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VOL. 3.

ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

STANZAS.

watched thee when the foe was at our side. Roady to strike at him—or thee or me Vere safely hopeless—ready to divide Aught with one loved save love and liberty.

watched thee in the breakers, when the rock Received our prow, when all was storm and and bade thee cling to me through every shock; This arm would be thy bark, or breast thy bier,

I watched thee when the fever glazed thine eyes, Yielding my couch, and stretched me on the

When overworn with watching, no'er to rise From thence if thou an early grave hadst found. The earthquake came and necked the quivering

And men and nature recied as if with wine. Whom did I seek around the tottering hall?
For thee. Whose safety first provide for? Thine. and when convuisive throes denied my breath.

The feintest atterance to my faring thought,
To thee—to thee—e'en in the gisp of death.

My spirit turned, oh! oftener than it ought. Thus much and more; and yet thou lov'st me not, And never wilt! Love deals not in our will.

Nor can I blame thee, though it be my lot To strongly, wrongly, vainly love thee still.

SOME NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.

Curlosities That Are Well Worth a Paragraph-An Interesting List. There are now published in the United States 14,160 newspapers and periodicals of all classes. The net gain of the year has been 666. The daily newspapers 1,216, a gain of 33. Canada has 679 periodicals. There are about 1,200 periodicals of all sorts, which, according to the estimates of the editor of The Directory, enjoy a circulation of more than 5,600 copies each. The increase in the weekly rural press, which comprises about two-thirds of the whole list, has been most marked in states like Kansas and Nebraska, where the gain has been respectively 24 and 18 per cent. Kansas also shows the greatest gain in daily newspapers. The weekly press is gaining in Massachusetts, while the magazines and other monthly publications are losing ground there. The tendency of such ons toward New York city, as DR. C. W. BRADSHER the literary center of the country, is shown by the establishment here of not

> Some of the curiosities of newspaper statistics are worth a paragraph. There are 700 religious and denominational newspapers published in the United States, and nearly one-third of them are published in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silkworm, 6 to the honey bee and not less than/32 to poultry. The dentists have 18 journals, the phonographers 9 and the deaf, dumb and blind have 19. There are 8 publications exclusively de-voted to philately and 1 to the terpsichorean art. The Prohibitionists have woman suffragists have 7, the candy-makers 8; gastronom, is represented by 3 newspapers, gas by 2. There are about 600 newspapers printed in German and 42 in French. The towns which have the most French periodicals are New York, New Orleans and Worcester, Mass.-4 apiece. There are more Swedish prints than French. Two daily newspapers are

less than twenty-three monthly periodicals

during the year.

printed in the Bohemian tongue. The toughest names are found among the Polish, Finnish and Welsh press; for instance, The Dzienswiety and The Przjacicl Ludhi, of Chicago; The Y Wawr, of Utica, of N. Y., and The Yyhdyswalta in Sanomat, of Ohio. There is I Gaelie publication, 1 Hebrew, 1 Chinese and 1 in

the Cherokee language.
All of these facts have a direct interest to the philosopher and the student of sociology. There is no better gauge and register of American civilization than The Newspaper Directory. - The Printing

Lincoln and Senator Nye. Senator Nye once went to the White House with a party of his New York friends who wished to have a clergyman appointed chaplain in the army. Mr. Lincoln told them that he had at one time determined to make the appointwas not decorous in his deportment, and he had determined to hear more about him. "I will admit," said Senator Nye,

county conference to be reprimanded by race. It is the passion itself that has out-the bishop for his sallies of wit from the grown all bounds and that faces us topulnit. Before the Episcopal dignity spiked, and the conference, amid roars of laughter, at once passed the old min-

"That is a good story, Nye," said Mr. Lincoln. "Let me tell you one about Peter Cartwright, who, on one occasion, was convulsing his conference with wit and humor. The presiding bishop was a man of earnest but ascetic piety. 'Brother Cartwright,' said he, 'do you think that these giants of the forest. Recently the while you are indulging in this levity while you are indulging in this levity ship Clever, commanded by Capt. John you are growing in grace? The old Stone, arrived at Montevideo with a porry Lowest Prices.

pioneer preacher, with a countenance beaming with fun, replied, 'Oh, yes, brother, in spots.' I guess, Nye, I will sailers perceived an object floating on the keep his stories until he can come to manning a boat, they rowed to it, and Washington and let me hear them first." ascertained that it was an alga of enor--Ben: Perley Poore.

> Shooting from Horseback. Shooting from horseback at full speed is, to my mind, a sport to be encouraged, combining more excitement and pleasure than anything I have yet seen in this country. Shooting jackrabbits on foot is well enough, often giving plenty of musement to the animals, and, again, being rather monotonous when they are plentiful; but to follow a rabbit at full speed across country, letting your horse enter into the sport, and shooting or firing on the dead run, contains more of bound of butter we will have something the elements of true sport than anything I have found in southern California,—San Francisco Call.

ad reduce friction.

A large brass chicken, whose wings helter an intestand and whose head coneniently goes to one side for a pen vaner, is a novelty.

A DOG'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

How a Venturesome Lad Was Saved from the Jaws of a Shark. A southern paper prints the following moving etory of sublime self-sacrifice by a dog-a fine large Newfoundland. A camping party on the coast of Georgia, near Savannah, had been amusing themhad swam much farther, and staid longer than the rest. The writer, who was the owner of the dog, dressed himself, and was busy at the camp ground preparing supper when he heard an

A sudden outery told me something boats, and fish and man were so nearly in line from us that I did not dare to fire. and started to swim toward Charlie with a speed I have never seen equaled by any land animal. The boy, having leisurely lections—and to covered most of the distance between the stock in trade. reef and the shore when the man eater

perate effort to escape. In another instant Carlo was close to him. Just then, however, the shark, having come near enough, turned so that we twilight, and was all ready for the spring that would surely have ended Charlie's life, when Carlo, leaping clean over Butler's form, appeared to go straight into the monster's mouth; and the latter, have ing got his supper, disappeared in deep his kennel day and night until all the water, while the lad in a few seconds was spikes have been bought and drawn, but my dog hero. - Exchange.

Scenery of the Danube. If any one has taken the river route to Buda-Pesth under the delusion that he is to see fine scenery he is quickly disabused. The finest scenery of the Dauube is above Vienna, between the capital and Linz, and also farther up, as far as Passau. Along this part of its course there is a constant succession of villages with castles, hills crowned with ruins, abbeys in Austria, which has a greater variety of landscape beauty than any other country

Below Buda-Pesth the views are fine and bold. The shores are more abrupt and there are splendid reaches of the river, which receives large tributaries and becomes more majestic. For some distance below Vienna the levees are numerous though not continuous. The land near the banks is low and the hills beyond them the gentlest undulations. The towns that are passed from time to time do little to enhance the interest as respects their appearance, though all of them had their little affairs with the Turks 800 or 400 years ago. In fact, every square mile of ground along either bank, soon after leaving Vienna, is historic.—Buda-Pesth Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Modern Medusa. In one of the better class of tenoment

houses a woman, a polisher in a jewelry manufactory, said the other day: "I'm willing to work hard, I don't care how hard; but it's awful to me to see my little boy and the way he goes on. He's a cash boy at D—'s, and they don't pay by the week, they pay by checks, so every cash boy is on the keen jump after a call. They're so worried and anxious and afraid they won't get enough, and Johnny cries and says: 'Oh, mamma, I do try, but there's one boy ment, but a strong protest against it had been received stating that the clergyman it's an awful system oven if it does make them smart."

An awful system, yet in its ranks march more and more thousands every "that our friend is endowed with a year. It would seem as if every force in glorious fund of irrepressible good humor, modern civilization bent toward this one but I have heard, Mr. President, of an end of money getting, and the child of old pioneer minister in your state of days and the old man of years alike Illinois who was arraigned before a shared the passion and ran the same mad day-the modern Medusa, on which he could settle itself for an impressive utter- | who looks has no more heart of flesh and ance the old man burst out: 'Brethren, blood but forever heart of stone, insensi-I never did believe in a religion that had ble to any sorrow, unmoved by any cry no fun in it.' The bishop's gun was of child or woman.—Helen Campbell in

Vegetables of the Ocean.

Every one knows that the sea has larger animals than can be found on land; but with the enormous sequoias of California have your man appointed, but tell him to surface some distance from the ship, and, mous size. On measuring it, it was found to have a length upward of 1,500 feet.—Swiss Cross.

Sawdust thrown on a circular saw table ill render the hauling of heavy plants uite easy. The grains act as small rollers the fun and wants to repeat it, or somehody who hadn't the conrage to try it before.—Cor. Kansas City Journal.

> An excellent carbon for electrical purpoets is now obtained from seaweed.

RELIGIOUS SCENES IN CHINA.

A Picturesque Church Beggar-Carrying Out a Dreadful Yow. "Church begging" is very common in China. The temples advertise their wants by posting on walls in the neighborhood square pieces of yellow paper, whereon is the exact Chinese equivalent selves by swimming in the bay, and a of the scriptural, "Ask and thou shalt reventuresome lad named Charlie Butler ceive," together with the name and location of the temple where prayers are always answered.

But there are also more personal forms of begging. The writer has seen in Pe-king a priest whose cheeks had been pierced, and the teeth knocked out, so that an iron rod, as large as one's middle finger, could be passed through, to prowas going wrong on the shore. Grab-bing a rifle and hastening back, with Carlo at my heels, I beheld Butler some distance away, swimming with all his might, and only a few yards behind him the vertical fin of a huge shark. There half circle was an iron chain which was seemed no possibility that the boy's so long as to drag on the ground several seemed no possibility that the boy's so long as to drag on the ground several lie could be saved; we were without feet behind him,

His business was to go from house to house, beating a small drum, asking help In a second Black Carlo, comprehending to repair a temple. Sympathy would be the situation, dashed through the surf, wasted on him. He was a "professional church debt lifter," who had monthly wages and a commission on his collections-and the rod and chain were his

There is another way, still more pecustarted after him, was comparatively liar. A priest stands in a small box-like fresh, and, when he saw the noble dog structure, placed in front of a temple, hastening to his help, made a final destation through the boards of which spikes have can move no part of his body, except his loe. right arm, without being pricked by a spike. With his right hand he rings a could see his white belly glistening in the | bell to draw attention to his pitiable condition. Charitable persons give so much for the privilege of drawing out a spike. The highest priced spikes are those which point at the vital parts of the body. The priest is supposed to stand in

safe on the shore. That night our joy no one believes that he really does so.

over our comrade's rescue was mingled A single incident will show how much with sorrow for the life so gallantly sac- hardship and self inflicted suffering some rificed in his behalf, and to this day the of these heathen will undergo to fulfill a memory of that thrilling scene fills me religious vow. One intelerably hot and with sadness for the loss of Black Carlo, dusty afternoon in 1871 the writer was resting at a wayside tea house and saw approaching a man and a woman. The man would first take one long step, then bring his other foot up and measure his

whole length in the road. Having knocked his head three times on the ground, he rose, took another step, and again prostrated himself. The woman was the man's wife, and was waiting upon him. In answer to questions, he said that he had made a vow that if Buddha would restore to health picturesque localities and landscapes of his con, who was desperately sick, he great beauty and variety. It is in this would make a pilgrimage to Wu-tai-shan respect one of the most noted parts of and home again, a step and a prostration all the way.

Not more than three miles could be made in a day. He had traveled about 600 of the 2,000 miles of the double journey, and would be two years larger in completing his vow. As he was 78 years old, and almost worn out, it was easy to see that he would not live to fulfill it. A callous lump as large as an egg projected from his forehead, roised by his knocking his head upon the dusty road. Yet this man was shocked and angry at a suggestion that he should abandon his useless pilgrimage, and passed out of sight measuring the road with his infirm body .-Youth's Companion.

In the square close by is a statue to Parmeggianino, of recent workmanship and a drinking fountain. There are but two or three shoots of water in Parma but even that is more than one can find in most of these plain towns, and, especially to the traveler who has just left

The Fountain in Parma.

Switzerland, the loss of running water is great. No Swiss village is so mean, no town so crowded, but from an unpretending iron pipe there gushes forth, pellucid, glittering and opulent, a stream of the purest and freshest water, which leaps in a joyous and elastic curve into a basin with a gay flash by night and by day, and pours off with ungrudging profusion. But in these Lombard towns scarcely here and there can be found a lumbering pump, with long and massive handle, at which a few minutes' severe toil produces a mighty poor and niggardly dribble of water. Where fountains are they prattle with a fatigued and parsimonious note, and shelter their inadequacy under some

statue in the modern taste. As a rule, the modern taste in Italy is not one whit better than in England. They delight to honor the martyrs and the heroes of United Italy. No town but has its Corso Vittorio Emmanuele and its Via Cavour, with for the most part statues of the same. Here and there is Via Massimo d'Azeglio with no statue. These works of art are not better than are effigies of Mr. Cobden or Sir Robert Peel, and the crowning horror of all is a statue of Victor Emmanuel here in the Piazza di Corte. It would bring a blush to the cheek of a Yankee stonemason. -- Gentleman's Magazine.

A Night Signal Lantern. A successful test of the Oatman night signal lantern was made in New York the other night by officers of the army and navy. The common torch, lighted with lard oil or turpentine, has heretofore been lard oil or turpentine, has heretofore been used for earrying messages at night between far off stations, on board ship as "ell as on shore, but the system has proved untrustworthy. The Oatman lantern is so arranged by a simple mechanical device that flashes of light can be shown as desired. These flashes correspond with the dash and the day in the pond with the dash and the dot in the electric telegraph spatem, a long flash corresponding with the dash, and a short flash with the dot. The lantern is not Among the Fash lonables.

Mr. Swell (who has rented a fashionable spartment house)—We needn't be ashamed of this, my dear.

Mrs. Swell—No, indeed; it is perfectly lovely, and such a fashionable locality!

Mrs. Swell—No, indeed; it is perfectly lovely, and such a fashionable locality!

Mrs. Swell—That's the beauty of it.

And now, my dear, if you will send Perkins out for a loaf of bread and a half a pound of butter we will have something to eat.—New York Sun.

Stumming Ne Langer Popular.

Slumming has had its day in New York, and is now a toothless, gray headed and othering craze, employed at very more intervals for semely and policy.

Blumming has had its day in New York, and is now a toothless, gray headed and othering craze, employed at very more intervals for semely and believed at very more intervals for semely and policy.

Blumming has had its day in New York, and is now a toothless, gray headed and othering craze, employed at very more intervals for semely and believed at very more intervals for semely and believed at very more intervals for semely and believed at very more intervals for semely and a large and tothering craze, employed at very more intervals for semely and believed at very more intervals for semely and believed at very more intervals for semely and believed at very more intervals for semely and to the lighted oar; the door closed upon bim. When he had leaped to his fash and a short find a short in the fasher is not a short the dash, and a short fight and a short the dash, and a short the dash and a short the dash, and a short the dash and a short the fash and a short the flash in the focus of a parabolic reflector furnishes the light. Fans close before the flame, by means of which the dash and eight enters in the focus of a parabolic reflector furnishes the light. Fans close before the flame, by

-Boston Budget Tanning Testile Fabrica A Belgian textile manufacturer has de which renders them waterproof and proof against decay, without increasing their

tree, towering like some heary giant in its rube of ico. One of its boughs caught her gown, held her in mid air for one awful moment, then, crisp with frost, staggered to the bed and fell across it, broke off sharply, crashing down with face downwards, scorching tears gather-her into a bank of snow. For a few ing slowly in her wide open, unseeing minutes, that seemed as many hours to her, she lay with closed eyes, sick, dizzy, blinded. Then, bruised and bleeding, she resumed her awful journey, reckless of pain or peril in her desperation, heeding only that each new fall brought her nearer to the man she loved.

As she leaped from the last crag down to the snowy highway Darcy Breene's lantern was just shining around the last turning of the trail. She caught it from him and hurled it upwards, its telltale light vanishing within an extinguisher of snow. Then, as, speechless with astonishment, he stoad irresolutely, she seized his hand and dragged him hastily towards the town.

"Git up, thar, I say! No playin' asleep 'li fool me! Ye're a coward ter try it! Show up, like a man, after I count five, or I'll shoot ye fur th' dog ye be! One!—twe!—three!—four!—five!" "Th' night freight 'll be passin' yer

five minutes," she gasped, almost inco-herently. "It allers slows just thar, by th' junction. Fur God's sake, fur life's sake, board it. It's yer only chance!"

The schoolmaster drew himself up defiantly. He was a slim, blende fellow, with girlish eyes and coloring, but he had manly spirit under his effeminate exterior. He understood at once that her calous suitor had been working upon Sal's fears with some threat of violence to him. But if his heart beat more quickly been driven, so that the imprisoned priest at the thought, it was not from coward-He put his arm around the trembling girl and drew her to him. With a stifled cry she broke away, urging him forward with all her remaining strength. A quarter of a mile up the mountain she ful white breast! The next moment the had caught the gleam of a lantern:

"Bill's a-goin' ter kill yer," she cried.
"He's got his shooter. Wot kin ye do agin him?"

to turn up his sleeves. For one moment Sal's heart despaired. Then her woman's wit came to her aid. "Darcy," she pleaded, "ye ain't ain't refusin' ter kum-wi' me?"

With her? The man started and caught up his coat hurriedly. Those last two words opened a vista not unpleasing to him, in his passionate, selfish youth. He went a sank on his knees, burying his face in few steps forward and then hesitated. her frosty, draggled skirt. Suddenly, The little inherent good in his nature as-serted itself in this last moment.

"Sal," he said, "do you know what you are asking? I—I have not done well by you, but I never meant you—quite fur it,' she gasped. "Don't take on, such wrong—as this."

"Keep it—till Darcy Breene—sends fur it,' she gasped. "Don't take on, Bill. I'm—glad—ter die—fur—his—

A great sob welled up from the girl's heart and strangled her. She put her hands to her throat, wildly. Keener than the bitter blast, sorer by far than the wounds from the icy ledge was the stab of those repentant words. He had never meant to marry her, never-not even when his words were coffest, his eyes and heart most warm! And this was the man for whom she had just dared death-the lover whom she would have saved at any cost. The thought of Bill-poor, rough loyal Bill; of his love, honorable, manly, steadfast, which she had bartered—for this! A sudden bitter resentment took possession of her—to vanish as she looked up and met Darcy's soft blue eyes. Poor, godless, untaught Sal! What chance had she that love would not prove too strong

"I love ye," she whispered. "We can't never be free 'yer. Take me away, Darey-don't leave me yer-ter Bill." Leave her to Bill! All the passion, the ealousy, the dogged determination of Darcy Breene's character, to carry through at any cost whatever was most opposed, was quickened by the words. He put on his coat, and turned toward

the junction, his hesitation all but nominally at an end. "I-I have so little money!" he cried, "Yer's mine; take it, take it! Ye kin

pay me back enny time. She forced the purse upon him, and led him unresistingly toward the frosty tracks, glittering at the cross roads. "But my room—my things—I cannot leave so!" He stopped, resolutely, as a sudden remembrance swept over him.
"There is a picture," he said, a flush of honest shame mounting redly to his brow as he spoke; "it is under my pillow. I don't mind my other traps, but-I-must -have-that!

The whistle of the engine sounded the distance. "Giv' me th' key! I'll git it fur ye!" the girl cried, recklessly. 'Go on; I'll foller; and mechanically he went forward, the blinding snow veiling her from his sight. She shrank back against the white rock and waited till the snort of the coming engine could be distinguished through the silence. Then she folded her shawl about her, and sped towards the tracks, in Darcy's footprints. He looked at her inquiringly as she reached him, panting, just as the long train began to slow, and the engine puffed "I've got it! Git on-They 're startin'!" she cried, as the last car, an emigrant

coach, neared them. He attempted to help her up, but she pushed him before her, and jumped after

The next moment he was flung back-ward into the lighted car; the door closed

Breene's room, groping her way to the pillow under which rested the picture he had refused to leave. She drew it out, and felt around for a match, a mad jeal-ousy in possession of her. The portrait that he could not part from—of whom was it? A low fire was burning in the grate. She bent down cagerly, holding has picture to the light of the fames. It was a photegraph of a girl—a fair, sweet, gentle booking girl, and on the margin was written in Durcy Levene's clear characters. Sweetheart A faint or matian award over the girl. The flames dazzled

NO. 47. her, the picture danced before her, "Sweetheart!" "Sweetheart!" And to know it now, now in the hour when she had risked her life to save him! She ing slowly in her wide open, unseeing eyes. She did not hear the door open, nor the quick footsteps that sounded in

the room. "Kum out yer!" cried a voice, roughly. "I ain't a goin' ter git th' better o' yo unbeknownst. I'm willin' ter figlit ye f'ar an' squar', an' let th' best

The words reached her, but she dld not grasp their meaning. The long strain had brought its inevitable reaction, and she had succumbed at last.

A sudden familiar sound recalled Sal

Enderby to a dim sort of consciousness It was a sound that she had learned to know well during her life in that lawless region-the click of a revolver, cocked for action. Some faint, natural instinct of self preservation impels her to open her lips, but no word issues from them.
Twice she essayed to speak, and both
times vainly. Then she shut her lips
again, resignedly. Sweetheart! Sweetheart! That cruel word was the only one she had not forgotten. She was dead to fear, to shame, to everything but the sore agony in her heart.

There was a flash, a sudden, sharp relight of a lantern flashed full in her face, and, lying back, faint unto death, with something warm and dark trickling through her gown and staining the white Darcy's pantonymic answer was elo-quent. He flung off his coat and began Ranch Bill, drawn, ghastly, horrorstricken, above her, "Sal!" he cried. "Oh, my God! my

God! Sall" The despair in his voice recalled he a-goin' ter back out now-ye ain't- from the lethargy into which she was fast

"It's all right, Bill—ye didn't mean it," she said, softly. "It don't—hurt half ez much—ez ef—'t h'd be'n—him!" Her eyes closed, her lips paled. Bill

bed and held out the velvet framed pict-

with a last effort, she raised herself in the

Then her lips parted, her eyes glazed, her head fell forward, and the tragedy of Ranch Village was played to its end .-

Minnie Gilmore in Frank Leslie's. The Work of the Reporter. A very large proportion of the work of collecting and preparing news for a daily paper can not, from the nature of things, be performed by women. About half the persons employed on a city daily paper are reporters. They are likely to be sent anywhere and everywhere by the city editor at any hour of the day or night. They are obliged to visit places where the foot of a modest woman should never tread. They are forced to familiarize themselves with crime and criminals They must attend horse races, sparring matches, prize fights, "hanging bees," political conventions and other disrepu-table gatherings. They must follow en-gines to fires, run after the police patrol wagon, mingle with mobs, witness dog fights and "chicken contentions," go in disguise into secret meetings of Anarchista and be in attendance at police court trials and coroner's inquests. Till women abandon their womanhood they can not

become efficient newspaper reporters.— PERSEN COUNTY.

How Is It in Europe. Pending the discussion of the desira bility of adding dynamite to red hot ntoves and oil lamps as a remedy against the sufferings and tortures of being first smashed and then slowly reasted in a burning ear, it might be worth while to inquire why it is that the effete nations of the old world never are under the necessity of discussing means of speedy death as a relief from the torture of railgular that among the played out denizens of Europe bridges don't drop when trains cross them; switches are not misplace when a lightning express is due; the pas senger coaches never tumble down high embankments and then catch fire and roast their mutilated contents? How do they do things over there? It is true that these people are effete, and worrecut, and passe, while it appears that there is a point or two where they have the advantage of us.-Chicago Times.

The Fees Lecturers Receive. Henry Ward Beecher has received more money for lectures than any other man on the platform record. He has been lecturing for forty years, his fees having increased from \$50 to \$200, and the aggregate amount being estimated at \$250,000. Most of this money, how ever, has been lost. Greeley paid for Chappaqua by his lectures. Bayard Tay-lor cleared in the same manner \$5,500 in one season. Tilion used to deliver fifty lectures in a season at \$70 to \$100. Josl. Billings had all the engagements he wanted at \$100, and left an estate of \$75,000, all made after he had passed 40. Chapin made \$30,000 by his lectures and Emerson got rich in the same manner. Anna Dickinson was at one time worth \$15,000, all made by lectures, but it was lost through mismanarement. Mark lost through mismanagement. Mark Twain has made between \$25,000 and \$30,000 by his lectures.—New York Mail and Express.

A Walk Before Breakfast.

It is curious how ideas change with the times. Not so many years ago it was considered the most healthful thing in the

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IMPROVED my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pfils my tendency to headaches had dissuperated, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

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