

## FRANKLINTON NEWS ITEMS

Our Regular Correspondent

Items of Interest Gathered From in and Near Our Sister Town Each Week

CLOSES ON WEDNESDAY

To praise the "cook" helps some.

Many a man with a "Red" nose has been wrongly accused.

Most men are rated either above or below their true value.

James C. Warmouth continues very ill at his home on Green street.

The S. A. L. sold 150 tickets to the Haag Shows at Louisburg Monday.

We learn that the Farmers Union cotton gin is about ready to gin cotton.

Being in society is a good deal like being in "jail," it isn't so bad after you get used to it.

Lots of people are good today because they are afraid their actions of yesterday may get in the "spot light."

The Downey and Wheelers big shows will exhibit at Franklinton October 5th and the little boys are happy.

From indications now, there is likely to be a wedding in town before the S. A. L. "floating gang" leaves.

The Ladies Missionary Society will meet at the Methodist church tonight (Friday) at 8 o'clock p. m. A full attendance is desired.

Almost everybody went to the show at Louisburg Monday. There were only a few left in town. "Sy" Holmes even went. All returned alright.

Only one case before Squire Morris last week. Norman Bass and Lacious Johnson for a scrap at Kinch's Chapel last Sunday. They were bound over to court under bond.

J. B. Cheatham, who formerly held the position of train dispatcher for the S. A. L. at Atlanta, has been promoted to District Manager for South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

Our Postmaster, W.P. Edwards, has gone to Knoxville, Tenn., on several days vacation. While away the assistant postmaster, Miss Florence Pernell, will be assisted by Reuben Wilder.

Mr. Welch of Virginia, a first class iron and steel worker, has accepted a forge in I. H. Kearney's large repair shops, where he has installed all the up to date machinery usually found in a first class shop.

### Personal.

Miss Grace Ward spent Monday in Raleigh.

Miss Mary Kearney spent Tuesday in Raleigh.

Miss Martha Harris spent Monday in Raleigh.

Miss Sue Cheatham spent Tuesday in Raleigh.

Thomas Blair, of Oxford, is visiting his daughter here.

T. H. Whitaker has gone on a business trip to Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Louise Rodwell, of Macon, is visiting at F. M. Drakes' on Main street.

Shelton Wilson and wife went to Louisburg Monday to attend the circus.

Miss Nellie Whitaker left Monday for Winston-Salem to attend school.

Miss Ethel Holmes returned to Bennehan Tuesday, where she is attending school.

Miss Mamie Dent, who has been visiting relatives in town, returned to Raleigh Monday.

Miss Lena Parker spent Tuesday in our city while on her way to Raleigh to resume her work at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum.

Henry May, of Lynchburg, Va., uncle of Henry May, Jr., of the Sterling Store, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Julia McGhee and other relatives in town.

### ORIGIN OF "MARK TWAIN."

Samuel L. Clemens Quoted as Saying He Inherited the Name.

The familiar story of the origin of Samuel L. Clemens' use of the name Mark Twain is now declared to be incorrect. It pictures Clemens, Mississippi river pilot, listening to the men heaving the lead at the bow of a river boat and singing out, "By the mark, three; by the mark, twain." Tableau! Clemens smites his brow and soliloquizes, "There is my nom de plume."

It is true that the name originated with the picturesque cry of the man with the lead, but a man other than Mr. Clemens first discovered the picturesqueness. That man was Captain Isaiah Sellers, who furnished river news for the New Orleans Picayune. To Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale Mr. Clemens confessed that it was from Sellers he got the name. Professor Phelps' story is quoted in Professor Henderson's "Mark Twain."

According to this book, Mr. Clemens said to Professor Phelps: "Captain Sellers used to sign his articles in the Picayune 'Mark Twain.' He died in 1863. I liked the name—and stole it. I think I have done him no wrong, for I seem to have made this name something generally known."

Professor Henderson records a number of interesting incidents connected with the use of this name. For awhile, when he was a minor in Nevada, Mr. Clemens sent to the Virginia City Enterprise humorous letters signed not "Mark Twain," but "Josh."

When he became a regular reporter on that paper and reported the legislature he signed his reports "Mark Twain." When questioned as to his use of this name Sir. Clemens declared: "I chose my pseudonym because to most persons it had no meaning and also because it was short. I was a reporter in the legislature and wished to save the legislature time. It was much shorter to say in their debates 'Mark Twain' than to say 'The unprincipled and lying parliamentary reporter of the Territorial Enterprise!'

Mr. Clemens made the name known on the Pacific coast, but the world at large did not hear it for years after the "Jumping Frog," reprinted in hundreds of exchanges without credit, had jumped into such notoriety as is rarely accorded well mannered frogs. In fact, its first use in any eastern magazine was a fiasco.

Mr. Clemens made a great scoop on the Hornet disaster when he was writing up the Hawaiian Islands in 1866, says Professor Henderson. His account of the disaster Mark sent to Harper's Magazine, where it appeared in December, 1866. But, alas, it was not as "Mark Twain," but as a drawing, lovable river pilot sort of person that the world beheld the new author, for he had not written his pseudonym plainly on his copy, and Harper's cheerfully introduced him to fame as "Mike Swain."

**Not Purely Curiosity.**

Among the passengers in one of the cars of a train running between Springfield and Boston was a nervous little old man who evinced a keen interest in a sinister looking person who took a seat beside him.

"How do you do?" said the nervous little old man to the sinistre-looking person. "Now, what might your name be? Do you live in Boston or beyond?"

"What business is it of yours where I live or who I am?" growled the other.

"Strictly speaking, it ain't none of my business," admitted the old gentleman mildly, "but it's jest like this: I've got a cousin in this part of the state that I've never seen, and I've always thought I might come upon him some time jest by asking folk their name and so on."—Harper's.

**The Hourglass.**

Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic the hourglass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. For such purposes as timing, hardening and tempering beats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hourglass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be obtained much more easily by an hourglass than by watching the hands of a watch.—London Graphic.

**Just Suited.**

"There's only one objection to these apartments," said the agent of the building. "From these two windows you can't help seeing everything in the dining rooms of the neighbors on both sides of you."

"What's the rent?" smilingly asked the portly dame who was looking for a flat.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Mandrake Legend.**

There is an old legend connected with the mandrake which states that when the plant is uprooted it utters a piercing cry. The forked roots bear a fantastic resemblance to the body and legs of a man, and from this fancied likeness there grew the belief which was widespread during the middle ages.

**Heine and Hugo.**

Heine had a preconceived idea that Victor Hugo, called by him "the French poet in whom all is false," had a bump on his back. He was delighted when he was told that one of Hugo's hips protruded owing to malformation.

**Caustic.**

Delighted Mazama—Oo—professor, what do you think of little Arthur as a violinist? Professor—I like the way he puts the fiddle back into the case.—Chicago News.

**Happiness is the natural flower of duty.**—Phillips Brooks

### WHIM OF A WOMAN

It Cost Her Her Life in the Wreck of a Submarine.

### DROWNED WITH HER FIANCÉ.

Story of a Pathetic Episode That Was Intertwined With the Tragic Loss With All on Board of the French Torpedo Boat Pluviose.

Underlying the tragedy of the loss of the French submarine torpedo boat Pluviose with twenty-seven lives when she was sunk in the bottom of the English channel by a collision with a surface steamship on May 23, 1910, was a piteous episode, involving the death of a beautiful and brilliant young Frenchwoman.

The French government suppressed the story so thoroughly that to this day the name of the young woman is not known save to those in paramount authority in the navy, but American naval officers say the fact of the happening has become known to other naval men all over the world.

The Pluviose and a sister submarine had gone out from the dry yard at Calais about 1 o'clock in the afternoon for a series of maneuvers. She was about two miles from shore and was dipping into a series of dives and risings to the surface. The feat known as "porpoising" was being accomplished with great skill, the submarine being entirely responsive to every turn of a directing wheel in her machinery. The act of "porpoising" is an imitation of the action of the porpoise in its leaps above water and prompt disappearance immediately afterward. In the submarine the maneuver is made for the purpose of scouting, the boat being brought toward the surface sufficiently for its periscope to protrude out of water, when the officer below is enabled to make a general circular survey of the water above him. Then the boat dives out of sight. In case of war she would have sighted her enemy and be enabled to proceed closely to a battleship or cruiser and discharge torpedoes directly at her foe.

In the act of thus coming to the surface the Pluviose came up directly under the channel steamship Pas de Calais. The keel of the Calais struck the submarine and tore a huge hole in her upper casement, a rent fifteen feet long and two feet wide. Into this the water rushed. The submarine staggered along with her hull just showing above the surface, her engines disabled, her crew unable to do anything to check the inrush of water. And she went down.

She had a crew of twenty-seven men. Commandant Pas was the senior officer. There were two other officers. Which one of these it was whose sweetheart was aboard is not definitely known to the American naval officers, but they declare there is no doubt of the fact.

One of the three officers listened to the pleadings of his fiancee that she be allowed to make a trip in the submarine with him and share with him the peril that his duty so often required him to brave. He must have had a consultation with his brother officers and got their consent to wish at it, for the regulations of the French navy strictly forbid women to make any trips in submarine boats. Perhaps the very fact that it was forbidden, that if she succeeded in making a journey to the bottom of the sea in a submarine she would have enjoyed an experience the like of which no other Frenchwoman might claim, actuated her. But whatever the conditions that brought it about, the young officer did escort her secretly aboard the Pluviose.

She wore a long silken coat and sou'wester hat belonging to her sweetheart, which sufficiently disguised her sex to admit of her going aboard without being challenged by any of the sentries patrolling the area where the Pluviose lay tethered on the day that she was to make her fatal trip. And the girl, smiling over her triumph, climbed down the ladder into the little-glassed-officed room and heard the orders given for the battening down of all the hatches, the firm screwing into places of these coverings and then, perhaps fascinatedly, watched the dial indicator as it told how the Pluviose was sinking deeper and deeper into the sea.

Divers who went down after the Pluviose was sunk, carrying below steel cables with which ineffectual attempts were made with huge derricks above to bring the Pluviose to the surface, reported that they heard rappings in the interior of the submarine. In any event, when, days later, the Pluviose was raised and tugged into shallow water, none that had been aboard of her was alive. She had filled completely with water. As she was raised the water poured from the great gash that had been cut in her steel casement by the Channel steamship.

Once in shallow water it was the work of only a little while to remove the covering of the conning tower. In that tower they found the young officer. And dead in his arms, with her own arms tightly clasped around his neck and her young face resting against his breast, they found the young woman.—New York World.

**Diplomatic.**

She (coldly)—I hardly know how to receive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course! Jack (diplomatically)—Yes—worth a million other girls. She (rapturously)—Oh, Jack!

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