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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. Dalloway, 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.

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LETTER HEADS,

ENVELOPES,

CARDS,

What is Work?

The following is really among Mark Twain's best stories:

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, aunt Polly, is by that sternly-affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden. The world seemed a hollow mockery to Tom, who had planned fun for that day, and who knew that he would be the laughing-stock of all the boys as they came past and saw him set to work like a "nigger." But a great inspiration burst upon him, and he went tranquilly to work.—What that inspiration was will appear from what follows.

One of the boys, Ben Rogers, comes by and pauses, eating a particularly fine apple. Tom does not see him. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

"Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside him.—Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap! You got to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben! I wasn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd rather work, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered, carelessly:

"Well may be it is, and may be it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on 'that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ken stopped nibbling his apple.—Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again—Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he altered his mind.

"No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence, I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't."

Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful. I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, may be two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No; is that so? Oh, come now—lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but aunt Polly—Well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him, Sid wanted to do it, but she would not let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say, I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben. Now don't; I'm afeared—"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance on his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangling his legs, munching his apple, and planning the

slaughter of more innocents.

There was no lack of material. Boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash.

By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on and so on, hour after hour.

And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of Jewsharp, a piece of blue-bottle glass to look through, a spool-cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door knob, a dog-collar, but no dog, the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good idle time all the while; plenty of company, and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or boy covet a thing it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this article, he would now have comprehended that work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling nine-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement.

There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line in the summer, because the privilege cost them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work, and then they would resign.

Changes in Inclination.

Some time ago there lived in our city, says the Waco (Texas) Patron, a young gentleman and lady who, for convenience sake, we will call Ned and Kitty. They were frequently seen together exhibiting unmistakable evidences of tender attachment which was fast leading them toward a vortex of matrimony.

Buggy riding was a favorite pastime with the young lovers, and there was scarcely a woodland glen or a prairie flower for miles around here that did not, at some time, witness their happy love-making, as they rode by, or stopped a moment to bill and coo and exchange vows.

When the young man wanted a buggy he invariably wrote about as follows, to the livery man:

Mr. M.—Please send the narrow seated buggy to my door, at 5 o'clock P. M., and oblige yours, NED.

P. S.—If you can't send the narrow seated buggy, don't send any.

NED.

In the course of time they were married, and a few weeks after the event transpired Ned presented himself at Mr. M.'s office and told him that he wished to take Mrs. Ned to the country for a few days' recreation, and desired him to get ready a buggy.

"All right, old boy; I'm glad to see you round again, and I can let you have your favorite buggy."

"Which?"

"Why, the narrow-seated rig, of course."

"Never mind it, Mr. M.; that one will do," and he pointed to a buggy that two persons might have sat in with a yard's space between them.

The New School Director.

Mr. Timothy Search was highly elated over his election to the vacant chair in the School Board of his district, and he at once began to take a great interest in educational affairs. He wanted plain teaching, he said; didn't want any high-falutin' learning forced upon the scholars, and declared that he would kick the first teacher out of the school-house who attempted to stuff the children with any new fangled notions.

Therefore, the new director was started when his most promising son told him that the teacher proposed to introduce Algebra into the school.

"What kind of a study is that?" asked Mrs. Search. "Timothy, I'll be bound that it's some outlandish book that Dominic has writ. My son's brains shan't be stuffed with it!"

"Doesn't the sound of the name tell you what kind of a study it is?" answered Search. "Why, it's the history of a new fangled animal related to the zebra, I suppose. Blamed if he shall teach it in this school district!"

The very afternoon the new director visited the school for the first time. He was graciously received by the new teacher, who was listening to a class in geography.

"I understand, sir, that you want to introduce the history of the Algebra into this school?" said Search.

"I had thought of doing so."

"Had thought of it, eh? Well, let it go no further than that. I don't want my children to know anything about such outlandish animals. The Algebra may run wild in his native country; but we don't want him troubling the children in our schools, that we don't."

"But, Mr. Search, the new study will assist the scholars in mathematics."

"See here, that's thin. If I would read the history of the rhinoceros, could I subtract any better than I do? Would the biography of the giraffe enable me to multiply with more facility? Now, sir, answer these questions, and tell me how the history of Algebra could advance the children in an arithmetic?"

"You misunderstand me, sir," said the teacher. "Algebra is not an animal!—no more than hydrostatics."

"Hydro-thunder!" exclaimed Search. "I suppose you'd like to introduce acrimenities into the school. With my consent no tom-foolery shall be taught in this district. The algebra is as much an animal as gyasutus is, and if I hear another word about teaching its history to our scholars, I'll be blamed if you can't leave."

"Sir, I regret that we differ. What shall I teach?"

"Teach good common sense, sir," said Search; "teach that this world is flat, as reason and our eyesight tell us. We don't want any round worlds swingin' on nuthin' in this district, and we don't care if the sun is ninety-five millions miles off. Teach the boys that Andy Johnson was a better man than Columbus, and if I hear that you try to make them believe that Martin Van Buren was elected President honestly, I'll be blamed if you can't leave this district. We had a feller teachin' here one who talked about Cromwell, Bed-dock, and a lot of other old Romans, and I worried the d'rectors till they turned him off. You needn't teach the girls anything in particular; they learn too fast anyhow. The other teacher filled their heads full of Cleo—somebody, till they called the boys Antony and Caesar. We want good, solid education. If you know how old Croscas made his money, tell the boys, but don't stuff their heads full of the filthy habits of the algebra, or any other wild beast. The show business is not payin' this summer, and we don't want our boys to be Barnums and Dan Rices—You might tell them how Ben Franklin caught thunder and lightning in a bottle, for that is scientific, but tell them to keep away from walnut tress in a thunder storm."

"You've no objection to me teaching a little hygiene?"

"I have, sir. No new-fangled doctrines in this school, I tell you. No high gene and no low gene, but if you want to introduce Robinson Crusoe into the school, I'll assist you. But no such studies as algebra and high gene while I'm director. After 'while you'll want to teach that the earth isn't half as big as the sun. Darn your highfalutin' stuff!"

The teacher has a hard row to hoe in Timothy's district, and he doesn't teach algebra either.

A Touring Pilgrim.

One of our Mississippi exchanges tells the followin, and being assured that the story as related is true, with hundreds of other curious people we would like to know the name of the "touring pilgrim."

It was a clear, bright day, when the young drummer—who was making his first tour through the South—was seen smiling complacently on a fair damsel sitting at his left and diagonally opposite him, on the 3 30 southbound train from Memphis, on the M. & T. Railroad.

She was fair and beautiful to behold, as he thought, when he approached her thus:

"My good lady, it seems that you are traveling alone."

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," said the drummer, "nothing gives me more true pleasure than to play the gallant to the fair sex, who, like yourself, are companionless; and if I do not presume too much I will be happy to be your escort as far as we travel together."

"How far are you going?" she said.

"To Grenada," was the reply.

"I shall go that far myself."

"Well, then, surely we will have quite a nice ride together."

"But pray, sir, if I am not too impertinent, may I ask what sort of a business you are in?"

"Oh, not at all, my fair lady; with pleasure, I can say that I am a touring pilgrim for a commercial house in Louisville, Ky."

They sped on at the rate of twenty miles an hour, easily engaged in conversation, until they arrived at Station 15. By this time he had changed his seat to the one directly behind hers.—When the train stopped their eyes fell upon a poor-looking donkey, when he, thinking to make the young lady blush, was heard to say:

"Fair lady! I having been raised in a city, and totally unacquainted with the different animals that inhabit the country, will you please tell me what sort or kind of an animal that is over the way there? at the same time pointing his finger at the donkey."

She replied by making a mischievous wink at her father, who has not long since taken a seat near enough to hear the conversation.

"I, too, have been raised in a city, and am like you, unacquainted with the animals that inhabit the country; but if I would be left to judge, I would emphatically say, from his silly look, and long ears, he must be a touring pilgrim for a commercial house in Louisville, Ky. Don't you think so, papa?"

"I do, I do, my daughter."

The drummer wilted, and has not been heard from since.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

The difficulty of defining an offence in the eye of the law is well illustrated by the following anecdote, which is related of a mayor of Folkestone, England, who bore the nickname of old Steady Baker. A boy was brought before him for stealing gooseberries. Baker turned over "Burn's Justice," but not being able to find the article he wanted in the book, which is alphabetically arranged, he lifted up his spectacles, and addressed the culprit thus:—

"My lad, it is very lucky for you, instead of stealing gooseberries, you are not brought here for stealing a goose; there's a statute against stealing geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in all 'Burn'; so let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offence."

Scouring Away His

A young man, born of poor but honest parents, went to see his mother heart on Thursday night. Her youngest brother, during the "priming interval," entertained the base as follows:

"Sis says she's got 'er shake you she is!"

"Ahl!" exclaimed the astonished young man.

"Yes, she is; she's got you down on the alate for a gran' bounce, she has!"

"Why, how?"

"Well, (ah, the ain't no use for you to claw dictionary 'bout it neither cause ther ain't no discount on Sis—she's a he ole gal when she starts!"

"My goodness, gran'!"

"She sees she goes out with you an' tramps 'round Jess in loosecons as some ole married con, so when yer trunk it ain't ter nuthin' but cheap ole sody water at er nickle a quart!"

The man sighed and reached for a fan.

"She see she wants a feller that's got sum stile about him an' kin set up a square meal for his gal when he takes her a galivantin', she does!"

The young man rummaged for his handkerchief.

"I tell yer wot it is, boss, my sis ain't no alouch, an' when she gits a crank in her head she grinds it wuss nor our ole rickety coffee mill. She's gon' for yer, an' she'll tell all the other gals ter shoot the miss, an' yer jess but they'll do it, 'cause they can't go back on sis—not mach!"

The young man was climbing down the front steps.

Just then sis entered, and Johnnie explained how he had "giv' the ole dugout a big wabble."

But Johnnie's opinion since his daddy' let go of him, is that, if he had been Sittin' Bull during the performance, he would now be sore in a different locality.

How the Story was Told.

A Dresden correspondent narrates, with unmistakable feminine zest, that there was an "audience of one hundred and twenty spectators," many of whom were ladies, at a case of cremation there.

Two bodies were burned for their delectation. The iron doors swung open, the corpses were slid in, and then through a thick glass door, "the audience of spectators" silently watched the process of incineration. "The play of flames over the bodies" gave rise to some little murmurs of applause but when the dark masses, like burnt roast beef, were succeeded by masses of brownish coals through which the white ribs and skulls showed grimly, a breathless silence of admiration held them all. Then the tamping was knocked out of the doors and the ashes sifted out and passed round the audience on silver for inspection the ladies examining it minutely with more than one snuff.

The lady who writes this adds at the bottom of her letter that she forgot to say that the bodies were those of a Newfoundland dog and cat. They, however, represented human bodies, and she says, with a genuine sigh, "but the experiment was so satisfactory as if they had been humans"

Not Much Ahead.

During the parade on Decoration day there was a great crowd around the City Hall, an old man with a straw hat made in 1836 took it upon him to push people back.

"Stand back! stand back!" he exclaimed. "None of you went to war!"

There was a young man who wouldn't stand back. He said he had been a warrior and had rights.

"I was at Bull Run!" shouted the old man—"where were you?"

"I was at Bunker Hill!" yelled the young man flourishing his fist around.

"Waal, you needn't bowlow so loud," remarked the old chap, standing back himself. "It was only one day ahead of Bull Run!"