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THE COURIER  
T. T. MITCHELL, Proprietor  
G. S. BAKER, Business Manager  
LOUISBURG, N. C., DECEMBER 13, 1872

THE MUSICAL WINDS  
Oh, the winds, the whispering winds,  
Whispering up in the poplar limbs;  
Twisting and twirling among the leaves,  
Frisking among the golden anemones,  
Breathing of love to a thousand flowers;  
Bearing perfume through a thousand bowers;  
Singing over the rainbow's rain,  
Whispering, quivering, musical winds!

Laughing winds in dancing glees,  
Over the waters, wild and free,  
Up the mountain's craggy steep,  
Over the prairie's grassy sweep—  
Bearing the bill of a thousand wings,  
Circling round in a thousand rings;  
Glancing light from a myriad stars,  
Glittering light through the prison's bars.

Shimmering emeralds in palace halls,  
Dancing in magic over the walls,  
Singing over the funeral pile,  
Mocking at sadness in stately style,  
Laughing through forest halls,  
Haking the creepers on the walls,  
Chasing round the halloved shrine,  
Careless quite of space or time;  
Ringing like notes from a thousand strings—  
Rustles, changing, musical winds.

Daisy Victor's Guardian.

Daisy Victor sat in the front window of her pleasant cottage home in a little New England village, and as her eyes wandered across the meadow land in front of her, and rested upon the spire of a country church, they filled with tears, and, drooping her head upon her arm, she sobbed aloud.

Shaded by that church was the village graveyard, and only a short walk before, a new-made grave had become the last earthly resting-place of Daisy's mother.

In early life, Mrs. Victor had been used to every luxury that wealth could buy, but shortly after her marriage with Adam Victor, a large Boston merchant, and the birth of her only child, Daisy, troubles had come upon her thick and fast in the loss of her husband and property. With a scanty income left her, she had removed from Boston to a small village in Vermont, and had devoted her days to the education of her daughter.

Mrs. Victor was connected with some of the wealthiest families of the South; but of none had she ever sought aid, being content to eke out of her small income sufficient to defray her own and Daisy's expenses. In the devotion of her daughter she was more than repaid; for of a bright and cheerful nature, and possessing a beautiful face and exquisite figure, Daisy certainly was a daughter to be proud of, and her every action almost was one of devotion to her mother.

But sorrow came upon the cottage home, Mrs. Victor was summoned to her narrow bed in the churchyard; and poor Daisy was left, at fourteen years of age, an orphan almost friendless in the world. Her mother's old servant Janet, had remained with her in this cottage after Mrs. Victor's death; but no arrangement for the future had been agreed upon between them.

Thus poor Daisy sat in her loneliness, and gazing upon the distant churchyard, wept bitter tears of anguish at the sad loss that had fallen upon her.

A coming step started her, and raising her tear-stained face, she saw the village postman entering the little rustic gate leading to the cottage.

Handing in a letter, the kind old man said "Poor little girl! you must not cry so much! Here is a letter for you, and I hope it has good news!"

I write to tell you to come to mine, and cheer the loneliness of the Anchorage Plantation by your bright life. Fortunately, my home has not been molested during the war; and, returning to it from Europe a few weeks since, I found that all was safe, and the servants—now, free, you know—glad to welcome me back. Come to me, Daisy, and be a little sister to me; bring with you Janet, if she is still with you and be assured of a hearty welcome.

In two days I leave for New York, and will come up from there after you. In case of need, I enclose a check for one hundred dollars, which please make use of. Now, at once make up your mind to come to the sunny South, and be ever assured of the love of your friend and cousin, CLAUDE REBELLO.

"God bless that man!" ejaculated Janet as Daisy finished the letter. "And then she continued: 'The young man was always considered a wild boy, and folks said he had no heart; but I knew better!'

"Yes, Janet, my cousins in Boston did not like him, and spoke of him as a cold proud man; but, though mother seldom spoke of him, I knew she loved him. But what must I do?"

"Do? Why, just what he tells you to do. So we'll at once commence to get ready, for he'll be here in a week."

And old Janet, evidently delighted at her prospects of once more going South, hurried off to prepare tea.

The month of September was drawing towards its close when Daisy, one pleasant evening, put on her hat, and, taking the path across the meadow, went with rapid steps towards the church-yard.

Crossing the stile she entered the cemetery and approaching her mother's grave, she started to see the figure of a man standing beside it. Upon hearing her step he turned, and, raising his hat, asked, in a pleasant voice:

"Pardon me, but am I mistaken in believing you to be Miss Daisy Victor?"

"Oh, Cousin Claude! I did not know you had arrived in the village." And Daisy placed her little hand in the one extended to receive it, while her eyes sought his face.

called such a fate for the young girl, for a dark cloud had been the last life of Claude Rebello, and he was believed to be a cold, cynical man of the world, whose unfeeling and stern nature would crush out the brightness of Daisy's life.

Daisy knew that a mystery surrounded her guardian, and had heard him unkindly spoken of; but to her he was ever gentle and kind; and she felt assured that he had never been guilty of any act unworthy of his name and position. In her new home she was happy, and her every endeavor was to make it pleasant for the man who had done so much for her.

Anchorage, the plantation of Claude, was a noble place, situated on a river in one of the most beautiful portions of the State of South Carolina. For years the place had been the home-stead of the Rebellos; and upon the death of Claude's father, it had been left to him; and he had improved it, and added to its beauties and comforts until it was considered the finest plantation in the State.

The year of 1869 was drawing to its close; and Daisy Victor, now matured into a lovely woman of eighteen, was standing upon the wood verandah that encircled the large house, and gazing upon the setting sun as it sank beyond the distant trees. Ever and anon, her eyes would be turned with an expectant look down the long avenue through which the road approached the mansion, and her face flushed with pleasure as she caught sight of a carriage approaching.

Her guardian had been for six months absent in Europe; and upon that morning she had received a letter from him telling her to expect him soon; and she had sent the carriage to meet the train at the nearest station, which was ten miles from Anchorage. The carriage approached, dashed up to the door, and in another moment Daisy found herself in her guardian's arms; while she said, with feeling, "Oh, I am so glad to see you home again, Cousin Claude!"

"And I to get home again, Daisy; but I hope that, under your charge, all has gone well at Anchorage."

"Indeed, it has; but I have missed you so much, Cousin Claude!"

"And the truthful face spoke volumes as she glanced into his face. Only a few hours had passed since the return of the master of the Anchorage; and he and his ward were seated together upon the verandah, looking out upon the moonlit lawn. Claude had been telling of his travels, and at last ceased speaking, and for a while the silence was unbroken. Then he continued: "Daisy, I wish to tell you of my past life, and of the sorrows that have been mine. I owe it to you, and have for years intended telling you, but feared you, like others, might think me cruel and hard."

"Oh, Cousin Claude!"

friend of mine, and hearing from the young lips of the man I had slain whom he was, I sought him out, and, to my horror, found he was engaged to the woman I myself engaged to marry. His crime was unknown; and, in her weakness, having taken me on account of the man I had slain, had engaged herself to him. I became cruel then, Daisy; for I had not known—oh how I regret it now—of the woman I myself engaged to marry. His crime was unknown; and, in her weakness, having taken me on account of the man I had slain, had engaged herself to him. I became cruel then, Daisy; for I had not known—oh how I regret it now—of the woman I myself engaged to marry. His crime was unknown; and, in her weakness, having taken me on account of the man I had slain, had engaged herself to him. I became cruel then, Daisy; for I had not known—oh how I regret it now—of the woman I myself engaged to marry.

"Sick of life, disgusted with the world, and believing in nothing good, I raged about town, place to place until the breaking out of the civil war, when I raised and equipped a regiment and offered my services to the South. Twice, when severely wounded, I was sorry I was not killed; but no, I lived through all, and again determined to come to the Anchorage to settle, though I now the neighborhood disliked me, particularly for my killing Hart, for they do not now know his guilt in personating a clergyman. Seeing the death of your mother, the idea seized me to send for you; and heaven be thanked that I did so, for you have saved a wretched life and turned me from my aimless existence."

"My darling, I love you, and have done so ever since I met you in that old churchyard in Vermont, beside your mother's grave. You know my past life, for I have told you the whole truth. Will you consent to be my wife, and cheer my lonely existence?"

Claude Rebello stood before Daisy, his naughty face wearing a look of earnest entreaty.

Slowly raising her drooping head, Claude saw teardrops in the moonlight, and felt that his cause was won; and with joy he turned to the low voice reply, "I have loved you all my life, Claude, before we met you were with me in imagination as my beautiful ideal of a man. Gladly, gladly will I be your wife, and try and drive the gloom from your life."

"Bless you, my own darling!" was the fervent reply.

And on another letter, Daisy Victor received from Mrs. Claude Rebello; and in the love of each other and the luxuries of their home, they care little for the gossip that ran through their marriage.

The Many Beams.

By the term "prospects" as applied to a young lady, you mean the probability of her getting a husband, then she whose admirers may be called legion has infinitely poorer prospects than one whose friends of the opposite sex may be counted on the fingers of a single hand.

pretty, stylish, accomplished and graceful—anything you please, it matters little. The very fact that she has been the recipient of attention from more men than she would need to know in the course of a lifetime places her on the level with a worn out boot—desirably only to those who cannot get better.

If girls would but take the advice of their own sex as gracefully as they take the attentions of the other, some, at least, would cut loose a few of their worthless acquaintances, and, in future, guard themselves against the addresses of too many beaux.

Mr. Small and Mr. Mike Marks being arranged for having engaged in a bloody Sunday morning fight, the counsel for the defense desired that the court would allow a statement of facts by himself, to which he thought both gentle men would give their indorsement as being correct.

The court consenting, the counsel for the defense stated that Mr. Small and Mr. Marks had always been on the best of terms, and yet were. Nothing had ever interrupted their long term of friendship more than a very foolish circumstance that occurred at a beer saloon on Sunday morning.

The two gentlemen, he remarked, were taking their beverage, when Mr. Marks spoke about the tiger, and asked Mr. Small if he had ever seen the creature. Mr. Small replied that he had, and a most remarkable one, too; whereupon he related that, some years ago, his grandfather had gone hunting; and while taking lunch behind an empty barrel, was attacked by the ravenous beast. Keeping the barrel between himself and the tiger, Mr. Small's grandfather finally succeeded in forcing it down over the ferocious animal, and drawing the latter's tail through the bung-hole, tied it in a knot, and immediately left the field.

"Visiting the grounds says it, some years later," concluded Mr. Small, "I found that a new race of tigers had sprung up, all of them being born with barrels attached to their tails."

Mr. Marks coolly remarked that he believed the story to be the biggest lie he ever heard, whereupon Mr. Small defended his dignity by knocking Mr. Marks over the counter. It was a case the counsel remarked, which would justify punishment to both, but he trusted to the clemency of the court. His Honor, to, thought the case was not a severe one, and after giving his admonition to the young men to let all kind-of tigers alone, on Sunday especially, he dismissed the case—Louisville Courier.

Farming Don't Pay.

If farming didn't pay it wouldn't be followed; necessity compels it to pay—not only on farms, or rather with all farmers, but with the bulk of them, and particularly the best. So it is with any business; it must pay or it will be discontinued. Sometimes however, it pays less, particularly farming, in which nature has so much to do and the creature of the man the less. All businesses are subject to these changes. But the greatest diversity is in another direction—in the capacity or activity of the engaged. There are many poor farmers, some quite poor—wretched. These do not find it to pay, and, so change to something else, or to someone else "better" form. But it is the same; where if farming were depending upon themselves the world would starve. But it is bound not to starve, and so it employs, among others, its best men, who are sure to do well, as they would do well anywhere. It requires, mind, enterprise and care to succeed in any business, or calling. While some men are compelled to vacate their land, others will grow rich and secure themselves the few hundreds we see in older settled parts of the country. It was not idleness and shiftlessness that did this. Farming, then, will pay, but only with those who exert themselves and make it pay. There is money in it because there must be. There is money in it, says enterprise, and I will have it. People must have bread and to furnish this is the best way is to rear to the profit. But this must keep up with the progress of the world, or he will surely be left behind. He must avail himself of all the advantages, and there are many; he cannot do without them; they make it a condition. But how many are struggling in the old way, floundering to keep up; and with heads just above water crying that farming don't pay! It pays even in the hard times, and that handsomely, to the right man who prosecutes faithfully his business.—Country Gentleman.

Amidst the like hunger it obays no law but its own appetit. There is no medicine like a good joke—it is a silver-coated pill that frolics and phines on the ran. Beauty is a morning dream which the breakfast bell puts and end to. The man who never makes any blunders will never raise in the esteem of the world; the reputation of a good guide is sought.

I don't want any better proof of a good head except than to hear an other head-carrier say, "He is a phool and don't understand his business." Fortune is like a mirror, it don't alter, after it only shows them just as they are. Dandy's are byered, a cross between a fashion plate and an unpaid tailor's bill. Debt is a strap which a man sets and bites himself, and then deliberately gets in.

Discards and pills, when they enter a man's body, are like two lawyers when they underk: few settle his affairs, they compromise the matter by laying out the patient. One good way I know of to find happiness is not by boring a hole to fit the plug. A lie is like nitro glycerine, the best of judges can't tell when it is going to burst and shatter confusion. As the flint contains the spark, unknown to itself, which the steel alone can make into life, so adversity often reveals to us hidden gems which prosperity and negligence would never have hid.

Most people when they cum tan you for advia, cum tan hav their own opin-yun strengthened not corrected. Men seem to me, nowadays, to be divided into slow Christies and wide-awake sinners.

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