

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1898

NUMBER 4.

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

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of Moore, Hon. E. W. Taylor, Pres. Wake For-
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Patrons of Commercial Tourists and
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Good Sample Room.

WARRENTON HOTEL TO STORES AND COURT HOUSES

THE COMING OF THE MUSE.

The shy muse, rarely seen, at times
floats down, but will not stay,
But hides her unembodied rhymes
Far, far away.
From out the blank unpeopled page
There shines no vision fair,
And on the poet's noble rage
Broods cold despair.
In vain to toil, in vain to strive,
Efforts and vows are naught,
No favoring impulse comes to drive
The lagging thought.
Then sudden, mid the darkling chill,
Dead hope and strivings vain,
A ghostly radiance seems to fill
His heart and brain.
Far off and thin, translucent, white,
His straining eyeballs trace,
Half hidden, a phantom of delight,
A sweet veiled face.
And straight, 'tis life, 'tis youth, 'tis spring
That comes his toil to cheer,
Blithe fancy spreads a joyous wing,
"The muse is here!"
O'er foam flowered wave, o'er snow clad hill
She floats, or vernal green,
His happy eyes warm teardrops fill
Of faith and love.
Now from the sunset beckons she,
Now from the dawn's clear rose,
And daily now, now joyously,
Sings as she goes.
Now through the thick life laden air
Along the city street
Floating she draws divinely fair
His faithful feet.
Now by the palace, now the jail;
Lives glided, lives undone,
Lives laughter lit or those that wait,
She hovers on,
And with her takes the poet's mind
And heart and soul and will,
Where'er she leads a wandering wind,
He follows, follows still!
—Sir Lewis Morris in Harper's Magazine.

LUCK OF LODORE.

"What is the 'Luck of Lodore,'
Watty?"
A look of terror overspread the
face of old Watty Gibson, the butler
at Lodore castle, when he heard the
question which his young master
put to him just as dinner was ended.
Bending over the laird's chair, he
replied in a low tone so that none of
the numerous guests should hear:
"Whesht, laird, dinna speir, and
for the sake o' a' that's gude dinna
ask to see it."
But his words had been overheard
by the next neighbor to Laird Henry
at the dinner table, and he said:
"The family freits again, Watty: good
heavens, what a lot of rubbish our
forefathers did believe! What with
family ghosts in one gallery and
family skeletons in another and
'Lucks of Lodore' hidden in places
you wot not of you have a lively
prospect before you, Henry, my boy.
Why, your house is scarcely habitable.
I know I wouldn't stand it."
"What would you do, Jasper
Keith?"
"I would let in the light of com-
mon sense on the whole bag and
baggage of them, and I think in the
end you will find your worthy fore-
fathers have been kept out of the
best part of their mansion by a few
enterprising rats and mice."
"Jasper Keith, you know you are
talking nonsense. You are merely
egging my cousin on to attempt the
solution of the Lodore mysteries to
gratify your own curiosity. Henry,
do not be influenced by him," re-
torted beautiful Jean Arniston, who
sat near.
"My fair cousin, whatever you
say must, of course, be right. A
pretty woman is always right. But
nevertheless I will stick to the rats
and mice theory until I am converted
to a better," was Jasper Keith's
supercilious reply as the company
left the dinner table with the ladies.
"Come, Henry, let's take our wine
in the smoking room, and Clifford
and I will give you your revenge for
the £200 we won from you last
night."
"I dinna like young Laird Henry's
look," said the old butler when he
imagined he was alone with the other
servants clearing away the dinner
things. "He's like aye that's fey, and
I'm sure I saw his wraith stand-
in aside him in the ha' last night.
He's far owre chief wi' that Jasper
Keith than that man's here for nae gude.
He's gotten a face like the very dell
himself."
In place of the murmurs of assent
to his sentiments from his fellow
servants which he was always wont
to hear a bitter, sardonic laugh fell
on his ear. He started, to see the
man of whom he had been speaking
standing beside him, having re-
turned to the dining room to recover
a paper he had left behind.
"Don't like me, eh, Watty? Look
too much like his satanic majesty to
please your fastidious taste, eh?
Sorry I cannot change my features to
oblige you." And again the cold,
rasping laugh rang out from the
pale, bloodless lips of Jasper Keith,
whose pallid face, jet black hair and
beard and glittering eyes justified
old Watty's description.
The old butler vouchsafed no re-
ply. He made all the haste he could
to get away from close proximity to
"the double of the devil," as Keith
was called. The latter was a distant
relative of the family and had been
a rejected suitor for Jean Arniston's
hand. But his failure to secure the
prize did not discompose him. He
succeeded in establishing friendly
relations with Henry, and it was
whispered was the companion of the
young laird in some of the most dis-

graceful of the orgies into which he
was wont to plunge.
Lodore castle was one of those
rambling old border mansions that
still retain in their massive towers
and battlemented walls the mem-
ories of the stirring times when the
ruthless reiver and the stark moss
trooper were making the history
that has descended in ballad and ro-
mance. Standing at the head of one
of the gloomiest glens in the Lam-
mermoor hills and perched on the
summit of a precipitous crag whose
base was washed by the burn that
brawled and fretted down the ravine
below the castle, the building was a
landmark in the district for miles
round. The scenery in the neighbor-
hood was stern and forbidding. Rock
and moor, heath and wood, scur
and cliff were in evidence every-
where. Yet escape from the glen
and immediately one was amid idyl-
lic pictures of pastoral peace and
agricultural fertility.
For centuries the Arnistons of Lo-
dore had been the hereditary lords
of the district on all sides of the
castle. About the middle of last cen-
tury the head of the family had been
one Stephen Arniston, who lived to
a patriarchal old age, both loved and
respected and at length died, leav-
ing one child, the beautiful Jean.
The estate, being entailed, passed to
the nephew of good old Stephen, a
young man of considerable promise,
but whose estimable traits of ami-
ability and generosity were sadly
discounted by a certain headstrong
and obstinacy of temperament
which, united to an extravagant love
of flattery, rendered him an easy
prey to any adventurer. To the gen-
tle Jean he had been betrothed at an
early age. Though during a lengthy
residence with his regiment in the
low countries he was reported to
have contracted vices of the most
degrading type, it was hoped that
the influence of his gracious and no-
ble minded fiancée would wean him
from such habits.
Great had been the rejoicings at
the castle over the arrival of Laird
Henry to enter into his new posses-
sions. Attended by several friends,
among others Jasper Keith, he had
reached Lodore and had been warmly
welcomed by Dame Helen Arniston
and her beautiful daughter Jean.
But more than one sharp eye noted
that Jean's welcome was rather
from the lip than the heart. Hand-
some and debonaire though Henry
was, there was an undercurrent of
insincerity in his manner that caused
her to recoil from him and in secret
to weep bitterly that he to whom
her heart was already given, her
other kinsman, Archie Rubislaw,
the only hope of a poor but noble
family in the district, had not been
chosen as her husband.
The short afternoon of a Novem-
ber day was drawing to its close.
The weather was dull, lowering and
stormy. Heavy clouds were banking
themselves up on the southwestern
horizon, while the wind, with an
angry, ebullient shriek, was causing
the boughs of the fir and pine trees
that clothed the sides of the ravine
to toss their long, gaunt arms to the
sky as though in piteous protest. A
tempest of no ordinary magnitude
seemed brewing.
Apparently Jasper Keith's propos-
al to spend the afternoon at the
gambling table had not been re-
ceived with favor. The party had
gone outside, but seemingly the
bleak prospect without was driving
them homeward. As they came
along the approach leading to the
main entrance Henry was asked
some question regarding certain
rooms in the castle. He had been
unable to give a satisfactory answer,
so when they met the old butler at
the door the laird said, "Watty,
didn't you tell me I had seen all the
rooms in the castle?"
"Deed, ay, laird, and so ye have."
"Not every room, I think," re-
plied Keith dogmatically.
"What have I not seen, Keith?"
"You have never entered those
rooms on the second floor of the
west wing whose window blinds are
always kept drawn," retorted Keith,
with his gressome, Mephistophelian
laugh.
An exclamation of horror burst
from the old butler. He could scarce-
ly find words to dissuade Henry
from ever thinking of entering the
rooms.
"Ye maunna gang in there, Lo-
dore. It's as muckle as yer life's
worth. The rooms has been sealed
up for fair than a hunner years. I
canna tell ye what for, but some-
thing awfu' happened there, and
Laird Godfrey garred seal them up."
"Rats and mice again, I suppose.
These rodents have much to answer
for, Henry," sneered Keith.
"I shall enter these rooms tonight
or die," cried the young laird, thor-
oughly piqued by Keith's animad-
versions.
"Lord sake, Lodore, dinna dae ony
sic thing. I tell ye the dell himself
is in there. I've heard the maist awfu'
cries an' the clanking o' chains ilka
Hallowmass night."
"Hallowmass—why, that's to-
night! Will we hear it?" cried one
of the younger members of the
party.
"Say no more, Watty. I tell you

I will enter these rooms tonight. I
am determined to discover why half
my house is uninhabitable."
"Now, that is what I call a sensi-
ble man," cried Jasper, showing his
wolflike white teeth in a ghastly
smile.
"Ye deevil, gin onything comes
owre him, the young laird's death
will be at your door," muttered the
old butler.
Supper was nearly ended at Lo-
dore castle. The company was a
merry one, but Jean and her mother
had noticed with pain that Henry
drank far more wine than was good
for him. Jasper Keith sat by him
and took care that his cup should
never remain long empty. The fun
waxed fast and furious, and the
toasts followed rapidly one after an-
other, as though by their merriment
the company would drown the sound
of the thunder, the wind and the
rain that raged without.
At last Jasper Keith rose. He shed
his baleful smile over the whole
circle of guests, and as he raised the
wine cup over his head he cried: "I
have one more toast to propose. We
have drunk the health of the Laird
of Lodore. Let us drink—drink
'prosperity to the Luck of Lodore,'
and let the laird honor the toast by
drinking to it from the 'Luck of Lo-
dore' itself."
From the lips of Dame Helen, her
daughter and old Watty expressions
of horror fell.
"Stop, Henry! Do not agree to it
—the honor of the house may pay
for it!" cried the beautiful Jean
pleadingly.
"I must see it! Watty, bring the
'Luck of Lodore.'"
For an instant the old butler hesi-
tated; then, seeing his master was
in earnest, he slowly left the room.
After some delay he returned, bear-
ing with him a curiously shaped
box. This he unlocked, and then,
after stripping off several coverings,
he exhibited to the gaze of the com-
pany an antique crystal goblet, curi-
ously out and with certain strange
hieroglyphics inscribed around it.
"That is the 'Luck of Lodore,'
Maister Henry, said to have been
given to one of your ancestors by
the great wizard, Michael Scott. So
long as it is kept safe, so long shall
there be an o' the name o' Arniston
alive to heir the estates. For five
hunner years it has been preserved."
"Indeed!" sneered Keith. "And
the stability of the great house of
Lodore rests on so feeble a founda-
tion as a piece of brittle glass! Stuff
and nonsense!"
"Fill it with wine, Watty, and
then pass it round, that each guest
may say he or she has taken a draft
from the 'Luck of Lodore.'"
The old butler did so with trem-
bling hands and then returned the
goblet to Henry, who drained the
contents that remained.
"What a piece of degrading super-
stition! Can it be possible that any
one believes that the present family
would be either the better or the
worse of that goblet being broken?"
was Jasper Keith's remark as Henry
stood holding it in his hands. The
fumes of the wine were mounting
into the young man's head, and the
spirit of bravado got the better of
him.
"You are right, Keith!" he cried.
"We'll see whether the 'Luck of
Lodore' is a true or false prophet."
With these words he dashed the
crystal goblet on to the floor. A
criek broke from all present. Dame
Helen covered her face with her
hands. Jean darted forward toward
Henry, while poor old Watty, with
a cry of anguish, rushed to the spot
where the goblet had fallen. At that
moment a tremendous peal of thun-
der literally shook the castle, as
though in horror of the laird's ac-
tion. A mighty rushing wind also
seemed to pass through its galleries
and corridors, and borne on its wings
like the wall of a lost spirit came the
words, "Doomed, doomed, doomed!"
Yet through it all, with his cold,
supercilious smile on his lips, sat
Jasper Keith. "One superstition the
less," was his sole remark.
All was confusion now Watty had
found the goblet, and, singularly
enough, almost intact. The slender
stem alone was broken, but so that
it admitted of repair. Yet no sooner
had Jean perceived this than she
said in a low voice to her mother:
"It is the stem that has snapped.
Henry is doomed."
But the old butler, without further
remark, replaced the "Luck of Lo-
dore" in its casket and bore it away.
The old man's face was ashen pale,
and as he tottered rather than
walked to the plate chest in the
strongroom adjoining his pantry he
muttered, "It's a' up wi' the young
laird noo."
When old Watty returned to the
dining room, he found that, despite
Dame Helen's remonstrances and
Jean's entreaties and tears, Henry
was determined to penetrate into the
long closed suit of apartments in the
west wing. In vain the butler used
all his powers of persuasion, in vain
he asked the young laird to wait un-
til morning light.
"No; I wish to go now, to see
what there is that has frightened

you all and to recover the part of
my house that has been lost to you
so long. Get the keys."
Old Watty was perfectly stupefied
with terror, but nevertheless he had
to obey. Jean, seeing her betrothed
was so immovable in his resolution,
determined to go with him, and sev-
eral of the other ladies volunteered
to accompany her.
The gentlemen drew their swords,
and, lighting a couple of flambeaux,
Henry motioned the butler to lead
the way. Through many an ancient
gallery and corridor they passed.
At length the long deserted suit of
apartments was reached. The storm
without had now reached its height,
and the thunder crashed and re-
echoed through the long gallery
with awful distinctness. But not-
withstanding the young laird
cried, "Solve this mystery I will!" he
cried.
Watty with great difficulty insert-
ed the ancient key into the lock, and
after several ineffectual attempts at
last succeeded in getting the rusty
mechanism to act. But he positive-
ly refused to enter the rooms him-
self. Thereupon Henry and Jasper
Keith strode into the apartment.
In an instant they seemed to be in
the world of another epoch. The
furniture was rich past description,
but was thrown and tossed about as
though some deadly struggle had
taken place. The rooms appeared to
have been closed up in great haste.
On the table stood an old fashioned
china tea service, with cups still
containing the stain of the long
dried residuum that had been left
after drinking. Near it stood an
open spinet, with the music still
standing before it. The piece was
one of Guilio Sassano's long forgot-
ten pastorals. Yonder lay a faded
corset, blood stained, in another
corner a lady's slipper, beautifully
ornamented. In the middle of the
room stood an immense bedstead of
very costly workmanship, but the
curtains were closely drawn all
round. In front of the bed lay two
swords, thrown down as if in com-
bat, and by them the bones of a
moldering human hand cut off by
the wrist.
"If any solution exists it lies
within those bed curtains," said
Henry in a low voice.
"Draw them aside and see what
is there."
"I will."
These were the last words he
spoke. As he advanced to the bed-
side there came sweeping along the
corridor the same rushing, mighty
wind they had heard before. In an
instant all the flambeaux were ex-
tinguished. But scarcely had dark-
ness fallen upon them when a fright-
ful crash was heard in the lower end
of the room, accompanied by a wail-
ing cry. The curtains enveloping the
bed were violently drawn aside, and
it seemed as though a fiery hand
surrounded with blue sulphurous
flame was thrust forth from the
aperture and crushed both Henry
Arniston and Jasper Keith to the
floor, while overhead there broke
the most terrible peal of thunder
ever heard by any of those grouped
at the doorway, and under which
the old castle trembled to its founda-
tions.
Then over all there fell a silence
even more awful than the roar of
the elements, amidst which the
same wailing as had been heard be-
fore seemed to utter the words,
though at a vast distance, "The
doom has fallen—has fallen."
Lights were not long in being pro-
duced, and the inmates of the castle
pressed forward into the fatal cham-
ber to see what remained. The cur-
tains still fell with their dark in-
scrutable folds about the bed, veiling
as before the secrets that lay hid
there, but no man dared to with-
draw them. Before the bed, prostrate
and motionless, lay two
corpses, blackened and disfigured.
They were those of Jasper Keith and
the Laird of Lodore. Traced upon
the breast of the latter as by some
diabolic engraver was the exact re-
production of the "Luck of Lodore."
Lodore castle still stands in the
Lammermoors, but Jean Arniston
and the husband of her choice, Ar-
chie Rubislaw, never sought to ex-
amine further into the mysteries
of the sealed suit and were con-
tent to take things as they found
them. "The Luck of Lodore" still
sleeps undisturbed in the plate chest
of the present representative of the
family.—Black and White.

The Atlanta Constitution tells
a good story of how a literary
genius was discouraged.
"A north Georgia farmer, who
was possessed of some means, en-
tered the office of his county paper
and asked for the editor.
"The farmer was accompanied
by his son—a youth of seventeen
years—and as soon as the editor,
who was in his secret sanctum,
was informed that his visitor was
not a bill collector, he came for-
ward and shook hands.
"I came to get some informa-
tion," explained the farmer.
"Certainly," said the editor,
"and you came to the right place
to be seated."
"The farmer sat on one end of
the table while his son sat on the
floor.
"This boy o'mine," he said,
"wants to go into the literary
business, and I thought you'd
know of that wuz any money in
it or not?" It's a good business,
ain't it?"
"Why—yes," said the editor,
"after some little hesitation I've
been in it myself for fifteen years,
and you see where I've got to."
"The farmer eyed him from
head to foot, glanced around the
poorly furnished office, surveyed
the editor once more, then turn-
ing to his son, who was still
on the floor, said:
"Get up, John, an' go home, an'
go back ter plowin'."
From all over the country come
praise for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera
& Diarrhoea Remedy. Here is a sample
letter from Mrs. M. S. Shepley, Little
Rock, Ark.: "I have been suffering
from a very severe case of cholera
and diarrhoea for several days, and
I had heard of Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera & Diarrhoea Remedy, and
I decided to give it a trial, and I
found it to be just what I needed,
and I have the best reason for
recommending it very highly, with
much pleasure. It is the best
I have ever used."—Thomas, druggist,
Louisburg, N. C.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Schedule. Includes Southern Railway and Piedmont Air Line.

CASTORIA
The
Great
Kidney
Cure
Every man has his price. Mine
is the precious blood of Jesus.
For sometime I have suffered with
rheumatism and tried every remedy
readily, without effect. Mr. F. H.
Well advised me to try Chamberlain's
Pain Balm, and that I had found
many cases of the kind like mine.
I have used four bottles, and feel
that one more bottle will make my cure
complete.—A. P. Knight, druggist,
Louisburg, N. C.

E. F. YARBOROUGH.
Insurance.
Neal Building, Louisburg, N. C.
Fire Companies:
IMPERIAL of London,
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Williamsburgh City, N. Y.,
British America, Toronto,
Atlanta Home, Atlanta.
Property insured on favorable
terms. Dwellings especially solicited.
Bonds arranged for officers and others
holding positions of trust at small cost.

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Who may wish nice shampooing
or hair dressing done, will do
well to call on W. M. ALTON
& I. E. THOMAS. Ladies have
your bang cut right. We have
Dr. White new hair grower,
Van's Mexican Hair Restorative,
Ayer's Hair Vigor, Tricopherous
for the hair and skin, nothing to
beat it to keep the hair from fall-
ing out.
Local freight trains also carry passengers.
Passenger cars on Charlotte and
High to Greensboro, and on Morning Star to
Greensboro.
Double daily trains between Raleigh, Cha-
lotte and Atlanta, quick time, unexcelled
accommodations.
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G. H. BARNES, Gen. Pass. Agent,
Washington, D. C.