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SELECTED STORY.

Boy Lost.

HERE is a beautiful, tender thought amplified with all the feeling of genuine originality, indeed so pure and effortless that we feel it a duty to send it broadcast for the culture of the mind.

"He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say:

"Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt."

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbling down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumblies on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and the tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things use to fret me once. They say:

"How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace."

But my ears are aching for the patting of little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay trala la. for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes, and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once. A manly figure stands before me now.—He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, a besommed shirt and a cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and name on the stern. Lucy Lowe, a little girl of our neighbor, who, because of her long curls and pretty, round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the name on the boat! Oh, I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book! My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little, tired boy in a long white nightgown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing. If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little would I fret and scold! I can never have him back again! But there are still mothers who have not yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one."

Home Magazine.

USEFUL ADVICE TO BOYS.—To throw stones—Fold each one carefully in a leather bag, and give good notice to all in the neighborhood when you are going to pitch.

To carry gunpowder in the pocket—Soak it well in cold water, then wrap it up in a cover of oiled silk.

To slide down the banister—Let a gurgon sit upon the lowest stair. Also carry a pillow of pounce in each of your hands, as you may need it.

To get rid of studying your lessons—Eat a hot mince pie every night, for one week, before going to bed.

To cure creaky boots—Wear them always in going to the cake pantry.

To be polite to sisters—Get their big brother to introduce you to them.

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DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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Childhood.

What a wealth of tenderness lingers round the memory of our childhood—the one bright oasis in the desert wastes of life—the time which is ever reverted to as a season of joy and purity?—Often, O! how often in our sad moments, when faint and weary, drooping beneath the burden of care and grief, does the recollection of that blissful time come over us like the remembrance of some half forgotten dream, then made fresh and vivid, affording a melancholy pleasure, causing our hearts to beat to the tune of other days, flooding the soul with sunlight and peace—the peace of childhood's hours?

With many fond memories and blissful associations they come to us, like a sad melody, stirring the fountain of feeling, calling forth a tear, "To bathe these red cheeks with the dew of thought."

They come to us clothed in the brightest hues, contrasting ever so sadly with the sombre halos in which the present is shrouded.

But those who have never watched the glow and beauty of life fade away, know not what power such memories have to sway the wayworn soul, and deem it weakness in another to cling with such hopeless fondness to the bright, sunny past. Yet, stern, brave hearts are often touched by the notes of some song sung or heard in childhood's days; its feeling is awakened at the mournful wailing of the mind, the murmuring of a stream, and the blithe song of a bird.

The wayward one has strayed far from home—from the path of right and rectitude, even though by some deemed lost to all tender emotions—will sometimes pause in his career of crime as the scenes of his youth are presented to him in "memory's faithful mirror," and thoughts of days long past sweep over him. A mother's smile beams over him; once more he kneels beside her and repeats that almost forgotten "Our Father;" voices that have long been hushed, to be heard in this world no more forever; sound once again in his ear; there is the cottage home just as it was in the "long ago." In thought and feeling he is a child once more.—

In a few short moments, years are lived over again. Then the vision is fled, the terrible consciousness that "it is all but a dream at the best" forces itself upon him, and, in an impatient, hopeless way, he stretches forth his hand as if to grasp the fleeting picture, and struggling up from his heart comes the cry, "come back! come back!"

And who can say that such a retrospection as this has not awakened a longing for something better than has been theirs for many years in cold callous hearts, admonishing them to break the chain that binds them in the cell of misery, and walk once more in the straight narrow path, aided by the "Wonderful Counsellor!"

Q. My lost childhood? Gone, forever gone! No more will ye return with your many love scenes to gladden the heart that clings to thee through all the changes of a chequered life!—

Separated by the merciless hand of oppression from the home that sheltered my youthful head, the remembrance of which ever breathes of peace and love, what wonder that there should be a chord in my heart that ever quivers beneath the hand of the past?

And I must think that for all, no matter how bright their after life may have been, there is a peculiar charm that binds them to that time when bliss was theirs without alloy.

A gentleman whose morning dream had been a little too much for him, in saddling his horse got the saddle wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount a German friend came up and called his attention to the mistake.—

The horseman gasped for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How do you know which way I am going?" And the gentlemen from Germany passed on.

Most Beautifully Said.

While nothing stings the smitten heart, as the Petersburg 'Appal' as neglect or disrespect shown the graves and memory of those heroes who died in the defence of Southern rights and independence, yet nothing at the same time more deeply touches the feelings of our people, than the expressions of appreciation of her fallen heroes from those who were once arrayed against us. At Arlington, Friday, Dr. Talmadge gave expression to the following beautiful sentiments, which alike reflect credit on himself and the section he represents: Let nothing be done to stir up the old feud between the North and South. Surely there has been blood enough shed, and brains enough have been uttered and families destroyed to satisfy the worst man on earth and the worst demon in the pit and 'mid this holocaust of the dead, any hand, North or South, shall ever be lifted to rear down a peace established at so much sacrifice, may that hand turn white with the snow of an incurable leprosy. Instead of flowers upon such a villain's grave, let the whole nation come and fling a mountain of nettles and night shade. I am told that after a Southern woman had decorated the grave of a Southern soldier a Northern man, wearing a uniform, took up the wreath and tore it to pieces and threw it to the winds. He may have had the epaulettes, but he was not worthy the name of soldier. I would that all the wreaths that have ever been laid upon the graves of the Northern and Southern dead might be lifted and linked together, each garland a link, and that with that one long, bright, pleasant chain—a chain of roses and lilies—the whole nation might be encircled in everlasting unity and good feeling. This is the only kind of chain Americans will ever consent to wear, and woe to the government that ever tries to forge another.

Apples for Human Food.

With us the value of the Apple as an article of food is far underrated.— Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities etc., which act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics, and when freely used at the season of mellow ripeness, they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the ills which flesh is heir to." The operators of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year 1801—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat, or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively. So do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples, nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great and so little appreciated.

A Touching Incident.

A not time since, in this city, a brilliant and much-admired lady, who had been suffering some time with a trouble of the eye, was led to fear a speedy change for the worse, and immediately consulted her physician. An examination discovered a sudden and fatal falling in of the optic nerve, and the information was imparted as gently as possible, that the patient could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment. The afflicted mother returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to one about to commence so dark a journey of life, and then had her two little children, attired in their brightest and sweetest costume, brought before her; and so, with their little faces lifted to hers, and tears gathering for some great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of the mother's eyes, leaving an ineffaceable picture of those dearest to her on earth—a memory of bright faces that will console her in many a dark hour.—From the "Covington (Ky) Journal."

What to do in Case of Accident.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives the following short rules for action in cases of accident, which will be found useful to remember: For dust in the eye, avoid rubbing; dash water in them; remove cinders etc. with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove water from the ear by topical water; never put a hard instrument in the ear.

If any artery is cut, compress above the wound, if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get on all fours and cough. For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with vasoline. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water, will often spread burning oil and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke take a long breath, and then stoop low; but if carbolic acid is suspected; walk erect.

Suck poisoned wounds unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound; or better, cut the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm water and mustard. For acid poisons, give alkalis; for alkaline poisons, give acids—white of an egg is good in most cases. In a case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving.

If in water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

ARE ADVERTISEMENTS EVER READ?

—In the course of a spicy article, answering this question, the Mobile 'Register' says: "If any man objects to believe that advertisements are not read, let him advertise that he wants to buy a dog, for instance. If he is not furnished with every variety of animated sausage that morning before breakfast, and, besides, with one or two sound grounds for suits against him for assault, we will break our golden rule and—deadhead his advertisement. And it is fair to infer that any man who wants to sell a dog, also wishes to bury something with the proceeds of the canine venture. And so up to the man who wishes to sell his cargo, of coffee, that he may buy a cargo of western produce."

Put a Smile on Your Face.

What do you get morose for? Don't you know it is like an electric spark, and that the moment one sees you he will feel the shock? Put a smile on your face and it will make smiles on other faces. Look into the face of a child and smile, and the child will laugh outright. He is so full of innocent merriment that he thinks all the world is joy. If you are glad, others will be glad; if you are mad, others will be mad. We are sympathetic beings.

The smile is cheap, and no sacrifice. It is agreeably pleasant. Try it; and see if it does not work like a charm.

Put a smile on your face for your worst enemy. He may brave you for a while, but keep the smile on, and he will yield, and come over. Put a smile on your face for friends, they expect it; put on a smile at home, your wife and children want to feel happy. Put a smile on your face for everybody; put a smile on your face.

'Why,' asked a governess of her little charge, 'do we pray to God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four or five days, or a week?' 'Because we want it fresh,' said the hopeful.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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