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TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE

Poetry.

O There Are Tears,

O there are tears by beauty shed,
Upon the lonely grave,
They fall for friends and kindred dead,
And for the worthy brave.
On sorrow's breast they melt in
care,
The fell musicians of despair.

O there are tears that brightly flow,
When parted friends embrace;
They bid the beating bosom glow,
Rememberance to retrace;
And they are called the gems of
joy,
Pure and unmixed, without alloy.

O there are tears of wrath and wrong,
That gush in boiling streams;
They nerve the arm of vengeance strong,
And haunt the maniac's dream:

They are the streams of rage and
care,
Sacred to anger and despair.

O there are tears in love's young eye
Bright as the dews of morn;
And there are tears that none may dry—
They chill the heart forlorn;
Where disappointments coldly fall,
They oft bedew the sable pall.

And there are tears that burst the goa,
Of nature's feeble eye;
They purify the sinful soul,
To take its flight on high;

And they are tears of innocence,
That spring from humble penitence.

SELECTED STORY.

Rosabel's Husband.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES,

I'm afraid you'll be like the boy
who won the elephant, Rose—now
you've got your husband, you'll be at
a loss what to do with him. But you
would have it your own way, you
know?

Rosabel laughed and set her dainty
head on one side like a pretty canary.
She was the smallest, the prettiest,
and the most affectionate little girl in
in Westerville, and this was her wed-
ding-morn. She had married Colonel
Montraville, a very handsome, very
high-bred, very haughty gentleman, and
a gentleman who, rumor asserted, had
sown his wild oats pretty freely, and
was even yet addicted to periodical fits
of dissipation.

Aunt Moss, who had raised Rosabel
from a baby, and endowed her with a
handsome property, was dreadfully
opposed to the match, and did her ut-
most to prevent it. But Rosabel must
have her handsome, stately colonel.—
They were married; and in the bridal
chamber, while Rose changed her white
satin for her drab poplin, preparatory
to setting out on her wedding tour,
Aunt Moss ventured the foregoing re-
mark.

'Of course I would, auntie,' responded
Rosabel, as she fastened her garnet
sleeve-button. 'I had to have my
colonel, and now I've got him. I'm in
no fear about what I shall do with
him.'

'Well, I am, Rosa,' replied the old
woman, bluntly. 'He's a proud, self-
willed man. You'll never rule him,
and he'll break your heart with his
wild ways.'

'Not he!' retorted Rose, crossing to
the mirror to put in her garnet brooch.
My heart won't be broken, auntie
dear, so don't fret; and I think I'll
find a way to rule my colonel. You'll
see! Isn't my dress lovely? Come,
they are calling us. Good-by, you dar-
ling old antic. Don't fret; little Rose
won't come to grief.'

'Heaven grant it,' sobbed Aunt Moss,
as she kissed her darling good-by.—
'Heaven grant it,' she prayed as the
carriage whirled her away.

The wedding tour was over, and
Colonel Montraville and his pretty
bride were at home in their handsome
cottage, which was a wedding gift from
Aunt Moss.

Rose had planned a reception, to
which her old friends and quite a
number of new ones were invited.

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A Loafer's Soliloquy.

You'll allow me to give you an ice, Captain Brooke, approaching a cluster of her husband's military friends, and some of this fruit cake—it is delicious, and some of my own compounding—and a glass of lemonade, perhaps?—No? I'm quite sorry, but I must offer you water then. We don't use wine, as you see. Montraville doesn't approve of it, neither do I, so I trust you'll excuse us and partake of what we offer you?

The officers exchanged amused glances.

'How long since you've got to disapprove of wine, Montraville?' they questioned, the instant they got a chance at the colonel. 'So much for perpetrating matrimony. We warned you how it would be; you're under her rule completely, old fellow, and the honeymoon not over.'

'You tell the truth, comrades,' responded the colonel, half-pleasantly and half-vexed; 'I own up—I'm under her rule, and the worst of it is, I'm likely to remain there.'

And he did. Little Rosabel conquered; and to-day her colonel stands first amid the defenders of the good cause—the great cause—the cause of Total Abstinence.—*New York Weekly.*

A Mother's Tact.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

'It would litter the carpet—so said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cay chat. Mamma knew this; but she knew, too, that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Jessie was happy.

Rosabel's bright face never clouded. She caught the arm he had drawn from her in both of her dimpled hands.

'Yes, you are, dearest, the very man I take you for—the best man, the noblest man in all the world, at least in your little wife's opinion; and you're not going to drink any more nasty wines, or offer them to your friends to drink.'

'Rose! Dearest! Do you pretend to dictate what I shall or shall not do?'

'Why, darling no. You are dictator, not silly little me; but I'm going to beg you, to entreat you to grant me this favor—the very first favor I have asked of you since our wedding day! You won't deny me?'

He shook her off again. If she would only speak out in a dominant way, so he might have an excuse for getting angry; but she clung to him again, her pleading blue eyes bright with unshed tears.

'Don't be silly, Rose,' he said; 'I'm going back to town for the champagne. Take care!'

But the clinging arms only held him all the closer.

'Please, dearest, please, please, Colonel Montraville, let me have my way in this, and I will be the veriest little serf in all things else. Give up the wine now—give it up for all your life long, for your little wife's asking—your little wife, who loves you so—Please, please, my darling!'

The cooing, bird-like voice was in his ear, the soft, red lips touched his cheek, the bright tears fell upon his hands.

'Confound it! let me go, then, and have it your own way.'

'And Colonel Montraville, who would not have winc'd before a line of bristling bayonets, tore himself from her clasping arms, and strode into the cottage for once in his life completely mastered.

Rosabel stood up and shook out her ruffled plumage like a dainty bird.

'I told auntie so,' she murmured, with a little exultant laugh. 'I told her I should find a way to rule my colonel.'

Two hours later she dispensed the refreshments with her own pretty hands.

[Young Folks News,

Jim Smith's Menagerie

I wish I knew where to get a cent, I do. Bless if I don't emigrate to Kamtschatka to dig gold. Money's scarce than wit; can't live by neither—at least I can't. Sold the last old shirt, pawned my boots for three cents, as you see. Montraville doesn't approve of it, neither do I, so I trust you'll excuse us and partake of what we offer you?

The officers exchanged amused glances.

'How long since you've got to dis-

approve of wine, Montraville?' they

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you how it would be; you're under

her rule completely, old fellow, and the

honeymoon not over.'

'I'm an innocent man. Nobody can

look me in the face and say I hurt 'em

—nobody, and yet I haven't got a roof

to lay my head beneath. My old land-

lady rated me—why? I couldn't pay,

and left. 'Cause why? I ain't it better

to dwell in the corner of the house top

than with a brawling woman in a wide

house! But I ain't got a house top;

but if I had, a corner wouldn't be safe

would it?'

'Out here is old drunk Tom Cath-

bone,' said one of the boys, looking

from the window; 'let's call him in

and let him have a peep at an ugly

looking animal.'

So poor old Tom, the drunkard, was

called into the room and told to tell

what animal he wanted to see.

'Oh! show me the worst-looking

wild beast you've got,' said he. 'Come,

show it to me; show me the beast!'

'All right, then!' said the boy, and

pushed Tom right in front of the look-

ing-glass. He stood for a moment

looking into the glass with a sly drunk-

ard's smile; but presently such a look

of horror and sorrow passed over his

face that the laughter of the boys was

checked; and they could not help but

pity him as he sank into a chair and

covered his face with his hands.

We didn't mean to hurt your feel-

ing,' said Jim. 'We did the same

thing to all the boys. And just before

you came in Dick Willoughby asked to

see a monkey, and we showed him

himself.'

But the poor fellow looked up with a

mournful look in his bleared eyes,

and said, 'I am worse than a beast—

worse than a beast.'

And after he had left them, the boys

watched him going down the streets,

and from their hearts did pity poor old

Tom Cathbone. And so do we; and

much we hope that none of the dear

boys whom we now know and love may

ever come to be such as he is to-day.'

[The Gem.

What Not to Do.

Don't spit on the floor.

Don't spit at all if you can help it.

Don't drum with your fingers or your feet.

Don't sit with your feet higher than your head.

Don't go with dirty nails.

Don't trim or clean your nails in company.

Don't make sipping tea or eating soup a vocal exercise.

Don't eat fast.

Don't drink between each mouthful.

Don't interrupt others in conversation.

Don't use profane language.

Don't whisper in church.

Don't look too often at your watch in church.

Don't sleep in church.

Don't go in debt if you can avoid it, if you do.

Don't forget to pay your debts.

Don't borrow your neighbor's COURCE, but subscribe for it.

SPARKLES OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

There is nothing more necessary than superfluous, nor more useful than pleasure.

Another's genius is always greater than his works, and he could always have done better than he did.

An author should be original in his genius, but ordinary in his private life.

Men of genius say things the least foolish, and do things the most foolish in the world.

A sensible man does not seek consolation—he seeks forgetfulness.

Mankind make a parasite of their sorrows as they do of a new coat.

Women never pardon a man for losing an opportunity of loving them.

I'm not in mourning, said a young lady frankly, to a young querist, but as the widows are getting all the offers nowadays, we poor girls have to resort to artifice.

Fame, few a dead mar, is ov just about az much importance az a legacy.

One ov the greatest plazures in this life iz to hav plenty to do, and then do it.