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ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1887.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

NINTH ADDRESS ON THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

VOL. 3.

Home as a Test of Character, Home a Refuge, Home as a Type of Heaven, Home as a Political Safeguard, Home

BROOKLYN, March 7 .- The Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage delivered his ninth address to the heads of families, this beautiful springlike morning. The main flat and galleries, aisles and vesti-

bules were crowded when the preacher ascended the platform. After the great congregation had sung the doxology, Mr. Talmage opened the services with prayer:

"Come Lord Jesus with all thy fire to comfort us, to bless and save us. Let there be no preliminary exercises in this serbut from the first step, into the last step, may we be in the full tide of the divine blessing, and as we begun with the doxology, so may we have doxology all the way through. Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins with his own forests of America, to bring down and sketch blood, and made us kings and priests, unto the beautiful birds, and after an infinity of God forever.

O. God, we rejoice that we have been per mitted to gather this morning at the mar-riage of the King's Son; that the invitations have gone forth. We thank Thee that the chapel is so large that all nations of the earth or heaven may come in and sit at the table, one God, one faith, one baptism, one God and father and one Lord Jesus Christ, one cross, one doxology and one heaven. We thank that the invitation is so that it includes all those who are athirst, and all those who are hungry, and all those who are weary, and all those who are persecuted, and all those who are sick, and all those who are dry, and that such vast multitudes have accepted the glorious offer of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Since the wise men brought their gifts to the manger, we thank thee that so many of ship, and all art, and all literature, has come to the feet of Jesus, and that he is going to reign to the ends of the earth. Holy! most

save us from sin and death. We thank Thee that we have the honor of being the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. Thou hast given us the family name and hath promised us the family inheritance, and that here are everlasting dividends to be declared. We have no words this morning to

Now, O Father, lead us up, until we reach the shining gate and go in and join the dear ones who have preceded us into the blessed country, where there are no tears, no partings, where there can be no death; and the glory and the honor and the victory shall be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever. Amen. Mr. Talmage read for his morning lesson the Twenty-third psalm, which he called a

pastoral poem." names of persons who joined the church today. This makes a total membership 3.350 The new members were arranged n a semi-circle just under the lery and after reading the nants of the church the preacher descended to the floor and extended to the new mempers the right hand of fellowship.

This being communion Sabbath. nusical service was especially elaborate, After extending an invitation to "all who ove Christ, of whatever creed, to join in the elebration of the Lord's supper," the quarerly collection for the poor of Brooklyn was taken, and while this was being done Mr. Peter Ali, the cornetist, most beautifully rendered Gound's "There is a green hill far

Text-Mark v. 19: "Go home to thy riends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." There are a great many people longing for

a wide field of usefulness. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and wish they could have some occasion on which to display their power. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and wish they could, on some such occasion, preach righteousness and temperance and the judgment to come. All they want is the opportunity. Now, says Christ, in my text, and says Paul in other where you can illustrate all that is good and grand and glorious in Christian character. and that is the domestic circle. If one is not faithful in a small sphere he would not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter won't help the cripple at the gate he will never be able at Pentecost to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom. If Paul won't take the trouble to instruct in the way of salvation the Phillipia jailer he never will make Felix He who is not faithful in a small skirmish would not be faithful in a great

The fact is you and I are placed in the sphere where we can grandly serve God, and instead of being bothered about some sphere that we might gain after a while, we had bet-ter be absorbed in the one question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me," now and here to do. Our thoughts will this morning revolve around one word of this text, and that word is "home." If you should ask ten different mea what home is, they would give you ten at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at

in business circles is kind and peneral said unve and plausible and obliging at day long, damming back his sullenness and his irrita-bility and his discontent; but at nightfall bility and his discontent; but at nightfall when he goes home the dain bursts, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets. There are those who in public are full of plausibility, but their hearts are a swamp of nettles. Their life is a magnificent show window for a wretched stock of goods.

Their lips drop myrrh and aloes and frankincense, but they have a cowardly way of going home and dropping all the discontent and irritability in the domestic circle. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house may cast a long shadow. here are those who seem so kind and amiable and gentle in public, but who in their private life are most detestable. The reason men don't display their bad temper in public is for fear of being knocked down. They do not display their bad temper for the same reason that they do not let their note go to protest—it don't pay. For the reason they don't want men in their com-pany to sell stock too cheap—it depreciates he stock. As at surdown, sometimes, after a very sunshiny day, there may be a tem-pestuous night, so many a man in public has been a philanthropist, while in private life he has been a Nero, with respect to his slippers and his gown, Audubon, the naturalist took gun and pencil and visited all the great toil and exposure came back to Philadelphia with his manuscript complete, and he put them away in a trunk, expecting to be absent for some time to gather recreation and rest. But when he came back he found that the rate had devoured his manuscript and the work of many years, and then, without discomfiture, he again took his gun and pencil and visited all the forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. How many a man with a thousandth part of that love would have been utterly irreconcilable? Aye, some men over the loss of a pencil have blown as long

and as stout as a northeast storm. My friends, let us show plety a home. If we are not plausible, bright and kind in the domestic circle we are making a fraudulent and over-issue of stock, and are as much to blame as a bank that has four or five hundred thouand dollars of bills in circulation, but no specie in the vaults. If we have all the graces in public and none of the Christian graces in private life, then our behavior in if you had a bad home you will never get away world; or it springs from the rooty, stagpant, frog-inhabited pool of our own selfishness. What we are in our home is our rennine character—that is, the character we nave everywhere, whether we demonstrate it

Again I speak to you of home as a refuge. Life is the United States army on the nationa road to Mexico. A long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At nightfall we stack arms, we pitch the tent, we hang up the war cap, we slumber on the knapsack waiting until the morning bugle calls us to marching and to action. Oh, it is pleasant in the eventide after the victory and surprises of a day to talk it all over by the still campfires of home circle. This life is a stormy sea with shattered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, and we put into the harbor of home: that is the dry dock where we go for repairs. The candle that shines through the window of the poor man's home is the lighthouse by which he is guided into the harbor. Children go out to meet their fathers, as outside the Narrows pilots take the helm of the ship. The doorsill is the wharf where the heavy load is hited. Oh, that is the place where we can talk about what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. That is the place where we can love without being thought ungraceful, that is the place where we can express affection without being thought silly. Forlorn life-no home. Better tie. It is better; the grave is broader and more cheery than the world, with no tent for marching, with no harbor from the cyclone, with no place to rest from the sin of gouge and greed and loss and gain. God pity the

Again I speak of home as a political safe guard. The safety of the state is built on he safety of the home. Why can't France come to be a blessed republic? Why will an ndammatory placard on the stone wall in the epublic throw all Paris into consternation? cause France has not enough Christian homes yet. The Christian hearthstone shadow the home. The same storm that upsets the boat in which the family sail will tiaries and jails and armies and navies are heys of our houses are the grandest magazine of national power and strength. No home!

Again I speak to you of home as a school plow, and harrowed and reharrowed, and then grubbed. New ground requires much All your smiles of approval for your children, all your genialty and behavior will have its

as everything that is bright, and in the other case everything that is terrific.

As God may help me this morning I want to speak to you about home as the test of haracter, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school and home as the test of paint of the est of our character. Our disposition in pulmic may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play actors may be very different on the stage from what they are behind the curtain, so our private life. Private life is often public life turned wrong side out. You sometime find a merchant when the marks bad pays and bad may be very different from our public life. A dark home makes bad pays and bad may guarations auswared, "all order of many guarations auswared, "all orde

tian principles into your home. Is there in any of the homes of this congregation one family in which the voice of preyer is never heard? What, no supplication at night for protection? What, no thanksgiving in the

norning for care? What, O father and mother, will you answer to God and to judgment in regard to Jeremiah God says, "I will pour out My fury on the families that call not upon My same," and after you O father and mother, are dead and gone, and the moss covers the inscription on your tombstone, will your children be able to take up the family Bible and see the marks and tears of contrition, and tears over consoling promises; tears wept by eyes long since closed in darkness? Why, father and mother, un-less you warned your children against sin, unless you invited them to holiness and to God, unless you invited them to holiness and to God, unless you invalcated into their souls Christian principles, and they, after a while, fell into dissipation, and wandered out over the great Sahara desert of infidely, I tell you plainly that on their dying bed and in the day of judgment they will curse you. How would it be if the parents standing in the room at home saw coming out of the will the mortal and immortal history of the children. But I tell you the parent is now writing the history of the child, composing it into a song, or tuning it unto a groan. My mind runs back this morning to one of

it. Parents, the personification of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of the home long ago crumbled into lust, but shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forget the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love dies at the hearth's altar, and memory empties its urn into forgetfulness. Then, home of my early childhood, I will forget thee. Family altar; father's importunity and mother's tenderness, the voices of affection; the funerals of our dead father and mother. With interlocked arms like the interlocking branches of trees, making a perpetual harbor of love and peace and kindness, then I will forget, but not until then. Oh, you who have such an early home you will never get away from the influence of it, and

the best of early homes. Prayer hovered

I remark also that home is a type of heaven. Christ's love is home. Oh, how far He came to take us to our home. There came a time in the history of heaven when its most illustrious citizen must absent himself. He was not to go from beach to beach as you and I have often done. He was not to go from hemisphere to hemisphere as one of us have done, but he was to go from world to world out, and out, and out, and on, and on, and on, and down, and down, and down, until there was but one to greet him. Not even a hostler with his lantern went out to the King. Oh, how far he came

to take us home. How far he travelled from his home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, the astronomer tells us, and they tell us that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels in the great machinery of the heavens, and that all this machinery turns around some greater center, which is supposed to be heaven. If this is so, oh, how far from home Christ came to take us to our home, and how homesick he must have been. We have been homesick sometimes a few miles away. Christ was so far that ninety-five million miles was only a short part of the distance. You have been homesick after a few days' absence. Christ was absent from his home thirty-three years. You sometimes are homesick amid sicturesque surroundings, but Christ odged in humble cots, and was on his way from being born in another man's barn, to be buried in another man's grave. Oh, how homesick he must have been. There has been other exiles, but none like this. Abraham in exile, John in exile from Epepus, Coscruki in exile, Emmet in exile from Ireland, Victor Hugo an exile from France, Kossuth an ex-fle from Hungary; but O this expatriated our the Lord Jesus Christ. How far from His home did He come to fetch us home! I tell you, my brother and my sister, that this world is not our home; heaven is our home. No death will ever come within that gate; in all that land there will not be a single grave. Oh, what a home that will be! We parted is the corner stone of a republic with our friends at the door of the Confounded be all those babels of sepulcher; we will meet them again higuity which would overpower and over- at the door of immortality face to face. Corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. The captatone of amethyst gates of not our best national defense. The door of our home is the best fortress. Household ntensils are the best artillery, and the chimbone, let the world die in earthquakes, struggle and be buried smid falling spheres; home let infinite ages roll on in irres home, sweet home; final home; home with

God; home with the angels; home with each some day I laid down on a lounge in my culture than old ground, and all the house to rest, and my children were in the things planted there come up luxuriantly. room full of romp and hilarity and sport. While they were in there and I lying on the all your genialty and behavior will have its lounge resting, half asleep and half awake, I affect, and be reflected back from the child's dreamed this dream: I was in a far-away country. It was not Persia, althono All your adulations of temper, all your loss of equipoise, all that is trate in disposition, will make a very bad fire in the character of though more than tropical luxuriance filled will make a very bad fire in the character of your child forty years after you are dead. You unduly praise your child's intelligence, and in a little while you will find in him an and I went forth and I looked for the nettles and in a little while you will find in him an soying affectation. You unwisely praise his beauty, and before long you will find him on the chair before the flattering mirror. Children are apt to be a second edition of their parents, and it is not always a "revised" or improved edition. Abraham begat Isaac, and so good goes from generation to generation; but Herod begat a wicked son, and so infamy may be transmitted. Oh, the responsibility, the infinite responsibility of parents!

Make your home the most attractive place on the control of their holiday apparel. And then I went that the suburbs of the city to see where the dead slept, and I saw castles and temples, but at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books and devotion at the altar. Peace, hovering like spiritually on the altar. Peace, hovering like at tranquil lake pillowed on the ripples; size, the shadows.

Ask another man what home is and he will tall you it is want looking out of a poor, cheerless free grate; need and hunger in an empty bread tray; the damp air shiveting with curses; no bible on the shelf; children thueves and munderers in embryo; obscept sungs their hillaby; no wave of Sabbath voices and munderers in embryo; obscept sungs their hillaby; no wave of Sabbath voices rolling over the door sill; shadow of the inneral pile. Under these circumstances beine is an awtill word displayed with sunses; it weeps with the ruin, it chokes with woe; it sweats with the death agony of departs. The word home in one case meaning everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is bright, and in the other less everything that is terrific.

WOMAN AND HOME.

WHAT "MINE HOST" SAYS OF SUM-MER RESORT FLIRTATIONS.

Plea for Tired Mamma-A Man rtesy-Women as Employes-Vartous Hints for Parlor and Kitchen—Items

"There was that girl two years ago," mine host. "Belle of the place. Heiress, too, and full of style. Up to town no end of admirers. Couldn't do anything with her there. Female juggermant, you knew.

Every one crushed under her. Well, she came bers. So did they, and found some new admirers added to seemed flint and steel, but she did not them to I it. Now she had a kind word for thom all around her and nearly broke the other girls' hearts with envy. Ah, she was worth many a dollar to me!"

"And how did it all come out?" "O! I was forgetting. Three of the young were the favorites—all friends, all equally matthed -and it was hard to say who would win. It was neck-and-neck with them all over it. Peace, like an atmosphere, was in

"And who won?" "A dark horse. No one would believe it. She met him here—total stranger, and neither bright nor chipper. But he had a knack of laying around and carrying things for her and talking about matters women know most about. He never seemed to be playing the lover at all. But somehow he made himself indispensable. So she married him." Mine host puffed his cigar reflectively and

"I've noticed that to be the case often Constant companionship does more to bring people to the altar than anything else. That's the reason so many matches are made in the country. You see in town when people meet in society they only come together at reunions and entertainments. Down here they live under one roof, walk together, read together, eat together. They feel as though they belonged to one family. What wonder that they make the feeling a reality? The country beats all for breaking down little social inequalities and making people familiar with one another. In one week strangers are on closer terms here than they would be in a year in town.

"Then you have had a good many romantic matches, and all that?" "It you meas by romantic matches mar-riages between kitchen maids and fairy princes or that sort of thing, I must say we haven't had any of them. And, believe me, no one has. That sort of thing is pretty well played out. The people who g summer resorts know what's what. mance is all right if it's backed up by dollars. But without them it has a hard road to travel. I know a good deal about this sort of thing. I'm often made a confident, you know. Well, nine times out of ten the amorous swain or lovesick maiden hasn't an inquiry to make about the good character or eminent qualities of each other, But they are dying to know just how the old foiks are fixed. That's just where your summer-time flirtations stumble. Given fair chance, they would likely enough lead to the altar. But incompatibility in purse rather than in character blocks the game There doubtless is truth in mine host's words. Many a dream that was woven in in the balmy air of the mountain or see seemed crystalizing into a reality, has been shattered by the cold, calculating spirit of e counting-room and the mercenary teachings of society. The season is over. Its fruits are yet to be seen.

"Mamma Always Does That."

Rose Geranium. It was "mending hour," Some of the "nev firls" were finding the exercise peculiarly listasteful, but Madame Dupois was fixed n her decrees. The young ladies of her-school were required to spend a stated time every Saturday morning in the sewing-room. Rents and frays discovered in their articles of wearing apparel were made to figure darkly in their term reports. Hallie sat gloomily regarding a hug-chasm that yawned in the skirt of her gray

"I shall not attempt it! I will put th iress away until vacation and have it re Je sie Wolf, intent upon her darning, sud ienly looked up.
"Aud who will mend it then?"

"Oh, mamma always looks after my cloth ing. I never mended a stocking in all my life until I came to this delectable place. don't expect to make my way through the world upon my domestic merits."
"It seems to me," continued Jessie, with often as you have told us you are being educated through your mother's efforts, you rould feel inclined to take as much as pos sible from her list of duties,"

"Oh, you dear little preacher! Mending mounts to nothin: Those things all come natural to mothers' "Then if it amounts to nothing, I'd sug gest that you complete your present speci-men. If I had a mother, I'd save up some-thing nicer than a torn dress to take home to her next Docember. Now, we all a limit that you are the best musician in school, girl who reserves her fingers for practice and condemns her mother's task-work don't

deserve anything.

she tragically cried. "I am convinced, and further rhetoric is like sweetness poured upon the ground. I hadn't thought of it in the light you have suggested. Let it compensate you to know that mamma shall never mend for me again, and in testimony thereof I shall proceed to the repairs of this

Dear girls, how many are there of you who "haven't thought" that mamma is robbing herself of many little spaces of rest, that she is straining the nerves and the eyes that need quiet, that she is depriving herself of the refreshing walk or the new magazine, that she is slowly, quietly, impercentibly, but surely, slipping down into her coffin, as the only place of refuge from too many trifles that are growing into a heavy load?

There is the rent in the gown, there are the buttons from the shoe, the string from the hat, the rip in the glove, the score of trifles that will accumulate; book for them. Don't let mamma do for you what you can do for yourselves.

Bouquets at Mrs. Loritlard's Ball. [Newport Cor. Boston Transcript.]

There have been several superb balllately. Mrs. Lorillard's, at "The Breakers," was perhaps the most notable of the season.
The florists taxed their ingentity to the inmost in making banquets. The most novel
one was a large because of my leaves. Cannada Cannet Bait Us.

A correspondent wants to know what the trouble is between Canada and the United States on the fishery question. Of course various hightoned reasons are given by the State Department which nobody can understand, but the real truth is that the whole affair has grown out of a dispute as to whether it does any

It is the duty of every person who has used Boschee's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumptions anyere Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonts, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No Person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the the poor, dying comsumptive, at least to try a bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was report ed. Such a medicine as German Syrup cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bota tles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cects. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers, in the United States and

Northern Politicians on Southern Statesmen

We referred recently to the absurlity of putting Nortern politician to work on the lives of Southern Statesmen. It is not much better when Germans undertake the same work. The so called life of Calhoun by Von Holtz was a one-sided work, full of prejudice and misresentation. We see it announced that Carl Schurz has written a life of Lienry Clay for the same series publishing by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Schurz is a man of distinguished ability and is not unfamili r with American politics, but he is a republican and he may or he may not be ridden by COUNTY PAPER, prejudices. Southern mea would be wise not to harry to put their money in books of this kind. Those of the series we read were unsatisfactory, both as biographies and discussions of political history. - Wilming-

That Durty Dandruff

Daddruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way. It soils the clothing continually and is accompanied by a hardly less annoying sensation of itching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in the world so thoroughly edapted to this irouble as Parker's Hair Balsam. It cleanses and heals the scalp, stops the falling hair and restores its original softness, gloss and color. Is not oily, highly perfumed, an elegant dressing. Very economical, as only a small occasional application keeps the hair in perfect con-

A Republican Congressman tells a western paper that the business of the country has prospered under a Dem ocratic administration. His name was withheld, it is presumed, for fear that some Republican will charge him with highway robbers, burglary or arson .- Albany Argus.

The removal of Professor Sanborn of N. H., after being pronounced in curable by a score of physicians from Los Vagas, N. M., to his home was effected by administering Dr. Harter's Lion Tonic, which has restored him to his former good health.

Fishing is good in some of the paybus near the city, but the diffiand of course we expect you to carry off the bonors; but I candidly declare that a culty is in finding an unoccupied fish. Usually two colored persons it in tront of every fish, and the fishes seem to be making fip their mind which one they will fayor with a bite .- New Orleans Picayune.

> In chronic diseases; medicines should be restoring, and not debilitate ing, in their action. The wonderful trengthening and curative effects, realized from the use of Ayer's Sar. ONE YEAR saparilla, sustain the reputation of this remedy as the most popular blood purifier.

The story of Dives and Lazarus will, after the next presidential election, fit the case of the Sun-"and i hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." The best place for the Sun is among the dogs and socerers Atl the news of the County will be givand idolators, and they that love to lie on the outside of the Democratic fold .- Courier Journal

Person Co. Courier,

Published Every Thursday

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Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Swents and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarseparille. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their nor

condition, and for purifying, enrichi Failing Health. Ten years ago my health began to f

I have used Aver's Sarsaparlie, in my family, for Scrotula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as atome, as well as an atoriative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

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