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Two and a half miles west Greensboro N. C. The main line of the R. & D. R. R. passes through the ground- chickens, and the way the ferry woman and within 100 feet of the office. Sam got the ferry over the river was by pulllem trains make regular stops twice dally each way. Those interested in was tied across stream from one side to truit and fruit growing are cordially the other. invited to inspect this the largest nurs ry in the State and one of the larg est in the South. Stock consists of APPLES, PEACH PEAR, CHERRY. PLUMS. . APANESE PERIMMONS. APRICOTS, NECLARINES, M L BERRIES, QUINCE, GRAPE, FIGS. a cheerful sound, the body groaning, the into the raft, put her hand on the rope. RASBERRIES. CURRANTS, PIE PLANT, ENGLISH WALNUTS, PE CANS, CHESTNUTS, STRAWBER

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VOL. 5.

THE HAIR TONIC BOTTLE.

How dear to my heart is the old village drug

When tired and thirsty it comes to my view;

But tackled the bottle that stood on the shelf."

The plain labeled i title.

The "Hair Tonic" bottle that stood on the

How oft I have seized it with hands that were

owned the whole earth that night, but next

The druggist would "smile" o'er his peisonous

pelf,
And laugh as he poured out his unlicensed bitters

The plain labeled bottle.

And filled up the lottie that steed on the suelf.

That "Hair Tonic" bottle that stood on the shelf. -Bow Hackley in Chicago Herald.

THE FERRY WOMAN.

On the bank of a river far out in the

logs and rough boards. It was a queer

little hut of two rooms that seemed to

have been built far apart, but had come

together and married each other. Each

room had a curious mud chimney built

outside and looking as if it might have

been a mud tower thrown up in the

with a wooden shutter that swung out-

voung

evenly

When

blew or the pigeons walked over this

thatched roof, the needles knit busily

little crackling noises that were comfort-

straw under an old shed in a corner of

and garden were inclosed by a rail fence,

trees, a few cabbages and beets and

crisp and with such gay green tops.

this grand and londsome domain.

and cry out to each other, with little

shivering thrills in their shrill treble

A road came out of the pine forest

and ran down through the shining white

sand to the brink of the river. The sand

and, like a lonesome traveler who might

perhaps be waylaid and murdered when

To cross this river there was a ferry,

and the woman who lived with her little

ferry woman. The ferry was only a huge

ing with all her might on a rope that

wagon creaking along the road. It had

rude wheels twisting noisily with a wiry.

rusty tweak tweak in their unoiled

sockets, and then she would roll the

child out of her lap and go down to the

came up to ferry it over.

ferry, so as to be ready when the wagon

the wagon would go out of sight, the

holes were eight or ten feet deep.

after them for surc.

crisp

thatched over

needles.

My head felt as big as the capital's dome; And then how I hurried away to receive it,

The friendly old bottle.

It,"
Old Bildocker's bitters and vermifuge, too.

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ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1888.

creaking fade away, falling off as

Sometimes a party of hunters came the ferry way, or the village doctor in his buggy, or a tramp preacher who offered The wide spreading signs that asked you to "Try to mend her shoes if she would ferry him over for nothing. Then the woman would laugh and put out a bare foot, The old rusty stove, and the cuspidor by it; That little back room! Oh: you've been there hard and solid and brown, but shapely, and ask him how he could mend that, but when she ferried him over she would shake her head and take no fee from him

t nii. It was generally supposed in the sparse settlement down by the crossroads' store, and by the semi-occasional travelers, that the woman's husband was Some time ago he had been "wanted" by the sheriff, had disappeared, and the she took to ferrying, living on with her young ones in the cabin, and if they or any others asked any question of the missing man she would say sharply and shortly "dead." Her cabin was clean, she cut her own wood, the children fished in the river, and she worked her garden, milked her cow, ran the ferry when it was needed, which was not more than two or three times a month, and sometimes sent her two oldest children to the crossroads store after meal, coffee and a little sugar. As for herself she could not leave the ferry. She watched it day and woods there stood a little hut made of night in an eager, expectant way that

unusual situation. What a life was, hers! A tall, sallow woman who worked in a garden and pulled ox wagons over a river in a raft ferry, who cut her own wood and dug her potatoes, who could neither read nor write, who lived on catfish and sweet night by some-gigantic crayfish; also potatoes, and know nothing about the value of being refined and intellectual! each had a door and a window opening But she was a good mother. She was ward on hinges made of old bits of like a hen, scratching and picking for

was, perhaps, born of her lonesome and

leather, and when the shutter would be her young ones and sheltering them closed, which was seldom, it was fastened under her wings, or like a cow staying by means of a rough wooden button that close beside her weak and bleating calf, turned on a screw. The way these two or like a gentle doe regarding with fond rooms had been brought together was by eyes her timid, hungry fawn. Oh, the means of a plank porch, and between mother is or ought to be beautiful the two roofs the red and yellow whether she is in a brute's skin, under a robe of feathers, or whether she is in the image of Mary kneeling in adoration before her babe. wind

One day the woman was down on her knees in her little garden weeding ber onion bed. Overhead the plum trees one against the other, giving out sharp were all in a white feather of bloom and the bees were busy and noisy in the able to listen to. A few chickens picked branches. The ground was shady, the about the porch or cackled down in the soil fine as bread crumbs and moist, and the worker plucked at her task as daintthe lot, and an old vellow cow grazed ilv as a fine lady might sit at a bit of out on the bare yellow hills. The hut Kensington embroidery. For my part I do not know anything better than to be and in the garden, under some plum down in the shade under a blooming plum tree where the bees are crooning. and nip little spears of grass and weeds The garden was pretty to look at, and from a bed of fine black earth in which made one think, as a neat vegetable gar- young vegetables are sprouting. To den always does make one think, of a see the clean space grow under one's comfortable country home, and a mid- hand, to feel the silence of the country

day dinner of pink boiled bacon, golden all about, to know without looking up corn bread, and by way of relish a plate- that beyond the plum blossoms there ful of silvery white onions, tender and is a blue sky and white woolly clouds, is enough. It is as good as being refined All about were the forests with the and intellectual. At any rate this wind forever, moaning in the tree tops, woman thought it was good, and while the frogs forever croaking in the dank she was not happy-for only children hollows, the jay birds forever tap, tap- and young lambs, a bride on her wedding ping on the notted trunks of old dead day, or a mother with her first baby in trees. Not another sign of human life her arms can truly be said to be happywas visible, the little hut had no rivals in she was content. The children were at play in the sands under the ruins of an An ugly, oily river, deep, dark and old dock, where ages ago some men had still, flowed through the woods near the built over schooners for a living, and the hut. Its waters were bitter and black, ferry was idly tethered to the bank. It stained with steepings of millions of fallen | was a peaceful time.

rotted trees. Nothing was ever seen Just at this moment there sounded in floating on this river-no dead leaves, the woods the baying of hounds, a noise nor logs of wood, nor carcass of any that heard in a forest always makes one drowned animal, and it was said that think of the booming of a funeral such things would not float, but were al- drum. A dust was in the road, the ways sucked down into the quicksands. beat of herses' hoofs and half a Anyhow, be that as it may, the name of dozen men with guns on their elbows the river was "Wolf," and sometimes in rode up and called to the woman the night, when a storm came up and the hurriedly. Two convicts at work in the water moiled by with a howling cry. the railroad camp in the next county had little tow headed children in the hut on escaped and had headed this way-had the bank would tuck their heads down she seen or heard anything of them? under the pink and white log cabin quilt

The woman stared at the men, clasping the peaked railings of her little gate with her hard hands and seeming stricken voices, that now the wolf was coming dumb. Well, she must come and ferry them over the river, the leader said, and she must keep a sharp lookout for the men, and if they came that way she was was so white hereabout that the children store. So the men, and the hounds that used to call it the Wolf's fangs. But had been fiercely lapping at the bitter fangs are cruel, and so this was not true, water, went over on the ferry and dashed for the sand was soft to lie in, and pleas- off into the dismal forest. And the ant to play in, and to build grand castles woman stood wringing her hands and in, and to dig cool wells in, and, above looking after them with anguish in her all, graves for the little birds that died of eyes. Night came on, the children ate old age out in the forest. The road betheir supper of sweet potatoes that had gan again on the other side the river, been roasted in the ashes and then went down to the river to wash their feet, after which they crept off. to bed. But night came on, plunged off directly into the ferry woman could not sleep. a dismal swamp where the trees were opened the wooden shutters and put a hung with moss and where the alligator pine knot, flaming brightly, on the hearth. It sent forth a rich, smoky, joyous light that could be seen far beyond the black, flowing tide of the river. children in the cabin on the bank was the This done she gathered the skirt of her pink calico gown up over her head and flat bottomed raft, made of pine trees went down by the ferry, watching and and planks, large enough to carry an ox waiting in a mysterious fashion. The team loaded with cotton or wool or moon came and then went away. The dewy night, with all its strange noises, grew apace. The watcher looked with a calm, confiding gaze up into the stars. little red back of the youngest child, who waters and a fish leaped up in midfull of little red woodticks that burrowed | breath of time, like a silver cone in the under the tender skin, she would hear a blue dark of the night.

Suddenly the woman stepped softly and, leaning there, stared into the darkness beyond the further bank. A slight, unusual noise had startled her - the breaking of twigs, something brushing avail. In twenty-four hours Mr. John by the jungle of briar and bramble at the The driver would pass the time of by any allig day with her, but rarely did she ask and swamp. edge of the path, and which was not done by any alligator or thing of the woods

him what might be going on in town. Straining her eyes and ears she seemed like the Puke Francis in these da to make out two dark shapes creeping George R. Sims in London Referee. ings on away from the but by the ferry, along toward the river's brim. Bill! When he would be safely over the traveler would pay the ferry woman the fee of two bits and his wagon would beard across the narrow stream, and creak off until lost in the forest. Somethen, as of old, straining at her task, the times he would look back at the row of bow lerged, pink freeked, tow headed shikkren standing in the white sand by bottom of the raft. As fast as she below being the bottom of the raft. As fast as she have bagged tomatoes and the pears prothe river, or at the woman bending her bottom of the raft. As fast as she back as she strained heavily at her huge boat back to the home shore, and with the wagon would go out of sight, the wagon would go out of sight, the

cubin, where she put out the light that had done as work. When she came back she carried food and some clothes. two old worn suits, across her arm, and these she flung at the men. Not a word was spoker. The woman leaned on the rope and looked up at the stars, that seemed to speak back to her. The two men, hidling in the shadow of a yellow bluff, put off their strange, striped garments for the clothes the ferry woman had given them. As they came forth she turned and pointed the way off into the forest. One of the men crept close to the woman, leaning on the ferry rope and looking at her curiously, whispered: "Why did you do it?" With a little smothered cry in her throat she said:
"I though you wuz Bill—sure ez shootin'. Bill years them striped things. Go

long. You'se jist as welcome as ef you wuz him atyhow."

The shapes sped off into the wood and the woman on her knees in the shadow of the vellow bluif rolled the cast off gar ments into a huge bundle and made as if she would bury them in the sand. She thought better of it, however, and stepping into her ferry pulled it out into the middle of the stream. Leaning over the edge of the raft she tossed the bundle far out into the water. For a little while i bobbed along on the wave made by the a drowned hog or calf, and then stealthily the strange waters sucked it down. The ferry woman looked up at the stars, sighed, and grasping the rope pulled her ferry back to shore.

The next afternoon, mud stained travel worn and dirty, the men on horseback and their baying dogs came tack and were ferried over the river.

"You seen anything of them cursed raskills?" asked the leader, leaning on his gun and looking down on the bended back of the woman straining heavily at the ferry rope.

"No, I haint," said she, not raising her head, and she did not so much as turn her eyes to gaze upon the spot in the river where the black waters still seemed to bubble over the hideous sunken bundle she had cast into it the night before. -

Professor F. T. Miles, of the faculty of he University of Maryland, delivered a lecture to a large audience of young men the other evening on "Food and Digestion." In the course of his lecture Professor Miles, in speaking of the effects of an insufficient quantity of food, said. The fat disappears first, then the muscles waste away, and finally the bones come through the skin. The brain, the spinal cord and the nerves are nourished to the last. Like a king in a beleagured city to whom his loyal subjects give up their food, the nobler organs are longest nourished. In starvation there is not simple hunger of the stomach, but hunger of the whole body. It is not strange that when hunger presses on people they will do strange things. It produces insanity. and they have been driven to eating what has been called 'strange flesh;' that is to cannibalism. There are millions of people who have not enough to eat. It is at the bottom of anarchy. The police may give them a loaf of bread, but the whole body is ill nourished and a restless feeling results.

Not much can be done with the grown ap people of the criminal classes, but the child criminal comes first. The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy and ugly Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go, lazy, because the muscles are weak and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest women is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. How could a child, whose muscles and nervous system have been partly starved be expected to have all the sympathies and instincts of a higher class of society. An every day Sabbath school with a breakfast before the lesson would be a capital thing for poor children. Some say the poor themselves are to blame for their condition by living too luxuriously. One of the most intense cravings of the Greely Arctic party was for sweetmeats. Tea and coffee do more good than harm. They stimulate not whole body. There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough of good food,"-Baltimore Sun.

The Polsoned Key of Padua. Another delightful relic of the life and imes of the tyrant of Padua is a simple key-about the size of an ordinary door It was the key of the duke's wanted to get rid of any of his suite or any person in his household that he had a bitter feeling against he used to ring his

him (fancy name, of course). When John entered the duke would say: "Oh, John, I wish you would go to the bookcase in my private room and bring me the 'Dagonet Ballads." 'Certainly, your grace," Mr. John would say, and away he would trot with the key in his hand, When he got to the library he would put the key in the lock of the book case and turn it. But directly he turned it. out of the handle of the key shot a long poisoned needle, which stabbed the hand Theirs were faces she knew. They of the holder and instantly shot back seemed to answer her back. An owl again. John would let go of the key Sometimes at evening when the wo- hooted off in the swamp. A bit of cav- and say, "What the deuce was that?" the fat ing bank fell with a splash into the He would look at his hand, and see only a small, dark blue spot. He would think had been playing in the forest and was stream and seemed poised, for a single pothing of it, but all of a sudden be would begin to feel queer in his head. Preschuly some one would come in and find him in a fit on the floor, and the household would be alarmed. "Mr. John has had a stroke or a fit," the people would say. A doctor would be sent for, but his services would be of no

would be dead, and everybody would

think that he had died through a fit.

There were no bothering coloners' in-

quests to upset the plans of clever fellows

like the Duke Francis in those days .-

A Practice Among Gardeners. The practice of covering clusters of grapes by placing paper bags about them commenced some five years ago, and reDockery's Record.

Col. Dockery's political record is less-practically a sale for the term being very thoroughly overhauled, for which he was bid off-to the in the Poe Pee shade-farmer's ugly against the motion. have none. But Dockery is a conv Journal, pages 250, 513, 514 and spicuous character in what remains 515. of the black and tan party in North So much for Dockery and free goods protects the skilled laborer. Carolina. He is unquestionably one negroes. Now for Dockery of the ablest of the survivors. He slaves.

s committed to three things that pages 229, 498, 499 and 500.

Bouds that would impoverish the groes!" State, and its final results would bankrupt it.

3. He is for more of that Satanic device and poor man's gin-trap, know as a High Protective Tariff that is unconstitutional according to

blast his prospects and to consign them? him to the groves und fields of the

he showed his intolerance of Cuffee elsewhere, and that is commerce. only the brain, but the activities of the and Sambo. But any other race up the hands that struck them.

to the war on the negro question. Let us see how Dockery felt and act. ed in the "piping times of peace," library in his private room. When he We referred recently to the abound ing ready made editorials and we said that when we used them or any of wheat or cotton in Liverpool fixes bell and ask for Mr. John to be sent to part of them we would give due the price of wheat in Chicago or of Let him not know it and he's not tax credit. - Col, W. L. Saunders is doing serviceable work in preparing that. It is the price of the surplus sheets containing discussions of im- sent out from this country to Europe portant questions for North Carolina that fixes the price of the product at taxes -for a Higher tariff Wall. But voters. An experienced and able home. If wheat is worth \$1.10 in journalist, with lessure to investi. Liverpool that will determine the know more before November or man gate and elaborate, he has sent out price in Chicago. If cotton is worth ilready articles that are being well 11 cents in Liverpool that will fix the used and well read, We copy the price in the American markets. So following concerning Dockery and it is the price of American products Mills will would ruin the industries "But to Colonel Dockery's record. home.

"In the Legislature of 1858.'59. The American farmer must inevi-

NO. 6. was a provission to put up free negroes to public hire for five years or

political record. We are glad of It was then moved to kill the bill fit the farmer." He says in Louisthis and not because we have the by laying it upon the table, and Mr. ville Courier Journal. slightest personal ill-will, for we Dockery again noted no! See House "This bounty, added to the price

is a man of education and force of . "In the House of Commons of the bruns. He is not a great man, but same Legislature a bill was introduche is very unsound, a very dangerous ed to prevent the emancipation of politician. We have not a word to say slaves by will.' A motion was made of this bounty if he would be what about him except what comes up in a to kill the oill by laying it upon the he pretends—the farmer's friend. political way. He is a public man, table, Dockery voted against the mo: he must ask his brother Radicals in and his public acts and public titer tion. A motion was made to insert Congress to report a bill to pay bounances are public property and are in the bill a provision authorizing ty to the farmers upon every pound ferry, looking like the bloated carcass of proper topics.

free negroes to become slaves, and of cotton, every bushel of corn or We suppose that of all Radicals in Dockery voted for the motion, and wheat that is supped abroad. Phat the State, Col. Dockery has about when the bill came up on its final is the only way a farmer can get benthe worst record for a politician - passage it was defeated, but Dock efft from a great Tariff tax. The the most damaging for success. He ery voted for it. See House Journal, Kentucky farmer adds:

a politician . What are they! At then, Dockery was quite willing to of protection to American interests tend.

1. He ravors the abolition of the present system of County Governor of slaves; now free negroes are his principle, and all this abuse should ment upon which really depends the chosen allies. Verily, water is not be corrected. the only thing that will find its levil; "In no respect is the abuse greater 2. He favors the payment of the for Dockery has found his. But or more unjust than in its effects up-2. He favors the payment of the for Dockery has found his. But on the farmer and farm la o er. The fraudulent, rascally Special Tax what a levill with a lot of free ne- home market is not protected, and

> The Home Market Humbug.

We have tried to impress upon our eaders, and especially upon merthe decision of the Republican Su-chants and farmers, the exceeding preme Court of the United States absurdity of the Republican ery for that is unequal and unjust in its ad- a home market. The Chinese have dollar, the price in Liverpool is just stments, being laid with reference had a home market for some thous enough over one dollar to pay the to the protection of the rich and for ands of years. Their encircling wall the oppression of the poor; and that or barbed wire arrangement was perhas been a source of constant evil feet. They shut out all foreign prodand rain, destroying commerce and acts, and shut in all home made the merchants marine, and creating products. The result was that to 90 cents; then the 1005,000,000 a few hundred thousand millionaires a Chinesso laborer received five cents and plutocrats to corrupt the coun- a day for his work. This is the best try and lord it over God's heri- example the world has of the opera- ways the case when the supply extions of Protection. Do the South- ceeds the demand, and New York re-These three things are enough to ern people desire such a system for fuses to give more than 90 cen's.

Without foreign markets open to our agricultural people, they can But Dockery's record in the past have no market for their surplus. If s bad, very bad. No man ever lived farmers will only consider, they will then instead of shipping 100,001,000 in North Carolina who showed more see that but for the free trade belislike for the negro than he did, tween the States of the Union, the His record just there would make several States would have no market c'ently to check exports. Thus the him very offense to any race upon for their surplus. Southern cotton. the earth but the negro race: We Southern tobacco, Southern trucking heard it intimated by an intelligent col and so on, would be shut up to the ored men that Judge Russell's descrip- limits of State lines. North Carolition of the negro was allright-"sav. na tobacco must be sold within the the tide. ages' and "thieves.', So Dockery's State. But not so. There is a free course towords free negroes and interchange of commodities. Our slaves in the past gives no offense to products are sent abroad-into other the negroe now. He perhaps loves States-and exchanged or bartered him better because before the war for the products needed and found

Let the farmers understand a few under Heaven would not hug the fundamentals, and they will not be man who denounced them and hold hoodwinked by Dockery or bamboozled by high protective tariff. Let Now let us turn to his record prior them remember that exchange of products is a necessity-that if it prevailed between the different coun tries there would be larger markets and better prices

Let them understand that the price cotton in New. York. Unnderstand ed at ail," abroad that determines the price at of Maine, S. D. Warren & Co.,

in the House of Commons, a bill was tably compete with the cheap labor introduced to free persons of color of the world-in India, in Egypt, in from the State.' 'The object of the Russia, South America. American bill, as is plain from its title, was to products must be sold abroad in com get rid of all free negroes. The in- petition with the products of cheap pulp interests of Maine, which are definite postponement of the bill was labor abroad, in India, Egypt, &c. moved, which if done, would kill the What, then! How can a high tariff ment is not in our opinion, true. bill. The yeas and nays were called help the farmer? It makes him pay and motion to indefinitely postpone from 20 to 150 per cent. higher for was carried, thereby killing the bill articles he needs aed purchases, and But O. H. Dockryy voted against post- it does not increase his prices say that Mr. Warren senior held the ponement, See House Journal, pages abroad one cent. The surplus, mind you, must be sold abroad, and that In the same Legislature, in the sold abroad fixes the home price House of Commons, a bill was intro digs under him all the time and robs buced to enforce the collection of him literally of a large share of hard

Person Co. Courier,

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Letter, Post Office Order or Postal Note.

This aspect of the question, and it is surely correct, moves a farmer in Kentucky, a "Protective Democrat." at that, to make the demand-that One of the most competent writers lowest bidder. It was moved to in. the Congress protect by a bounty all in the State is leisurely and thor- definitely postpone the bill and thus the surplus of the farmers shipped oughly bringing out the chief facts to kill it, but Col. Dockery voted abroad. He says this wis the only ways by which a high tariff can bene-

realized in fereign markets in compe-w.th cheap labor, would protect the farm laborer, if the tariff on foreign "As matters now stand, the farmer is taxed for the benefit of the manu-

facturer, while his surplus, which

competes with Paropean and Asiatic cheap labor." Col. Dockery will have to approve

"I am a protection Democrat. I ought to damn him irretrievably as "So sum it up in a few words, thoroughly endorse the principle of

> can not be protected until the snrplus, which fixes the price, is protect. This should be done if the price, is protected. This should be done if the abuses of the present tariff are

> to continue." The able editor of the Courier-Journal says, in commenting upon a

> Protective Democrat's" article: "It the price in New York is one additional freight. This furnishes the market for our surplus, 100,000,-000 bushels are sent abroad and there is no over supply at home.

> "Suppose the Liverbool price fall bushels do not go abroad, but seek purchasers at home. This over-supply depresses home prices, as is al-

> "Thus the price is fixed at 90 cents not simply for the surplus, but for all the crop.

"Suppose instead, there is a scarcity abroad and the price is \$1.10; we will send 125,000,000. This caused a deficiency in the home supply and prices advance here suffiprice of the of the entire crop is advanced to the paid for the surplus. "The rise and fal; of prices in unrestricted commerce is a natural and as inevitable as the rise and fall of

"The trouble comes when an attempt is made to regulate such maters by the tariff." - Wilmington Star.

Chineese Hallison, in his latest greatest effort of his life," said that the taxes were "taken so indirectly and so subtly that our plain people don't know that they are paying them at all," In other words, they are systemacically robbed and don't know it. That iles is not original with the Chine candidate. He borrowed it from a couplet from from Punk that the Star has often quoted. taere it is.

"He that is taxed, not seeing how

That is the reason, perhaps, why the foolish Radicals cry out for more the people are learning and will

Blaine is in trouble. He said the largest paper manufacturers in the world have addressed a letter to their employes emphatically contradicting the great flounderer. They say:

"So far as the measure referred to affects the paper makinh or wood certainly important, the acove move-We believe that the enactment of the Mills bills would not injure any of these industries. We are able to opinion now expres ed."- Wilming-

Cat l'air Cile is said to be the "White P isha." So it was not S.anlev us was guessid.