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Ivy, The Bound Girl.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"What's in a name?" says the great delineator of human passions and griefs, but it is our theory that there is often a deep significance in a name. And when Ivy Hazard's parents called her by the name of the sweet clinging vine, they little dreamed how inappropriate it would eventually be.

They died sudden and violent deaths, and left her to the mercies of the cruel world.

And Ivy, changing from one careless and indifferent hand to another, finally found herself "bound" to Mrs. Blackersth.

"Only a bound girl," said Mrs. Conway, scornfully. "Louisa and Adelaide, you know you're not to speak when you meet her in the streets with Mrs. Blackersth's baby!"

"But ma, she's a nice girl," said Louisa. "and she plays jackstones beautifully!"

And Uncle Lewis says she's got eyes like a g-a-g-a," began Adelaide. "Gazelle," promptly put in her younger sister.

"I can't help that," said Mrs. Conway. "she's a mere mania!" "What that, mamma?" questioned Louisa.

"Goosey! not to know, what menial means!" shouted Master Ernest Conway. "It means to work for your living! Ivy Hazard works for her's. She washes dishes and scrubs down the steps, and wrings out the clothes on washing day!"

"Oh!" said Louisa, dubiously.

"But she's a great deal prettier than either of you girls," went on Ernest, cracking hazel nuts between his teeth. "She's as straight as an arrow, and her voice isn't squeaky like Loo's, nor her nose pug like Addy's! I like Ivy."

"She doesn't like you though!" said Adelaide, viciously. "She says you are a mean, ugly, mischievous lout!"

"Does she?" said Ernest, somewhat discomfited. "I'll pay her out for that!"

So the next day, when Ivy Hazard was out trundling Mrs. Blackersth's baby, in its second hand perambulator, Master Conway attached to her shabby blue shawl a placard inscribed "Bound Girl!"

"Aint that jolly?" quoth Ernest, hugging himself with delight. "Won't she be mad when she finds it out? the hateful, stuck-up puss!"

Meanwhile poor little Ivy perambulated on, unconscious of the birth and wonderment she was exciting on all sides, until she was forced to a knowledge of it.

"What are you all laughing at? Why are they all following me?" asked she, stopping short at once. And then, tearing off her shawl, she saw the obnoxious label.

"Who did this?" she demanded, with flushing cheeks and fire-darting eyes.

"It was I!" said Ernest Conway, defiantly. "You are a bound girl, aren't you?"

Ivy plucked off the placard and flung it into the gutter.

"I'll never forgive you for this, Ernest Conway!" she panted, "never!"

"As if I cared whether you did or not!" declared Ernest, contemptuously. "I don't associate with servants, any how!"

And he walked coolly off whistling, with his hands in his pocket.

Ivy stood looking after him, with a sense of bitter injustice swelling her heart and filling her eyes.

"Oh, I wish I wasn't poor. I wish I wasn't a bound girl," she sobbed, nearly overturning Mrs. Blackersth's baby into the gutter in the vehemence of her distress.

Mrs. Blackersth boxed her ears when she got home for letting the

baby's dress get soiled against the wheel of the perambulator, and Miss Alicia shook her for answering "No" without the regulation 'ma'am' tacked on to it. And to cap the climax, Ivy had to go to bed without her supper because the baby chanced to be cross, and Mrs. Bickersth had to rock it to sleep herself, instead of shirking the duty on the bound girl as usual.

At eleven o'clock, when all the house was still, Ivy crept down the stairs and out at the iron door, closing it softly behind her as she went.

"For I won't be a bound girl any longer," Ivy told herself.

She wandered through the lonely streets until she was tired, and then curled up on a comfortable doorstep inside of a vestibule to go to sleep. And there Mrs. Frenchley nearly stumbled over her when she came home from a party at two o'clock in the morning, in her white silk opera cloak and diamonds.

"What the duse is it? A dog?" sleepily demanded General Frenchley.

"No; it's a child, responded his astonished wife.

"Call the police," suggested the general.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that.—Let's take her in and give her something to eat."

Mrs. Frenchley was childless and soft-hearted—the general was too lazy to object much when his wife seriously insisted, and Ivy was very pretty—so that the chance nap in the vestibule was the fortunate circumstance that led to a new life.

Ivy Hazard was a bound girl! no longer. Mrs. General Frenchley had something besides a tan terrier and a gray African parrot to interest her mind at last.

Sunset in Rome, with the grand Campagna bathed in mellow amber glories, and the dome of St. Peter's rising like a dream of beauty out of the sea of golden haze. And Ivy, dressed in blue silk and sapphires, with myosotis blossoms braided in the auburn gold of her hair, sat at the hotel window watching the glory of the serenely perishing day.

"Come, Ivy," sounded the voice of Mrs. Frenchley, grown round and obese, and glittering more gorgeously than ever in her diamonds; 'aren't you going to the evening service at St. Peter's?—The Conways from New York are to be there."

"Are they?"

Ivy smiled to herself as she rose up and yawned—a pearl displaying little yawn.

"But, mamma, these perpetual masses, and vespers, and saints' days, are a great bore."

"My dear Ivy! when you are so wild about a bit of rock or a trill-vine."

"That's just it, mamma. I am a worshiper at nature's great altar, but art wears me. Nevertheless, where is my hat? Yes, mamma, I'm ready."

The Conways were early. Louisa looked up as the party from the Hotel d'Italia entered.

"Mamma," she whispered, "there comes General Frenchley and his wife."

"With the prettiest girl I ever saw," enthusiastically declared Ernest Conway. "Is that the lovely daughter with the queer name? I never knew but one Ivy before, and that was Ivy Hazard, the odd little creature that used to wince Mrs. Bickersth's baby about. Don't you remember her, Loo?"

"Hush-sh!" checked Mrs. Conway. "Yes, she is pretty."

The Conway family met the Frenchleys at a reception at the house of a Roman banker that same evening. Miss Frenchley, still in blue silk and sapphires, won Ernest's heart, as it were, by storm!

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lou, a little

malicious: "she's very pretty, I dare say. I could be pretty if I painted?"

"Hold, your tongue!" cried Ernest, savagely. "Paint, indeed!—Why, you can see the color come and go in her cheeks as she talks! She is the loveliest girl in Rome—ay, and the whole world beside."

Louisa tittered faintly.

"I do believe our Ernest has fallen in love with General Frenchley's daughter," she said.

Love, like all other tropical plants, thrives in the languid glow of a southern sky and it was just six weeks after their introduction that Mr. Conway frankly told Miss Frenchley that he couldn't think of existing any longer unless she could be his wife.

"I'll think of it," said Miss Frenchley, coyly and evasively.

"No—but Ivy—I may call you Ivy?"

"Well, yes, I've no objection to that."

"I knew an Ivy once, years ago a wild little elf of a child," began Ernest.

"Who vowed she never would forgive you, because you pinned a plain truth on the back of her shawl?"

Ernest stared.

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Because it was I!" answered Ivy, quietly.

"Didn't you know that I was only Mrs. Frenchley's adopted daughter? I recognized you, Ernest Conway, when first I saw you, for you know I used to hate you desperately!"

"Do you now, Ivy?"

"Not quite so badly, perhaps, but—"

"I won't wait!" said Ernest, positively. "Now that I have discovered we are such old friends, I insist upon knowing at once whether you will be my wife or not!"

"But—"

"There are no buts," said Ernest, securing the little white hand, all sparkling with its pearl and sapphire rings. "It is yes or no!"

"Would you wed one who was once a bound girl?"

"I would make you a bound girl over again, dearest, for life this time, with myself in the place of Mrs. Bickersth."

"Yes, then if you will insist on having an answer," owned Ivy. And the indentures were sealed with a wedding ring.

Dying Words.

Shed no muleteers for me.—[B. H. Bristow.

The game is played out.—[Poker Bob Schenck.

Stand by our post tradership—Teat d'armee.—[Belknap.

I am glad that I die young. It would be a terrible thing to grow old and sinful.—[Williams.

My son never write letters.—[Pierpont.

This is not suicide, but assassination.—John B. Henderson.

If I had only been born twins I could have made just twice as much.—[Orvil L. Grant.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, but as for me, give me a worm-eaten hull in a snug harbor.—[Robeson.

Don't weep for me. I'm glad to get out of the wilderness. Meet me on the happy hunting grounds.—[Delano.

Tell B. Butler I died happy, by special request.—[R. H. Dana.

Look not on the still when it is crooked.—[John McDonald.

They say the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with gold. I want to go.—[Boss Sheperd.

Who would have thought that cold tongue would kill a man?—[Jabbering Jim Blaine.

This is a sacred thing.—[Deacon McKee.

A tanner won't last you more than eight years.—[Balcock.

I go were "mum's the word."—[Joyce.—St. Louis Times.

A TRUE STORY.

One cold day in Winter, a lad stood at the outer door of a cottage in Scotland. The snow had been falling very fast, and the poor boy looked very cold and hungry.

"Mayn't I stay ma'am?" he said to the woman who had opened the door. "I'll work, cut wood for water, and do all your errands."

"You may come in at any rate, until my husband comes home," the woman said. "There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with the cold; and she drew a chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the trap of heavy boots, and the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband entered, wearied with his day's work.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He had looked at the boy, but did not seem very well pleased; he nevertheless made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "until tomorrow," so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that, as long as he was such a good boy, and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, who often traded at the cottage, called, and after disposing of some of his goods, was preparing to go, when said to the woman:

"You have a boy out splitting wood, I see," pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail bird," and then the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder.

"That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard him sentenced 'ten months.' You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so dreadful in the word "jail." The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the peddler; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the boy hung down his head. His cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood, and his lip quivered.

"Well," he muttered, his fame shaking "there's no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you to go, so young, to that dreadful place? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold—"oh! I hadn't no mother ever since I was a baby! If I only had a mother" he continued, while tears gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked and cuffed and horse-whipped. I wouldn't have been saucy and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! if I'd only had a mother!"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with the sleeve of his jacket.

The woman was a mother, and, though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church yard, she was a mother still. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy, and told him to look up, and said from that time he should find in her a mother. Yes, even put her arms around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child. She poured from her mother's heart sweet, kind words—words of counsel and of tenderness. Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft her pillow!

She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

That poor boy is now a promising man. His foster-father is dead. His

foster-mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The "poor out-cast" is her support. Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him.

"When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."—The Standard-Bearer.

The Alphabet of the Administration.

A is for Avery, sick in his prison.

B is for Babcock, who should be in his.

C is for Colfax, Mobiller's head man.

D is Delano, who swindled the red man.

E is for "Emma," on England unloaded.

F is Fort Sill, that poor Belknap exploded.

G is for Grant who is partial to knives.

H is for Harrington, expert in safes.

I is for Ingalls and Mrs. G's watch.

J is for Joyce, who "a nice thing" did do.

K is for Ku-Klux and bloody shirt Morton.

L is for Landulet for Williams to sport on.

M is for Mars, who to process is honest.

N is for No no but Bristow that's honest.

O is for Orvil, the go-between brother.

P is for Pierpont; convictions to smother.

Q is the Questions that no one must ax.

R is the Responses that keep out the flux.

S is for Shepherd, his tingles and panders.

T are the tax payers, whose money he squanders.

U is for Ulysses that stands by these friends.

V is the Villainies that he defends.

W are the Witnesses hunted with vigilance.

X is the Xaminations which he must silence.

Y is the Yell from the nation that rings.

Z is the Zeal for a new state of things.

The Mother.

Few men have expressed in more exquisite language than Macaulay the affection which every good man feels for his mother:

"Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts a loving mother. Read the unathomed love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends; fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice."

Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

A good wife according to Plutarch, should be as a looking glass, to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he laugh, she should smile; if he look sad, she should participate in his sorrow and bear a part with him; and so should they continue in mutual love one towards another.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

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FRANKLIN COUNTY:

In the Superior Court.

Tom Brant Plaintiff } Complaint
Against } For
Milly Brame Def'd. } Divorce.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, Milly Brame, is a party to a divorce case, do hereby order, that publication of the summons in this case, be made in the Franklin Courier, a newspaper published in the town of Louisburg, once a week for six weeks successively, commanding the defendant, Milly Brame to appear before the Judge of the Superior Court at a Court to be held for the County of Franklin at the Court House in Louisburg on the 4th Monday after the 2nd Monday in August 1876, then and there to answer the complaint, a copy of which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within the three first days of said term, and let the said defendant take notice that unless she appears and answers