The Franklin Courier.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 per Annum.

VOL. V. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1875. NO. 2.

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LETTER HEADS,

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&c.

The True Gentleman.

Whether in legislative halls,
Or at the plow we find him,
He does, with all his might, the task
Whate'er it be, assigned him.

As nature's nobleman he ranks,
He knows no pride of station;
He owns no master save the One,
The Master of Creation.

His words have cheered the dying hour,
With hope of sins forgiven;
With triumph-song of faith and love
He points the soul to Heaven.

His voice is seldom heard to chide
The failings of a brother;
He often smooths, with gentle hand,
The pathway of a nother.

If e'er from virtue's path he strays,
Amid the wiles of faction,
True as the needle to the pole,
There follows sure reaction.

His sphere is found in any place,
Wherever help is needed;
He cannot hear the orphan's cry,
And let it go unheeded.

VERNE LEE.

Found A Wife.

When the theatres were letting out—in days when the theatre hours were longer than they are now—there stepped forth into the frosty winter night, amid a crowd of play-goers, a man of about four and twenty and about the middle height, broad shouldered, dark hair, and with black eyes—a very handsome man, and dressed in a style which, costly and elegant, became him wonderfully well.

There came a little wail upon his ear—a cry almost like that of an infant, and looking down, Harry Bolton saw upon the pavement, close beside him, a little gnl not more than five years old. She wore what appeared to be a handful of rags, and her tiny feet and curly head were bear. A more miserable object moon never looked upon, and the moan she made touched the young man's heart. He knelt down and caught her as she passed by.

"Stop, little one." he said, "what brings you out this night? And where is your mother?"

The child struggled to escape, but when the last question came, stood still, and answered with sobs,—

"In heaven; I want to go there"

"You are on the right road, then, this winter night; half naked and starving, too, I fancy." said Harry to himself. He began to question her again.

"Where do you live?"

"I don't know"

"Who takes care of you?"

"Nobody."

"It looks like it. Have you had any supper?"

"I don't want any supper. I want my mamma," and the child began to cry.

Harry Bolton endeavored to remember some portion of his childish education.

"You want to go to heaven, do you?" he asked. "It appears to me I remember being told that children who cried never went to heaven, and I am sure that children who do not mind never do; remember that."

The child understood, and the effect of this doubtful moral teaching was, at least, to silence her. Then the moon witnessed a phenomenon. Harry Bolton, the dandy, the dashing gambler, the man of betting books, shouldering a ragged child and walking away with her in the most self-possessed fashion.

"We must have some supper," he hastily said. "We must not be too fashionable under the circumstances." And so saying he descended into a cellar eating house, where, at the late hour, the few guests were too much intoxicated to notice the singular pair, and only the proprietor and a few of his employees remained to be astonished.

Marching down the room with perfect *sang froid*, Harry Bolton perched the child upon one of the chairs, and seating himself at the table ordered beefsteak, and brandy and water for two, and the order being filled, ordered his companion to "go ahead," and watched to see the mandate obeyed in vain; the child stared at the viands in astonishment, but made no attempt to eat.

Harry remained in a puzzied condition for some time, then beckoning to a grinning waiter made him his confident in this wise:

"You look like a family man, waiter. Do you know any way of making a child take to its feed?"

"Not such feed as that, sir," replied the waiter. "Milk and water is what they like, and bread and butter, or if meat, chopped up into bits like.—Bless ye, look at her tiny teeth, sir."

"To be sure," said Harry. "Well, cut the meat up, then bring her some bread and butter; but milk and water—you'd make the poor thing sick, won't you? It would me."

"You and her is constructed different, sir," srid the waiter.

Harry nodded.

Food being prepared to suit her appetite, the child ate greedily, to Harry's satisfaction, and after sufficing her to to his heart's content and stripping himself of his overcoat, wrapped the waif in it and started for home.

He had a splendid set of bachelor apartments, and there he found a glowing fire awaiting him. The child, when he opened the coat, was sound asleep; so tucking her into bed in a grimy state, which would have shocked any good housewife's heart, Harry composed himself in a great arm chair, and lighting a cigar began to smoke.

All night he sat smoking and thinking and by dawn his plans were formed. A consultation with the landlady ended with the consignment of the child to the care of an elderly woman, warranted conscientious and amiable. Harry Bolton found himself the guardian of an adopted child. From that moment a change came over the young man's life. He had an object to think of and care for. He said to himself,—

"I will bring up a daughter for my old age," and set to work to become a fitting parent for the wonderful woman he had proposed to make her. He quitted his habits of dissipation, half this time was spent in visiting his charge, who, well cared for, grew every day more lovely and engaging. He taught her to call him Uncle Harry, and it was strange to see the young man devoting himself, as some old grandfather might, to all the whims and pleasure of a little child.

As she grew older he placed her in a boarding-school, and there, of course, saw less of her, yet still as much as the rules of the establishment would allow until the child was somewhat past twelve years old, when a violent illness prosprated her guardian upon what came near being his death bed, and the doctor ordered him immediately on his recovery to go to Europe.

So they were separated, though a regular correspondence was maintained. Delicate health detained Harry from his native land five years.

At the end of that time Harry Bolton returned from Europe, improved in health and anxious to see his adopted daughter. He knew she had grown older, but so little do we reflect on the changes that time must bring, that when inquiring for Miss Estella Gray, (this was the name the child had lisped when questioned) as he waited in the parlor of the seminary, a lovely girl of seventeen opened the door and entered the room, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

Yet it was she indeed—the child he had left, grown into womanhood. Estella was seventeen and Harry Bolton—thirty-five. He was young yet in look and thought. There seemed, after all, but little difference between them. Both felt this, and their manner toward each other was more reserved in consequence. But Harry was charmed as well as surprised. A lovelier creature never met his eyes.—As he walked homeward, he said to himself,—

"What if, after all, I have been rearing a wife for myself?"

Then with a half laugh he muttered,—

"No, I am too old for her—it is all folly."

Folly or not, the thought remained. He paid Estella such delicate attentions as suitors do. He anticipated her every wish and did his best to appear in an agreeable light. Whether she understood him or not, he could not tell. She might regard him as an indulgent guardian, and the thought chafed him sorely. At times he hoped, at times he feared, until calling one afternoon (a holiday) unexpectedly, he found Estella *tete-a-tete* with a young friend, Ernest Clark. It was a good excuse for intimacy, but the knowledge that Estella had another male friend so much nearer her own age than himself, annoyed and angered Harry. And when, time after time, he saw them together, his suspicion strengthened. They loved each other. She would wed young Ernest, and he would only be the middle aged guardian to give her away with his blessing The thought once in his mind rooted itself there, and at last drove him beside himself.

"I will go back to Europe," said he, "I will forget her. Love and wedlock are not for me,"

And on the impulse of the moment, he ordered his baggage to be packed, took passage in the next steamer for Europe, and went to the seminary to bid Estella good-by.

She came in smiling, but his moody looks made her grave at once. She put her hand in his and he shook it coldly, and sat down beside her. For a moment he was silent, and then he said,—

"I am come to say good-by, Estella. I am going to Europe."

"Mr. Bolton! to Europe? Are you ill again?"

"No."

"Will you stay long?"

"Forever."

The great tears swelled in Estella's eyes, and she put her hand on her heart—she evidently could not speak.

"I would advise you to remain here until you are a year older—unless, indeed, you marry before that time. In that case you will, of course, receive the necessary funds, and a certain sum I shall leave in my banker's hands fer that purpose."

"I shall not marry," sobbed Estella, "there is no need of any such provision."

Harry smiled sarcastically.

"The proposition has not come, then?" he said.

Estella's head dropped lower.

"I fancied you were engaged to this young Ernest."

Estella sobbed again.

"I care nothing for Ernest, nor he for me. We are mere acquaintances."

Harry caught her hand.

"Is this girlish evasion," he asked, almost sternly, "or the truth?"

Harry Bolton looked into the tear-flushed face, and took the other little hand.

"Estella," he said, "do you guess why I was leaving America?"

She shook her head,

"Because I could not see the girl I loved married to another. Am I too old to love, Estella?"

"Oh, no."

"Too old to be loved?"

"You are not old at all."

"Estella, can you love me?"

She made no reply. Harry drew her closer to him and repeated the question; then the answer came in the lowest, faintest whisper,—

"I love you better than my life; it would kill me to part with you."

Harry Bolton won his treasure.

A week after he sailed for Europe, but not alone. It was his wedding trip, and Estella, his young and lovely bride, was with him.—*Wavelly Magazine.*

Fame is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of some thousands, that some fellow by good luck holds on to it.

To make a drum stick—Set it on the head of a tar barrel.

The Number Seven in the Bible.

On the seventh day God ended his work.

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent.

Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven more.

Jacob was pursued a seven day's journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tents.

Every seven days the land rested.

Every seventh year the law was read to the people.

In the distruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the wals fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

In the tabernacle were seven lamps.

The golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.

Our Saviour spokes even times from the cross on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times.

In the Revelation we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven, stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.

Notoriety.

It is not always the achiever of notoriety in any art, profession, or calling, that can justly prefer a legitimate claim to distinction, in the world's estimation Some writer, indeed, whose name we forget, but whose knowledge of human nature was alike profound and accurate, has remarked that "men of greatest minds are those of whom the noisy world hears least." Certain it is that "distrustful sense," or diffidence, the accompaniment so often of deep research and profound investigation, has a decided tendency to shrink from too close contact with even an appreciative—to say nothing of a public at once unappreciative and unobservant—its almost morbid solicitude being to pursue, in quiet and alone, its researches and investigations.

That an individual of this descrip- whose chief design it is to "shut out" the world, and "let no passion stir," (not even that of a love of renown) should be apt to despise the public and its ways, is not much to be wondered at; for, depend upon it, however ambitious of genuine fame such a character may be, he will never cultivate undue intimacy with the public as a means of securing the same. The lover of notoriety, on the other hand, whose unceasing aspirations are everlastingly at work to secure recognition on the part of the public, lets no opportunity pass of flaunting before that public's eye his wonderful achievements in art, literature, science, or what not; and should his little world of lookers-on betray the very faintest expression of approval, our unwearied pursuer of notoriety would, (we were going to say) "blush to find it fame;" but no, on mature reflection, we should rather say he would become at once intoxicated with vanity and presumption, assuming airs of superiority and condecension such as would be well caculated to strike with equal reverence and awe the astonished beholder.

Going to the Dentist.

I like to come across a man with the tooth-ache. There's something so pleasant about advising him to stuff cotton in it, to use camphor, creosote, peppermint and "relief," that I always feel better after giving it.

I have been there, had an aching snag, and I know just how it feels. It used to wake me up nights, and make me mad at noon, and set me to swearing, early in the morning. I didn't meet man or woman but what they advised me. One said that a hot knitting-needle pushed down on the root was excellent, another said that opium was an excellent thing, and others said that it must be dug out by the dentist.

If I sat down to dinner, that old tooth began to growl. If I went to bed, or got up, or went to a party, or stayed at home, it growled just the same.

It wasn't always a growl; sometimes it was a jump that made my hair stand up, and again a sort of cutting pain that made me make up faces at the baby, and slam doors, and break windows. I ate cotton, peppermint, camphor and opium, until I got black in the face, and that old song kept right on. I put bags of hot ashes to my cheek, applied mustard, held my head in the even, took a sweat, and the ache still ached.

After the third week neighbors didn't dare let their boys pass my house, and tin peddlers, and book cauvassers went around on another street, I was becoming a menagerie, and at last I decided to have my tooth out. I decided to, and then I decided not to. I changed my mind four times in one afternoon, and at last I went.

The dentist was glad to see me. He said that if he could not take that tooth out withoua hurting me he would give me a million dollars. It got easier as he talked, and I concluded not to have it pulled. I started downstairs, but a jump caught me and I rushed back. He said he would look at it; perhaps it did not need pulling at all, but he could kill the nerve.

By dint of flattery he got me in the chair. Then he softly inserted a knife and cut away the gums. I looked up and said I would kill him, but he begged me not to; said the cutting was all the pain there was to it. He finally got me to lay back and open my mouth, and then he slipped in his forceps, and closed them around the tooth.

"Ohsordororororororsoforsor!" I cried, but he didn't pay any attention to it. He drew in a full breath, grasped the forceps tightly, and then he pulled.

Great spoons! but didn't it seem as if my head was going! I tried to shout, grappled at him, kicked, and then he held up the old snag, and said:

"There! I guess you won't feel any more aching."

I leaped down and hugged him. I promised him ten million dollars. I told him to make my home his house forever. I hugged him again. I shook hands with everybody on the street, kissed my wife, bought the baby a dozen rattle-boxes in a heap, and it seemed to me as if the world was too small for me, I was so happy.

Frightened to Death.

Monsieur Berger, a Parisian, lost his wife in 1866, a very beautiful and youthful woman, whom he had married but three years before. He became quite heart-broken over his loss, and has sincerely mourned for his wife ever since, living in the same suite of rooms where she died, and keeping everything sacredly as she had left it. A few weeks since a singular occurrence happened in that suite of rooms, forming a most tragic ending to the constancy of the widower.

His wife's sister, at the time of her marriage, was a small girl, but she had since expanded into a strikingly handsome woman. Nine years had ripened her face and form to the perfection of womanhood. For years she had not seen Monsieur Berger, but being in Paris she resolved to call upon him, and came but a few days since to his apartments, where she knocked at the door. The servant was not at hand, and so M. Berger opened the door himself.

She entered the apartment, calling him by name, and lifted her vail.

"Do you not recognize me?" she asked.

"My wife!" almost screamed the excited widower.

"No, no, Monsieur," she said, soothingly.

"She is dead! she is dead!"

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" said the young woman, striving to quiet him.

"It is her spirit!" shouted the widower.

"Nay, Monsieur; will you not listen for one moment to me?"

"A ghost! a ghost!" he shouted.

The sister-in-law became frightened as she saw M. Berger's excitement.

"Help! help!" he exclaimed.

In vain were her efforts to soothe the half-distracted man, who rushed toward a large portrait hanging upon the wall, and which was a life-like picture of his departed wife. For a moment he looked first at the sister and then at the painting, with clasped hands and a wild expression in his eyes. Then he once more shrieked at the top of his voice:

"Help! A ghost! a ghost!" He then fell upon the floor shaking in every limb.

The neighbors hurried in and attempted to lift him up, but M. Berger was dead.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Notice.

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JOHN ELLIS.

Sep 10th 3-m.