

The Franklin Courier.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Annum.

VOL. V.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1875.

NO. 3.

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The Right Way and the Wrong Way.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

The right way and the wrong way
They nest side by side,
And one is narrow, straight and rough
The other smooth and wide.
Poor weary burdened pilgrims,
The weak and oft the strong,
Turn from the narrow path of Right
And follow in the Wrong.

And we as christian watchmen
And pilgrims of the day,
Should take our brother by the hand
And lead him in the way;
Should turn the wavering footsteps
Toward the gates of Light,
From journeying in the path of wrong
To walking in the right.

The right way and the wrong way,
So very plain to see,
That even a child may choose between
The two, all will agree.
May angels fair attend us
While journeying along,
And lead us through the path of right
And keep us from the wrong.

[N. Y. WEEKLY.]

What Came of a Boquet.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Several years since, and on a bright,
crisp autumn morning, I rang the bell
of the palatial mansion, for the first
time, where I was going as a governess.
The neighborhood was in a new part
of our city, and peopled by a new aristoc-
racy, and the dwellings and sidewalks
glistened with pretentious newness.

The inevitable colored man admitted
me, and flung me, with a bow, up
one flight of stairs to the "sitting-
room." The children were there by
themselves, two frightened morsels of
seven and nine; and I was obliged to
devote my first efforts to the task of
convincing them that I was not an
ogress come to devour them. They
looked delicate, poor little things! and
I felt like taking them into my lap, and
kissing them.

While engaged in something very
much like this, the tallest girl I ever
saw swept through the room, in a trail-
ing dress of the richest silk, overloaded
with trimming. She was excessively
ugly, with a doughy sort of face, and
a very supercilious expression.

This expression became a positive
snarl, as she regarded me and my
charges; and I felt myself eying her
with a defiant stare, as the angry blood
rushed to my face. Never a word did
she speak; and the children looked
awe-stricken, as she rustled out as
silently as she had come in.

"That's Mary Jane," said little An-
nie, the elder of the two children, as
though she expected me to be very
much impressed.

"Well, Mary Jane's a very disagree-
able-looking person," I replied, with-
out a moment's reflection; "and she is
dressed in a very vulgar manner for
this early hour of the day. Who is
she?"

"Why, she's—sister!" said both of
the children together, after staring at
me in amazement.

They evidently regarded Mary Jane
as the glass of fashion, and the mould
of form.

This was pleasant, certainly, for every
word I had said would be repeated, but
I had to make the best of it.

"Well, never mind," I said, "I want
to see now if my little girls can read.
Begin with that picture, Annie."

Such books as those children had!
So elegantly bound and illustrated;
primers and "helps," such as my child-
hood had never even seen. An aurifer-
ous atmosphere pervaded the whole
house, and I should scarcely have been
surprised to see the tempting luncheon
that appeared before my departure,
served on plates of gold.

I was quite pleased with the first
day's experience; and I began to think
that if "Mary Jane" could be chained
up while I was on duty, the teaching
would be quite endurable.

But that unamiable damsel seemed
to take a malicious pleasure in crossing
my path; and the next time I encoun-
tered her, she looked as though dispo-
sed to make a face at me. I knew,
from her expression, that Annie had
repeated what I had said; probably
with some additions; and as she had
not regarded me favorably before, I
could scarcely look now for any mani-
festation of pleasure at my appear-
ance.

We passed each other in silence, and
I wended my way to the sitting room.
There I found Mrs. Slater, the stout
mother of my charges; and she was
graciously pleased to be quite sociable.
She was not on very good terms with
the English grammar, and she used
some expressions that were a novelty to
me; but she evidently did the best she
could, and tried to make me comfort-
able and contented.

The children were quite lovable; and
I thought I had been rather fortunate
than otherwise. To be sure there was
a sharp sorrow tugging at my heart;
but I had resolved not to be a blighted
being, and I think I managed to escape
it. Had I been Ariadne, I would never
have called Theseus back, but would
have hidden him a happy voyage.

One day, on my arrival at the Slater
mansion, it struck me that the premises
were a festive air; I encountered a
huge epergne being carried through
the hall by a man from the confection-
ers; the sitting room was in process of
a grand sweeping, and Mrs. Slater and
the children had their hair in curling
pins.

"Mamma is going to have a party to-
night," called out the little ones in glee.
"We'll have lots of fun, and ever so
many good things. Are you coming,
Miss Anvers?"

"There won't be enough white grapes,
maybe," said little Belle, who evident-
ly did not relish any unnecessary addi-
tion to the guests.

"I know who's coming," continued
Annie, looking very wise; "Mary Jane's
beau, Mr. Middleton, Mary Jane said
she'd rather have him come, if all the
rest stayed away."

"Mary Jane's beau, Mr. Middleton?"
I repeated to myself. Could his name
be Frank? I wouldn't ask, but I sat
there trembling all over, while the child-
ren prattled on. He had acted strange-
ly enough, to be sure; but I couldn't
fancy him descending to the level of
Mary Jane Slater.

The lessons were quite set aside that
day; for Mrs. Slater suddenly appeared,
in a state of comical distress.

"Isn't it too bad?" she half sobbed.

"That wretched Allen, whom we prom-
ised to pay exorbitantly, the only man
in the city who can give cut flowers just
the right look, and who always orna-
ments the supper-table so exquisitely,
has deserted me, and gone over to Mrs.
Parker's, who also gives a party to-
night. She belongs to the very cream,
you know; and I suppose Allen thought
there was more to be gained in attend-
ing to her—though not in the way of
money, I'm sure. We've got about two
bushels of flowers down stairs, and no-
body to fix 'em."

Now I felt really sorry for this poor
woman, who did not "belong to the
cream," and I was passionately fond of
working with flowers; so I said, pres-
ently.

"You may think it presuming in me,
Mrs. Slater, but I have had some expe-
rience in arranging flowers, and if you
will accept my services, you are very
welcome to them."

"I'm sure you're very good," replied
poor Mrs. Slater, "and I shall be ever
so much obliged to you."

"Then you'll come to the party, won't
you?" said Annie.

"And I guess there'll be enough
white grapes," whispered Belle.

I was busy during the rest of the
day. I seemed to be needed every-
where. Great baskets of bloom, de-
serted by the faithless Allen, were
emptied out upon the dining-room
table, and I reveled among tea-rose-
buds, violets, ferns, and all sorts of
floral beauties, to my heart's content.

It was a fancy of Mrs. Slater's that
every lady and gentleman should have

a small bouquet, marked with her, or
his, name.

"It always seemed to me a kind of
comfort to take something home from
a party," remarked the good woman,
"and they can have their bouquets, you
know, to keep."

She gave me the list of names, and
I was not long in finding that of Mr.
Middleton. It was Mr. Frank Mid-
dleton, too. He ought to have what-
ever expressed fickleness, I thought;
but, involuntarily, I found myself
twisting some violets, and ferns, and
one pink rosebud together; the rosebud
in the center; and a double row of
violets around it, and the ferns form-
ing a lovely fringe-like border. I
would not make a duplicate; and as I
fastened on the name, a few hot tears
dropped upon the dewy blossoms. I
was living over again a summer pas-
toral that, with its fleeting beauty, had
brought me an exceeding happiness.

It was a common-place story enough;
a quaint, little New England town,
where I spent the summer, quaffing
large draughts of health from the
strong, breezy atmosphere; a chance
acquaintance, a warm friend, a devo-
ted lover, all developed in the space
of three months; a favorite walk past
a saw-mill, a bed of for-get-me-nots
growing by the roadside, and the tall
figure bent humbly to gather them,
turning back to me with laughing eyes,
as I demanded more and more, and
would not be satisfied, wild roses and
delicate ferns growing farther on; the
invariable bouquet I twisted together
of forget-me-nots, stripped of their
superabundant green leaves, a border-
ing of fern, and a deeply-tinted wild
rosebud in the center; how vivid it all
seemed!

"I never saw a bouquet like this be-
fore," my companion once said, "and I
do not suppose I ever shall again, un-
less it comes from your hands."

"Then," I replied, gayly, "if we
should be separated, and get lost, each
to the other, if you see a bouquet like
this, you will know that I am near."

"You will not forget?" he asked,
quite earnestly, "for such a thing
might be, and in that case flowers
would have a language more beauti-
ful to me than they ever had before."

I laughingly promised, and here I
was, with a bouquet as nearly like the
old ones as possible; and yet assuring
myself, all the while, that the man did
not deserve it.

I had not, until then, the slightest
idea as to the quarter of the globe in
which he might be. He might now be
a pirate on the high seas, for all I
knew to the contrary—although he had
given me the impression that he was a
gentleman of means, traveling about
for pleasure.

I had been obliged, through the ill-
ness of a relative, to leave Maplewood
very suddenly, while Frank was absent
on a two days' hunting expedition, and
never from that time to this, had I
heard a word from his whereabouts,
the least clue to his whereabouts.

I thought, as I tied my bouquet, of
Blondel, who found his lion hearted
master singing a stave of the ditty
dear to both of them before the dus-
trian dungeon; but, unlike him, I
could not be at all sure that my master
was worth finding.

Mrs. Slater had exhausted her ex-
clamations over the "bouquets," when
Mary Jane bore down upon us, more
supercilious, if possible than ever.

"I should say you had mistaken
your calling," she remarked, after a
critical inspection of my handiwork.
"You might make your fortune in
flowers."

"Perhaps I shall," I replied, buoy-
antly. My little bouquet was a fragile
venture that might come back to me
laden with happiness, though I dared
scarcely to hope for it.

The party was not to be a crash, or
a jam, only a choice gathering; and at
Mrs. Slater's solicitation, I stayed,
just to look on from a secure corner.
I felt that I must see if Frank Mid-
dleton was my Frank, and if he cared
for the bouquet.

"Dear me?" said Mrs. Slater to me,

a week afterward, "I really thought
the man was crazy; the way he ranted
round about that bouquet, as soon as he
could get me alone, was a caution!
And when I told him who fixed it, and
that you was in the house then, he
just dashed after you—and there you
was, a runnin' up stairs, and acting as
contrary as ever you could. And to
think that he was your own sweet-
heart, after all! Mary Jane's as mad
as hops, for she'd quite set her mind
on Mr. Middleton. But she ain't my
own daughter, you know; and I don't
care much, only I've got to have her
around all the longer. I hope she'll
go off one of these days."

I hoped so, too, though I pitied the
man she went off with.

When I asked Frank why he had
not found me in all that time, nor
even written, he innocently replied
that, as I had not given him any ad-
dress, and had mentioned at least
three different cities in which I might
spend the winter, he did not think
this was to be wondered at. I hung
my stupid head in silent humiliation;
and when I was informed that the
slandered youth had been reduced to
a state of despair, on his return from
trouting, to find that I had departed
without leaving a trace behind; that
he had been on a hopeless chase for
me ever since; and had followed several
young ladies for a mile or two, from a
fancied likeness of myself; I felt that
only the most abject submission would
atone for my delinquencies.

"Had it not been for this dear little
bouquet," said he, tenderly crossing
the object in question, "we might
have continued wandering in space,
like two lost planets, without ever
coming into collision."

What wonder I call my story "What
came of a bouquet."—*Waverley Maga-
zine.*

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

If you always live with those who
are lame you will yourself learn to
limp.

He is alone wise who can accommo-
date himself to all the contingencies
of life.

Men resemble the gods in nothing
so much as in doing good to their fel-
low creatures.

We are never rendered so ridicu-
lous by qualities we possess as by
those we affect we have.

The superiority of some men is
merely local. They are great because
their associations are little.

To know a man, observe how he
wins his object, rather than how he
loses it; for when we fail our pride
supports us; when we succeed it be-
trays us.

Don't bother your head about peo-
ple who are going about trying to take
away your character. Very likely it
will do you good. Men are very of-
ten like a pair of boots—the more
they are blackened the more they
shine.

Sociability.

Think how much happiness you con-
vey to each other by kindly notice
and a cheerful conversation. Think
how much sunshine such sociability
lets back into your own soul. Who
does not feel more cheerful and con-
tented for receiving a polite bow, and
a genial "good morning with a hearty
shake of the hand?" Who does not
make himself happier by these little
expressions of fellow feeling and good
will? Silence, and a stiff, unbending
reserve are essentially selfish and vul-
gar. The generous and polite man
has pleasant recognition and cheerful
words for all he meets. He scatters
sunbeams wherever he goes. He paves
the path of others with smiles. He
makes society seem genial, and the
world delightful to those who would
else find them cold, selfish and forlorn.
And what he gives is but a tithe of
what he receives. Be social wherever
you go, and wrap your lightest words
in tones that are sweet and a spirit
that is genial.

Pay Attention.

Whatever you are about, pay atten-
tion to it. Keep your mind on what
you are at. Think of what you are
doing. Close attention is very much a
matter of habit; and it is a habit
which should be diligently cultivated.

Take, for instance, the habit of
mind in reading. One law student
has a general idea that he has seen a
case reported somewhere, in which he
rather believes a certain point arose—
he is not quite sure of that—which
was decided one way or the other, he
don't remember which! Another
student who had the same book in his
hand the same length of time, remem-
bers what Reports it was in, the num-
ber of the volume, the name of the
case, the names of the counsel, the
points that came up, the views of the
different judges, if there was a conflict
of opinion upon them, and precisely
what the decision was. He even re-
members the part of the book, the
very number of the page where it is
found. In his mind's eye he can see
the lines, the words, the letters. He
has the habit of fixed attention, which
all students should strive to acquire.

The opposite extreme of loose read-
ing and listening is illustrated by some
amusing anecdotes. One is a man
who said he had recently read in some
paper, he couldn't remember where it
was, of a man named Johnson—he be-
lieved his name was Johnson—who
had raised a thousand barrels of pota-
toes to the acre—he believed it was
barrels, it might possibly have been
bushels; he was quite sure it was po-
tatoes, though possibly it might have
been apples; it seemed a good deal
for an acre, he might be mistaken
about that—really it was impossible,
it must have been more than an acre!

Another is of an old woman who
said she had learnt a sure way to tell
whether an egg was good or not; she
heard a great many before, but this was
certain, and it was so simple, too; it
was to just drop the egg into a pail of
water, and if it was good it would—
either sink or swim, she really had for-
gotten which!

It is very good practice after laying
a book down to take up a pen and see
how much you can write of what you
have read. After trying it regularly
for a week you will be pleased to find
how much more you can remember
than you could at first. So rapidly
does the habit of concentrating one's
thoughts grow with cultivation.

Think of what you are doing and
you will remember what you have
done. Cultivate the habit of keeping
wide awake, and fixing your attention
closely.

A Billet-Doux.

The Detroit Free Press says:

"The other evening a Detroit joker
slipped a little pink love letter into the
pocket of a staid old citizen as they were
riding on the street car. Of course,
the old citizen's wife made a dive for
his overcoat pockets as she passed
through the hall, and when she had di-
gested the love letter she determined
to commit suicide. While going up
stairs to get her bonnet she got mad
and changed her mind. Walking into
the room where he was sitting before a
cheerful fire, she exclaimed:
"Loves you better than her own life-
eh?"

"Who—what?" he enquired.

"And she wants to know how that
bald-headed wife of yours got along
eh?"

"I really—I can't—"

"And she wants fifty dollars to buy
her a set of furs, does she?"

"Why Mary—why, what are you
talking about?"

"Oh! its come out, I've got the
proof!" she shouted, making a dash
for his hair. The worthy man has
sworn the most solemn oaths to his
innocence; offered to let her employ a
detective to shadow him; accounted for
every hour of his absence during last
year; and furnished fifty theories in
regard to the letter; and yet the wife
caldly remarks that she is staying there
solely on the children's account.

Playing Seven-Up for a Baby.

We have it for good authority that
near this city, a few days ago, a game
of "seven-up" was played, a little girl
of five summers being the prize. The
father had played and lost everything
he had, and, while under the influence
of liquor, proposed to put up his little
girl against a certain amount of money.
The proposition was at once accepted
and the game began. At the last hand
the game stood—later, 5: opponent, 2.
In the deal the father received the fol-
lowing trumps: King, then, seven and
tray. His opponent received ace, jack,
four and deuce. The father begged
and was given one, which made him
within one of going out. Confidently
believing that the game was his, he
threw down the king and tray, ex-
claiming, "Can you beat that for high
or low?" His opponent replied that
he could beat both, and showed his
hand, and claimed high, low, jack and
the game. The claim was denied, the
father hoping that he could take the
game himself. The game went on, re-
sulting in the success of his opponent,
who secured the game by two points.
The winner still has the child, and
states that he intends keeping it, un-
less the father uses the law to regain
his loss. She is in good hands, much
better, than those of her father, who is
a widower and a man of dissolute habits,
although the possessor of a kindly
heart when not under the influence of
liquor.—*Council Bluffs Globe.*

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