

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXVII.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1897

NUMBER 29.

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.

Professional cards
D. S. P. BURT,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
Louisburg, N. C.
Office in the Ford Building, corner Main
and Nash streets. Up stairs—front.

W. H. RUFFIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Louisburg, N. C.
Will practice in all courts. Office in Ford
Building, corner of Main and Nash streets.

B. MANSBURY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State
office in Court House.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin,
Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also
the Supreme Court of North Carolina, Prompt
attention given to collections, &c.

D. J. E. MALONE,
Office two doors below Aycocks & Co.'s
drug store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

D. W. H. NICHOLSON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
S. SPRUELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance,
Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also
the Supreme Court of North Carolina, Prompt
attention given to collections, &c.

THOS. B. WILDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on Main street, over Jones & Cooper's
store.

T. W. BIKETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Prompt and painstaking attention given to
every matter entrusted to his hands.

Refers to Chief Justice Shepherd, Hon. John
Rising, Hon. Robt. W. Winston, Hon. J. C.
Barton, Pres. First National Bank of Win-
ston, and Mainly, Winston, Peoples Bank
of Moore, Chas. E. Taylor, Free, Wake For-
est College, Hon. E. W. Timberlake,
Office in Court House, opposite Sheriff's.

W. M. PEARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Practices in all courts. Office in Jones &
Cooper Building.

W. H. YARBOROUGH, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on second floor of Neal building
Main street.

All legal business entrusted to him
will receive prompt and careful attention.

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DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Ford Building, 2nd floor.
Gas administered and teeth extracted
without pain.

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DENTIST,
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Office in New Hotel building, 2nd
floor, Gas administered and teeth ex-
tracted without pain.

D. R. E. KING,
DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
OFFICE IN OPERA HOUSE
BUILDING SECOND FLOOR.

With an experience of twenty-five years
a sufficient guarantee of my work in all
the up-to-date lines of the profession.

HOTELS.
HOTEL WOODARD.
W. C. WOODARD, Prop.,
Rocky Mount, N. C.
Free bus meets all trains,
Rates \$2 per day.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
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Good accommodation for the traveling
public.
Good Livery Attached.

OSBORN HOUSE,
C. D. OSBORN, Proprietor,
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Good accommodations for the
traveling public.

MASSBURG HOTEL
J. P. Mansenburg Prop'r
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Good accommodations. Good livery. For
the attentive servant.

DREAM DISCOVERIES.

Sleep Seems at Times to Have the Power
of Reviving Lost Memory.

The Rev. Mr. Wodrow, the histori-
an of the Covenanters, is an en-
thusiastic Calvinist. It was he, I
think, who told a poor woman with
a large family that "it would be an
uncouth mercy if all her children
were saved." This was logical,
from his point of view—they that
were saved are few; here is a family
of a dozen, and their mother actually
expects to meet them all in the New
Jerusalem. Such a mercy would be
"uncouth." Then Wodrow believes
in every kind of portent and miracle
and warning and bogie, down to
Cotton Mather's lost sermon, mar-
velously pursuing him and rejoicing
him as he rides.

The following anecdote would
have delighted Wodrow, though
how he would have classed it I can-
not guess. A gentleman, very well
known in many ways, was at his
house in the country, where a young
lady was visiting himself and his
wife. She lost a pearl from a ring.
It could not be found, and she went
home. Four or five weeks later she
again visited her friends, arriving
in the evening, and, as it happened,
not going into the library that day.
Next morning, while dressing, her
host said to his wife:

"Did you remember to take away
the pearl that Mary lost from the
place where I put it?"

"You never said anything about
it," answered the lady.

"Oh, excuse me! I told both you
and her that I found it in a chink of
the bureau in the library, and put
it on top of my papers, and I asked
you to take it lest the servants
should dust it away in the morning."

The lady then went to her guest's
room and asked her if she remem-
bered being told about the discovery
of the pearl. She agreed with her
hostess that the subject had not
even been mentioned.

"Then the maids will have swept
it away," said my friend, and he
ran down to his study in his dress-
ing gown. The pearl was not where
he remembered having laid it, but
he looked in the crevice where he
said that he had found it, and there
lay the pearl.

One explanation would be that he
had dreamed the whole affair, the
dream being suggested by an uncon-
scious or subconscious perception
of the pearl in the crevice. But he
cannot recall any dream on the sub-
ject. He was certain that he had
found the thing when wide awake,
taken it out of the chink, placed it
on the top of his papers, and told
both ladies.

It is just conceivable that he actu-
ally did find it and place it on the
papers; that, meaning to inform the
ladies, he believed that he had actu-
ally done so and that the pearl was
accidentally swept back by the
housemaid into the chink of the bu-
reau whence he had rescued it. This
would not have been Wodrow's ex-
planation, but it would have recom-
mended itself to Dr. Carlyle.

I know personally of four cases in
which lost articles were discovered
by a dream of the loser's. The last
case was the key of the cellar—an
awkward thing to lose. After it
had been missing for days the owner
dreamed that it was lying in a cer-
tain drawer, where it was found,
though why, how or when it was
placed there memory could not re-
call. Sleep seems occasionally to
have this power of reviving lost
memories of things done or perceiv-
ed with imperfect waking con-
sciousness.—Andrew Lang in Long-
man's.

The Mohammedans a Military Guild.

The Mohammedan population of
the Turkish empire has been very
petty compared to an immense re-
ligious confraternity. It is, in fact,
a vast military guild, or brother-
hood, bound to obey the commands
of its supreme chiefs, the Sheik-ul-
Islam and the sultan. Every Turk
ought, in a certain sense, to be a
priest and a warrior. Remembering
this fact, we can readily under-
stand the ease with which the spirit
of fanaticism is roused in those por-
tions of the empire where the Turks
are in the majority, and the feroci-
ty with which an otherwise docile
and somewhat indifferent natured
people will behave under the influ-
ence of what I may call religious in-
toxication.—"The Sultan and His
Subjects."

Perpetual Sunshine.

Perpetual sunshine occurs on the
coast of Peru, where, although it
may be misty occasionally, the blue
sky is always visible through this
whitish veil. Perpetual sunshine
when the sun is above the horizon
also exists in the Sahara, the great
desert of Africa, and in the other
rainless regions of the earth.

When Horses Were First Shod.

In the ninth century they began
to shoe horses, but, strange to say,
only in time of frost. King William
I introduced horseshoeing into Eng-
land, and six horseshoes are on the
coat of arms of the man to whom
William gave vast estates for caring
for his horses in this way.

A TRYING SHAVE.

Relating Experience of a Drummer Who
Had Helped Lynch a Negro.

Here is the story the traveling
man told Conductor Quigg on the
cars while traveling between Har-
risburg and Williamsport. Said the
traveling man: "I was down south
on a business trip some months ago
and I did a pretty fair business for
that section. One evening I got
into a town where I expected to do
some trading, and after having sup-
per I sat on the hotel veranda smok-
ing when I noticed a crowd coming
down the street and there was con-
siderable excitement apparent. As
the crowd drew near I saw it was a
lynching party. About 100 men had
a rope and they were hurrying along
a colored man who had been caught
red handed in some crime for which
lynching is the penalty in that sec-
tion. It was a wild, crazy mob that
had the man, and I'll never tell you
what impelled me, but I jumped up
and went along, catching hold of the
rope as I ran. A mile below the
town the end of the rope was thrown
over the limb of a tree and the col-
ored man was strung up and the end
of the rope fastened. Then those
who had revolvers took turns at fir-
ing shots into the dangling corpse.

The next morning after I had
breakfast I went out for a walk and
passed a barber shop. I needed a
shave and I went in and took a seat
in the chair. The barber was a col-
ored man, and I recall now that he
looked at me in a peculiar way as I
entered the shop, but it did not im-
press me at the time. He lathered
me in a slow, deliberate way, and
then he got out his razors, stropped
one of them carefully and prepared
to shave me. As he drew the razor
down over my right cheek he re-
marked, 'You is a stranger in dish
yere town, isn't you, suh?' 'Yes,'
I said, 'I came last night.' 'I saw
you last night,' he remarked.
'Where was I?' I asked. 'You had
hold of the rope when you passed
dish place.'

"My heart sank down to my shoes
and I gave myself up to silent prayer.
This man had me at his mercy. He
could have cut my throat with
one wish of his razor, and he knew
it and I knew it. 'I saw you again,'
he said. 'W-w-where?' I asked.
'Down at de hangin. You had hold
of de rope down dere too.' 'Y-yes,'
I gasped. I thought sure my time
had come, and that he was just
playing with me as a cat plays with
a mouse, and that he was secretly
enjoying my terror previous to giv-
ing me a final stroke. But he calmly
went on shaving me, and as he
rounded up the stubble on the chin
he remarked: 'You is from deno'th,
suh, where de col'ed man has his
rights, suh. You ought to know
bet dah down to hang a pore col'ed
man down in dish yere part of the
country where he don' git no trial.'

"And that ended the conversation
I never wanted to run so badly in
my life, but I was powerless, and I
was weak as a baby until he got
through. When he had used his
whisk on me, I gave him a quarter
and told him to keep the change and
left the shop. Say, if you ever hear
of me mixing into a lynching bee
again you want to have me placed in
an asylum. That taught me a les-
son. How did I know that the man
shaving me was not a relative of the
man that was lynched? It might
have been his brother and he would
not have dared to open his mouth.
That time I hunted trouble and
found barrels of it."—Harrisburg
Telegram.

The Oldest Book.

The oldest book in the world to
which a positive date can be assign-
ed is an assortment of proverbs
somewhat after the style of the
proverbs collected by Solomon. The
work is accredited to Ptah-hotep,
an Egyptian king, and Egyptologists
assign to it an antiquity of at least
3000 B. C. Abraham was called to
leave his home in Ur of the Chal-
dees, 1921 B. C., so that this volume
was written 1,100 years before the
beginning of Jewish history. The
deluge is placed by most chrono-
logists at B. C. 2348, so the book, if its
dating is correct, must have been
written before the flood. Methusa-
lah was born B. C. 2317, so that this
papyrus was prepared and these
proverbs were collected when the
oldest man on record was a lively
young fellow of 300 years.

Seacoast and Civilization.

It is an odd theory, yet no doubt
the correct one, that the coast area
of Europe has probably had more to
do with the commercial and social
supremacy of that continent than
any other cause. Investigation will
show that Europe has a mile of coast
for every 104 square miles of its
land area, while the Americas,
which rightly come next, have 359
square miles of land to every mile
of coast. Asia has 376 miles and
Africa 530 square miles to each mile
of coast. The low order of culture
still prevailing on the dark contin-
ent, though its history is as old as
that of any other portion of the
world, is almost indisputable evi-
dence of the correctness of this the-
ory.

She Was Lucky.

The London Lady says that a well
known woman of title had several
times had a man from the cycle
maker's to execute various repairs
to her machine—repairs which
were necessary on account of the
firm's careless workmanship. Her
ladyship's little girl happened to be
watching the execution of the re-
pairs with great interest, and re-
marked to the mechanic, "Don't
you think mamma's very unlucky
with her bike?" "Unlucky, did yer
say?" was the man's reply. "Why,
her ladyship's alive still ain't she?
Well, some of our customers ain't."

ENGLISH GOOD ENOUGH.

There is Seldom Any Reason For Em-
ploying Foreign Words.

Is there any reason for using a
foreign language when the idea can
be expressed with equal clearness,
brevity and force in our own Anglo-
Saxon? Is there any sense in say-
ing that a man has \$1,000 per an-
num when we mean \$1,000 a year?
Why should we say that the people
of the United States drink on an
average every year some many gal-
lons of distilled spirits per capita when
we mean so many gallons each, or,
we may say, a head? We may add
that the words per capita are a sole-
cism, meaning by heads. If we are
to use any Latin in the premises,
we should consult correctness and
say per caput.

What earthly reason for calling a
popular hymn and tune "Laudes
Domini"? It sometimes happens
that there are ideas conveyed by a
foreign word which hardly have an
equivalent in English. In these cases
it is perhaps permissible to borrow
the foreign word or phrase. For ex-
ample, we possibly have no single word
which is the equivalent of the French
periffage. That, however, has been
adopted into our dictionaries and
may be considered an English word
of French parentage. But does
mauvais honte express anything not
conveyed by false shame? And is
sang froid anything more than cool
blood?

The use of foreign words and sen-
tences is peculiarly inappropriate in
inscriptions which are to be read
by the plain people. When the
friends of the departed Dr. Gold-
smith appended their signatures to a
round robin, begging that the epi-
taph upon the poet might be in Eng-
lish, and when the czar of litera-
ture, with wonted absolutism, said
"An English inscription would be a
disgrace to Westminster abbey," he
was wrong, as positive people are
very apt to be. Of the millions who
have read with delight "The Travel-
er" and "The Deserted Village,"
and "The Vicar of Wakefield" how
small a fraction of 1 per cent are
those who know aught of any lan-
guage but English!

When the fathers and mothers,
the sisters and sons, of the men who
died in the war for liberty and union
read, with dimmed eyes, upon the
monument erected by grateful coun-
trymen the story of the virtues and
sufferings of their heroes, it is hard
that they should be confronted by a
Latin sentence which reminds them
of their ignorance of classic tongues.
It is possibly well enough to have a
Latin or Greek inscription in Me-
morial hall of Harvard university,
for those who read it can look as if
they understood it, but what reason
for putting over the memorial to
Colonel Shaw and his black soldiers
which mocks his surviving comrades
and the sons of those who fell at
Fort Wagner with their enforced il-
literacy? As if to add to the infeli-
city of the situation, scholars tell
us that the inscription is not even
good Latin. "Reliquerunt omnia
conservare rempublicam" should be
"Ut conservarent rempublicam."
The neighboring monument on the
common, erected by the state of Mas-
sachusetts to the heroes of the war,
bears, fittingly, an inscription that
is English throughout.—Philadel-
phia Press.

Napoleon and Mme. d'Isoard.

One day, during the visit of Pech,
the little congregation was appalled
by the noise of a saber clanking and
dragging on the flagstones of the
hall and of a voice calling imperi-
ously for Gonsalve, one of the young
Isiards. All of the assembly, frozen
with terror, remained rooted to the
spot. After a moment's hesitation
Mme. d'Isoard courageously opened
the door. The disturber was Na-
poleon. The lady recovered her
calmness and rose to the situation.
"Take off your helmet at once, mon-
sieur," she said sternly, "and re-
member where you are! My son
will not go with you until mass is
finished. Kneel down." Napoleon
submitted with the docility of a
child, and with every appearance
of recollection, remained to the end.
One of the things Cardinal Fesch
was most vehement in asserting up
to the very close of his life was
that his mighty nephew, throughout
all his erratic career, "never for a
moment lost the faith."—Donahoe's
Magazine.

Centenarian Birds.

It is well known that the eagle,
raven, swan and parrot are each
centenarians. An eagle kept in Vi-
enna died after a confinement of 114
years, and at Shelbourne is an oak
known as the raven tree, in which
the same pair of ravens are believed
to have nested for more than 91
years. Swans upon the Thames
about whose age there can be but
little chance of mistake, since they
are annually "nicked," have been
known to survive 160 years and
more.—London Echo.

AN ODD KIND OF A TALE.

Told by a Former Telegraph Operator at
Red Dirt.

There is in Washington a tele-
graph operator who for the past five
or six years has been able to live
without work, because, after 25
years of faithful service at the tick-
er, an old aunt of his died in New
Jersey, leaving him money enough
to pay off all his debts and net him
an income about twice as big as he
ever made per year at his desk.

"I had an odd bit of experience
once," he said the other day to a
Star man, "which I have told a good
many times, but never to a newspa-
per man, and very rarely to any-
body in the last ten or a dozen
years. You haven't forgotten, of
course, the most lost person of our
modern history, one Charlie Ross.
Well, when he was stolen, I was an
operator at a mining town of 1,000
or 1,200 people, called Red Dirt,
something over 100 miles from Den-
ver. I may say that there isn't any
town there at all now and hasn't
been for 15 years.

"There wasn't a great deal of
business done over the Red Dirt
wire, and my duties after dark were
mostly at the leading gambling
place in town, which was the only
respectable resort we had. I slept
in the office to be handy in case of
sudden calls, and one night about a
year or 16 months after the Char-
lie Ross disappearance I had just re-
turned from the Seven Up saloon—
usually known as the Seven Uppers
House—and was getting into bed
when I was startled by the ticket
beginning to have spasms.

"I rushed to it to find out what
was the matter, and, as I did so
whoever was making the distur-
bance had got himself in shape, and
as fast as he could get the words to
me he was telling me that he was
one of the men who had stolen the
Ross boy, and was then in the hands
of the others, who refused to restore
the child to his father and had
threatened to kill him (the sender)
if he made any attempt to betray
the party. They had the boy with
them then, and they were at—and
here there was a worse spasm than
ever, and not another tick came.
To say I was shaken up but ill ex-
presses it, but it was a stormy night,
and to go searching was impossible
until daylight, and, notifying our
town marshal of what I had heard, I
tried to call my only neighbor, the
operator on the main wire, where
the Red Dirt branch tapped him, 60
miles away.

"I could not get him, and after
repeated failures I went to bed, to
start off with the marshal at day-
break to find out what the matter
was. We did not strike it till next
day in the afternoon, when, in one
of the wildest parts of the moun-
tains, about ten miles from the main
line, we found the wire cut and evi-
dences of a struggle at the foot of a
telegraph pole, with spots of blood
on the stones about the place. What
it meant, who had done it, why the
parties were there, whether they
were as the one had represented, or
anything in the way of explanation,
we did not know. All we knew was
what had come to me over the wire
at midnight. We went on to the
main wire, but the operator there
was on a drunk and had been for 36
hours, and he did not know as much
as we did."—Washington Star.

A Glimpse at Bangkok.

Maxwell Sommerville, in his
book, "Siam on the Meimam, From
the Gulf to Ayutthia," says that in
the main business quarters of Bang-
kok pawnbroking is a leading call-
ing. Adjoining the pawnshops were
rickety shops, booths and stands,
where indolent dealers are prepared
to supply all the wants of the pas-
sersby, providing it does not cause
them too much exertion. The
bonzes, or priests, were always nu-
merous.
"They pass from house to house
begging, though by the church it is
considered that they are giving the
people the privilege of thus contrib-
uting something for the sustenance
of the cult. They are in the habit
of extending this privilege to the
people every morning. This is one
of the institutions, not only of the
church, but a custom universally
recognized and approved by the
people. These bonzes, wrapped in
their yellow cotton garments, stand
in coterie of two, three and four in
front of each house, saying not a
word, but holding out their bronze
bowls for rice and their netted bags
for contributions of fruit."

Centenarian Birds.

It is well known that the eagle,
raven, swan and parrot are each
centenarians. An eagle kept in Vi-
enna died after a confinement of 114
years, and at Shelbourne is an oak
known as the raven tree, in which
the same pair of ravens are believed
to have nested for more than 91
years. Swans upon the Thames
about whose age there can be but
little chance of mistake, since they
are annually "nicked," have been
known to survive 160 years and
more.—London Echo.

The Nashville Banner says there
is a child three months old in that
city who can talk distinctly. Girl,
of course.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

After eminent physicians and all
other known remedies fail, Botanic
Blood-Balm (B. B. B.) will quickly cure.
Thousands of testimonials attest this
fact. No case of Rheumatism can
stand before its magic healing power.
Send stamp for book of particulars. It
contains evidence that will convince
you that B. B. B. is the best cure for all
Blood and Skin Diseases ever discovered.
Beware of substitutes said to be "just
as good." \$1.00 per large bottle. For
sale by druggists.

In the public schools of Japan
English language is required by
law to be taught.

Mr. James E. Ferrell, of Burnt House
W. Va., has discarded all other dia-
phorag medicines and now handles only
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Dia-
rrhoea Remedy. He has used it in his
family and sold it to his customers for
years, and has no hesitation in saying
that it is the best remedy for colic and
diarrhoea, he has ever known. It not
only gives relief, but effects a perman-
ent cure. It is also pleasant and safe
to take, making it an ideal remedy for
bowel complaints. For sale by W. G.
Thomas Druggist, Louisburg, N. C.

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and complete Stock of

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and propose at all times to carry
a Full Line of all Kinds of

Agricultural

Implements

and other supplies needed on the
farm.

Please call and examine our
Stock before making your pur-
chase.

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SOUTHBOUND.		408	41
New York via Penn R.R.	11:00 am	7:00 pm	
Philadelphia	11:25 am	12:05 pm	
Baltimore	3:15	4:50	
Washington	4:40	4:20	
Richmond	4:55	5:05	
Norfolk via N.A.C.	8:25 pm	9:20 am	
Portsmouth	8:45	9:20	
Weldon	11:25 pm	11:55 am	
Hidderston	12:55 am	1:19 pm	
Durham	7:32	7:09	
Leaves	7:50 pm	10:10 am	
At Louisburg	1:30 pm	1:00 pm	
At Louisburg	1:15 am	3:34 pm	
Hamlet	3:25	5:03	
Southern Place	4:22	5:55	
Hamlet	5:10	6:53	
Wadesboro	5:54	8:11	
Monroe	6:43	9:12	
Charlotte	8:30	10:25	
Cherock	9:10 am	10:47 pm	
Columbia	10:35	11:00	
Cherock	9:45 am	12:10 am	
Greensboro	10:35	1:07	
Albany	11:05	1:38	
Elberton	12:07 pm	2:41	