

Table with 2 columns: Rate, Amount. Rows for one year (\$2.00), six months (\$1.00), three months (\$0.50).

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LETTER HEADS.

ENVELOPES,

CARDS,

A Terrible Affliction.

BY MAX ADLER.

Mr. Fisher's wife was very ill in July, and there were serious fears that she would die. And one day when he came home they communicated to him the sad intelligence that she was no more. When the first outburst of grief had subsided, he sent an order to the undertaker for a coffin, he tied a rope on the door-knob, he sent his hat around to the store to have it dipped in black, he advertised the death in the papers with some poetry attached to the announcement, and he made general preparations for the funeral. Then he sat down in the parlor with his great sorrow, and his friends tried to comfort him.

"It's no use," he said; "I'll never get over it. There never was any woman like her, and there never will be again. I don't want to live without her. Now she's gone I'm ready to go any time, I'd welcome the grave. What's life to a man like me? It's a void—an empty void; that's what it is; and there is no more happiness in it for me."

"You must try to bear up under it," said Dr. Potts. "These afflictions are meant for our good."

"O, it's all very well to talk," said Mr. Fisher, wiping his eyes; "but when a woman like that skips off to live among the angels, a man can't help being miserable. Angels don't make your home happy. Angels don't sew on your buttons, and do up your shirts, and look after the children, and boss the hired girl, and go scrubbing around, do they? Leastways I never heard of it, and I'd rather have a woman like Mrs. Fisher anyhow."

"But you must reflect how much happier she is now; that our loss is her gain," said Mr. Brown.

"Well, I don't see it," replied Fisher. "She was happy enough here, bustling around, making things lively, spitting with me sometimes, bless her dear heart, when I annoyed her, and jawing away all day long at the children and the hired girl, making music in the house. Who's she going to jaw now I'd like to know? How's she going to relieve her feelings when she gets mad? Flying around in a night gown with wings on behind her shoulder blades, and sitting on damp clouds twanging away at some kind of a harp, ain't going to suit a woman like her. She never had much of an ear for music any way. And what I say is that if Henrietta had her choice I bet anything she'd rather be home here tending to things, even if every day in the week was a rainy wash-day. Now I know she would."

"You take a gloomy view of things," said Dr. Potts. "After a while the skies will seem brighter to you."

"No, they won't either," said Mr. Fisher. "They'll grow darker until there's a regular awful thunder storm of grief. I can't live through it. It'll kill me. I've got a notion to jump into Henrietta's grave and be buried with her. I've got half a mind to commit suicide, so I can—"

Just here the doctor came down stairs and into the parlor, with a smile on his face. Mr. Fisher saw it, and stopping abruptly, he said: "Dr. Burns, how you can smile in the midst of the awful desolation of this family, is more than I can understand, and I don't—"

think, in a few days."

"You don't actually mean to say that woman's going to get up out of her bed and stay alive—going to shirk the grave after all?"

"Precisely, and I congratulate you heartily."

"O, you needn't congratulate me," said Fisher. "This is a pretty piece of business, now ain't it? But it's just like her. She always was the crookedest woman on earth, and I believe that if we'd got her buried, and I'd married again, she'd've kicked off the coffin lid, and got me into trouble for bigamy. Who's going to pay that undertaker now I'd like to know? Blamed if she mayn't do it herself, and the advertising, and that poetry, and the crape, and those things? I never heard of such foolishness. It makes me mad as the mischief, women carrying on so, and I'll be hanged if I'm going to—"

Just here the boy came in with Mr. Fisher's hat, with a weed around it, and Fisher giving the hat a savage kick, said to the boy: "You infernal little scoundrel, get out of here or I'll break your neck."

Then the company adjourned, and Fisher, taking the crape off of the door knob, went around to see the undertaker.

Postponed for a Season.

A wretched old horse, blind, spavined, and lame: an old covered vehicle, with every wheel, "dished" and every joint creaking like Chinese machinery, a family of five who looked as if they had been shaking with the ague and wrestling with a whirlwind—that was the sight in the Third Street Grove yesterday. They had turned off the street to cook dinner. They sat around a small fire waiting for the coffee to boil, and the old horse leaned against a tree and looked longingly at the thistles across the ditch.

"What're we bound for?" repeated the father, cuffing one of the children for poking into the coffee with a stick. "We are on the joggle, and if that ore boss don't fail us, we'll land in the Black Hills some time next Fall."

"You seem to have had hard luck."

"No seem about it," replied the wife in a shrill voice. "We've had the lankiest luck of any family ever strung together, and it's all that old fool's fault!"

She pointed at her husband, and there was no question but that she referred to him.

"She's a lectle riled, stranger," explained the man, "and puts it too strong. We've been living way off up North, and times has been hard. I tried to make something catching-wildcats last Winter, but we got down to corn and lasses 'for Spring, spite of all I could do."

"He's a brazen liar!" shouted the woman.

better git over that by the wagon and kinder see that the boss doesn't run away and break things!"

"Stranger" sought to bridge the chasm, but it was no use. The wife took off her breast-pin and dropped it into the hind end of the wagon, and the man placed his bidd-pig hat on a knoll far from the fire.

"I hate to do it, Sary," remarked the husband, "but I can't stand sass when I'm doing my level best."

"I know what I'm about," she calmly replied, prepping up the coffee-pot.

A crowd of women and children came up at that moment, and after some hesitation the row was declared "off" for the time being.

"Two or three hours won't make no difference," remarked the man, as he sat down, "though when I am sassed I want to have the row over with as soon as possible."

"All I ask is one minute's warning!" she replied, putting on her breast-pin again, and the family sat down to a feast of dry bread and black coffee, flashing which the "joggle" was resumed.

The Old-fashioned Mother.

Thank God! some of us have had an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle whose white, jeweled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear old fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love-light shone, and brown hair just threaded with silver lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother! It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume from some warded blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on.

When, in the fitful pauses of busy life, our feet wander back to the old homestead, and, crossing the well-worn threshold, standing once more in the room so hallowed by her presence, dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine streaming through the open window, just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, liping, "Our Father."

How many times, when the tempter lured us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years have filled great chasms between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

Read and Heed This.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready made with manhood or womanhood but, day by day her little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and excuses by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

Always be polite to others, no matter how others act.

The Modern Inquisition.

No one reads without a thrill of horror of the tortures inflicted in the inquisitions of the past. Human ingenuity was stretched to the utmost to devise means of inflicting the most exquisite pains and still preserve life. But what we think most at was that the system was justified; and society, even religion, brought to look upon it as a necessity.

In these modern days we find that an inquisition has also been erected. Its victims are moving in our midst, and the chief inquisitor an honored person. The old inquisition was a custom of the time, so is the modern. Fashion is the name given to the present temple of torture, and women are the chief victims. The boot was an ingenious instrument of pain, in which the foot was squeezed by torturing wedge and band; but it had one merit—it was rarely applied, and the pangs were comparative temporary in their duration, but now-a-days we find few of our sisters who are not undergoing the same punishment not occasionally, but permanently commencing when the victim is yet a child and continued into old age. Fashion insists that our women shall wear their boots two sizes too small for them, so the foot is jammed into the leather torture, and the sufferer compelled to perform the usual household duties, and even take her pleasure with this instrument, inflicting agonies upon the nerves of the pedal extremities. The heel of the boot, to add to the pain, is made high and placed nearly under the centre of the foot so that the weight of the body is thrown upon the toes, which are forced together, while the ankles become weakened, and the muscles of the calves of the legs, as well as the spinal strain. There is no relief. From eight years of age to eighty, this cruel vice is applied, and the victim required to smile and declare that she experiences no pain!

Another device for producing pain is placing upon the head a quantity of pads and false hair, which by their weight and the heat they produce, cause continual headaches. The system of hanging the heavy weight of petticoats, crinolines and dresses from the waist, causing a pressure upon the delicate organs of the stomach and producing unwholesome heat, while the extremities are lightly clad in thin stockings and expose to draught is not without its value as a means of destroying health and producing pain and even the simple plan of tying ligatures round the legs, until the veins swell and become varicose is not to be passed without some notice.

But the most fiendish torture which the high inquisitor fashion reserves for her victims is the corset. Imagine an ingeniously constructed machine of silk, cotton or other strong material stiffened and strengthened with ribs of whalebone and flat blades of steel, in which the body is crushed by degrees, by which the organs of the abdomen are forced down into the pelvis, and the organs of the chest jammed up in the throat, by which the breathing capacity of the lungs is lessened, and the digestive powers of the stomach are impaired, and by which the general vitality of the system is lowered.

Imagine all these, and you have some idea of the terrible instrument called the corset. It is applied early; and the little girl, before she has left the nursery is fashioned in this fashionable vice, which she is condemned to wear, day by day, until the latest hour of her existence. As she grows older instead of receiving greater freedom, the instrument is fastened tighter, and the ribs made smaller. Does she desire exercise, this figure produces lassitude, and she wearing; does she go to a party, an extra degree of tightness has to be submitted to; so that, after each dance, it is painful to see her cleave heavily up and down with the exertion of the upper half of her crippled lungs trying to supply oxygen to her system; is it a fashionable

dinner, "grace" before meal it insisted upon, and she picks about as much food as would satisfy a healthy sparrow, and keeps up a false appearance of vitality in her system by an extra dose of wine. Begun in the nursery, followed up in the boarding-school, the corset is continued through life, till death from the victim from her pen!

Through all this torture woman must make to groan. The agony may be severe, but no cry must pass her lips. Surely she would be a noble martyr if the cause were nobler; and fashion is a cruel inquisitor, whose tortures are commenced so early and continue so relentlessly through the entire life of her victims!

To whom She Says No.

A woman never quite forgets the man who once loved her. She may have loved him, she may indeed, have given him a "no" instead of the "yes" he hopes for; but the remembrance that he desired a "yes" always softens her thoughts of him and would make him, were he reminded of it, a friend forever. There may be girls who make a jest of discarding suitors; but they are generally very young; and the wooing has been something that did not betoken much depth of tenderness. There are necessary offers, too, that only awaken scorn and hate in the woman wooed for money, and not for herself; but really to have touched a man's heart is something not to be forgotten by her as long as she lives. Always she will remember how his eyes looked into hers as he touched her hand with his, and how her heart ached when he turned away without that which she could not give him.

She loved some one else. Some other man has all the truth of her soul—always has, and always will have—but she cannot forget the one who turned from her and went his way, and came no more. She is glad when she hears of his success, grieved when she knows that he has suffered, and when some day she hears that he is married—she who has herself been married for long years, perhaps—she who at all events, would never have married him—is she glad then? I do not know. A woman's heart is a very strange thing. I do not believe she knows herself. Glad? Oh, yes—and his wife pretty and nice? And then she says to herself that "he has quite forgotten," and that "for course, it is best," and cries a little.

A Jealous Dutchman.

A good-natured German became jealous of the warm friendship his sweetheart manifested for one of his male friends, and one evening reproached her for her conduct. She answered that she had only been polite to the man who had aroused his jealousy, and politeness was nothing to get angry at. He replied: "Ish vishpering noding? Ish shlamming noses to noses and shmelling sour krot, mit onions—ish dot noding? Kissing mit de inside auf de lip, stoppung de burst of laughter mit a smack! (a sound like a exploded watermelon) playing tag mit foot on foot under the table, and hiding behind window curtains—ish dose noding? Vishing glocks to go more slow, and counting der minutes mit der most shlobbery shmacks until lateness auf der midnight arrives, ren, all oder eyes are glued together, mit sleep! Den on der door-step, just previously before he took his final last firvel, he squeezes your waist, rust like his arms yea a ligine-rubber band rot grows shmal-ler mit ebery sqoze, and he tries mit his front teeth to take a lectle bit out of your lip! If all dose ish noding, vot ish someding? Youid you answers dot condanrum?"

What's Love Worth?

It is not in gold powder, nor in golden hair dye, nor jewelry. It cannot be got in a bottle or a box. It is pleasant to be handsome; but all beauty is not prettiness. There is a higher beauty that makes us love people tenderly. Eyes, nose, hair or skin

Sleep the Most Efficient.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry it through is to go to bed and sleep for a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of brain force. Because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which takes the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor since the very set of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, a ery turn of the wheel or any of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles of the blood, which we obtain from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest of quiet and stillness in sleep. No stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they only get the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to require a supply; just as men are so near death by starvation that there is not power enough to swallow anything, and all is over.

Notice.

At a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners of Franklin County on the 3rd day of April 1876. The following resolutions were adopted: 1st. That the Sheriff shall not receive in the settlement of taxes, nor shall the County Treasurer pay any County Order issued before the 1st day of April 1875. 2nd. All persons holding orders issued before that date must present the same to the Clerk of this Board on or before the 1st day of August 1876, that a record thereof may be made; and provide a sufficient security, who refuse to so present them are hereby notified that the State of Virginia will be placed in bar of their recovery. P. B. HAWKINS, Chairman. J. BUCKER, Clerk.

4 CHROMOS PAPER!

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WYOMING MONTHLY LOTTERY

Draws on the 20th of each month. By authority of the Legislature, \$200,000 in Cash Prizes, 1 Chance in 4, Tickets \$1 each, or 10 for \$5, leaving \$5 to be deducted from the prizes after the drawing. Full particulars sent free. Address J. W. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.