

FRANKLIN TIMES.

A. F. JOHNSON, EDITOR AND MANAGER

THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

VOL. XLI.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY JANUARY 12, 1912.

NUMBER 47

LOCAL WOMAN IS A SONG WRITER WILL BE HEARD IN CITY

"When We Meet Again, Will You Remember," and "There's One Thing That Gold Cannot Buy"—Published Recently and Are Making Hits—Copies Received Here.

Several copies of songs composed by a well known lady of this city have reached here, and from the reports, they are making hits they deserve, and the composer, Mrs. M. Estell-Simes will be heard in one or both of them tonight at the Gem theatre.

Both of the song hits were composed, both words and music, by Mrs. Simes. "When We Meet Again, Will You Remember," which is an illustrated song, and from a look at the words and music it is evident that it will make a hit, while "There's One Thing That Money Cannot Buy" is equally as good, and the fact that they were composed by local talent will make them more appreciative in the eyes of our musicians. Copies of both of these songs are on sale at Abram's book store—Telegram, Rocky Mount.

Mrs. Simes has many friends in Louisburg who possibly remember her as Mrs. Johnson. Her songs are worthy of mention and will no doubt become popular in this, her old home. They are now on display at J. W. Hollingsworth's store.

Tobacco.

The condition on the local market have been especially good the past week. Prices on all grades have been higher and especially the cheaper ones. Although the weather has been very unfavorable very nice breaks have been had.

Teachers Meeting.

We are requested to state that the next meeting of the county teachers, which will be held in Louisburg on January 20th, will be held in the auditorium of the Graded School. Mr. L. C. Brogden, State Supervisor of Rural Elementary Schools will be present. The teachers are requested to assemble promptly at 11 o'clock.

Improving.

The many friends of Mr. Edward Edgerton, of Raleigh, in Louisburg will be glad to learn that he is improving from an attack of typhoid fever very rapidly.

Friends of Mrs. Rosamond Ragsdale, who recently successfully underwent an operation at Rex Hospital in Raleigh, will learn with much pleasure that she is rapidly recovering and expects to return home in a few days.

Griffin & Beasley Sell Out.

A. W. Perry, Jr., has purchased the stock of general merchandise of Griffin & Beasley and will continue the business under their name of A. W. Perry, Jr., & Co., at the same old stand on Main street. Mr. Perry is a very popular young man and we feel sure that he will enjoy a business success in this new venture.

Census Bureau Ginning Report.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The census bureau's cotton-ginning report showing the number of running bales of cotton ginned prior to January 1st, shows: United States, 14,332,750, round bales 96,228, Sea Island 106,439. Alabama 1,621,843, Arkansas 785,499, Florida 36,435, Georgia 2,623,604, Louisiana 353,409, Mississippi 1,047,508, North Carolina 975,809, Oklahoma 902,582, South Carolina 1,509,297, Tennessee 380,949, Texas 3,935,539, other states 110,302. Sea Island by states, Florida 38,095, Georgia 63,544, South Carolina 4,800.

Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank.

At the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank it was unanimously decided to increase the capital from \$25,000 to \$50,000. This being necessary in order to take care of the increasing business of Franklin county's only National Bank. This increase in stock is already subscribed for with the exception of \$6,000.00. The regular semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. was declared and ordered paid February 1st, and a neat sum was passed to the surplus account. The report of the cashier showed the institution to be in excel-

lent condition. The following were elected directors for the ensuing year: W. H. Ruffin, F. B. McKinnis, W. H. Allen, D. F. McKinnis, Thos. D. Tyack, T. T. Terrell, Malcolm McKinnis and K. P. Hill. At the directors meeting Mr. W. H. Ruffin was unanimously elected President, F. B. McKinnis, Cashier; T. W. Watson, Assistant Cashier; William D. Jackson, Teller.

Mr. Bishop Dead.

Wilmington, Jan. 8th.—Rev. F. A. Bishop, a well known minister of the North Carolina Methodist Conference, died this morning at James Walker Memorial Hospital, after illness of some time. He was pastor of the Methodist Church at Dunn until early in December, when he had to give up his duties on account of his health. He was a native of this county, and 59 years old. He leaves his wife, two brothers and two half sisters.—News-Observer.

Rev. Mr. Bishop was pastor of the Methodist Church here for two years, during which time he made many friends who will learn with much regret of his death. He was an upright christian gentleman and in his death the Methodist denomination loses one of its most faithful workers.

MRS. P. R. WHITE DEAD.

Funeral Held From Methodist Church Saturday.

"As a cloud of the sunset slow melting in Heaven,
As a star that is lost when the day-light is given,
As a glad dream of slumber which wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this."

On Friday morning at half past seven o'clock, Mary, beloved wife of Percy White, and cherished daughter of James Ellis and Anna Fuller Malone, entered into life everlasting.

"They tell me, Mary, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished,
Has with thy summer roses perished,
And left, as its young beauty fled
An athen memory in its stead,
The heart's faint echo of a strain
Of low sweet, music passed away—
That true and loving heart
Bestowing with a glad un-thrift
Its sunny light on all around—
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the loveliest and best—
Of them—of thee remains there naught,
But sorrow in the mourners' breast?
No—even as thou wast—I see thee still,
And save the absence of all ill
And pain and weariness which here,
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
There's not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we knew and loved in thee
But lives in holier beauty now—
Baptized in immortality.
Thy own loved church in sadness read,
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head—
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer.

The turf laid lightly o'er thee there—
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee,
These green hills where thy childhood roved,
You river winding to the sea,
The sunset light of autumn eyes,
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky and trembling leaves
Of rain-bow tinted woods—
These, in our view shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake,
And all thou lovedst of earth or sky,
Seem sacred for thy sake."

Mary Malone was born in the little town, where she lived her life a happy life. Inheriting much of the intellectual endowment, and poetry of a gifted family, she was possessed of a nature so pure, so bright, so sweetly unselfish and thoughtful of others, that she was beloved by all who knew her, adored by every member of her family, and idolized by the young husband whose life she blessed for three short years.

"O, who can forget the sweet light of her smile,
Over lips moved with music and feeling
The while,
And the charm of her features—
While over the whole
Played the hues of the heart and the
sunshine of the soul."

In every relation of life her sweetness, brightness, and tender unselfishness blessed those with whom she came in contact. Along her path sprang the sweet and modest blossoms of unselfish love; whose perfume will linger long with many whose memory of her bright smile and gentle courtesies will be as sweet music that leaves us better for its sweetness.

"For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow steamlets flow
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless way they go,
And with her went a sweet song

Of all things sweet and fair
And beauty's gracious providence,
Refreshed her unaware.
The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls.
The gospel of a life like hers,
Is more than books or scrolls."

The beautiful service of the church was read by the Rev. R. W. Bailey, pastor of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. Lucian Malone, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church. During the service "Abide With Me," and "Lead Kindly Light" were sweetly and softly rendered. Loving hands bore the casket to its resting place. About the dearly loved form, heaped on the casket, and covering the low mound "whose curtain never outward swings" were beautiful floral offerings from those who would wrap around her tokens of that love that is eternal, which looks beyond death—to when "The night is gone
And in the morn
These angels faces smile
Which we have loved long since
And lost awhile."
"Another hand is beckoning us
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.
Our young and gentle friend whose
smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of winter time
Has left us with the flowers.
The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill,
The glory of a setting star.
Clear, suddenly and still.
As pure and sweet, her fair brow
seemed
Eternal as the sky,
And like the brook's low song, her voice
A sound which could not die.
And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere.
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an Angel here—
The blessing of her quiet life,
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts where her footsteps
pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds,
Were in her every look.
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.
There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.
Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home His child—
Fold her, O Father in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee."

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To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an Angel here—
The blessing of her quiet life,
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts where her footsteps
pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds,
Were in her every look.
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.
There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.
Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home His child—
Fold her, O Father in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee."

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of winter time
Has left us with the flowers.
The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill,
The glory of a setting star.
Clear, suddenly and still.
As pure and sweet, her fair brow
seemed
Eternal as the sky,
And like the brook's low song, her voice
A sound which could not die.
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