

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1896.

NUMBER 13.

Methodist Church Directory. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. G. S. BAKER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M., every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

FREAKS OF THE MIND.

Curious Pranks Played by the Imagination.

A Student Who Fell Dead from the Mere Touch of a Cane Under Exciting Circumstances—Some Queer Cases.

Some years ago a number of students in Europe were concerned in the charge which demonstrated the powerful effects of imagination. In a frolic they donned disguises and arrested another student, whom they tried in a theatrically-arranged and dimly-lighted chamber, and condemned to death. For several hours they kept their horror-stricken victim in a darkened room, and having informed him that he was to be beheaded, banded his eyes and led him to another apartment. A crowd was assembled, but restrained their mirth, as the victim of the practical joke was forced to kneel down, and placed his neck across the spindle of a three-legged stool. They prepared for a great outburst of laughter as the neck of the poor young fellow was touched with a slender cane; but, instead, had to shed tears of regret for the action, as immediately upon being touched with the cane the young man fell dead.

A man had been cured of a somewhat serious illness, but had the misfortune to consider himself dead, and refused to converse with his friends or take the food and stimulants they provided. He was fast sinking when they hit upon a plan, and, hiring a coffin, they placed him inside, and with due formality proceeded to inter him—in the dark coal cellar. Shortly afterward one of his friends was carried into the cellar also in a coffin, which, in addition to his body, contained a liberal supply of wine and food. The man who believed himself dead was surprised when he saw his "companion corpse" sit up and feast upon the good things placed in the coffin. He remonstrated with him, but being informed that it was customary to indulge in food in the world in which they were as well as in the world in which they had left, he joined in the feast. Shortly afterward he held rational conversation with his friend, and was soon recovered.

A lady holding a high position in society suddenly imagined that her husband had sustained a serious financial reverse, and, notwithstanding the protests of her husband, set about adapting herself to the supposed change in her circumstances. She disposed of her jewelry, discharged her servants and rented a small cottage and in its window displayed a card bearing the intimation that she was prepared to undertake plain sewing.

Various devices were adopted by her anxious family to convince her of the actual state of her affairs, and ultimately a friend presented her with a check for many thousands pounds. This broke down her craving, and induced her to undertake a prolonged journey on the continent. Her overstrained brain was restored to its normal condition, though she always believed afterwards that she had been in straitened circumstances.

The effect of pernicious literature upon the young ladies has often been illustrated by disclosures in police courts, but it would scarcely be believed that the sensational stories published by some "boys' journals" could have serious effect upon the imagination of a man of over 60 years. Yet such actually occurred in the north of England. He had spent a large portion of his time in reading such "literature," and eventually came to the conclusion that he was fitted for a life of frolic and adventure, like many another "hero." In the first stage of his vagaries he played tricks, such as were described in the stories, upon his neighbors, banging their knockers and ringing their bells, etc., and afterward he became an amateur highwayman, having as the implements of his adopted profession a small crumpled hat and a large horse pistol. When he adopted his knickerbockers, cutaway coat, slouched hat, with the mask over his eyes and pistol under his arm, he walked through a crowded thoroughfare in midday searching for some one to hold up. He attracted a crowd, and was taken in charge by a friendly constable. He was cured of his powerful imagination by ridicule alone.

Another man came to the conclusion that he had lost his head, and was only convinced that such was not the case by having a heavy lead placed upon his head, and the pressure there a time made him understand that he had conceived an erroneous impression.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Feigned Deafness.

In a regiment in India a private wanted to get home and saw no other way than shamming deafness. He reported himself sick and was sent to the hospital. The doctors tried all sorts of ways to find him out, but he was too sharp for them. One day the doctor determined to try him by firing a pistol off just behind him, but he goes to hear of the experiment and of course was prepared for it. As he and his chum were sitting on the cot opposite each other smoking the doctor stole into the room unawares as he thought, and fired the pistol close to his ear. He, however, took no notice of the report, but on seeing the smoke he turned to his chum and said: "Put your pipe out, you fool, the doctor will be round directly." His ruse worked.—N. Y. Post.

A toe post is an English bootmaker's ingenious device for correcting distortions in the feet of men and women. It is a thin, vertical steel plate, covered with leather, which rises from the inside of the sole and separates the great toe from the next to it, thus correcting the tendency of the great toe to become twisted round. Of course, the hosiery having a separate compartment for the great toe is also necessary.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

A Course of Treatment that May Give Beneficial Results.

It is not necessarily a sign of incipient baldness or premature aging when a woman's hair, in the spring of the year, begins to fall out with amazing rapidity. This is an alarming manifestation, but one is moulting, changing the heavy winter suit for a lighter spring covering, and the quantity and quality of the new growth depend very much on the discreet and careful treatment given one's head at this critical juncture. Deluging with more or less trustworthy tonics and panicky trips to the hair specialist are not of so much avail as simple home remedies, and all along in these days, when the sap is rising in the trees, sensible women clip their tresses once in every 15 days. They merely trim the edges, with a pair of very sharp scissors, and then singe the raw ends over a candle flame. This has exactly the same effect as pruning a hedge. It forces a fuller growth on the scalp.

Another word to the wise. In the spring wash your hair at least once every fortnight and don't wash it before going to bed, for hair must dry rapidly and in the light. It is not only healthy to shampoo the head frequently, but at this time of the year nothing so stimulates the sprouting strands.

Wash your head in a warm bath and use either castile or sulphur soap. If you don't care to use a soap, the next most cleansing process—and invigorating, too—is to beat the yolk of an egg and pour it over the dry scalp. With your finger tips, rub this in, and then plunge your head and tresses into the basin of tepid fluid, dashed with one teaspoonful of cloudy ammonia or borax. Directly the water grows discolored, a fresh bath must be drawn and a basin of the clean fluid used, until the last one is quite cold and the scalp is quite free of sticky egg or soap suds. After wringing out the bulk of hair a couple of big Turkish towels, if used hot from hanging before a fire, will all but completely dry the head.

Hair washed in ammonia, borax, or even with soap, though left-light and shiny from the effect of the egg, is apt to fluff and fuzzle as though every strand had been separately through hot tongs. To allay this little cocoa oil or any pure grease ought to be rubbed into the scalp and a vigorous brushing put in train. Excessive dryness is indeed a peculiarity of many American women's hair, the result of our climate and rather second-class digestions, and to correct this a steady cocoa oil or grease treatment ought to be kept up for two or three months at a time, applying a very little of the emollient once in six or seven days and brushing it out in the length of hair.

It is absolutely only by regular matinal grooming that dandruff can be kept down and that the gloss and color of hair is retained after the vital juices of early youth are ceasing to flow. It requires two brushes to do this business well; one meant only for the scalp, and this one must be a rubber affair. It is a new invention, the rubber brush. Back, handle and bristles are all of rubber, pliable indeed, but sternly aggressive, for the bristles get right down to first principles and stir the dandruff from its hitherto inaccessible strongholds. Moreover, the rubber brush is delightfully clean, for after use every morning it can be washed under the faucet and laid white and dry back on the dressing table. The second brush ought to be a conventional long-handled, stout bristled affair, to use for stroking the length of hair, where the rubber one will not go and where the daily accumulation of dust, lint, straws and thread is a matter shocking and astonishing to a dainty woman.

What with this careful brushing and washing anyone's spring crop of hair can be induced to come forth in unusual luxuriance and beauty of quality, but for the women who have long ignored the simple clean precautions for preserving their hair and are in danger of having soon to tatch their crowns with borrowed tresses, a more rigid course of treatment must be followed. Clip skimpily, fading, splitting hair once a week and every morning fill a basin with clear cold water and treat the hair to a plunge bath. Dry out quickly and brush in a little oil, or a little, not more than a couple of drops per morning. Provided the oil is pure any sort will do, and for as many hours as possible wear the hair hanging loose or very lightly done up with tucking combs.—Detroit Free Press.

Curiosities About Coins.

Herodotus says that Croesus was the first ruler to order gold coins made. In the year 450 B. C. round copper coins were first made. Each weighed 12 ounces. The most valuable United States cents are those of 1793, 1799, 1804, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1823 and 1827. The rarest and most valuable United States coin of what is called the "regular mint series" is the silver dollar of 1804. A silver half dime of the year 1802 is worth \$30, if in good condition, and from \$10 to \$25 if in only fair shape. The only valuable nickel five-cent piece is that of the year 1877, which the collectors purchase at one dollar each. The little silver three-cent piece was first coined in 1851. It was discontinued in 1873. One of the first dimes is worth a dime, one of the last one dollar. The face on the silver dollar is that of a young lady residing in Philadelphia. Her name is Anna W. Williams, and she is a teacher of kindergarten philosophy. The very oldest coin in the country, dating from 600 B. C. It is now dated, of course, being a modern innovation, extending back only 500 years.—Philadelphia Times.

Two farmers met on the highway in Gibson county, Tenn., the other day, and, after the custom of the region, stopped to swap horses. The trade was agreed on finally by one farmer receiving the other's horse and a shepherd dog, a rooster, 50 cents and a pint of whiskey to boot.

A UNIQUE ENTERPRISE.

The Paying Investment of a Smart Chicago Man.

He buys Postage stamps at Wholesale Rates from Big Houses and Sells Them Off at a Neat Profit—A Bright Idea.

A wholesale brokerage in stamps has netted \$300,000 a year and the business has had a 17-years history in Chicago. The publication of hundreds and hundreds of papers of all sorts and circulation gave birth to this absolute necessity—the cashing of postage stamps in all quantities.

Consider for a moment: In one day, when the world's fair picture coupon craze was at its craziest, one of Chicago's morning dailies received \$3,800 in postage stamps. What could be done with them? They were not good at the banks. The paper had no time to peddle them, and the cash must be realized at once to run business or at least to save interest.

Such a state of affairs, only of somewhat milder character, happening daily, nearly a score of years ago, came to the knowledge of one George I. Owens, who was looking for something easy. Sweeping together some bits of capital into a bank account, Owens quietly circulated among the heavier stamp receiving business concerns of the town and bid all the way from 95 to 97 cents on the dollar for all the odd job lots of vault stored stamps that he could get track of.

At first the tedious recount of the great quantities of stamps at the time of purchase was made with the aid of the merchant selling them. This, however, proved a torment—detached, wrinkled up and stuck together as most of the big lots were. After wasting of much valuable time on the part of their cashiers over what was everywhere considered an utter nuisance, the banks, newspaper offices and business houses gradually shifted the count on him altogether—save a cursory sizing up of the "pesky torments" as they came in. Owens simply called around, picked up the bundles of little government photos, gave his check for the count indicated on the bundle, and when he got home, if there was a mistake, he charged it up to the customer, and it went as a discount on the next deal, without a question. The same thing ruled, after a time, in the matter of the packages retailed. They were paid for unhesitatingly, and any mistake his customers might afterwards speak of finding Owens would cheerfully allow. Thus absolute confidence was established.

Chicago mail order houses and newspaper counting rooms were not slow in advising their other city friends of the Chicago cure for the stamp curse, and thus the stamp broker was freely and without expense advertised from Maine to California, until after years of much profit the "old man" retired on his pile, to be succeeded by his son, who in his stock exchange office the other day showed the writer an order he had just received from an eastern brewing company for 400,000 two-cent stamps (\$8,000 worth) at one per cent. discount. Most of the stamps handled are ones, twos and threes; other denominations only as the broker has customers for them. Great quantities of Canadians are trafficked, showing an immense mail order trade for Chicago with Canada.

Many counting rooms in Chicago and over the country cash \$1,000 worth of stamps every few days at either 98 cents or 99 cents, and are glad of the chance. After reaching the broker's hands there is but one feature of interest connected with the repacking of stamps for retail delivery. This is absolutely wonderful counting by sight; that is done by the girls who attend to this part of the work.

Opening upon the table before her a big envelope stuffed with all sorts of stamps, as they are brought from the merchant, the girl with one dexterous dash of her right hand sweeps the heap to a single stamp level; an instant, not more, she looks at them; then one finger darts through the broad layer with evidently no more system than a streak of lightning, but that leaves the carpet of stamps looking like a colored map of the United States. Another pass or two of the infinitely dexterous fingers, and the stamps are gone. Not 20 seconds have elapsed.

What did she do? In that 20 seconds she counted, sorted, piled and re-wrapped 5,000 unattached, mixed-up stamps of three denominations. It was without question the most marvelous feat of counting the writer ever witnessed—and he has seen many of the famous United States treasury "finger counters." The counting of the stamp instance was done entirely with the eye—a fact that only increases the mystery, considering that the stamps were all in a crazy-quilt jumble.—Chicago Tribune.

Prize Poker Story.

Capt. John A. Duple, an old Mississippi steamboat man, tells a story of a game of cards played by a cotton broker named Weed, during the war. "He boarded my boat," he says, "at Cairo, after he had made a successful trip off a cargo of cotton for the landing. He placed in the clerk's office of the boat a box about the size of a candle box, but securely nailed and strapped with iron bands. Wee ded he was as passing through the cabin. 'Captain,' said he, 'send me a boy and your carpenter.' When they were on hand he told the boy to bring the box out and the carpenter to open it. It was full of crisp greenbacks. Then he proceeded to run up against the game of a gang of old river sharks, and by the time we got down stream he had not a dollar. He told me he lost \$500,000 between St. Louis and New Orleans. The last time I saw Weed he was river reporter in New Orleans, and he seemed as perfectly happy as though he still had his \$500,000.—Washington Post.

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Good Sample Room.
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To the people of Louisburg and Franklin county: After May 5, 1896, I will be in my office in Louisburg where I will be pleased to wait on any who may need my services in dental surgery.
I am prepared to do all kinds of work in my profession at reasonable prices, and guarantee satisfaction.
I will administer gas if required.
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Prompt attention to orders and satisfaction GUARANTEED.

Roses, Cutflowers, Bulbs &c.

Bouquets, Floral Designs, Pining Ferns &c., for house decoration. Hyacinths, Tulips, Chinese Lilies and other Bulbs for forcing and out-door planting. Evergreens, Magnolias, Shade trees &c.
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FIRST CLASS PAINTER,
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KING & MACON.

For Sale.

A desirable building lot for sale. Situated on Main Street. For particulars, apply to
DR. J. B. CLIFTON.
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Groceries Cheap,
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Of any kind, see me before you buy or sell, I buy, sell or exchange, I also have on hand a nice lot of Jones patent

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No superior, which I will put on at a days notice, cheap for the money, or exchange for any kind of stock or produce

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'OLD CHUNK' CHEROOTS, 5 for 10 cents. The finest smoke for the money.
'OLD NORTH STATE'
Cheroot, 3 for 5 cents, a sure winner that always pleases.

Stick to home and send us your orders.
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Which we have fitted up in handsome style, and thoroughly equipped in every way, and cordially invite you to call and see us in our new quarters, assuring them of a hearty welcome and guaranteeing all drinks served in the highest style of the art. Our reputation as expert drink mixers is too well known for us to say anything in that connection.
We thank our friends most cordially for their past patronage and earnestly request a continuance of the same.
Give us a trial.
Respectfully,
S. S. DAVIS.

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Bargains! Bargains!
Where at? D. H. Taylor & Co. for cheap Whiskies, Brandies, Wines & Beers.
Where can you get? Old home made corn whiskey at D. H. Taylor & Co., from one week to three years old, cheaper than ever before.
Who keeps old R. A.

STUART'S ROCK BRIDGE RYE

WARRANTED 4 YEARS OLD
D. H. Taylor & Co. Who keeps old Virginia Club. D. H. Taylor Co., and he also keeps the finest and cheapest home-made Brandy in town, other liquors of all kinds that is good, and cheaper than ever before. Special prices to all my customers, come one come all, polite and prompt attention and skillful bar-tenders.

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The above liquor is sold only by D. H. Taylor & Co., exclusive agents, at their saloons on Nash t., who also carry a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class saloon. Fresh beer a specialty. Your patronage solicited.
Your friends,
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I have several fine grain, grass, cotton and tobacco farms in Warren county, which I will sell very cheap, one-third or fourth cash, and balance on long time. If desired, H. A. POORE, Warren, N. C.