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SELECTED STORY

A widow fooled him.

A liberal education, a handsome person, and a wealthy and indulgent father were among the agreeable things that were vouchsafed Robert Anson by smiling fortune.

Mr. Anson, senior, spent six months on the plains and in California; and made a discovery on the return trip.

But I should dislike to be a burden to anybody, interposed the independent young lady.

The obligation would be on the other side, replied Mr. Anson. I am rich, and have only one relative—a son who is in Europe.

The outlook was certainly alluring to the lonely orphan, and she accepted the offer, returning to New York with Mr. Anson.

Thereupon the old mansion was renovated, re-furnished, and soon became the headquarters of a brilliant social clique.

As the return of Robert Anson was now daily expected, it may be well to follow him on his transatlantic voyage.

On the following day Mr. Anson sought the house of the widow. She was in, and upon learning who he was, welcomed him cordially.

Mrs. Morrow owned a little house in Brooklyn, and had a modest income from property left by her husband.

Robert, said Mr. Anson, as he welcomed him. Do you recognize the dingy old house?

'Scarcely, father,' was the reply; 'everything is new, bright and cheerful. What does it mean?'

Possibly the widow, had she seen the impression that Clara produced on her lover, would have felt less secure in her conquest.

That night, over a social bottle of wine, the father explained to his son the manner in which he had found Clara, and the light and happiness that she had brought to their home.

'And I have formed a plan in reference to her,' concluded Mr. Anson. 'What is it?' asked Robert.

'You shall marry her.' 'Impossible.'

'Why?' 'Thus wrought to the point, Robert confessed his engagement to Mrs. Morrow.

'How old is she?' asked Mr. Anson. 'Thirty.'

'And you are twenty-six—how absurd! People will laugh at you.—Clara is young, pretty, and I know she will love you.'

'But I love the widow.' 'Nonsense!'

'There, my boy, don't take offence. I only mean that you have mistaken admiration for love. That you really love a woman four years your senior, and a widow at that, is absurd.

'I agree,' replied Robert, 'and at its close the situation was about like this: Robert was felled between love for Clara and his duty to the widow; Clara was deeply in love with Robert; Mrs. Morrow was troubled by a certain falling off in her lover's ardor; and Mr. Anson, who had steadily refused to see the widow, hoped for the best for his plan. The father and son met after supper.

'Well, Robert,' said the former, 'the month is up. What have you decided upon doing?'

'We have always made confidants of each other,' began Robert.

'Certainly.'

'And I will not hide anything from you now. I love Clara, and believe she loves me; but I am engaged to Mrs. Morrow, and cannot honorably break the engagement.'

'That leaves the matter entirely to me.'

'What will you do?'

'I will secure your release from the widow.'

'By fair means.'

'By her free consent.'

And so the interview closed.

On the following day Mr. Anson sought the house of the widow. She was in, and upon learning who he was, welcomed him cordially.

On the second he had improved it so far as to be on easy chatting terms, and before the close of the third he was enslaved. They walked the decks by the moonlight on the fourth and fifth; and before the seventh their billing and cooing had attracted the attention of the passengers. On the eighth Robert proposed and was accepted, and on the ninth they reached New York.

'You love my son,' he began.

'What a question, Mr. Anson,' she replied showing her perfect teeth in a bewitching smile; 'am I not going to marry him?'

'I hope not.'

'Sir, and even the widow's pretty frown captivated him.

'I beg your pardon,' he added, crest-fallen. 'I mean that I came to talk the matter over with you. Do you think the match is altogether a good one?'

'I see,' and her eyes dropped appropriately, 'you object because I am comparatively poor.'

'Indeed I do not. The financial aspect of the affair has never been considered by me.'

The widow here pierced him with a look of gratitude.

'It was the difference in, in—' he stammered.

'In social position?' suggested the widow.

'No—no—'

'Ah I see—you mean in age?'

'Yes,' he replied sheepishly, 'you have divined the reason, and I will be perfectly frank with you. My son is dear to me, and it has been the dream of my life to see him happily married to some beautiful and loving woman.'

Here the widow turned her glorious eyes full upon Mr. Anson, and managed to show her arm, which happened to be encased in a loose sleeve. It was a particularly round, smooth arm, and as white as possible.

'I beg your pardon,' hastily continued Mr. Anson, 'I know that you are good, beautiful and lovable, but—'

'But I am too old—I am thirty—'

Not so very old either, although I do feel older than Robert. My love for him has been largely of the guardian sort—I have petted and admired him as a mother might. And he loves me—'

'But not exactly as he should a wife. He loves another woman—not a hand-somer or a better one, my dear madam—but one younger and better suited to be his wife.'

The widow burst into tears—presumably, at least, as she buried her eyes in her handkerchief, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. The widow's courage quite forsook him at this to him unexpected crisis. A pretty woman in tears is a melting object, and the effect upon the widower was all that Mrs. Morrow could have desired. She sank down on the sofa in her grief; very close to him. He wanted to console her, so he took her hand. It was white, soft and warm.

'Please don't cry,' he said; 'I have offended and grieved you. Pray forgive me.'

'There, don't pity me,' said the widow, in a trembling but musical voice; 'I can bear it. I have only Robert's welfare and happiness at heart—if he can be happy I ought to be contented.'

'Then you release him?'

'Certainly.'

'And lose a fortune—you are a noble woman.'

'What is money to me? I am alone and unloved. I shall try to be happy in the consciousness of having sacrificed myself for my son.'

'He will appreciate your sacrifice, and Mr. Anson wiped a tear from each of his eyes.'

Here Mrs. Morrow wept afresh, and her head sank upon the widower's shoulder. Her form shook convulsively and he put his arm around her waist to support her.

'My dear madam,' he said, 'I cannot find it in my heart to take Robert from you.'

'Robert,' she sobbed, 'I shall never see him again. I have nothing left to desire, except your respect and esteem. With those I should indeed be unhappy.'

Mr. Anson drew her closer to him—so close that she lay trembling on his breast, and pressed a kiss on her forehead.

'You have both,' he said, 'and my deepest admiration.'

'Then I am content. Let Robert marry the girl of his choice. I only claim the privilege of retaining an interest in his welfare, and a corner in your esteem.'

Mr. Anson promised, as he bade the widow adieu at the door, to call again soon. And he kept his promise so well that the next evening found him there again. 'Victory!' murmured the widow, as she heard him enter the hall; 'he will propose to me before he leaves to-night. Robert is a very pretty fellow, but he is inconstant. The father is handsome, infatuated with me already, and the money is his. I prefer the father.'

She proved reliable in her prediction. Before her caller had kissed her good-night he had offered her his hand, heart and fortune, and she accepted all three.

The result was a double wedding, and subsequent happiness for all concerned. Mr. Anson was a devoted husband, and Mrs. Morrow made him a faithful and affectionate wife; while both parentally watched over the younger couple. Although so cleverly fooled by the widow, Mr. Anson never suspected it, and never had cause for regret.

A Chapter on Birds.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

THE WOODCOCK.

The woodcock is one of them kinds of birds who git up from the ground with about as much whizz, and about as bizzzy as a fire cracker, and fly away as crooked as a kirkskrew.

They feed on low, wet lands, and only eat the most delicate things.

They run their tungs down into the soft earth and gather tender juices and tisy phood.

They have a long, slender bill, and a rich brown plumage, and when they light on the ground yu lose sight of them az quick az yu do ov a drop ov water when it falls into a mill pond.

The fust thing yu generally see of a woodkok is a whizz, and the last thing iz a whirr.

How so many ov them are killed on the wing iz a mystery to me, for it iz a quicker job than snatching pennys oph a red-hot stove.

I bay shot at them often, but I never heard ov my killing one ov them yet.

They are one of the game birds, and menny good judges think they are the most elegant vittles that wear feathers.

THE GOOSIN.

The goosin iz the old goose's yung child. They are yellor all over, and az soft az a ball of worsted. Their foot is wove whole, and they can swim as easy as a drop of kastor oil on the water.

They are born annually about the 15th ov May, and never was known tew die naturally.

If a man should tell me he had saw a goose die a natral and square deeth, I wouldnt believe him under oath after that, not even if he swore he had lied about seeing a goose die.

The goose are different in one respect from the human family who are sed tew grow weaker, but wizer; where as a goosin alwys grows tuffer and more phoolish.

I have seen a goose that they sed waz 93 years old last June, and he did,nt look an hour older than one that waz 17.

The goosin waddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives, like a duck, out of sight in the water, but only changes ends.

The food ov the goosin is rye, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty puddings and biled kabbage, cook-d potatoze, raw meat and urnips, stale bread, kold hash and the buckwheat cakes that are left over.

They ain't so partiklar az some pholks what they eat, and wenz get mad and quit if they cant have wet toast and lem chops every morning for breakfast.

It iz going tew keep boarders, I wouldnt want any better feeders than an old sbe goose and 12 goosins. If I couldnt suit them I should konklude I had mistakke mi kalling.

Roast goosin iz good nourishment, if you kan git enuff ov it, but there aint much wazte meat on a goosin, after you have got rid ov their feathers, and dug them out inside.

I have alwys noticed, when yu pass yure plate up for sum more baked goosin, at a hotel, the colored brother come bak empty whist plate and tells you; Mister, the roast goosin iz no more.'

ORIGIN OF THE 'PRINTER'S DEVIL.'

—When Aldus Manutius set up in business as a printer in Venice, he came in possession of a little negro boy. This boy was known over the city as 'the little black devil' who assisted the mysterious bibliofactor; and some of the most ignorant people believed none other than Satan, who helped Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day, Manutius, desirous to dispel this strange hallucination by publicity, displayed the young 'imp' to the proper classes. Upon this occasion he made this short but characteristic speech—

'Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holly Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil! All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him.'

How to Get Along.—Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting around the stores and saloons.

Never 'lool' in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say No. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Young men! cut this out, and if there be any folly in the argument, let us know.

A man in Wisconsin advertises a horse for sale in the following scriptural fashion:

Thou canst trust thy labor to him for his strength is great.

Thou canst blind him with thy hand in the furrow; he will harrow the valleys after thee.

He will gather thy seed in the barn. His strength is terrible, in which he rejoiceth.

Lo! how he moveth his tail like a cedar his sinews are as cables.

His bones are like strong pieces of brass yea, like bars of iron.

He eateth grass like an ox; behold, he drinketh up a river, and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth.

Who can open the door of his face? Yet thou canst approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible round about.

I will not conceal his past, nor his comely proportions.

He is gentle, he is kind, and his tail sticks out behind.

I want to sell him for something I can pay my debts with.

'I,' said to Sneezy, the other day, 'have never been known to turn my back upon any one of my friends.'

'That's a fact,' said Jack Graham; 'you know better, for if you did, they would at last get an opportunity to give you a kicking.'

A dandy inquired at a fruit stall, 'Are these apples fit for a hog to eat?' 'Try one and see,' said the woman.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

George W. Hayes,

Respectfully informs the citizens of Louisburg, and surrounding Country, that he has again located in Louisburg, and can be found at all hours at Mr. N. B. Walker's store, prepared to execute on short notice, all work in the Warren Clock and Jewelry line, on reasonable terms. Give me a call. mb 21-3m. GEO. W. HAYES.

6 CHROMOS AGENTS advertisement with logo and text.

40 Barrels "Violet" Family Flour. A prime article.—Price \$11.25. BARROW & PLEASANTS.

50 Barrels "N. Carolina" Family Flour. The very best.—Price \$11. BARROW & PLEASANTS.

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SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR advertisement with logo.

For over FORTY YEARS... PURELY VEGETABLE... LIVER REGULATOR... THE BROWN COTTON GIN.

ONE DOLLAR BOTTLE... The Powder, (price as before) \$1.00 per package... BUY THE BROWN COTTON GIN.

The best in use. Sold on 30 days trial. If it does not give entire satisfaction return it at my expense. I offer these excellent GINS at Manufacturers prices and in addition will allow a discount of 10 per cent to clubs of two or more. A sample Gin on exhibition at my store in Franklinton, Va. to Capt. W. K. Davis, Capt. W. H. Ballard, Dr. W. W. Green, Charles Perry, Esq., W. D. Spruill, Esq., W. P. Montgomery, W. P. Perry, Esq., W. N. Mitchell, Esq.

W. S. MALLORY, Franklinton, N. C. Agent for Manufacturers.

WATSON'S GALLERY OF Photographic Art. Raleigh, N. C. Is one of the most complete photographic establishments in the South. Every style of photographic likeness from the smallest miniature to the largest portrait colored in oil, is readily furnished.

FOR RENT. A nice business office for rent, Apply at this office.

Garden Seed, A fresh supply just received, at BARROW & PLEASANTS.

Bacon! Bacon!! We are now receiving another Car Load of Sides and Shoulders. Warranted strictly prime, which we are selling at "Northern prices with freight added." BARROW & PLEASANTS.

J. BARRATT'S HOTEL. BESSHOPE, VA. Wm. R. BISHOP, Proprietor. No. 31—5m.