

THE FRANKLIN TIMES

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
T. J. B. WILSON, Sup.
Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
L. S. MARNEY, Pastor.

BAPTIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
T. J. B. WILSON, Sup.
Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Thursday night.
H. H. HARRISON, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL.
Sunday School at 9:30.
W. B. H. ROY, Sup.
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Prayer, Friday afternoon.
Rev. JOHN LONDON, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Services 4th Sunday in each month—morning and night.
Pastor.

LODGES.
Louisburg Lodge, No. 413, A. O. U. M. M., meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month.

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PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN.

CHAPTER I.
The evidence was all in. The speeches had been made on both sides of the case, and the attorney for the state had grown severe and eloquent in urging conviction. The jury had remained in retirement all the morning and at last had filed in and rendered their verdict. David Buckley, the prisoner at the bar, was found guilty of having deliberately and in the night stolen a bale of cotton from a neighbor's barn, branded it as his own and taken it to market the next day.

He was a short, thicket man near the age of sixty—gray, stiff haired and sullen faced, and just how more angry, it was thought, at certain neighbors who had testified against him than chagrined at the verdict of the court. He glanced at his wife, who sat against the railing behind him, and she started slowly at the floor in the sheriff came and led him back to jail.

Later in the afternoon he was brought back to receive his sentence. The judge, a tall, powerful man, dark of hair and eye and as brown as a Spaniard, looked down at him and stood up when Hiram Hillyer, a well to do cotton and grain merchant of the town, rose and begged permission to speak to the judge in private before the prisoner was sentenced.

"Well, I reckon we've got time, Mr. Hillyer," the judge said pleasantly. "If it's anything in Buckley's favor I'd like to hear it. I've been on the bench seven years, and I don't think I ever had a man before me that was painted as black by his neighbors."

Making his way through the cluster of lawyers and students of the law around the stove to one of the vacant jury rooms, the merchant waited for the judge to join him, and when he came Hillyer, nervously pulling at his short, gray beard, faced him, an eager look in his mild blue eyes.

"I'm afraid it ain't nothin' in the old man's favor, Judge Moore," he faltered. "The truth is, I'm a-thinkin' about his son. Judge, of that ever was a finer, more honest an' upright boy than George Buckley, I hain't never across 'im."

"Oh, you can't tell me anything about George," said Judge Moore. "He and I are friends. He voted for me and I've got me in the Upper Tenth district. Ah, so he sent you to me, did he? Well, what does George want for I was glad he want to be court to hear all that stuff against his daddy."

"You see, we thought—me'n' George both thought that maybe you mought do justice mought be carried out by imposin' a pretty heavy fine, an'—"

"Old Buckley ain't able to pay a cent," broke in the judge. "I've made inquiries, and if his little farm is sold it will leave his old wife without any means of making a support. No, the fig's up with him."

"But George's been savin' money for the last five years," said Hillyer anxiously. "I've got it borrowed from 'im at regular rates. I can lay my hands on the money at a moment's notice. Yes, he can raise a reasonable amount all right."

Judge Moore frowned, thrust his hands into the pockets of his trousers and turned to a window which looked out on the courtyard, where a few idlers lay on the grass near the hitching rack.

"I'm not going to be the medium through which deserving innocent people suffer for the guilty," he said firmly. "I've thought it all over. I was afraid George might ask this, but it's no go. I've made up my mind on that score."

"Oh, Judge, don't say that," pleaded Hillyer. "The boy simply can't bear it. You see, Judge Moore, since I tuck 'im an' sent 'im off to school he's been sorter away from his home, an' the feller's got as much feelin' as anybody else. Then when he got through college, an' I giv' 'im a place in my business he's stood with the best folks in the town, an' it would go hard with 'im—to have his own daddy at the coal mines."

In one of the corners of the big brick building next to the street. It contained a long walnut counter full of drawers with shelves beneath his ledger, commercial reports, dusty letter files and wired bunches of bills, receipts and canceled bank checks.

George Buckley, a handsome, dark eyed young man of twenty-seven or eight, sat on high stool at the end of the counter. He was dressed in a ponderous ledger. Turning his head and seeing who it was, he removed his heels from the rung of the stool and turned round. There was a steady stare in his eyes as he fixed them on Hillyer's sympathetic, almost shuffling face.

"You did not succeed," he said, his lips tightening.

"No; he'd already made up his mind," George replied.

George Buckley turned suddenly and bent over his ledger and took up his pen, but he did not dip it in the inkstand. Hillyer could not see his face, but he noted that the hand holding the pen was quivering. Suddenly he chkey the old man caught his arm, but Buckley wrenched it from his grasp.

"Let me alone, Mr. Hillyer," said he. "For God's sake, let me alone!"

"All right, George; I was just about to do it," said Hillyer. "But his words fell dead on Hillyer's ears for he had taken Hillyer, pulled it on, and plunged out at the door. For a moment the merchant stood like a man turned to stone, and then he hurried back over the rough floor through the warehouse to the negro man in the middle of the counter.

"Jake," he said excitedly, unable to control his voice, "drop yore work an' run after George. Don't let 'em see you, but come back and tell me where he goes."

"All right, Marse Hillyer," and, leaning his trucks, the negro hastened out at the side door of the building and sped up the street. Hillyer went back into the office and sat down at his private desk. Once he lowered his head to his crossed arms and it looked as if he were praying. In a few minutes Jake returned, swinging his slouch hat in his hand.

"He went just to de postoffice, Marse Hillyer," he said, looking at Hillyer with a look of wonder. "I didn't know what he was goin' up for. Den he come on down by Hillhouse's bar. He stopped dar an' looked in, den he come on slow like an' stopped agin. Den he turned an' walked back an' went in. I went round to de back end an' watched. He was at de counter pourin' him out a dram, Marse Hillyer."

"You say he was, Jake?" said the merchant. "Jake, in the mornin' I want you to tuck all that western wear over on the other side. It's too damp where it is."

"All right, Marse Hillyer."

A moment after the negro had left the office George Buckley came in and resumed his seat at the counter. He opened the big ledger, dipped his pen and began to write. Hillyer watched him cautiously. His hand seemed steady enough, but his cheeks were



"He's in a awful state o' mind, Marse Buckley."

flushed and his hair dishevelled over his brow. Just then Mrs. Buckley came into the office. She took off her bonnet, showing smooth, gray hair and a deeply wrinkled brow and cheeks, and stood for a moment behind her son. Hillyer fancied that their conversation might be of a private nature, and, taking up a grain sampler, he left the room. The sound of his heavy boots drew George Buckley's attention, and looking round he saw his mother. Her sympathetic eyes fell beneath his wild glare.

"I reckon Mr. Hillyer's already told you," she began.

"Yes, he's told me."

"Well, that ain't but one thing fer sensible folks to do," faltered the woman, "an' that's to make the best of it an' go on tryin' to do our own duty."

"Yes," he nodded vacantly, "you are right, mother. Are you going home tonight?"

"No. I loved it ud look more respectful to stay till they look 'im in the mornin'." The sheriff's wife asked me to spend the night with her in the jail house, so I could be high 'im."

George Buckley shuddered visibly, but he said nothing. It gave Mrs. Buckley the opportunity she was looking for.

"George, I reckon bein' young as you are an' an' minkin' with folks here in Darby that hain't never been in sech

TOUCHE TO THE SYSTEM.
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CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

(Special Washington Letter.)
"T WAS a famous victory," and no mistake, but not unprecedented and not so remarkable as at first blush it would appear. It is by no means the greatest in American annals—quite the contrary. He is a capable man, a growing man, a man who has been in the service of his country for four years—the entire life of the highest state in population and the fourth in wealth. Their careers are part of the priceless treasures of the republic.

Dr. Bartholdt has not announced in the ordinary acceptance of the word. He has led it by a recognition of his name, he is "willin'." And why shouldn't he be? It is a great honor. His dozen years of hard, intelligent, patriotic service in the house have surely trained him in the duties of national legislator. He is a capable man, a growing man, a man who has been in the service of his country for four years—the entire life of the highest state in population and the fourth in wealth. Their careers are part of the priceless treasures of the republic.

A careful analysis of the popular vote shows up in about the same proportions. Colonel Roosevelt's vote is about 500,000 in excess of the McKinley vote of 1900, while Judge Parker's is about 2,500,000 less than Bryan's in that year. So one can see at a glance that it was the stay at home vote that wrought the disaster. Prognosticators will do well not to count on the stay at home vote to repeat that caper. With candidates and platforms to suit they will be the first to fail in the next contest.

The small vote for Wilson does not indicate much virility in the old Populist party, but the astonishing increase in the Debs vote shows that the Socialistic Democracy is a factor in future elections which must be reckoned with. While the loss in representativeness is deplorable, two years will soon roll around. The most substantial loss to the Democrats is in the senate, because of the six year term. Cockerill of Missouri and Gibson of Montana will be replaced by Republicans. In Nevada the Republican will be elected to succeed Stewart, Republican. The Democrats confidently expected to win that seat. The same is true in New York, West Virginia and Delaware.

Senatorial Candidates Galore.
After March 4 there will be a new thing under the sun—at least new to this generation—a Republican United States senator from Missouri. "Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." As soon as the Republicans of Missouri recovered from the fever of the charge, they were what it was, of their victory in the state they began to rub their eyes and to talk about a Republican successor to General Francis Marion Cockerill. Candidates sprang up like mushrooms in a dark cellar, or like Roderick Dhu's men from the heather, and "the cry" still, "They come!" Hon. Thomas K. Niedringhaus, who claims to have done it all, was the first to shy his castor into the ring, accompanied by his personal check for twenty-one thousand and some odd dollars to pay the balance due by the state committee. Close on his heels came Colonel B. C. Kerns, who for many years was national committeeman, always a liberal contributor and who in the recent campaign gave the state committee \$5,000 besides a check for the balance. Among these in electing members of the legislature in close counties. It is whispered that Hon. Daniel M. Hauser, business manager and partner of the Globe-Democrat, would not object to wearing a senatorial toga. These three are millionaires—at any rate they are reputed to be and are named first because their chances are considered good, largely by reason of their wealth. In addition to them are some men who are poor in this world's goods, but whose talents or public services entitle them to consideration. Among these are Colonel David Patterson Dyer, who preceded me in congress from the Ninth district of Missouri by nearly a quarter of a century, who is now United States attorney for the eastern district of Missouri and who is probably the most popular Republican politically in the state; Major William Warner, one of Mr. Cowherd's recent predecessors in congress from the Kaikias City district, now United States district attorney for the western district of Missouri, and a man of intellectual and oratorical force, and last, but by no means least, Hon. Richard Bartholdt, who for twelve years has represented a St. Louis district in congress, who has been elected for a seventh term and who in the next congress will be dean of the Republican party in Missouri. Of course I am neither the legal, spiritual nor political adviser of the Republican majority in the Missouri legislature, but as a Missourian proud of that magnificent commonwealth I am anxious to see a senator who will in-

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