

Person County Courier.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
HACKNEY & NOELL,
Editors & Proprietors.
Entered according to Postal Regulations, at the Postoffice, at Roxboro, N. C., as second class matter.
The editors are in no wise responsible for views expressed by correspondents.
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.
1 copy, 1 year, \$1.50
1 copy 6 months, .75
ROXBORO, N. C. Nov. 8, 1888

News From Abroad.

Dakota and Michigan have a surplus of hogs.
The squeeze in wheat has resulted in three suicides.
The export trade in apples is steadily increasing.
Cattle are now slaughtered by electricity in Russia.
The Yale sophomores have declared against hazing.
Woman suffrage has been defeated in Italy by a small majority.
Prince Bismarck has resumed surveillance of the Empress Victoria.
Emperor William and Humbert reviewed 33,000 troops at Rome.
From Germany come reports of a poor crop of both cereals and potatoes.
Counterfeit \$1 and \$5 American bills are in circulation in Montreal, Canada.
Three German sailors have been killed and eaten by the natives of Zanzibar.
Natives have destroyed Madagala, a German station near Bagamayo, Zanzibar.
The United States Supreme Court has sustained the Scott Chinese Exclusion Act.
The cranberry crop of Cape Cod, Mass., has received serious frosts.
Sumatra tobacco of superior quality is being successfully grown in middle Florida.
Floods in Abruzzo, Italy, have caused enormous damage and the loss of many lives.
The estimated consumption of wheat in Great Britain is five and a half bushel per head.
New York is annually paying out thirteen millions for their transit by car, omnibus and ferry.
Denver's four flouring mills manufacture 1300 barrels of flour every twenty four hours.
A syndicate has been formed by English capitalists to export beer from New York to England.
A new decree forbids foreign officers to be received in military colleges or to serve in the French Army.
The Empress Victoria has promised that no biography of Kaiser Fritz shall be published for five years.
A \$10,000,000 suit in Pennsylvania over some coal lands is settled by the parties after fifteen years' litigation.
The Sultan of Morocco is going to send an embassy to this country to complain of Consul Lewis at Tangiers.
As a result of exhaustive trials at Anfa, the Martini-Henry rifles converted into magazine rifles have been definitely adopted by the War Office.
In accordance with the imperial decree, the Empress Dowager of China will retire from the Government next March, when the Emperor will assume sole responsibility.
New York bakers have reduced the size of their bread on account of the advance in flour.

The Drummer Boy.

One cold December morning, about eighty years ago, a party of tourists were crossing the Alps—and a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousands of them together, some were riding, some walking, and most of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine tourists nowadays. But instead of walking sticks they carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them fifty or sixty cannon.
In fact, these tourists were nothing less than a French army; and a very large one it is said to have been, even for the strongest man, to wade through knee deep snow in this bitter frost and biting wind, a wading through narrow, slippery mountain paths, with precipices hundred of feet deep all round. The soldiers looked thin and heavy eyed for want of food and sleep, and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.
But there was among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching, and tramped along through the deep snow and cold, gray mist, through which the great mountains

peaks overhead loomed like shadowy giants—as merrily as if he were going to a picnic. This was a little drummer boy of ten years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face, he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and "swoke all the echoes with the lively rattling of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge black rocks were all singing in choros.
"Bravo, Petit Tambour!" (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line, with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then, to see how deep it was; "Bravo, Pierre, my boy. With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow.
The boy smiled and raised his hat to his cap in salute, for this rough looking man was no other than the General himself, "Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.
"Long live our General!" shouted a hoarse voice, and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.
But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind—a strange, uncanny sort of whispering far away up the great white side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.
"On your faces lads!" roared the General; "it's an avalanche!"
But, before his men had time to obey, the ruin was upon them. Down thundered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge-patch like a waterfall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stones and gravel, and loose earth, and uprooted bushes, and great blocks of cold blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night; and when the rush had passed many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down over the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.
But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen what had happened one cry arose from every mouth.
"Where's our Pierre? Where's our little drummer?"
Where, indeed? Look which way they would nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and when they shouted his name there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many a hard old soldier, who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start that that face would never be seen among them again.
But all at once, far below them, out of the shadows of the black unknown gulf that lay between those tremendous rocks, arose the faint rattle of a drum, beating the charge. The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air.
"He's alive, comrades! Our Pierre's alive after all!"
"And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!"
"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"
"He shall be!" broke in a deep voice from behind, and the General himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.
"No no, General!" cried the grenadiers with one voice, "you mustn't run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead, your life is worth more than all of ours put together."
"My soldiers are my children," answered Macdonald quietly, "and no father grudges his own life to save his son."
The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They obeyed in silence, and the General was swinging in mid air, down, down, till he vanished at last into the darkness of the cold, black depths below.
Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearing. For they knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that the chances were terribly against him.
Meanwhile Macdonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.
"Pierre!" shouted he, at the top of his voice, "where are you my boy?"
"Here General!" answered a weak voice so faint that he could hardly distinguish it.

And there, sure enough, was the little fellow's curly head, half buried in a huge mound of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks as he fell. Macdonald made for him at once, and although he sank waist deep at every step reached the spot at last.
"Alright now, my brave boy," said the General, cheerily, "put your arms around my neck and hold tight; we'll have you out of this in a minute."
The child tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength; and even when Macdonald himself clasped the tiny arms around his neck their hold gave way directly.
What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing cold of that place would make the rescue as powerless as him whom he came to rescue. But General Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to haul up.
And when the two came swinging into the daylight once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unharmed, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.
"We've been under snow and fire together," said Macdonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly, "and nothing shall part us two after this, so long as we both live."
And the General kept his word. Years, when the great wars all over there might be seen walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France a stooping white-haired old man who had once been the famous Marshall Macdonald; and he leaned for support upon the arm of a tall, black-mustached, soldier-like fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer.

REMINISCENCES OF DICKENS.
His Composing Wood—An Example of the Love of His Art.
One day I was standing on the balcony of our house when Dickens came strolling by. On seeing us he promptly struck an attitude, with one hand pressed to his heart, and the other thrown out aloft, as he shouted dramatically:
"My lady! 'tis my love! Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!"
"Which of us do you intend to be Juliet to your Romeo?" inquired Millie.
"Whichever you choose, my little dear!" he answered, touching his hat airily and strolling on. Next morning we were there again at the same time with merely an ungracious "How do!" He was wearing his ideas, and naturally was bored by interruption. Afterward, when his face bore this abstracted look, I always pretended not to see him. It saved him the trouble of being obliged to recognize me, did not encroach on his composing mood, and altogether pleased him. I was horribly afraid of him sometimes, and told him so once, and he answered me with a smile.
Seeing him then, calm and solem as the Sphinx, it was difficult to imagine the amount of mischievous fun of which he was capable. To give an example. We were on the pier one evening, having been amusing ourselves by dancing a quadrille in a shaded-off space which Dickens had named the Family Pier. He was in high spirits, as he enjoyed being here at dusk, where he escaped the scrutiny of the "gaping throng." He descended to perform on his pocket comb and a piece of paper, while Fred whistled, and the two thus doing duty as "band." After our carping we strolled toward the end of the little pier, to watch the tide rippling in under the fading light. The scene had become weird and uncanny, the night seeming to drop suddenly down without a star or moon; the only light a lingering phosphorescent gleam on the crest of the waves.
All at once the spirit of the hour—a demon of mischief evidently—seemed to take possession of Dickens. He flung his arm around me and whirled me with him down the inclined plane of the jetty, toward a tall upright pole fixed at the extreme end. To this pole he clung with his other arm, while he informed me in theatrical accents that he intended to hold me there until the wild waves overwhelmed us.
"Think!" he cried, mouthing every word. "Think of the sensation we shall create! Think of the road to celebrity which we are about to tread—no, no, I dash over my feet! I screamed out: 'Oh! my dress; my best dress, my only dress will be ruined!'"
He was not softened in the least by this tragic appeal, but continued ranting nonsensically and panting with his exertions to hold me, and with his suppressed laughter. Then I gave a wild shriek: "Mrs. Dickens! help me!—make Mr. Dickens let me go. The waves are up to my knees!"
"Charles!" Mrs. Dickens called in frantic accents. "How can you be so silly? You will both be carried off by the waves (then falling from pathos to bathos) and you'll spoil the poor girl's silk dress."
"Dress!" shouted Dickens with scorn. "Talk not to me of dress! When the gall of night is enshrouding us in Cimmerian darkness, when we already stand on the brink of the great mystery, shall our thoughts be of such vanities? Am I not in the hour of a grand new deed? Patient leather still unpaid for! Perish such low born thoughts! In this hour of abandonment to the voice of destiny, shall we be held back by the puerilities of silk and raiment? Shall leather or prunella (whatever that may be) stop the bolt of fate? The sudden preterbital change from high flower rank back again to ordinary accents was most ridiculous.
Here I succeeded in struggling out of his grasp, and fled to my friends, almost crying with vexation, my only silk dress clinging round my saturated limbs, and leaving a watery track as I stumbled on.—New York Tribune.

Concerning the Word "Blizzard."
Respecting the word "blizzard," a correspondent writes to London Notes and Queries: "The word blizzard is well known through the Midlands, and its cognates are fairly numerous. I have known the word and its kin fully thirty years. Country folk used the word to denote blinding, blinding, dashing or sufficing. One who has had to face a severe storm of snow, hail, rain, dust or wind would say on reaching shelter that he has 'faced a blizzard,' or that the storm was 'a regular blizzard.' A blinding flash of lightning would call forth the exclamation, 'My! that was a blizzard!' or 'That was a blizzard!' 'Put something sticks on the fire, let's have a blizzard,'—a blast. 'A good blizzard,'—a good blast. 'That tree is blizzard'—blasted, withered. As an oath the word is often used, and 'My! he is blizzared' will readily be understood."—New York Home Journal.

P. F. Barnum on Hides.
I believe that a rich man is only a steward of the gifts of the Almighty. These gifts must be used for the good of mankind, and if a man will not use his wealth for the good of others he has no business to have it. I take great pleasure in acquiring money, but quite as much in disposing of it. My plan has been, so far as I could, to help those who help themselves, but this suggestion applies to friends and acquaintances, not to strangers. Men are not to live like young robins with their mouths wide open and have some one feed them; they must help themselves.—P. F. Barnum in Epoch.

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