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TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE

Poetry.

Female Charms.



SELECTED STORY.

A Brother's Sacrifice.

BY HERO STRONG.

ARGEMORNE Renaud was of a French parentage on her father's side, but her lady mother was a countess of England, and the heiress of a very large inheritance.

Here Argemorne's childhood and early youth were passed, in the enjoyment of every luxury which wealth to whom the highest wish of the imperious little beauty was law.

Monsieur Renaud was one of those 'rolling stones' whose great misfortune lies in the fact of their having been thrust into existence, nobody could reasonably have expected them to 'gather moss.'

Renaud never made a cent of money in his life, but he fancied that he had wonderful genius for bargain driving, and his wife was too much of a fine lady, and too little of a tradeswoman to see that he got cheated in every bargain he made.

This terrible blow was too much for the haughty pride of the countess; she died of brain paralysis in less than a week, and after her death Renaud did the only sensible thing he had done for years—plunged into the river and the next day was the subject of an interesting post mortem and coroner's inquest.

And Argemorne, at 18, was left an orphan, with only a small annuity and no expectations.

She was one of the proudest women in England, and her ill-fortune galled her sorely, but she was too proud to make it manifest by word or deed. All her friends called her cold and soulless, and wondered if aught on earth could touch her heart.

She found a home, after the death of her parents, with a little cousin, but there was little sympathy between herself and the Hon. Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Montague had been at St. Elmar, and she gave Argemorne a home, solely because her family pride could not bear the mortification of seeing a relative in the house of a stranger.

Near Montague House was the fine estate of Maltravers Abby—the seat of old Lord Maltravers. The old Lord had two sons, Louvian and Gerald—Louvian was the heir to the title, the Abby, and the bulk of the large estate; while Gerald, as the younger son, had only the family name of Rossmont, and an income of a thousand pounds a year.

Both the young men were noble and handsome, and both loved Argemorne Renaud—each in his own way.

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Both were courtly in bearing, and as devoted to her as even her exacting nature could require, but she loved only one of them, and unfortunately for her that one was Gerald, the young son.

The lofty old turrets of Maltraver Abby were to her too powerful a temptation to be resisted; and for a long time she had made up her mind to become Lady Maltravers.

And merrily rang the village church bells one bright June morning when Argemorne was wedded to young Lord Maltravers, and went home to the Abby as his honored wife.

The festivities were great and continuous, but Gerald was not seen at any of the merry makings. He had taken enough to stand calmly by and see this girl whom he worshipped made the bride of another, even though that other was his only brother.

The night after the bridal, driven forth by some wild unrest, Argemorne threw a shawl over her shoulders, and through the white moonlight went out to walk away the fever in her blood beneath the tall old trees in Maltravers Park, and Gerald, led back to home by some uncontrollable impulse, met her there.

A stormy scene ensued, for both were high-spirited, and each one was well aware of the state of the other's affections.

He accused her of coldness and deceit; he said she had never loved him—that she was incapable of loving anything but herself. He exhausted himself in fierce and bitter reproaches, and downcast eyes. She let him finish, and when from sheer exhaustion he was silent, she spoke:

'Gerald,' said she, 'Heaven is my witness, I loved you with my whole soul—I love you still! I shall love you forever! Better than earth, better than my hopes for Heaven! If to-day, my choice rested between eternal perdition with you, and Paradise without you I would choose the first! I am your brother's wife, and it is a sin for me to say this, but for once my tongue shall speak the thoughts of my heart! 'Lord Maltravers,' she spoke his name with a haughty uplifting of the head, remembering the proud title, 'is just and noble, and I will be true to him, but while being true, I shall never feel for him one thrill of anything warmer than the esteem his many virtues must command' from all! 'I shall never love him! Centuries of devotion upon his part could not win a fragment of my love! I married him for his wealth, and because of the proud position in which he would place me! I married him because he could make me Lady Maltravers!'

'And if I had been the oldest son?'

She stooped toward him with bated breath—the fire of passion in her superb eyes and glowing in her scarlet lips.

'Earth nor Heaven should not have kept us apart! Adieu forever!'

She tore away the hand he clasped to his heart, and fled from him with frantic haste. She knew her danger, and meant to be in deed and word a loyal wife. So she fled from temptation.

He had missed his bride from the revelers, and full of tender anxiety, had sought her in the park, and had been unhappy enough to listen to all that passed between his brother and this woman, whom he worshipped.

A knot of white ribbon, fallen from her hair, lay on the grass at his feet. He picked it up and pressed it madly to his fevered lips.

'She shall be happy!' he said, quietly. 'What is my worthless life against one little hour of her pleasure? I love her—I will make her happy! If she is never to give me the place in her heart which I seek, life is valueless to me. Yes, yes, my precious Argemorne shall be happy!'

He went down to the shore of the lake which bordered the park, and where were moored the pleasure boats in which he had so often taken her out sailing.

They found his body after a long search, and there was great lamentation through all the country—for he was a noble gentleman, and well beloved.

Six months of mourning elapsed, and then betrothal of Lord Gerald Maltravers were announced.

For once in her life Argemorne was entirely happy. The wish of her life near being fulfilled, and if she thought of her dead husband, it was with no regret.

The church-bells rang a merry peal, and the bridal party set forth for the church. Lady Maltravers was in a carriage with her bridesmaids; Lord Maltravers followed with his attendants.

The road to the church ran past the willow-fringed pond, and for some reason unknown to any one, the horses attached to the carriage of the bride became frightened as they reached the little cove where Lord Louvian's body had been found.

Argemorne was taken up dead—her white bridal robes stained crimson with her blood—the false blue blood which had made her crush the love of her heart for the love of pride and station.

Lord Maltravers died two years afterward in Australia, and Maltravers Abby is a ghostly ruin. Credulous people say it is haunted, but all good Christians insist that nothing frequents its deserted chambers but bats and lizards.

Modern Dictionary.

Water—A clear fluid once used as a drink.

Honey—An excellent joke.

Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.

My dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.

Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody equal to Colonel.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.

State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Modesty—A beautiful little flower that flourishes in secret places.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it for himself.

The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon measures to keep out of it.

Money—The god of the country.

The man who sat down on an open paper of carpet-nails, said they reminded him of income tax.

An Essex street boy made a very handsome snow man about seven feet high on Saturday and robed it with his mother's sixty-dollar Paisley shawl. He is saddest when he sits

The Fallen.

We meet them every day: possibly brush clothes with them on the street—poor, miserable degraded. Once life appeared beautiful. The bright visions of hope danced around their pathway and gilded their future with more than the roseate loveliness of an eastern sky.

Though reformation is possible, yet never again can they arise to the proud eminence from which they have fallen, or do away the sad memories of the past. The scars of sin are burnt deeply into the soul, and will always remain to pain and humble. The contrast between what they were, what they are, and what they might have been, is the fatal knowledge driving them to ruin.

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"Peculiar People."

People who like the lag-pipes.

People who dislike oysters.

People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.

People who say pleasure, interesting, inhospitable, and applicable.

People who have no poor relation.

People who have more money than they know what to do with.

People who dye their hair.

People who always know where the wind is.

People who like getting up early in the morning.

People who give donations to street-beggars and organ grinders.

People who send conscience-money to the Secretary of the Treasury.

People who take long walks before breakfast.

People who spend an income on flowers for the button-holes.

People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.

People who like paying income tax.

People who go to hot and uncomfortable theatres.

People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stock to one of green head.

People who have no sense of humor.

People who give large parties in small rooms.

People who lavish money on the heathens abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.

People who have the ice broken to enable them to take a cold bath in winter.

People who keep all their old letters.

People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, loobbies, crochets, or favorite theories.

People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat anything.

People who take snuff.

People who hold their tongues.

'The morning is breaking,' said a servant as he knocked at his master's door.

'Let it break,' was the growling reply: 'let it break, it owes me nothing!'

And the merchant—a fair sample of a class—addressed him again to sleep.

'Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?'

'Yes, to the bone.' 'What is his character?'

'Didn't know he had any.'

'Does he live near you?'

'So near that he has only spent five shillings for wood in eight years.'

Pay Your Subscription.

SHAKING HANDS.

The mere offer of the hand is the readiest sign of voluntary courtesy or forgiveness, and its non-compliance the most civil yet meaning of refusals. Shaking hands is a mode of greeting, the origin of which is lost in obscurity.

TRUE SOCIETY.—Silly, empty, un-bushing girls, just escaped from school, elbowing their mothers into corners, and covering with confusion their fathers and brothers, do not constitute society. Nor does a circle of silent, awkward, primitive, good-natured women, whose virtues are only known at home.

HORRIBLE MURDER OF AN AGED FEMALE IN TENNESSEE.—Mrs. Housden, a widow, aged sixty, living nine miles south of Nashville, was taken from her bed Tuesday night by unknown persons, carried to the common gallows erected for dressing logs, and hanged till she was dead.

Advertisements.

De Witt Talmage, he of tabernacular notoriety, has changed the wording of the scriptures with regard to salt. His reading is: 'Ye are the antipathetic of the earth; but if the antipathetic has lost its antipathetic quality, wherewith shall it be antipatheticated?'

Advertisements.

Undertakers Notice.

I can furnish at short notice, Coffins of Walnut, Poplar, Pine or a-tal-ic, with horse and driver to attend. J. J. MINTNER.

Advertisements.

Patterson, Madison & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

Commission Merchants.

Petersburg, Va.

J. R. Patterson.

W. A. Madison.

R. L. Judkins.

No. 19-20m.

County Orders taken in Trade, at current rates, at

S. T. WILDERS.

Notice is hereby given to the people of Franklin and adjoining counties that the Louisville Tannery is now open for the reception of Paw Hides of the various kinds, for which the highest cash prices will be paid.

Let it break, it owes me nothing!

And the merchant—a fair sample of a class—addressed him again to sleep.

'Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?'

'Yes, to the bone.' 'What is his character?'

'Didn't know he had any.'

'Does he live near you?'

'So near that he has only spent five shillings for wood in eight years.'

Pay Your Subscription.

W. H. HESTER SR.

Louisburg N. C. Jan. 3 1873.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Henry T. Alley,

Wholesale & Retail

Confectioner.

Fruits, Fancy Goods, Toys,

Weddings & Parties

Furnished.

Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.

Nov. 29-1y.

H. BORST,

FURNITURE

DEALER,

No. 20 Bellbrook Street,

Petersburg, Va.

No. 1-1y.

P. H. SMITH,

CABINET MAKER

AND UNDERTAKER

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Cabinet making of all kinds done in best manner, and on most reasonable terms. Furniture repaired and cleaned.

UNDERTAKING SPECIALTY.

The best Walnut, Poplar and Pine Coffins made on short notice and VERY CHEAP. Give me a call.

P. H. SMITH.

Factory below Barrow & Pleasant.

No. 1-1y.

M. E. JOYNER,

U. S. Mail and regular passenger line from Louisburg to Franklinton, comfortable accommodation for passengers.

I beg to inform the traveling public that I have charge of the above Hack line, and would be pleased to carry passengers with promptness and dispatch for the moderate price of \$1.00, at all hours and seasons. I respectfully ask the patronage of the traveling public.

mh 7-3m. M. E. JOYNER.

J. D. Joyner. W. H. Joyner. J. S. Joyner.

J. D. JOYNER & CO.,

Commission Merchants,

94 SYCAMORE STREET,

PETERSBURG, VA.

Small consignments of all kinds of PRODUCE sold in this market, and will fill orders for G. O. ERIES, FERTILIZERS and all other supplies.

WHITEBLOCKS

VEGETATOR.

PLANTERS ARE REQUESTED TO

APPLY A SMALL QUANTITY OF

THIS FERTILIZER ON THEIR

COTTON AND TOBACCO BY THE

SIDE OF ANY OTHER THAT THEY

MAY HAVE BEEN USING.

Williamson, Upchurch and Thomas.

Raleigh, N. C.

Bishop and Branch, Petersburg.

W. T. Harrison and Co., Norfolk.

P. A. Dunn and Co., Baltimore.

Todd Schenck and Co., "

W. Whitehead and Co., "

Jan. 10-3m.

6 CHROMOS

"CARLO IN MINEGHE," "GOOD MORNINGS," "SPRING FLOWERS," "SUMMER FLOWERS," "AUTUMN" and "WINTER."

With the DELICATE WEEKLY and WEEKLY GREETING AT WORK (Combined), for \$2.00.

Two of these Chromos are the one of "Wide Awake and Fast Asleep" the others are mounted on cards.

Subscribers supplied AT ONCE with their Chromos.

Address: H. W. ADAMS, 171 Broadway, N. Y.

Special contracts may be made for the getting Tan B. K. in early Spring have an eye to it in cleaning your lands

W. H. HESTER SR.

Louisburg N. C. Jan. 3 1873.

\$5 to \$20 Per Day! Agents Wanted! All whom you can get to work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, shall at any time, receive \$100. Address: G. S. Stone & Co., Portland, Maine.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

(10 LINES OR LESS CONSTITUTE A SQUARE) One Square one insertion.....\$1.00 One " Each subsequent insertion... 50 One " One month..... 2.00 One " Two months..... 3.50 One " Three months..... 5.00 One " Six months..... 10.00 One " Twelve months..... 15.00

Contract for large space made on liberal terms.

TAKE SIMMONS' PURELY VEGETABLE LIVER REGULATOR

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PURELY VEGETABLE.

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REGULATOR