

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

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NUMBER 22

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
METHODIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
GEO. E. BAXTER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

BAPTIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
THOS. H. WILDER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Thursday night.
FORESTER SMITH, Pastor.

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LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Thomas' Drug Store.

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PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
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FRANKLINTON HOTEL
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
SAM'L MERRILL, Prop'r.
Good accommodations for the traveling public.
Good Livery Attached.

OSBORN HOUSE,
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Good accommodations for the traveling public.

MASSENBURG HOTEL
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Good accommodations. Good fare: Fo life and attentive servant.

NORWOOD HOUSE
Warrenton, North Carolina
W. J. NORWOOD, Proprietor.
Patronage of Commercial Tourists and traveling Public Solicited.
Good Sample Rooms.
Bath Room to Dress and Coat Room.

THE HELPFUL WOMAN.

PUT OFF THE WRONG SATCHEL.

Her Excessive Zeal Got Her Into Serious Trouble.

I knew a good woman once—God never made a better one—who, on her journey through life, was also trying to be helpful; always looking out to lend a hand to her fellow-wayfarers and to make the rough paths smoother and easier for them. She was never so happy as when she was making some sacrifice or serving some other person, sharing her strength with the weak or her plenty with the poor, and sometimes she overdid it. For the purpose of identification I will call her Mrs. Jones.

While traveling between Utica and Albany one day a blind man was led into the car and placed in the seat before her. Here was a chance for a good Samaritan, and she seized it before anybody else got ahead of her. She saw that he was comfortably seated she opened her lunch basket and offered him something to eat; she looked at his ticket to see that it was right, and did everything she could think of to show her interest in a fellow being so afflicted. He was going to Little Falls, and every time the train stopped he would inquire in an anxious way if he had reached his destination, and whenever he heard somebody passing through the aisle he would ask how far it was to Little Falls. Mrs. Jones was alert and answered every question and assured him that she would see to his perfect safety. She urged him to be comfortable and contented, and promised to let him know when his journey was ended.

When the train slowed up and the brakeman yelled "Little Falls!" she pushed aside several officious persons who offered to assist her, and taking the blind man by the hand, led him out to the platform and delivered him to some friends who had come to the station to meet him. After she had bade him goodbye and returned to the car she noticed in the seat he had occupied a well-worn satchel. She seized it instantly, rushed to the door and threw it on toward her blind friend on the platform with as much force as she could exert, screaming at the top of her voice:

"You forgot your satchel!"

Then she returned and took her seat in the car, with the consciousness of having performed a Christian duty.

Pretty soon a rather rough looking person, who had neglected to shave that morning and chewed tobacco, came back from the smoking car and began to look around curiously and in an anxious way. Noticing that Mrs. Jones was watching him, he looked at her inquiringly, and then said:

"Madam, have you seen a satchel that was left in that seat?"

"Yes," she replied, promptly. "It belonged to a blind man, and I threw it out to him at Little Falls.

"The h—l you did!" exclaimed the unshaven citizen. Whereupon Mrs. Jones, perceiving that her friendly interest in the blind man had possibly caused some inconvenience to one who had two large, blazing eyes and was addicted to the tobacco habit, began to apologize. The stranger listened with an expression on his face as if he regretted that murder was out of style, and when Mrs. Jones had completed her somewhat incoherent explanation, he remarked:

"Madam, permit me to advise you hereafter to mind your own blank business, and let blind men and other folks gripsacks alone. I am going to Utica to attend court to-day, and that satchel contained all the documentary evidence in a case that involves many thousands of dollars. I have got it continued twice on various pretexts, but if I go into court to-day and tell the judge that I can't go on because a lunatic has thrown my grip at a blind man, he'll give me the laugh and my clients will be robbed. And you are to blame for it."

Mrs. Jones protested, apologized and shed tears, and when the conductor came back and sent a telegram to the station agent at Little Falls to find the bag and send it to Utica by the next train she took out her pocket book and offered to pay all the expenses. She even offered to leave the train and go back to Little Falls herself and bring the bag to Utica. She was eager, anxious to do something to repair the damages and aid the lawyer in saving his case. He settled down in his seat, chewed his tobacco calmly and let her do all the fretting. When she reached home and told the story to her daughter she solemnly promised that she would never try to help a blind man again.

Guns, shot wounds and powder-burns, cuts, bruises, sprains, wounds from rusty nails, insect stings and ivy poisoning, quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Positively prevents blood poisoning. Beware of counterfeits. "DeWitt's" is the name on the box.

Greensboro's Gala Week.

The State fireman's tournament will be held in Greensboro, August 1st, 2d, 3rd and 4th, and the people of that progressive city propose to celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner. The celebration will be turned into a "gala week" of the rarest enjoyment, and all who attend will be made to feel at home in the "Gate City" of North Carolina.

In addition to the meeting of the North Carolina State Firemen's Association, and the many interesting events incident thereto, such as quick-steaming contests, reel races, hook and ladder races, etc., there will be many other interesting and instructive features. On Tuesday, August 1st, a road Congress will be held, and addresses will be made by Prof. J. A. Holmes, state geologist, and other prominent and well-informed people on the subject of good roads. Tuesday night the annual meeting of the State Horticultural Society will be held. The grand street parade and spectacular trades display will come off Wednesday morning, and this feature alone will be worth traveling miles to see. Wednesday afternoon will be devoted to horse-racing. Liberal prizes are offered and some of the finest blooded stock extant will be on the turf. The half-mile track has been put in splendid condition for the occasion and those who attend may confidently expect to see some interesting races. The industrial exhibit, the trades display and the fine arts exhibit will be specially attractive. Two spacious exhibit halls have been secured, and two of the finest bands in the State will give continuous concerts. No admission will be charged to anything, except the horse races.

Greensboro is putting on her Sunday clothes for this event and her citizens are boiling over with enthusiasm. Tremendous crowds are anticipated and everybody that comes may feel that they will be properly cared for. Not only the hotels and boarding houses, but the private homes of citizens will be thrown open to visitors. If you go to Greensboro you will not be a stranger in a strange land, but you will be the guest of the most hospitable people on the globe. They will take you by the hand and make you feel that you are among friends.

The railroad rates are so low as to enable all to attend. Tickets will be sold on a basis of one first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale July 31st, and August 1, 2, and 3, good to return until August 7. On August 2 and 3 (Wednesday and Thursday) a rate of practically one cent a mile will prevail. This rate will apply to points within 150 miles of Greensboro and extend beyond that distance to include Wilmington, Kinston, Rocky Mount, and Asheville.

The Ideal Father.

Writing of the ideal father and ideal home training in "The Ladies' Home Journal," Frances Evans refers to the home life of a well known writer "who considers no affair of greater importance than the direction of his four boys' minds. His boys run in age from 10 to 17, but even the little lad of 10 is admitted to the family talks, which are teaching these boys to think for themselves. Instead of telling the children to 'keep quiet' at the dining table, both parents with kindness, promote and direct the natural talkativeness of youth into fruitful channels.

"The father brings home the news of the day, and each boy is encouraged to express himself on these current topics when they dine at night, provided he is willing to think about what he is saying, not deliver some careless, ignorant opinion, then obstinately stick to it." Argument is encouraged, and frequently started by the father. Each boy may give free rein to his opinion as long as he keeps his temper and argues his best. No slovenly habits of thought or expression are permitted in this family. The topic in hand may be anything from football to the latest scientific discovery."

An Incredible Jury.

In a criminal prosecution recently tried in York, Neb., the jury after a brief deliberation, returned the following remarkable verdict: "We, the jury in the above named case, do not believe one word that the witnesses have sworn to; neither do we believe that any of the attorneys have spoken the truth, nor that either of them could do so even if he should care to take the trouble to try." The humor in remarks casting doubt upon the veracity of the legal profession has lost the freshness of early youth, and a good, stiff penalty for contempt in cases of this kind would probably redound to the benefit of mankind in general.—Law Notes.

DIRECT EVIDENCE.

HOW THE BLOW WAS GIVEN.

Many Witnesses Beat About the Bush. But the Boy's Evidence Staggered the Lawyer.

A boy was summoned to testify in a case of assault in which one man hit another with a shovel. A host of witnesses had been called, who "beat about the bush" in the most tedious and provoking manner. This annoyed the lawyer for the prosecution who broke out as follows:

"Here, boy, we've been going around and around this case for hours, and yet have no evidence to convict the prisoner. Now, sir, he savagely continued, 'do you hear me? I want you to come to the direct point. Did you see the blow struck.'

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, ha," chuckled the lawyer, rubbing his hand, we have something to work upon. Here, my good lad, take this cane," (handing him his walking stick). "If you saw the blow struck, you must know how it was given."

"Yes, sir, I—"

"Now, then, no words about it. I tell you," thundered the interrogator, "I'm the complainant and you are the prisoner. Now, just raise the stick and show the Court."

The bewildered lad did "raise the stick," and the next moment it came down upon the bald head of the astonished lawyer, and sent him staggering to his seat.

"That's the way it was done, sir," said the boy, amid the shrieks of laughter of the whole court room. The discomfited counsel, with a ghastly attempt to smile, said that he had done with the witness—the evidence was direct.

Shutting off Steam.

Money-Maker Magazine.

"Shall we stop advertising for a while now?"

This is a question that some business men are apt to ask themselves, particularly in the summer, or during what they regard as their "dull season."

Suppose your engineer asked you: "Shall I stop putting coal on my fires sir?"

What would you reply?

"Why no—unless you want the engine to stop."

The advertiser who thinks of discontinuing may argue, "We have been advertising so long and so steadily that our name and specialties are well known, and we intend to advertise again when business is better in our line than it appears to be now, in the meantime our business won't stop."

No, neither will the engine stop the minute the men suspend shoveling in coal. The point is, however, that when the engine is started again, ten times as much will have been lost in power as has been saved in fuel or feed.

Two Students and a Thief.

Some months ago two hungry university students in the South of Russia coming home to their one bare room after a hard day's work for their living caught a thief running off with their books. "Are you the fellow that stole other books of ours yesterday?" they asked.

"I am, little fathers, but hunger and want drove me to it. I am starving."

"So are we, brother, or next door to it, and you ought not to have hit upon us as your victims."

"Well, your door is more easy opened; that's how it is," was the answer.

"We want those books for our examinations, brother; so you must get them back for us. But as you are cold and hungry now come in and join us in our supper. It is not much, but such as it is you are welcome. Here are 20 copecks for the beer. Run and fetch it."

And the three ate and drank together, for hospitality is a religion and charity its foundation.—London Telegraph.

Hon. O. B. Bosh, president of the Gilmer county (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mr. Bosh also states that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day.—Glenville, W. Va., Pathfinder. "This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowell complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by W. G. Thomas."

The Gift of Common Sense.

The homely gift of common sense is a possession to be highly prized, because of the lack of it many a genius has failed ignominiously. Talent and intellectual gifts have flashed and flamed like meteors across the world of letters and then have vanished in the darkness, because the ballast of common sense has been lacking to turn such gifts into something which will be of practical use. Genius may chain the lightning, but common sense alone can make it man's willing servant. The chemist who experiments with the unknown forces of nature; unless he can use common sense to reduce them to practical utility, accomplishes only half his work.

The old story of the fairies who came to bring good gifts to their god-child, and who had them neutralized and made useless by the angry fairy who had not been bidden to the christening feast, might find a parallel in the history of the one who had gracious gifts showered upon her, and yet lacks that all-important substratum of common sense which must underlie all mental gifts. If fortunate circumstances and protecting friends assume all responsibility, then perhaps it is not such a necessity, but for the one who has to face all kinds of emergencies, it is as important as a rudder to a ship. Call it by whatever name one may, good judgment, level-headedness, or wisdom, it means the same thing, and stands in good stead in tiding over many an unpleasantness. When some doubtful situation or some dangerous dilemma confronts one, no faculty of the mind can be more safely relied upon. "Common sense," said Wendell Phillips, "plays the cards it has. It does not ask an impossible chess board, but takes the one before it and plays the game."

Common sense dictates the rules of propriety, and it would be well if it also set the fashions. This it does not do, and because of its failure in this respect absurdities unnumbered have had their hour. In social life as well as in business circles the one who can not have the balancing power of good common sense is truly unfortunate. In the hour of his heaviest burden, when all things seemed to fail him Abraham Lincoln expressed his faith that the common sense of the American people would bring them in safety through the conflict, nor was his confidence misplaced. When in national life a wave of delusion seems to be sweeping on, carrying all before it, then it is that the shrewd common sense of the nation asserts itself and it stands firm while, after the manner of waves, the tide of error spends itself and leaves only froth behind it to mark the once threatened danger. "The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds." Occasionally one winds, but not often. Luck and chance are not safe guides, and they should not be depended on. If common sense is not a natural gift, it may be cultivated to a certain extent, and when one gets the habit of good judgment fairly established many difficulties are smoothed away and life goes on much more evenly.—Exchange.

The wings of birds are not only to aid locomotion in the air, but also on the ground and water. One bird even has the claws in the "elbows" of its wings to aid in climbing.

The editor of an exchange affirms that a subscriber has sent him his back subscription for fifteen years, together with the accrued interest. The editor believes the man has been truly converted. That editor either ought to furnish some proof of his statement, or else not claim to be converted himself. Few of the craft can take his statement as it stands.—Ex.

"Say, there was an actress who left \$5,000 worth of jewels in a street car here the other day."

"Oh, another of those advertising dodges, was it?"

"No. The jewels were worn by a lot of women who were returning from a South Side reception, and when the actress left the car the owners of the diamonds and other precious stones were still aboard."—Chicago News.

DeWitt's Little Earlic Rivers benefit permanently. They keep gentle sedatives to nature, causing no pain or weakness, permanently curing constipation and liver ailments.

PORTIS EXPLORATION COMPANY.

Several Well Known Raleigh People Are Among the Incorporators.

"The Portis Exploration Company" was yesterday incorporated with a paid in capital stock of \$10,000 with power to increase their capital to \$1,000,000.

The incorporators are E. W. Lyon, W. A. Campbell, N. W. West, J. A. Duncan, H. E. Litchford, F. T. Ward, J. W. Hardee, Wm. Boyton and R. L. Gray.

The company was organized and elected the following officers and directors: N. W. West, President; J. A. Duncan, Vice President; H. E. Litchford, Secretary and Treasurer; E. W. Lyon, General Manager; R. T. and R. L. Gray, Attorneys.

It is the purpose of the company to explore, develop and operate mining property in North Carolina and the South. The Company has acquired the control and possession of the well and favorably known "Portis Gold Mine property," containing 900 acres and situated in Franklin and Nash counties, at Ransom's Bridge postoffice, North Carolina, which they will at once thoroughly re-open, develop and operate under the general management of E. W. Lyon, M. E. and aided by his associate W. A. Campbell.

A fifteen stamp mill and sluicing operations will, within the next sixty days commence to demonstrate the pay values of the practically inexhaustible quantity and reserves of low and high grade free milling quartz and quartzite ores, and the gold placer grounds, upon the property.

The history of the Portis gold mine is romantic and interesting. Something over 80 years ago the owner, the shoemaker, John Portis, through a peddler's discovery of a nugget of pure gold in the daubing of his cabin, found himself the owner of probably the richest gold mine in the South. Washings of the rich surface earth on the hill side and branch gravel by himself and lessee quickly followed and enriched all interested. By the cruder of washing methods (under leases on a basis of one quarter royalty) such as "loft rockers," "allice boxes" and "long toms," fortunes were realized in a few months by such well known operators of anti-bellum days as the Aleton, Plummers, Williams and others of that section. The United States mint records show a production of over one million of dollars in gold from such operations, while also another million dollars has been traced through gold markets, through country storekeepers for which the Portis mine never received credit at the mint, making \$2,000,000 production to date during a term of years, and in so doing but a fractional percentage of the gold bearing formations were washed, and no gold extracted from the enormous formation of hard quartz or milling ores exposed by the surface work. In these washing operations the fragmentary hard quartz ores were thrown out and aside at the head of the rocker and sluice boxes, which only saved the loose gold in the surface ground and branch workings. Enormous piles of these quartz rock extend along the hill sides and branches, variously estimated at from 250,000 to 500,000 tons, whose average gold value has been estimated at from \$4.00 to \$6.00 per ton by various noted mining experts, and which in a crude stamp mill in a test run yielded \$2.80 per ton, at a cost for hauling and milling of less than \$1.00 per ton. As these ores are already mined and in sight, they give a net reserve value to the property of a very large sum.—News-Observer.

High Lights.

It generally turns out that a broken ideal was always cracked.

If you ask a woman for a reason give her time to make one up.

Dismal people would never smile were it not for other people's bad luck.

A cynic sneers whenever he sees a frosted wedding cake in a bake shop window.

Extravagant people are sometimes cured by having to earn the money they spend.

After marriage a girl becomes too economical to cry on her husband's coat collar.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

Surprising the Reformer.

To a young man who stood smoking a cigar on a down-town corner the other day, says the Chicago Chronicle, there approached the elderly and impatient reformer of immemorial legend.

"How many cigars a day do you smoke?" asked the licensed meddler in other people's affairs.

"Three," replied the youth as patiently as he could.

Then the inquisitor continued: "How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents each," confessed the young man.

"Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you would own that big building on the corner?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the old man.

"Well, I do," said the young man.

He Took Nails.

The owner of a general store in a Western village got married. In this little town it is the custom for the happy bridegroom to set up the cigars for all the congratulating males who drop in to wish him joy. So the bridegroom in this instance had a box on the counter, and most of his patrons were regaled from it.

Pretty soon an ancient gentleman lounged in. The storekeeper, who felt friendly to all the world just then, pushed the box toward the new-comer.

"Have a cigar, Uncle Jim," he smilingly said.

Uncle Jim looked at the box and looked at the storekeeper.

"What's this for?" he asked.

The storekeeper slightly blushed.

"Been gettin' married."

"Who?"

"Yep, me."

"An' you're standin' treat, eh?"

"Yep," said the storekeeper.

The old man picked up a cigar.

"How much did these cigars cost ye, Ab?" he inquired.

"Ob," replied the storekeeper, "they cost me 'bout four cents. They're nickel cigars."

The old man dropped the cigar back into the box. Then his gaze wandered around the store.

"Wall, Ab," he slowly drawled, "if it's all the same to you, I'll take a pound of nails."

And he got them.

A CHRISTIAN'S CONFESSION.

Rev. S. B. Chalmers, pastor of the Disciples' Church, Cleveland, O., wanted to "know how it is yourself"—how Jesus Christ would be received in fashionable churches in a laborer's costume—so he donned an average working man's outfit and entered a fashionable church which pays its pastor \$5,000 a year, and this is what he got:

"I stood in the aisle while many were taken by whom down to the front. They wore better clothes. Finally, because I seemed to be in the way, I was pointed to a seat in the gallery and the last seat in the house. All the respect in the church was paid to the man with good clothes and a gold ring. No one spoke to me. I felt that there was a stiffness about the service that was chilling. The sermon was historical and interesting, but such as could not smooth the ragged edge of common life. A man without hope would find no hope in it; a man without sympathy would find no sympathy in it; a man without Christ would find no Christ in it. But that church and that sermon are no better, nor yet any worse, than most others."

"Say, pa, what is a dark horse?" asked the little son of a well known east side politician, having frequently heard his father use that expression in speaking of conventions.

"A dark horse, my son, is one that never comes to light."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

"Don't you think I write with a great deal of dash?" inquired the new woman reporter. "Yes," responded the city editor, and I'd much prefer to have you use commas and semi-colons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Cure—No Pay.

That is the way all druggists sell Groves' Tasteless Kidney Pills for Chills and Malaria. It is simply less and Quinine in a tasteless form. Children love it. Adults prefer it to bitter sweating tonics. Price 50 cents.

THE "WORLD DO MOVE."

A Quick Freight Shipment Via the Seaboard Air Line.

Says the Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer of June 10th: the transportation facilities of this day and generation are simply wonderful, the Pilot Cotton Mills wired Monday afternoon to New York for some dye stuffs to be sent by freight, the goods were shipped that afternoon, and reached Raleigh Wednesday night by the SEABOARD AIR LINE, and were being used on Thursday morning in the dye house of the Pilot Cotton Mills for coloring goods, which they in some instances ship as far West as San Francisco. Truly "the world do move."

Useful Information.

Never stand near a tree, iron railing, or lead spouting when it is lightning.

Never leave a gun in reach of young people when loaded. Always remove the charge when you are done with it.

Do not sleep in a room where charcoal is burning. If you feel drowsy when near it, get into the air.

You may save many accidents by always picking up orange peel off pavements and roads and put it out of the way of passengers and horses.

In crossing a road always go behind a carriage. Never leave horses in a road by themselves.

Always air vaults or cellars that have been long closed before entering them. Try if a lighted candle will burn before strying in such places any length of time.

Keep sand in a hall in every house where kerosene is burned, as in case of fire it will extinguish it immediately. Milk also has this effect.

Thomas' Eucalypti, Carterford, O., writes: "I suffered from piles seven or eight years. No remedy gave me relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, less than a box of which permanently cured me." Suffering bastards, perfectly harmless. Beware of counterfeits.

Bring Him Alone.

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow, who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society.

"Sorry," replied the elegant man. "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"That's all right," said the respectable old gentleman, "bring him with you."—Chicago Record.

"Our customers say you manufacture three of the best remedies on earth," said the mercantile firm of Hase, Harris, Brim & McLain, of Dawson, Ga., in a recent letter to the Chamberlain Medicine Co. This is the universal verdict. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the finest preparation in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, quinsy, sore throat, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, pains and swellings. A 25 cent bottle of this salve will save you a great deal of suffering. Buy it at W. G. Thomas' drug store.

A MAN named Nottabittiviaki is the owner of a ranch in Kansas, but there are stories to the effect that he doesn't live up to his name.

To B. Y. P. U. Convention Via S. A. L. The International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America will be held in Richmond, Va., July 13th to 16th, 1899. For this occasion the Seaboard Air Line will sell tickets from all points to Richmond and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 11th, 12th and 13th, good to return on or before July 31st less by depositing tickets with Joint Agent at Richmond the limit can be extended to August 15th, 1899.

The Seaboard Air Line have elegantly appointed vestibule trains for Richmond daily, carrying Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and running on fast schedules, the "S. A. L. Express" giving passengers a daylight ride, and the "Atlanta Special" affording night rides in Pullman Sleepers, placing passengers in Richmond in the early morning.

Seaboard Air Line is the only line operating through Coaches and Sleeping Car reservations, etc., apply to nearest Ticket Agent.

For further information, Sleeping Car reservations, etc., apply to nearest Ticket Agent.

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