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VOL. 3.

ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, March 17, 1887.

NO. 29.

Person Co. Courier,

Published Every Thursday

BY HACKNEY & NOELL,

ROXBORO, N. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy One Year \$1.50

One Copy Six Months .75

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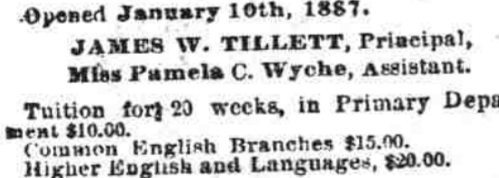
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D. J. FULLEA, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Roxboro, N. C. When not professionally engaged I can be found at my residence, which is the old hotel building and the house recently occupied by George Barnett.

THE SPRING TERM OF ROXBORO ACADEMY Open to Both Sexes. Opened January 10th, 1887. JAMES W. TILLET, Principal, Miss Pamela C. Wyche, Assistant. Tuition for 20 weeks, in Primary Department \$10.00. Common English Branches \$15.00. Higher English and Languages, \$20.00.

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The Great American TOBACCO ORDERING APPARATUS. WRITE FOR CIRCULARS AND PRICES TO LEWIS BLOUNT, Manufacturers and Sole Agents, Central Iron Works, Durham, N. C. April 27-17

BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF, JOB!

VERY ILL. Name, oh, doctor! name your feet! Ask— I'll pay whatever it be!

Skill like yours, I know comes high. Only do not let me die; Get me out of this, and I Cash will ante, instantly!

CONVALESCENT. Cut, oh, doctor, cut that fee! Cut, or not a dime from me; I am not a millionaire, But I'll do what's square; Only make a bill that's fair, And I'll settle presently.

WELL. Book, oh, doctor, book your feet! Charge— I'll pay it fully, When the crops all by are laid, When every other bill is paid, (Or when of death afraid) I'll pay it—grudgingly.

The Defendant's Accomplice.

During the month of February, 1853, Seth Damon, of Acton, instituted an action at law against Gabriel Butterworth, of the same town, for the recovery of thirty thousand dollars, of which he claimed that said Butterworth had defrauded him. The circumstances were these:

Butterworth owned and kept the principal store in Acton, and though he had never been regarded as an exemplary gentleman, his honor in business had not been impugned. Those who had the faculty of looking upon the undercurrents of human actions decided that he was a man not bound by honor, but who understood the laws of self-interest too well to be guilty of small meanness in business. What he was capable of doing on a grand scale was mooted until the occurrence of which I am about to speak.

Seth Damon had removed from Edson to Acton in the fall, and had purchased the iron works. Shortly after concluding the purchase he had a payment of thirty thousand dollars to make, and late on Saturday afternoon he arrived from New York with the money, part of it in bank notes, and part of it in gold. When he arrived he found that the purses to whom the money was to be paid had left town, and would not return till Monday. Mr. Butterworth had the only reliable safety vault in town, and to Mr. Butterworth Damon took the thirty thousand dollars, asking permission to lodge it in his vault over the Sabbath, which permission was readily and cheerfully granted.

During Sunday night the people of the village were aroused by the alarm of fire; and upon starting out it was found that the alarm came from Butterworth's store, but Mr. Butterworth had been active. He had discovered the fire in season and with the assistance of his boys had put it out before much damage had been done. Upon looking over the premises it was found that the fire had not only been the work of an incendiary, but that it had been set in several different places.

"How fortunate," "that I discovered it in season." But very soon another discovery was made. The safety-vault had been broken open, and every dollar it had contained stolen away! Here was alarm and consternation, Gabriel Butterworth seemed fit to go crazy.

"For myself I care not," he cried. "A few hundreds were all I had in there; but my friend, he had a great sum!"

Immediately search for the robber, or robbers, was instituted, and word was sent far and near to all sheriffs and their deputies, and to the police of the cities. Now, it had so happened that on that very Sunday evening, or I may say Sunday night, I, John Watson, had been returning from my brother's, in Dunstable. I had left my hired team at the stable, and on my way to my boarding house I passed the store of Mr. Butterworth. In the back yard of the store was a horse-trough, and, being thirsty, I stepped around that way to get a draught of water. As I stooped to drink at the spout of the fountain I saw a gleam of light through a crevice in the shutters of one of the store windows. Curiosity impelled me to go and peer through; for I wondered who could be in there at that hour of a Sunday night. The crevice was quite large,

made by a wearing away of the edges of the shutters where they had been caught by the hooks that held them back when open, and through it I looked into the store. I looked upon the wall within which the safety-vault was built, and I saw the vault open, and I saw Gabriel Butterworth at work therein. I saw him put large packages into his breast pocket and I saw him bring out two or three canvas bags, and set them upon the floor by the door that opened toward his dwelling. As I saw him approaching this outer door a second time I thought he might come out, and I went away. It was an hour afterward that I heard the alarm of fire. And it was not until the following morning that I heard of the robbery of the safe.

I was placed in a critical position but I had a duty to perform. I went to Mr. Damon, and told him what I had seen; and also gave him liberty to call upon me for my testimony in public when he should need it. Until I should be called upon I was to hold my silence.

While the officers were hunting hither and thither Mr. Damon kept a strict watch upon the movements of Mr. Butterworth, and at length detected him in the act of depositing a large sum of money in a bank in Buffalo. His action immediately followed, and Butterworth was arrested. This is the way matters stood when I was summoned to appear before the grand jury at Wiltonburg. I went there in company with Mr. Damon, and secured lodging at the Sabine house. It was a small inn, well and comfortably kept, and frequented by patrons of moderate means. There were two public houses of more fashionable pretensions in the place.

It was an afternoon of Monday, the 14th day of February, that I took quarters at the Sabine house, and after tea I requested the land lord to build a fire in my room, which he did; and he also furnished me with a good lamp. It was eight o'clock, and I sat at the table engaged in reading when some one rapped at my door. I said "Come in," and a young man named Laban Shaw, entered, bringing his carpet bag in his hand. This Shaw I had known very well as a clerk of Gabriel Butterworth, but I had never been intimate with him from the fact that I had never liked him. He must have seen the look of displeasure upon my face, for he quickly said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Watson, I don't mean to intrude. I have come down to be present at the examination tomorrow—summoned by Butterworth's man, of course—and I got here too late to get a room with a stove in it; and, worse still, I must take a room with another bed in it, and with a stranger for company. And so, may I just warm my fingers and toes by your fire, and leave my carpet bag under your bed?"

So laughed when he spoke of the carpet bag; but yet he did not know what sort of faculty his stranger room-mate might have for getting up and walking off at night.

Of course I granted him his request and he put his carpet bag under my bed, and then set down by my stove, and we chatted sociably enough for half an hour, or more, without once alluding to the business that brought the pair of us to Wiltonburg. His conversation was pleasant, and I really came to like the fellow; and I thought of myself that I had been prejudiced against him without cause. At length he arose and bade me good-night, and went away, and shortly afterwards I retired.

I had been in bed but a little while when another rap upon the disturbed me; and to my demand of what was wanted I received answer from Laban Shaw. He bade me not to light a lamp. He had only come for his night gown. He could get it in the dark. I arose and unlocked my door and his apologies were many and earnest. He always slept in winter in a flannel night gown, and he had thoughtlessly left it in his carpet bag. He was sorry, very sorry. He had thought to try to sleep without it rather than disturb me; but his room was cold, and—

I cut him short, and told him there was no need of further apology; while he fumbled over his bag, I went to the stove to make double assurance that the fire was all right. I offered to light a match for him, but he said he had got his dress, and all was right. He then went out, and I

closed and locked the door after him, and then got back into bed. But I was not to sleep. I had been very sleepy when Shaw disturbed me; but an entirely different feeling possessed me now. First came a nervous twitching in my limbs, a "crawly" feeling, as some express it; that sensation which induces yawning and yawning, but which no amount of yawning could now subdue. By-and-by a sense of nightmare stole upon me, and, though, perfectly awake, a sense of impending danger possessed me. At length so uncomfortable did I become in my recumbent position, that I arose and lighted my lamp, resolved to replenish my fire, and dress myself as if I could read away my nervous fit.

My lamp was lighted, and as I returned to the bed side for my slippers, my attention was attracted by a string which lay upon the carpet; a string leading from the bed to the door. I stooped to examine it and found it fast at both ends. I brought the lamp, and took a more careful survey. The string was a fine silken trout line, new and strong, one end of which disappeared beneath the bed, and the other beneath the door. In my then present condition I was suspicious of evil, and my senses were painfully keen. Raising the hanging edge of the coverlet I looked under the bed. The carpet bag which Laban Shaw had left there, partly open, with the silken line leading out from it. What could it mean? Had the man accidentally carried the end of the line away with his night dress without noticing it? I drew the bag out from beneath the bed, and as I held its jaws apart I saw, within, a double barrel pistol, both hammers cocked, bright percussion caps gleaming upon the tubes, while the silken line, with double, was made fast to the triggers! And I saw that the muzzle of the pistol barrels were inserted into the end of an oblong box, or case, of galvanized iron. And I am comprehended, too, that a very slight pull upon that string might have discharged the pistol, and, therefore, that a man outside of my door might have done that thing.

For a little time my hands trembled so that I dared not touch the infernal contrivance; but at length I composed myself and went to work. First I cut the string with my knife; and then, as carefully as possible, I eased down the hammers of the pistol, after which I drew it from the iron case. I had just done this when I heard a step in the hall outside my door. Quick as thought I sprang up, and turned the key, and threw the door open; and before me, revealed by the light of my lamp, stood Laban Shaw. He was frightened when he saw me, and trembled like an aspen. I was stronger than he at any time, and now he was a child in my hands. I grasped him by the collar, and dragged him into my room; and I pointed the double barreled pistol at his breast; and I told him I would shoot him as I would shoot a dog if he gave me occasion.

He was a'flect and terrified; like a whipped cur he crawled at my feet, and begged for mercy. His master had hired him to do it with promise of great reward. It had transpired that my testimony before the jury would be conclusive of Butterworth's guilt, and Butterworth had taken this means to get rid of me. In his great terror, the poor accomplice made a full confession; and when he had told all, I released my grasp. He begged that I would let him go; but I dared not—my duty would not allow it. I rang the bell, and in time the hostler, who slept in the office, answered my summons. I sent him for an officer, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing my prisoner led safely away.

On the following day the carpet bag was taken before the grand jury, and the iron case examined by an experienced chemist assisted by an old armorer from the arsenal. It was found to contain a fulminate of mercury, mixed with bits of iron; and it was the opinion of both the chemist and the armorer that the power of the terrific explosive agent, had it been ignited, as it was placed, beneath my bed, would not only have been sufficient to blow me to atoms, but that it would also have literally and shivered to fragments all of the house above it.

And a single pull of that silken string would have been sufficient to

this horrible end! And but for my nervous waking—my incubus of foreboding—the destroyer would have come; the fatal cord would have been touched; the mine sprung; and I should have launched into eternity as upon the lightning's bolt!

And so Gabriel Butterworth did not procure the destruction of my testimony, but, through that testimony, the grand jury found cause for indictment far graver character than had at first been anticipated, and of those graver charges he was convicted. Seth Damon received back the full sum he had entrusted to the false man's care, and shortly afterward I entered into business with him; and today Seth Damon and I are partners. Laban Shaw came out from prison and went to Idaho. I have not heard from him since. Gabriel Butterworth did not live to serve out his full term of sentence.—Toronto Mail

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

WHEAT STRAW FOR FEEDING.

As the winter draws towards its close, how about your supply of clover hay? Is it giving out? Well, a word in time. Good wheat straw, as we have before stated, is not without value as a feeding material. It contains, of course, a less amount of the valuable properties, such as starch, sugar, the fat producers, than clover—and more of indigestible, woody fibre, and alone it is not relished so well by cattle. But, if cut fine, moistened well with warm water and enriched by an addition of wheat bran, corn and cotton seed meals, it will be relished by the animals, and the products in milk, butter, flesh or fat will be satisfactory. The nutritive value of the straw, by the admixture of the richer materials is economically utilized. An old farmer of Virginia, in whose skill and judgement we have confidence, writing to us of his experience in this matter says, that a few winters ago when his hay supply gave out he fell back on his straw—feeding it as above indicated, and the yield in butter was good, and the quality sufficiently excellent to command fifty cents a pounds in Washington city. This is what we call skillful feeding in contradistinction to the hap-hazard way. It is in full conformity with the certain laws of chemistry. It is one of the important ways of turning everything on a farm to account—and realizing its utmost value in solving the problem of success. Don't undervalue the straw—it is a good reserve crop.

BE GOOD TO THE YEARLINGS.

Do not neglect the yearlings. They are bred by to take the places of the present milkers. They should not be compelled to hunt about for a scanty subsistence among the poor leavings of the other stock. Scrub animals for your golden butter you surely do not want. It will not pay you to let them take such chances. Shelter them, give them thrifty living, good fodder, meal and bran. Let them set up to the big table. Use the curry comb often to smooth their coats and one these days you will not regret your trouble.

OVERHAUL THE HARNESS.

Before the busy times of spring arrive overhaul the harness of every driver, and put into serviceable condition by mending and oiling. If rigid economy be a necessity with you, as it is with very many farmers just now, and you have been blest with a share of ingenuity, you can do the mending yourself, as well as the oiling. A pound of assorted copper rivets will cost forty cents. A coil of copper sewing wire, twenty cents. Two or three dozens of assorted buckles, twenty five cents. A ball of shoe thread, ten cents. A cake of wax, three cents. Three awl blades, six cents. A punch for rivet and buckle holes, fifteen cents. A shoemaker's knife, twenty five cents. Clamp for sewing, home made. Small hammer for riveting, thirty cents, and a few pounds of harness leather, one dollar. With these cheap appliances, costing all told about three dollars, your harness may be substantially and neatly mended, and quite an outlay obviated. Your store keeper will charge you one dollar a gallon for pure neat's foot oil.

FRUIT TREE PLANTING.

Now make ready for planting the fruit trees, so that they may be well established in their places before the swelling of the buds. This is the season of early leaving out and vigorous after growth the first year. It plant-

ing out be delayed until leaves appear, the pushing out of new shoots is slow all the season. Oftentimes the effects of the late disturbance of the roots will show for years. Much depends too on the careful digging up and handling of the trees in the nursery grounds. Nurserymen who understand their business will look after this matter.

The apple, the pear, the quince and plum need rich soil—a rather heavy loam with sufficient drainage—not liable to bake. A compost of leaf mould, wood-yard scrapings, with wood ashes and bone meal added is best to use at the planting. Don't dig the hole's as if for fence posts. Let them be about a foot in depth by about two feet square. Fill the earth well among the roots—press down stake and tie. The peach should not be planted in rich ground. It gives too vigorous a growth of branches and inclines the fruit to rot.

WHEAT BRAN FOR HOGS.

A subscriber writes us: "In all our experience in hog raising, ranging through many years, I have never had a case of cholera, though the hogs were kept in close pens, which I think in a great measure attributable to liberal additions of wheat bran to the slops. Ample shelter and dry beds are indispensable."

A PRECAUTION.

It is a good habit to make a visit to the stables before retiring for the night. If you know that every animal is secure in its place, every door and gate shut, and that no careless hand has left a lantern burning, you will go to sleep better satisfied.—American Farmer.

NIGHT AIR.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved true that fully one-half of the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—Dr. Wm. H. Hale, in Health and Home.

His Loss Was Her Gain.

"Well madam," said a fashionable physician to a wealthy lady patient, "if you don't like my prescriptions, perhaps you had better try Parker's Tonic, or some other quack stuff." "You don't mean it Doctor," she answered, "but your advice may be good for all that. Sometimes what you call 'quack stuff' is the best and most scientific medicine, after all." She got a bottle of Parker's Tonic and it cured her of neuralgia arising from disordered stomach and nerves. She told her friends, and now they all keep a doctor at home in the form of Parker's Tonic.

A Skillful Flatterer.

Bob Van Stock called on a Madison avenue family, in which there are two old maiden sisters of about fifty years of age. Van Stock is an old friend of the family and one of them being in a bantering mood said:—"Mr. Van Stock, which of us do you think is the oldest?" "Van was in a dilemma. He did not like to hurt the feeling of either. He looked from one to the other, and asked, "You want me to say which of you two girls I think is the oldest?" "Just so."

"Neither of you look older than the other. Each one of you girls looks younger than the other."

Cable dispatches indicate that peace is anything but assured. Austria thinks war is more likely to come from Russia than between France and Germany, and she is making extensive preparations.

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SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, healthy result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, Knoxville, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, healthy result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, Knoxville, O.

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