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, JULY 7, 1905 NUMBER 22

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. MASHBURN, 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.

Professional cards

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DENTISTS,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Hicks Building, Main Street.

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PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Office over Aycocke Drug Company.

DR. J. J. MANN,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Aycocke Drug Co.'s drug store

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Good Livery Attached

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HENDERSON, N. C.
Good accomodations. Good fare. Polite attendrs. Reasonably

JESS & CO.

By J. J. BELL,

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

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"But ye'll be wantin' to see Jess," said David.

"Aye. Is she in the hoose?" Being answered in the affirmative, she nodded to David and left him, deciding that, after all, it might be better to mention her complaint to her niece.

She found the young woman in the kitchen with her print sleeves rolled up and her arms up to the elbows in flour.

"Preserve us! Are ye tryin' yer haun at the bakin' noo?" she exclaimed, seating herself in the armchair.

"Scones," replied Jess, with a somewhat rueful smile.

"Ye're the yin fur tryin'!"

"D'you think I never succeed, aunt?"

"Whiles. Ye canna expec' to ken muckle aboot keepin' a hoose efter workin' in an office. But nae doot ye'll learn. Let's see yin o' yer scones, lassie."

Jess, with more color in her face than the fire had given it, passed one of her productions to the old lady and awaited her verdict with dire forebodings.

Mrs. Wallace fingered the scone, bit it, swallowed the fragment with exaggerated effort and much facial contortion and solemnly laid the remainder on the table.

Her verdict was delivered in a single word, "Cahootchy!" which is Glasgow for gutta percha.

Jess tried to smile, but her lip trembled. "I didn't think they were quite so tough as all that," she said, recovering herself and refraining from mentioning the fact that five or ten minutes before her aunt's arrival her husband had eaten a couple with apparently supreme satisfaction.

"Aw, ye'll maybe dae better next time," remarked Mrs. Wallace doubtfully. "Dinna work wi' yer scones as if they wis clay. Dinna press heavy on them, fur ye micht as weel pit them through a patent mangle. Be awfu' careful wi' the sody an' no' let it gang in lumps, fur a lump o' sody in a scone's as bad's a rid nose on a teetotaler."

Mrs. Houston laughed. "I'm much obliged, Aunt Wallace. I'll try to mind your advice, and maybe some night when you come to your tea I'll have scones for you to try."

"'Deed, aye. Dinna be downcast. Try, try, try again. Ye're young yet. An' hoo's Davie gettin' on?" she inquired suddenly.

"Fine," replied Jess. "He's had a lot of work this week."

"In the gairden?" said Mrs. Wallace, glancing at the carnations lying in her lap.

"No. This is the first afternoon he's had time for the garden this week. It was I that kept him at home this afternoon, for I knew he was wearying to look after his carnations. They're beauties, aren't they?"

"Ye dinna notice if he was wearyin' to pit that new lock on ma coal cellar door?"

"Oh, aunt, has he"— For a moment Jess was confused. Then she said: "I'm sorry I forgot to tell him about the lock. It was my fault."

"Ye didna forget to tell him. I wis speakin' to Angus the day, an' he said it had been doon on the sclate, but got rubbit oot. So ye needna blame yersel'. I pit it doon on the sclate again masel', so he'll maybe mind afore the year's oot."

"I'll remind him myself," said Jess. She experienced a feeling of disappointment, for during the week she had been elated to observe the regular and almost willing fashion in which her husband attended to his work.

"There's anither thing ye can tell him." Mrs. Wallace proceeded to retail the information received from the grocer, concluding with: "I doot it's ower big a job fur yer man, but it'll be a peety if a jiner ootside Kinlochan gets it. I've heard talk o' anither jiner settin' up in Kinlochan, an' if the greenhoose job was gaun by yer man it micht come to mair nor talk, an' that wud be a bad thing fur David Houston an' yersel', Jess. Weel, I maun be off."

"Wait, Aunt Wallace, and I'll get you a cup of tea."

"Na, na. Never heed the tea. I've got ma fudgers to luk after. Never tak' in fudgers, ma lassie. They're jist a torment. I never done it afore this year, an' I'll never dae't again, never. It's hard earned siller. I thocht I wud like to mak' a poun' or twa extra, but"—

"What have they been doing now?"

"Aw, naethin' new, jist the same auld gemm—comin' doon with the late boat when I've got their teas ready fur the early yin, an' comin' wi' the early yin when I'm no' lukin' fur them till the late yin, an' sleepin' in 1' the mornin' an' sweerin' I never wakened them when ma haun's sair wi' chappin' at the bedroom doors, an' cryin' oot fur suppers—hot suppers, mind ye—at 11 o'clock at nicht, an' hammerin' their hired piany' an' singin', an' smokin', an' playin' caifds till 2 1' the mornin', an'—weel, their time's up at the end o' the month, an' I'll no' be greetin' to see their backs. Guid kens when I'll get the smell o' smoke oot ma paurlour. Nae mair fudgers fur me."

A minute later Mrs. Wallace took her departure, and Jess set about tidying up and preparing the evening meal.

Afterward, as she and Davie sat in the garden enjoying the cool breeze that had risen at last, Jess referred to her aunt's visit and the subjects connected with it.

"You know, Davie," she said, "I don't blame Angus. He's getting old, and you can't expect him to be very brisk. But you'll have to look after the orders yourself. It'll never do to put things on the slate if he's going to rub them out."

"Puir auld Angus!" said David, with a lenient smile. "He does his best. Onywey I think I can mind a' that was on the sclate the day. Dinna fash yersel' aboot it, lass."

"I'm glad you can mind the orders, Davie. But it isn't the first time it has happened. Angus told aunt that her order for a lock for her coal cellar door had been rubbed out some time ago."

"Oh, ye're no' to blame Angus fur that, Jess, fur I rubbit it oot masel'."

"Well, you see, you've forgotten about the lock."

"But I didna want to mind aboot the lock. Yer aunt's no needin' a lock on her cellar door. Wha's gaun to steal her coals?"

"Oh, Davie, you're the queerest man!" she cried, half laughing. "It doesn't matter to us what people need. It's what they ask for."

"But I—we dinna keep a lock on oor cellar door. Yer aunt has a snib on

"I maun get that job!" he cried.

hers, an' that's a' she needs. Are ye wantin' me to pit a lock on her cellar door, Jess?"

"Of course. It's business, Davie."

"Aweel, I'll see aboot it," he returned in a tone of resignation.

"Tomorrow, Davie?"

"Aye, maybe the morn."

With which answer Jess had to be content. At any rate, in her eagerness to tell him about the Arden greenhouses she let the matter drop. She told him briefly.

To her delight he became enthusiastic at once.

"I maun get that job!" he cried. "My! Ye sud see the gairdens at Arden Hoose. I wud tak' the job jist to be workin' there."

"But you mustn't run away and offer to do it for nothing," she said, spilling.

"Nae fears, Jess. Ye'll keep me rjcht when we mak' up the estimate."

"I'll try to," said Jess quietly, but looking pleased. It was sweet to think that already he recognized in her a little more than the housewife.

"I'll gang to Arden the morn," he went on. "I ken the beid gardener, an' he'll no' let his maister gang past a Kinlochan man if he can help it. Aye, I think I'll get the job, lass, an' then ye'll no' be aye thinkin' we're gaun bankrupt."

"I'm sure I never"— she began.

"Weel, whiles when ye're workin' at the books ye luk unco serious. No' but what I used to luk that wey masel' afore ye tuk chairge o' the books."

"The books are getting cheerier every day, lad," she said. And so they were, but very, very little. There was a big account due to David's principal timber merchant which sometimes kept her awake at night. Still, there was an improvement, and if David got the Arden job she felt he would be well on his way out of the wood which he did not know he was wandering in.

"I'm shair I dinna ken what I wud dae wantin' ye, Jess," he murmured.

A fortnight later David Houston's estimate was accepted.

"I'm to get twa men to help me," he told his wife. "It's the best payin' job I ever had. 'Deed, ye're the wumman to mak' up an estimate. An' noo ye micht jist write to Hardy & Son for the wudd. I'll tell ye what to say."

So Jess in her best business hand wrote to the great timber merchants.

And two days went past.

And on the third morning David Houston was sitting in the armchair, his face in his hands, crushed and miserable.

Jess, pale, but firm, was reading for the third time the following typewritten words:

Dear Sir—We regret we cannot see our way to execute your order of yesterday's date until your current account (statement inclosed), which, you must be aware, is very much overdue, is settled. Your check per return will oblige yours truly,

HARDY & SON.

CHAPTER III.

A WAY OUT.

MRS. WALLACE found Jess sitting in the cottage porch darning her husband's socks.

"Ye didna expec' to see me the day," she said, shaking hands and taking the chair which Jess vacated.

"But I'm glad to see you, Aunt Wallace. How are the lodgers getting on?" Jess spoke hurriedly. Her thoughts had not been entirely with the socks.

"The lodgers is gettin' on fine," said Mrs. Wallace sourly, "but they're gettin' aff the morn's mornin', an', as ye see, I'm no' whit ye wud ca' consumed wi' grief. Hoo are ye gettin' on yersel', lass?"

"First rate."

"Mphm! I see ye're at the darnin'."

"It's got to be done, Aunt Wallace."

"That's whit ye'll be sayin' fifty year efter this, if ye're spared, but ye'll no' say it as cheery-like. Na."

Jess laughed, not altogether freely. "After all, it's not such an awfu' business," she remarked.

"There's naethin' awfu' but a boat capsizin' or a railway collision," returned Mrs. Wallace austerely. "As ye say, the darnin' o' yer man's socks is no' an awfu' business, an' it keeps ye oot o' mischief. It's better fur ye nor fleein' aboot an' crackin' wi' yer neebours."

It occurred to Jess to offer the old lady a few mdarned socks to take home with her, but she refrained.

"'Deed, aye," went on Mrs. Wallace. "I'm gled ye're aye plenty to dae. There's plenty clatterin' tongues in Kinlochan wi'oot addin' to them. As I wis comin' alang the road the noo I seen Mistress Foulis leanin' ower the hedge ha'ein' a crack wi' Mistress McGreegor, an' ye wud ha'e thocht the twa o' them wis tryin' fur a prize fur the yin that cud get oot the maist words in a meenit. I wisht ye had heard the gabblin', Jess, fur it wis jist gabblin' an' naethin' else."

"Were they quarreling?"

"Na, na. If they had been quarrelin', there micht ha'e been some excuse. I'm kin' o' quick wi' ma tongue masel' when I'm pit oot. But the twa of them wis jist ha'ein' a bit crack aboot naethin' in particular, an' when folks stairt to crack aboot naethin' there's naethin' can stope them. Na."

"Which deserved the prize, d' you think?" Jess asked for the sake of saying something.

"Aweel, I wudna like to say, but I doot Mistress Foulis wud win in the end, fur Mistress McGreegor's that stoot an' gets oot o' breith efter an 'oor or twa. It's practice that keeps her up, fur her an' Mistress Foulis are aye at it. I never come alang the road wi'oot hearin' them, an' I'm shair I hope ye'll never be like either o' them, ma lass."

"I hope not, Aunt Wallace," said the niece, with a smile.

"But ye're nane the waur o' a bit warnin'. Ye never ken whit's afore ye. I've seen mony a quate young yin like yersel' turn intil a haverin' buddy jist frae sheer want o' plenty to dae. So it's a' fur yer guid if yer man's sair on his socks." Here Mrs. Wallace picked up one of the articles in question and examined it critically.

"I'm afraid I'm not a very neat darner," said Jess, partly irritated and partly amused.

"I wud be tellin' a lee if I said ye wis," retorted her aunt. "Maybe ye've heard tell o' the man—I canna mind whether he wis a saint or a sedlot—that gaed aff on a pilgrimage wi' peas in his shoes. Eh?"

Mrs. Houston laughed good naturedly. "I've heard that he boiled the peas first, aunt."

"Mphm! I suppose ye're intendin' fur to bile yer man's socks? Ha, ha, ha! Tits, lassie; I'm no' meanin' to hurt yer feelin's. Yer darnin' isna jist as bad as a' that. See. Gie's yer needle fur a meenit." And the old woman proceeded to give the young one a short object lesson in darning.

"I don't know how you do it, Aunt Wallace!" cried Jess at last, her slight resentment giving place to honest admiration. "You could hardly tell it was a darn."

"Haverس!" muttered Mrs. Wallace, trying not to look pleased. "But ye see hoo it's done, eh?"

The young woman nodded.

"Ma guidman used to say he preferred the darns to the rest o' the sock. He wis an' unco blether, wis ma guidman, when he wis leevin'," said Mrs. Wallace, smiling a little less coldly than her wont. "Aye, aye. He wis aye peyin' compliments or makin' complaints. Ye'll hardly mind yer Uncle Wallace, Jess?"

"Not very well."

"An' ye canna be expectit to mind him. But fur a man he wisna bad—na, he wisna bad. In fac', I micht say I never kent a better man. An', efter a', his complainin' micht ha'e been waur, an' his compliments cudna ha'e been better. Ye see, he aye peyed a compliment jist afore he made a complaint, so I wis aye ready for the complaint, an' I jist never heedit. There's naethin' cures a man's complaints quicker nor peyin' nae attention to them. Yer uncle never complained twice aboot the same thing. He aye had somethin' new, an' that kep' him frae gettin' tiresome. 'Deed, aye, he wisna bad fur a man. Has yer ain man begoon to complain yet?"

Jess laughed and shook her head.

"Aweel, there's time enough yet, but when he begins dinna fash yersel'. Noo an' then ye can gi'e him a saft answer like whit I used to gi'e whiles to yer uncle. I mind yiast he slep' in 1' the mornin' an' cam' doon late to his breakfast.

"'Whit kep' ye?' says I. 'Oh,' says he, smilin' that sweet-like, 'I cudna help turnin' ower an' ha'ein' anither wee bit dream aboot ye, ma dear.' That wis the compliment, Jess, an' I kent fine there wis mair to come. 'This ham's haud cauld,' he says, lukin' at me across the table. That wis the complaint, ye see. 'Weel,' says I, wi'oot loosin' ma temper, 'if ye dinna eat it quick it'll be quite cauld.' He never spoke aboot ham again. An', as I wis sayin', a saft answer's worth tryin' noo an' then."

Mrs. Wallace paused for a few seconds. Then, in her usual abrupt fashion, she said, "An' whit tuk David to Glesca the day?"

Jess started. Her husband had gone to town by the early steamer, and she had been hoping that her aunt was unaware of the fact. "Did you see Davie, Aunt Wallace?" she inquired, stooping to pick up the sock she had dropped.

"Ogilvy, the grocer, wis tellin' me he seen him gaun on board the boat, an' twa-three ither folk in Kinlochan wis spleetin' if I kent whit his business wis."

Mrs. Houston fumbled angrily. "His business is none of theirs anyhow!" she said quickly.

"Och, ye needna flee up, Jess," said the old woman soothingly, but with a

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Meeting Elks, Buffalo, N. Y., in July.

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 $21.85, 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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Having qualified as Administrator of Mrs. Carrie Long, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons owing her estate to pay the same at once, and all those holding claims against said estate must present them on or before May 12, 1906, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This May 12, 1905.

H. B. LONG, Adm'r.
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We guarantee our work and refund your money if not satisfactory. Who can do more? Give us a trial. You are cordially invited to call and see the machine in operation.

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PRESIDENT R. T. VANN, Raleigh, N. C.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

TIME TABLE

EFFECTIVE APRIL 16TH, 1905.

349	341	329			327	328	330
6.10	2.50	9.25	Lv.	Franklinton	Ar.	9.10	11.55
6.40	3.20	9.55	Ar.	Louisburg	Lv.	8.40	11.30
pm	pm	am			am	am	pm

No 340 connects with Shoo Fly for local stations and Raleigh.

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