

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

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NUMBER 28.

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GOV. TAYLOR'S STORY OF LIFE.

He says "Love, Laughter and Song" are all of Life.
Governor Taylor's new lecture, says Sunny South, is an old story sweetly told—the story of life, of love, and happy homes. It is not different from his other lectures in subject-matter, but the word pictures are even more effective than any of his previous efforts. Some lecturers labor with studied themes and have sleepy hearers. Bob Taylor simply talks of human life, its fancies, its longings, and love. Every life has one story, one message. Bob Taylor's message is familiar to every Tennessean, and with every repetition it grows more beautiful.

We are all kings, he says, but love is king of kings. Love is the all in all of life. Every tender word we speak is a thread of sunshine in somebody's life. We long for sympathy and love, and the great trouble with us is that we do not mingle enough of love with life. Why should we fill the hands of the dead with flowers and withhold them from the living? Who would not rather have a tender word to-day than to know that he would have a hundred flowers on his coffin?

The lecturer pictures love in the dazzling ballroom, and love keeping time with the country fiddler, the slippered skirted beauty of the city, and the buxom lass of the country, with the bloom of the rose upon her cheek. The very air is drunk with love, if we will but find it.
Turning from the happy home, the palace of love, he tells us that the pathway of life is not easy. Some stumble, some fall. The juice of one forbidden apple has kept the world drunk ever since. The married man falls before the power of King Barleycorn, and to his little wife he makes the explanation that he gets drunk just because she looks so pretty that he likes to see two of her. The tramp, the romance rags, is pictured. He goes into a community, and to show that he is a dentist of repute, offers to put a full set of teeth into a piece of pie. The lonely wanderer, despised by all, peers into the window of a happy home, sees the little children encircling with their dimpled arms the neck of a loving father, and the housewife busy with her work. Then, raising his voice in eloquence, the statesman and orator exclaims: "God pity, the homeless of our race! I despise the man who does not sympathize with the fallen."

Uncle Rastus is at the country dance. He draws his bow, his head keeps time with the music, and the couples fit to and fro in the merry waltz. They asked Uncle Rastus of life and what is love. He is a relic of old Dixie, of the good days long ago, and his talk is quaint and pointed. He brings out, and his love and compares men with the animals of his stories. How alike they are! "Little Bopeep has lost her sheep," but you can't always be sure that the old man will stagger into his home and bring with him a plausible tale.
Governor Taylor says that in politics he was no longer a king, but a slave. Critics and slander-mongers abounded in the realm of public life, and the slime of evil minds was in the pathway. "I have dragged myself out of politics," he said, "and—lol—I am king again."

While in the public life he had rescued children from the penitentiary. He had seen repentant men and had restored them to the world. He had sent fathers back home to take care of desolate families and to live a new life. Critics had said it was wrong; humanity said it was right, and the audience decided, by applause, on the side of humanity.

In this great world some go up and some go down. How swiftly the shadows of sorrow follow the gleams of happiness! In the heyday of love all is laughter and sunshine. But the shadows fall. The husband is taken from the wife; the babe is wrested from the mother. But love steps in with a tender word and soothes the wounds of sorrow.
And so it goes, as only Bob Taylor can tell it. In his periods of oratory he is sublime; he conjures with words, and they seem to swell up with new meanings, and to glow and inspire a warmer feeling. At his characteristic wit the ripples of laughter are made to play over the audience and to break into waves of applause, and then the magic of his eloquence crystallizes the tears of sympathy. He sings another song, and then "Dixie," and when the hearers have left the theater and think alone in their homes, they feel that the greatest blessings of life are love, laughter, and song.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Work to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.—Franklin.

Tom Reed's Memory.

In the field of public life, at the bar and in the service of the State, there have been few men whose memory surpassed that of Thaddeus Stevens and Jeremiah Black, citizens of Pennsylvania and men of national reputation. We have two men. The memory of the late William Ewart Gladstone is said to have been "almost marvellous." In the present generation of public men Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, is widely known for his great power of memory. Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives, at Washington, has spoken for hours at a stretch from memory. But he says it is always a hard task, and that he is never free from the fear that somewhere along the course he is going to falter and break down. "I feel many a time as if I were not going to get over the next hurdle," he says, "but somehow I usually manage to gather myself for the next leap."

When he was a student at Bowdoin College up in Brunswick, Me., says the Boston Journal, "memorizing used to be the bane of his existence, and it may have begun to dawn upon him that a little special effort was necessary if he expected to come out with credit at the end of the course. Butler's Analogy was one of the tasks set before the class, and Reed determined to master it. The day before each recitation he would shut himself up with the analogy and commit a page to memory, word for word. There is not a superfluous syllable in the treatise, as those who have been brought up on it are well aware, and it used to take Reed two solid hours to perform his task—just two hours a day taken out of his life, he says. He was always letter perfect in recitation. This was the beginning of the lessons in memorizing which have stood him in good stead since he became a public speaker. Nobody ever saw Reed refer to a manuscript while making a speech and nobody could be more successful than he in conveying the impression of spontaneity. But he has never made a speech of any importance on a set occasion that it was not druggerily and patiently memorized, and the marvel of it is that his impromptu outbursts in debate are as perfect in form and matter as the address he has carefully prepared."

He Could Turn the Crank.

Charleston News and Courier.
A good story was told here a day or two ago, apropos of the death of the late H. B. Plant. The old gentleman entered one of the large offices of his roads one day, and as it was his first visit for forty or more years did not recognize in him the "boss" of the place. It was a hot summer day, and the boys were having a good time generally, in shirt sleeves, with their feet perched on the tops of the desks, smoking cigarettes and cracking jokes. The old gentleman inquired of them if there was a "phone in the room." "Yes," was the reply. The conversation among the clerks continued, and little notice was taken of the man.

He ventured to inquire where it was, and one of the clerks, pointing to the wall, said: "There she hangs—do you expect us to bring it to you?"
Mr. Plant walked slowly over to where it was and asked them how it worked. This question he had to repeat, as the boys were too much engaged in their good time to hear him. His second request brought forth the reply from one of the fellows: "Haven't you got sense enough to turn the crank?" The crank was turned, the bell tingled and the question came from the other end: "Who's there?"
"H. B. Plant," was the reply from the old gentleman, and as he said it down came the feet of the desks, out went the cigarettes and all found themselves suddenly thought of some business requiring their attention, one fellow yelling: "It wasn't me, Mr. Plant."

After finishing the business he was transacting over the "phone," Mr. Plant turned to the employes and gave them a lecture, the substance of which was he would overlook their misconduct this time, but in the future to treat every man as a gentleman until found out otherwise.

No Right To Ugliness.
The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strength, nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at W. G. Thomas' drug store.
Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

Is Everywhere Understood and too Much Overlooked in Valuation of Character.

Paul Tyler, in one of his essays, says: "People everywhere are waking up to these facts: 'Worry is wrong! Worry is unnecessary! Worry must go!' So mote it be! The sooner the unnecessary wrong of fretfulness is given his 'walking papers,' the better for the world. Worry certainly has no place in the life of a believer—a worrying Christian is, indeed, a solecism."
Helen Hunt Jackson wrote thus of the sin of fretting: "There is one sin which, it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech—so common that, unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it."

"Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which probably everyone in the room or in the car or on the street corner, it may be, knew before and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it?"
"It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, it cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about." It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living even of the simplest, if one keeps a sharp eye on that side of things.

Outdone By a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him:
"You will never amount to much, you can never do much business; you are too small!"
The little fellow looked at them and said: "Well, said he, 'as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you four men can do.'"
"And what is that?" said they.
"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. "But they were anxious to know, and he told them what he could do that neither of them were able to do."
"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four many faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point. The testimony of the boy was heroic and timely, a worthy example for those of larger growth.—EX.

A Bachelor Talks.

Love would be all right as a lottery if the dice weren't loaded.
The youngest man or woman that ever lived felt older in experience than Methuselah.
If a woman never threw herself at a man's head she would probably never strike him favorably.
When a woman puts on her fluffiest fuzzy things it is a sign she doesn't know what might happen.
The average man's reputation with other women depends less on his character than it does on his wife's dresses.
When a woman worries herself to death about her husband's getting so thin it's generally because she is getting so stout.

If there wasn't any such thing as scandal in the world women wouldn't take the trouble to call on their nearest neighbors.
Franklin's Wise Words.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.
When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.

If you would have your business done, go, if not, send.
Foolish men make feasts and wise men eat them.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.

Want of care does us more damage than the want of knowledge.
He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either bold or drive.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep.

A Trust is a Dagger.

"Trusts and monopolies are the greatest menace that threatens the young men of America and throttles to a great degree individual efforts. Nothing is truer than the old adage, 'competition is the life of trade.' Without competition the tendency is to stagnation and decay."

This is what Attorney General J. M. Terrell says of the trusts, and he is heart and soul in the movement recently inaugurated by Gov. Sayers, of Texas, which has resulted in the bill being issued for a convention to be composed of the governors and attorney generals of the various states of the Union, which meets in St. Louis next September.
"A trust is the dagger with which capital stabs to death the individual efforts of American manhood; a blow from organized and deeply laid schemes that strangle the helpless, but ambitious, and the thief that comes in the night and robs the honest toiler who would carve out his own fortune and future.

Show me the young man, ambitious, energetic and determined, who can win a business of his own when a trust comes to oppose him. Show me the honest and conscientious business man who can succeed against the organized bank vaults of millionaire trusts. You can't do it. Trusts make millions of the few and paupers and slaves of the masses.

"You ask me if I am going to the anti-trust convention. Of course I am. I am going to fight against this monopoly of capital that throws its throttling hand about the throat of the people and tosses them headlong into the sea of bankruptcy and poverty."
"Trusts are always perilous, whether the people are overruled or not. A trust is composed of the few who have it in their power to increase the price of necessities at will. Whether they do increase the prices or whether they do not, is not the question that is at issue."
"Take it for granted that some of the trusts do not increase prices. I say it is a very, very dangerous thing for a few men to have it in their power to increase with a stroke of a pen the price on coal and flour and meat and meal and strike the people to the ground. A one man power is always a dangerous thing, and that is what a trust is."
"Rob business of competition and you bring about a condition of stagnation and decay that is ruinous throughout the country to the people whose dollars support the trusts and whose purchases make it possible for the millionaires to rattle the silver and gold in their pockets."

Consistency.

Ex-Senator Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, having discovered rich oil-bearing lands on his plantation in Texas, proceeded to develop it, and now has sold a half-interest therein to the Standard Oil Company for \$350,000 in cash. Of course the whole property will be managed by the Standard and Mr. Mills will receive his share of the profits.
This sale of a half-interest for so much as a third of a million of dollars, of itself, would have excluded Mr. Mills from the society of honest people, but to still share in the profits of the Standard Company is simply to "leave all hope behind."

And yet, and yet, the fellow who would say, being similarly situated, he would not have done it, belongs to that class referred to in scripture as liars, the truth not being in them. Not one of the creatures would not "strike lie" if he could, and pocket every cent he could make out of it, whether it be through a company handling the article or otherwise.—Raleigh Post.

Conscience.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all" and "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," express the same idea in different forms, and there is at least a germ of truth in it. Men who are entirely free from superstition, to whom the thought of supernatural interference has never occurred, are nevertheless under the influence of conscience. If they are in the right or think they are in the right, which amounts to the same thing so far as they are concerned, they fight bravely to the death; if

they are in the wrong and know it, there is more or less hesitancy in their action unless, indeed, they have stifled their conscience and are hardened in crime. The man who is doing wrong, and whose conscience upbraids him, is nervous and ill at ease; he is suspicious of others and his imagination makes him extremely sensitive to criticism. He distorts innocent remarks into accusations, pictures in his own mind evils that do not exist, and is rendered so nervous that he is unfitted to defend himself against attack.

The innocent man, with a clear conscience, presents an opposite character. He is contented and self-contained. Even an accusation may pass by him unobserved; he is impervious to hints and if assailed is ready to defend himself with all his faculties. The superstition of the dark ages was founded upon a psychical truth, but no doubt derived additional force from the mystery with which it was surrounded. Increase of knowledge does not lessen the force of conscience, but makes those who are disposed to deal justly with their fellows more responsive to its action. Conscience may be stifled or hardened, but only by the destruction of moral character. One who desires to live uprightly should aim to maintain its influence, and this he can do only by respecting at all times the warnings it may give.

Strive a Man.

A contemporary gives the following advice to its readers: "For a man's birth, look to his linen and finger nails and observe the inflections of his voice. For his tastes, study the color of his ties, the pattern and hang of his trousers, his friends and his rings, if any. For his propensities walk around and look carefully at the back of his head. A symmetrical cerebellum, with well trimmed hair, is an indication of self-control and energy. If you want a successful man, see that he has a neat foot; he will move quicker, get over obstacles faster than a man who falls over folks with 'em, too. For his breeding, talk sentiment to him when he is staring, and ask him to carry a handbox down the public street when you're just had a row. To test his temper, tell him his nose is agile on the one side and not like the way his hair grows. There are other ways which will suggest themselves naturally to a bright woman."—American Journal of Health.

True to His Word.

The Washington Post reaches for the truth of the following incident: Early last summer two young braves of the Creek nation quarreled at a dance for the hand of a young girl who the both wished to marry. They fought, and one was killed. According to the usage of our courts, the survivor, Watka by name, would have been found guilty only of homicide, but by Indian law he was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death in August. He was then, also according to usage among the Creeks, released on parole. This is a common custom that it did not occur to the people of the tribe as possible that he would fail to appear at the set time.
Watka married the girl for whom he had fought, and worked hard to give her a home and support after his death. On the day of execution he received a reprieve until the last day of October, in order that he might play in baseball games for which he was scheduled. The game was played. On the last day of October Watka went out alone for the execution grounds. Crowds had gathered to witness the tragedy. He walked to the place marked for him, knelt down, clasped his hands, behind him, and closed his eyes. The next moment he lay dead in punishment for his crime.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened, I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine the sweet and quick cure in the world for all throat and lung troubles. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. G. Thomas' drug store, every bottle guaranteed.

How Many White Men would have kept that fetal troy?

Is the savage idea of honor along some lines of conduct higher than ours? "Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest," let us think on these things. They are helpful, though we find some of them in a poor Creek Indian, his hands red with blood.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Why Do They Act Thus?

He was one of those hesitating young persons who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, and the girl in the case was not that sort, says the Washington Star.
"Do you know," he said to her one evening as they talked, "that I think a great deal of you?"
"Yes!" she twittered, with coy interrogation.
"Yes, and the more I see of you the more I think of you."
"Yes!" and again the pretty little note of rising inflection.
"Yes, and I want to think more of you every day."
"How sweet of you," she murmured.
"Yes, and I have something to say to you, too."
"Indeed?" This in pretty surprise.
"Yes, and I would say it if I dared. I—I—I—"
"But you don't dare," she interrupted.
"How do you know I don't?" very bravely.
"Because."
"Because what?" and he removed one degree closer.
"Because you don't say it."
"But I will say it."
"When?"
"When do you want me to?"
"I want you to now."
"Really?" with intensity.
"Yes, indeed."
"Can't you guess?"
"How can I? Tell me, won't you?"
"Right now," nervously.
"Of course."
"Well, w-w-will you marry me?" this impetuously after the first two words.
"Oh, Mr. Brown," she cried, in much sorrow, "what did you ask me for? I had no idea you were going to say that. Don't you know I am engaged to Mr. Smith, and have been for a whole week, and we are to be married in October? I am sorry—" but Mr. Brown, muttering maledictions, had gone out.

Slightly Mixed.

A young married couple who recently went to housekeeping on Clybourn avenue had just enough money to buy the necessary furniture. They had not sufficient cash to invest in mottoes and pictures. The young wife is handy with the brush, but has considerable yet to learn in books. She made an effort to supply the deficiency in mottoes for the wall by working at odd times on plain-cardboard with water colors. Here are some of the mottoes that now adorn the Clybourn avenue home:
"A stitch in Time is the Noblest Work of God."
"What is Home Without a Fool and His Money?"
"People Who Live in Glass Houses Flock Together."
"Birds of a Feather Gather no Moss."
"He Who Fights and Runs Away Gets the Worm."
"If in Union There is Strength Then 'Tis Folly to Be Wise."
"Procrastination is But Skin Deep."
"The Sword Ain't in It with the Pen."
"How Sharper Than a Serpent's Child it is to Have a Thankless Tooth."
"Early to Bed and Early to Rise is as Bad as a Fire."
"He That Goes a Borrowing Makes a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wise."
"Great Oaks Should Keep Near Shore."
"Economy Never Did Run Smooth."
"Use the Rod and Save the Jam."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Women and wine, game and deceit, make the wealth small and the want great.—Franklin.

DeWitt's Little Early Bearer did me more good than all blood medicine and other pills.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, it will nourish the properties of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn. Price 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom.

Hismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25 cents at W. G. Thomas' drug store.

FRANKLIN DIVISION

PEOPLE'S MUTUAL Benevolent Association, LOUISBURG, N. C.

OFFICERS:
W. J. BYERLY, President.
W. J. BYERLY, Treasurer and Gen'l. Manager.
C. C. HARRIS, Special Agent.

This division has elected the services of Mr. C. C. Harris, as Special Agent to work in this Division only, and Mr. Harris will enter upon his duties in a few days. It is the intention of the officers of the Division to increase the number of our policy holders to one thousand members as soon as possible, thereby making each policy worth \$1,000 to the beneficiary in case of death.
There will be some changes made in the management of the Division, and the principal one will be to do away with directors, as this feature has proven to be a failure in the way of passing all kinds of diseased people. In the future we will have a board of health composed of three, and they will pass upon all applications for insurance, and in case of death of assured the beneficiary named in such policy, or the nearest relative of the deceased will notify us immediately after death, and we will send our Special Agent to make investigations and report to us accordingly, and upon receipt of such information to this office we will forward check for one-third of the value of the policy, and the remainder in thirty days as heretofore.
We also wish to state that we will have but one agent in this Division, and that will be Mr. Harris. He is a gentleman who is well known to the people of Franklin and adjoining counties, and whatever he tells you in regard to the policy of insurance will be carried out to the letter.
W. J. BYERLY, Treasurer and Gen'l. Manager.

Rheumatism

Results from a Bad Liver and can be Cured by Using Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S Liver and Kidney Balm

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