# The Franklin Courier.

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## Conscience.

I remember reading, when a very little boy, about a child who was in the habit of going to an upper room or loft where there was a store of apples. She went from time to time to steal the fruit; but she met with something that greatly troubled her. There happened to have been placed in that store room an old painting. It was a large face, the eyes of which, go to what part of the room the little girl might, seemed to follow her, and they appeared to be saying to her, as she stooped down to take up the apple, 'Ah, I see you! It is very naughty, You are sure to be found out," This so annoyed the little culprit, from time to time, that she was determined to put a stop to the threatening of these two starry eyes; so she procured a small knife, or a pair of scissors, and stuck them out. Ah, but still there were two large holes in the place of them, and she never could look at them without thinking of the eyes, and what they used to say to her. She had put out the eyes, but she had not, nor could she get rid of her conscience.—Moreover, the very means she had used for sinning without rebuke only served to discover her guilt, for, when what had befallen the paintings came to be found out it led to such rebuke as she deserved.

## The First Spree.

'Never was drunk but once in my life," said a chap in my hearing; 'never do I mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my legs at every step, as if I was getting up stairs. Several wheels were making evolutions in my brain, and at one time I fancied my head was a large carving and turning establishment, the lathes of which were keeping in motion with my own feet. I could not conceive what was the reason that the town had turned in such an enormous hill, and what made it worse, it seemed all the while to be growing higher, and threatened to pitch over upon me, Stop, stop, thought I and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least it shan't head me. So I turned round to go down, and get to the bottom, but hang me if the town didn't turn round with me, heading me all the time, and presenting a bluff in front of me. Well, sure enough, the ground soon flew up and struck me on the forehead, and as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw was a big brick house coming full split round the corner! And I believe it ran over me.'

## Woman's Temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares nf fire are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in a wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominate over the feelings of a natural heart. Smiles, kind words, and looks characterise the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

An exchange tells this story: Our little-four year-old went over to see her grandma, the other day, and was told to go directly home and tell his papa that his grandma had the varioloid, and he must be vaccinated; whereupon, the little fellow came running home, breathlessly saying: Grandma has got the very old Lord, and I must be baptised!'

## The Valley of Death.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region 30 miles by 30 broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the 'late Montgomery train,' which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the party, The leader turned due west; so with the people and the wagons and flocks he travelled three days, and then descended into the broad valley whose treacherous mirage promised water.

They reached the centre but only the white sand, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze, Around the valley they wondered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed, Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered, and raved and died. After a week's wondering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time when all perished but two, who escaped out of the velley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now, after 23 years, the wagons stand still complete the iron work and ties are bright, and the shrivelled skeletons lie side by side.

## The Peerless Rose.

That loveliest specimen of woman, Aspasia, who lived in the days, and was the associate of Socrates, Pericles, and Alcibiades, in Athens, from a certain circumstance, worshipped the rose—Lovely in form and features, beyond common lot of her sex, yet she had a hideous wart on her face, which marred all her enjoyment, and rendered her young life miserable. It defied all the arts of the doctors, nurses and caustics. One night the beautiful Aspasia, weary of life with that terrible blot on her face cried herself to sleep. In her dreams a dove was sent to her by the Goddess Venus, and informed her, if she would take some rose leaves and lay them on her cheeks the wart would disappear. She did so, and she became as perfect in beauty as she was in intellect The great orator, Pericles, divorced his wife to marry Aspasia. She was afterwards the cause of two wars—one between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, and the other the Athenians against Samians. If we could induce some of the young ladies of the present day, says an elegant writer, to divide part of the devotion paid to music with the cultivation of the peerless rose, and other flowers, it would bring beauty to their cheeks and more life and vivacity to their music. The history of the past is full of adoration of the rose. Heliogabalus bathed in rose wine, and Nero had a fountain throwing up rose water, to supply which whole shiploads of roses were brought from Greece, the ancient home of the rose. There is no better index of refinement, as we pass the street or public highways in the country, than to see this beautiful flower having a prominent place in the sitting-room, garden, or lawn.

HAND HIM AROUND.—Tommy my son what are you going to do with that club?

"Send it to the editor of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?

"Cause he says any one will send a club he will send them a copy of his paper"

The mother came very near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask:

'But Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club.'

'Well I don't know unless it was to knock down subscribers who don't pay for their paper.

A drunkard, on being told that the earth is round and turns on its axis all the time, said: 'I believe that, for I've never been able to stand on the darned thing.'

## Woman's True Mission.

Homes are stupid, homes are dreary, homes are insufferable. If one can be pardoned for the Irishism of such a saying, homes are their own worst 'banes.' If homes were what they should be, nothing under heaven could be bane to them, which would do more than serve as useful foil to set off their better cheer, their pleasanter ways, their wholesome joys. Whose fault is it that they are not so? Fault is a heavy word. It includes generations in its pitiless entail. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, is but one side of the truth. No day is sufficient unto the evil thereof, is the other. Each day has to bear burdens passed down by so many other days; each person has to bear burdens so complicated, so interwoven with the burdens of others; each person's fault is so fevered and swollen by faults of others, that there is no disentangling the question of responsibility. Everything is everybody's fault, is the simplest and fairest way of putting it. It is everybod's fault that the average home is stupid, dreary, insufferable,—a place from which fathers fly to clubs, boys and girls to streets.—But when we ask who can do most to remedy this,—in whose hands it most lies to fight the fight against the tendencies to monotony, stupidity, and instability, which are inherent in human nature,—then the answer is clear and loud, It is the worth of women; this is the true mission of women, their 'right' divine and unquestionable, and including most emphatically the 'right to labor.'

There is one aged colored woman in South Carolina who does not believe in social equality, judging from the way she talks to her son:

'Ephreham, come nyar to yer modder boy. Whar you bin?'

'I'se been playin' wid de white folkses chilun.'

'You is, eh? See hyar chile, you'll broke yer old mudders heart and brung her gray hairs in sorro' to the grave wid yer recklumness and carrings on wid evil assosaysyashuns. Habn't I raised yer up in de way yer should ought to go?'

'Yessum.'

'Habn't I reezened wid yer an' prayed wid yer and deplored de good Lord to wrap yer in his buzzum?'

'Yessum.'

'Habn't I taught yer to walk in the broad and narrow path?'

'Yessum."

'An' isn't I yer nater'l detector an' gwadjeen fo' de law?'

'Yessum.'

'Well den, do you spose I'se gwine to hab yer morals rectured by de white trash? No sah! Yer git in de house, dis instep; an' if I ebber cotch your municatin' wid de white trash any mo' fo God nigga I'll break yer brack head wid a brick!'

'Yessum.'

A dandy spending a few weeks in the country with a farmer friend asked to be permitted as 'abstract the lacteal fluid from the bovine group at eventide. As soon as the farmer friend found out all he wanted was to milk the cows some night, he cheerfully assented, gave him a kicking cow to commence on, and with other members of his family seated himself on the fence to see the fun. Hardly had the tight pantaloon, ed chap begun to pull on the peculiar natural appendages which all who desire to milk must manipulate (except milkmen who live near a pond) when the patient cow looked around and saw 'what-it-was' at her side Fetching him a wipe in the eyes with her tail, she at the same time projected her foot with lightning rapidity, and while the milker was balancing on his ear in a brown mud-puddle the sportive cow sent the milk pail spinning after him. Our hero says farming is a fraud.

A young man becoming a little dissatisfied with the coquettish actions of his young lady while she was shopping on Saturday, retired to another part of the store, and resting his elbow on the dummy figure of a woman, gave himself up to gloomy reflections, from which he was rudely aroused by a sharp push, while the dummy received a vigorous slap over the head from an indignant lady's parasol. There is hardly enough of the English language to do justice to the scene that followed.

## Gems of Thought.

No man can go to Heaven when he dies, who has not sent his heart thither while he lives. Our greatest hopes should be beyond the grave.—*Wilson.*

The whole sum and substance of human history may be reduced to this maxim—that when man departs from the divine means of reaching the divine end, he suffers loss and harm.—*T. Parker.*

So conduct thyself in all thy actions and thoughts as if thou wert to die this day. If thou art not ready today, how wilt thou be so to-morrow? And how dost thou know that to-morrow will exist for thee?—*Thomas A'Kempis.*

Busy not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of thine own are more than thou canst answer for, It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself, than to find out a thousand in others.—*Bishop Leighton.*

Only by a just stewardship of the temporal can we hope to merit the eternal. This is a life of trial, and when we are through with it, the soul we develop out of time's dust, and bring triumphantly to the gates of eternity, will be worth more than our handful of gold.—*Chicago Divine,*

Never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Trust God to weave your little thread into the great web, grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand, and the thousands shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day.—*Geo. Mac Donald.*

In deep, spiritual temptations nothing has helped me better, with nothing have I heartened myself, and driven away the devil better, than with this: That Christ, the true eternal Son of God, is "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," and that He sits on the right hand of God, and pleads for us. When I can grasp this shield of faith I have already chased away the evil one with his fiery darts,—*Luther.*

Christianity is not a theory, or speculation, but a life; not a philosophy of life, but a life and a living process. Try it. It has been 1,800 years in existence, and has one individual left a record like the following: I tried it, and it did not answer. I made the experiment faithfully, according to the directions; and the result has been a conviction of my own credulity.—*Coleridge.*

Heaven penetrates to the bottom of our hearts, like light into a dark chamber. We must conform ourselves to it, till we are like two instruments of music tuned to the same pitch, We must join ourselves with it, like two tablets which appear but one. We must receive its gifts the very moment its hands is open to bestow. Our irregular passions shut up the door of our souls to God.—*Confucius.*

There is on one pass-key that will open every door, and that is the golden key of love. You can touch every side of the human heart, and its every want, that is, if you can touch it all; and if you have the power to bestow anything, love gives facility of access, the power of drawing near to men, the power of enriching thought. of weakening their hungry desires and appetites, the power to thaw out the winter of their souls, and to prepare the soil for the seed and growth of the better life, —*H. W. Beecher.*

An Irishman, meeting another asked him what had become of a mutual friend 'Arrah, now, my dear honey, answered he. 'Paddy was condemed to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison,

GREASE SPOTS.—To remove grease spots from woollen clothes make a thin paste of flour and water, and lay it on the tarnished place; let it remain till dry then brush off with a stiff brush.

## Saying Hateful Things

What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say hateful things for the mere pleasure of saying them! You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may test your person—your mental feeling—your foolish habits of thought—or some little secret opinions confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have its fling at it; and since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush and an eye lose its brightness, only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted men and women! How after them, one awakes with aching eyes and head to remember that speech cefore everything—that bright sharp well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very center of your soul!

AN ORIGINAL DOCUMENT.—The following elegant extract is vouched for as a genuine document presnted to a horse owner in St. Louis:

Sant Lewis Ganewerry the 4d 1873.
Mr—— to james Han Kox Vetturerinary physickian and Surgeant Dr. Too medikle advice twict, 3 dollars; Konsultation over a ded mare sed too hev hed the eppzout, 75 cents; Goin to see two sick hosses in the nite (very cold), 2 dollars; To treatment of a kream kolored hoss two days with medisuns. 4 dollars 50 cents; To making an obsterckul examinashun of a hosses throat, 1 dollar 50 cents; To settin up all nite in a barn with a sick hoss, 2 dollars 50 cents; To writtin a preeskripshun for botts, & also one for spaving recovered, 1 dollar 50 cents; To givin my opinyun one day on the street regarding the kause of the zoot, 3 dollars. Totil, 20 dollars 75 cents.

'THE REBEL'S.—The constant application by the Radical press of the term 'Rebel's to the Southern people, is a very ridiculous piece of Yankee affectation. The proudest boast the Yankees formerly indulged in, was that their forefathers were 'rebels' against that respectable old gentleman; George III,.—We never owed allegiance to Yankees, however, nor supreme allegiance to the Federal government. The State was our sovereign. If, however, we were 'rebels' against the Yankees, no punishment can be too severe for us—not for rebelling, but for ever belonging to such scurvy masters.

[*Lynchburg News.*

SILLIE.—A gentleman of 'elegant leisure,' and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and reports that out of two hundred marriages published in New England journals, last week, only two of the ladies had old-fashioned names—such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Mollies, Dollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Biddies, Hatties, Patties, Matties, Lizzies, and so on. He says if he can hear of seme girl with a familiar 'Christian name,' he shall 'start for her,'

A fashionable lady being asked how she liked the dinner given at a poet's house, her reply was, 'The dinner was ex-splendid but my seat was so promote from the nicknacks that I could not ratify my appetite, and the pickled cherries had such a defect on my head that I had a notion to leave the table, but Mr——gave me some hearts horn resolved in water which bereaved me.'

To Glaze Shirts—To every quart of made starch add a teaspoonful of starch and one of white soap. scraped fine. Boil the starch, after adding hot water, until you have it as thick as you wish.

THE author of this saying "you must always take a man as you find him" was a constable.


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