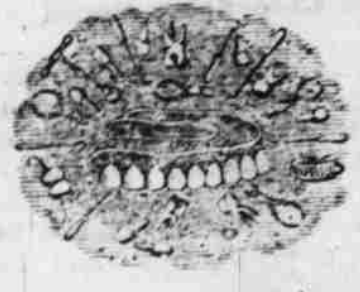


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ORIGINAL STORY. FLOATING HEARTS OR THE Mystery of Glenburnne.

BY ETHEL. CHAPTER IX. "Ball en masque."

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REPORT OF Committee Upon the Finances of Franklin Co.

We the Committee appointed by your honorable Board at a previous meeting to state the condition of the Finances of the County of Franklin from the time the 1st order was issued, Aug. 24 1868 to 1st Dec. 73, report the following: The amount of County orders paid to Mr. S. T. Wilder, former Treasurer to Oct. 1870 was \$37,004.65, and to B. P. Chilton, Treasurer from Oct. 1870 to Sept. 1872, was \$38,692.76, making in all \$75,697.41. On the amount paid to Mr. Wilder of \$37,004.65, there was \$8,618.21 paid to him in Finance orders issued prior to Aug. 24, '68, and not issued by any Board of Commissioners, leaving amount paid to Mr. Wilder since the 24th Aug '68 of \$28,386.44. This amount and the amt. paid to Mr. Chilton to Oct. 1st '72, make \$47,079.20. County orders issued from Aug. 24 '68 to Sep. 1, '72 was \$52,436.13. Deduct the above amount of \$47,079.20 from \$52,436.13, will leave a balance on hand Sep. 1 '72 of \$5,356.93. County orders issued by the Board since the 1st of Sep '72 to Dec 1 '73 amount to \$15,597.94, add to this the amount on hand the 1st Sep '72 of \$5,356.93, will make the amount outstanding the 1st Dec '73 \$20,954.87. Deduct amt. to balance to be paid by Gup-ton for 1873, \$759.33. And the amt. to be paid in by Sheriff Wynne to Oct. 1st 1873 \$10,119.00. Add to this by the way of interest, say, \$14,238.46. Leaving bal. out standing orders Dec 1st 1873, of \$14,500.00. In ascertaining the balance on hand, we estimate the amount of accrued interest at \$4,238.46. Of course, the exact amount of out standing indebtedness will vary from this, as our estimate may be too large or too small. See account filed in Register's office. We further report that we have examined the accounts of Mr. S. T. Wilder, former Treasurer of the County, and find all his settlements with the County correct. Also state that the present Treasurer, Mr. B. P. Chilton's books are kept in a business like manner, and that his acts are all correct. Respectfully Submitted, W. H. FURMAN, E. A. CRUDUP, Clerk Com. J. J. DAVIS, Committee.

POND'S EXTRACT CURES. Neuralgia, Piles, Headache, Diarrhoea, Boils, Soreness, Lameness, Burns, Sprains, Toothache, Scalds, Wounds, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Bruises, Rheumatism, Hemorrhages. CURED BY POND'S EXTRACT

an armistice of peace was declared by the ingenuity of man, for from the entrance of the avenue, and including the entire terrace, bright colored lamps were strung pendant from overhanging boughs arching the entrance of every arbor or bower, and the hall windows were beautifully illuminated with wax candles, floods of soft light sweeping across the terrace in every direction. The dome was crowned with, Glenburnne, in fancy letters of light, like numbers of glow worms breathing out its name.

Every ghostly fancy, that had hovered around the place, was forever banished, and it stood boldly forth like a mammoth Christmas tree in all its joyous, sparkling beauty. The rich and fantastic figures on terrace and colonnade might farther the conceit by representing toys, and even the hall, which crowned its summit, looked like a fairy temple for the queen of dolls.

"Oh!" exclaimed Minnie, from the balcony of Wright Villa, "It is indeed Bunyan's, palace beautiful!" Each party seemed determined, to keep his, or her identity a profound secret. Couple after couple would glide through the grounds from every direction, enveloped in long dark dominoes, and were conducted with great ceremony to the various reception rooms, thus eluding the recognition, of the most vigilant spy. We will follow a trio thus ushered into an unoccupied room. With a silvery laugh, Minnie exclaimed,

"So far, so good! these dominoes do disguise me so entirely, I can scarcely distinguish you, Nita, from Janet."

After removing their wrappings, their costumes were indeed beautiful. Minnie represented sunshine, an amber colored satin chemise with gold, fell in rich lustre about her graceful figure; a false braid, the color of Nita's hair concealed her own dark locks, while a light gauze veil worked with threads of gold, floated back like rays of sunshine, and was held in place by a tiara of diamonds well known, as the Lamson heir looms.

Nita, represented tempest—a dusky velvet, rolled in sombre splendor about her matchless form, a cloud of veil, with flashes of gold, diagonally interwoven, was a beautiful conceit for a miniature storm for zigzag streaks were distinctly brought forth with every motion of her graceful figure, a phosphoric crown, showing an approaching tempest even in the dark. And thus were disguised two matchless beauties, of a different type, as Minnie said, "Changing places with each other for the evening."

As they adjusted their masks, Janet said: "I just know, that folks will think you Miss Nita, and she you, and wonder if you all think, they can't tell you because your face is hid, but they'll get fooled, sure."

As they entered the gorgeous saloon, a murmur of admiration agitated the entire assembly, and they were immediately surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen. A very dangerous looking Corsair, was the first to offer his arm to Nita, while his companion, a Brigand chief, took charge of Minnie. As they passed on, Minnie heard a figure, who might have been taken for a Hindu Goddess, say, "It is no disguise at all for Nita, with her hair all down."

That was enough, it was quite plain as was thought, who they were, and which was which. They were the center of attraction, two bright luminaries with satellites too numerous to name.

"Your sarcasm has betrayed you," And as the silver cornet band struck up one of Strauss's soft, beautiful waltzes, he asked, "Will it be unwise to ask the honor of the first waltz?" "No," she replied, a little embarrassed, "not if you wish that honor at all."

And passing his arm around her, they floated out into the spacious hall, in perfect time. So bewilderingly graceful, and the music so enchantingly sweet, that all the other couples remained motionless, lost in silent admiration.

As the last soft notes died out the black haired Corsair, drew Tempest hand through his arm, and said, as he walked out, "that sight which was so beautiful to the eye, was not altogether pleasing to me."

"Why?" asked Tempest softly. "Well, in the first place, by a rash vow of yours, you have lost the pleasure of dancing with the most graceful dancer I ever saw, and—will be to candid, I had rather it had been me own self, waltzing with my hearts' idol."

Tempest sat down on steps, to the colonnade, while the dark Corsair, sat on the step below, and leaned wearily against a column, saying, "I have stood this state of affairs about as long as I can. You are the only one, I have ever spoken of my love to. I have betrayed my love to Miss Nita, but I'll not do so again; to keep from it is torture, so I am going away."

"Why are you so averse to love making?" was softly asked. "If I was differently situated, it would be inexpressible joy to unburden my heart, even if I met with a repulse," and pulling his mask off, as if to breathe more freely, he revealed the handsome face of Tom Moore, but very pale and sorrowful. "Would that I could tear away the mask from my heart as easily, but I cannot offer myself a penniless beggar to any lady, no, even tho' it wreck's my life."

Then, Tempest turned round, the light from the window brought forth bright flashes from the dark cloudy veil which seemed boiling around and over her, as the wind lifted it about. Placing one little white hand on Moore's with trembling fingers, she too unblushingly, saying, "while the sweetest blush suffused her face, "has it ever occurred to you, that by wrecking your own life, you might endanger another's?—I am indeed tempest tossed, but like you, I am indeed tossed, but like you, I am indeed tossed."

Before he thought, he had caught her in his arms! she did not repulse him, but rested her head on his arm like a weary child. "Oh! Nita, Nita, my darling," he cried, softly, "Can it be possible, do you, do you indeed care for me? can it be possible that you love me?" She raised her head, and looking into his face, noticed, what a beautiful change had passed over it. Then her pride held back the words trembling on her lips, and burying her face in her hands, said, "Oh! Mr Moore is it right to question me? when you have decreed that we must part! if pride takes you from me, do you not see that pride must close my lips?"

what preliminaries to love making are customary, or deemed necessary here, but I know that I love you, and give me but a shadow of hope, and I will bend to all your customs, even if it delays my return to France ten years." In his earnestness his voice seemed changed, had lost an affected droll, peculiar to him, and as his soft tones fell on her ear, deep in earnestness, intensely sweet in tone, she closed her eyes and could almost imagine, she heard Carl Drayton asking with such irresistible pathos for sympathy for one heart only. As she did not interrupt him, he continued, I have heard even in this short time, how prejudiced you are to foreigners, but I beg permission by my humble fervent, untiring devotion, illustrious affection and unswerving constancy, to disarm you of all prejudice, and implant in its stead, kindly interest and finally love. Will you not give me, at least, the privilege of entering the list for the prize?" He saw that she was not wholly indifferent to this appeal. She turned away her head, and put out her hands, with a gesture almost pleading, "Oh! don't, I will be candid with you in the beginning, if I could ever listen to you with interest, it would be owing to a resemblance to some one else, not in person, but at times your manners and voice are so like, that I can't listen."

Now the Chinaman's eyes sparkled, and his inspiration was quick and fast, catching her hands, while his trembled violently, he asked, "do you mean for me to infer, that you have listened with pleasure to another wooing? are you bound by any vows? then, and not 'till then, do I quite despair."

"No," she said listlessly, "I am bound by no ties, scarcely friendship, owing to a misunderstanding."

"Does my rival offer you a name of Royal descent? A queenly reign in foreign Courts? A choice of a home on any portion of the globe? Wealth unbounded? and a proud constant heart that has never bowed to other beauty, or asked any love but yours?"

"No, you will probably be surprised when I tell you, I know nothing of his ancestry or finances."

"Is he then, such an Apollo, and so deeply fascinating that he out weighs me, with all my great wealth, and name? Can you not over look my homeliness sufficiently to permit me to enter the contest?"

"But," said she candidly, "he has too much the start of you in my favor." And as she was about to withdraw her hands, he retained them with a grasp painful in its fervor, and in a voice almost hushed by intense emotion, whispered, "You have yet given me no encouragement, help me now to tear away every lingering hope! strike despair to my agonized heart at one stroke! do you love my rival?"

Seeing her hesitancy, he added hurriedly, "I ask from no motive, but the purest, holiest that can emanate from the human heart." Still Minnie gave no answer, but bowed her head on her hand—his hand poured forth more sweet strains, drowning the hum of many voices, and light laughter—they were interrupted by a number of gentlemen, claiming Minnie for the next dance, whispering to the Chinaman to forget all that had passed, she glided off in perfect time to the sweet music. Indeed the whole affair was like enchantment, continually were presented tempting salvas, by bearers in oriental costumes. So quietly and suddenly did they spring into existence all through the various apartments, that if each had possessed Aladdan's magic ring, and given it an accidental rub, they could not have had their unexpressed wishes better gratified. It was an evening ever to be remembered, and at early dawn when all had sought their homes and couches, it was to dream of an event too bright and fairy-like to seem a reality. (To Be Continued.)

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A Lady's View of Who Girls ought to Marry.

Don't marry any man over forty— He bristles with habits as English young ladies do with angels. Don't marry the lively man. Don't marry a man who stops your mouth with compliments, makes desperate love to you the first time he sees you, and talks about kissing— That man thinks women are fools, but he is mistaken.

Don't marry a man who tells wonderful stories of which he is the hero, and in which no wit, or sagacity, or presence of mind—these qualities not being, as a rule, conspicuous in him. Don't marry a man who has a great many sisters. Such a man is always spoiled; besides which it is not pleasant to be engaged to a man who knows all about your false hair, and how much your dress cost a yard. No woman can ever be an ideal of divinity to a man who has a whole squadron of sisters.

Don't marry a man who says every woman ought to know how to cook. Don't marry a man who wears an eye-glass, or tight boots with high heels, who curls his hair or his mustaches, who puts soot in his whiskers or bleaches his eyelids, who licks, who has his finger-nails long and pointed, carefully cut in an almond shape, who wears four buttoned gloves, takes six and a three-quarters, and tells you so, who if he be dark wears a red cravat; if he be fair a sky-blue one—there is no surer indication of a man's character than his necktie; I always look at that first—who has emanated visiting cards and a brilliant monogram, and who always wears a rosebud in his button-hole.

Don't marry a man who keeps bulldogs. He is sure to be like them. Don't marry a man who gets up early. Nothing makes a person so insufferably conceited. Don't marry a man whom nobody ever says any evil of. Be sure that he is a poor creature. Don't marry a man who doesn't smoke, and who prides himself upon it.

Don't marry a man who has a great admiration for Dr. Johnson. He is sure to be a bore. Don't marry a man who invents things. Invention is the offspring of necessity. Don't marry a good natured man— Good nature is to a man, what the gilt leaf naughty boys sometimes adore a sparrow, which is to that unhappy bird. All the other sparrows get round him and peck at him. Certainly a man may be allowed to have some faults and yet be marriage able.

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs. A burglar who was found under a man's bed in Philadelphia excused himself on the ground that he was looking for his dog. Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a retired milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.

The Bright Mason,

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