

# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXVII.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1897

NUMBER 33

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

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**Professional cards.**

**D. S. BURT,**  
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office in the Ford Building, corner Main  
and Nash streets. Up stairs—front.

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

**B. MASSENBURG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the State  
Office in Court House.

**C. M. COOK & SON,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin,  
Greenville, Warren and Wake counties, also the  
supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S.  
District and District Courts.

**D. J. B. MALONK,**  
Attorney-at-law,  
office two doors below Aycocke & Co.'s  
drug store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

**D. W. H. NICHOLSON,**  
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

**F. S. SPRUILL,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance,  
Greenville, Warren and Wake counties, also the  
supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt  
attention given to collections, etc.

**T. H. S. WILDER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office on Main street, over Jones & Cooper's  
store.

**T. W. BICKETT,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Prompt and painstaking attention given to  
every matter entrusted to his hands.  
Refers to Chief Justice Shepher, Hon. John  
Manning, Hon. Holt W. Winston, Hon. J. C.  
Barton, Pres. First National Bank of Win-  
ston-Salem and Manly, Winston, Peoples Bank  
of Winston, Chas. E. Taylor, Pres. Wake For-  
est College, Hon. E. W. Timberlake.

**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.

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

**D. R. E. P. EARLY,**  
DENTIST,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
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.  
—101—  
With an experience of twenty-five years  
a sufficient guarantee of my work in all  
the up-to-date lines of the profession.

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**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.  
SAM'L MERRILL, Prop'r.  
Good accommodation for the traveling  
public.  
Good Livery Attached.

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

**MASSENBURG HOTEL,**  
J. P. Massenburg Prop'r  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
Good accommodations. Good fare. Po-  
lite and attentive servant.

### SHUT IN A VAULT.

Colonel Harry Ford was the pres-ident of a big bank in a western state, and the colonel and I were, at the chronicling of this tale, in New York, whither we had gone as chance traveling companions on a train from the west. It was on Sunday morning, and as we took it easy in the handsome apartments he was occupying a messenger boy brought him a telegram. The message was from his wife, and, the boy being a bright eyed youngster, the cheerful colonel chatted with him pleasantly a moment and gave him a quarter as he departed.

"Doesn't that make telegraphing come pretty high?" I inquired, with the true Yankee spirit of thrift.

"I used to be one myself," he said in explanation, "and now whenever I see a bright eyed kid like that I warm up to him and give him something, though not always a quarter. Being Sunday and the telegram being from my wife, I do a bit better than usual and part with all of 25 cents."

"Do you really mean that you were once a messenger boy?" I asked in great surprise as I looked over the elegant man of the world, every inch a gentleman born, who sat in the big chair by the window gracefully pouring a cigar in his thumb and finger.

"Really and truly," he laughed, "and if you can stand a reminiscence this morning I'll tell you the story of my life. Journalists—and he bowed over the arm of the chair—"I believe, are always on the look-out for interesting facts in history and fiction, aren't they?"

I hastened to assure him that they were, and after making me swear that I would keep awake at whatever sacrifice he began.

"When I was a youngster of 10," he said, "I was a messenger boy earning the luxurious salary of \$3 a week, all of which I gallantly turned over to my mother, who was a banker's daughter, though she had been turned out of her father's house because she had not married to suit him and her stepmother. Indeed she had gone further and married the man who had suited her, and after that, while her heart was never empty, she and her husband and only son were often so, and life was not quite as rosy as it might have been. We were brave people, though, and with my \$3 a week we managed somehow to get along. I improved after a year or two and incidentally picked up telegraphy, so that when I was 15 I got a place at a small country station in Missouri and took my mother there to live with me on my salary of \$40 a month, my father having died a year before."

"When I was 16 my mother died, leaving me alone in the world. At the funeral my grandfather re-lented sufficiently to propose that he educate me, which proposal I accepted and agreed to take a good business education. By the time I was 21 I had been graduated, and my grandfather gave me a position in a bank he owned in a very pleasant interior town, where I showed such aptitude that the old gentleman entirely forgave me for having been the son of his disobedient daughter and told me to go ahead, and I should be a partner some day."

"The next most natural thing in the world to do was to fall in love, and I did it for all there was in my throbbing heart, and on the evening of the day I was promoted to the cashiership of the bank I asked Kate Vernon to be my wife. I did it advisedly, too, for my grand-father had told me when I married he would give me an eighth interest in the bank. Miss Vernon wasn't the most beautiful girl the eye of man ever rested on, and even I was forced to confess that there was too much pug in her nose for classic beauty, but she was the brightest young woman in the county and the cheer-iest, and I was heels over head in love with her, which made up for all discrepancies."

"During all the time of my experience in the bank I had kept up my interest in telegraphy, and after Kate and I had settled upon our future relationship I had connected her house with my room at the bank, and whenever I had the chance I called her up and talked love to her between meals by electricity. I don't know how much of that kind of talk we indulged in, but I do know that Kate became almost an expert telegraph operator and could easily have made her living at it had there been such a necessity."

"One of the other customs of that charming time of love in the fore-ground was a drive that Kate and I took two or three times a week in a trap she owned, leaving the bank just after closing time, 4 o'clock, and driving for a couple of hours, to end at her house, where I took supper with her. On the days when she would telegraph down that she was coming I would lock up the money and valuable papers in the inside safe and leave the outer doors

of the big vault open, so the last man out of the bank could put the books away and lock them up against fire. The man who did this nearly always was an old fellow, partly deaf, and a janitor rather than a clerk. One day, when I had shut up the inside safe and gone out to join Kate in her trap at the door, she sent me back to wait until she went up town to see a friend about a church supper they were interest-ed in. Old Jock, as we called him, was not at his desk when I came back, though I had said goodby to him as I went out, nor was there any one in the bank, and as I sat a moment at my own desk I noticed a paper that had been left there by mistake. I got up at once to put it where it belonged in the safe, and as I went into the vault I did not observe that all the books had been put away, though I could hear old Jock in the little room back telling his boy about sweeping out.

"The paper belonged in a pigeon-hole far back in the vault and high up, so that I was compelled to go up a stepladder we kept there, and about the time I had got myself hid away in the shadow the big door swung to, and I could hear old Jock turn the combination out of joint. I yelled out, but it was too late, even if the old man's ears had been sharp, and I found myself in the disagree-able predicament of being shut up in my own safe and no visible means of escape. At first it struck me as ludicrous. Then it became serious, and in a few moments I had gone to thinking as those people think who are confronted with tremendous moments in their lives. I soon decided that my only hope of getting out was through Miss Vernon, who, when she returned, would naturally inquire for me, and in this way old Jock would in time discover that he had shut me up in the vault. How long it would be until Miss Vernon returned or what chance of the old man still being there when she came now began to demand discus-sion in my brain, and for a minute or two I stood still in the thick darkness and listened to my heart beating. Then I remembered that we always kept a hammer in a pigeon-hole near the door, and groping around, I found it and at once began to pound on the door. Immediate-ly a response came, but of course I did not know who was giving it, though evidently the boy, as the old man could scarcely have heard. This gave me hope at once, and I set up a regular tattoo on the door with my hammer, to all of which came the responses from the out-side, but it was not getting me out of my prison, and confinement was becoming irksome."

"For the first time now I heard faintly the sound of human voices calling to me, but it was as if they were miles away, and I could not distinguish whose they were, though I thought I knew Kate's. I answered back, but the place was so thick and heavy that my voice frightened me, and I used the ham-mer instead of calling. Up to this time I had not thoroughly realized what my entombment meant, but now it came upon me that the only man in town except myself who knew the combination had gone away for a vacation to the seashore and that with the door airtight, or practically so, I could not live a very great while in the vault, cer-tainly not long enough to hear from either the clerk on vacation or from the people from whom we had bought the safe in St. Louis. In-deed, if I stood it for two hours I felt I would be doing well, for my pounding had filled the little air I had with dust, and it was nearly suffocating me. The pounding from the outside increased the dust, too, and while I could prevent myself from doing it and did stop, the very fact of my stopping made those on the outside pound harder, as if to encourage me when, as they thought, I was losing hope."

"This thought came to me with a shock so great that I almost collaps-ed. I caught at the sides of the vault in the inky darkness, and for a minute I became deathly sick. Following this came almost a frenzy to yell and howl and claw at the door and scratch my face and tear at my hair. I had heard of people acting so and going mad when lost in caves and such places, and I felt it coming on me in that dread-ful hole. To add to the horrors of my situation, the air was growing rapidly worse, and I could not stand up in the vault without a feeling of the most profound nausea. It was the nausea of despair, if anybody ever has analyzed just what that is. At intervals, notwithstanding the harm of it, I would grope around for the hammer and pound on the door, only to choke more and to hear the muffled thuds of the re-sponses from the outside."

"Two feet from light and air and love and life and utterly shut off from them all. It was horrible to think of, and I am sure a thousand times worse than if I had been bur-ied in the sands of a desert a hun-dred miles from water and green trees. Slowly I felt my strength go-ing, and at last I could not so much

### IF YOU VALUE MONEY

—THEN GO TO—

### THE CASH BARGAIN HOUSE.

(Rodberson's building, front of Hart's Warehouse.)

At less than Cost of Manufacture.

**ITS CASH WE WANT**

—AND—

**CASH WE MUST HAVE**

Then We must Slaughter prices as shown below.

Men's all wool suits as low as 69c.  
Men's good wool suits as low as \$2.38  
Men's fine suits, cloth would cost you more. 4.75  
Men's Imported Clay colored suits worth \$10.00, for 5.75  
Men's good Over coats, a shamelot price, only 2.00  
Men's Caps, self everywhere at 25c.  
for 15c.  
Men's Under shirts, regular record broken. 12 1/2c  
Men's Socks, good weight. 3c.  
Ladies Stockings 15c, each of a pair for 4c.

Note above prices, weigh in your mind all that is stated here, don't spend a cent until you have tried The Cash Bargain House.

Your good old friend,  
**JOHN DEITZ, Prop.**

### LOOK OUT!

All persons that are liable, who have failed to procure a license, as required by law, will be pro-ceeded against as provided in the Revenue Laws of North Carolina.

H. C. KEARNEY,  
Sheriff.

August 6th, 1897.

### WIDE AWAKE

—AND—

### UP TO DATE.

If you are wide awake and want to economize by getting the full worth of your money, you will come at once to

Harry Waitt's old stand, where you can find the Cheapest goods for the money in Louisburg. We mean business. You will find nice fresh Groceries of all kinds, Dry Goods, Notions, &c., &c. Give us a call and you will be sure to call again.

Respectfully,  
**COOKE & CASH.**

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Druggist—What leads you to think you will make a good prescription clerk?

Applicant—I used to be a bar-tender.—N. Y. Journal.

**THE GRANDEST REMEDY.**

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant, of Chatham, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discover-y, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business, and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for coughs, colds and consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at Aycocke & Co.'s Drug Store.

Hewitt—I never could tell a good story.

Jewett—Wait till you are mar-ried, and you will learn.—N. Y. Tribune.

### NOTICE.

By virtue of the power given in a certain mortgage deed executed on the 26th day of December, 1885 by James McCullough and Elizabeth McCullough, his wife, to E. C. Vann, and duly recorded in Book 87, Page 525, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Franklin county, and default having been made in the payment of said mortgage debt, I will on Saturday, the 9th day of October, 1897, sell for cash, at public auction at Franklin, N. C., the following tract of land lying and being in Franklin county, State of North Carolina, and situated as follows: Beginning at a stake in J. H. Mitchell's line, running thence west 80 poles to a stake and pointer, thence north 50 poles to a stake, thence east 80 poles to a stake in J. H. Mitchell's line, thence south 50 poles, and 50 poles to the beginning, containing 20 acres, more or less.

This the 7th day of September, 1897.  
E. W. TIMBERLAKE,  
R. C. OULLET, Attorney.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure

**Strickland Talks.**

I want to thank everybody who bought

CLOTHING HATS, NOTIONS, &c.

of me through the past Spring and Summer. I also bring before you and the public generally, a well selected and well bought stock of

**CLOTHING, HATS, TRUNKS**

**VALISES, NOTIONS, &c.**

I have a suit of clothes for every man, youth and boy, also a Hat for every man, youth and boy at the wholesale price. I have the latest styles of the above named Hats worth \$3.00 for \$2.00, and those worth \$2.25 for \$1.50 and so on down to 25 cents. All the best Woolen Clothing we handle was bought or order placed for it before the tariff bill passed. You know what it means for clothing. Be sure to call and see my outfit before buy-ing. Yours truly,  
**D. C. STRICKLAND,**  
Louisburg, N. C.

### NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

I have moved my Barber Shop from the stand on Main Street, next to Farmers and Merchants Bank, to the Aycock Building on Court Street next door to the store recently oc-cupied by H. Waitt. I am now bet-ter equipped than ever to serve my patrons and the public generally. Sharp razors, clean towels, and everything neat and tidy. I still have as assistant, Niguel Thomas, the popular barber, who will be glad at all times to have his friends call. Call to see me.  
Respectfully,  
**EDWARD PORTER.**

### GANNAWAY Hardware Company.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**HARDWARE,**  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

We have just opened a Large and complete Stock of

### Hardware,

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 purchase

**NOTICE.**

By virtue of a judgment of the Superior Court of Franklin county in the case of O. L. Ellis, Administrator of Mary A. Woodard, vs. Fletcher Carson and others, I will on Monday the 4th day of October, 1897, in front of the Court House door, in the Town of Louisburg, Franklin county, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder the following described lands in Fremont Township, Franklin county, bounded as follows, viz: On the North, East and South by the lands of George Wall and on the West by the lands of Wm. Green and Dr. Hal Harris, contain-ing One Hundred and Ninety-Nine ac-res, and divided into three lots, No. 1 containing 25 1/2 acres, No. 2 50 1/2 acres and No. 3 23 1/2 acres, all fronting on the Raleigh road, each lot will be offered for sale separately.

The terms of sale are one-half cash, and the balance on twelve months time, the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale.

O. L. ELLIS, Commissioner.  
F. S. SPRUILL, Attorney.