# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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## NEW STORY OF GEN. LEE.

### The Confederate Leader's Desire to Bury the Past.

At a meeting of the Loyal Legion held recently at the Occidental Hotel in honor of Major-General Shafter, says the San Francisco Chronicle, the following incident in the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee was related by Capt. Murray F Taylor, of the Confederate Army, who was an intimate friend of the great Southern leader:

"In the fall of 1863," said Captain Taylor, "Gen. Burnside, who commanded the Army of the Potomac, in his 'on-to-Richmond' movement, reached the Rappahannock river opposite Fredericksburg and there found confronting him on the south side of the stream a portion of the Army of Northern Virginia My old home, Fall Hill, is the first residence on the range of hills encircling Fredericksburg, and commands a view of the plains on the side of the river upon which the town is located. The same range of hills lower down ends at Maryes' Heights, at the foot of which is the 'stone wall,' where at the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, the Army of the Potomac met defeat.

"The view from Fall Hill is the most beautiful in all the country overlooking the Valley of the Rappahannock and the towns and villages on the river for many miles, and it is, as well, the highest point of the entire range of hills. The house is situated just back from the brow of the hill. General Lee and some of his staff rode into the yard and were examining the country before them, when the Federal artilery on the opposite side of the river, attracted by the group of horsemen, opened fire from the Stafford Heights. A shell soon struck a large cedar tree standing upon the brow of the hill and nearly in front of the house, cutting it off just under its branches and leaving the trunk about twenty feet high. My mother was standing in front of the house, watching General Lee, who was nearly under the cedar tree at the time. After the war she planted ivy around this trunk, and, as a momento of the narrow escape of General Lee, cherished the young plant and trained it most carefully until it covered the whole tree with its leaves. It was very beautiful in its great foilage, and at once attracted the eye of any one looking in that direction. In the spring of 1869 General Lee visited Fredericksburg as a delegate from Lexington, Va., to the Episcopal Convention, and came out to spend the afternoon at Fall Hill. I was at home at the time, and was with my mother when she welcomed him at the door. General Lee paused before entering the house to admire the beautiful landscape, which, clothed in the verdure of May, was lovely and impressive beyond description. My mother called his attention to the ivy covering the cedar trunk. The General observed it a moment and remarked: 'Mrs. Taylor, will you grant me a favor?'

"My mother replied; 'General I shall be as proud to do your bidding as my five sons were to serve you and their country during the war.'

"'Then, dear madam,' cried General Lee, 'cut down that tree and destroy every vestige of it.'

"My mother, greatly surprised, exclaimed: 'Why do you wish to destroy the beautiful ivy, General, which I have cared for so long and have watched grow with so much pleasure. Don't you remember how narrowly you escaped being injured when the tree top was cut off by the Yankee shell? However, if it is your wish, it shall come down, even although it has grown very dear to me in all this wreck and ruin of my once beautiful home. I have always cared for it, in remembrance of the day when the top fell, and when you so mercifully escaped injury.'

"The General paused a moment and then, with evident feeling, said: "Thank you, madam, but this is too fair a prospect to be saddened or marred by reminders of the terrible war. We are one people, and we have one country now. It is our duty and it is advisable to obliterate every land mark which will help recall the old bitterness. If I can influence my friends here to do so, they will fill up every rifle pit and level every fortification. You ladies of Virginia and the South, who by your prayers and oxample did so much during the war to encourage our soldiers in their terrible and trying hardships and privations, will, I trust, endeavor now to influence them to be as faithful in discharging their obligations in peace and to their country as they were courageous in time of war. Teach them that we are a united people with a common destiny. The past was directed by an all-wise Providence, and if we do our part He will care for us in the future.

## What Ex-Gov. Hogg Said that Stampeded Tammany.

Following in the speech which Ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, made at the Tammany Hall Fourth of July celebration and which is reported to have aroused great enthusiasm for Bryan:

"This Independence day love feast carries joy to the hearts of us all. Next year in national convention we will reiterate our unalterable devotion to the principles of the Democratic party, which guarantees the freedom of speech, the freedom of press, the freedom of conscience, the preservation of personal rights, the equality of all citizens before the law and the faithful observance of constitutional limitations.

"Descending from these generalities we will again particularize by declaring:

"For the unlimited free coinage of silver and gold on an equality at the government mints at the rate of 16 to 1, so that the people of the South and West, as well as those at the North and East, may have a sufficient supply of metal money to meet their growing demands.

"We will declare against the English gold standard, which American flunkyism has fastened upon th is government.

"We will denounce the endless financial chain of monometalism, which in its circular motion draws without limit bonds from the government and money from the people.

"We will declare against the Republican protective tariff, which enriches the few at the expense of the many and breeds trusts to menace every freeman.

"We will demand a graduated income tax as the best means of equalizing the burdens in peace and in war.

We will denounce the importation of foreign pauper labor, which paralyzes the strong arm of American workmen in their struggle for subsistence.

"We will declare for the suppression of trusts and for levying high federal taxes upon their interstate shipments with suitable forfeiture penalties added.

"We will declare for just pension laws for deserving seamen and soldiers, but against the frauds that dishonor them.

"We will favor the admission of all the Territories as States as fast as their population and capacity of self government qualify them for Statehood.

"We will denounce the growing spirit of imperialism which threatens the stability of our republic, and tell the foreigners upon the Eastern Hemisphere that while in war we are united until victory graces our flag, yet that in peace we would not have their territory nor their citizenship, but in good faith our congressional pledges shall be kept.

"We will renew our pledges to the Cubans that they shall have independence, and when they knock at our door for admission, conditions being suitable for the solemn action, we will welcome them into the Union as a State.

"We will demand the construction, the ownership, the operation and the maintenance of the Nicaraguan or other isthmian canal by the federal government, to the end that our commerce may become free from foreign domination.

"On a platform embracing these unequivocal declarations the grand old party of constitutional government in its purest form will go to the people next year confident of its triumphant success.

"In this great contest we want the aid of united Tammany—the greatest local political organization on earth. We want you to close up ranks, to settle your local differences, if they exist, and to go arm in arm with the stalwart breadmakers of the South and West to victory next year under the leadership of the chivalrous, the dauntless, the matchless great American—William Jennings Bryan!"


Hon. C. B. Bush, 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. Bush 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.


## A Confederate Mule Story.

A notorious character was Michael Dugan, commonly called "Mike," says John S. Wise in the May Atlantic. Dugan, indulging a taste for spirituous, liquors, not uncommon with gentlemen of his nationality and station of life, and impelled thereto by depressed feelings resulting from the inglorious ending of his military career, had not drawn a sober breath for a week. He had, in fact, a horsebucket of colorless North Carolina corn whiskey, from which he regaled himself with a tin cup at all hours of the day and night. Muttering to himslf, he moved about, sometimes becoming entangled in the tent cords, something falling headlong into or out of the tent. In an animated discussion with a teamster in like condition with himself, he had been nearly brained by a pair of mule hames whirled like a flail. Mike was a plucky fellow, and fearing his wrath his adversary, Rogers, had fled the camp. For several days Mike had rambled about muttering to himself. "Oi'll kill Rogers. Begad, and Oi'll kill him. Oi'll kill him if I have to follow him to Tennessee." We were constantly anticpating that something would happen to Mike. The day before our departure soomething did happen. A party of us, seated in the tent around a blanket spreaded upon the ground, were playing draw poker. Of a sudden a heavy body struck the tent and nearly carried away its fastenings. Rushing out, we found Mike lying there, unconscious and bleeding profusely. A mule, tethered to a tree hard by, stood patient, passive, with head hung low and drooping ears. We never for a moment suspected the mule. Mike looked as if he was done for. We lifted him gently, placed his head upon a McClellan saddle tree, chafed him, plied him with some of him favorite beverage, and about tho time we were despairing of resuscitating him, his eyed opened slowly.

"Byes, am I dead?" asked Mike.

"No, no, indeed old boy, you're all right," said we, for Mike, in spite of his failings, was a brave soldier and much beloved.

In a plaintive, tremulous voice, he began, "Oh, byes, do-ant let me die. Ye know Oi'm not afread to die. I was wid Albert Seedney Johnson at Shiloh, and Pemberton at Vicksburg. I was wind Pat Cleburne at Franklin and Joe Johnvill. Go ask drem, byes, if Mike was afraid. But save me now, byes! Oh! It is to ha-a-a-rd to be kicked to death by a——mule the day after the surrender."

## Cause for Tears.

"Oh, Harold, do you love me?" implored the bride of a month, as her husband came in from his business and pressed his waiting wife to his manly bosom.

"Well," said he, between kisses "what do you infer from this operation?"

"But, Harold, do you really and truly love me?" she demanded, eager to hear again from his lips what she had heard many times before.

"Yes, my darling, I love you dearly, devotedly, unceasingly, constantly, excessively, amazingly, and any other adverbs you happen to think of."

"You are making fun of me, Harold, and you ought not to do that," pouted the bride.

"No, love," protested Harold, as he squeezed her and kissed her again. "I was merely trying to convince you that I do really and truly love you dearly and dearly."

"Then you do love me Harold?"

"Yes darling."

"Are you sure, Harold?"

"Quite certain, my precious."

"Oh, I'm so happy," she said, with a little sigh of contentment. Then she asked:

"Do you love me as much as you did this morning, Harold?"

"I love you twice as much, my charmer," asservated Harold, thinking to make her very happy. But how little do men know about women? His bride looked at him sorrowfully and demanded:

"Oh, Harold, why did you love me less this morning than you do now?"

And she burst into tears.

"That man cheated me out of a cool million."

"Ah—wouldn't let you marry his daughter, I suppose?"

"No; he let me marry her and doesn't give us a cent."—Detroit Free Press.


No Cure—No Pay.

That is the way all druggists sell Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic for Chills and Malaria. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. Children love it. Adults prefer it to bitter nauseating tonics. Price 50 cents.


## The Limits of Friendship

Friendship, at its very best and purest, has limits. At its beginning, it seems to have no conditions, and to be capable of endless development. In the first flush of newborn love it seems almost an insult to question its absolute power to meet every demand made upon it. The exquisite joy of understanding, and being understood, is too keen to let us believe that there may be a terminal line beyond which we may not pass.

Friendship comes as a mystery, formless, undefined, without set bounds; and it is often a sore experience to discover that it is circumscribed and limited like everything human. At first, to speak of it as having qualifications was a profanation, and to find them out came as a disillusionment.

Yet the discovery is not all a loss. The limitless is also the vague, and it is well to know the exact terms implied in a relationship. Of course, we learn through experience the restriction on all intimacy, and if we are wise we learn to keep well within the margin; but many a disappointment might have been saved, if we had understood the inherent limitations of the subject.

Human friendship has limits because of the real greatness of man. We are too big to be quite comprehended by another. There is always something in us left unexplained and unexplored We do not even know ourselves, much less can another hope to probe into the recesses of our being.

Friendship has a limit, because of the infinite element in the soul. It is hard to be brought up by a limit along any line of life, but it is designed to send us a deeper and richer development of our life. Man's limitation is God's occasion. Only God can fully sitisfy the hungry heart of man.

HUGH BLACK.

## The Deficit.

The Atlanta Journal says that the authors and advocates of the abomination known as the Dingley tariff when they were proposing that law referred to the advocates of the Wilson tariff which it displaced as "the deficit maker." Their own epithet now returns to torment them. The Dingley trriff is not only the highest, the most discriminating and the most inequitable that the country has ever endured but as a revenue producer it is the most pronounced fraud and failure.

We finished the fiscal year just closed with a deficit of $88,875,000 and yet the special war taxes had brought in $156,000,000 more than our expenditures on the military account.

The treasury department has shuffled the figures and endeavored in every way possible to obscure a big ugly fact but it stands out so clearly that even way faring men cannot fail to see it.

How much longer will the country tolerate a policy which taxes the masses for the benefit of protected interests and which after exacting far more money from the people than is needed for the legitimate expenses of the government still leaves a deficit of nearly $90,000,000 for one year's operation.

Protection is doomed.

## Census Supervisors.

Census supervisors have been appointed for North Carolina as follows. They are all Republicans or Populists:

First district—Wheeler Martin, Williamston, N. C.

Second—Augustus M. Moore, Greenville.

Third—David J. Lewis, Whiteville.

Fourth—Joseph J. Jenkins, Pittsboro.

Fifth—J. T. B. Hoover, Hillsboro.

Sixth—Walter B. Steele, High Point.

Seventh—Gustavus A. Bingham, Salisbury.

Eighth—Osmund F. Pool, Taylorsville.

Ninth—John A. Hendricks, Marshall.

The census will be taken in June of next year. The districts are not the congressional districts but are arranged on new lines.

The heathen bows down to wood and stone—the enlightened people kneel to a god of gold.

This is the month when the June-bug has full sway—the bum—bug has all months for its own.


Gun-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 safe and sure.


## He Knew the Place to Find the News

"By the way, Mr. Brown, that new reporter we hired last month is a clipper. Beats any man we ever had on local news."

"Does, eh?" said the proprietor of the Weekly Hustler, glancing across the office toward the desk of the city editor. "I thought you told me he was too sleepy looking to make a reporter."

"That's what I thought at the start," was the reply, and I wonder even yet how he manages to get hold of all the items he does. He appears to be about two-thirds asleep most of the time. Never see him hustling around as the others do, yet whenever I call on him for his 'copy' he shells out the news in great shape. Don't think he has missed an important item of local news since he has been with us."

"And you can't understand how he manages it, eh?.'

"I certainly can't. The more I think of it the more puzzled I am."

"Well, what's the matter with asking the young man himself? Here he comes now. I say, Slocum, the city editor says you're the sleepiest reporter we ever had, yet you scoop in all the news that's going, and he is wearing out his intellect in wondering how you manage it. Will you kindly explain the mystery?"

"Huh! No mystery about it—just plain instinct," drawled the new reporter. "I may be a trifle sleepy, but when I want news I go where news is to be had. Tuesday afternoons I spend my time at the Woman's Rainy Day Club, Wednesday evenings I take in the Ladies' Benevolent Guild and Social circle, and Friday evenings I put in a couple of hours at the Dorcas society and by the time I get around I've picked up all the news that's worth having—and it's a plagued sight easier than hustling all the week for it, and don't you forget it! The Dorcas society has just let out, and there's your latest news all ready for the press."

And the sleepy but knowing reporter dumped a peck of the latest news and freshest items of news on the city editor's table, and then sat down and promptly fell asleep at his desk.—New York World.

## Frills of Feminine Fashion

From the Pittsbug Press

Hand painted silk gauges and mousseline de soie are favored materials for evening gowns, with tulle, and point de'esprit in the lead.

Narrow black velvet ribbon is used to trim colored pique gowns.

Brilliantine of the finest, silky quality is the favored material for bathing suits, unless wool is required, and then French bunting and English serge are the best fabrics. Cream-colored braid on white serge or mohair, which forms the collar and belt, is the favorite trimming, but, for the sake of variety, lace yokes are one feature of decoration. Black, blue and white are the popular colors.

Gray feather boas are all the rage in Paris.

Braids finished with a short fringe are among the new dress trimmings.

Baby ribbon in black and white mixed, edges the ruffles on a black organdie gown.

Sun-plaited skirts of linen lawn are very good style trimmed the width of a hen from the lower edger with a wide band of cream lace insertion.

Golf jackets are made of bright green cloth, with reveres, collars and cuffs of red.

Sailor hats made of fancy braid and finished with a band of brown or blue velvet are very stylish.

Alpine hats of coarse straw with a soft twist of polka-dotted silk gauze or taffeta silk around the crown and some stiff white quills at the side are worn with pique suits.

White pique yachting suits with red collar and cuffs are very effective.

The prettiest toques are built of folds of tulle, with one single ostrich feather at the side.

Old-fashioned tatting is coming in again to be used as an edge for silk plaitings on the much-trimmed gowns.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

From the Chicago News.

Hope is a dream a man has when he is awake.

Fools begin a lots of things that wise men finish.

The beauty of a tattooed picture is only skin keep.

Any dealer in firearms will furnish you an empty gun free of charge.


ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome


## Two Boys and Two Cows.

Oxford Democrat.

Tuesday morning we saw two boys and two cows. The boys were taking the cows to pasture. There was nothing unusual about such a scene for it is a common thing to see boys driving cows to pasture. What impressed us was the different modes of the two boys in driving their respective bovines. One boy, a little fellow with a pink waist and dark trousers, wearing a straw hat, walked by the side of his cow and occasionally would rub her neck and speak kindly to her. The cow knew that he liked her and she feared no harm. She was as gentle as an old family horse. The other boy [little brute] put in his time, exerted his strength and wasted his energy in throwing stones, clods, sticks, etc., at his cow and in running her. Occasionally he would curse the poor beast and blankety blank her at a rapid rate. It is not hard to determine which cow will yield a profit and which will be kept at a loss, not because she is not able or willing to turn food into butter fat but because she cannot do it under such treatment.

## Puzzled the Old Woman.

Carlock Times.

A wag was requested by an old lady to read the newspaper to her. He read as follow: "Last night yesterday morning about 1 o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast a hungry boy about 40 years old bought a big custard for a penny and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping on it broke his right ankle off above the knee, and fell into a dry fish pond and was drowned. About forty years after that on the same day an old cat had nine turkey gobblers, a high wind blew yankee doodle on a frying pan, and killed a cow and two dead pigs at Boston where a deaf and dumb man was talking to his aunt Paul." Whereupon the old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed, "do tell!"

## Don't Snub a Boy

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of his dullness in lessons. Hogath, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub any one; not alone because some day they may out strip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Great Thoughts.

## Whitelaw Reid's Opinion.

Whitelaw Reid's ability and observations need not be questioned by any one, even though he does not agree with Mr. Reid in politics.

In a speech at Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, a few days ago, Mr. Reid gave utterance to the following striking expression touching America's responsibility resulting from the war with Spain:

"We are actually responsible not merely to the inhabitants and to our own people, but, in international law to the commerce, the travel, the civilization of the world for the preservation of order and the protection of life and property in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Guam and in the Phillippine archipelago; including that recent haunt of piracy, the Sulus. Nothing in human power can ever restore the United States to the position it occupied the day before Congress plunged us into the war with Spain of which as to escape what that war entailed. No matter what we wish, the old continental isolation is gone forever. Whithersoever we turn now we must do it with the burden of our late acts to carry the responsibility of our new position to assume."

## Getting out of Beaten Paths.

In all the vocations of life there are men who cling with tenacity to the old in all things. They have codes of manners and methods to which they adhere without deviation. In the business world there are sometimes they achieve success, but oftener they stagnate, and never leave the worn rute in which they have so long moved. On the other hand, there are merchants who do not permit themselves to be restrained by a hidebound conservatism. Careful not to accept mere novelties as improvements, they adopt all proper and available methods which make for progress, and recognize in advertising the mightiest lever by which to extend their business and secure more profitable returns.—Philadelphia Record.

## Education at the South.

From the Omaha Bee.

It is an encouraging fact for the future of education in the South that the educators of that section appear to be agreed upon three things as equally necessary and essential—industrial education, co-education and nonsectarian education. The first of these appears to be regarded as the most important, and there is no doubt that industrial education would be of great advantage to the South, as it has been to the North. The other conditions should also be insisted upon and in urging them the educational conference was working in the direction of true and substantial progress.

## Hon. Lyman J. Gage.

President Mckinley's Secretary of the Treasury, made the following significant statement to a reporter of the Washington Post:

"The Republican party should, in my opinion, make the fight next year upon a bold, straightforward unequivocal declaration for the single gold standard."

However much we differ from Mr. Gage in his opinion on the currency question we agree with him that the fight should be made on this issue without any "straddle" or equivocal platform susceptible of two constructions. When this is done the people can express their opinions at the polls intelligently. But when "international agreement" clauses are inserted in the platform numbers of voters are deceived and vote contrary to their convictions.


Thomas Rhoads, Centerfield, 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." Soothing, healing, perfectly harmless. Beware of counterfeits.


There is a feeling that the talk of Luna's death is all moonshine.

Senator Helme says the senators took $25 a vote to close out.


"Our customers say you manufacture three of the best remedies on earth," said the mercantile firm of Haas, 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, quinsey, sore throat, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, pains and swellings. A 25 cent bottle of this liniment in the house, will save a great deal of suffering. Buy it at W. G. Thomas' drug store.


## 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 but by depositing tickets with Joint Agent at Richmond the limit can be extended to August 15th, 1899.

The Seaboard Air Line have elegantly appointed vestibuled 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 ride in Pullman Sleepers, placing passengers in Richmond in the early morning.

Seaboard Air Line is the only line operating through Coaches and Sleeping Car between Atlanta and Richmond.

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