THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. S. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. THE COUNTY, THE STATE THE UNION SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, Strictly In Advance.

VOL. XXXVI. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1906 NUMBER 8.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Geo. S. Baker, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 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 00 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 afternoon, on 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

Dr. Smithwick D.D.S. C. H. Banks.D.D.S.
DRS. SMITHWICK & BANKS,
DENTAL SURGEONS,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Hicks Building, Main Street.

DR. W. H. EDWARDS,
DENTIST.
Durham, N. C.
Will be in his office at Wake Forest, N. C., the week following the first Sunday in each month prepared to do dental work.

DR. H. COOKE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Louisburg, N. C.
Office on Nash street. Prompt attention to all legal business entrusted to me.

DR. J. R. MALONE,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in rear of Aycocke Drug Store.

DR. J. J. MANN,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in rear of Boddie & Perry's drug store.

DR. S. P. BURT,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Louisburg, N. C.
Office over P. S. & K. K. Allen's.

DR. R. F. YARBOROUGH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Yarborough & Bickett building. Night calls answered from J. W. Bickett's residence, phone 74.

DR. GORDON LEE SCHEFFER,
DENTIST.
LOUISBURG, - - N. C.
Successor to Dr. Arthur Hynes Fleming
Office in Ford building.

B. S. MASSENBURG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOUISBURG,
Will practice in all the Courts of the State
Office in Court House.

WM. W. BODDIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Louisburg, N. C.
Office over B. G. Hicks' store on Nash street.

WM. HAYWOOD RUFFIN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Franklin and adjoining counties, also in the Supreme Court, and in the United States District and Circuit Courts.
Office over First National Bank.

THOS. B. WILDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Office on Main street, in Cooper building.

F. S. SPRUILL.
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Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections.
Office in Spruill building.

T. W. BICKETT,
LAWYER.
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The settlement of estates for Executors, Administrators and Guardians is made a specialty, and the bonds required by law can be secured in the office.
Office in Yarborough & Bickett building Main street.

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Practices in all courts. Office on Main street.

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HOTELS.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
C. W. CONWAY, Prp'r.
Good accomodation for the traveling public.
Good Livery Attached

MASSENBURG HOTEL
J P Massenburg Propr
HENDERSON, N. C.
Good accommodations, Good fare: Polite and attentive servants

"A BEAUTIFUL WORLD."

SUBJECT OF AN ADDRESS BY REV. G. M. DUKE.

Before Sandy Creek Lodge No. 185, A. F. & A. M., on "Orphanage Night."

Worshipful Master and Brethren of Sandy Creek Lodge No. 185:

Some one has said that after dinner or supper was not a good time to speak, for a full stomach makes a dull brain. However, at your request, I will try, this being our "Orphanage Night."

My subject will be, "A Beautiful World."

It is evening, the winds have rocked the earth to sleep as a mother gently rocks her child to rest in the cradle. Darkness has covered the earth with its mantle as the mother folds the blanket over her child. The evening star as if loth to leave the earth in darkness is shining in its beauty in the west as it throws the earth a good night.

All is quiet, nothing is heard save the chirp of the cricket in the corner and the hoot of the owl in the swamp, one by one the stars are coming out until the heavens are filled with them, shining like lamps against the sky. The pale moon, like the empress of night, is grandly climbing the steps of the east flooding the earth with its silver splendor, making the most common things to gleam with splendor and glory. Who can describe the beauties of the night? Let David, Israel's sweet singer, as he steps out from his home and gazes into this magnificent scene, speak for us. Yonder is the north star glimmering in its beauty with the great dipper wheeling around it as if to guard it from the approach of danger, the milky way stretching across the sky like a great wave of silver, the other stars in groups and alone each with its own peculiar light and beauty, with the moon making the earth with its mountains and valleys radiant with beauty. As his soul is stirred within him and his faith gliding up the star beam into the presence of the eternal, and feeling the inspiration of the divine presence, with the divine finger touching the harp strings of his soul making music there, he cries, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

It is midnight, the mists are beginning to appear in the valleys, there is universal silence, broken only now and then by the sweet notes of the mocking bird, as tremulous with its own joy in the midst of this matchless beauty it pours forth its song in the night.

Again, it is beginning to dawn, the birds to twitter in the forest, there are a few bars of light beginning to shoot up in the east, the moon is sinking, the stars are beginning to pale, the shafts of light are higher and broader, like heralds of the approaching king. When the gates of the morning swing ajar and the sun as a strong man to run a race, floods the earth with his glorious beauty. The mists that have gathered over the valleys stirred by the winds are whirling up the mountains and rolling like chariots of silver with sides burnished with gold into clouds and chasing each other in the exuberance of their joy.

The grass is covered with dew drops and as the sun's rays fall upon them are made to sparkle like diamonds and gems.

The flowers, painted in their beauty by the fingers of the infinite, are lifting their beautiful faces everywhere, filling the air with their sweet perfume, and joining the grass, the trees and mountains, rivers and lakes with the woods, vocal with the song of birds, with a sweet lullaby from the sea, in one universal song of praise to Him who fashioned this beautiful world.

It is evening, the sun is sinking with majestic grandeur down the west, great clouds have gathered around him as if to form an escort of light as he bids the day adieu, and as he is gone, these are changed to gold and violet and red, forming a scene of surpassing loveliness, a fitting farewell to the king of day. As the last rays of the sun pass we enter in the twilight into a home, all is still here, it is the silence of death, a pale woman is on the bed, her eyes are closed, her lips are cold, her heart is still, her hands are nerveless. The watchers are standing by. She is dressed for the grave, robed for the tomb; but hark, what is that I hear? The cry of a child crying for its mother, and she is not. Did you hear it? Who will now hush its cry? Who will press it to their bosom? Who will hush it to sleep in the evening? This is the sad note in the world's song.

Let these look in their desolate orphanage to us. Your loyalty to truth, your manhood, your broad Masonic and Christian charity, your noble lives, all lead me to hope and believe that you will ever hear the widow's wail and the orphan's cry and that you will respond cheerfully and largely to the call to-night, and the blessing of the widow and fatherless shall be yours.

ONIONS FOR PNEUMONIA.

The following remedy is going the rounds of many papers and said to be a good remedy for pneumonia:

"Take six or ten onions, according to size, chop fine, put in a large spider on a hot fire, then add the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. Stir thoroughly, letting simmer five or ten minutes.

Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to the chest as hot as the patient can bear. In about ten minutes apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices. In a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

It has been said that this remedy has never failed to effect a cure. From three to four applications usually are all that are needed to start the perspiration freely from the chest. The remedy is said to have been originated by a New England physician, who achieved great success through the application of simple remedies."

Pneumonia is a disease which calls for the constant care of a competent physician and one should be in attendance, but occasionally a simple remedy will help wonderfully in the first stages or in the absence of the family doctor.

TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER.

Teach her that 100 cents make one dollar.

Teach her how to wear a simple muslin dress and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort, as well as for appearance.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to love and cultivate flowers.

Teach her to have a place for everything and to put everything in its place.

Teach her to say no and mean it, and to say yes and stick to it.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate young men.

Teach her to pay regard to the character of those she would associate with and not to how much money they have.—Ex.

Clears the Complexion.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup stimulates the liver and thoroughly cleanses the system and thoroughly clears the complexion of pimples and blotches It is the best laxative for women and children as it is mild and pleasant, and does not gripe or sicken. Orino is much superior to pills, aperient waters and all ordinary cathartics as it does not irritate the stomack and bowels. For sale by G. L. Aycocke.

Some men only want your confidence to give it to others.

In the spring time you renovate your house. Why not your body? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea drives out impurities, cleanses and enriches the blood and purifies the entire system. 35 cents. Boddie & Perry.

If a man were his own enemy, what stories he could tell on himself!

Three little rules we should keep,
To make life happy and bright.
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
Take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.
Sold by Boddie & Perry.

Do so well today that you need not long for tomorrow.

Dangers of Pneumonia

A cold at this time if neglected is liable to cause pneumonia which is so often fatal, and even when the patient has recovered the lungs are weakened, making them peculiarly susceptible to the development of consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar will stop the cough, heal and strengthen the lungs and prevent pneumonia. La Grippe coughs yield quickly to the wonderful curative qualities of Foley's Honey and Tar. There is nothing else "just as good." For sale by G. L. Aycocke.

When we think of the ease with which we deceive others we should think of the ease with which others may deceive us.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County. } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal.) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

MONETA.

An Indian Story.

At the confluence of Lynch's creek and Tar river, on the west side of the creek, is a beautiful, grassy, level plain, on which is a growth of the tallest and most majestic oaks, poplar, gum, and other trees, and there being no undergrowth, on approaching it, one imagines he is entering a most beautiful, well-kept park. In fact, it is the loveliest and most romantic spot my eyes ever beheld. One who loves nature could sit and muse there all day, and would leave at night regretting that the day was not longer.

In the midst of this lovely plain there rises abruptly a most symmetrical conical shaped mound, probably thirty feet long and twelve feet in height. As is well known, it was built many, many years ago by the Indians. There is a tradition that a curse was placed on any one who opened this mound or interfered in any way with its surroundings. Therefore, after repeated attempts to open it, they were given up, and the valuable timber that surrounds it, is still uncut. I, myself, have made three attempts to open this mound, but from some unknown cause, would give it up, and I sincerely hope that the white man's hand will never desecrate this lonely tomb, or disturb its pretty and romantic surroundings.

Tradition tells a sad story connected with this mound, which I will try and relate just as it was given to me. Long before the discovery of America was ever dreamed of, where the town of Louisburg now stands, there lived a powerful tribe of Indians, and their Chief's wigwam was near the Ellis spring, and around its cooling waters the Indian Bucks and Maidens loved to gather and hold their revelries.

They were not a warlike tribe, but like other tribes in this section, they made frequent raids down the river, and always returned laden with ponies and other booty. On one occasion, among other things they brought back, was a most beautiful little Indian girl not quite two years of age, which was given to the Chief, as he had only one child, a boy, and had always wished for a girl in his household. The old Chief was proud of the gift, and at once adopted the child as his own. She grew rapidly, and was very happy with her foster parents and brother. These two children were devoted to each other, and their favorite play ground was on the silvery little stream that runs over the rocks from the Ellis spring down to the river.

Another playmate, who paid them frequent visits, was the only son of the old Chief of the tribe, who occupied the country beyond Lynch's creek. Moneta used to spend weeks with this tribe, and she and Tuscora, the old Chief's son, were boon companions, and soon loved each other, as only savages can love. Growing rapidly into womanhood, and having promised Tuscora to be his bride, she was extremely happy, and looked forward to a life of exceeding pleasure. She was a lovely creature, and was idolized, not only by these two tribes, but by all the tribes in the surrounding country

Different from other Indian girls, she had long curly locks that fell gracefully over her pretty shoulders, and when mounted on her spotlessly white pony, she excited admiration wherever she went. Her influence was so powerful that a simple wave of her hand would check disturbing elements when all other efforts would fail.

But as lovely as she was—as beloved and popular as she was, poor creature, she had her troubles. Her foster father was determined she should marry her foster brother, and that she must give up Tuscora, who on the death of the old Chief, had become Chief of his tribe. The heart-broken girl told her father, that while she was devoted to his son, she loved him only as a brother and could never marry him; that she loved Tuscora, and if she could not marry him, she would live single forevermore. Tuscora learning this, vainly pleaded with the old Chief to relent. But he said he would never consent for Moneta to marry him, and placed her under guard to prevent what we call now a run-away match. So the brave young chief called his braves together, and they determined by force of arms to gain his bride.

Early one night on the full moon in May, he gathered his forces, and by a surprise attack he expected to accomplish his end. But he found that the old Chief had been informed of his attack, and was ready to meet him. Tuscora, forming his line where the power house now stands, gave orders for the charge. He was met by the old Chief and his braves, and driven back to the river, where he endeavored by a flank movement to gain his point. The fighting was fierce, and on the hill where Mr. Geo. S. Baker's house now stands, Tuscora was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with more than a dozen braves, and with his strong arm and heavy tomahawk he was holding them all at bay. Moneta, who had fled from her guard, appeared upon the scene, and while waving her hand for peace, her lover was stricken down. Falling on his prostrate body, the sorrowful and weeping girl, seeing that his life was fast ebbing away, drew an arrow from her quiver, and thrust it through her heart.

The fall of the "White Queen" brought consternation to both tribes, and those who a few moments before were drawn up in battle array, threw down their arms, and gathered around the dead lovers, and their moaning and wailings could be heard for miles around. The loss of the "White Queen" had left them as a ship without an anchor. She was their guide, their counsellor, not only of these two tribes, but for all the tribes for many miles around.

It was decided that the lovers should be buried in the same grave at the beautiful spot which I have tried to describe above. With great pomp and ceremony they were carried there and laid away. Articles for their use in the Happy Hunting Ground were brought from all the surrounding tribes and placed in their grave, consisting of pots of gold and silver nuggets, artistic tomahawks and arrow heads made from the most brilliant quartz, and various other articles they might need. Tradition says they were months, even years, completing the symmetrical mound, and that the white, silvery sand, of which it is composed, was brought from the sea coast. I think this must be true, as there is no sand in this section like it.

I do hope that the curse that is placed upon any one who interferes with this mound may forever deter any vandal hand from disturbing their quiet rest.

It is said that Tuscora and Moneta, on their visits to each other, always landed at the old Cypress tree just below the power house, and that on the full moon in May, if one (not two, as the "phantom" will not appear to more than one) will quietly sit there at night until the moon is at its zenith, he will see a phantom boat descending the river rowed by a tall and handsome young warrior, and guided by a beautiful Indian girl, all bedecked in Indian paraphernalia, with long, curly locks gracefully falling over her shoulders. So quietly, so smoothly does the boat approach, that there is not even a ripple on the water. When they reach the Cypress, they halt for a moment, and after plaintively and sorrowfully chanting one of the songs of their childhood, they turn away, and are soon lost to view, as they noiselessly proceed up the river to their beautiful tomb which they have quietly occupied for many hundreds of years. May they never be disturbed. May the soft and gentle winds, as they waft through the lofty trees, ever continue to whisper a requiem over their silent, silent tomb.

I have promised to conduct and chaperone a party of young people to this place some day in May when the weather is warm, on a pic nic excursion. As the spot is more acceptable by water from Louisburg, we will have to go in boats, and I promise all who go, a most delightful day.

W.

IMPROVED PASSENGER SERVICE

The Seaboard announces effective with the New York Sleeping Car Line between New York and Memphis and vice-versa via the Seaboard and Frisco systems improved through passenger service to Memphis, Tenn., without change, making connections at this point for all points in Texas, the West and Northwest. Unexcelled dining car service between Washington and Richmond and Hamlet and Birmingham, serving all meals.

For rates or schedules to any point address the undersigned.

Chas. H. Gattis, T. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.
Chas. B. Ryan, G. P. A., Portsmouth, Va.

G. B. Burhans testifies after 4 years.

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick dust sediment, and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble." Sold by G. L. Aycocke.

WHY HE FAILED.

Man Figures That He Wasted 75,000 Hours in Fifty Years.

I am 60 years old.

I have been at work more or less regularly, since I was 20 and part of the time between 10 and 20 years of age.

I am a failure, a mediocrity rather, which probably is as bad, if not worse, than an utter failure.

Some times, years ago, I used to kick and blame others because I was not a brilliant success. In fact, without boasting, I should have been a success. I am quite clever, I know my business, I can sell snuff, and can hustle as hard as any one. I am a fairly faithful worker and have the experience and have had the backing. Yet I have failed.

The day I was 60 years old I made some calculations based on solid, sober facts, simply to show them to my boy, who is growing up, I hope, at least, to be a bit different from his father. I had found out several years before why I had failed, and I made these calculations to make it plainer to him. Perhaps the figures may help some other young fellow.

Plainly, as I found out after blaming everything else, I was not a fairly successful man because I wanted too much time.

In fact, I wasted over eight years of time out of 50 available for work in which I should have been doing something to advance or improve myself. I was and am moderately well fixed If I had availed myself of that time which I wasted carelessly, and added the results to the small things that I have achieved, my family would have had a little more than my life insurance to depend on.

These are the figures that I prepared for my son:

	Hours
Overslept 10 minutes a day for 50 years	3,050
Wasted hunting lost things 20 minutes a day for 50 years	6,100
Talking uselessly 30 minutes a day for 50 years	9,100
Waiting for cars ten minutes a day for 50 years	2,440
Smoking (excess) 30 minutes a day for 45 years	8,190
Telephoning (delays) 20 minutes a day for 15 years	1,830
Cards, billards, pool, etc. 40 minutes a day for 40 years	7,280
Horses, dogs, babies, ect., 40 minutes a day for 50 years	11,150
Barrooms, 40 minutes a day for 40 years	9,720
Plain loafing, 45 minutes a day for 50 years	16,425
Total waste in 50 years	75,289

Keep the little ones healthy and happy. Their tender, sensitive bodies require gentle, healing remedies. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will keep them strong and well. 35 cents, Tea or tablets. Boddie & Perry.

Don't judge a man by his first friendships in a town; judge him by his last.

Do Not Be Imposed Upon.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the same. These worthless imitations have similar sounding names. Beware of them. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar is in a yellow package. Ask for it and refuse any substitute. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds. Sold by G. L. Aycocke.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by Hollister Drug Company, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR YELLOW PEOPLE

can easily be raised with regular, even stands, and of the very best grade, for which the highest prices can be gotten as your warehouse, or Drug Company knows if you will, a few weeks before planting, liberally use

Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers.

Use them again as a top dressing, or second application. These fertilizers are mixed by reliable men, who have been making fertilizers all their lives, and contain phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen, or ammonia, in their proper proportions to produce a crop with the maximum of work and fertilizer have been taken from it by continuous cultivation. Accept no substitute.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.
Richmond, Va. Atlanta, Ga.
Norfolk, Va. Savannah, Ga.
Durham, N. C. Montgomery, Ala.
Charleston, S. C. Memphis, Tenn.
Baltimore, Md. Shreveport, La.

"old velvet rye"
pure - old - velvety
the best for the price.
sold everywhere.
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Harper Rye
"On Every Tongue."
Kentucky ... that has ... Dispensary.

Truths that Strike Home
Your grocer ... he cares to do so—can tell you that ... about the bulk coffee he sells you. ... it originally came from, ... handled—or with what ... roasted? If you buy your ... by the pound, how can ... purity and uniform quality?

LION COFFEE, the LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes.

LION COFFEE is carefully packed at our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being adulterated, or of coming in contact with dust, dirt, germs, or unclean hands.

In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of pure coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.)
(Save the Lion heads for valuable premiums.)

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE
WOLCOTT & SPENCE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

FURNITURE !!

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COFFINS & CASKETS.

Our ... are our special attention. It is presided over by a experienced man, and together with our Rubber Tired Hearse ... we can furnish the best of service. Burial shoes, gloves ...

WHITE-HALL FURNITURE CO.

MILBURN, PIEDMONT AND HICKORY
WAGONS
Steam Dried Flooring and Ceiling.
HEAVY and FANCY
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Full Line of Shoes.
THE GREEN & YARBORO CO.,
LOUISBURG N. C.