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GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. V. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1876. NO. 24

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. F. L. Reid, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 P. M. Communion service the Second Sunday in each month at 11 A. M. Steward's meeting Monday night after the second Sabbath in each month. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 3 o'clock P. M. E. W. Fuller Supt.

ST. PAULS EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. E. Dalloway, Rector. Services on the first and third Sunday in each month, morning and afternoon. Holy Communion monthly on first Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

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ATTY'S and COUNSELLORS at LAW

LOUISBURG, FRANKLIN CO., N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren and Wake Counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

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LOUISBURG N. C.

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53 53

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We have added to our stock a splendid selection of type of the latest styles and we are now prepared to do

JOB WORK

in the neatest and best manner. So you need not send your JOB WORK North, for we will do it just as well and cheap as you can get it elsewhere.

LETER HEADS,

ENVELOPES,

CARDS,

&c.

Spring House-Cleaning.

Simon Wadso returning home with his arms full of groceries and his mind full of contentment at the prospect of a well-served dinner and a quiet, cosy evening in the bosom of his family, found his programme on arrival at his house, slightly upset, and the prospect of a quiet evening as badly shattered as a looking-glass which a cannonball has passed through. Instead of a waiting wife and dinner, a carpetless floor, soft soap puddles, and the furniture stacked in pyramids, greeted him.

"Has there been a fire?" he inquired of the servant as he deposited his parcels in the coal scuttle, which had been converted into a corner ornament for the mantelpiece.

"No, sir," replied the usually neat girl, who appeared to be in an awful state of rags and soap suds.

"Visited by an earthquake?" he calmly asked, lifting a bar of soap, a loaf of bread, and a wet dishcloth off the crown of his best silk hat, and smoothing it on his coat sleeve.

"Sure the missus is house-cleaning, sur," observed the help, waving a dripping scrubbing brush madly to and fro on the door.

The wife of his bosom entered at that moment, disgraced with a patch of stove-black on her fair cheek, her nose fiery red from the cold, a pillow-case worn as a turban, a badly torn dress festooned about her, and her feet encased in a pair of Wadso's Arctic overshoes.

"Good gracious! Maria, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, glancing from his badly damaged hat to his disreputable-looking matrimonial partner.

"Why, I'm Spring house-cleaning, and have got all the carpets up and out in the back yard for you to beat this evening," she replied in an exultant voice, "and I'm so glad you're back to help Anne and me move the stove."

"Don't you think, love," he said gloomily, "it would be better to hire a man to come in the morning and beat them?"

"Nonsense, I won't have a strange man here. You can just as well shake them as not," she interrupted, briskly brushing his eighteen dollar seal-skin gloves off the top of the sewing-machine into a soft soap puddle.

"When will dinner be ready?" he asked, despondently, as he rescued his gaiters and wiped them dry with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, I had to let the fire go out to black the range. If you're hungry, I'll get you something to eat," she replied, leading the way into the kitchen, where, having fished up an ironing-plate, the family cat, a sunbonnet, and some clothes-pins out of the wash-boiler, a week-old mutton-bone and some cold buck-wheat cakes were discovered, the table spread on the corner of the mantelpiece, and dinner announced as ready.

Wadso groaned in the spirit at the sight of the unsavory viands, and his appetite vanished like a boy's kite when the string breaks.

"Now, if you're through, let's move the stove," said Mrs. W., after allowing him about seventeen seconds to worry the mutton-bone in.

Wadso rolled up his sleeves, mounted the kitchen table, and gave a wrench at the pipe hard enough to haul an anchor out of the mud. The next moment the table had tumbled a back somersault, he had peeled the skin of his shins and knuckles by falling over the stove, and his wife was stamping around, with tears in her eyes and about a peck of soot poured over her face.

"There! I knew you'd do it," screamed Mrs. W., looking as if she was blacked for a negro minstrel performance.

Wadso made no reply, his attention being divided just then between his lacerated shins, and a broken window, through which he had driven the end of that infernal stove-pipe.

"You did it on purpose, I believe," sobbed his sooty wife, wiping her face with her petticoat.

Wadso said nothing, but fugged away at the pipe, and after knocking down a 'bird cage, upsetting a lamp, ruining his clothes and nearly jamming the eye out of Anne, who was passing, succeeded in getting it into the garden. He did not return just then, but spent the next two hours thrashing dirty carpets with a broom handle, choking and blinding himself with dust, raising blisters on his hands, bumps on his head and profanity sins on his conscience, that bottles of liniment and weeks of piety will scarcely effect a cure of. When he did go in, it was with the face of a chimney sweep, muscles aching, hands smarting, shins paining, eyes watering, and temper soured to such an extent that even the seductive charms of the cold mutton-bone dished up again for his supper failed to entirely restore him to good humor.

Mrs. W., retired early worn out with the duties of the day, and Wadso, having added up his groceries and butcher's books, washed himself at the kitchen sink with yellow soap, locked up the house, extinguished the gas, and went sadly, sorely, and hungrily to bed.

"Damnation!" he exclaimed, as he fell over the rocking-chair on entering the pitch-dark room and was kicked in the ear with the rooker.

"Oh, heavens! what a noise you are making!" screamed his wife from the bed.

"Why in thunder didn't you leave things standing where they belong?" he yelled, as he tried to get out of the clutches of the kicking, thundering chair.

"It's your own stupid awkwardness!" she answered.

"It's your own confounded upsetting retorted Wadso, getting up on his feet and sitting down in the place where the bed used to stand.

"Good Lord! what in the deuce is this?" he yelled, upon finding the bed gone, and he clutched wildly at a table to save himself from falling, dragging a globe of gold fish down upon his head with a crash.

"You'll break everything in the house!" cried his wife, jumping out of the bed in the opposite corner and lighting the gas.

"Horse be he-banged, wo-wo-wo-man! I'm d-drowned?" gasped Wadso, wringing the water out of his hair, eyes and shirt.

"It serves you right! Look at the mess you've made!" snapped Mrs. W., as she bobbed around in her night-clothes to pick up her flopping fish and put them in a basin.

"Wadso having got on his feet again, was about to reply, when he beheld the partner of his joys and sorrows suddenly drop the basin, kick out like a mule, and prance around the room on one foot, like a dancing dervish, finally collapsing in a groaning, moaning, sobbing, hysterical heap of bare feet, agony, and sleeping raiment.

"Cramps, eh?" he inquired, solicitously, as he wiped his neck dry with the corner of the counterpane.

"Much-you care!" she sobbed, nursing her foot, after having extracted a full-down, well-developed tack she had stepped on.

"I'd sooner have the darned house burnt down than the way it is, growled Wadso, as he turned the gas out, and himself, into bed.

"I wish you'd carry that clock down to the parlor," said Mrs. W., next morning, as he was about descending to the breakfast table.

Wadso took the clock in his arms, and preceding her, treading carefully down the stairs.

Beautiful Tributes to Women.

We have seen many beautiful tributes to lovely women, but the following is one of the finest we ever read: "Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly, annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle on the rattling of a window-pane at night, and she is overpowered by the perfume of the rosebud. But let calamity come; rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her throat! How strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of the battle—give her a child, a bird, or anything to protect—and see her in the relative instance lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."

A New Capitalist.

He didn't look as if his pocket held fifty cents, but a rich man has a right to dress as he chooses. He loafed up Griswold street until he saw the right sort of a face, and then he asked: "Can you show me a bank?"

"Yes, sir; three doors below, or just across the street, or right back there."

"Thanks, I'd like to put some money in some bank, but I'm a little afraid of banks. I always did prefer a note of hand to a bank."

The citizen pricked up his ears and asked: "You have some money to lend, have you?"

"A trifle," was the answer. "Do you know of anybody who'd like to take some and give me a note for a year at seven per cent? I think of going to Mexico for a while."

"Let's see?" mused the citizen. "I don't know but I'd take some myself."

"Temme git a drink, and then we'll talk," said the stranger.

"Yes, certainly, come on," replied the citizen, and the two went into a basement. Drinks were ordered by the citizen, one after another, until his shipmates felt lonely. He said he could make good use of a few thousand dollars for a year, and some of his friends might also take a few thousand more. The stranger put down gin and whiskey; lager and brandy until his legs gave out. The citizen laid him on a bench and tried to sober him, but the fellow went dead asleep while they were trying to force vinegar down his throat. The bartender said he was an officer, and a policeman was sent for to take him to the station. When they got him down there and searched him, they found four cents, a brass-backed comb, and a door-key in his pockets, and the citizen who wanted to borrow a few thousand dollars went to see if the mail had come in.—Detroit Free Press.

Obedying Orders.

A certain general, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered a soldier to go and skin him.

"What! is Silvertail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer. "Do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the general.

"Skinning your horse, your honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, your honor; but then, you see, it took about half an hour to catch him."

"Catch him! Was he alive?"

"Yes, your honor, and I could not skin him alive, you know."

"Skin him alive! Did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did, your honor! And more you know, I aimed, obeyed orders without asking any questions."

The Value of a Compliment.

An old apple woman in Detroit offered her fruit to a vessel captain who was sighing over the good times of 1864. She wanted three cents apiece for her apples. He gave her a pleasant look and said:

"Well, well. Why you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheeks—same white teeth."

"Take an apple for two cents, captain," she replied.

"I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it? Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do."

"Take an apple for a cent, captain," she answered smiling like a rose.

"Some rich old fellow will come along some day searching for a buxom wife," said the captain, "and you won't have to peddle any more."

"Here, captain, two for a cent, take two of the biggest?" she exclaimed, and then ran after him and dropped two more into his evercoat pocket.

A Romantic Story.

In the middle of the winter of 1838, a fire broke out in the female seminary at Limoges, France, and spread with such rapidity that it was feared all the inmates would perish. Suddenly there was a cry that one little girl had been left in her room. As the excited spectators were beginning to pray for the unfortunate, a tall girl, with dishevelled hair and flowing nightdress, ran through the crowd, and with a shriek of "I'll save her!" that arose above the sound of cracking timbers and fallen masonry, dashed into the doorway. A loud hurrah that was prolonged to the echo, only to be repeated again, attracted the attention of the devotees, and the pale faced girl was seen hurrying through the flames with the terrified child. A few days thereafter King Louis Philippe sent the heroine a gold medal for bravery, and a captain of the French army, who had witnessed the girl's pluck, begged an introduction. The captain is now President of France, and the brave girl Madam MacMahon.

The Baby's Death.

How tender Louise Chandler Moulton touches upon that sharp grief a mother's heart can know—the death of the little blossom which unfolded so gently beneath her love, but which the wise Father has gathered to Himself!

There came morning at last when the baby's eyes did not open. Dr. Erskine felt the heart throb faintly under his fingers, but he knew it was beating its last. He trembled for Elizabeth, and dared not tell her. She anticipated him.

"Do not," she said—and her voice was so passionate that it might almost have belonged to a disembodied spirit—"I know that my darling is dying."

He bowed his head mutely. Her very calmness averted him.

"Is there anything you can do to ease her?"

"Nothing. I do not think she suffers."

"Then will you please to go away? She is mine—nobody's but mine, in her life and in her death—and I want her quite to myself to the last."

Sorrowfully enough he left her.

Elizabeth held the child closely but gently. She thought in that hour she never loved anything else. She wanted to cry, but her eyes were dry and burning, and not a tear fell on the little upturned face, changing so fast to marble. She bent over and whispered something in the baby's ear—a wild, passionate prayer that it would remember her again in the infinite space. A look seemed to answer her—a radiant, loving look, which she thought must be born of the near heaven. She pressed her lips in a last despairing agony of love to the little face, from which already, as she kissed it, the soul had fled. Her white wonder had gone home. This which lay upon the hungry heart was stone.

An Irish emigrant, hearing the sunset gun at Baltimore, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset," exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

Wanted—A cover for bare suspicion, a veil for the face of nature, buttons for the breaches of privilege, limiting to a volume of smoke, conceal for broken engagements.

North Carolina.

A. NICHOLS, Durham, 1 Engine.
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W. S. MALLORY, Franklinton Engine.
T. L. EMMORY, Weldon, 1000 Mill.
I. A. BUNTON, Jackson, Engine.
H. J. GIBBENS, Lexington, Engine.
G. W. GRIMES, Rocky Creek, Saw Mill.
E. H. POGUE, Hillsboro, Tobacco Fixtures.
E. BRICE & CO., Statesville, Wood Working Machinery.
STREIBELT & CO., Happy Home, Saw Fixtures.
J. ALLEN, Lenoir, Engine.
E. C. RICHARDS, Reidsville, Boiler and Piping for Factories.
I. S. DALTON, Reidsville, Boiler and Piping for Factories.
T. J. LENOIR, Forks of Pigeon, Mill Machinery.
GREEN H. LEE, Thomasville, Saw Mill Supplies.
W. T. TAYLOR, Whitaker, Outfit Sash & Blind Factory.

Machinery, For sale!

22 Horse Power New Steam Saw Mill. PRICE \$1,000.

Describe circular of Second Hand Machinery on application. We name a few to whom we have sold Second Hand Engines, Tobacco Machinery, &c., in

Rahn & Hunter,

RICHMOND, VA.

Notice.

U. S. Internal Revenue SPECIAL TAXES. May 1, 1876, to April 30, 1877.

The Revised Statutes of the United States, Sections 3237, 3238, and 3239, require every person engaged in any business, avocation, or employment which renders him liable to a Special Tax, to procure and place conspicuously in his establishment or place of business a STAMP denoting the payment of said Special Tax for the Special Tax Year beginning May 1, 1876, and continuing or continuing business after April 30, 1876.

The Taxes embraced within the Provisions of the Law above quoted are the following, viz:

Dealers, retail liquor,	\$200 00
Dealers, wholesale liquor,	100 00
Dealers in malt,	wholesale 50 00
Dealers in malt,	retail, 20 00
Dealers in leaf tobacco,	25 00
Retail dealers in leaf tobacco,	500 00
And on sales of over \$1,000, fifty cents for every dollar in excess of \$1,000.	
Dealers in manufactured tobacco	5 00
Manufacturers of stills,	50 00
And for each still manufactured	50 00
And for each worm manufactured	50 00
Manufacturers of tobacco,	10 00
Manufacturers of cigars,	10 00
Packers of tobacco, first class (more than two boxes or other animals)	50 00
Packers of tobacco, second class (two boxes or other animals)	25 00
Packers of tobacco, third class (one horse or other animal)	15 00
Packers of tobacco, fourth class (one pack of public conveyance)	10 00
Brewers of less than 500 barrels	50 00
Brewers of 500 barrels or more	100 00
Any person so liable, who shall fail to comply with the foregoing requirements will be subject to severe penalties.	

Persons or firms liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named above must apply to ISAAC J. YOUNG, Collector of Internal Revenue at Raleigh, N. C., and pay for said Special Tax the Special Tax Stamp or Stamps they need; prior to May 1, 1876, and WITH-OUT FURTHER NOTICE.

D. D. PRATT,

Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Office of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C.

February 1, 1876.

Hogs! Hogs!! Hogs!!!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Parker's Hog and Chickens Cholera Cure. A certain preventive and speedy cure for Cholera and all kindred diseases in hogs and chickens. Single dose \$1 00, six boxes \$5 00, twelve boxes \$9 00.

THOUSANDS OF BARRERS. In Pitt, Edgecombe, Orange, Lenoir, Wilson and Nash counties testify to its efficacy.

For particulars furnished on Application.

Prepared by Geo. S. Baker, Proprietor, Franklin, N. C.