

# The Franklin Courier.

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NO. 9.

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**NOTICE.**

Have four fine fat hoes which I  
wish to sell on the hoof.

**A. E. BOBBITT.**

Cedar Rock, N. C.

(Written expressly for the Courier.)

**"Unto the End."**

BY ETHEL.

CHAPTER III.

At the breakfast table Belle said,  
with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.  
"Cousin Gerald, what handsome  
lady was that you were so attentive to  
this morning?"

"At what place cousin?"  
"The gate."  
"I don't know," he said thoughtfully.  
"Miss Cameron is the only one I remem-  
ber seeing at the gate."

"Belle," said her sister Stella,  
laughing, "you are too bad. If I  
was in Cousin Gerald's place, I  
would not take such an insult so  
quietly."

"If I could see the insult, I would  
be sure to resent it," he said, smil-  
ing.

"Why, don't you see the drift of  
Belle's question?"  
"I do not."  
"Oh," said Belle, "I rise ear-  
lier than you give me credit for,  
and I am confident you improve in  
that line, at least half hour daily."

"Let me thank you for the inter-  
est you manifest in me," he said,  
with twinkling eyes; "I was not  
aware before that my fair cousin  
took any note of my movements,  
whatever."

Belle blushed, and the others  
laughed at her.

"I do not understand the conver-  
sation at all," remarked Mrs.  
Nathier.

"Why Aunt Kate, Belle is teas-  
ing cousin Gerald about your prima  
donna."

"Was that it?" asked Gerald  
laughing; "I did not see the  
point."

"How innocent," remarked Miss  
London, "that alone will acquit  
you. I know Belle did not imagine  
for a moment that Mr. Nathier  
could be teased about a beggar  
girl."

"Beggard girl," he repeated, with  
emphasis. "Surely you do not  
call an intelligent accomplished  
lady who has the independence  
and ability to support herself, a  
beggard."

"Well, I did not mean exactly  
alms-asking," conceded Miss Lon-  
don, "but a person of low birth,  
low social position, and low purse."  
This was said with a disdainful  
laugh.

"I don't know anything of Miss  
Cameron's genealogy," he replied,  
"but the name is a good one. She  
is acknowledged in this house as  
a lady which should give her a pas-  
sage to the best society."

"Really! I beg your pardon, Mr.  
Nathier. You are more interested  
than I would have believed. One  
cannot be too careful in remarking  
upon others, as the infatuation of  
man is unaccountable."

"Excuse me, Miss London, if I  
have expressed myself warmly in  
behalf of this lady. I am interest-  
ed, but no undue infatuation."

Miss London slightly curved her  
lip, her black eyes flashed resentful-  
ly, but she said pleasantly;  
"Surely my friend, we will not  
let this insignificant girl be the  
cause of any ill-natured remarks  
between us, and if any harm is  
done, Belle shall pay the penalty  
for introducing such an unheard of  
subject."

Belle shrugged her plump shoul-  
ders—Stella laughed. Good hum-  
or was apparently restored as  
they left the table. But Miss Lon-  
don felt very spiteful towards Miss  
Cameron. She could scarcely tell  
why, for she was very sure that  
vicious Gerald Nathier could not  
be attracted by that girl. No, she  
certainly did not fear that, as she  
surveyed herself in the large mir-  
ror. He was very eccentric in his  
treatment to inferiors, but he would  
never marry one beneath him—of  
that she felt sure.

It was the day before Christmas  
and as Clyde was returning home  
from Mrs. Nathier's she stopped in  
a variety store. The large windows  
displayed so many beautiful things  
she could not resist the temptation  
to get something for little Lomie's  
stocking. A number of persons  
crowded the counter, and in the  
hurry to wait on impatient custo-  
mers, a large doll was knocked  
down and badly broken. Exclama-  
tions of pity did not mend the mat-  
ter. Some one remarked,  
"You will sell that cheap, won't  
you?"

"Yes," was the reply, "A six  
dollar doll—can be mended. What  
will you give for it?"  
"Fifty cents," said first speaker.  
As the clerk glanced at Clyde she  
said quietly,—  
"One dollar."  
"Two dollars," said a nicely  
dressed lady. For whom it was  
wrapped up.

Clyde got a pretty little mug, a  
small knife and fork, an orange and  
some candy; and as she turned to  
go out was surprised to see Mr.  
Nathier standing near the door,  
which he opened as he bowed to  
her.

Little Lomie was wild with im-  
patience for Santa Claus to come.  
She would say,  
"Sister, do you reckon he can  
find this little high up room? Mama  
make haste and let the fire go out,  
so the chimney will cool, and be  
sure to let the light burn, so he will  
find our little chimney."

After she was fast asleep, there  
were heavy footsteps on the stairs,  
but they did not heed it much, as  
other portions of the house were  
tenanted; but when they came up  
again and knocked at the door,  
Mrs. Cameron went, asking "who  
was there?"

"Santy Claus, mum," said a  
good natured voice.  
Clyde brought a light to the door  
and exclaimed in a little flutter of  
delight as her eyes fell on a nice  
Sewing Machine and a Saratoga  
Trunk.

"Oh, mother, do you reckon they  
are for us?"  
"Are you sure there has been  
no mistake?" asked Mrs. Cameron  
of the men.

"No mum, for the gentleman  
came here to show the way."

A manly figure stepped quietly  
from the shadow of the stairway  
and walked off—the sweet voice of  
Clyde still sounding in his ear.

After mother and daughter were  
left alone they found the trunk con-  
tained many useful and beautiful  
articles. After taking out the tray  
a cry of delight burst from Clyde  
as she held up a lovely doll, larger  
and more beautiful than the one she  
bid for that evening, a card attached  
said, "for little sister."

There were several beautiful suits  
already made, a number of "pretty  
neck fixtures, ribbon, gloves, hand-  
kerchiefs, delicate perfume, &c."

"Who could have sent us such a  
fortune? And yet, mother, I am  
sorry."

"I understand your feelings  
about it, but dear, we are too near  
starvation to be too sensitive. Who  
ever sent it knows of our poverty,  
and means it as charity—as such  
we will accept it. Perhaps Mrs.  
Nathier is our friend."

"Perhaps so," and with a shade  
of color she thought of how kind  
Mr. Nathier always was.

Next morning when Lomie awoke  
and found her stocking full, and the  
beautiful doll they were afraid the  
unusual excitement would make  
her sick, for her little limbs were  
all in a quiver. There was another  
surprise in store for them. Mrs.  
Nathier's footman brought in a tre-  
mendous basket of good things, a  
couple of nice blankets for Mrs.  
Cameron, a set of furs for Clyde,  
and a pretty rocking chair for Lomie.

"Mother," said Clyde, "the

other presents were from some one  
else, and I am afraid—" but she  
colored painfully, and after a mo-  
ments pause continued, "I ought  
not to receive presents from Mr.  
Dupont, for, Mother, I have never  
yet encouraged his preference for  
me."

"But darling, you don't know  
that he sent them, and of course he  
has no thought of your returning  
them, even if he did, sending them  
in this way. It would be very awk-  
ward to send them to the wrong  
person. So do not let that disturb  
you; I am happier than I have been  
in a long time. We have now a  
good start, and I feel like we can  
get along. I never saw any one  
improve as you have, even during  
the past week."

"I am glad you are in good spir-  
its, mother—that is my best Christ-  
mas gift," she said, putting her  
arms around her mother.

Mrs. Nathier had sent a note say-  
ing she would send the carriage for  
Clyde that afternoon if she would  
accept an invitation to take tea  
with them, and be there in good  
time for the entertainment. Clyde  
had much rather have gone later,  
but thought probably it was more  
convenient for them to send for her  
early. Late that evening she made  
her toilet. The neat gray worsted  
that her mother had made for the  
occasion, and from a little box of  
old laces, she had quieted a pretty  
ruff, her hair as usual was prettily  
arranged, the willow curls would  
twist themselves into numerous  
waves and rings about her fore-  
head. She was indeed beautiful.

"I am glad I have succeeded in  
making out my costume without  
going into the new trunk," was her  
only comment as she turned from  
the little mirror.

When she arrived at Mrs. Na-  
thier's, she went to the library—af-  
ter removing her wrapping, was  
kneeling before the grate when Ger-  
ald came in. He shook hands with  
her saying pleasantly:  
"I wish you a happy Christ-  
mas."

"Thank you, it is the happiest I  
have had in years, and I owe it all  
to your kindness," she continued as  
Mrs. Nathier shook hands with her.

"You will also add to our enjoy-  
ment," replied Mrs. Nathier. "Ger-  
ald has been impatient for your ar-  
rival all day."

Gerald's eyes did not fall beneath  
her quick glance, though he colored  
somewhat.

"I have missed your practice  
hour to-day," he said, "And I do  
not know what will become of me  
when the holidays are over. You  
have given me a greater thirst for  
music than ever."

"I am glad to know that my en-  
gagement has not been entirely one  
of charity. It is really a relief to  
feel that I can in some degree re-  
pay your kind liberality for that  
which is to me only a pastime."

Gerald found more to admire in  
this beautiful girl each time they  
met, and when he spoke with regret  
of the time when the holidays would  
be over, it was not owing entirely  
to the loss of sweet music, but the loss  
of a sweet face that was a study in  
intelligence brightened it in conversa-  
tion, that made it very beautiful and  
a womanly pride was so interwoven  
with her gentle modesty that he was  
at a loss to know which he admired  
most, the two so beautifully blend-  
ed, kept him in a state of perplex-  
ity, one drawing him irresistibly  
to her, the other keeping him at a  
most respectful distance, none guess-  
ing at the invisible magnetism, see-  
ing only his habitual politeness.

After Clyde's last remark he look-  
ed at her intently, then smilingly  
said,  
"I can not read you as easily as I  
have some ladies, but notwithstanding  
find you have considerable  
pride."

"Of course sir," she replied light-  
ly, "poverty and pride go hand in  
hand."  
He colored slightly.

"But yours is not the pride that  
usually follows poverty."  
Clyde looked enquiringly, and he  
continued, "You seem to have a  
horror of being placed under the  
slightest obligation."

"You are reading me right so  
far," she said laughing, "I do con-  
sider them burdensome. An un-  
known Santa Claus has thrown a  
damper over my spirits, by the im-  
pudence of the obligation."

"Ah?" said he looking at her  
keenly, "that should not be; Santa  
Claus's light heartedness is made by  
disburdening himself, and that is

sufficient remuneration. But does  
he not always have some traces?"  
he asked with interest.

"Not in this instance,"  
"That is a pity," he said stroking  
his fine mustache, "I suppose you  
can neither return thanks, or chat-  
tels. Quite a dilemma, what is to  
be done?"

"Now Mr. Nathier, you are laugh-  
ing at me, but you are a gentleman  
of the world and know more of these  
matters than I. Do you think that  
a girl in my situation ought—Then  
hesitating blushed deeply; "excuse  
me Mr. Nathier, your affability  
makes me forget that we are not old  
friends. I will not detain you from  
your company by a recital of my  
grievances."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Make Haste Slowly.**

*Festina Lente!*  
Hasten your steps, my boy! You  
are only just starting on the long life-  
journey, and there are innumerable ob-  
stacles in your way; and you have only  
three-score years in which to reach the  
end, crowned with honor. Don't lag  
in the journey—yet remember that  
sometimes the farthest way round is  
the surest way home. Don't try to  
leap the hedges or knock down bould-  
ers. Go around them, and you will  
find that though you have made haste  
slowly, you have learned something of  
wisdom.

"Festina Lente!"  
Pause a few moments in your eager  
haste, young man. You are in haste  
to be rich—but remember the good  
old motto of our grandfathers' time  
"slow and sure!" Do not be careless  
in your haste, and do not be prayerless,  
or you may be tempted to rush into  
evil ways to win the wealth which is  
well worth all our honest endeavors—  
There are a thousand tricks in trade to  
put you ahead of old father time—  
Don't try them. Trust to your own  
honesty of purpose, your own energy  
and ambition, and you will come out  
right in the end.

You are in haste to be wise? But  
pause again—Your brain will only  
bear so much, and if you overwork it  
your only chance is gone. Haste  
makes waste—the wrong kind of haste,  
I mean; the haste that makes you rush  
on, heedless of health or of anything  
save to be first at the goal. But make  
haste slowly, and the battle is won!

I remember reading when a child,  
a story of a brave man who was escap-  
ing from his enemies, when something  
gave way in his horse's harness. A  
buckle had broken, and he coolly dis-  
mounted and began to mend it. What  
was the time with the foe man in  
sight! Ah, young man, the time  
wasn't wasted. The buckle was mended,  
the horse was mounted, a life was  
saved! He had valued his life as we  
value ours. He had made haste slowly  
and he was well rewarded.

That story gave me my motto for life.  
It made me think, and sober thought  
makes wise.

We don't believe, with a celebrated  
divine, who has said a thousand good  
and true things in his time—that the  
maxim is all on the side of dawdling  
men and women.

It is on the side of honest people,  
who mean to be rich, and wise, and  
great; but who wouldn't cheat you out  
of a penny, or what is worth more, of  
a thought, to reach the summit of their  
ambition.

It is on the side of the Christian; the  
follower of the lowly Nazarene—the  
man who means to do some good in the  
world, and to get to Heaven when his  
little day of doing good and getting  
good is ended; but who finds plenty of  
time to stop by the way and wipe away  
the tears from sorrow's eyes, and bind  
up the beggar's wounds; who finds  
time to weep with those that weep, and  
joy with those who rejoice.

It means all this. Can any one, af-  
ter sober second thought, say such a  
maxim is to be abhorred?  
ALLENA AUDLEY.

"If the Bible is God's word, why  
didn't He make it so plain that every-  
body can easily understand it?" asked  
a caviller. "If God made coal for our  
use, why didn't He distribute it in  
convenient places on the surface so  
that every one could pick it up with-  
out any trouble, instead of burying it?"  
was the reply.

**A Touching Incident.**

A company of poor children, who  
had been gathered out of the alleys  
and garrets of the city, were prepar-  
ing for their departure to new and  
distant homes in the West. Just be-  
fore the time of starting of the cars,  
one of the boys was noticed aside from  
the others, and apparently very busy  
with a cast-off garment. The superin-  
tendent stepped up to him, and found  
that he was cutting a small piece out  
of the patched lining. It proved to  
be his old jacket, which, having been  
replaced by a new one, had been  
thrown away. There was no time to  
be lost:

"Come, John, come," said the super-  
intendent, "what are you going to do  
with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cut-  
ting it to take with me. My dead  
mother put the lining into this old  
jacket for me. This was a piece of her  
dress, and it is all I have to remem-  
ber her by."

And as the boy thought of that  
dear mother's love, and of the sad  
death-scene in the garret where she  
died, he covered his face with his  
hands, and sobbed as if his heart  
would break. But the train was about  
leaving, and John thrust the little  
piece of calico into his bosom to re-  
member his mother by, hurried into a  
car, and was soon far away from the  
place where he had seen so much sor-  
row. We know many an eye will  
moisten as the story is told and re-  
told throughout the country, and many  
a prayer will go to God for the father-  
less and motherless in all great cities,  
and in all places. Little readers, are  
your mothers still spared to you?—  
Will you not show your love by  
obedience? That little boy who  
loved so well we are sure obeyed.—  
Bear this in mind, that if you should  
one day have to look upon the face of  
a dead mother, no thought would be  
so bitter as to remember that you had  
given her pain by your willfulness or  
disobedience—*Old School Presbyte-  
rian.*

**What Might Astonish a  
Modern Belle.**

Imagine what a sensation a lady  
would create in these times should she  
make her appearance dressed in the  
following costume, a description of  
which is taken from "Maloom's Anec-  
dotes." A black silk petticoat, with  
a red and white calico border; cherry  
colored stays, trimmed with blue and  
silver; a red and dove-colored gown,  
flowered with large trees; a yellow  
satin apron, elaborately trimmed; a  
muslin head-dress with lace ruffler; a  
black silk scarf and a spotted silk  
hood. "Such was the costume worn  
by a lady in 1708." Further on we  
read of ladies' head-dresses costing  
from one hundred to two hundred  
dollars. A great deal has been said  
about the extravagance of women of  
the present day, but the modern belle  
would stand aghast should she be  
asked to pay two hundred dollars for a  
bonnet; and it is doubtful whether  
the expensive head gear referred to  
was any more becoming to the wearer  
than the jaunty and stilted hats worn  
by the "girl of the period."—*Sunday  
Times and Messenger.*

**The Blind Girl and her  
Bible.**

A little girl who loved the Bible  
dearly became blind, and when she  
could no longer see to read it she only  
loved it more. A kind friend gave  
her a New Testament, printed for the  
use of the blind, in raised letters,  
which she could feel with her fingers,  
and so make out. Never was a child  
more delighted than she. It was a  
touching thing to see her, every mo-  
ment she could spare, passing her  
fingers slowly over the page, as her  
lips silently uttered the precious words.  
But her touch was not quick enough  
for her finger ends, poor child,  
were rough, and sometime she had to  
stop a long time over a word. So one

day she took a pen-knife and, lightly  
pared away the skin from just the tips  
of her fingers, hoping that so her feel-  
ing would be more tender, and she  
could get on faster. What was her  
distress in finding, after a few days,  
that her skin had grown again, but so  
hard that she could not feel the shape  
of a single letter! She tried and  
tried, but all in vain; then, bursting  
into an agony of tears, she pressed  
the much-loved pages to her lips, to  
bid them, as she thought, a last fare-  
well. But as she did so she suddenly  
found out that her lips had the feeling  
which her fingers had lost. The let-  
ters, the words, were quite plain! I  
cannot tell you her joy that she still  
could read. And hundreds of times  
since the blessed book has been held  
to her lips, not in sorrow, for a fare-  
well kiss, but in thankfulness and joy,  
that even she can read the words of  
everlasting life.

**Touching Children's Coun-  
sel.**

Courage is a vital element of Chris-  
tian chivalry. Without it, indeed,  
neither truth nor fidelity to promise  
can be hoped for. The coward is sure  
to lie when truth means punishment,  
and sure to retreat from his engage-  
ments when they involve peril. We  
need valiant souls that have learned  
to endure and scorn pain, and to  
face danger fearlessly and promptly  
when duty requires. Some heroes  
evade this vital part of training by  
glosses and deception. A mother  
who has taken her boy to the dentist's  
to get a tooth out, will often say, if he  
is shrieking, "Sit still, my boy, it  
won't hurt you." Now she knows it  
will hurt him, but thinks if he can  
only get him by this device to sit still  
and let the dentist get hold of the  
tooth, then his discovery of the pain  
will not hinder its extraction. This is  
a double mistake. It destroys her  
boy's confidence in her; for he detects  
her in a lie. And, though it gets the  
boy this time to sit still, it is a sad  
delusion that there is to be no pain,  
whereas he should be taught to face  
the pain and to surmount it. This makes  
the difference between the cowards and  
the heroes. A regiment of poltroons  
could march up to a battery as cheer-  
fully as a regiment of heroes, if they  
thought there was no enemy at the  
guns. The difference is that the  
heroes know the danger and yet face it  
valiantly.

**Debt Burdens.**

In the number and size of our debts  
we can beat the world. France will  
take the premium for paying, we  
probably lead all other nations in  
promises to pay. We are a mortgaged  
people. Look at New-England; with  
a million of inhabitants it owes one  
hundred and fifty million dollars;  
while London, with four million peo-  
ple, owes only thirty million. Boston's  
debt is greater than that of London.  
The thirty chief cities of the United  
States, containing less than five million  
people, aggregate debts of sixty five  
hundred million dollars. The twenty  
chief cities of England, with a popu-  
lation of six million, owe only one  
hundred million, less by fifty million  
than the debt of New York alone.

But then they don't have so much  
ring-rule on the other side of the  
water and they are old fogies over  
there.

It costs Great Britain five hundred  
million a year for government, queen,  
princes, colonies, India, army, navy,  
and all. It costs us more than six  
hundred million a year to govern our-  
selves. The taxes and debts of our  
States, counties and cities, are amount-  
ly larger than the total revenue of the  
British Empire.—*Christian Era.*

"Why do you look so sleepy?" said  
a cross mother to her daughter, as she  
came down stairs in the morning.  
"Because, mama, the wind blew so  
hard it kept me awake nearly all night!"  
"Well, see that it doesn't happen again  
or it 'll be worse for you!"