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a Co., Portland, Maine.

Called his dogs and started for the city
instructing his wife and daughter to bol
and barricade the house when nigh
should fall, and on no account to ope
the door, no matter who might knock.

Berthine was afraid of nothing, but the

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HOME FIRST: ABROAD NEXT.

forbidden to do it.

They had lighted a tremendous fire to

Now, I must tell you that Matheson

was the baker of Rether, an enormously

fat man, whose inflated stomach, big as

an ordinary balloon, furnished unending

merriment for his frolicsome comrades.

He hesitated and tried to draw out of the

race, but they jeered and mocked him till

he, too, started, breathless, and with

little mineing steps that shook his paunch

from fright than pain of the wound, for

"Tinsmiths!" he roared, "tinsmiths,

A man, followed by two others,

from the house," said he, "and bring

A few moments later twenty metres

of water pipe lay at his feet. Then,

with a thousand precautions, a hole was

chopped in the corner of the trap door,

the end of the pipe inserted and the

other end fastened to the spout of the

deal," cried M. Lavigne with a beaming

smile, "but it remains to be seen if they

can stand the drink we shall give them.

Pump, my boys, pump with a will," and with a wild hurrali the men obeyed.

Soon a silvery stream of water flowed

along the tubing and fell to the cellar be-

low with the murmuring of a summer

cascade. Hour after hour ran by, and

held the ground, though every now and

then a stamping of feet and curses loud

About 8 o'clock in the morning a voice

suddenly came from the cellar calling for

and stop te pump; we trown mit vater."

The commandant had the pump

the other half bearing Matheson ex-

and deep came from the depths below.

"The Prussians can stand a great

mandant rushed from the house.

come forward!"

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VOL. 3.

ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1887.

NO. 49.

BERTHINE'S CAPTIVES.

Nothing was to be heard in the forest save the rustling of the snow falling upon the cadars as it had been falling since midday, a fine, powdery snow that spread upon the branches a frozen moss, upon the firs a coating of silver and upon the roads and pathways an immense carpet, soft and white, and which intensified the stillness of this sea of trees.

Before the door of a forester's but a young woman with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows was cutting wood with an ax upon a stone. Tall, supple and strong, she was a true daughter of the forest and the child and wife of a forester. Suddenly a voice came from the interior of

"We are alone this ovening, Berthine; come in and make everything fast. There may be Prussians as well as wolves in the

The wood chopper responded with a re-sounding stroke of the ax.
"I have nearly finished, mother," she said; "besides, there is no need of fear yet; it is still daylight." Nevertheless, she brought in her fagots and sticks of life, if you like," said the forestiere, kindly. "Mother and I will climb to the wood, and piling them up in the chimney corner went out again to close up the shed; then re-entering the room she pushed to the door and locked and bolted

"But I am not afraid," the girl re-

sponded; "I can defend myself from a wolf or a Prussian all the same," and she glanced significantly at a huge revolver suspended above the chimney Berthine's husband had been in the army ever since the beginning of the Prussian invasion, and these two women

had remained alone with only the old father, Nicholas Pichon, the gamekeeper, as he was called in the neighborhood, dwelling and seek protection in the city. The city nearest the Pichen hut was Rethel, a quaint and ancient place perched upon a high rock. Filled with patriot-ism, the citizens had decided to resist invaders-to shut thomselves up, and if necessary sustain a siege such as had taken place in the time of their forefathers—for twice already the inhabitants of Rethel, in the days of Henry IV and Louis XIV, had rendered themselves thus Illustrious. Purchasing a supply of cannon and guns, equipping a militia, and forming themselves into battalions and companies, they exercised daily on the Place d'Armes. Bakers, grocers, butchers, notaries, lawyers, cabinet makers, librarians and even druggists maneuvered in turn at the regulation hour under the command of M. Lavigne, an ex-officer of drageons, and to-day, thanks to his having married the daughter and heiress of the shop keeper, Raredan, the richest and most in-

fluential man in the city.

And thus they patiently waited the Prussians, the Prussians who never came, though twice they had been seen in the forest, in the neighborhood of Pichon's hut, who had run to warn the city. This house of Nicholas Pichon's served

as a sort of advance post in the forest of Aveline; and twice a week the old man went into the city to purchase provisions and to carry to the citizens the latest news of the campaign.

His errand to Rethel to-day was to announce that a small detachment of German infantry had halted near his house about 2 o'clock that morning. They did not remain long, nor did he know the direction they had taken, but all the same, as soon as they had gone again Pichon called his dogs and started for the city, instructing his wife and daughter to bolt and barricade the house when night should fall, and on no account to open

Berthine was afraid of nothing, but the old woman trembled and constantly re-

Office, and we can obtain Patents in less, "Not before 11, certainly. When fatime than those remote from Washington. ther dines with the major commandant

Send Model or Drawing. We advise as (the title Lavigne had conferred upon to patentability free of charge; and we make himself), he never returns till late," and Berthine hung the pot over the fire and We refer here to the Postmaster, the Supt.

of Money Order Div., and to official of the she ceased to stir it; she was listening to U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, an indistinct noise that came down the flue of the chimney.
"Some one is walking in the wood,"

she said; "seven or eight people at least."
The old woman, frightened to death, stopped her wheel and began to whim-

"Mon Dieu, Berthine!" she cried; "and thy father is from home!" But Berthine did not reply, for at the moment there was a knock at the door, and a guttural voice demanded admit-

"Open or I'll preak to toor," the same voice shouted a little later. Slipping the revolver into her pocket, the young woman crossed the room and, placing her mouth to the keyhole, shouted in return: "And who are you?" "A tetachment from 'te udder side!" "Well, what do you want?" "Sometings to eat; I haf

Without waiting for him to put his them quiet.

"This is no time of night to ask for

"Dat is notting," replied the officer, who seemed to be a good sort of a fellow, "we shall do you no harm, but we must haf sometings to cat; we fall mit hunger and fatigue."

"Very well, then," she responded, "enter, and I will see what I can do."

The men appeared, as the officer had said, to be worn out with hunger and The men appeared, as the officer had said, to be worn out with hunger and fatigue. They had placed their guns and caps in the corner, and now sat about the table watching with the eager looks of half starved animals the preparations for the pot-au-feu which Berthme was eagaed in making. The old mother, every now and then turning a frightened glance upon the invading soldiers, had resumed crawled around the dial! Nevertheless, the moment for their return came at last. Berthine got up from her seat and threw open the door. Out upon the white carpet of the ferest a dark object was stealthily crawling towards her. She was alarmed and called out: "Father, is it thou?"

"Yes, I," he returned; "I am sent in advance to see if anything has changed on any departure,"

her spinning, and nothing was heard in the room but the light whirring of the rolling wheel and the bubbling of the water in the pot.

They are voraciously, their mouths spread to their widest extent in an effort to swallow the more, and their round eyes opening and shutting with every movemont of their jaws. The noise they made in swallowing sounded like the gurgling of a water pipe. As they were thirsty as well as hungry, Berthine at last descended to the cellar to draw them some cider. To reach it she was obliged to pass a low vaulted chamber or cave, used, so they said, during the revolution as a prison or place of concealment. You could only enter it by a narrow stairway leading from the floor of the kitchen, closed by a heavy door.

Berthine was gone a long time to draw the cider, and when she reappeared she was laughing—laughing softly to herself. Soon the soldiers had finished their supper and were nodding around the table. Every now and then a head would fall upon the boards with a re-

kindly. "Mother and I will climb to the upper floor." A moment later a key turned in the

lock overhead-there was the sound of footsteps on the floor, and then-silence. Her mother, an old and wrinkled woman whom age had made timid and nervous, was scated by the fireside spinning.

"I do not like it, Berthine," said she; "when your father is from home, two women are not strong."

"But I am not afraid." the circ residual to steeps on the floor, and then—silence. With their feet to the fire and their heads supported upon their knapsacks, the Prussicus were soon snoring loudly. They have lept perhaps an hour, when suddenly are was the report of a gunshot, and then—silence. With their feet to the fire and their heads supported upon their knapsacks, the Prussicus were soon snoring loudly. They have lept perhaps an hour, when suddenly are and another, loud and near. They leaped to their feet as the door of the stains leading to the upper floor was thrown open and Berthine appeared, bare footed, half clad and wild with affright.

"It is the French," she cried, "at least a hundred of them! For the love of God, go into the cellar and make no noise; if you do, we are lost!" "I vill, I vill," the officer stammered

bewildered and excited, "but how can we get down?" She lifted the trap in the floor, discloswho had obstinately refused to leave his img the narrow stairs, and the six men quickly disappeared. When the brim of to right and from right to left again. All the last hat had vanished from sight, at once some one called out: "Matheson, Berthine replaced the oaken flap, as thick it is now your turn; come, hurry, my as a wall and hard as steel, fastened it boy; hurry up!" with a monstrous bolt and began to laugh again, to laugh like a maniac, as she softly danced above the heads of her prisoners shut up in their box of stone, and as they had promised to be silent as the tomb, knowing that they were perfectly secure and well supplied with air through a vent in the wall guarded by a strong iron grating, she gave herself no further concern regarding them, but set about replenishing the fire and the pot of soup in readiness for her father's re-

> heard them stirring under her feet and the sound of talking. Berthine listened; it was alear that the Prussians were beginning to suspect the ruse and would soon demand release. She was not mistaken, for a moment later some one stumbled up the winding stairs and began to beat upon the trap with his fists. "Open te toor; open it, I say!" shouted the voice of the officer, "or I'll preak it in!"

"Preak it in, my good man," Berthine answered tauntingly, mimicking his broken accent; "preak it in, by all means!" But the effort was useless; their fists, the butt ends of their muskets and all their kicks and poundings were powerless to release them; that door was stout enough to have defied a catapult. Convinced of this at last, they again descended and once more all was silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock on the mantel shelf. As the hands pointed to the midnight hour a distant baying was heard in the forest and the young woman arose and opened the door. The figures of a man and the two enormous dogs were approaching across the snow.

"Do not pass before the vent hole, father." said she, as soon as he was near enough to hear her; "there are Prussians in the cellar."

"Prussians in the cellar!" Nicholas Pichon replied astounded. Prussians in the cellar! What are they doing in the cellar, child? Tell me, quick!

"They are the same you saw yester-day," she responded. "They were in the forest and are in the cellar now because I put them there," and she proceeded to tell him how she had frightened them by firing off the old revolver and then, through fear, caged them in the unused prison hole.

"As soon as you have eaten, father, she continued, "you must return and bring the major commandant and the troops; he will be very happy to receive the prisoners." The old man agreed, and taking his

scat at the table eagerly consumed his soup while Berthine attended to the dogs, and twenty minutes from the time of their arrival they were on their way back to Rethel, the forestiere waiting alone. The prisoners had once more commenced their uproar, cursing, shouting and beating their guns against the walls of the prison hole. At last they began to fire through the grating, doubtless hoping to attract the attention of some passing detachment which might chance to be in the neighborhood. Berthine paid no attention to the noise, however, save to caution her mother to remain in her chamber; but a wicked anger took possession of her and she would cheerfully have murdered them, if only to keep

threat into execution, she slipped the bolts; the door swung heavily upon its hinges, and she saw in the pale, snowy light of the forest a group of soldiers standing upon the step—the same, in fact, she had seen the evening before.

This is no time of sight to sak for the called for his sword and mifferent the called for his sword and a half. Surely he had reached the city and the troops were on the way. She pictured to herself the air of pride with which he related the called for his sword and mifferent the called for he called for his sword and uniform. She even fancied that she heard the food," she continued, in a resolute tone,"
"besides, I am alone in the house, with only my mother."

She even fancied that she heard the drums as they rolled through the streets, calling the citizens to the cold and bitter march in the snow. Surely another hour would see them here, the prisoners taken and the troops triumphantly returning to

the city, But how long it seemed; how the hours dragged, and the hands of the clock fairly crawled around the dial! Nevertheless,

A Clock That Beats All Others. Another great clock has been added to Pichon. placing a whistle to his lipe, the horological wonders of the world-a sent forth into the night a long, shrill plece of mechanism that will vie with the blast, and soon, in the mist rising boneath elaborate marvel of Strasburg cathedral, the trees. Berthine enw the figures of a and put the processional curiosity of band of men, the advance guard of the arriving troops. of Villingen, in the Black Forest, is said. "But don't pass before the vent hole!" Pichon shouted, as the men appeared; in its way, to surpass anything of the and "Don't pass before the vent hole!" kind yet attempted. It is three and one-solemnly repeated the soldiers to those half metres high, two and three-quarters behind. Soon the whole troop was visi-ble to the young woman, a hundred strong, each man carrying in his belt 200 months, the four seasons, the years and

cartridges, and led by Lavigne himself.

Placing his men in a line around the house, with a liberal space before the hole leading to the cellar, the major commandant valiantly entered the house to mandant valiantly entered the house to make the house the h inform himself as to the strength and at- of useful information generally confined

titude of the enemy, now so quiet that it seemed as if they had flown. Pounding heavily upon the door alove the prisoners' heads he called aloud: 'M. the creed of Christendom and the ancient Officer-M. Prussian Officer-I wish to Pagan and Teutonic mythologies, Sixty speak to you." The German did not separaty and individualized statuettes reply. "Tis-funny," said Lavigne to strike the sixty minutes. Death is rephincelf, "very funny" pounding again resented as in Holbein's famous dance, in an I receiving no response. For twenty the form of a skeleton. In another part minutes more he continued to call upon them—to knock and pound and summon them to surrender, but without the slightest sign from the enemy of either consent twelve signs of the Zodiac, and so on. During the night time a watchman sal-

In the meantime the soldiers cooled lies forth and blows the hour upon the their heels in the snew outside, faithfully horn; while at sunrise chanticleer apguarding the vent hole, slapping their hands to keep them from freezing, and with a childish but constantly increasing desire to cross before it simply because there is a whole series of movable figures in enamel, exhibiting in succession the Suddenly one of them, bolder than the seven days of creation and the fourteen rest, and who ran like a deer, made the stations of the cross, At a certain hour attempt. It was successful; the impris- a little sacristan rings a bell in the spire oned Prussians seemed as if dead. Em- and kneels down and folds his hands as boldened by their comrade, another and another followed in his steps. It had become a game, or a race for life in which the devil could take the hindmost.

| And take is down and folds his hands as if in prayer; and, above all, the musical works are said to have a sweet and delicious, flutelike tone.—St. James' Gazette.

"Hungry Joes" of Society.

keep themselves from freezing, and the I wish somebody who could would tell ruddy glare of the flame fell full upon the laughing faces of those prankish me what special fascination there is in a meager lunch, with tea or coffee, for people who spend hundreds of dollars a week to run their home tables; that even the wealthiest and best folks in society will pull and push and almost tear each other's clothes off to get a cup of poor tea, or a thin ham sandwich, or a half dozen raw oystera-sacrificing breeding self respect and all the usual courtesies due from one individual to another on such occasions for this modicum of refreshment? It may seem ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true, that some ladies have fasted for forty-eight hours to get their appetites in trim for an afternoon like jelly, across the intervening space.

The whole detachment laughed until tea or an evening entertainment where they expected a particularly good table.

they cried, shouting and urging him on And when the evening came these with a storin of bravas and encouraging adies were not alone with their unwhetted appetites. There were others there. Half way across the open space a large too, crushing to the front themselves, or red flame darted from the vent hole, a sending their male friends to jostle and sharp detonation followed, and the big jolt and struggle with each other for the coveted edibles. Sitting on stairways Rether baker fell upon his nose, with a ball in his thigh. As no one rushed to and clustered in hallways, belles and matsuccor him he dragged himself on his rons who would scorn such an indignity hands and knees until out of reach of the in the privacy of their own houses, sip balls, then quietly fainted away, more their tea or surround the slippery oyster and seem perfectly content. See the sacthe ball had scarcely more than ploughed rifices made for this little free lunch. the flesh below the thigh bone. At the Ladies forgetting their manners and gen-tlemen wrecking their nerves and putting sound of the musket shot the major comthemselves into perspiration besides making positive vulgarians of themselves, for a plateful or a cupful of refreshment that might be had at any restaurant for 15 stepped from the ranks and stood before cents or at the utmost 25,-Cor. Globethe commandant. Take the gutters

Treatment of a "Stye." There is a row of small glands, which discharge an ofly material for lubricating purposes along the edge of each cyclid. Whenever the outlet of one of these glands becomes closed, inflammation begins and a "stye" is the result. These are troublesome, sometimes painful. When a "stye" begins to form, shown by swelling and redness of a point on the edge of the lid, applications of cloths wrung out of water as hot as can be borne often rapidly stop the progress of the inflammation, probably by freeing the outlet of the gland. When matter forms, shown by the appearance of a yellow point, it should be opened at once. Sometimes a small cyst or sac, filled with still the water fell, and still the enemy fluid, forms in the substance of the cartilage of one of the lids. There may be more than one, forming little hard nodules, which are unsightly. Whenever inflammation occurs in them matter (pus) is formed, and there is much pain. the commandant. "I vish to speak mit him at vonce." "Do you surrender?" into and their contents removed. The shouted Lavigne, bending to the floor. "If sac that lines the cyst should be taken Whenever they form they should be cut so, pass up your arms." A hand come out away at the same time, to prevent re-of the hole and a musket fell at his feet; newal of the trouble by its refilling.—

Globe-Democrat. another and another, until finally a voice cried: "We hat so more, make haste-Gen. Boulanger has supplied the bands of the French army with a complete collection of the national music of all stopped, and the soldiers, crowding about the trap as the bolts were withdrawn, watched the Germans ascend, six white countries. When the emperor of Brazil visited Paris some years ago considerable heads with water soaked hair and a half difficulty was experienced in hunting up the national anthem of Brazil, and it drowned stare in their pale blue eyes.

As they feared to be surprised the is to guard against similar trouble that Rethelites did not linger, but started for the city, one half of the column bearing the great war minister has armed the buglers with the material in question. between them the shivering prisoners, The list, of course, is long. It includes the war song of the Japanese, the "Ode to Kosciusco," the favorite song of the tended upon a mattress supported by Poles, and the "March of Rakoesy," which has so often roused the enthu-For the bravery and gallantry with which M. Lavigne had captured "the siasm of Hungarian poets and patriots, advence guard of the Prussian army," "Hail Columbia" is there, too. So is —San Francisco Chronicle as Rethel papers quoted it, he was decorated with the cross of honor, while Matheson received a medal. For Berthine nothing could be done; she was only a woman, and it was impossible to adorn her as a warrior.—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant for New York Mercury.

"Hail Columbia" is there, too. So is "God Save the Queen," which is said to be a French air, originally composed in honor of Louis XIV, and in time stolen, captured or borrowed by Handel, who presented it to George I of England, And, by the way, it is a sort of semi-official tune in this country, too, and is called "America."—New York Sun.

EXECUTION OF WOMEN.

Methods of Capital Punishment in Olden Times-Various Laws. In the early days of England men were too humane to execute women, but they drowned them. During the reign of Henry III, however, a woman was hanged, but as she did not die after being on the gibbet for a day, they cut her down and she was granted a pardon. Adulterous women and sorceresses were drowned or smothered in mud. Stones

were fastened to their necks to prevent their swimming, or they were seved up in sacks. Sometimes they were drowned in company with a cst, a dog and a snake. The Angle-Saxons drowned women guilty of their. The criminal was thrown from the cliff or submerged. In the Tanth contrave a women was decreased. thrown from the chir or submerged. In the Tenth century a woman was drowned at London bridge. Women were pun-ished by drowning in Scotland. In 1500 Grissell Mathon was condemned by the high court of Edinburgh "to be taken to the north lock and there drowned till she

be dead." A memorable instance of drowing occurred at Bavario, Oct. 14, 1436. Agnes Bernaurian, wife of Duke Albert the Pious, was dropped off the bridge of the city of Strasburg into the Danube, by order of her father. She appears not to have been put into a sack, and her limbs not to have been securely bound, for she rose to the surface of the water and swam to the shore crying "help," "help," but the executioner put a long pole into her hair and kept her down. According to the Danish laws, women were buried alive for theft, a method of

punishment not unknown in France. In 1331 Marote Duplas was scourged and subjected to this cruel death, at Abbeville. and in 1460 a woman named Perotte Manger, a notorious thief and receiver of stolen goods was, by order of the provost of Paris, buried alive in front of the gibbet in that city. In ancient German history we read of female criminals being impaled in the mud and, in comparatively recent years, the remains of several bodies have been found to prove the truth of this assertion. In early England a cook thorities did not believe they had a punishment sufficiently severe for her case. so a law was passed making her crime punishable by being boiled to death.— The Earth.

Disenchanted Montana Boys.

Most of the cowboys looked upon their coming to Montana to head cattle as the mistake of their lives. The glowing stories of thrilling adventures and sudden wealth of the cowboys' life which are common in the east are in most cases responsible for their entering the gutld, but the reality is quite a different matter. Many of the economical ones have been enabled by their savings to return to their eastern homes.

People who have not been through the

bad lands have but a faint conception of

the utter desolation and worthles a cowboy's home. He is roasted in summer and frozen in winter. The lands can never be used for anything but grazing, and the distances are therefore something immense. One peculiarity of the country makes rapid riding a very difficult, not to say dangerous, undertaking. The earth is so friable that a tiny watercourse will speedily cut for itself a deep gully, or "coolie," as it is called, the depth of which when filled with snow is entirely problematical. A horseman who rides with a cowboy's recklessness may sud-denly find himself at the bottom of a six or eight foot coolie, with his horse on top of him, and no way of getting out—if he happens to be still alive—save tunnelling up to the head of the stream through the snow. Then one of your broncho's feet is as likely as not to sink suddenly two feet down into a coyote's hole when he is going at a furious pace. Result: His legs snap off like a pipe stem, and you are shot through the air to a point far beyond, and picked up more dead than alive. The water is generally bitter with alkali, and scorches your threat as your swallow it; there is little to eat, and that is hard to get.-Tomah Enterprise.

Mrs. Langtry's Body Servant. Two years ago, when the Jersey Lily visited San Francisco, her attention was directed to a bright eyed native of Canton, by hame Wong Afoo. She thought that it would be a surprise to her New York and British friends if she possessed, among her other peculiar treasures, a Chi nese body servant. Negotiations were entered into between Wong Afoo's father and Mrs. Langtry, and the result was that the boy entered into her service. His father states that he allowed the boy to go under the condition that he was to taught to read and write English. How much tuition Wong Afoo received in the radiments of the language while under the Lily's motherly care is a problem. It is learned that he accompanied her east and also to England. When the duties of the stage required Mrs. Lang-try's presence, Wong Afoe went to the theatre, but in what connection his duties were utilized in the green room Wong is not willing to state; neither will he lift the veil which enshrouds the Lily's sur-roundings. The boy, who is about 16 years of age, has just returned to this city, his father having written to Mrs. Langtry to allow him to leave her employ, and he is now engaged in pursuing his studies in a far different atmosphere than that in which he was accustomed to in the Lily's residence in New York city.

Matheson received a modal. For Berthin nothing could be done; she was only and it was impossible to adon the roar a warrior.—Translated from the first was impossible to adon the roar a warrior.—Translated from the French of Guy de Mnupassant for New York Mercury.

The Boacy Beels Sting.

Naturalist Clark, of Canada, says the business of the country to go and is called "America."—New York Sum.

Devently to Be Wiendd.

"I firmly believe that a way of ridding the translate work, eaping the comb and in fusing the formic exid, by means of well known recently. "That is what?" saled the during the formic exid, by means of well known recently. The first work capping the comb and infusing the formic exid, by means of well known recently. The first work capping the comb, with which the See finds to make the composition of the capped over does not keep well. The formic acid has not been injected into it exceed its. "A work when this will be discovered in one knows, but many mimbs are actively yet secretly at work on the subject. My impression, however, is that it mathed to successfully combat and overed to make the finds of the human race have inert, if not the method to successfully combat and overed to make the finds of the human race have inert, if not come the consumption seed. Nine-tends the finds of the human race have inert, if not the method to successfully combat and overed to the first and have th The Westerner and the Dude. A tall, fine looking man, clad in the garb

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