THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. THE COUNTY, THE STATE THE UNION SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XXXV. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1905 NUMBER 21.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. GEO. S. BAKER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 30 P. M. every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
L. S. MASSEY, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

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

EPISCOPAL.

Sunday School at 9:30. WM. H. RUFFIN, Supt.
Services, morning and night, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.
Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon
REV. JOHN LONDON, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN.

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

LODGES.

Louisburg Lodge, No. 413, A. F. & A. M., meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month.

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By J. J. BELL,

Author of "Wee Macgreegor," "Mrs. McLerie," Etc.

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"No wonder! Two first prizes! You'll be a gardener yet, lad!" she added, almost solemnly.

During the evening he asked her how she had got on with the books.

But she was ready for the question. She was ready for anything now. "The books are mine now, Davie. I'll look after the books, and—and you'll look after the work that fills them."

"Ye're a great wumman, Jess!" he cried admiringly. "I'll take ye to the next show, wet or dry!"

CHAPTER II.

IN THE WOOD.

MRS. WALLACE opened the door under the signboard which announced in faded letters the fact that the shabby old timber building was occupied by "D. Houston, Joiner and Glazier," and entered the workshop. It was a sultry afternoon toward the end of August, and within there was neither movement nor sound save among the flies that hovered and buzzed against the dirty small paned windows.

"Shope!" cried Mrs. Wallace, picking up a hammer from the nearest bench and thumping violently.

Old Angus rose slowly from the bags of sawdust whereon he had been dozing, a blackened clay pipe between his teeth, and came leisurely across the floor, peering drowsily at the visitor.

"Aw, it's yersel'," he muttered at last, recognizing Mrs. Wallace.

"Aye, it's masel'. Ye're busy the day, shairly?" she returned, with a sarcastic smile.

"Mphm! I was that busy I forgot to lock the door," he retorted good humoredly.

"Are ye no' feart to gang to sleep wi' yer pipe in yer mooth amang a' thae sticks an' shavin's?" she asked severely.

"Ma pipe's toom, as ye can see, mistress. If there was onythin' in it, ye wadna catch me nappin'."

"But whit wey dae ye keep an emp'y pipe in yer mooth, man?"

"For comp'ny—jist for comp'ny. But it's no' vera entertainin' comp'ny, an' whiles I forget it. Was ye wantin' onythin' the day, mistress?"

"I wis wantin yer maister."

"He's no' in the noo."

"I can see that fur masel'."

"Weel, ye can believe ma word a' the better."

Mrs. Wallace gave an impatient sniff. "When 'll he be in?"

"He didna say."

"Wull he be in the day?"

"He micht, an' he micht no'. Was ye wantin' him parteeclar-like?"

"Aye."

"That's a great peety."

"Tits, man! When wis he in last?"

"Afore dinner."

"An' whaur did he gang then?"

"Hame to his dinner. I dinna ken what he was to get to his dinner, though."

"I wisno spierin'."

"I thocht I wud save ye the trouble."

Mrs. Wallace sniffed again. "Ye're gettin' vera polite in yer auld age, Angus," she remarked acidly.

"Aye, aye," he returned, blinking cheerfully. "A man's never ower auld to learn. It's maybe different wi' a wumman," he added reflectively, with an absentminded pull at his cold pipe.

Mrs. Wallace was too well accustomed to such sparring matches with old Angus to be deeply offended by his last observation. "Man, it's a peety ye never got mairrit," she remarked teasingly.

"Ye're no' the first to say that, mistress," he returned, with an irritating grin.

"Weel, I'm likely to be the last!" snapper Mrs. Wallace. "An' I'll bid ye guid day, ye impiddent auld man!" And she turned to the door, her beaded mantle, which she wore out of doors, summer and winter, shaking, half with wrath and half with amusement.

"Oh, ye better bide a wee," he said more genially. "What's yer hurry?"

"I dinna want to keep ye aff yer work," she retorted, facing round and glancing meaningly at the bags of sawdust. "Wull David Houston be in the shope the morn's mornin'?"

"I wudna say he'll no'."

"But wull he no' be in the shope fur certain?" the old woman demanded impatiently.

"Aye, I daur say he'll be here."

"Are ye no' shair?"

"Aye, I'm shair."

"Mercy me!" she cried. "Whit wey did ye no' say that at the beginnin', man?"

"Och, I didna ken ye was in a hurry. Ha'e ye a job for him?"

"'Deed, aye. Ma coal cellar door's a-wantin' a new lock. I'm shair I tell't Jess to tell him about it mair nor a month syne."

"Aye. I mind him speakin' aboot it. It was on the sclate, but maybe it got rubbit oot. Mphm!" muttered Angus, taking down a cracked school slate from the wall. "It maun ha'e got rubbit oot when he was writin' doon ither orders. Ye can see fur yersel' it's no' there."

Mrs. Wallace examined the slate, upon which there were several jottings. "Weel, ye can pit it doon noo," she said, curbing her temper.

"I'll dae that, mistress," he returned pleasantly. He drew the wristband of his flannel shirt over his fist, and in a twinkling the slate was clean.

"My! Ye've done it noo!" she exclaimed.

"What's ado?"

"Ye've rubbit oot a' the orders that wis on the sclate!"

Angus stared ruefully at his handiwork. "Sirs, the day! I maun be gettin' auld," he said dismally at last. "I hope the maister 'll mind what wis on the sclate."

Mrs. Wallace refrained from making an unkind remark. After all, she argued to herself, David ought to attend to his business personally, and he was the one to blame.

"What did ye say ye wantit, mistress," asked Angus in a humbled voice—"a door for yer coal cellar?"

"Na, na! Jist a lock fur the door o' the cellar."

"Jist that. Maybe ye wud write it doon yersel', mistress," he said, handing her the slate and pencil, as he always did to customers after offering to take down their order.

Mrs. Wallace took the pencil and flung back the right wing of her mantle. "Whit'll I pit doon?" she asked, laying the slate on the bench and bending over it.

"Aw, jist write 'Lock—Wallace.' He'll ken what that means."

"Man, I wunner at ye keepin' sic a bad pencil," she remarked as she scrawled laboriously to the accompaniment of a hideous screeching. "It's near as bad as playin' the fiddle. Weel, see an' no' rub this oot, Angus," she said, rising and adjusting her mantle.

"I'll tak' care, mistress," the old man replied in a subdued voice. He was very much ashamed of himself and had no heart for further chaff.

"Has yer maister been busy the week?" inquired Mrs. Wallace.

"Oh, aye; he's busy."

"Whit's he workin' at the noo?"

"I think it's his carnations the noo," he answered, and could have bitten off his tongue the next instant. "Ye muckle sumph! Ye auld eediot!" he said to himself. "What did ye tell her for?" Then, pulling himself together, he said aloud: "An' he's had a wheen jobs aboot the place. 'Deed, aye, he's been gey busy the week, mistress."

Mrs. Wallace after a short pause said cuttingly. "I'll tell ye somethin', Angus—yer maister oght to think shame o' hissel'."

"Hoo daur ye?" he roared in a sudden passion.

But the visitor, as though she had not heard him, hurried from the shop, banging the door behind her.

Full of indignation, the old fellow leaned trembling against the bench, drawing furiously at his empty pipe. "Hoo daur she say sic a thing?" he muttered again and again, for the admiration of his existence was centered in David Houston. Angus had room in his heart for only one other person besides David, the other person being his sister, a year younger than himself, but ten years frailer—in fact, an invalid; hence the emptiness of his pipe. His modest supply of tobacco, purchased on Saturday, invariably gave out by Wednesday night unless supplemented, as now and then it was, by a gift from his master. His weekly wage was small, but he did little for it except make an occasional mistake, and David could not afford to pay him more.

Mrs. Wallace had not intended visiting her niece that afternoon, but she changed her mind on leaving the joiner's shop and set out in the direction of the cottage, filled with the idea of surprising David at his gardening and delivering him a lecture on "sticking to his last."

Passing through the village, she caught sight of the grocer who was standing at his door moodily surveying a dozen or so fowls that were scraping, pecking or bathing in the warm dust of the road. He appeared to be the only wakeful personage in the locality, the other shops in the row having their doors partly or wholly closed and their blinds drawn down, for the afternoon steamer, the arrival

"Hoo daur ye?" he roared.

of which always created a stir, was not due for half an hour. It was too hot for cycling or walking, and the summer visitors remained indoors or, at any rate, in the shadiest nooks of their gardens. From the shore came the chatter and laughter of tireless children, the only human sound to be heard.

Mrs. Wallace could seldom resist a little chat with the grocer, the reputed oracle of Kinlochan, and she halted at his door, remarking briefly:

"Warm the day, Maister Ogilvy."

"Ye never said a truer word, Mistress Wallace. Are ye keepin' middlin'?"

"Oh, I canna compleen. Hoo's trade?"

"Bad, extraornar' bad; never seen onythin' like it."

"It maun be gey bad, fur I've heard ye sayin' the same fur near ten year. It's a guid job ye've no' a wife an' weans."

"It is that. If I hadna been a single man I wud ha'e been in the puir's hoose lang syne. Aye!" And Mr. Ogilvy stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, half shut his eyes, drew a long breath of misery and looked the very picture of ease and prosperity.

"Havers, man! Ye maun be daein' a graun' trade wi' a' thae simmer veesitors. I'm tell't every boose on the shore's let, an'—

"Simmer veesitors! Guid sake! I wish ye kent the simmer veesitors as weel as I dae, an' ye wudna be speakin' sboot graun' trade! No' but what there's a pickle decent folk amang them. But if ye wis in ma posestion, Mistress Wallace, an' seen the boaxes an' boaxes o' groceries comin' aff every boat frae the big grocers i' the toon to the—the simmer veesitors, ye wud—ye wud—oh, I dinna ken what ye wud dae! It's jist hertrendin'! An' me keepin' the best proveesions to be got! Ach! Whiles I think the stuff I keep's ower guid fur the—the simmer veesitors!"

"Dae they get their proveesions chaper frae the toon?" put in Mrs. Wallace.

"I'll no' deny that they maybe get twa-three things a ha'penny or a penny chaper nor I can sell them—bottled peas, for instance; thae 'pettit poys,' ye ken. Aye, the 'pettit poys' is a guid example. Maybe ye'll ha'e noticed a vera stylish leddy that's been bidin' in the Grange since the beginnin' o' July. She's aye fleein' aboot in a cairriage an' pair, an'"—

"Aw, ye mean Mistress Spright. I heard her man wis awfu' wealthy."

"That's her. Aweel, she never cam' ower ma doorstep till the day afore yesterday—na, it was the day afore that—an' she left her cairriage an' pair at the door an' walkit in as if she wis gaun to buy a' I had. An' I tell ye I was rale pleased to see her, fur I kent hers wud be a graun accoont. So I says it's a fine day an' got ready ma book an' pincil."

"Wis she jist wantin' change?" asked Mrs. Wallace.

"Na, na. But efter takin' a luk roon the place she spiert if I had ony o' thae 'pettit poys.' At least I kent that wis what she was efter, though she said it in a kin' o' highfalutin style. 'Pettee poas' I think she s[illegible]."

"That'll be Italian maybe."

"Weel, I dinna ken. But onywey I had them an' showed them to her an' spiert hoo mony bottles I wud send, for of course yin bottle o' peas is naethin' to thae gentry. An' wud ye believe it, Mistress Wallace, she spiert the price, an' when I tell't her she said she cud get them frae the toon a penny a bottle chaper?"

"Weel, I never!"

"I was vexed at that, but I didna want to loss her custom, an' I said if she was takin' ither proveesions—an' some o' them's chaper wi' me nor in the toon—I wad tak' the penny aff the peas. But she said she didna want onythin' else an' the peas was ower dear, but she had been passin' an' thocht she wud gi'e me a trial. An', seein' she was gaun to buy naethin' ava', I got kin' o' wild, an' I says, "'Deed, mum, it's a trial that's gey hard to bear.' But she gaed oot to her cairriage wi' her nose i' the air, as if she hadna heard me. An' she's yin o' yer simmer veesitors that brings trade to Kinlochan! Humph!"

But this was not the information which Mrs. Wallace had hoped she might gain from Mr. Ogilvy, who was invariably a day before his neighbors with the true news, not the mere gossip and rumors, of the district. Mrs. Wallace had heard a certain rumor, and she was anxious to have it confirmed, if possible, ere she went to the cottage, but Mr. Ogilvy in his position of oracle was not always in the humor for consultation, and she felt it would be vain to ask the question at the moment, for just then the steamer appeared in the distance, and the grocer seemed to be suffering from visions of heavy consignments that held no profit for himself.

So, with a brief adieu, she was turning away when he said abruptly: "If ye're for Hazel Cottage, ye can tell Davie Houston that Maister Mathieson o' Arden Hoose 'll shin be wantin' estimates fur repairin' a' his greenhouses, a fine big job, ower big fur Davie, I doot. But ye best gi'e him the hint, fur I heard the jiners in Klimabeg an' Fairport was efter it. Weel, guid day to ye. Ye'll no' be needin' onythin' the noo?" concluded Mr. Ogilvy, who never forgot business.

"I'll maybe see ye on ma road hame," returned Mrs. Wallace as she bustled off with her desired information. After some consideration by the way she decided, though it did go against the grain, to tell Jess and not David about the repairing of the Arden greenhouses.

Mrs. Wallace entered the garden of Hazel Cottage to find the owner bending over a clump of carnations as if he loved them, as indeed he did. At the sight of him her expression softened somewhat, for, after all, it was one thing to speak severely of David Houston and quite another to speak severely to him.

"Weel, Davie," she said, advancing toward him.

"Mistress Wallace!" he exclaimed in a tone that suggested he was glad to see her, and he arose and shook hands with her with the queer mixture of dignity and easiness that had always attracted her in the days when he was courting her niece. Mrs. Wallace had many a time admitted to herself—only to herself—that there "wis somethin' aboot Davie Houston she cudna get ower."

"Jess 'll be richt pleased to see ye," he went on, "an' ye've jist come in time fur a few o' ma carnations. Jess was fur takin' them to ye hersel', but I tell't her I wud be prooder to gi'e ye them jist oot the gairden. Ha'e! Smell that, Mistress Wallace," said David, with pride in his voice, handing her a bunch of his blooms.

"Mphm! It's no' a bad scent that," she admitted after a short inhalation. "It's near as nice as cloves," she added, endeavoring to be gracious and wondering how she could introduce the subject of the lock for her coal cellar door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Seaboard announces if there are a sufficient number to justify it they will arrange to operate a special Pullman Sleeping Car to run from Raleigh through to Buffalo to accommodate the Elks from Wilmington, Charlotte, Durham and Raleigh to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge which will be held in Buffalo July 10th-15th.

Rate from Raleigh, all rail, round trip $20.50, via Norfolk and Bay Line $19.45, Wilmington, all rail, $23.50, Durham, all rail, $20.20; Charlotte, all rail $23.95. Bay Line from Wilmington $21.65, Durham $19.45, Charlotte $23.95. Tickets will be sold July 8th, 9th and 10th, with final limit to leave Buffalo July 15th, but tickets can be extended until August 4th, upon payment of fee of $1.00.

Pullman rate from Raleigh to Buffalo $4.50, Durham $4.50, Charlotte $5.00 and Wilmington $5.00.

Those desiring to attend will please notify the undersigned, so that it can be determined if sufficient number will go to justify operation of special Pullman

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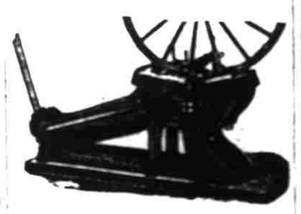

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HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

The LION COFFEE packages to get home supplies you must use the least coffee. Grind your LION COFFEE rather fine. Use a tablespoonful to each cup, and one extra for the pot. Place pots to warm. Place into each warm enough to make a thick paste and add white of an egg (if egg is to be used as a settler). Then follow one of the following rules.

1st. WITH BOILING WATER. Add boiling water, and let it boil THREE MINUTES ONLY. Add a little cold water and let settle five minutes to settle. Serve promptly.

2d. WITH COLD WATER. Add your cold water to the paste and bring it to a boil. Then set aside, add a little cold water, and in five minutes it's ready to serve.

3 DON'TS: Don't boil it too long. Don't let it stand where it can be warm [illegible] before serving. Don't use water that has been boiled before.

TWO WAYS TO SETTLE COFFEE.

1st. With Eggs. Use part of the white of an egg, mixing it with the ground LION COFFEE before boiling.

2d. With Cold Water instead of eggs. After boiling add a dash of cold water and set aside for eight or ten minutes. Then serve through a strainer.

Insist on getting a package of genuine LION COFFEE, prepare it according to this receipt and you will only use LION COFFEE in future. Sold only in 1 lb. sealed packages. Never sold in bulk. Look for the LION on every package. There those Lion Heads for valuable premiums.

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