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GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Circumstantial Evidence in a Love Suit.

BY EUGENE HALL.

### CHAPTER III.

The paragraph read thus: "The Dunrich and Williams law suit pending so long, has been finally decided in favor of Capt. John Dunrich. We congratulate our friend John upon this handsome addition to his already mammoth income. This was no news to Addie, for Capt. John had already written her about it. She was at a loss to know in what way her decision could effect Mr. Ewing, he advised her to do as Capt. Dunrich wished her, but showing her the notice of his wealth and his comments upon it annoyed her exceedingly.

The next morning as she walked to the school house, he overtook her. "Miss Ralston, he said, "if you will pardon me for the interest I manifest in your affairs, I would like to know your decision upon it, I must act, and immediately."

"Without understanding at all in what way it can effect you, I will answer. "I shall do as Capt. Dunrich wishes me; influenced by his better judgment and my love for him, and not the golden bait so generously hinted at last night.

"Thank you, Miss Ralston, your plain speaking relieves me at least of suspense. For if you had been less candid, I might have even drawn into an avowal of love, even against my better judgment."

"Let me thank you again for your candor, and bid you good by," pressing her hand silently he left her.

She was too surprised at his conduct to utter a word, his last words were ringing in her ears. "If your decision had been different I might have been drawn into an avowal of love, even against my better judgment."

"The only definite conclusion she could come to was, that Mr. Ewing acted very strangely; She was of the opinion that he did not understand himself, and though sorely disappointed at the termination of this, their second acquaintance, she kept it to herself, remaining at Mr. Morelands until the close of the session. During the time she received a number of letters from Carrie. Every letter said something about "Charlie." Extract from No. 1 said, "I was never so glad to see any one in my life, as Mr. Ewing, he is perfectly splendid, and I believe my long partiality for him, is at last meeting with a return, he comes very often; I some times believe Sid is jealous."

Extract from No. 2 "I think it is the strangest thing in the world that you did not like Charlie, I really don't see how you could keep from loving him, he says he knows you never liked him, though he never asked you directly."

Extract from No. 3. "Now I am going to surprise you, by a piece of news about myself. You will scarcely believe me, as I am always talk-nonsense about all of the boys, but truly my darling Addie, I am going to be married next month, and of course want you for my first brides-maid. I know you will not refuse this request, though, Charlie says you dislike him so much, he is afraid you will, I know before the wedding is over you will be the best of friends."

Addie felt a little vexed that Mr. Ewing should think she had any objection to waiting on him, she would convince him to the contrary, even if it must cost her a great heart struggle. So she accepted the invitation. She now congratulated herself for never having betrayed her love for Charlie Ewing, and this helped to bear her up in the trying ordeal of being present at his marriage. She persuaded herself that she would not have married a man

of Charlie's principles, even had she loved him, and the disappointment attending his marriage would soon pass off. So her pride and good sense went far to reconcile her. She would not go until the day of the marriage, so when her school closed, she went to visit "Uncle John". When the evening arrived for the wedding, she got to Mr. Loughtons just in time to dress for the marriage, allowing for the delay caused by Carrie's incessant chatter, and extreme delight at having her at last. "She was about to give up all hopes of her coming, and really could not be married without her dear friend," but finally Addie was left to make her toilet, while Carrie donned herself in her bridal robes, while Addie was taking a final survey of herself in the large mirror.—The maid handed her a card, on which was beautifully penciled, "Charles Ewing." "This is not for me she said quickly; who is that other card?"

"Ah, you have only given me the wrong one, that was intended for me, and this for Carrie," the exchange was made, and she read, "Sidney Moran's name, she wondered for the first time, why she had not thought who it was she would wait with, and felt relieved that it was an old friend and not a stranger. She felt with a pardonable thrill of pride, that she never looked more beautiful than now the excitement had added to the natural flush on her cheek, and flashed a new brilliancy in her deep blue eyes, and a pleased smile trembled on her lip as Carrie exclaimed, "How lovely!" I came in Darling to see if you needed any finishing touches she said, kissing her tenderly, but you are perfection itself. I will run down and speak to Mr. Moran before you come down."

When she opened the Library door, she saw, walking the room impatiently, Mr. Ewing. He turned quickly as the door opened, and as Addie was about to retreat, he advanced saying, "Surely you are not going to cut my acquaintance again?"

"Oh! no," she said shaking hands with him. I made a mistake in the room which caused me to turn back."

He gently drew her in, closing the door, she looked slightly, looking a little surprised.

"We have no time now for idle conversation, the others are waiting for me, in order to arrange our positions. Your part is too solemn for the mockery of a rehearsal," she added smiling as she turned to go.

"What is the difference he asked looking at her quizzically.

Addie was really surprised at the perfect control she was exercising over herself, and the lightness with which she answered Mr. Ewing.

"It is true we both stand before the minister, but you are bound for life while I am as free as ever after the ceremony,—be sure you make the responses well."

"I will," to begin he said laughing, "are you willing that I should make the responses?"

"What objection do you imagine I can have," she asked flushing indignantly.

Charles Ewing was marking with interest her words, and not her manner, and grasping her hand asked hurriedly, "what must I infer from that?"

"That we are keeping the others waiting, and detaining me against my will," she answered coldly.

His countenance changed, offering her his arm silently, they went out.

"I suppose I am to give you away," she said laughing.

"If I am," he said quickly, it is the thought that after all, it may not be too late to win you; tell me if it is not!" he begged eagerly, almost stopping in the long passage.

At first she was too angry to speak, then came the thought that he must have been drinking, and she said almost pitifully, please don't talk to me so, I feel very odd being with you, your conduct makes it disagreeable; so, I will thank you to put me in charge of Mr. Moran immediately.

A flush of wounded pride swept over Ewing's face, while he said, "I feel that I am a consummate idiot to mention my hopeless love to you, but it is not kind in you to deny me the consideration due a gentleman. I will put you in charge of Mr. Moran and leave the house, for it seems an impossibility to be with you and keep silent." They had reached the parlor door. A sickening thought of what all would think of the grooms absence, a pitying thought of trusting, betrayed Carrie, a wild throb of pain in her own heart, a dizzy brain and Addie was an unconscious bird in the arms of Charles Ewing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Be Cheerful.

What a thing it is to be cheerful, and to have cheerful people about one, Life, except during the pressure of its most terrible calamities, always has a bright side, and those who look at that side are far the wisest. Yet there are excellent people who go about bowed down under a weight of forebodings, who feel sure the worst thing possible will happen; who indeed make it manifest that, in their opinion, it has happened already. A funeral is not more sad in their eyes than a wedding or a christening. To be sure they do not wear the customary suit of "velvet black" at those latter; but in their light silks and white gloves, they groan, and they water the orange flowers and white rose-buds with their tears as thoroughly as they do theypress.

"Poor dear Matilda Jane," they say, "my wife be happy—but it's not likely one knows what man are; or if she is—if he is all that can be desired, of course she'll be left a widow; and then what will she do? for he's to improve, she to leave anything. And baby! ah, yes, but to have it christened soon. So many babies die! May go off in the night—sigh group; and if it lives, why, you can't tell, at its age, but that it may be deaf or dumb, or have curvature of the spine, or be an idiot, or grow up to be something dreadful and break its mother's heart. Christen it, of course, poor dear; that's a duty; but don't be cheerful over it."

To Mr. and Mrs. Doleful Dumps the sky always threatens rain. Water-proof and umbrellas, and your worst dress, is the costume, they always advocate. Five minutes delay on a journey is untold misery to them. The air is always close, or there is a draught. It is a "perfectly frightful" out of doors, either because of sun or rain. Any social occasion is always remembered by the toil and labor of getting ready for it, and the faults of a friend are enumerated when he is spoken of, not his excellencies. No seat is comfortable, no condition agreeable. One is tempted to wonder whether the Dumps family will not actually be happier in their graves than anywhere else.

In contrast to this, how delightful is a breezy, merry creature who enjoys life; who loves "the fun" of getting ready for anything; who doesn't mind an hours delay, and rather likes a rain though sunshine does make him or her "so jolly"; who had just as soon have the chair that is too high or too low, and rather prefers the piano stool that doesn't work well; who has inevitably "had such a splendid time!" and shrieks with laughter over accidents that are almost the cause of suicide

to the Doleful Dumps set. Such a cheerful creature is more precious than gold or diamonds, and though the Doleful Dumps may groan, blots them out as sunshine does the darkness when one throws wide the door.

## MARY KYLE DALLAS Little Totty's Prayer.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Totty sat before the fire, her bare brown ankles visible beneath her scant print rock, her faxen curls in a tumble, her pretty face wearing a very sober look.

"Totty," called her mother's feeble voice from the bed, "is't there any tea at all left in the caddy?"

"Not a bit, mamsy," answered Totty. Mamsy was Totty's pet name for mamsy, just as Totty was her mother's pet name for her little girl. They were very fond of each other, this poor sick widow and her little daughter.

"And not a mite of bacon, I suppose, or even a herring?" continued her mother.

"No, mamsy," answered Totty, "we had the last bit of fish this morning. There's nothing but the dry bread now."

The child's voice was very sad, and so was her mother's, as she replied, "Well, my dear, it can't be helped; you must toast a slice or two of bread, and—and—well, we can have some water. Totty, maybe we'll manage to get a little soup to-morrow."

"Poor mamsy," murmured Totty, "I wish she had some soup to-night; she's so hungry."

The tears rose in the little girl's blue eyes, and began to trickle down her round cheeks, as she sat on the hearth and watched the blazing faggots. She was very hungry, too, poor little Totty, and tired besides. She had been gathering pine-knots all the chill November afternoon, and carrying them across the desolate moor to her mother's poor cottage; and now she must go to bed so hungry, and poor mamsy needing some soup so much.

She rose up from the hearth, with a sobbing little sigh, and climbing on a chair, took a bit of loaf from the corner cupboard. She cut three slices, two for her sick mother and one for herself, and sat them before the coals to toast. This done, she took the brown pitcher, and ran out into the moonlight, and down to the spring for water.

A little below the spring, under the shadow of a giant elm tree, her father lay buried.

Little Totty paused, the brown pitcher poised upon her curly head, and looked across at his grave. A year ago he was alive, and mamsy was well and they had plenty of everything. Poor Totty's little heart ached with pain, as she stood there in the chill, white moonlight, and looked at her father's grave.

"I wish we were both dead, mamsy, and me, and lying down there with papa," she sobbed.

Then all at once she called to mind her father's last words.

"Come here, Totty," he said, as he lay on his deathbed. "Papa is going to leave his little girl now; but she must be good, and God will be her Father. Remember that, Totty, God will be your Father, and whatever you ask of Him He will give to you, just as I would."

Isn't it dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mamsy, but we'll wait just a little while, please."

Mamsy wondered why, but she said nothing, and Totty sat down before the blazing faggots, and waited for Heaven to answer her prayer. Five minutes went by, then the little girl got up, and tipping across the floor, unlocked the door, and peeped out to see if anything was coming, never doubting in her sweet child's faith. Something dark lay on the step, and over it crouched Muff, Totty's big yellow cat.

"Oh, Muff, what is it?" cried Totty.

Then she gave a joyful little scream. "Mamsy, darling, it's a pheasant—a big, fat pheasant. I asked Heaven, just now, to send you some soup; and oh, mamsy, only see! It has sent this by Muff, and now I'll put on the kettle and have you a bowl of soup this very night; won't I, darling mamsy?"

And while her mother went softly, and Muff purred before the fire, little Totty dressed her pheasant, and prepared her savory dish, her innocent heart full of loving gratitude to Heaven for answering her prayer.

## Language of a Ladies Hat.

You meet a remarkably modest and timid-looking young lady today, and you notice that her hat has a meek and shrinking indentation in the crown. It looks as if it wanted to shun the wicked world and hang itself up in a nunnery. To-morrow you meet the same lady, and what a change! She is as daring as Joan of Arc, and as independent as the President of a Woman's Congress. And her whole appearance is thus altered by pinning up the front of that hat. Next day she appears like a brigand. The brim is flattened out, and her eyes gleam furiously from underneath, as if watching an opportunity to order you to stand and deliver. You see her again, and the rim is turned up behind, while it is very flat in front, giving her an appearance of a female Solon Shingle trying to find a customer for that "barrel of apple sass." Again, and it is pitched on the extreme back of the head, reminding you of Toodles in his cap, when he is assuring the "sailor man" that when his father heard of the sailor man's death "he went broken-hearted and ran out into the moonlight, and down to the spring for water."

With all these advantages, it is no wonder that the reigning hat is popular. It is comfortable to the head—so they say—and it is demure, jaunty, meek, saucy, old, sly, obstinate, conciliating, tender—whatever you please—every thing by turns and nothing long. It is the hat of the period, cunning and deceitful, but above all things desperately wicked.

## Description of a Quack-rifle.

It is described "thushy" by a young man who tried it:—

"We both bowed to both of us, and then I other; then the fiddle jined and the thing started. I grabbed for her female hand, she squeezed mine, we both slung each other, then we changed base and across the room jumped up and down over so many times; then my dear dozed a hop and doe, and scooted home again from a foreign shore; then we two forwarded, four ladies changed, we X'd over, turned around twice, chassayed sideways, I backed to place, she duplicated, side couples to the left; side couples turn ladies, ladies turn side couples, all hands around, back again. First fellow take opposite gal, single her around, take your own gal and t'other feller's forward and back twice, both gals twotimes, sling 'em to opposite fellow, let him do as he pleases; light gentleman balance to heavy lady, heavy lady duplicate; promenade all gals to the center, fellers ketch hold of each other's hands, bob up and down, each fellow as es his gal back to place. Right rest spin right lady, left lady spin left gent, all twice each other, do it again; over repeat, keep it up; all turn t'other backward, side ways, each couple swing t'other couple, cross over, back again, to our seats."

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John Smith.

"Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in the crowd owns this very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his hand, with his fingers clasped out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort. Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith, and not a Smith, nor a Synthe, but a regular, natural Smith. Putting a y in the middle of an s in the end won't do gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Synthe or Smith? Who answers who and everybody says nobody. But for Smith, plain Smith, why that is an honored and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of the present century? Horace and Albert Smith. Who was the most original, pithy and humorous preacher? Rev. R. R. ney Smith, 67 go further back, who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumner's army in the Revolution? A Smith, who palavered with Egwathian, galvanized with Poesiontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith, again. And who, I ask, and ask the question more seriously and soberly, who, I say, is that man and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, counted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows—History says, I say, and you say and everybody says, John Smith!"

## A Bit of Nonsense

The following is certainly nonsensical but "a bit of nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." As I overheard it I laughed heartily, and the son of mine host laughed with me.

Col. Wolcott, of the Commonwealth Hotel, had brought from Virginia's complement of subtle terrasts. The colonel's guest are of the "upper crust," and their diction is proper and ornate. The negro servants were observing and desired to copy the fine language of those whom they served.

"Marcellus, is you better dis mornin'?" I heard one colored gentleman ask another, at the foot of the main stair: y.

"No, Cato, I was better yesterday, but I'm feared I'm collapsed agin."

Good Marcellus, sin dar no hopes of your discolorin'?

Discolorin' of what, Cato?

Of de consensousumps; dat fatted you down.

Dat depends upon de case ob wheder de disease an fatal or not.

What an de particular disease, Marcellus?

I tink de doctor's report an de place but arterwards he want to see if I tink de case an fatal disease, Marcellus?

And he's you shared ob a fatal determination?

Well, Cato, dat depends upon de prognosis. If de ministrations an unconstructive, and de consistent circumstances don't confidenc de disease, de fatal phase may be avoided; but if de fatal complication does come and it determinat' finally, it's hard to tell wheder dis nigger will chuff off de trumps of his mortal post-existence. But I sint dead yet, Cato—wink dat.

And Marcellus went to J. Wesley and asked for a little warm rum and sugar, for his really severe cold.

When we pray for overlasting life with the month, and do not desire it in the heart, our cry is a silence when we long for it out of the abundance of the heart, our silence is a cry, which does not reach human ear, yet fills the ears of God.