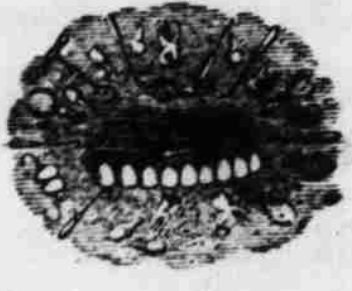


RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, Copy 1 year... 2.00 6 Months... 1.00 3 Months... .75

Professional Cards.



DR. R. E. KING DENTIST.

Offers his Professional Services to the public in

Every department of Dentistry. OFFICES,

Louisburg at Warrenston over Dents Hotel, Parker & Watsons Store.

C. M. Cooke, W. H. Spencer COOKE & SPENCER ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS

AT LAW, And Solicitors in BANKRUPTCY LOUISBURG N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren, and Wake Counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts. No. 7-14

T. T. MITCHELL ATTORNEY AT LAW, LOUISBURG N. C.

Will practice in the courts of the 6th judicial district. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. No 50 if

JOS. J. DAVIS, ATTY and COUNSELLOR at LAW LOUISBURG, FRANKLIN CO. N. C.

Will practice in the several Courts of Granville, Franklin, Nash, Warren and Wake Counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection and remittance of money. July 15, 1871.

Wm. K. Barham, Robt M. Barham, LOUISBURG, N. C. FORESTVILLE, N. C.

Attys and Counsellors at Law, At Louisburg, Franklin Co. N. C., and at Forestville, Wake Co. N. C., 14 miles from Raleigh by Rail.

Will practice in the Superior Courts of the 6th Judicial District, in the Supreme Court of the State, and in Federal Courts. Prompt attention will be paid to Collecting, Securing, Comproising and Settling Claims.

DR. W. J. COOKE, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Franklin County N. C. at his mother's residence 6 miles south of Louisburg. No. 10-17.

YARBOROUGH HOUSE, RALEIGH, N. C.

G. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.

Death-Bed of "Stonewall" Jackson

This is the title of a fine engraving of the Death-Bed of "Stonewall" Jackson, 14 x 18 inches in size, and printed on heavy plate paper. Officers of the Confederate army are grouped sorrowfully around the couch of this great and good man, this christian soldier, whose blood has been given for his country.

Agents wanted for this and a variety of other fine engravings. From \$5 to \$10 a day can be easily made. No 1 w.

The Franklin Courier.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

VOL. 3.

LOUISBURG, N. C., JANUARY, 16, 1874.

NO. 11.

POETRY.

The following lines with the note attached, was sent us for publication, while it is contrary to our custom to publish anything without the name of the writer, or some responsible person.

FOR THE COURIER

Mr. Editor:—In these times of 'Bachu Banking' and reckless betting can we all not learn a lesson from the following lines which were written by an old Lany, who died many years ago in Franklin.

Do not run in debt, never mind, never mind, If the cloths are faded and torn;

Fix them up, make them do, it is better by far, Than to have the heart weary and worn

Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat,

Or your cuff or the tie of your shoe

The snaps of your vest, or your boot or cravat

If they know you're in debt for the new? There's no comfort I tell you in walking the street,

In fine clothes if you know you're in debt

And feel that purchase you may some tradesman meet,

Who will sneer—"They are not paid for yet."

Good friends let me beg you don't run in debt:

If the chairs and sofas are old, They will fit your backs better than any new set,

Unless they are paid for with gold,

If the house is too small draw the closer together,

Keep it warm with heart and good will,

A big one unpaid for (in all kinds of weather)

Will send to your warm heart a chill,

Don't run in debt; now dear girls take a hint,

If the fashions have changed since last season,

Old Nature is out in the very same tint,

And 'Old Nature' we think has some sense,

But just say to your friends that you cannot afford,

To spend time to keep up the fashion,

That your purse is too light, and your honor too bright,

To be tarried with such silly passion,

Don't run in debt, let your friends sit they can,

Have fine houses, feathers and flowers,

But unless they are paid for, be more of a man,

Than to envy their sunny hours,

If you have money to spare I have nothing to say,

Spend your dollars and dimes as you please,

But mind you—the man who his pocket has to pay,

Is the man who is never at ease.

SELECTED STORY.

In the Nick of Time.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

'Have you the means to support a wife?' was the question which practical old R. Worth asked me when I asked him for his daughter Effie.

I had never thought of that, and I am quite sure Effie hadn't. How to keep the kettle boiling was a problem far too unpoetical to engage the attention of two young people strapped up in the contemplation of each other.

But the question only needed to be put to prove its pertinence. Mr. Worth's fortune was moderate; mine was nothing. At present, I was barely able to gain my own livelihood. To take a wife, under such circumstances, I was at no loss to perceive, would

betoken either unpardonable rashness, or an indelicate willingness to pension myself on another's bounty.

My resolution was at once taken.—Stammering something in reply to Mr. Worth's question, I bowed myself out of his presence and sought his daughter's.

'Your father is right,' I said to Effie when I had told her what had passed. 'No man has a right to take a woman from her home, till he has another to offer her. Till I am prepared to do so, farewell!'

In the gold mines of California, then lately discovered, I toiled and roughed it with the roughest. Fortune, after many frowns, at length began to smile upon me; and I hoped soon to be able to return and claim, without humiliation, the prize for which I had not labored as long. I had at least encountered more of hardship and danger than the young Israelite did to win the choice of his heart.

I carefully abstained from corresponding with Effie. To do so before the conditions were fulfilled which I had prescribed to myself, I would have looked upon as a breach of faith.

Through a friend, however, with whom I occasionally interchanged letters, I learned in time that Mr. Worth's affairs had become embarrassed. He had even been forced to borrow money from an unscrupulous old usurer on the security of his homestead, and the exacting creditor was threatening to turn him out of doors.

I could easily spare the amount necessary to avert such a calamity, but how to do so without wounding the sensitiveness of Effie and her father, was a question of no small delicacy.

I wrote to my friend, inclosing a sum sufficient to buy in the claim against Mr. Worth, with instructions to take a blank assignment of the bond and mortgage, and to forward them to my address, every precaution being taken to conceal my name in the transaction.

My instructions were complied with, and in due time, I received the papers; and, my good fortune continuing, it was not long before I felt that I might present myself to Effie's father, prepared to answer the question which had so disconcerted me at our last meeting.

I was on my way from the mines to San Francisco, whence I expected to sail for home by the next steamer, when, one evening I was overtaken by a stranger riding in the same direction.

I was on my way from the mines to San Francisco, whence I expected to sail for home by the next steamer, when, one evening I was overtaken by a stranger riding in the same direction.

The interchange of a few questions and answers disclosed that the stranger's destination and my own were the same, and we agreed to bear each other company. Besides the pleasure of companionship, the stranger suggested we should be more secure against an attack from robbers—no uncommon occurrence in that region—than if we traveled singly.

It was some miles to the place at which we proposed camping for the night, and darkness had already begun to set in. My companion and I freely exchanged experiences. He, like myself had been a miner, and we both bragged a little of our successes. The subject was an interesting one to me. It made me think of Effie, and I had fallen into a reverie when I was aroused by the report of a pistol at my side.

I can only remember a sharp sensation of pain, and seeing, as I turned my head, the hand of the assassin—no other than my new companion—extended toward me with the murderous weapon in his grasp.

I returned to consciousness to find myself taken care of by some miners, who had found me and carried me to their tent. It was weeks before I was able to resume my journey, and months

before the San Francisco doctor would permit me to embark on my homeward voyage.

My appearance had greatly altered. My face was bronzed by exposure and emaciated by recent illness—to say nothing of the change made in it by a full beard of many months' growth.

Few of my old acquaintances, I thought, would recognize me. I wondered if Effie would. I meant to take her by surprise, and try the experiment, at any rate.

It was evening when I reached my native village. The old innkeeper, whom I had known from boyhood, received me as a stranger. He was an authority on local topics, and I could not forbear putting a few questions touching the matters uppermost in my mind.

'Do you know Mr. Worth who lives here?' I began.

'John Worth?—none knows him better.'

'How is he?' I inquired.

'A little broke, latterly,' the old man answered.

'And his daughter, Effie?' I went on.

'A nice gal, Effie—do you know her?' asked the innkeeper.

'Slightly,' I replied.

'SHE'S A GOIN' TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW,' said the host. 'You're come to 'tend the weddin', prob'ly.'

'Married!' I exclaimed, with a start which must have excited the old man's attention had his eyes been better—

'to whom?'

'Well, he's a stranger lately come to these parts—a Mr. Garth by name—a man of money, they say. Him and old John patched it up, somehow, between them, though they do say Effie was dead again at the start. You see it's been whispered she'd a sort of likin' for a young chap as went off to California; but Effie's a good, bidable gal, an' obeient to her father.'

I resolved to be present at that wedding. I do not think I contemplated openly upbraiding Effie, or making a scene; but a strange fascination possessed me to witness the peridy of her on whose faith and truth I would, till now, have staked my life.

The ceremony, I learned, was to take place in the little church in which I had sat so many Sundays, thinking of Effie's pretty face, and forgetting all about the text and sermon. I followed the crowd as it entered. I could not see Effie's face, but observed that she trembled violently.

She and the bridegroom, with their attendants, took their places. The minister advanced to speak the words which were to place an impassable barrier between me and my life's object. A turn of the bridegroom's head enabled me to catch a glimpse of his features. HE WAS THE SAME MAN WHO HAD ATTEMPTED MY LIFE! However faithless Effie had proved, I could not look on and behold her bound to a fate like that.

'This must proceed no further!' I exclaimed, advancing and facing the nuptial pair.

The dastardly assassin covered as though he had seen a ghost. He may have thought me one, for he had left me for dead that night.

Effie's face was pale as death.—Stretching out her hands appealingly:

'Oh! say you have come to save me!' she cried, in tones that stirred my heart to depths.

'Save you from what?' I asked, sternly. 'Are you not here of your own will?'

'I am here to shield my father against one who has the power to drive him forth homeless in his old age,' she answered.

A few words sufficed to explain all. My murder, as the reader has surmised, had been attempted for the purpose of robbery. Fortunately I had but little money about me, most of my gains having been previously forwarded to a banking house in San Francisco. I had with me, however, Mr. Worth's bond and mortgage, a ready spoils of and

these fell into the hands of the robber, who, having written his name in the blank assignment, presented himself one who had purchased the claim; and seeing Effie, he had offered to make her hand the price of abstaining from pressing his rights against her father. The villainy had the more readily escaped detection because of the old money lender's death, and the absence of the friend through whom I had taken up the claim.

I briefly recited the facts within my knowledge, and the would be bridegroom was conducted from the church to a prison.

The little church was the scene of a ceremony not long afterward, which went off, I am happy to say, without interruption, and at which I was also present—though not as a spectator this time.—N. Y. Ledger.

Old Maids.

BY SWEETHEART.

Everybody makes fun of them; everybody turns up their noses at them and yet everybody is glad enough to avail themselves of the sympathy and assistance of maiden relatives and friends when the hour of affliction and trial comes. Did you ever think, busy little married woman, when you make fun of the old maid; that she too might have been married had she condescended to use the deceptive arts by which you won your husband?

Another favorite fling at old maids is that 'no woman is ever an old maid from choice.'

Many are old maids from duty; and while the majority of women prefer to accept an offer of marriage even at the risk of becoming the wife of an unprincipled man, there does exist a woman now and then who truly prefers to remain single rather than unite her life to that of a man of whom she knows but little, and that little not of the best.

Another mystery is that these married women who are least happy in marriage are usually the first to speak contemptuously of old maids. Perhaps the philosophy of this is that we are apt to censure that we most envy, and after all it may be that the married ones sometimes envy the single blessed.

But the unkindest cut of all is in accusing the old maids of carrying all the news and peddling all the scandal.

Grave mistake!

Women are all alike about news.

They all like to hear news, and all like to be the first to tell anything new that may be stirring.

Men are not so shy about telling what they hear, nor so devoted to the business.

You don't often hear a man say, 'Now, don't you tell!' nor, 'Do not use my name if you have occasion to repeat what I have told you.'

Oh, the women! the women! Heaven bless the old maids, and spare us enough of them to help us in the care of our sick, and to comfort us our days of sorrow.

[NEW YORK WEEKLY.]

A Mustache.

By all means raise one!

My young masculine friends, if you have heretofore neglected it, attend to it at once.

'Delays are dangerous.' Procrastination is the thief of time.'

Now-adays, to succeed in life it is necessary that a man should have a mustache!

Witness the following 'vertisemen', copied verbatim from one of our city dailies:

'WANTED—A young gentlemen to act as clerk in a dry goods store. Must be experienced in the business, of good address, and prepossessing appearance. One with a mustache preferred.'

'Brains, you see, are at a discount, but hair on the upper lip is at a premium. Everybody appreciates a mustache; but few people have wit enough to appreciate brains, even when they come into the vicinity of them—which, by the way, is not often.'

A mustache makes itself evident at once, unless, it be of that pale yellow kind which requires the observer to use a microscope in order to detect it. Brains are not supposed to be visible, and indications of them are not always a surface indications.

Formerly, black mustaches were considered the thing. All the heroes of all the novels had them. Fiercer, blacker mustaches; and whenever it became necessary in the course of events to mention the fact that the hero kissed the heroine, it was expressly stated that 'his mustached lip touched her downy cheek,' etc. etc. This statement was to assure the reader that he did not shave his mustache off before the honeyed operation.

But now—behold! Novelists of today have done with black mustaches—they have changed their colors.

Blonde mustaches are all the go.—Tawny they are sometimes designated, but never red. Somehow nowadays everybody seems to avoid correctness in everything. And it would be dreadful to describe a hero with a red mustache.

So young men, if you desire to be in style, raise a tawny mustache. Let it grow long, so that your mouth will be submerged—so that nobody will know for certain that you have got a mouth. It will lock you on a lesson of faith in things unseen.

To our mind, there is no more delicate and affecting sight than to behold a manly youth, with a noble soul in his breast, and a tawny musache on his lip, gallantly striving to eat tapioca pudding with maple syrup for sauce, and not leave the traces of varnished sweetness on his musache. At the public tables we have watched these determined spirits with eager interest, with sympathy swelling our heart, and tears of admiration in our eyes.

There is another and an incalculable advantage in a mustache. It gives a young man employment to stroke it.—He must always be stroking it. If he never loves hold of it he will be sure it is there. By way of variety, he can twist the ends. Twirling, we believe, is the generally accepted term for the performance.

Young ladies like mustaches. Of course they do. A hero with chin whiskers, or mutton chops, would be nowhere. So, young gentlemen, go back to our first premises—by all means raise one! Oil it. Perfume it. Comb it. Brush it. Wax it. Curl it. Twist it. If necessary dye it, and on no account stop stroking it, for if you do you will show the observing world that you are thinking of no thing else, and what fashionable young man ever forgets the existence of his mustache!

—N. Y. WEEKLY.

Sabbaths,—coming to quiet, for a little while, all the week day toil, noise and strife,—are like islands, green, fruitful, and flower laden, smiling at one from the midst of wild ocean and storm tossed waves,—oases in the sand deserts, with cooling shades and pure water springs for the tired traveller.

As the eye which has gazed at the sun cannot immediately discern any other object; as the man who has been accustomed to behold the ocean, turns with contempt from a stagnant pool; so the mind which has contemplated eternity overlooks and despises the things of time.—PAYSON.

N. F. BURNHAM'S New Turbine has been tested at York, Pa., by D. M. ETTINGER, C. E., and at Holyoke, Mass., by JAS. EMERSON, H. E. For Pamphlet and Test Report, address N. F. BURNHAM, York, Pa.

King, White & Shaw.

We wish to say to our friends and the public generally, that we have, as usual, a very large and well assorted

STOCK OF GOODS,

which we will sell at prices to suit the times. Call and see us.

KING, WHITE & SHAW. NEW BOOK Now ready for sale. Home Life in the Bible By Daniel Smith D.D. with 7 of Night in the Bible and Our Faith are Home of which there is 10,000 copies of each were sold. Send for circular. Zerkow & Co. 515 Arch Street Philadelphia Pa

(10 LINES OR LESS SUBSTITUTE A SQUARE) One square one insertion... 25 00 One " Each subsequent insertion... 15 00 One " One month... 35 00 One " Two months... 65 00 One " Three months... 95 00 One " Six months... 150 00 One " Twelve months... 250 00 Contract for larger space made on liberal terms

A FAMILY ARTIFACT. LOUISBURG, N. C. 215 00 PER WEEK AN EXCELLENT NEW

SEWING MACHINE

FOR DOMESTIC USE. ONLY FIVE DOLLARS WITH THE NEW PATENT BUTTON HOLE WORKER. Price \$10.00 per year.

AND MARYLAND INSTITUTE PA. 1871.

A most wonderful and useful invention... Sewing Machine... It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.

It is all in it is recommended. It is all in it is recommended.