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VOL. V.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1876.

NO. 14.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BY C. A. W.

A popular fallacy regarding the
veritable source of true happiness,
results in dissatisfaction of life, and
perpetual complaint concerning cir-
cumstances bestowed. A most com-
mendable characteristic of the nu-
merous ingredients that go to make
a human character, is the posses-
sion of a propensity to look con-
stantly upon the bright side, and to
make the best of everything in its
natural course. It is not the pos-
sion of affluence that brings true
enjoyment; little acts of kindness
to the deserving; affectionate an-
swers to turn away wrath, and the
public manifestation of a truly
Christian-like and conscientious
spirit, go further towards securing
that desirable state of things than
all other supposed causes combined.
While wealth renders accessible
many little things calculated to
give bodily ease and comfort, all
the gold contained in the universe
cannot purchase peace of mind and
rest of soul. He who has riches
may secure influence in the social
world, and be surrounded by all the
luxuriousness and splendor that
wealth can bestow; yet what
agrounds the occupancy of a gilded
palace, if the art of contentment
does not exist in the bosom of the
possessor of it. The horny handed
son of toil, fatigued by hours of
wearying labor, met upon the
threshold by his happy family circle,
with all the lavish attentiveness
of pure and unalloyed affection,
can thank God that he has health
and strong arms to gain daily sus-
tenance for his loved ones; and for
what is eminently more valuable
than all the riches of the world—a
truly contented and satisfied dis-
position.

Value of Toil.

Illness does not mean happiness
by any means, though many young
people think that an idle life must
be a pleasant one; but there are
none who enjoy so little, and are
such burdens to themselves as those
who have nothing to do. Those
who are obliged to work hard all
day enjoy their short periods of rest
and recreation so much that they
are apt to think if their whole lives
were spent in rest and recreation,
it would be the most pleasant of all.
But this is a sad mistake, as they
would soon find out if they made a
trial of the life they think so agree-
able. One who is never busy can
never enjoy rest; for rest implies a
relief from previous labor; and if
our whole time was spent in amus-
ing ourselves, we should find it
more wearisome than the hardest
day's work.

Recreation is only valuable as it
unbends us, the idle can know noth-
ing of. Many people leave off busi-
ness and settle down to a life of en-
joyment; but they generally find
that they are not nearly so happy
as they were before, and they are
often glad to return to their old
occupations to escape the miseries
of idleness.

Mutual Sympathy.

We should make it a principle to
extend the hand of friendship to
every man who discharges faithfully
his duties, and maintains good or-
der, who manifests a deep interest
in the welfare of society, whose de-
portment is upright, whose mind is
intelligent, without stopping to as-
certain whether he swings a ham-
mer or draws a thread. There is
nothing so distant from all natural
claims as the reluctant recognition,
the backward sympathy, the forced
smile, the checked conversation,
the hesitating compliance, which
the well off are apt to manifest to
those who lower down.

Organizing the Forty- fifth Congress.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Saturday, when "Big English" saw
that it was going to be a lonesome day
for the boot-blacks, he set his head to
work to devise something to break the
monotony. About 10 o'clock he got
a number of boys into the alley behind
the Post Office, and organized the
"Forty fifth Congress." "Big English"
is a regular reader of the daily papers,
and he is a great organizer. It took
him but fifteen minutes to get the
"House" and "Senate" running so
smoothly, that lawyers and others look-
ed down from their windows with great
interest.

"Who's a har?" yelled a white-headed
boy, as he jumped up.
"Oh, dry up!" shouted "Sixth Ward
Tom."

"Put him out—he was in the rebel
army!" called a boy from Grand River
avenue.

"Some one clapped my dog fifteen
years ago, and I can never forgive him,"
howled Strawberry Bob.

"Git out the records and less see
who was loyal," put in King's boy.

"Big English rapped on his box to
restore order, but King Tommy threw
up his hat and yelled;

"I moves for the sizes and the no-
zes."

"He can't gag me!" shouted a lathy
boy from Windsor.

"Less have a salary grab," piped a
Congress street boy.

"The peopul won't stand in,"
whooped another.

"Ain't we the peopul?" demanded a
boy on the railing.

"Are we one country?" asked the
Speaker as he rose up.

"I are, but you ain't," yelled
"Nikety Niek."

"Doesn't one flag float for us all?"
continued the Speaker?

"It does about tax time!" screamed
a cross-eyed youth from Springwells.

Somebody kicked the honorable
Speaker. He then struck the honora-
ble gentleman from Wisconsin.

The honorable gentleman from Wisconsin
smashed at the honorable gentleman
from Georgia, and hair stood up and con-
tents stood out. When the row had
quieted down, the honorable Speaker
remarked:

"It was pretty good for the fast time
though you didn't abuse each other
enough."

How a Granger Adver- tised.

The Bangor "Whig" tells the
following good story in connection
with the recent meeting of gran-
gers in that city: During the ses-
sions of the State Grange, Patrons
of Husbandry, in this city, the
place of meeting was filled with
farmers, their wives and fair
daughters and some young batch-
elor farmers, who of course, were
anxious that the fair damsels should
know that they yearned for some
one to make brighter the farmhouse
for them, superintend the dairy
and darn the stockings of their
spouses. But just how to pass
round this information to the young
ladies wasn't known. Finally it
came about in one instance in the
following amusing manner: The
roll was called, and those who
brought their wives and daughters
were asked to answer "Here and
wife," or "Here, wife, and daugh-
ter," as the case might be. A large
number of names had been called
and every one turned to see who
answered, and each time the "Here"
was followed by an addenda; but
at last came a name we'll call John
Smith, and the young ladies all
turned their eyes to where a tall,
angular young farmer sat. He
turned red, stammered, coughed,
and finally recovering himself, an-
swered, "Here and single," and
after the session they made the
young man unhappy by accusing
him of advertising for a wife.

How he got Busted.

He leaned against the corner office
building and looked lonely.

"You got a line on dis house, isn't
you?" said a pompous-looking darkey
who came out of the St. Charles Ho-
tel.

There was no reply. The discon-
solate looked against the wall only sighed
heavily.

"Hullo, Sam!" exclaimed the hotel
magnate, slush-cook, or something else,
in a tone of recognition, "what's de
matter?"

"I's de most unhappiest nigger in de
whole world, replied Sam, without the
least emotion or movement of his eyes.

"Been feated in de' lection?"

"No."

"Gal kicked you?"

"No, no."

"Got toofach?"

"No, no, no."

"Been drinking?"

"You know, I isn't when I long to de
church."

"Been gambling, I speck."

"Yes."

"And got busted?"

"Plum busted. Wust you ever seed;
an' besides bein an orphan, I'm fur
away from home."

"Well it serves you right. You had
no business to gamble lessen you had a
sure thing."

"Well, dat's what's de matter. I
was too sartin'."

"Of what?"

"Of de' lection. I was tolerable well
satisfied of a sartinty, and I planked up
on de Publicans. Mr. Smith he says
to me, I bet you if de white folks is
two hundred strong and votes one way,
and de niggers is five hundred strong
and voted solid de other when it comes
to votin' de white folks is gwine to be
ahead, don't know nuffin' bout rifine-
tick, but I jest bet him two dollars dat
couldn't be so."

"But how was you gwine to prove
it?"

"I never stopped to consider dat but;
dis mornin' Mr. Smith he cum to me,
and he say 'Jim, de lection returns is
all in, and de State is done gone Dem-
ocratic by seven million majority, and
dem two dollars is mine.' Course I
couldn't say nuffin' after dat; and dat's
how cum me busted. — Vicksburg Her-
ald.

Little Things.

Little words are the sweetest to
herr; little charities fly furthest, and
stay longest on the wing; little
flakes are the stillest; little hearts
the fondest; and little farms the
best tilled. Little books are the
most read, and little songs the
dearest loved. And when nature
would make anything especially
rare and beautiful, she makes it
little—little pearls, little diamonds,
little dew. Agar's is a model of
prayer, yet it is but a little one, and
the burden of the petition is but for
little. The Sermon on the Mount
is little. Life is made up of littles;
death is what remains of them all.
Day is made up of little beams, and
night is glorious with little stars.

Do not Deceive Them.

When the children are ill, don't
tell them the medicine is "nice"
when you know it is positively
nauseous; do not induce them to
swallow the dose under the pre-
tence that it is "good." Children
never forget white lies of this sort,
and their confidence, once shaken,
never regains firmness. Better by
far tell them the simple truth, that
it is disagreeable, but necessary
to their health, and you desire them
to take it and at once. Ten to one
they will swallow it with half the
trouble of coaxing and worry of
words, and love you better for your
firm, decided manner. Don't teach
the children by example to tell
white lies to each other and to their
neighbors. Guard your lips and
bridle your tongue if you desire to
have the coming generation truth-
ful.

Adventure with a Shark.

Paul Boynton, the famous diver, is
writing sketches of life beneath the
waves for the *Gentleman's Magazine*
of London. In one of his articles he
tells the following story of a rather un-
comfortable experience:

I was down on a nasty rock bottom
A man never feels comfortable in one
of them; he can't tell what big creature
may be hiding under the huge quarter-
deck sea leaves which grow there. The
first part of the time I was visited by a
pocupine fish, which kept sticking its
quills up and bobbing in front of my
helmet. Soon after I saw a big shad-
ow fall across me, and looking up there
was a shark playing about my tubing.
It makes you feel chilly in the back
when they're about. He came down to
me sliak as I looked up. I made at
him and he sheared off. For an hour
he worked at it, until he could stand it
no longer. If you keep your head level
it's all right, and you're pretty safe if
they're not on you sharp. This ugly
brute was twenty feet long, I should
think, for when I lay down on the bot-
tom, he stretched a considerable way
ahead of me, and I could see him be-
yond my feet. Then I waited. They
must turn over to bite, and my lying
down bothered him. He swam over
me three or four times, and then
skulked off to a lig thicket of seaweed
to consider. I knew he'd come back
when he settled his mind. It seemed
a long time waiting for him. At last
he came viciously over me, but, like
the time before, too far from my arms.
The next time I had my chance, and
ripped him with my knife as neatly as
I could. A shark always remembers
he's got business some where else when
he's out, so on this fellow goes. It is
a curious thing too, that all the sharks
about will follow in the trail he leaves.
I got on my hands and knees, and as he
swam off I noticed four shadows slip
after him. I saw no more that time.
They did not like my company.

Too much shaving water

A certain minister having be-
come much addicted to drink, his
presbytery had to interfere and get
the minister to sign the pledge.—
This the minister did, and promised
that he would never again take a
drink under any pretence whatever.
The minister certainly kept his
word; but the result was that the
sudden reaction proved too much
for him, and he took so ill that the
doctor had to be sent for.

The doctor knew the habits of
the man well, and informed him
that he must just begin and take
his toddy again. This the minister
said he could not do, as he had
taken the pledge in the presence of
the presbytery. The doctor re-
plied that he might get a bottle or
two quietly, and that nobody but
himself (the minister) and the house-
keeper would know any thing about it.

"Man," said the minister, "my
housekeeper is worse than all the
the presbytery put together, so
that would not do."

However, it was arranged that
the doctor was to bring in the whis-
ky and sugar, and that the minister
was to make up the toddy in his
bed-room with the hot water he al-
ways got for shaving purposes.

The result was the minister got
speedily well; and one day on going
out, the doctor said to the minister's
housekeeper,—

"Well, Margaret, your master is
quite himself again."

"There's nae doot about that,
sir," she replied; "he's quite well
in body, but there's something gae
far grang wi' his upper story."

"What's wrong there, Margaret?"
asked the doctor.

"Weel, sir, I dinna ken, but he
asks for shaving water six and
seven times i' the day."

We should learn never to interpret
duty by success. The opposition
which assails us in the course of ob-
edience is no evidence that we are mis-
taken.

A Woman's Pocket.

The most difficult thing to reach
is a woman's pocket. This is es-
pecially the case if the dress is hung
up in a cupboard, and the man is in
a hurry.

We think we are safe in saying
that he always is in a hurry on such
occasions. The owner of the dress
is in the sitting-room, serenely en-
grossed in a book.

Having told him that the article
he is in quest of is in her dress-pock-
et in the cupboard, she has dischar-
ged her whole duty in the matter,
and, and can afford to feel serene.

He goes at the task with a dim
consciousness that he has been
there before, but says nothing.

On opening the cupboard-door,
and finding himself confronted with
a number of dresses all turned in-
side out, and presenting a most
formidable front, he hastens back
to ask "Which dress?" and being
told the brown one, and also asked
if she had so many dresses that
there need be any great effort to
find the right one, he returns to the
cupboard with alacrity, and
soon has his hands on the brown
dress.

It is inside out, like the rest—a
fact he does not notice, however,
till he has made several ineffectual
attempts to get his hand into it.

Then he turns it around very
carefully, and passes over the pock-
et several times without being
aware of it.

A nervous movement of his hands,
and an appearance of perspiration
on his forehead are perceptible.

He now dives one hand in at the
back, and feeling around, finds a
place and proceeds to explore it,
when he discovers that he is follow-
ing up the inside of a lining. The
nervousness increases, also the
perspiration.

He twitches the dress on the hook
and suddenly the pocket, plump and
exasperating, comes to view.

There is the pocket in plain view
—not only the inside, but the out-
side—and all he has to do is to put
his hand right around in the inside,
and take out the article. That is
all. He can't help but smile to
think how near he was to getting
mad.

Then he puts his hand around to
the other side, He does not feel
the opening. He pushes a little
further—now he has got it! He
shoves the hand down, and is very
much surprised to see it appear
opposite his knees. He has made
a mistake.

He tries again; he feels the en-
trance, and glides down it only to
appear again as before. This
makes him open his eyes and
straighten his face.

He feels of the outside of the
pocket, pinches it curiously, lifts it
up, shakes it, and after peering
closely about the roots of it, he
says, "By gracious!" and he com-
mences again.

He does it calmly this time, be-
cause hurrying only makes matters
worse. He hauls up breadth after
breadth; goes over them carefully;
gets his hand first into the lining,
then into the air again (where it al-
ways surprises him when it appears,
and finally into a pocket, and is
about to cry out in triumph, when
he discovers that it is the pocket of
another dress!

He is wild now! The cupboard
air almost stifles him. He is so
nervous he can hardly contain him-
self, and the pocket looks at him so
exasperatingly that he cannot help
but "plug" it with his clenched fist;
and immediately does it. Being
somewhat relieved by this perfor-
mance, he has a chance to look
about him, and sees that he has
put his foot through a band-box
and into the crown of his wife's
bonnet; has broken the brim of his
summer hat, which was hanging in
the cupboard, and torn about a
yard of bugle trimming from a new
jacket.

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As all this trouble is due directly
to his wife's infatuation in hanging
up her dress inside out, he imme-
diately starts after her and impetu-
ously urges her to the cupboard,
excitedly and almost profanely in-
timating his doubts of there being
a pocket in the dress anyway.

The cause of the unhappy dis-
aster quietly inserts her hand in-
side the robe, and directly brings
it forth, with the sought-for article
in its clasp.

He doesn't know why, but this
makes him wilder than anything
else.

Growing Old.

How strange our ideas of grow-
ing old change as we get on in life!
To the girl in her teens the ripen
maiden of twenty-five seems quite
aged. Twenty-two thinks thirty-
five an "old thing." Thirty-five
dreads forty, but congratulates her-
self that there may still remain
some ground to be possessed in the
fifteen years before the half century
shall be attained. But fifty does
not by any means give up the battle
of life. It feels middle aged and
vigorous, and thinks old age is a
long way in the future. Sixty re-
members those who have done
great things at threescore, and one
doubts if Pa, when he was mar-
ried at one hundred, had at all be-
gun, to feel himself an old man. It
is the desire of life in us which
makes us feel young so long.

A Little Girl's Observa- tions.

"Ain't you exprised to see me?"
said a five-year-old girl, as she
tripped into my house in the midst
of a rain storm. "The rain fell all
over me like it fell down through a
strainer, and I shook it off, but it
won't stay shooked. I asked
God to stop, but there was a big
thunder in the way, and he could
not hear me, I underspeck; and I
'most know he couldn't see me,
'cause a black cloud got over my
head as black as anything! No-
body couldn't see little girls through
black clouds. I'm going to stay
till the sun shines, and then, when
I go home, God will look down and
say, 'why, there's Nettie! She
went to see her auntie right in the
middle of the rain,' and I guess
he'll be just as much exprised as
you was."

Seven Ways of Giving.

One way is to give something to
every cause that is presented, with-
out inquiring into its merits. This
is a careless way, but better than none.
A second way is to give from impulse
as much and as often as love and
pity prompt. This is adapted to
those of the rich who are kind
hearted. A third way is to save
the cost of luxuries, and apply
them to purposes of religion and
charity. This is for the self-indul-
gent. With the frugal it is apt to
be accompanied by narrowness, as-
teticism, and pride in good works.
A fourth way is to make a special
effort to earn money for the benevo-
lent objects. This is for lazy peo-
ple. A fifth way is to lay aside as
an offering to God a definite portion
of our gains, one tenth or one fifth,
one third, or one half. This way is
adapted to all, but especially to the
penurious, economical, the hard
working, the extravagant and the
poor whose gifts would be largely
increased if it was generally prac-
ticed. A sixth way is to give to
God and the needy just as much as
we spend on ourselves. A seventh
way is to limit our own expendi-
tures to a certain sum, and give
away all the rest of our income.—
This was John Wesley's way. We
should not confine ourselves to any
one way of giving, but practice,
and teach our children different
modes, each in its proper place, as
occasion requires.