FRANKLIN COURIER.

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Geo. S. Baker, Editor & Proprietor.

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LETTER HEADS.

ENVELOPES,

CARDS,

I could!"

Franklin Courier.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

tears with a proud, little, vehement

Philip was not wont to be

hard-hearted. Suppose he should

repent, and turn back to see what

had become of her? He shall not

She is turning hastily away, in

the opposite direction from that

which she saw him take, when she

remembers her hat. She must not

leave that behind, lest he suspect

she has fled from him, instead of

imagining that, on recovering from

her swoon during his absence, she

naturally took her departure, know-

ing nothing of his presence, nor of

his desertion. That should imag-

ine this is now her aim, and she

Yes, there it is, under the hedge.

An instant more; but it seems to

her a long instant, while the thorns

are tangled in the hat ribbons, and

cling to them and hold them fast

tries to disentagle them. She

still trying, stooping over when a

footstep comes behind her; and she

gives a sudden tug, freeing herself

it may be supposed has grown so

crimson over her struggle with the

At least the young man supposes

so. He cnecks his impetuous ad

vance, and stands waiting for her

to speak-waiting, bare-headed,

the water dripping from his straw

She falters there; she cannot pass

him quite unconsciously. What was

rel with you, Rose? This morning

has taught me too well how I love

me lying here, after ali?"

"Then you did not mean to leave

The words no sooner leave her

lips than she sees what they imply.

Blushing more deeply than ever, she

makes an effort to withdraw her

hands. But he holds them faster.

conscious just now, Rose, when I

laid you down upon the grass?"

No answer.

Rose !"

"Then you were not quite un-

"And"- this time with a little hes-

itation, watching her eagerly; "you

were not unconscious, perhaps,

Another effort, and her hands go

up before her crimsoned face. But

it is because he has released them of

his own accord- because he has ta-

"What a little deceiver you are,

"What could I do?" she whispers

with her face still hidden. "I kept

still just one instant, on purpose to

try you; and then I was ashamed;

and presently I thought you had de-

"But you are not angry any more.

She lifts her eyes an instant, with

"Wild roses have ever so many

thorns, Philip; and they scratch un-

kindly sometimes. As, just see my

She holds up the pretty pink palm.

which, indeed, the thorns have torn

with them for the possession of her

hat. And Philip put his lips to the

"If they do hurt, Rose, you can

my Rose-my sweet, wild Rose?"

serted me, and I was angry."

a flashing smile.

tiny wound.

when I had you in my arms?"

ken her again into his ar:ns.

hat, which he carries in his hand.

"Rose -Miss Osborne!"

springs up, looking for her hat.

find her here, if he should come.

hand, and then bethinks herself:

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LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY, 28, 1876.

NO. 37.

A Wild Rose.

BY MISS C. V. MAITLAND,

She stands pulling at them from the wayside hedge - the wild, sweet roses-heaping them in the coarse straw hat that swings upon her arm. She looks like one of them herself, with her gay young face and her pink cheeks, and the careless grace of all her movements.

Her slim young figure sways to and fro as she reaches up after some higher bough, after much the same light fashion in which the summer wind was swaying that bough At least, so the young man thinks, who has stood still to watch

He had come up the lane in the opposite direction from that which she is facing; and she has not heard his footstep on the grassy margin, drawing near to her. He con es and stands close by, with only the white elder boughs between, and vet she does not know it.

She is humming a gay little song as she reaches up after the bright blossems, standing on tip-toe on the hedge-row bank, her small foot printed in the moss.

It gives but a treacherous standing place, that mossy bank, and once or twice she has all but slipped, and has just kept her balance without catching at the thorny branches overhead. But she has not enough roses yet; she reaches out for more, still singing-

"Every lassie has her laddie-None, they say, have I!"

is tying it down as she comes forward, passing him with a formal When suddenly her foot slipped little bow. The broad brim halfagain; she wavers for a moment, conceals her tace, but does not delike the rosy bough the wind has bar her from a furtive glance at snatched out of her reach; she puts him and at the dripping hat, half out two little frightened hands, dropping from his careless hold. grasping at air, and falls-

Into some one's strong armsagainst some one's breast! She is too startled to find voice

it, then? Had he not meant to de sert her, after all? to cry aloud. She struggles faintly She stands still, and looks up at for an instant, then she lies quite him. And he-he tosses the dripstill there in his arms. ping hat aside upon the grass and

"Rose-Rose!"

comes to her, and takes her two She does not answer-makes no hands in his own. movement -- and the young fellow "Rose, Rose, will you still be anwho has caught her thus is startled gry with me because of that foolish by the silence. quarrel last week? I cannot quar-

"Rose-my darling Rose!" And still she does not speak, she does not move

Her head is drooping helplessly against his shoulder; her upturned face is very white and still-not whiter than that of the man bent over her. What harm can this slight fall have done to her?

"Is she dead-dead?" he asks himself, with an awful dread in his eyes, "Will she ever come out of this strange swoon?"

The doubt is more than he can bear. He gathers her closer to his breast again; he covers the soft, upturned face with kisses, before he lays her gently down upon the grass and turns sharply round a bend in the !ane, whence the tinkle of an unseen brooklet rings out through the stillnes of the summer morning.

He turns round the bend, without another look, fearing to glance upon

the face that is so pale. That is so pale? That was so, rather. For it is not a white rose any longer, but crimson as any angry giant of battles.

The girl has turned her head very noiselessly, and glances after him as he passes round the bend in the road. Then, as soon as he is out of sight she springs to her feet with a swiftness which does not hint

much of a late swoon.

"To think that he should have gone away and left me so!" she is saying vehemently to herself. "If we did quarrel last week, and if I was angry and did tell him it was all over between us-yet to think he should have left me so! Why, I might die, just lying here, for aught he'd know. I wish I could- I wish

She dashes a way the passionate | ertion,

A polite way of putting it-Troubled with a chronic judisposition to ex-

always heal the wound-so!"

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

Success is alwayes worshiped by the crowd, and yet that same crowd invariably manifest satisfaction when success is changed to defeat.

How greedity the reports of robberies and defalcation; and crimes of every description, are seized upon by the public. It would almost seem as and snatch, too, at her dress, as she | 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 at last, and lifting up a face which 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; She has put her own hat on, and "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 | de odder side.' 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 conundrum's 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 vellow legs and some hadn't? ·Because it's so; and I'd like to see anybody help theirselves!"

KATE THORN. A Blush

What is there more mysterions than a blush, that a single word or took, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of the summer sun-et? 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, wherein 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 indellible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cow ardice and passion leave their traces a little, while she was struggling 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 husband telegraphed to his wife: What have you for breakfast, and how s the baby?" The answer came "Buckwheat cakes and the measles." of openness when he smiles."

A PEW 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 inspped out carefully, with the view of making the best possible use of it, and foster a love for honorable in dustry 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 glopey on vice and that which makes no good returns.

It is 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 the you can dispose of it with better judg-

When the aged oak sends forth it 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 atter its aged friend and mature to tuture worth and beauty.

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

Nothing so much destroys our peace f mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his, Hans, where do you live?" "Aerost

de river mit de turnpikes by der school

as you go up mit der right hand on HONEYMOON- A month in which many appear to exha st all the sweets of matrimony, so as to have none left

for the rest of their married life, 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,

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.

PARTINGTON ON DEFICIT.-The newspapers state that a well-known banker of Paris bas 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.

An exchange asks. "If there's a place for everything, where is the place for a boil? ' 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

"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!"

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

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

"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, "Wa'al," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yeon may call a hansum

Threads of Gold.

Mans' chief wisdom consists in

being sensible of his follies. A grand safe guard for doing right is to hate all thal 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. Fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of

a fine face, and make its decay invisi-None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxeombs who are on the best

terms with themssives.

All the interest of a nation depend 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 .- Chesterfleld, Harmless mirth is the best cor-

dial against the consumption of the

spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it tresposseth not in quantity, quality, or season. Whosoever is afraid of submit ting any question, whether civil or religious, to the test of free discus-

sion, is more in love with his own opicion 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 fully, 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 dijest 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 forgive-

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 | tained in dealing nearer home. eems but a dull reflection-itself broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is hely.

A MASTER BUILDER,-To be 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. oritter, but he's got a great deal of This we think makes the great difference between those two classes,

FRANKLIN COURIER

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FRANKLIN COUNTY:

In the Superior Court.

Tom Brame Plaintiff) Complaint Against For Milly Brame Def'd't. Divorce.

It sppearing to the satisfaction of tie Court that Milly Brame the Defendant above named, cannot after due deligence be found within the State of North Carolins: It is there. fore, ordered, that publication of the summons in this cause, 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 1870, then and there to answer the compleints, 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 said complaint at said term, the Plaintiff will apply to the Corut for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal ot said Court the 23d day of June

A. D. 1876. W. K. DAVIS, Clerk Superior Court. Franklin Co., N. C.

S. A. Stevens & Co.

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refer to the public generally. We are Agents and keep on hand a large assortment of Pianos and Parlor Organs at Manufacturs prices,

rend for Circular. ер. 11-у

At a metting of the Board of County Commissioners of Franklin County on

the 3rd day of april 1876. The fol lowing 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 lat

day of April 1873, 2nd. All persons holding orders is sued 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 parties holding such orders, who refuse to so present them are hereby potified that the Statute of limitation will be pleaded in bur of their recov-

P. B. HAWKINS, Chairman, J. B.TUCKER, Clerk,