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Miscellaneous Sentences Alphabetically Digested.

A great man will not trample upon a worm; nor speak to an emperor. Blame not before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke. Cast no dirt into the well that hath given you water. Do nothing to day that you will repent of to-morrow. Easy is fixed only on merit, and like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright. Few envy the merit of others that have any of their own. Gossiping and lying go together. He who makes an idol of his interest will make a martyr of his integrity. If you can say no-good, say no ill of your neighbors. Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present. Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer of a wise man. Let no man be confident of his own merit; the best err. Many come to bring their clothes to church, rather than themselves. Never purchase friends by gifts; for if you cease to give, they cease to love. One of eminent learning said, that such as would excel in arts, must excel in industry. Prosperity is no just cause; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends. Quick surrender saves much battery. Rather suffer wrong than enter into a lawsuit; the first loss is generally the least. Speak of thyself seldom, and always with great caution and modesty. To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance. Use the means and trust God for the blessing. Vex no one in jest. When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon anything as great or valuable which does not bring with it an extraordinary power of interest to the person who is concerned in it. Xenophon, and the rest of the philosophers, esteemed wisdom the greatest wealth, and content the highest bliss. Youth should enterprise nothing without the advice of age; for though youth is fittest for action, yet age is the best for counsel. Zero, of all virtues, made choice of silence, for thereby he saw others' imperfections, and concealed his own. — J. S. in the Biblical Record.

ANGELA.

BY W. S. GILBERT.

I am a poor paralyzed fellow who for many years past has been confined to a bed or a sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room looking on to one of the narrow side canals of Venice, having no one about me but a deaf old woman who makes my bed and attends to my food; and here I eke out a poor income of about thirty pounds a year by making water color drawings of flowers and fruit (they are the cheapest models in Venice, and these I send to a friend in London, who sells them to a dealer for small sums. But, on the whole, I am a happy content.

It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather minutely. Its only window is about five feet above the water of the canal, and above it the house projects some six feet and overhangs the water, the projecting portion being supported by stout piles driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the disadvantage (among others) of so limiting my upward view that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although by reaching so far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see for a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed fifty feet in width. But, although I can see but little of the material house opposite, I can see its reflection upside down in the canal, and I contrive to take a good deal of inverted interest in such of its inhabitants as show themselves from time to time (always upside down) on its balconies and at its windows.

When first I occupied my room, about six years ago, my attention was directed to the reflection of a little girl of thirteen or so (as nearly as I could judge), who passed every day on a balcony just above the upward range of my limited field of view. She had a glass of flowers and a crucifix on a little table by her side, and as she sat there in fine weather from early morn until dark, working assiduously all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by needlework. She was certainly an industrious little girl, and as far as I could judge by her upside down reflection, neat in her dress and pretty. She had an old mother, an invalid, who on warm days would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid wrap the old lady in shawls and bring pillows for her chair and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work and kiss and fondle the old lady for half a minute, and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection grew down, and at last she was quite a little woman of, I suppose, sixteen or seventeen. I can only work for a couple of hours or so the brightest part of the day, and so I had plenty of time in my hands in which to watch her movements, and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her, and to endow her with a beauty which, to a great extent, I had to take for granted. I saw—or fancied that I could see—that she began to take an interest in my reflections (which, of course, she could see as I could see hers); and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking right at it—that is to say, when her reflection appeared to be looking right at me—I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded in reply. And so our two reflections became known to one another.

It did not take me long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could do more than make up my mind to nod to her every morning, when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window, and again in the evening, when the maid left the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at mine I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal, she nodded several times in return, and I saw her draw her mother's attention to the incident. Then every morning I threw a flower into the water for "good morning," and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered that I had not thrown them altogether in vain, for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands as the two flowers

joined forces and floated away. And then every morning and evening she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met she clapped her hands, and so did I; but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not entangle the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty affectation of despair, which I tried to imitate, but in an English and unsuccessful fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola (which happened not infrequently) she protested to cry, and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky, to tell me that it was destiny that caused the shipwreck of our flowers, and I, in pantomime not half so pretty, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time, and that perhaps to-morrow our flowers would be more fortunate—and so the innocent courtship went on. One day she showed me her crucifix and kissed it, and thereupon I took a little silver crucifix which stood by me and kissed that, and so she knew that we were one in religion. One day the little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and although I threw my flowers as usual no flowers came to keep it company. However, after a time she reappeared dressed in black and crying often, and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead, as far as I knew she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for many days, nor did she show any sign of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she roused herself to nod to me, and then her flowers came. Day after day my flower went forth to join it, and with varying fortunes the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good-looking young gondolier, standing right end uppermost in his gondola (for I could see him in the flesh) worked his craft alongside the house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out, he held her by the hand during the whole of the interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pushed off, and left my heart heavy with him. But Leon took heart of grace, for as soon as he was out of sight the little maid threw two flowers growing on the same stem—an allegory of which I could make nothing until I broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that he and she were brother and sister, and that I had no cause to be sad. And thereupon I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on again as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time, for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I could see each other no longer, and worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even having hinted to her that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and fifty plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who tended me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died; and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me, and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason for my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after, during my three weeks of bed keeping a flower was found every morning on the edge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one within a boat; and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on the sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could possibly be.

So the first time the gondolier passed my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me, with many bright smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their kind thoughts about me during my retreat, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela, and that she was the best and purest maiden in all Venice, and that anyone might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and indeed they were to be married next day. Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for a while. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation and he left me singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church.

"For," said he, "my Angela has known you very long—ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who was a good Catholic, and who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she has said over and over again how dearly she wished that she could speak to him; and one day, when you threw a flower into the canal, she asked me whether she might throw another, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy with one who was sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity, and not love, except, indeed, such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it all. For the two that I thought were on a stem were two flowers tied together (but I could not tell that), and she meant to indicate that she and the gondolier were affianced lovers, and my expressed pleasure at this symbol delighted her for she took it to mean that I rejoiced in her happiness. And the next day the gondolier came with a train of other gondoliers, all decked in their holiday garb, and in his gondola sat Angela, happy and blushing at her happiness. Then he and she entered the house in which I dwelt and came into my room (and it was strange, indeed, after so many years of inversion, to see her with head above her feet), and then she wished me happiness and a speedy restoration to good health (which could never be), and I, in broken words and with tears in my eyes, gave her the little crucifix that had stood by my bed or my table for so many years. And Angela took it reverently and crossed herself and kissed it, and so departed with her delighted husband.

And as I heard the song of the gondoliers as they went their way—the song dying away in the distance as the shadows of the sundown closed around me—I felt that they were singing the requiem of the only love that had ever entered my heart.—Exchange.

Honor The Farmers.

SHOW THEM THE RESPECT THEY SO RIGHTFULLY DESERVE.

It has been said that there is nothing about which the American will not joke, and it may be affirmed, with equal truth, that there is nothing in life too serious to be ridiculed by the American Newspaper. So when it is not the sleepy policeman or mother-in-law, or the tipsy husband who comes home late at night, it is the American farmer who is made the butt of ridicule. One can count on the fingers of one's hand those journals which discriminate in their columns between legitimate honor or wit, and that ill timed levity which makes "fun" at the expense of higher and better things in our natures. I am glad to see that the Epoch is one of the carefully edited papers.

This subject may seem trivial, but it is more important that the ridicule of the press will injure the farmers of the country, but the constant harping upon the mythical ignorance and follies of this class a tendency to place more rigid barriers between the city and the country and create caste. And if any one considers this result desirable, let him tell us how much caste has helped India in her progress. So long as the country villages and the rural districts furnish the boys to make the merchants and bakers and

rail-road magnates of the city, every true American should scorn to speak derisively of our agricultural population.

One thing is needed in this country and that is, an increased appreciation of the real value of patient, plodding toil. The average man has somehow formed the idea that there is something very ludicrous in the efforts of men content with tilling the soil, and working quietly and humbly in the lowly fields of usefulness.

We, as individuals, and as a nation, need a better appreciation of the American farmer's life and labors. The time was, perhaps, when it was thought that any one had brains enough to be a farmer; but that time in this country, at least, is passed. Any useful class of citizens working for the advancement of our national welfare is not a proper subject for ridicule, and the low humor which finds fault for its object our agricultural laborers is not the best matter with which to expand our literature.

The Folly of Flirtation.

It is the duty of the press to do all in its power to elevate and aid the farmers, and to spread right ideas concerning their social and intellectual position, and not to belittle them. There are many who do not care what they write. They aim to construct "readable" articles, regardless of principle. But surely we ought to expect better things of our great metropolitan papers, which, from their circulation of, and their occasional recognition of higher things, are styled "representative American journals."—George H. Sargent in the Epoch.

He Felt Taken In.

What makes you look so blue this morning, Jud? asked Mrs. Squeezum of her husband on a morning after he had returned from Chicago, where he had been looking up a city investment.

Nothing. Don't bother me, he snapped in return.

Why, Jud? What makes you so cross?

Do you recollect the nice building lots on that lithograph of the property I bought in the Chicago suburbs about four years ago?

Yes.

And you know I have paid the taxes on it each year and chucked

over my city investment and told all of our neighbors what a splendid investment it was?

"Well, I think I have heard you brag a little about it. What of it?"

"I saw it yesterday."

"That shouldn't make you feel blue."

"It shouldn't. Well, you just pay five hundred dollars for a beautiful, picturesque piece of land that is marked out into fine lawns and avenues and set off with handsome shade trees; then, when you visit it and take a stroll over the ground, find it reeking with ashes and garbage, see ragged children tumbling about, so dirty a bed-bug wouldn't taste 'em, listen to a crowd of Bohemian strikers curse, and you'd hold your nose and light out for home. By the time you get back you'd feel blue and become convinced that art is more deceitful than a lottery advertisement."

The Folly of Flirtation.

If young ladies, who pride themselves on their skill and tact in the art of flirtation, could only hear all that is said of them behind their backs, we think they would renounce their meretricious blandishments forever, and blush, if not pale, at the very wholesome indication of shame for the false part they had so far played in society. The practical flirt is looked upon by all young men as those green enough to be her victims merely as a frivolous piece of human trumpery, with whom it may be well enough to wile away an idle hour, now and then, when nothing better in the way of amusement offers. She is freely discussed in club-room conversation, and her tricks of fascination are the subjects of the coarsest jests. Instead of the respect with which all honorable men regard true women, she earns for herself their contempt, while the good and amiable of her own sex look upon her with loathing. Of obtaining a desirable husband she has not the slightest chance, and the probability is that she will either die unmarried, or accept, as a last resort, some wretch who will avenge upon her, by his brutality, the deception she has endeavored to practice upon better men. In either case she will deserve her fate. We would advise any young lady, who is inclined to flirtation, to ask some old jilt, who has been through the mill, whether she thinks that sort of thinf pays in the end.—N. Y. Ledger.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Everybody wants to claim something extraordinary for whatever they have as a curative agent. The value of B. B. B. is too well known now for "blatant making." It stands alone, unparalleled as a Blood Remedy, and nobody can produce its superior. We don't fight other remedies, because B. B. B. takes care of itself, and we don't try to argue with your blood; try it a single bottle will open your eyes. It is nonsense to try and argue with the public, and we don't do it. If one bottle don't do you any good, no matter how you suffer, we will give you a gross. Read these certificates:

Impure Blood.

A case in Florida cured by B. B. B. Everly, near Brunswick, Ga., May 28, 1887.—My blood had been impure for a number of years. I broke out in ugly sores over my head and body and I could get nothing to heal them or purify my blood (though I tried other so-called medicines) until I found that most valuable medicine (Botanic Blood Balm) B. B. B. I have been using it for nearly a year, and in that time have taken about one dozen bottles, and I feel that I am nearly cured: the sores on my head and body are all healed. My health is good and I can eat any thing I desire. Yours respectfully, EDWARD GLOVER.

The Best Purifier Made.

Damascus, Ga., June 27, 1887. I have suffered with Catarrh for about four years, and after using four bottles of Botanic Blood Balm I had my general health greatly improved, and if I could keep out of the bad weather I would be cured, I believe it is the best purifier made. Very respectfully, L. W. THOMPSON.

10 Years With Rheumatism.

Newton, N. C. June 25, 1887. Gentlemen: I am pleased in saying I have been a great sufferer of rheumatism for 10 years, and I have exhausted almost every known remedy without relief. I was told to try B. B. B. which I did after long procrastination, and with the experience of three bottles, I am almost a healthy man. I take it as a part of my duty to make known your wonderful Blood Purifier to suffering humanity, and respect fully ask you to mail me one of your books of wonders. R. SPECT FULLY.

Give Better Satisfaction.

Cadiz, Ky., July 6th, 1887. Please send me one box Blood Balm Catarrh Snuff by return mail, as one of my customers is taking B. B. B. for catarrh and wants a box of the snuff. B. B. B. gives better satisfaction than any medicine I ever sold. I have sold 10 Jozyn in the past 10 weeks, and it gives good satisfaction. If I don't remit right for snuff write me. Yours, W. N. BRANDON.

From A Druggist.

Palatka, Fla., May 24, 1887. The demand for Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is such that I now buy in half gross lots, and I unhesitatingly say that my customers are all well pleased. R. KERSTING.

Splendid For a Spring Tonic.

Arlington, Ga., June 30, 1887. I suffered with malarial blood poison more or less, all the time, and the only medicine that done me any good is B. B. B. It is undoubtedly the best blood medicine made, and for this malarial country should be used by every one in the spring of the year, and as good in summer, fall and winter as a blood purifier. Its Use For Kidneys. Jesup, Ga., May 26, 1887. I have been suffering from kidney disease for a month past, and the pain in my back was very severe. My occupation requires a good deal of writing at night and I suffered all the time. I saw one man who said he was cured by using Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) and I commenced using it, and the pain is a great deal less. I have only used two bottles and believe it will effect a cure by the use of a few more bottles. Yours respectfully, J. E. COLEMAN.

A Preacher Cured of Dyspepsia.

Micoskees, Fla., Leon Co., July 20, 1886.—I have been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia for a long time, and have tried many remedies, but until I was induced by my friends to try your B. B. B. received no relief, but since using it have found more relief and comfort than from any other treatment I have used. Hoping you will forward to my address your little 32 page book for prescription, also evidence of cures. Send at earliest date. Rev. Rob't C.

A Remarkable Showing For B. B. B. Against Other Remedies.

Putnam Co., April 29, 1887. I have been suffering for most thirty years itching and burning all over my face and body. I took eighteen bottles of one blood medicine and it did me no good. I commenced last January to use B. B. B. and after using five bottles I felt better and stouter than I have for thirty years, my health is better and I weigh more than I ever did. The itching has nearly ceased, and I am confident that a few more bottles of B. B. B. will cure me entirely. I am sixty-two years old and can now do a good day's work in my field. I consider it the best medicine I have ever seen, for it certainly did me more good than all the medicine I have ever taken. I had, in all, nearly a hundred rashes on my face, neck and body. JAMES PINKERTON.

Twelve Years Afflicted.

Bluffton, Ind., Feb. 6, 1887. I have been afflicted with Blood Poison for twelve years. Have used prescriptions from physicians offered me during that period. Through the druggist, W. A. Gutelius, I procured one bottle of B. B. B. and since have used 3 bottles, and am satisfied it has done me more good than anything I ever used. I am almost well, and am sure, within two or three or weeks I will be perfectly well, after twelve years suffering intensely. Write or address, JOSEPH FEIST, Baker and confectioner, Well's Co., Ind.

Two Bottles Cure Rheumatism.

Boughton, Ark., June 4, 1887. I cheerfully state the following facts in regard to the use of your medicine in my family: My little son, 14 years of age, suffered from an acute attack of rheumatism, caused by undue exposure and chilling of the blood. I heard your remedy highly recommended, and purchased one bottle of Mouschief & Bro., Fayette, Ark. In about one month, after using this bottle, he became so much better that I got the second bottle which is now being used, and my son is nearly well, and I think by removing him to a cooler summer climate (which I will do) and continuing its use, a perfect cure will be effected. I consider B. B. B. a most excellent blood purifier. CHAS. H. TITUS, R. R. Agt., Boughton, Ark.

Send for our Book of Wonders, free to all. Address,

BLOOD BALM COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.