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Appreciation.

Twice blest is he whom God endows With truest gifts of seeing. Who feels each beauty day by day Throughout his inmost being.

THE NEW CURATE.

"You haven't seen him yet? Well, that's a pity. He's quite a catch, I am told. Young, handsome and single. Why don't you set your cap for him, Mattie? You've got as good a chance as the rest of them, and twenty-four is not old, by any means."

She leaned over the garden gate as she spoke, this veritable village gossip. I can see her now, with her great poke bonnet, from which the clustering gray ringlets peeped, the keen blue eyes that seemed to read your very thoughts, the trim little figure, clad always in ample skirts of Quaker gray or sombre brown.

Never was there a wedding, funeral or christening in the village without this estimable lady's presence. What a harmless little body she appeared and how incapable of carrying about that wonderful budget of information! How nicely she imparted her knowledge to her listeners, beginning with, "Well, I don't mind telling you," or "They do say, but of course you can't believe anything," and ending with, "That's between you and me; it will go no further."

I was in the garden that morning training some early June roses; my thoughts were not the brightest, scarcely in harmony with nature, which was decked in one of her brightest mantles. It was quite unnecessary for Mrs. Briggs to remind me of my age. I was thinking seriously of it. Twenty-six. Not very old, to be sure, and yet not very young to an unmarried woman. I must be content with fewer laurels, less conquests. I must step out of the field, as it were, and leave the romance and day dreams to younger and fairer girls.

It mattered little to me whether the new curate was young and unmarried, or a portly old fellow with a wife and grown daughters. At heart I disliked this interfering old woman who had broken in on my reverie. I thanked her kindly for her advice telling her that at present I had no intention of setting my cap for any one, not even the curate, so saying I went back to my work and the roses. "There, Mattie, don't get riled. Of course it's nobody's business if you're going to leave yourself all old maid; but take my advice and don't spend your time fretting and worrying over Bob Preston, for he ain't worth it nohow."

She shook her head wisely, and was off before I had time to recover from the cruel thrust that had opened the old wound, Robert Preston and the past. I had tried to guard my heart, to tread under foot the old love. I could have laughed at my girlish folly as if it were a dream until a thoughtless world had brought back the past, like the dead risen to life again, or a smouldering fire that needed but a gentle breeze to make it a burning flame. One by one the roses dropped from my hands. One by one the blinding tears fell. I was only a weak woman after all, as, covering my face with my hands, I sobbed.

"R-ber-t, oh, Robert! Why were you false?" It all came back to me—that visit to Aunt Martha, where I first met Robert Preston, a young student just returned from college. I cannot tell you all those bright, happy day-dreams; how I loved him and waited for the happy day when he would ask me for that love. He read my answer in my tell-tale face before my lips uttered it. So engrossed with Robert's society, I took little heed of other matters, scarcely giving thought to the fact that a young lady, the daughter of a deceased friend of my aunt's, was going to make her home with us. She came. From the moment I looked upon her lovely face my happiness was gone. I was a pretty girl, fair and fragile, yet one might as well compare a simple little daisy to a full blown poppy or a rose as my frail beauty to this girl's exquisite loveliness. For a time his love was unchanged. I laughed in my foolish heart at my

doubts and fears. At times I would find his serious eyes wandering from me and resting admiringly on the beautiful face of Kathleen Lee. No man could resist that wondrous face, smiling face. She never encouraged him, but the drooping lids, the faint flush, the trembling of the little hands, all told plainly that she, too, loved him.

How I suffered! In my mad jealousy I grew almost to hate the child. He loved me before she came, with her beautiful, lower-like face, to rob me of that love. Was she blind that she did not see we were betrothed? I prayed that she might go away and leave us to ourselves once more, and Robert would go back to his old fond ways. His caresses were growing colder, his kisses lighter. I spoke of his seeming neglect, and answered lightly, taking both my hands in his and looking fondly at me.

Nonsense, Mattie! Do you know, my girl, that you are growing nearer and dearer to me every day! For a time I was satisfied, trying to be content with but a share of his love. We were seated in the garden, one afternoon in early autumn, Robert, Kathleen and I. She was looking unusually handsome in a dress of soft Indian mull. My lover had just paid her a well merited compliment, for which she was about to make a gracious reply, when Aunt Martha came to us.

Robert, she said placing her hand fondly on his shoulder as she spoke, will you gather some grapes for me? I find that some of the bunches hang too high. The girls will go with you and hold the basket. He arose to comply with her request. Kathleen was at his side in a moment, while I refused to join them, feigning a severe headache.

They do not want me, I reasoned with myself. I watched them as they walked away together, he carrying the little wicket basket and she tossing her bright curls with that coquetish air that came so natural to her.

I cannot tell you what tempted me to follow them. It must have been some even genius. Slowly I followed down the pathway, taking every precaution, not to be observed. Seated upon a little rustic bench, I could see every movement of my lover and Kathleen.

How lovely she looked standing in the orchard, the sunlight falling athwart the lovely upturned face, on which a smile rested! Never was seen a fairer vision. Her sleeve of soft texture falling back showed the shapely outstretched arm.

Sometimes a peal of merry laughter would fall upon my ear. They did not miss me—not even Robert, he was content with Kathleen.

"The basket was full to overflowing, and still they lingered. One bunch of luscious grapes, the last gathered, was in Robert's hand. He stooped to place it with the others, when their eyes met, their hands touched. Was I dreaming? Alas! no. I saw him stoop and kiss her fondly. I waited no longer. With a cry of pain I turned and fled to the seclusion of my own room, where I sobbed out the trouble of my young heart, with only God to hear me.

I went away quite unexpected. I was homesick I told Aunt Martha, I left a letter for Robert, giving no explanation of my conduct, simply telling him it was better we should part. I was proud girl and would not stoop to acknowledge a rival. I remember taking the ring he had given me from my hand, and what a struggle it cost me to place it with that letter—the last I should ever write to Robert.

I came home to mother, who was quite an invalid and needed all my care. I never heard from Robert again, save once, through Aunt Martha, who wrote: "Of course, Mattie, you're not for gotten Robert, whom, to speak candidly, you treated rather unkindly. He has gone to New York to practice midicine. He is doing well."

An old newspaper had fallen into my hands, where an account was given of a brilliant reception. Among the guests were the names of Robert Preston, and wife. I knew it was Robert and Kathleen. I made no inquiries, and receiving no further information took it for granted that Aunt Martha's kindness of heart presented her from referring to the past. I closed my heart forever. The world

will never know me as a disappointed woman, I thought, flattering myself that I had quite succeeded in deceiving humanity in general, until the gossip had come upon me with her idle words, bringing to life the bitter past that I thought I had buried years ago.

Going to service, Miss Kenwood! It was my neighbor who asked me the question, Marcia Hall—a dear little girl with the utmost faith in man in general. I smiled faintly as I caught sight of the new bonnet its dainty ribbons, evidently got up for the new curate. Young and foolish, thought I. Wait until she is twenty six, and I'll wager she will not buy a new bonnet for all the new curates in town.

Slowly we walked to church on that bright Sunday morning, Marcia chatting gayly and I, dressed in the plainest of dresses, walking silently beside her.

I had not fully recovered from Mrs. Briggs' unkind remarks, and was determined to show her my disinclination to set my cap, as she termed it, by appearing in an exceedingly unbecoming gown. I was rarely disappointed, on catching a last glimpse in the mirror, to find that notwithstanding my plain toilet and my twenty-six years I was still a pretty woman, and to hear my mother say as I stopped to kiss her, How well you're looking Mattie!

How crowded the little village church was—filled to overflowing. Every one was there, even that hateful Mrs. Briggs. I caught a glimpse of the great poke bonnet as I walked quickly to my seat.

They were singing as we entered, yet I scarcely heard them, feeling rather embarrassed at coming late to be gazed at by the entire congregation.

I sank wearily among the soft cushions, gladly taking refuge behind a large palm leaf fan kindly proffered by a portly old gentleman beside me. Now a hush, a slight flutter among the congregation, a rustle of garments, with now and then a subdued whisper as the pulpit was rolled to the chancel and the new curate ascended.

He's just lovely, whispered Marcia pulling softly at my sleeve. Do look at him, Miss Kenwood.

I kept my eyes down cast. If every woman in the congregation cast glances of admiration I was determined to do otherwise. Am I my brother's keeper? was the text. Clear and distinct were the words of the speaker. The first words had caused my heart to beat wildly. How like that voice of long ago—that rich, soft voice that pleaded for my love! I listened like one in a dream, until I raised my eyes to see before me—Robert Preston.

Yes, Robert Preston. Changed, to be sure; not the bright, boyish face of long ago. There were lines of care and suffering on it now, while the dark hair was streaked with silver.

Was Kathleen dead? I wondered. Had he given up his practice? Was he happy? Fifty different queries crowded upon my memory. Why had fate thrown us once more together after my bitter struggle to forget? One thing I was determined upon. I must leave the village. I dared not trust myself further. Reason as I would, my heart told me that I loved him still.

It was all over. I could hear the whispered comments of the worshippers on the eloquence of the new curate. The singers were chanting in that nasal, drawing tone so natural to village choirs, and still I sat dreaming.

Are you coming? asked my companion; then, as I rose mechanically to obey, Don't you like him, Miss Kenwood? Do tell me! You listened attentively, and once, as I looked at you, I thought you were going to faint away, you looked so pale. Are you ill?

Yes, I like him, she added aloud, while my heart whispered, God pity me, I love him.

We were out once more in the bright sunshine, coming quite unexpected upon a little group composed of the wealthier members of the congregation gathered around the new curate. They had learned he was a man of wealth and standing, choosing his calling simply as a matter of taste. Some one—I think it was the pastor's wife—presented me to him.

Our eyes met, our hands touched, as resting those serious eyes upon me, he said: I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kenwood before.

I cannot tell how it happened that we were all walking out through the churchyard towards the highway, and I found myself alone with Robert. He was the first to break the silence. It pained me to think that it was a commonplace remark.

How is Kathleen? endeavoring to show him how little I cared for the past, and how, without betraying the slightest emotion, I could inquire after his wife's health.

Kathleen? He looked dazed at the question, I believe she is well but not happy, poor girl. He believed she was well. How strange! Had he grown weary of her as of me? Was he utterly devoid of honor?

Not happy, I said, as I toyed nervously with the roses in my bodice. She should be very happy as—your wife; I faltered.

As my wife, he said, giving in blank amazement. Did you—oh, Mattie, you have judged me wrongfully. I never married Kathleen. I never married Kathleen.

He looked like a man upon whom a sudden truth had dawned, or one accused of a great wrong who could prove his innocence.

It was in the twilight before, service that he told me all. The notice concerning Robert Preston and wife had referred to his cousin. He had entered the ministry from choice, as he had come into a large fortune through the death of his uncle. True, he admired Kathleen as a man would admire a beautiful woman, but he never entertained the slightest feeling of love for her.

The scene in the orchard was a little rose gotten up by Robert and Kathleen to excite my jealousy, little dreaming of the serious result. Kathleen made a most unfortunate match, like most beautiful women, making a poor selection from many suitors. Poor girl what a dear, kind letter she sent to us, telling how happy she was to hear we were reunited.

Just to think of it, said Mrs. Briggs. He came back to her after the other girl had given him the mitten. I wouldn't take him. Would you?

We can afford to laugh at her idle gossip, we are so happy, Robert and I. I smile proudly to think that without setting my cap I have captured the new curate after all.—Exchange.

"There is no Cure but Marriage."

How many a pompous old fraud, with an M. D. attached to his name, has offered this time-dishonored prescription to a pale haggard girl, suffering from the ills of womanhood? How many a wretched hell on earth has thus been started? For no marriage can be blessed, either to husband or wife, which is taken as a pill. Out upon such quackery! There is a cure for suffering women—a cure which will make marriage the greatest of earthly blessings, and home the sweetest of abodes. Its name is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Just try it, and see the black clouds of life roll away before the glowing sunshine of returning health and vigor. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See wrapper around bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills. 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

A United Party.

The Richmond Whig and the News are to be commended for the fair and many way they are dealing with the Mills bill and the action of the democratic congressmen in putting the measure of tariff reform through the House. Neither of our contemporaries has entirely approved the Mills bill, but both recognize the fact that the passage of the bill is a fulfillment of the pledges of the National democracy, and that our congressmen have met the issue like men and have done what they could to relieve the country of unnecessary taxation.

The Whig says: "The accumulating surplus in the treasury presents a grave question that must be met in some way. The democrats have responded to the demand of the country for a reduction of taxation by passing a bill cutting down the receipts from the internal revenue about \$24,000,000, and from the tariff about \$50,000,000, and the republicans

cannot afford to reject that measure without substituting some other for it. They must show that they are not opposed to reducing the surplus, but the democratic method of doing it. And they must show how it can be done better than by the democratic plan. If they do not do this, they will have but a poor chance for success at the November elections."

And then referring to the proposition of the republicans to reduce the whiskey tax and to leave the tariff as it stands, the Whig concludes: "The democrats are perfectly willing to fight out the presidential battle on the issue presented by such a bill in opposition to the Mills bill. It emphasizes the positions of the two parties on the question of taxation—showing that the democrats would give the people cheaper necessities, while the republicans would keep up war taxes on necessities, in the interest of monopolists."

We are highly gratified at this candid and patriotic utterance, from the Whig. The News is equally as emphatic in commending the democratic members of congress for passing the Mills bill. Says the News: "The democratic party would not have been strengthened by the defeat of the Mills bill. On the contrary it would have made itself objectionable to the charge of inability and impotency, notwithstanding the fact of its predominance in the popular branch of congress; and Mr. Campbell and his associates who doubted the propriety of passing such a measure would simply have incurred the odium of arresting the deliberate policy of their party. In our judgement Mr. Campbell did precisely the right thing when he subordinated his opinion to the united wisdom of the overwhelming majority of democratic congressmen."

We copy these expressions from the News and Whig to show that they are willing to waive for the time any objections they may have had to certain features of the Mills bill and as true democrats in accept it in its entirety as a party measure. It could not be expected that the bill would please everybody. It is not all that the reformers could ask for and it is not all that the so-called protection wing of the party could wish, but both sides are convinced that the revenues of government must be reduced and as that is the chief aim and object of the Mills bill, all classes of democrats are willing to accept it as a compromise measure. The great democratic party of Virginia is firmly and cordially united and the usual democratic majority will be rolled up in November. —Danville Register.

Use for Kidneys.

JESUR, GA., May 20, 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.

The Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR—I have for some time past, used B. B. B., as a purifier of the blood and to build up the system generally, and consider it without exception the finest remedy of the kind in the market.

Yours with best wishes, ARTHUR G. LEWIS, Editor Southern Society.

Cleveland's Pluck.

When Mr. Cleveland vetoed last year the dependent pension bill we said that that act alone ought to insure his re-election so the office of President of the United States. It requires a courage such as few public men possess. It demanded that he should dismiss all considerations personal to himself. He had to lose sight of his own future and run the risk of being remanded to private life. He had to face misrepresentation of his motives. He had to take the chances of alienating from himself all the soldier vote. In a word, he had to prove himself a second "Old Hickory," as Andrew Jackson used to be called.

All these considerations did not move Mr. Cleveland from his firm purpose. Come what would, he determined to stand upon his rights, faithfully perform his duty, defy opposition and misrepresentation, and let the people should condemn him therefor, he would console himself with the consciousness of having done

what his principles and his conscience required of him. But the people recognize in Mr. Cleveland a model President, and have made up their minds that he shall have the opportunity to veto another dependent pension bill if Congress shall dare to pass another before 1893.

The President has also vetoed a large number of bills granting pensions to individual persons—soldiers, or their widows or orphans. Of course he has vetoed no meritorious bill, but only those which had been passed by Congress upon false testimony or without sufficient investigation. We mentioned recently the bill which he vetoed granting a pension to a soldier (or his widow) who, having been captured by the Confederates, enlisted at once in the "rebel" army rather than in confinement. A gentleman at Burkeville has asked us for the full details of that case; but we have not been able to procure them. We have, however, the details of another case more discreditable to the men who voted for the bill than the one just mentioned. This latter case shows, too, how the President's carefulness in examining into the merits of pension bills has impressed senators, and his boldness has been imparted to them: It will do any sound Democrat good to read the following form the Congressional Record:

MR. COCKRELL: Now, I want to say to the Senator from Minnesota [Mr. Davis] that I dare him to make a report back to the Senate recommending the passage of that bill over the President's veto because Mary Ann Dougherty was an employee in the Government service and injured. I just dare him to do it. We will stand on that issue before the country. They have a chance to vindicate the correctness of their judgement.

Well might the Missouri Senator dare the Republicans to recommend the passage of the Dougherty bill over the President's veto. What was the merit of that bill? It had none whatever. The woman (Mrs. Dougherty) was an impostor. As the Providence Journal says, the President found upon investigation that Mrs. Dougherty, besides having a bad reputation, had applied for a pension some time ago as the widow of a member of a regiment of New Jersey volunteers who was afterwards found to be alive and well. She actually received that pension three months before the fraud was discovered! This is the woman whose case Mr. Dockrell dared the Republicans in the Senate to make a test case as between the parties and go to the country on it.

Mrs. Dougherty's last pension was granted because she set up the claim that she was a victim of the explosion in the Washington arsenal in 1864. Unscrupulous woman that she is, she actually made oath that she was severely burned and internally injured, besides being mentally disabled in consequence of falling from the height to which she was thrown by that explosion.

The Pittsburg Dispatch, a Republican paper, examined into the merits of Mrs. Dougherty's claim. She had based it upon a pretended certificate of Maj. McKee and Sergeant Campbell. The former says he believes his signature is a forgery. Neither of them remember signing the certificate. The Sergeant settled the question of imposture. He said that the few women who were not killed in the explosion were only slightly injured.

But enough. Our Burkeville friend can, like the President and Senator Cockrell, defy all comers so far as the pension bill is concerned. We give the facts for the benefit of all. They constitute one of many proofs that the President is conscientious and fearless and worthy of reelection. He is so bold that he will sign the river and harbor bill of this year though he refused to sign that passed by Congress last year. He is not ashamed nor afraid to say that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

This is only one phase of the President's character, and is presented to our readers as but one out of many reasons why he should be reelected to the high office which he has filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to the country. —Richmond Dispatch.

John F. Woody, sold agent for the American Fruit Preserving Powder and Liquid, for Person county, will call on as many of the fruit-raisers in the county as he can possibly do so; but should be called to see why they can and for sale in Roxboro.