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at the RIGHT PRICES

My Fall Stocks are ready for your inspection, consisting of
**DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, SHOES AND MEN'S
 FURNISHINGS, ETC.**

These Goods were bought before they reached the highest prices that prevail today. I am confident I can save you from 10 to 15 per cent from the market price of today. Pay this store a visit and inspect my line. I will let you be the Judge.

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P. S.—My Grocery line is always complete.

T. W. Wood's CRIMSON CLOVER SEED

Purple Top, Norfolk Globe and Seven Top Turnip Seed—all new seed, now on sale. Plant **CRIMSON CLOVER** at last working of corn and cotton.

Call up Phone 327 when in want of anything for breakfast, dinner and supper. We have it, and will get it to you quick.

Yours to Please **Jno. W. King** Louisburg, N. C.

To My Customers and Friends

When in need of anything in feed and provisions get my prices before you buy. It might pay you. Have just opened up a new line of Shoes and Hosiery that are right. When in town come to see me. Always glad to see you whether you buy or not.

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CONTRACTORS, ROOFERS AND BUILDING MATERIAL DEALERS.

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GOLD IN GRIP OF NEPTUNE

Hope Renewed That Millions Lost in Treasure Ships May Be Recovered to the Surface.

Somewhere in the sea off the coast of Zululand lies the ship Dorothea, which went down on Tenedos reef, carrying with her, so some people believe, part of the fortune of Oom Paul Kruger, once president of the Transvaal, and rumor has it that plans are afoot to fit out a British expedition in the hope of salvaging her. The war has improved methods of salvaging a lake ship, and if the Dorothea really carried the gold cemented into the hold of the vessel has been estimated at over \$3,000,000. Before the war a syndicate was organized to attempt recovery of the vessel, and unsuccessful efforts were made to locate her; now the project is again possible—perhaps all the more so, because time has accumulated so many treasure ships which are again under discussion. A list recently published includes: The Governor, lost on the Peddoland coast, with \$3,750,000; the Ariston, in Marcus bay, with \$4,000,000; the Birkenhead, on Birkenhead reef, with \$3,900,000; the Dorothea, on Tenedos reef, with \$3,250,000; the Abercrombie, with \$300,000; the Meresteln, with \$100,000, and the Thunderbolt, with \$2,750,000. If a sunken treasure enterprise fails of one treasure ship, perhaps it can find another. So far, however, the sea has proved a miser with the gold it has acquired; may the modern improvements in salvaging equipment change the habit.

BOOKMARKS OF EVERY KIND

Strip of Bacon About the Most Unique That Des Moines Librarian Has Yet Found.

The most startling marker that Forest B. Spaulding, public librarian of Des Moines, Iowa, has come across in the books that have circulated from the library was a strip of underdone bacon. The most ordinary bookmark found in the books is the common variety of wire hairpin. Hairpins might be collected by the hundreds, Mr. Spaulding says, but owing to that very fact they are considered as fairly worthless from the collector's standpoint.

The vacation season is announced annually by the presence of snapshots in the returned books. These are both personal, or otherwise in character. Postcards and letters, too, come in often. Frequently letters addressed and stamped are found just as they were left by the book borrower, who doubtless was proceeding postofficeward by way of the library. These are mailed from the library.

Mr. Spaulding has noticed any number of pretty girls sitting on the beach at Riverside Park with books, and he has been looking forward all summer to recovering a bathing suit absent-mindedly left by one of the young ladies in her book.

A Boy Just the Same.

Little curly-headed, four-year-old Joe had often been mistaken for a girl by reason of those same beautiful curls, but it was a very sore point with him. He came very near, however, turning it to advantage one afternoon when his six-year-old sister was giving a birthday party "for girls only."

Poor little Joe wandered around the refreshments spread on the grass, eating wisely at the cookies and lemonade which his sister was serving to her little girl guests.

Girls, and no boys can come. That poor little Joe turned just toward him an argument that would admit him, and walked out. "Well, sister, I ain't much of a boy, anyway."

Sam Had His Fee.

Sam was ordinarily charged with stealing ten dollars. He pleaded not guilty. Being unable to hire a lawyer, the judge appointed young Clarke as counsel. Clarke put up a strong plea of defense, and Sam was acquitted. Afterward the pair met outside the courtroom.

"Now, Sam," said the young lawyer, "you know the court allows the counsel very little indeed for defending a case of this kind. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm now entitled to a good big fee and you should dig up some money and pay me. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, sah," replied Sam, hesitating. "I still done got dat ten dollars."

Indisputable Proof.

A druggist was boasting in the company of his friends of his well-assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he said, "not even of the most uncommon sort."

"Come now," said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke, "I'm sure you don't keep spirits of contradiction, as well stocked as you are."

"Why not?" said the druggist, not in the least embarrassed. "You shall see for yourself." So saying he left the room and returned leading his wife by the hand.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Horses Still Numerous.

Despite the large number of motor cars and trucks made in America, horses and mules seem to be holding their own, according to a recent trade statement.

Although 7,700,000 automobiles have been produced in the United States since 1896, half of which were manufactured since 1915, there are now 21,534,000 horses and 4,525,000 mules in the country with a total value of \$2,800,000,000.

The Mask of Blindness

By GERALD THORNE

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She had never loved Anson Burdett in a true sense, and such a thing as becoming his wife had never entered her thoughts, yet, when misfortune came upon him, there was born in the nature of Lella Raleigh pity, mingled with mistaken duty, that amazed her mother and sisters.

"I shall make any sacrifice necessary as a friend," she told them. "If poor Anson is to go through life helpless, blind, and asks me to share his troubles I will marry him at his bidding."

"Lella, you talk wild!" scolded her sister, Adelaide. "You never really cared for Anson. He has no claim upon you. It is sheer folly."

"But I feel so sorry for him," said Lella. "He certainly paid me more attention than he did to other girls."

"And out of an impulse of sympathy you would tie yourself to a man unable to make even a living? Lella, this is all sentiment," declared her mother.

Nothing more was said at the time, but Mrs. Raleigh knew that Lella was a person who always acted upon her convictions, though neither romantic nor heroic. Intensely loyal to her friends, sympathetic and tenderhearted, Lella had exaggerated her sense of duty towards a man who had never spoken to her one word of love. A strange condition of affairs had come about. There was an athletic club in Rossmore to which nearly every young man in the town belonged. It had been started and mainly supported by Wilton Porter, who had been left quite a fortune. Burdett, too, was a member, and one day, while practising with the Indian club, Porter lost his grasp of one of them, and it whirled through the air with terrific force. Burdett stood directly in the path of the flying missile. It landed squarely between his eyes, he went down like a shot, and the shocked and horrified Porter went through twenty-four hours of crushing anxiety, remaining at the hospital whitely. Burdett was conveyed until the physician assured him that the patient would live. Porter's heart sank, however, as he was told that it looked as though the nerves of his eyes had been paralyzed and Anson Burdett might be blind for life.

A high caliber, sensitive young man, all the joy of life seemed to have departed for Porter. He gave up all of his time to the care of Burdett.

"Hopefully blind, perhaps," reported an expert oculist, "although the case is of a variety that has seen some remarkable cures, but through time alone."

In the meantime Porter had become acquainted with Lella Raleigh. From the first he was attracted by her and, although he knew that she and Burdett were friends, he never suspected that there was any mutual affection between them.

Lella kept secret even from her mother and sisters that while she was not as yet engaged to Burdett, there was a mutual understanding between them that some day they would marry. She, however, had become disappointed in Burdett. A proposal had been offered by a manufacturing concern out of sympathy for his affliction, where he would answer calls at a distance.

She told Lella anonymously. "Porter has plenty of money and is willing to pay about it. He took away my sight—let him pay for it."

One day Burdett called upon Lella and asked her to marry him. "He told her that he had an opportunity to secure a pretty little farm in Florida, where they could enjoy life without anxiety. He asked her to think it over and give her answer the next day. That same afternoon Wilton Porter appeared and laid his heart at her feet.

"It is too late," said Lella simply, and after the disappointed suitor had gone away she hurried to her room and wept all the long night, though she scarcely knew why. Burdett called upon her the next morning, irrationally eager and excited.

"We must get married at once, Lella," he said. "See," and he drew a packet of bank bills from his pocket. "There is five thousand dollars and all ours. I am going to buy the farm at once and—"

"Why were did you get all that money?" inquired Lella.

"From Porter. I went to him last evening and told him what I wanted, and he said he would do anything to make me comfortable and happy with you."

"But you can't do any work on a farm," she said.

"Oh, yes, I can. Lella, I'm going to tell you a secret. I have been able to see for over a month. I just pretended not to since then, to work this scheme on Porter."

She stood facing him, trembling from head to foot. He fairly shivered as she denounced his petty meanness, as she told him that if he did not at once return the money to Porter she would expose him to the world. Then she left him and he, even more despicable than she had dreamed, thinking more of the money than herself, disappeared that same day with his ill-gotten gains.

The truth came out, as it was bound to, and after a while Wilton Porter renewed his appeal for Lella's love. It had already been his—longer before than he realized.

How they do disappear



A plate heaped high with piping hot biscuits—almost before you know it—only one left. That's a good sign that Occo-nee-chee Self-Rising Flour is the kind you'll like, for biscuits, waffles and hot-cakes.

This flour already contains baking-powder, soda and salt in just the right proportions to insure perfect results—not occasionally—but ten times out of ten. Buying the extra ingredients this way saves money, too. Then it's so easy to use—just mix the flour with water or milk and bake. It only takes a few minutes and is not the slightest bit of bother.

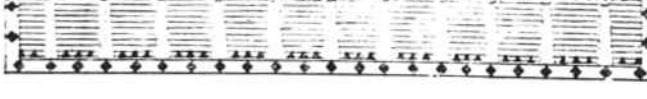
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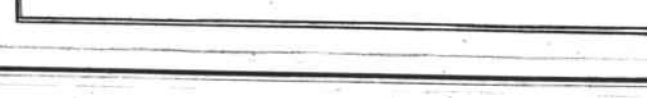
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ECONOMY AND THE WOMAN

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