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The Franklin Courier.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

VOL. 2.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1873.

NO. 17.

Poetry.

There Comes a Time.

There comes a time when we grow old, And like a sunset down the sea, Slopes gradually, and the night wind cold...

Selected.

Politeness that Paid

Commercial, Mail, and German News! shouted a ragged little fellow one afternoon lately as he rushed through a street car in which we had just taken a seat.

most of it went to support his mother, who was very sick, and only made a few cents occasionally peddling tinware.

The superintendent of the Rivington street Lodging-House knew 'Tinsey' well, and spoke very highly of him. He said he was one of the few street boys who did not use tobacco, swear, or stay out late at night.

A Singular Description.

THE MYSTERY OF "MISSING."

"An ex-Private" writes: There came to the company at Cincinnati, a fair, boyish Englishman, with complexion like that of a girl, with form slight and girlish in their beauty, and with manner that pronounced him a gentleman.

He had heard an enthusiastic war speech and had enlisted on the spur of the moment. His English friends claimed that he was a minor, and that he must be released. Brady was allowed to decide for himself. He decided to remain in the company.

When asked to explain he made a defiant reply, and on being reproved told the officer to go to the devil. This sent him to the guard house, where he remained sullen and indignant, insisting that the officer should come and ask his pardon.

Finally men understood and appreciated the high-spirited young fellow, and he became a favorite. He was a good soldier, but disobeyed some orders on principle. He always carried an immense knapsack and always was scrupulously clean.

No laughing or joking or ordering could cause him to omit thus undressing. He was always ready with the reply, "I am not going to sleep like an egg." When men were ordered to lie on their arms, and sleep with shoes and accoutrements on, Brady undressed all the same.

reckless and daring as himself were detailed to guard a house. They had been on duty some days when they were relieved and ordered to report to the regiment on the march.

They never reported, and the men of the company never saw them more. It was surmised that Brady had gone to the Confederate lines, with the intention of returning to England, and that his comrade had accompanied him.

He carried the letters North, and all of the old comrades of the two high spirited men admitted that 'missing' meant 'deserted.' On arriving at his old home the bearer of the letters was met by the astounding information that the man he supposed to be dead was at home an invalid.

The invalid remained an invalid a long time and his closet friends feared to question him. He never volunteered a word about Brady, the 'missing' man. He may be in England rejoicing in his true name and his fortune. He may be among the thousands lost.

Waiting for the Evening Train

The following beautiful sketch was written by the late Thurlow Weed Brown in 1850:

'Waiting for the Evening Train.' The speaker was the oldest of the crowd of people moving restlessly about the depot. His form was bowed with years of hard toil, his hair was white and his hand tremulous.

More than eighty years ago he received a through ticket over the straight and narrow way, whose terminus is the eternal city. Death is a mighty engine, and for thousand of years it has swept this down grade hourly with loaded trains. It stops at every station.

We are 'Waiting for the train.' There are the morning and noon trains these filled with children; with pleasure seeking and sorrow stricken.

A Heart-Moving Scene.

One of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed was put upon the stage at the Masonic Temple, Louisville, during the session of the Grand Lodge of Masons. The hour of adjournment on Tuesday afternoon, arrived, and Grand Master Jones announced that the body would adjourn without the signs as he had reason to believe that castroppers were behind the scenes.

When he came out he threw away all his clothes, washed himself from head to foot and then put on an injured air because he was not allowed to wear his citizen's clothes.

ercises concluded, there was a spontaneous call long and prolonged, from six hundred brethren in the auditorium to send the girls down for a collection. It was taken, and the treasury of the "Home" was handsomely reinforced.

HUMOROUS.

A Dutchman describes an accident as follows: "Vonce a long vife ago, I went into mine abbele gchard to cline a bear tree to get peaches to make mine vrow a bium boudin mit, and ven I got to de toppermost brach I vall framme lowermost limb vith one leg on both sides of de fence and like to sove mine outides in."

We met an old darkey trudging along with a heavy side of bacon that he had bought swinging over his shoulder. We observed that he was miserably clad, and we felt sorry for him.

Sport on the Ice.

The morning was clear and frosty—very frosty, indeed—when a solitary cuss was observed wending his way toward a skating-pond with a pair of skates under his arm, a tear on the end of his nose, and a clay pipe between his lips.

The skates that I carried under my arm were high Dutch, very high Dutch. They had a yard of iron turned up in front, and looked like sleigh runners. My great-grandfather brought them over with him from the home of his childhood. He was a great skater.

As I was wending my way to the pond with said skates under my arm, numerous little boys, as I passed them yelled as follows:

"Halloo, skates! where are you going with that man?"

I didn't mind those little boys, but walked on to the pond where I found numerous chaps and feminine females cutting duplex circles and American eagles. Some were also cutting their heads.

I put on my high Dutch skates, and resolved to show the chaps how to do the thing up brown. Arose to my feet and found the ice rather slippery—one foot wanted to go north and the other south. Made a grand strike out with both feet, and cut a beautiful circle—on the back of my head. Some chap picked me up, and I felt better, and struck out again; struck out very fast, couldn't stop myself, but kept straight ahead. It was "skates, where are you going with that man?" sure enough; and there was a festive female in high-heeled boots coming straight towards me in a chain lightning manner.

When I was a little fellow, and went to school, and slid down hill on a

board, I read some piece, in some little book with a yellow cover, about a chap who tried to do something six times, and didn't do something six times. Then he saw a spider try to do somethings seven times, and he, the chap, concluded he'd try once more. He tried and succeeded.

The book didn't say what the chap was trying to do, but it said when I "got to be a big man I'd find out."

I've got to be a big man, and I ain't found out yet. But I've made up my mind that he, the chap, not the spider, was trying to skate, and cut his head six times before he learned.

When I was picked up, after my collision with the festive female in high-heeled boots, I remembered this book, and this man, and this spider; and I said to myself I'd be like these man and those spider, and "try again!"

I've had chairs pulled from under me festive cusses when I was about to take a seat; I've sat down in low chairs when I thought they were high ones; and I've sat down in many other ways; but none of those sit downs were anything to that sit down on the ice, when I was trying to cut an American eagle.

In fact, it was the hardest sit down I ever had in my life.

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never rfid cut on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearst approach to domestic felicity on earth, is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then praise it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot," is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other—it is mean.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

From Mr. Southgate's report on his Masonic Temple's enterprise, we extract the following:

"The purpose of the Association is to build a Grand Temple in the city of Raleigh for the use of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, and for other purposes, and in order that its architectural beauty and finish may be such as to reflect credit upon the Masonic Order and the State, it is desired to raise \$100,000 by subscriptions of stock with which to build the Temple. Mr. Southgate was appointed the General Agent of the Association, and it was made his duty to visit the subordinate Lodges of the State in behalf of this object. He has visited 86 Lodges, 52 of which, have subscribed \$25,000—

which, together with the stock taken in Raleigh and by the Grand Lodge, make \$50,000 already subscribed, leaving \$50,000 to be raised by the remaining 100 subordinate Lodges. Mr. Southgate is greatly encouraged by the success of his past labors, and hopes to realize what is so fondly hoped by the Masons of the State."

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Marier's Bonnet.

The Danbury News tells of a man of that place who was charged by his wife to bring home her bonnet Saturday night, but he became so imbued with liquor that he fell on the street and burst the cover from the band box, and the hat rolled out on the walk. He grabbed for it at once as he did a playful dog, and for a while was difficult to determine which would get the hat. They finally divided it, the man going one way with strings and a few straws and the dog another with the balance. When he got home he extended his share of the victory to the wretched woman and burst forth in unfeigned admiration: "It was the saddest dog to (sic) hold on I ever saw, Marier (sic), an' if I hadn't bin perfectly sober (sic) he'd had the bull (sic) the hat on it."

It was the same individual who, a week previous, waited until midnight Saturday before going home, so he could take the middle of the road. During the transit he was run into and knocked down, and rolled over by a horse and carriage. As he crawled up on the walk, after the accident, he casually observed: "What a—d fool has left his gate open this time."

In one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas, twelve gentlemen of color were told by the judge to retire and "find the verdict."

They went to the jury-room. The sheriff and others standing outside heard the opening and shutting of drawers' the slamming of doors, and other sounds of unusual commotion.

At last the jury came back into the court, when the foreman rose and said: "We have looked everywhere in the drawers and behind the do, and can't find no verdict. It war't in the room!"

A young man decidedly inebriated entered the executive chamber of New York recently, and asked for the Governor:

"What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary.

"Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure."

"Well," replied the Secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure, you had better go and try a water cure."

A gentleman at Lancaster, Penn., has a horse that takes his children to school in the morning, returning home driverless, and at night returns for them in the same way, rubbing his nose against the window pane to indicate his presence. He is ahead of "Mary's little Lamb."

A little girl at school read thus:—"The widow lived on a small limbery left her by a relative." "What do you call the word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy not limbery." "But Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "pa says I must say limb, not leg."

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For party's address me at Louisville, N. C. Dec. 1872. N. B. WALKER Dec. 20-3m.