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TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE

POETRY.

Falling Leaves.

They are falling slowly falling, Thick upon the Forest side,

They are falling sadly falling, Close beside our cottage door,

They are falling on the streamlet, Where the silvery waters flow,

They are falling, ever falling, When the autumn breezes sigh,

They are falling, they are falling, While our saddened thoughts still go

SELECTED STORY.

CONNIE'S BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

'Papa!' said Connie, 'I had such a strange dream last night; shall I tell it to you?'

'If you please, my dear said her father, 'I am very fond of dreams that have any sense in them—and even of those that have good nonsense in them. Tell it to me.'

'Mine wasn't a dream to make me laugh. It was too dreadful at first, and too delightful afterwards. I thought I was lying quite still, without breathing even, with my hands straight down by my sides, and my eyes closed. I did not choose to open them, for I knew that if I did I should see nothing but the inside of the lid of my coffin. I did not mind it much at first, for I was very quiet, and not uncomfortable. Everything was as silent as it should be, for I was ten feet and a half below the surface of the earth in the church-yard. Old Rogers was not far from me on one side, and that was a comfort; only there was a thick wall of earth between. But as the time went I began to get uncomfortable. I could not help thinking how long I should have to wait for the resurrection. Somehow I had forgotten all you teach me about that. Perhaps it was punishment—the dream—for forgetting it. Well, I'll go on with my dream. I lay a long time till I got very tired, and wanted to get up, oh, so much!—But still I lay, and although I tried, I could not move hand or foot. At last I burst out crying. I was ashamed of crying in my coffin, but I couldn't bear it any longer. I thought I was disgraced, for everybody was expected to be perfectly quiet and patient down there. But very soon after I began to cry, I heard a sound of spades and pick-axes. It was on and on, and came nearer and nearer. And then—it was so strange—I was dreadfully frightened at the thought of the light and the wind, and of the people seeing me in my coffin and night-dress, and tried to persuade myself that it was somebody else they were digging for, or that they were going to lay another coffin over mine. And I thought if it was you they were going to put there, papa, I shouldn't mind how long I lay there, for I shouldn't feel a bit lonely, even though we could not speak a word to each other all the time. But the sounds came on, nearer and nearer,

and at last a pick-ax struck, with a blow that jarred me all through, upon the lid of my coffin, right over my head.

'Here she is poor thing!' I heard a sweet voice say.

'I'm so glad we've found her,' said another voice.

'She couldn't bear it any longer,' said a third more pitiful voice than either of the others.

'I think, papa, that this must have been because of what you were saying the other evening about the mystery of St. Paul; that while he defended with all his might the actual resurrection of Christ and the resurrection of those he came to save, he used it as meaning something more yet, as a symbol of our coming out of the death of sin into the life of truth. Isn't that right papa?'

'Yes, my dear,' said her father, 'I believe so. But I want to hear your dream first, and then your way of accounting for it.'

'There isn't much more of it now,' said Connie.

'There must be the last of it.'

'Yes, I allow that. Well, while they spoke—it was wonderfully clear and connected dream—they were clearing away the earth and stones from the top of my coffin. And I lay trembling and expecting to be looked at, like a thing in a box, as I was, every moment. But they lifted me, coffin and all, out of the grave for I felt the motion of it up. Then they set it down, and I heard them taking the lid off. But after the lid was off it did not seem to make much difference to me. I could not open my eyes. I saw no light and felt no wind blowing on me. But I heard them whispering about me. Then I felt warm, soft hands washing my face, and then I felt wafts of wind coming on my face, and thought they came from the waving of wings. And when they washed my eyes, the air came upon them so sweet and cool! and I opened them. I thought, and here I was lying on this couch, with butter-flies and bees flitting and buzzing about me, the brook singing somewhere near me, and a lark making sweet music up in the sky. But there were no angels—only plenty of light and wind and living creatures. Wasn't it a resurrection, papa, to come out of the grave into such a world as this?'

'Indeed it was, my darling—and a very beautiful and true dream.—There is no need for me to explain it to you, for you have done so for yourself already. But not only do I think that the coming out of sin into goodness, one of unbelief into faith in God, is like your dream; but I expect that no dream of such delight comes up to the sense of fresh life and being that we shall have when we put on the higher spiritual body after this mortal one won't serve our purpose any longer, and it is worn out and cast aside. The ability of the mind, whether of itself or by some inspiration of God, to dream such things, is proof of our capacity for such things, and a proof, I think, that for such things we were made. Here comes in the opportunity for faith in God—and confidence in his being and perfection that he would have made us capable without meaning to fill that capacity. If he is able to make us capable, the other he can easily do. And if he is all love he will do it. You should thank God for that dream, Connie.'

'I was afraid to do that, papa.'

'That is as much as to fear that there is one place to which David might have fled, where God would not find him—the most terrible of all thoughts.'

'Where did you mean, papa?'

'I mean dreamland. If it is right to thank God for a beautiful thought, one that will give you strength and grace, why should you fear to thank him for those thoughts which arise in sleep.'

The word Farewell.

Farewell, said a youthful lover, as he pressed his lips to the white brow of a beautiful maiden; for it had been decreed that he must go far hence.

Farewell, said an old man with sooty locks and furrowed brow, as fondly to his bosom he pressed his children's little ones for he was starting on his journey to that land whence no traveler returns.

Farewell, said a man of wealth, as his vast possessions flew from his grasp like a meteor from the brow of night.

Farewell, said a little child, as she folded the white wings of her dead dove and laid it in the grave which her own hand had made beneath a rose tree.

Farewell, said a noble youth, as he left his native land to gaze upon the grandeur of distant nations.

Farewell, said a broken hearted widow, as she plumed her spirit wings for heaven.

Farewell, said a stricken mother, as she closed the eyes of her sweet darling, and pressed one long last kiss upon its baby brow, and then laid it in the lonely grave.

What means that word farewell, blending in harmony, sweetness and melancholy? Why does it fall with such a crushing weight upon the listener's ear? Why do bright eyes grow dim and rosy cheeks turn pale as this momentous word falls from the lips of some cherished one? Alas, it tells to the fond heart a tale of weary years, while a loved one is toiling in a distant land. Of a vacant chair in the old man's dwelling. Of poverty and mighty struggles with a cold and unfeeling world. Of children weeping on account of their first sorrow. Of leaving home and country to seek more happiness and more joy. Of bright hopes and broken vows. Of beauty fled from earth while the lovely mourner waters a tiny grave with burning tears. Ah, farewell is the language of earth.

In the bright, glad morning I have gazed upon a beautiful flower, but before eventide it had withered and passed away forever. Me thinks that this it is with life. In youth's fair morn we clasp some gentle one to our fond embrace, but ere we are aware of it, our loved one is called away by the angel of death.

Bright and beautiful are the dreams with which we have decked the future, but when the time approaches in which to test their reality, we behold that vision like, they have departed.

When farewell tears no more are shed Upon its changeless shore: That there the holy ones who meet; Shall parted be no more. O! will it not be very sweet, When all the ties are riven, Shall be united once again—'Within the gates of heaven.'

The Housewife's Table

The following is a very valuable housewife's table, by which persons not having scales and weights at hand, may readily measure the article wanted to form any recipe without the trouble of weighing. Allowance to be made for an extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured:

- WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. Wheat flour, one pound one quart. Indian meal, on pound two ounces are one quart. Butter, when soft, one pound is one quart. Leaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart. White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce are one quart. Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces are one quart. Ten eggs are one pound. Flour, eight quarts are one peck. Flour, four pecks are one bushel. LIQUIDS, ETC. Sixteen large tablespoonfuls are half a pint. Eight large tablespoonfuls are one gill.

Four large tablespoonfuls are half a gill. Two gills are half a pint. Two pints are one quart. Four quarts are one gallon. A common sized tumbler holds half a pint. A common sized wine glass is half a gill. A teacup is one gill. A large wine glass is two ounces. A tablespoonful is a half an ounce. Forty drops are equal to one teaspoonful. Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

HUMOROUS.

An old lady in Saginaw, Michigan, has given bonds in \$300 not to scold her neighbors for an entire year.

'If there is anybody under the canopy of heaven that I have in utter execration,' says Mrs. Partington, 'it is the slander going about like a boy equitricator, circulating his calomel upon honest folks.'

A young lady wrote some verses for a country paper about her birthday, and headed them 'May 30th.' It almost made her hair gray when it appeared in print, 'My 30th.'

'How do you define black as your hat?' said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. 'Darkness that may be felt,' replied the youthfulurchant.

Satirical.—'John,' said a cruel father to his son, whom he one day found shaving the down from his upper lip, 'don't throw your shaving water out where there are any bareheaded boys, for if you do their feet may get pricked.'

A country editor says, 'If the party who plays the accordion in this vicinity at nights will only change his tune occasionally, or sit where we can scald him when the engine has steam on, he will hear of something to his advantage.'

A young lady who had been greatly annoyed by a lot of young simpletons who stop under her window at night to sing, 'If Ever I Cease to Love,' wishes us to say that if they will cease their foolishness, come in, and talk 'business they will confer a favor.

Danbury boy whose imagination had become diseased by too close devotion to dime novels, started off to seek fame as a slayer of bears and indians. He took all his toys, including a hand-sled and a snare drum, bade his little brothers and sisters an affectionate farewell, and was gone nearly two hours.

Mrs. Grundy and the Equator.—A little school girl up in Massachusetts asked her teacher what was meant by 'Mrs. Grundy.' The teacher replied that it meant 'the world.' Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class to which this little 'bud of promise' belonged.—'What is a zone?' After some hesitation this little girl brightened up, and replied, 'I know; it is a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist.'

Horrible Affair.

A lady, formerly of this city, but now residing near Minden, Louisiana, in a letter to her father here, gives the following details of a most horrible affair which recently occurred in the neighborhood in which she lives, which we have been kindly permitted to publish. The writer says:

'We had a very exciting and shocking affair in this neighborhood this week. Mrs. Kidd, a lady between 25 and 30 years old, a married lady with two little children about the ages of nine, and said to be a nice amiable woman as ever lived, rode over to Mr. Willingham's, who is teaching the negroes in this place, last Monday to get some sewing done, spent the morning, it was just one mile from her home, and got on her horse and started home, but never got there. Her husband got uneasy about her staying so late, and went to Willingham's house to see what had become of her, and as I have told you she had started home. The alarm was given that she was missing, the neighbors set out in search of her, found the horse grazing in the fields with the bridle in his neck, and a little satchel hanging on the pommel of the saddle, but could find no traces of her. The excitement grew rapidly. The whole

country for 20 miles turned out, black and white. The search was continued night and day, from Monday evening till Wednesday morning. They found her in a thicket in the woods about eight miles from her home, with the back of her head beaten to pieces and she had been choked. It was very plain she had been cruelly murdered. There was a negro man who was at Willingham's the day she was there, and he was missing, so suspicion rested on him; they got on his track and continued in search without stopping to rest or sleep, and caught him Wednesday night, running away from the country; they took him back to Kidd's plantation and sent to him to know what he wanted done with him; he said burn him alive.—They made up a log heap and the negro men tied him and put him in; they let him burn a while, and would then take him out and talk to him; he said he saw her at Willingham's and went out on the road to catch her, which he did about half way between Willingham's and her home, that he took the bridle and led the horse through the meadows about eight miles; that he had to choke her to keep her from screaming; that he kept her till Tuesday evening before he killed her. He said she begged him all the time not to kill her, but he did it to keep her from telling on him, and that he knocked her in the head with a knot of lightwood. While he burned the crowd was so large half of them could not see him. Mr. Kidd came out and saw him burned up.'

[Lynchburg News.]

A Scene From Life.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern, and called for a drink. 'No,' said the landlord, 'you have had too much already. You have had a drink tremens once and I cannot sell you any more.' We stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord, and thus addressed him: 'Six years ago, at their age, I stood where these young men now are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them!' The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, 'God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!' And he kept his word.

A YANKEE TRICK.—A Kentuckian and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a 'swap,' but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched with the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform this trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom.—The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. This settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were exchanged. After a time they came to a deep, rapid stream, over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, with the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow him self to be carried away, and endeavored to spur him up to a more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches.

'Look here!' shouted the enraged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, 'what does all this mean?'

'I want you to know, stranger,' cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away; 'that horse will pint fish just as well as he will fowl.'

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