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The Convict's Daughter.

In the year 186— John Harlow started for San Francisco, Cal., on a tour of recreation from a long course of legal study. Nothing of special note occurred to relieve the tediousness of his journey; he arrived at his destination much shattered and fatigued. Immediate rest was needed so he sought a boarding-house in a dull, quiet part of the city, and for some days enjoyed the seclusion and rest he stood so much in need of. His meals were brought to his room, and therefore he had no opportunity to make the acquaintance of his fellow-boarders. The house was run by a matronly-looking woman named Wentworth, whose only weakness seemed to be her voluble tongue. However, she atoned somewhat for this in the excellent quality of her menu, and, as this is the paramount object sought for in a boarding-house, whatever failings she possessed in the eyes of her tenants were graciously overlooked.

Her daughter, a comely young girl of seventeen years, assisted her in the household duties and at evening usually entertained the house with pleasant music on the piano. One evening as Harlow was enjoying a fragrant Havana in his room and musing retrospectively over old scenes and faces, the soft plaintive strains of a delicate but musical voice seemed to emanate from the parlor below. There was something in the tone of the voice that told him he had never heard it there before. The air spoke volumes of sadness and breathed such pathos and distress that he turned involuntarily in his chair, and noting in the mirror at the other side of the room what a change it had wrought in his features, jumped up suddenly and was about to shut out the voice from his hearing, when it suddenly stopped. The music had piqued his curiosity. He would know the owner of that pathetic voice.

The chatting of two women below told him that some lady friend of Bertha—Mrs. Wentworth's daughter—was probably paying her a friendly visit. He dressed himself hastily and repaired to the parlor, where, under the pretext of wishing to be called early in the morning, he had opportunity of speaking to Bertha. She seemed pleased to be of service to him and invited him in. The Rubicon passed, he was soon engaged in delectable conversation with Cora Lane, to whom he had been introduced by Bertha.

Of all fair faces he had ever seen here was the fairest. There was an air of melancholy suffusing the entire features that seemed in keeping with the sad, blue eyes, the expression of which completely charmed him. Something indefinable in her sweet, gentle manner, felt its way into his breast and caused it to beat with rapture. He could have sat for hours and contemplated her lovely face, so great was his infatuation.

That night as he lay on his couch, with the picture of one fair face engrossing his every thought, he felt, he knew, that Cora Lane was the only woman he would ever love. It was late the next morning when he arose, despite the fact that Bertha had done his bidding.

His first impulse was to rush to her and learn all she knew of Cora, but better judgment prevailed. He concluded to ascertain through quiet inquiries all he could about his new-found love. Bertha, however, anticipated him. She saw, with a woman's quickness, the profound look of admiration on his visage as he sat gazing at her friend the night previous, and intuitively surmising that he wished to know something of her friend, told him of her own accord all that she knew.

"Cora was employed as a saleslady in a millinery establishment. She was twenty years old, was supposed to be an orphan, and came originally from the east."

This was all Bertha knew of her, although she dwelt eloquently on her amiable manners and goodness of heart.

Every night for two weeks Harlow saw his love safely home, but not as an escort. He could not nerve himself to meet those great blue eyes, for he felt that the venture would lead him to a passionate avowal of the love that was surging against his heart like a vast billow. No, he must strive to beat down the vehement attachment that was almost

consuming him and let time shape his fortune.

Harlow had passed two evenings at the house of Cora, and each time he sat eyes on her some new-born charm revealed itself to his enamored vision. A certain air of constant reserve in her demeanor swayed down all efforts on his part to divulge the dictates of his heart. In the mellow gaze that wreathed her face at times conveyed to his mind the looks of reciprocal affection, its relaxation into a moody, apathetic stare dispelled the felicitous thought. Still, his manner and conversation appeared to please and entertain her, and at times she grew eloquent in her responses.

One gentle moonlight evening, when the stars dotted the vaulted heavens with unwonted brilliancy and bracing breezes stole softly through the trees and flowers, bringing with them the invigorating influence of a balmy evening in May, Harlow unbosomed his heart to her. He told her in impassioned tones of his adoration; how life without her would be a dismal blank; how he had watched her night after night, and felt happy to know that he was close to the woman whom he loved; how eagerly he had looked forward to the time when he could tell her all. She listened demurely, with downcast eyes, but uttered not a word. That she did not remonstrate with him reconciled him to the belief that the affection was mutual. At last she spoke and her melodious voice thrilled him with delight.

She told him she dearly loved him, loved him for his kindness to her; that ever since she first saw him his image was indissolubly mingled with her day-dreams; every moment in his presence seemed an hour of happiness to her.

These endearing words threw off the restraint he had sustained, and in the ardency of his fondness he drew her to his side, and repeatedly kissed the pale, upturned lips.

"Cora, you will be my wife," he said, looking down upon her with unspeakable joy, as if the answer he sought was already his.

She drew herself gently from his embrace and the gaze in her lovely eyes appeared to pass over him to space beyond. She spoke as if in a dream.

"That can never be," she uttered, at the same time throwing her arms about him and sobbing bitterly, as if in deep anguish.

To be refused by a woman who had just avowed herself in love seemed a strange anomaly to him. A hundred conjectures filled his brain at that moment. Was her heart preoccupied. Was there a man on earth who adored Cora Lane more than he did? Why could she not be his wife? "Don't ask me why, John. It is better if we see each other no more. Forgive me if I make you unhappy, but it can never be; to be your wife would only bring sorrow and distress to our home."

Her enigmatical words puzzled him. "Cora, dearest, I will forgive everything. We will start life anew; blot the past from your sight; only say you will be mine."

She arose to answer, but the profound anguish in her bosom mocked all efforts to scorn. The look of melancholy sadness that overspread her entire features told Harlow that his love was hopeless.

When he left that night with the arrow of deep disappointment sunk deep into his breast she exchanged a vow from him never again to broach the subject of matrimony; but he left her with the sorry assurance that she loved him better than any one on earth.

For a week Harlow never left his room. His apiritually gay spirit vanished, and long fits of dejection supervened.

If Bertha suspected the cause of the change in his appearance she never betrayed it. He pleaded an attack of malaria, to which he said he was a victim; this was all he offered in explanation of his moodiness.

At the end of his hermitage a longing desire to see his love again reasserted itself. He tore himself from his seclusion and went to her house.

When he entered, to his bewildered consternation he learned she had left the city.

A note was headed him by the lady of the house, which she gave him at Cora's request. He tremblingly tore open the envelope. The note read as follows:

"In three years."

Every one of those words seemed as if written in fire. He was mystified beyond reason. The thought, "Was she trifling with his affections?" took the place of all other considerations. But where was the motive? The more he cogitated over the short note the more he clothed it with an occult meaning.

He left the house, repaired to his room, and in the wreck of his life's happiness wept poignant tears of woe.

The incident had no more charms for him; he determined to return East in the course of a fortnight.

He left San Francisco an altered man and returned to his home, but the thought of Cora, ever present in his mind, drew a veil of sadness over his whole life. Some months afterward he finished his law studies and entered upon his chosen profession.

At the end of three years his life was just as void of happiness as the day when Cora told him it could never be.

He resolved at last to once again visit the West and learn, if possible, her whereabouts.

When he arrived at San Francisco he called at the house where he had last seen her; she had never been heard from, and as far as the good lady could enlighten him she might be dead. Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter told the same despairing story—she had almost dropped from their memory.

The one great object of life now was to find her and learn from her own lips the meaning of those odd words: "In three years."

If he failed—alas! he dared not contemplate the consequences. Find her he would, if it took years of constant search. Such is the love of some men, who in their constancy sacrifice years of happiness for the sake of one mortal. Not a stone was left unturned in his untiring search for her, but to no avail. No one could be found to give him one ray of hope as regards her whereabouts. But he found her at last—found her a new woman, even lovelier than he had ever seen her.

What strange, impelling influence led him to visit San Quentin he will never know. Was it a mere whim, a fancy, or was it the hand of fate striving to make amends for past discourtesies?

San Quentin is a small town, situated on the bay of San Francisco. It took him but a short time to ascertain that there was nothing there to interest his attention. But stay—the State's prisons is located in this small village. Another train did not arrive for two hours; why not pass the time there?

It was the extravagant desire of a morbid temperament. He had no idea that the sights there would interest him any more than the common place realities of the village itself.

He repaired to prison. The warden was very kind and urbane—he could go through the prison if he so desired. An usher who escorted him through the different departments explained every point in the workings of the place, but he listened indifferently; he felt that not one of the hardened criminals he passed by could be more chafed than he. In going out he had to pass by a waiting room. He casually looked through a hole in the panel of the door that opened into that room. In that room a slight met his gaze the effect of which almost froze his blood.

Was it Cora's face he saw, was it the phantom of his love?

To assure himself he peered again; the truth was very patent. Her arms were entwined around a tall, manly form, but he could not see the face, as the back was turned toward him. The usher, noticing his wild, fixed gaze, drew him to one side and asked him if he was sick.

A glass of water was all that he requested, as he sat or rather fell into a chair. He told the man that it was an attack of the vertigo; it would soon be over. He felt as though his reason was fast leaving him; strange phantasies shot through his brain.

That Cora loved another, and that person a convicted felon, was his first deduction. The terrible truth sank into his soul like a poisoned shaft. A craving for revenge on the man he had just seen all but controlled him.

That man should never live to enjoy the happiness that should be his. The usher in his dismay was about

to shout for help, thinking he was caged with a mad man, when Harlow suddenly sprang to his side and hoarsely whispered:

"Who is that man in the other room?"

The latter seeing that his companion had subsided somewhat in his wildness, deigned to reply.

It was John Lane, who was about to be discharged from prison. He had been convicted of forgery and had served a fifteen years' sentence. The woman was his daughter. This was all he knew.

The sudden revelation in Harlow's feelings stunned him; he reeled and would have fallen had not the usher caught him in time; then reason again found its way to the brain. He slipped a gold coin into the hand of the usher and left the prison.

He sought a tree near by, whose large, drooping branches afforded a good ensconcement, and, throwing himself on the green grass, began to ruminate over the exciting circumstances which had just taken place.

That, indeed, was one of the happiest moments of his life. His heart never beat so lightly before.

The words "noble, grand girl," escaped his lips in the delirium of his delight. Ah! now he knew the reason of her magnanimous sacrifice; of her refusal to accept the hand of the man she loved. The filial love was paramount to all other affections.

Why had she not told him all? So great was his love he could have forgiven everything.

He lay on the cool grass for some time, turning over future plans, but was at last roused from his blissful thoughts by the noise of the approaching train which was to bear him and his love back to San Francisco.

He watched the devoted couple until they boarded the train, and then took a seat himself in the rear coach. How different was the journey back. Every object along the road sparkled like a dazzling gem; every plot of grass disclosed some new born charm; the very air seemed to breathe happiness. John Harlow's new life began when he boarded the train that afternoon. For reasons better known to himself he did not see Cora Lane for two weeks after the prison episode.

He allowed the excitement of the past few weeks to completely die out before he ventured to see her. Then he found her and reiterated his undying affection. They were soon married and returned to the East, but the father remained in San Francisco, where for many years he led a good, useful life, and fully expiated his past misdeeds. John buried the secret of his wife deep in his noble heart; as regards that his lips were forever silent. Often as he sits and gazes into her large, liquid eyes he wonders if she reads his thoughts; but as she never speaks of the reason why for three long years she avoided the man she loved, he rests contented that his secret is unknown to her.

—New York Journal.

Health Marks.
A bright eye, clear skin, glowing features, animated expression, and a quick, firm step. These are all secured by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs of virtue, both in endurance and in number, so blinded are we by our passions that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

Many a young girl shrinks herself out from society because her face is covered with pimples and blotches. All disfiguring humors are removed by purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy is the safest and most reliable that can be used.

Wealth is like a bird; it hops all day from man to man, as that doth from tree to tree, and none can say where it will roost at night.

The soothing and restorative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral are realized in all cases of colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, while its powerful healing qualities are shown in the most serious pulmonary disorders.

Jefferson Davis, Simon Cameron, A. P. Keane and Hannibal Hamlin are the only men living who were members of the U. S. Senate when the war began.

A Shameless Youth.

There is something delightfully interesting in the coy, artless manner in which a rustic maiden repels the love-like advances of her first beau. Her maidenly modesty is refreshing in these days of bold and forward maidens.

The following touching dialogue between a rural miss and a loverlain swain was recently overheard:

He was evidently trying to commit the heinous crime of putting his arm around her, for she said in a tone of keen reproach:

"Oh, Maed, ain't you ashamed of yourself now?"

"Shamed of what?"

"You know well enough."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do, too—now you quit."

"Quit what?"

"You know; you ought to be ashamed."

There was silence for a moment, and then she said sharply:

"Now quit, I tell you."

"Quit what?"

"Oh, you're awful innocent, ain't you? Now you'd better stop."

"I ain't done anything."

"Oh, you big story teller! I'd be ashamed to talk so. Now quit."

"How can I, when you won't tell me what I'm doing?"

"Oh, yes; awful innocent, ain't you? You know well enough what you're doing. Shame on you! Now if you don't stop I'll go right home."

"No, you won't."

"Indeed I will. I'd be ashamed to carry on so if I was a young man."

"What is there to be ashamed of?"

"I'd ask if I was you—now you take your arm right away from me."

"I won't."

"Oh, you awful thing you! Sit-a-me on you. Take it away!"

"Shan't do such thing!"

"Ain't you 'shamed of yourself?"

"Not by a long shot."

"You ought to be."

"I'm not."

"Shas-a-me on you."—Exchange.

A Monster Pie.

When the British corn laws were repealed in 1846 a general jubilee was held in various parts of the United Kingdom. At Denby Dale, Yorkshire, a monster pie was baked and fragments of it have been carefully preserved to this day. A correspondent writes: "A Denby farmer had a small cabinet made, in which was kept a small portion of the said crust and one day, I well remember, I was given a small flat like piece in order that I might say I had tasted the veritable pie. The composition of the was as follows: Flour 623 pounds; suet, 91 1/2 pounds; lard, 19 pounds; fresh butter, 16 pounds; beef, 100 pounds; one calf, five sheep, seven hares, fourteen rabbits, four pheasants, four partridges, two brace of grouse, six pigeons, two turkey's, two guinea fowls, four jacks, four geese, four fowls, sixty three small birds and one pound of pepper. The circumference of the pie twenty one feet, and its height or depth two feet three inches."—Leeds Mercury.

What Will Surely Do It.

One's hair begins to fall out from many causes. The important question is: What is sure to make it grow in again? According to the testimony of thousands, Parker's Hair Balsam will do it. It quickly covers bald spots, restores the original color when the hair is gray or faded; eradicates dandruff, and causes the scalp to feel cool and well. It is not a dye, nor greasy, highly perfumed, safe. Never disappoints those who require a nice, reliable dressing.

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Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done wonderful work in reforming this sad condition and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember: No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Honesty is more precious than gold although it cannot equal gold in opening the way into a fashionable city church.—Whitchell Times.

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For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of your Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightman, Boston, W. Va.
Four years I have failed more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate
my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. W. Miller, Ashburnham, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not get without them.—Morris Bates, Danvers, N. H.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John U. Estlin, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a scabious humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the skin became entirely raw. I was troubled at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing yaws in the bowels.
By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body cured, and the eruption, in less than one month, was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Ala.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would send a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Baling, Richmond.

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