

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1897

NUMBER 39.

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.

Professional cards
D. S. B. BURT,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
Louisburg, N. C.

W. H. RUFFIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Louisburg, N. C.

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JIM.
When Jim, the hired man, first came,
He never had a word to say
Except to answer to his name,
He'd sleep all night and work all day
And eat his meals and go and come
Most like as if he'd deaf and dumb.

I didn't care, why, no, of course!
Sometimes he'd send me down the farm
To tell him to hitch up the horse,
Or help us to get the bees to swarm,
But not a word he'd say, not he!
He wouldn't even look at me.

Well, by and by that made me mad—
As tall and clever built and trim,
Nice teeth and hair; oh, not half bad.
To look at—and I looked at him
Considerable, first and last,
And just as temptin as I da't.

I used to curl my hair at night
And dress and fix up every day.
He never cared a single mite.
He'd always stare the other way
And pet the dog or stroke the cow
Or coax the cat—oh, he knew how!

Course, other fellows came around
Much better dressed and not so shy.
They cared enough, but I was bound
I'd make him care or I'd know why.
And so I picked out Sammy Snow
And, glory, how I fitted! Oh!

We used to get nights, Sam and me,
Out on the porch. One night Jim passed,
A-go in to bed. Says he,
"Folks, good night!" And just as that,
Pore I could think, he stooped, like that,
And kissed me on the mouth right flat!

Well, Sam he took his hat and flew
Off in a rage—at me, not Jim.
And me? Good lands, what could I do?
I didn't care a snap for him!
But him! If he'd slapped my face,
I wouldn't fella a worse disgrace.

I cried, and then I said, "Who cares?"
And then I cried again, but when
I went indoors, there, on the stairs,
That Jim was waitin. Then, oh, them—
"Nucky" was dark—I thought that he
Would never get through kissin me!

And so, as soon as the folks knew,
They sent him packing. I guess not!
Why there he sets in front of you,
Readin his paper. Yes, that's what!
Father, I've been tellin her
Just how you didn't count me, sir!

Madeline S. Bridges in Woman's Home Companion.

AN ACCOMPLICE.

I was sitting in my consulting room and wondering. I was young, well qualified and not wanting in a modicum of confidence in my professional abilities, but for the services of my humble self, John Hardman, M. D., there seemed to be no demand at all in the great city.

My melancholy meditations were cut short by the din of my front door bell, and presently a gentleman was ushered into my presence.

"Dr. Hardman, I believe," said the newcomer, "allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Thomas Sharp of Rose Villa. I live in your neighborhood."

After expressing my pleasure at making his acquaintance I inquired if I could be of any service to him.

"You are a busy man, I expect, doctor," said he and then paused, while I mendaciously hinted that such indeed was the case. "But possibly you will be able to find me a little time in a professional capacity."

I informed him that of course I could do so.

"Well, I may tell you at once," he went on pleasantly, "I am as sound as a bell myself, but I wish to engage your good services for my niece. She is young and inclined to be delicate, I think, and wants a little tending up, and as I happen to know some particulars about you and your career entirely to your credit, I am going to place her under your care."

I put in a few hurried words expressive of my pleasure in undertaking the charge and was going on to make some inquiries as to my patient's health and manner of life, but my voluble friend cut me short.

"You are the only son of the late John Hardman of Blankley hall," he interrupted. "I used to know your part of the country, and I know that you are the only surviving member of that good old Hardman stock. Never mind how I came to know it. I also know that your father came to grief over the X—bank failure, and that it has been an uphill game for you since in consequence. I am pleased to see how well you are now getting on."

Mr. Sharp continued to ramble on in this strain for some time, giving me little information about himself, but, to my astonishment, revealing no little knowledge of my history. Our meeting terminated very cordially, and he departed after receiving my acceptance of a pressing invitation to dine with him at Rose Villa on the following evening.

Rose Villa turned out to be a very charming and well appointed domicile. I had made a few inquiries indirectly through Polly (Polly was my smart little parlor maid), and it seemed that Mr. Sharp was a gentleman of means, with no ostensible profession, who had been for about two years in his present abode. His niece, a young lady of taking appearance, in Polly's opinion, was the only other member of the household, and they were not favored by many if any callers. So much for amateur detective work. My early impressions of Rose Villa and of Grace Fairleigh, my lovely patient, were distinctly pleasing.

Mr. Sharp made a capital host. He was cheery and entertaining, and Miss Fairleigh, a fair haired, blue eyed, handsome girl, was as gracious as she was beautiful. She was an accomplished musician, playing well

and singing with a voice that for tone and sweetness is rarely equalled in a suburban drawing room. They gave me that pronounced luxury, a really good dinner, and I spent a most enjoyable evening afterward.

Miss Fairleigh and I became friends almost at once. I was drawn toward her as much by her half veiled shyness and maidenly manner as by her rich beauty. That which appealed to my curiosity in connection with my visits to Rose Villa was my inability to fathom Mr. Sharp's motive in having retained my services for his niece. She enjoyed perfect health.

I was requested by Mr. Sharp to call daily, and I did so most conscientiously, but that Miss Fairleigh derived any benefit from my medicines (if she took them) I am not prepared to admit, though a check which was forced upon me at an early date was very acceptable, and I could not afford to quarrel with my bread and butter.

Three months passed away. I was absurdly happy. I suppose I must have been a "gone coon" from the first. I know that I was now over head and ears in love with Grace, and, although I had not divulged my secret to her by an open proposal of marriage, she was not ignorant as to how matters stood with me from a cardiac point of view; neither, as I rightly gathered a little later, was her uncle.

I was only waiting for a "looking upward" in my practice to plead my love with fervor and all the eloquence I could command. But the practice did not "look up." Indeed, things financial were becoming worse and worse with me. Bills rained down upon me with monotonous regularity, and I was becoming desperate.

One evening after I had been dining with the Sharps my host invited me into his study for a smoke. I felt that something was in the wind, and my surmise was not incorrect.

"You are looking gloomy tonight, Hardman," he remarked after we had selected chairs and relapsed into comfortable attitudes. "You are in trouble—in trouble financially, eh? I know it, and you will find it to your advantage to be plain with me."

I hardly knew how to express myself, and confessed lamely enough that I was more or less on my last legs. He continued without comment.

"You are also, I think, in love with Grace. Is it not so?"

"It is quite true, Mr. Sharp."

"Then why don't you marry her?"

My companion gazed into my face, a comical smile playing about his lips. His bluntness positively amazed me.

"I fear that what cannot support one would be a poor living for two," I said after a moment's thought. "If I could afford to marry your niece, I would gladly do so tomorrow."

"Most certainly I do. I love her," he arose from his chair and stood beside me, looking into my eyes steadily.

"Listen, Hardman. Grace is a lady by birth and education. She is also as good a girl as ever breathed. She has no relations in the world saving myself, and I may have to leave her at any time. I have made inquiries about you, and I know your past to be a clean one. Given a helping hand at the start, you would succeed at the finish. Tell me, how much would you require to buy a good practice or to start in a fair way against ordinary opposition?"

I was becoming more and more astonished. Was the man going to adopt me?

"It would be possible to do the thing decently for £3,000, would it not?" he said presently, for I had felt too taken aback to volunteer any suggestions. He waited for a reply.

"I could go into partnership with an old friend of my father for less than that," I answered. "Dr. Jordan offered to give me a share for £1,500 when I passed my 'final,' but I could not find the capital."

"Where does Jordan live?"

"In Birmingham."

"Is the practice a good one and can you trust him?"

"There is no doubt about the practice, and Jordan is an excellent fellow, an old bachelor, and if he had not lost a lot of money when we did in the same concern would have been a rich man today."

Sharp laid a heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Go and ask Grace to marry you," he said in a low voice. "I am sure that she will do so. On your wedding day I will give her £3,000, and I will give you £2,000 tomorrow, with which you can settle your affairs here and arrange with Jordan, the condition being that you ask no questions and undertake to marry this month."

"But, Mr. Sharp," I cried, "such magnanimity, I—"

"Go and ask Grace."

He pointed to the door, waving aside my remonstrance, and I followed the direction of his finger as

one in a dream. That evening I left Rose Villa the bridegroom elect of Grace Fairleigh, and with a check for £2,000 in my coat pocket.

The wedding passed off very quietly. Only a fortnight had elapsed since my queer interview with Mr. Sharp, but in that short time a marvelous change had taken place in my affairs. I had purchased a share of Dr. Jordan's practice in Birmingham, had cleared myself of debt and was now the happy husband of the beautiful girl I loved.

I could scarcely believe it all. Why had this mysterious Sharp done so much for me? I was soon to be enlightened. The breakfast was over. The company had consisted of Grace, her uncle and myself. We had entertained no wedding guests. My wife had gone up stairs to prepare for our departure. We were going to Paris for a fortnight and then should proceed to Birmingham, our new home.

"I want to speak with you, Hardman," said Sharp. "We will go into the study."

He took my arm and we strolled into his snugery.

"You think I have been very good to you, then?" He was leaning back in an armchair and smoking the stump of a half finished cigar.

"Well, why have I been good to you?"

He paused, and I said that I could not tell.

"I have been good to you for Grace's sake. I have been looking out for a husband for her for some time, but in our position it was not an easy task. I required a man I could trust, a gentleman by birth and nature, one who would love her and be good to her, one who had no meddlesome relatives to interfere or advise. I think I have been successful."

I assured him that I should do all I could to justify his selection. He nodded and went on speaking.

"I had no friends. Although I had some money, it was not easy to find the man I wanted, who would marry her, having only my word for her past and knowing nothing of my career, who would marry her without asking questions, as you have done. I heard about you as a struggling practitioner, newly started. I took stock of you, as I have taken stock of others who were found wanting in some of the qualities I required. I made inquiries about your past and then I took you on trial. You have satisfied me, and I don't think you will regret the step you have taken."

I told him that I was more than satisfied.

"I am glad to hear it," he said. "And now you must promise me that Grace shall never know what I am going to tell you."

"I swear that you will never tell her and that you will be the same to her always as you are today. She is a dear, good girl, the one person in the world who believes in me and cares for me. You are both provided for, and after this day you will never see me again."

I stared at him, and he held out his hand to me.

"Swear what I have asked you, by all that you hold sacred swear."

I took his hand and complied with his wish.

"Why shall we not see you again?" I asked when he had resumed his seat.

He laughed. Then, selecting a pen from a small collection on a writing table, he wrote on the back of an envelope and tossed the paper over to me.

"What is that?" he asked, and I looked upon it with amazement.

"It is my signature," I faltered. "An imitation of my signature."

"Yes, but I don't quite see the drift of the business."

"The business speaks for itself, my dear fellow." And he tossed his cigar end into the grate. "It is my business—I am a forger!" There was a pause. Sharp was smiling, while I felt as if some one were pouring ice water down the small of my back. I could only murmur, "You are a forger!"

"Listen! You know, of course, that Grace's mother was my sister. The Sharps were poor as church mice, and my father, a strict old parson, got me into a London office when I was a mere boy. I shall not drivel about temptation and so on. Be it enough to say that my talent for drawing and penmanship made me friendless for life before I was 17 years of age. To be quite plain with you, I spent the halcyon days of dawnin manhood in Portland prison. Grace knows nothing of this, and no member of my family had heard of me for years until I came to the rescue of my sister when old Fairleigh died, for I was well off then. Fairleigh was not insured, and left my sister badly off, and so I helped her out and paid for Grace's education."

"The story goes that I made my money in America, but I am able to correct that statement for your benefit. On my release from prison, I threw in my lot with two of the

most daring criminals of the 'high grade,' and, although we have had some narrow shaves in our time, we were never captured.

"Since Grace came to live with me (her mother, as you know, died a year ago) I have often feared that by some odd chance I might be run to earth, and I set to work to get her settled in time in a position that she has always enjoyed. I would rather die than that she should know me for the villain I have been."

"Thanks to you, this will never happen now. In a few days you will hear that I have gone abroad. I shall die there officially, and you will hear of me no more. It will be your part to assist me in deceiving Grace in this one matter. You have married a lady and one who will do you credit."

A tap came at the door, and my lovely young wife walked into the room. I was looking and feeling confused.

"I have been giving Jack some wholesome advice, my dear," said Sharp, coming to my rescue. Then in a stern voice and looking very hard at me: "He will love and cherish you, dear, as I have done. He has sworn to do so."

Grace threw her arms about his neck. This man had taught her to love him very dearly. The carriage was at the door, and Sharp would give me no chance of speaking to him again. Tears were glistening in his eyes as he watched his niece getting into the cab, but he did not offer his hand to me. He only laid it on my shoulder and whispered, "Remember."

Many years have passed away, and I am living in London again. My name is a household word in the world of medicine. Grace and my daughters and sons are received with pleasure and respect in many a fashionable drawing room. There are times, however, when, seated alone in my study, my thoughts wander back through a vista of years, and my conscience tells me that my success was founded on the compounding of a felony, that I am still, in spite of title, wealth and respectability, the accomplice of that strange man who passed out of my life forever on the night I bade him farewell at Rose Villa so long ago.—London Tit bits.

The American Revolution.
Elizabeth, as far as she dared, was a despot, and Philip II was a despot, but there were already manifest in her subjects, while there were not in his, a will and a power not merely to resist oppression, but to organize freedom. This will and this power, after gaining many partial victories by the way, culminated once for all in the American Revolution.

Great Britain has never forgotten the lesson then taught, for it was one she herself had been teaching for centuries, and her people and statesmen were therefore easy learners. A century and a quarter has passed since that warning was given, not to Great Britain only, but to the world, and we may see, in the contrasted colonial systems of the two states, the results on the one hand of political aptitude, and on the other of political obtuseness and backwardness, which cannot struggle from the past into the present, until the present in turn has become the past.—Irreclaimable.—Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., in Harper's Magazine.

Pride Before a Fall.
Just before a recent dinner given in honor of a colonial magnate a young swell, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be the height of his collar and an eyeglass, addressing a stranger, said:

"Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellow over there, took him for a gentleman, and found he had a ribbon on his coat. Some blooming head waiter, I suppose."

"Oh, no," replied the other; "that's Blank, the guest of the evening."

"Dash it all, now, is it?" said the astonished swell. "Look here, old fellow! As you know everybody, would you mind sitting next me at dinner and telling who every one is?"

"Should like to very much," replied the other man, "but you see I cannot. I'm the blooming head waiter."—London Answers.

A Uniform or Nothing.
The emperor of Germany has six sons and one daughter. When the boys are 10 years old, they have to go into the army.

When the crown prince went into the army, the prince next below him, who wanted a soldier's uniform too, went to his father and asked to have one. When his father would not give him one, he went under a table. His father had a call. He forgot the prince. When the call was over, the tablecloth was lifted and a form appeared. The little prince had undressed. When he came out, he said:

"I will not wear any clothes unless I can have a soldier's uniform."

The next day the prince was given a soldier's uniform.—Pearson's Weekly.

The seeds of virtue grow best when planted early.

CASTORIA
The Family Remedy
Prepared by
Chas. H. Fletcher
In 1806
ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one or two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.
Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the bladder, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, get your urine made for twenty-four hours, a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At drug stores fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE FRANKLIN TIMES and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

HOTEL EMORY,
LOUISBURG, N. C.,
W. K. MARTIN,
PROPRIETOR.

NEWLY FINISHED AND FURNISHED.
THE BEST FARE,
COMFORTABLE ROOMS,
POLITE SERVANTS,
Every Convenience of a Modern Hotel.

WIDE AWAKE
—AND—
UP TO DATE.

HEADQUARTERS,
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,

Royal makes the best powder, whiter and healthier.



SEABOARD AIRLINE
VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS
DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

SOUTHBOUND
6:08 4:1

New York via New York & N. H. 7:00 am 7:00 pm
Philadelphia 1:12 pm 12:00 am
Baltimore 3:12 pm 4:50 am
Washington 4:12 pm 5:50 am
Richmond 5:12 pm 6:50 am
Norfolk via N. H. 6:33 pm 9:00 am
Portsmouth 7:45 9:20

Weldon 11:20 pm 11:55 am
Fayetteville 12:55 pm 1:30 pm
Hamlet 2:12 2:47 pm
Perham 3:12 3:47 pm
Lease 4:12 4:47 pm

At Louisburg 7:30 8:00 am
At Louisburg 10:00 10:30 am
Raleigh 11:16 am 11:54 pm
Hamlet 1:35 2:00 pm
Southern Place 2:12 2:37 pm
Hamlet 3:12 3:37 pm
Millsboro 4:12 4:37 pm
Charlotte 5:12 5:37 pm
Chapel Hill 6:12 6:37 pm
Columbia 7:12 7:37 pm
Greensboro 8:12 8:37 pm
Abbeville 9:12 9:37 pm
Fayetteville 10:12 10:37 pm
Atlanta 11:12 11:37 pm
Winston 12:12 12:37 pm
Charlotte via N. H. & R. R. 1:12 1:37 pm
Charlotte 2:12 2:37 pm

NORTH BOUND
Atlanta via N. H. & R. R. 12:00 am 12:00 pm
Winston 1:12 1:12 pm
Atlanta 2:12 2:12 pm
Fayetteville 3:12 3:12 pm
Abbeville 4:12 4:12 pm
Greensboro 5:12 5:12 pm
Columbia 6:12 6:12 pm
Charlotte via N. H. & R. R. 7:12 7:12 pm
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Weldon 9:12 9:12 pm
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