

# FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

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### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**METHODIST.**  
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.  
Geo. S. BAKER, Supt.  
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.  
G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

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Patronage of Commercial Tourists and visiting Public Solicited.  
Good Sample Room.  
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### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 2.

Text of the Lesson, John 11, 32-45.  
Memory Verses, 41-44—Golden Text, John 11, 25—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

32. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Thus said Mary when she came to Jesus as she fell at His feet in her sorrow. They had sent Him word, but He came not, yet He loved them. Oh, but this seems hard to anything but very great faith! To see our loved ones taken away knowing what He could give them and not let them stay with us, and yet believe that in it He loves us! We can see the love when He gives health, as to the blind man or the impotent man or the nobleman's son, and we can see His love to those whom He takes to His beautiful home, but where is the evidence of love to the broken hearts that are left? Yet it is all love, and all for the best.

33. "He groaned in the spirit and was troubled." He hates death and will not destroy it. Hear Him as He says: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave. I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." (Hos. xiii, 14.) The work of the enemy cannot hurt any of His redeemed.

34. "Where have ye laid him?" This from Him as a man, for as a man He was sympathizing with them and was drawn to their sorrows. We have not a high priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. (Heb. iv, 15.) They said unto Him, Lord, come and see.

35. "Jesus wept." What tears they were which fell from the eyes of the Man of Sorrows; actual tears from human eyes, yet He was God manifest in the flesh! Here and on Olivet as He wept over Jerusalem (Luke xix, 41) He wept for others, not for Himself. To the daughters of Jerusalem He said, Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children (Luke xxiii, 28). But what shall we say of His strong crying and tears in Gethsemane, when He prayed unto Him who was able to raise Him from death and was heard, and was saved from dying in the garden, and was strengthened by an angel and went on and finished His work (Heb. v, 7).

36. "When said the Jews, Behold, he wept." He loved him. Yes, it was love that wept, but there was more than love in it. The words make us think of John 11, 1, "Erad what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." "But one only Begotten, yet many sons through Him."

37. "Jesus therefore, again groaning in Himself, cometh to the grave." The whole creation is traveling in pain together until now, and we also who have the first fruits of the Spirit groan within ourselves, waiting for the redemption of the body (Rom. viii, 23, 28). There may be a connection between these two groanings of creation and believers and the two groanings of Jesus on this occasion.

38. "Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me." This after He had taken away the stone and before He called Lazarus forth. "Math. x, 35, we hear Him saying, 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' On another occasion, right in the midst of the people, He said, 'Father, glorify Thy name.' (John xii, 28).

39. "And I knew that Thou hearest Me, although I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me." It was His confidence that if He were here on earth for the Father, that the Father sent Him and told Him just what to say and wrought all His works in Him.

40. "And when He had thus spoken He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." One has said, if the body had not been raised by man, but had just cried, "Come forth," all the bodies of the saints would have responded, but at this time He only wants Lazarus, and him He calls by name. When Christ Him self rose from the dead, many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves after His resurrection and went into the Holy City and appeared unto many (Math. xxvii, 52, 53).

41. "Jesus saith unto them, Loose him and let him go." He was now alive at the mouth of the tomb, but still bound hand and foot with graveclothes; hence this command. How many saved people are bound by former habits of their life when they were dead in sin, and thus hindered from running for Him or working for Him or speaking for Him! He permits those who are already free from bonds to set others free. How necessary that the believer should be free from all bondage!

### ANOTHER LETTER.

GIVING A DESCRIPTION OF HOW THE CUBANS LIVE, &C.

From John W. Foster, a Volunteer in Army at Cuba, Written to His Sister in Raleigh.

CAMP COLUMBIA, Cuba.  
The Cubans are a very jolly but lazy set of people. They never farm, keep bar-rooms or Cafes as they call them. They bring oranges, nuts, pine apples, tobacco, cigars, towels and soap that cost from 5 cents to \$5.00 a cake, and all kinds of toilet articles to our camp to sell.

The Cuban lady has very dark complexion but pretty, uses lots of powder and paint and perfumes. The lower classes wash for the soldiers. They live in huts made of banana leaves. The richer classes live in houses made entirely of lime-stone, with very fine mahogany doors and stone floors. The floors are always very damp. The poor people wear very cheap clothing made of thin cotton cloth of very gay colors.

The rich wear silks and fine furs. Just think of furs in this hot climate. The houses are all square with an open court in the center, in which palms, banana and orange trees are planted.

The sitting room is on one side of the house and the buggy room on the other side, the horse stable in the rear next to the dining-room.

No stoves are used for cooking, instead they use huge pieces of marble with four or five holes cut in it and a hot fire made of coal is used. Wood costs \$18 a cord.

I went to Havana last Sunday; the first thing I did was to hire a sail-boat and go out to the wreck of the "Maine" and then on the "Brooklyn" which is here. I then sailed around Morro Castle and after about two hours sailing went ashore and the trip only cost \$1.50. Then I went on "Bishop" street, the main street of the city, the stores are the handsomest I ever saw. The finest stores you have in Raleigh would be considered fourth class here. The street is just wide enough for two hacks to go abreast. This street is covered by awnings. Then came dinner, beef steak, very fine, broiled chicken, fried Irish potatoes, bread, fresh fish, mollies, sweet potatoes, cold ham with mustard, tea and coffee, wine and cake, all cost \$1.85. We then visited some of the stores, all of which are open all day Sunday, and saw some of the finest jewelry I ever saw. After this we walked about and saw the fire department and fine hotels until about five o'clock. We then had a drive down to the "Prado," a large park. Every person we passed would throw a small paper bag of flour at us and when we got home our back and clothes were white as snow. I afterwards went back and found the flour about two inches deep and the poor people were gathering it up to make bread. This is the way they celebrate the "Mardi Gras." I got back to camp about ten o'clock very tired and sleepy.

I advise you to stay at home and take the cold weather. There is no fun here for a young lady unless she speaks Spanish. If you put out a yellow flag for one case of small pox what would you do if you were surrounded by small-pox and yellow fever as we are?

I went to the "Colum" cemetery to attend the ceremonies over the victims of the Maine. There are some of the finest monuments here that I ever saw. There is one erected to sixty freemen that cost \$200,000.

When a man dies here he is buried and stays in the ground one year. Then his people are made to pay tax on his body, and if the taxes are not paid he is dug up and his bones are thrown in the boneyard. I went to the boneyard to-day, it is 70 feet square, 60 feet deep and now is very nearly full of bones. There is said to be over 100,000 bodies in this yard. When a poor man dies he is taken to the grave yard in a coffin and buried and the coffin taken back to his house to be used again.

I saw the place where Columbus was buried. And the place where Gen. Garcia is buried. We have had some very cold weather and a terrible storm.  
Corporal JOHN W. FOSTER  
Co. K, 1st Regt. N. C. V. I., 1st Brig. 2nd Div. 7th A. C.  
Havana, Cuba,  
Camp Columbia.

### RESURRECTION DAY.

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." To how many millions of bereaved hearts have these sacred words come as a benison in the hour of sorest affliction, when dust was gathered to dust and ashes to ashes. They are the keystone of the Christian arch of faith, the removal of which would cause the whole beautiful structure to fall and crumble in pieces.

The manger song at Bethlehem the maiden mother and the babe amid the lowing kine, the adoration of the Magi and the astonished gaze of the simple shepherds of Bethel, is an exquisitely touching picture, with its side light of the angel song of peace and the mystic star that set ablaze the sky of night.

Noble the simple life and nobler the deeds, and yet more sublime the words that fell from the lips of Him who spoke as never man spoke before.

Calvary shows a spectacle of suffering to make the world weep over the sorrows of One who in the agony of death delivered a man given over like himself to human destruction.

But while the glory life of the Nazarene quickens the heart-beat of love and excites to admiration the mind of the believer, it fails to satisfy the longing of the spirit which is in a man that cries aloud "If a man die shall he live again?"

Ah! rest Bethlehem, rest Nazareth, rest Jerusalem, but a tomb a chamber cut in the solid rock; it is thence that proceeded the completeness of the holy faith and changed faith to sight and hope into glad fruition.

Sad hearts, mourning hearts, desolate souls, stand weeping by the grave of the loved that is not, and in that hour of this agony they feel that all that man can know or feel, or fear of anguish comes of the sepulcher. But that which scorches the cheeks with tears and stretches the heart string to breaking, that is the crown-prize of all that is of worth in living.

A voice from the grave, mark the spot, a voice from the grave, rang out upon the air of that first Lord's day: "He is not here, but is risen."

Hence the triumphant defiance of grand old Paul: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" But thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The sorrowing ones standing by the grave of the dead may look upward and with the eye of faith see the coming of the resurrected Lord with His angels, to call forth the dead who sleep in their graves, and thenceforward and forever the loved who were lost awhile shall live together with Him.

Easter day, resurrection day, day of glad promise, most glorious of all the days that have been, or are, or that shall be, meet were it that triumph songs shall rise from choral lips, that "sweetest flowers should fill chancel and altar, and that faces should be brightened into smiles and men and women put on their gayest apparel. The day that tells of His resurrection, also is the day that confirms His coming again, when all that sleep in Him shall rise with Him.

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### TRUE LOVE.

IT NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

But this Case Being an Exception It Came Near Causing a Serious Hitch in the Courtship.

"You haven't given me your usual greeting, Byronis!" said the young man, with something like a cloud on his brow. "Is anything the matter?" "Haven't I, Gerald?" moodily replied the young woman, drumming absently on the table with her fingers.

"You know you have not. And you haven't answered my question, either." "What question?" "I asked you if anything was the matter." "No—yes, everything is the matter. It's nothing new, though Gerald, aren't you getting tired of this?" "Tired of this," he echoed, feeling his hair beginning to rise on end.

"Tired of what?" "The whole business! See here Gerald. Your people have always wanted us to marry, haven't they?" "Yes." "So have mine. We haven't any relatives on either side that have opposed the match, have we?" "No."

"No. They've all done the best they could to throw us together." "Well, what of—?" "And when you proposed to me I fell right into your arms, didn't I?" "Well, you did come pretty near it—that's a fact," admitted Gerald.

"I haven't any small brothers, either, to play tricks on us or make fool speeches to you while you are waiting for me in the parlor, have I?" "No." "And mamma never listens at the keyhole or calls down the stairway to ask if that young man is here yet, does she?" "Surely not."

"Surely not. And papa has never asked you if you could support me in the style to which I have been accustomed has he?" "Not he. He knows—?" "Yes. He knows. And we've never quarrelled, either, have we?" "No, but Byronis, dear—"

"You've never been the least bit jealous of anybody else, have you?" "No. But—"

"No. Neither have I. Doesn't all that show, Gerald, that we really don't care for each other? No—stop—hold out! Let me finish. How do we know that we are not making a dreadful mistake? Think how terrible it would be if we found out when it was too late that we were never intended for each other!"

Gerald had been doing some rapid thinking. He sat with his head in his hands for two or three minutes without speaking.

Then he said with a deep, deep sigh: "I don't know but you are right Byronis." "You know Miss Harkaloug? I am forcibly reminded of something she said to me the other evening. I had called there—"

### THE GREATEST SOLDIER.

AS EASTER STORY BY OTIS REAR.

The great war was nearing its close. It was the evening when men looked back upon the noisome days of slaughter. At the front all was expectant. In the conquered States civil law began to lift its head. But even here there were independent bands to be captured or destroyed. One band was headed by Lit Branz. The soldier who studied the moods of his enemy was not slow to learn the whim of Branz. One night in a downpour of rain the colonel commander of a post remarked:

"We may expect that fellow now." "And he came, his horses dashing madly, and with sabers glittering like evil snakes in the air. But he was driven back."

One day the colonel sent for Capt. Lane. "Captain," said he, "I am informed that Branz and his men are lurking in the Gath neighborhood, about 30 miles from here. The Dingley law itself, which it was claimed, would be a perfect revenue producer as well as protector of high-priced American labor, is admittedly a failure. Senator Hanna himself has called attention to this fact. He says no tariff can hereafter be depended upon for revenue, because we are now exporting to Europe as well as to all other parts of the world, goods in each class covered by the Dingley schedule. The natural result is that goods are not imported and tariff revenues decrease. People do not import goods and pay ocean freights and a 60 per cent. tariff when a surplus of the same article is produced at home. But although the tariff is not needed for protection (as we are selling all classes of goods to Europeans cheaper than they can make them) and although the tariff is useless as a revenue producer, it will not be repealed or modified by the Republican party, because it is useful to the beneficiaries of that party in enabling them to maintain artificial prices in America."

To the Women of North Carolina. I am making an effort to form a State Federation, composed of all the organizations of women in North Carolina. This will bring the women of this State in touch with each other and with the women of other States, thereby securing the increased benefits which come from enlarged acquaintance, exchange of thought, and unity of action with definite aim. The organizations of women, and all Women's Departments of mixed organizations (such as Daughters of Rebekah, Rathbone Sisters, etc.) are invited to join in this movement, which is non-sectarian, non-political, and only designed for mutual helpfulness.

If this offer meets with general approval, a convention of women will be called at an early day to organize this Federation, and outline its future action for the same.

This body of women, representing the organizations in the State, will decide whether this State Federation shall affiliate with the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and all other action proposed to the convention. Each delegate representing an organization will be entitled to vote on all questions discussed by the convention. An effort will be made to secure reduced railroad rates for the delegates, and the fact duly published.

All organizations of women are requested to communicate with me on this subject.

Any information desired on the subject of the proposed Federation will be cheerfully and promptly given. Address, Mrs. RONNIE R. COTMAN, 425 Blount Street, Raleigh, N. C.

From all over the country, some words of praise for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Here is a sample letter from Mrs. C. Shep. of Little Rock, Ark. "I was suffering from a very severe cold, when I read of the cure that had been effected by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I concluded to give it a trial and accordingly procured a bottle. It gave prompt relief, and I have the best reason for recommending it very highly, which I do with pleasure." For sale by W. G. Thomas.

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They crouched in silence till the hymn was done. Then the guerrilla preacher began to pray. He thanked the Lord that peace was near at hand. He prayed for his enemies. He asked the Lord to forgive those who had injured him. He spoke of his son, and sat down sobbing.

"About face," whispered the captain. "Through the woods the soldiers marched, solemn, and with many a dark look cast at the captain. The guide was disgusted. 'Why didn't you kill him? You had him in your power.' 'Silence, sir. I shall make my report to the colonel.' And so will I. You had him and you let him get away. I believe you said something about hanging me. It may be my turn to say something about hanging to you. You can't do anything with me now. The men are all hot at you, and you'll be in luck if they don't string you up themselves."

The captain tapped the bat of a pistol and the guide rode on in silence. The colonel was sitting in his tent when the captain's troops rode into camp. The guide jumped off his horse and hastened to the colonel. The captain slowly followed. When he entered the tent the colonel was in a rage. For a time he could not speak. At last he uttered the word: Traitor. The captain smiled.

"Colonel," said he, "you are a Christian, and when you are calmer you will agree with me. I was sent to kill those wretches. I found them—their leader was preaching to them of the Resurrection—an old man preaching to a congregation in rags. They had decked a stump for an altar. The sun was just rising and fell upon it. And what you may call treason, but which I call was a tenderness, fell upon me. I saw a sort of misled John Brown praying. Sincerity was his account. Faith was his watchword. The great birds were building their nests. And I said to myself: Does my country in the glory of her victory want the blood of these poor misguided wretches? And I believe it was the spirit of my country that whispered: No. I admit that I have disobeyed orders. I make no defense, except that I could not find it in my heart to murder them. Colonel, I am covered with wounds. I enlisted as a private and I have fought my way up. You have commended me for bravery. You know that there is no treason in my nature. You know that I love my country better than I do my life. In New England my father is preaching—praying for the souls of men. And the old man standing in the valley with the sun upon his gray head reminded me of him. I will take off my sword; I will—"

A shout arose. A soldier came running into the tent. "Branz and his men have come in and surrendered," said the soldier. The colonel reached forth and grasped the captain's hand. "Keep your honored sword," he said. "Mercy is the greatest soldier."

A Few Plain Truths. As an ear trumpet the average woman is not a success. When a girl is in arms the young man in the case seems to enjoy it. Happy are they who look before they marry, and overlook afterward. Nothing so enhances the value of a thing as the difficulty in obtaining it. Some men stand on principle and some others probably would if they had it to stand on. Every woman knows that she talks too much, but what she doesn't know is a remedy for it. Sharper than the tooth of a serpent is the sarcasm of one who has no sympathy with human vanity. When a man is under a cloud of debt it's rather difficult for his creditors to see the silver lining. The clock invariably strikes the half hour when you wake up in the night and want to know what time it is.

"What for?" "Because they could." "What was the father doing at the time?" "Praying beside the deathbed of a federal soldier. He was a preacher." "Listen. They are singing. Keep law, every one."

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