stock is complete, be sure to see us when you come to town. You will feel satisfied that you bought your goods at the right place.

## Now is your time to buy furniture.

The Acme of Low Prices is To-Day—Goods Never will be Cheaper. The Factory's have all agreed to advance their prices, they put up their prices I had been into the market and bought the

## GRANDEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock ever before seen in this section of the county. Every one who sees my stock says it is

## I CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

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Leading Dealer in Furniture, Pianos and Organs.  
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On Court St., LOUISBURG, N. C.

Still maintains its established reputation of selling the best liquors and giving the most satisfactory service of any saloon in the county. Their stock of Whiskies, Wine, Beer, and Cigars is now larger and more complete than ever, and with

FRANK JOYNER,  
The skillful bartender, to serve you, you cannot fail to be pleased. Thanking our friends warmly for their past favors we ask a continuance of the same, and promise that you shall always receive the prompt and courteous treatment due a gentleman. No boys or "smart alecks" employed in my saloon.

HARRY WAITT.