

THE DAILY COURIER.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1876.

NO. 1.

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.
ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. E. Dolloway, 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.

Railroad Schedules.



Raleigh & Gaston R. R. Company.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
Raleigh, N. C., June 11th, '72.

On and after Monday June 17th, 1872, trains on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

MAIL TRAIN.

Leaves Raleigh..... 10.00 a. m.
Arrives at Weldon..... 3.30 p. m.
Leaves Weldon..... 9.15 a. m.
Arrives at Raleigh..... 3.05 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leaves Raleigh..... 8.00 p. m.
Arrives at Weldon..... 6.20 a. m.
Leaves Weldon..... 9.15 a. m.
Arrives at Raleigh..... 8.00 p. m.

Mail train makes close connection at Weldon with the seaboard & Roanoke Railroad and Bay Line Steamers via Baltimore, to and from all points North, West and Northwest and with the Petersburg Railroad via Petersburg, Richmond and Washington City, to and from all points North and Northwest.

And at Raleigh with the North Carolina Railroad to and from all points South and Southwest, and with the Raleigh & Augusta Air Line to Haywood and Fayetteville.

Accommodation and Freight trains connect at Weldon with Accommodation and Freight trains on Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad and Petersburg Railroad.

And at Raleigh with Accommodation and freight trains on North Carolina Railroad.

Persons living along the line of the road can visit Raleigh in the morning by Accommodation train, and remain several hours, and return the same evening.

J. C. WINDER,
Gen'l Supt.

SCHEDULE OF THE PETERSBURG RAILROAD COMPANY.

PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE WELDON.

Express Train..... 8.30 a. m.
Mail Train..... 4.15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT PETERSBURG.

Express..... 12.10 a. m.
Mail..... 8.05 p. m.

LEAVE PETERSBURG.

Mail..... 6.17 a. m.
Express..... 3.17 p. m.

ARRIVE AT WELDON.

Mail..... 9.30 a. m.
Express..... 7.00 p. m.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

Leave Petersburg..... 9.00 p. m.
Leave Weldon..... 8.30 p. m.
Arrive at Weldon..... 5.00 a. m.
Arrive at Petersburg..... 4.00 a. m.

GASTON TRAIN.

Leave Petersburg..... 6.25 a. m.
Leave Gaston..... 1.15 p. m.
Arrive at Gaston..... 13.30 p. m.
Arrive at Petersburg..... 7.00 p. m.
Freights for Gaston Branch will be received at the Petersburg depot only on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS.

The depot will be closed at 4:00 p. m. No goods will be received after that hour.
H. T. DOUGLASS,
Superintendent

Why is it.

Why is it that all the world is glad to hear of the misfortunes of all the rest of the world?

If Miss Smith marries that millionaire, Mr. Brown, and in the course of a year they fall out, and Mrs. B— goes home to her ma, and Brown turns misanthrope, why is it that nearly everybody will listen to the story with a complacent face, and exclaim: "I'm so sorry! but it is just as I expected!" If some man of high standing is convicted of forgery or any other crime why is it that people seem to rejoice over it?

Success is always worshiped by the crowd, and yet that same crowd invariably manifest satisfaction when success is changed to defeat. How greedily the reports of robberies and defalcation: and crimes of every description, are seized upon by the public. It would almost seem as if nature rejoiced in informing itself as to how depraved human nature is capable of becoming.

How much more ready men are to believe evil of each other than good. Let the report go abroad that the Rev. Mr. Robinson has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and lent a helping hand to some fellow voyager in distress, and nobody will be interested in it! Nobody will say: "I thought so!" But just let the word go forth that the same gentleman has been hugging Johnson's wife, and see how every head will be lifted, and every ear open and every tongue ready to exclaim: "I've always thought he was no better than he should be!"

Why is it that when a man has committed an error there are so many hands ready to push him on to the next step of wrong doing? and so few extended to pull him back to the sure footing of right?

Why is it, that whenever the world becomes cognizant of any movement it does not thoroughly understand, it imputes evil intentions to those concerned in it?

Why do we, in short, transgress the laws of the land daily, which enjoins it upon us "to believe every man innocent until he is proved guilty," and insist upon believing every man guilty until he is proved innocent?

But these are conundrums to which there can be no definite answer, unless we give the reply of the old lady who was asked why it was that some hens had yellow legs and some hadn't? "Because it's so; and I'd like to see anybody help themselves!"

KATE THORN.

A Frenchman was annoyed by an impertinent fellow, who ridiculed him by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking the English language. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman coolly replied—

"My fine friend, you vud do vell to stop now for if Samson had mad no better use of de jaw-bone of an ass dan you do, he would never killed so many Fillistians."

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a "South wester" to a "down Easter," who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wal," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yon may call a hansum critter, but he's got a great deal of opouness when he snaffles."

A Blush.

What is there more mysterious than a blush; that a single word or look, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of the summer sunset? Strange it is, also, that the face only, and that the human face, is capable of blushing, that the hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than does the glove or sock that covers them. It is the face that bears the Angel's impress; it is the face that is heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when she awoke in Eden's sunny land, still lingers with her fair daughters. They caught it from the roses, for all the roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one the bud, seeing her own fair face, more fair than the flowers, blushed, and caught its reflex on her velvet cheek. The face is the tablet of the soul, where, in it unites its actions. There may be traced all the intellectual phenomena with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within, no less do vice intemperance and debauchery leave their indelible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cowardice and passion leave their traces deeper, even than the virtues of modesty, truth, chastity and hope. Even beauty grows more beautified from the pure thoughts that arise within it.

A FEW GOLDEN RULES.

Take hold of duties pleasantly.—Walk side by side with gentleness, courtesy and true love for your fellow beings. Never tease or taunt; no good comes from it, and your taunts may be remembered with resentment for years. Let the whole of your life be mapped out carefully, with the view of making the best possible use of it, and foster a love for honorable industry with an eye open toward steady savings for future benefit.

He who would be wealthy must save. If your companions do not believe in it, break away from them, abandon the countless trifles that are hourly presented to you. Smoke fewer cigars, go to the theaters less; and within a year you will be on the road to wealth, while they haunt the corners, the theaters and the bar rooms, spending their money on vice and that which makes no good returns.

If a false pride which would make the average young American 'free as water' with his money. Save it, for old age will soon come, with its vent for benevolence; perhaps then you can dispose of it with better judgment.

When the aged oak sends forth its faded leaves one by one to the autumn blast, its time-scarred bark turns black and the tree dies from old age, and it is of no more value in the earth; perchance then there shoots forth an infant oak, which will take pattern after its aged friend and mature to future worth and beauty.

So, if a man strives by industry, sobriety and civility to win an honorable life, he will inevitably win wealth and honorable position in the hearts of all, while all around him will spring up hosts of imitators.

PARTINGTON ON DEFICIT.—The newspapers state that a well-known banker of Paris has absconded, leaving a deficit behind. Mrs. Partington thinks that it was very good of the poor man to leave it when he might have got off with every thing.

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

Threads of Gold.

Mans' chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his follies.

A grand safe guard for doing right is to hate all that is wrong.

Say half that you think, rather than think only half what you say.

No man is so insignificant as, to be sure his example can do no hurt.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

He who hates another man for not being a christian is not himself a christian.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

Fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

All the interest of a nation depends on the integrity of its leading men. Their lofty virtues are the public safe guard.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—*Chesterfield.*

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

Whoever is afraid of submitting any question, whether civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than he is with truth.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery and treachery, for the most part, combined with folly.

SYMPATHY.—It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything that men can do or suffer.

The spirit of true religion breaths gentleness and affability; it is social, kind and cheerful; far removed from that glory superstition and bigotry which cloud the brow, sour the temple and distill the spirit and impress moroseness on the manners.

Economy is an easy thing to divide upon, but an uncomfortable thing to carry out, especially in household matters. The planing is pleasant enough, but the execution is what troubles us. We dislike to forego the accustomed things which economy denies us, and there is where the shoe pinches.

Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night; for it may be that, before the dawn, some loved one may finish his or her space of life for the world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itsself a broader shadow. We look forward to the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

A MASTER BUILDER.—To be a master builder, your materials must be good, the foundations securely laid, and superstructure duly proportioned; then the future will affirm your knowledge to have been accurate and your judgment correct.

BEARING TROUBLE.—There are persons who emerge from every affliction and trouble and vexation, purified like fine gold out the furnace. There are others, and they are the more numerous who are embittered and soured, and made despondent and apathetic. We think the latter belong to the class that try to stand alone during the storms of life, instead of looking Above for aid. When one can truly say, "He doeth all things well," the sting is taken out of affliction, and courage is given to bear what the future has in store. This we think makes the great difference between those two classes.

A little girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

"My Dear lady, your daughter is lovely—a perfect little pearl." "And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh you are the mother of pearl."

"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father. "Dress him in shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "Why, what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would, at least, be a way of keeping him in check."

In the examination of an Irish case for assault and battery, counsel, on cross-examining the witness, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at. He answered, "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight of course."

An exchange asks: "If there's a place for everything, where is the place for a boill?" It has been said that the best place for such an ornament is on some other fellow. And we don't think a better location can be discovered!

"An old lady was in the habit of talking to her friends in a gloomy depressing manner, presenting only the sad side of life. "Why said one, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

Any excuse better than none. A toper says he would be a temperance man in a minute if it wasn't for his wife. He knows she'd be lonesome if she hadn't something to jaw about and find fault with.

At this season the question which interests a boy is not so much whether his life will be crowned with glory and honor as whether his new Summer vest is going to be made out of his father's old trousers.

HONEYMOON.—A month is which many appear to exhaust all the sweets of matrimony, so as to have none left for the rest of their married life.

Hans, where do you live?" "Acrost de river mit de turpikes by der school as you go up mit der right hand on de odder side."

It is hard to tell which will bring the most pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her that the baby is heavy or her bread light.

A polite way of putting it—Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.