### Person Co. Courier.

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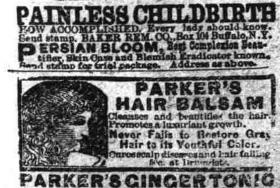
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NO. 24.

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.

Until we meet again, dear, thou and I, God keep thee in his care! the night draws nigh. And I must go my way; its path is wide And long, yet as I linger by thy side, Thus looking, loving, on thy peaceful face, Love teaches me the patience of its grace!

Until we meet again—soon come or late— Though I may yearn for thee with hope clate, Or grieve, my true heart knows the secret way To thine; far distant yet or near, this day, That pales and wastes in shadows of the night, Hath bless'd for thee and me each morning

Until we meet again no joy or rest Can come to us like calm that love knows best; Love knows the gentle speech that makes thes And makes me brave with sure content; Not long have we to wait, and yet-I need the

Each day seems far as on my way I go. Until we meet again to thee and me What more of thankfulness or hope can be Save faith? I ask no gift of word or kiss As pledge or trust; I have no prayer save this-Until we meet again to thee and me May God be kind! Good-by, my love, good-by

-Harriet Maxwell Converse in Home Journal.

LITTLE MISS PRIM.

Gray, angry looking clouds obscured the blue sky, a cold east wind blew tiny particles of snow into the faces of those persons who were so unfortunate as to be exposed to the cutting blast. A warm fire and comfortable easy chair were things to be appreciated, and so thought the Laurence family as they stood or sat around the great blazing logs of hickory in the open fireplace of the luxurious

homestead of the Laurences. Harry, the eldest boy, a tall, bright eyed lad of 14, went to the window that looked out upon the highway. It was nearly school time, and troops of boys and girls were passing swiftly along in the direction of the huge brick edifice, the pride of Fairmount.

sitting room at Pleasant Park, the old

"Lizzie, Johnny, come here," cried Harry, and his handsome countenance beamed with merriment as he gazed upon the scene without. A lady not much taller than Lizzie, the 12-year-old sister of the merry youth at the window, was walking, or rather trying to, for the slight figure swayed from one side of the road to the other, beaten and blown by the high winds; and the umbrella she carried was turned inside out, while her long gray her was floating like a banner in the wintry breeze. The girl and boy ran to the pretty alcove, with its snowy lace curtains looped back, showing the stand of plants bright with bloom, and joining in the laughter caused Mr. and Mrs. Laurence to look up from their reading to inquire the cause of so much mirth.

"Oh, mother you ought to see the capers little Miss Prim is cutting; old Boreas makes her move lively," said Master Harry, and even his parents could hardly suppress a smile as they saw the ludicrous figure the poor dressmaker made in her vain endeavers to keep her feet and avoid the rude embrace of the northeast gale. "Jiminy, but she is a scarecrow," said little Johnny. "Wonder what she goes out such stormy days

"Why, my son, Miss Prim is poor and is obliged to earn her own living. She has no kind papa to give her nice warm clothes, or provide her with food, as you have. It is not right to laugh at the little woman, for she has a hard life of it, and is so patient and kind in every trial,' and Mrs. Laurence patted the soft curls of her 6-year-old boy, mentally thanking

God she and her dear ones were free from

the curse of poverty. "It is nearly 9 o'clock," cried Lizzie, glancing at the huge old fashioned timepiece that ticked away so musically in the corner of the room. "I will take Johnny with me, mother, and then one umbrella will shelter us; Harry is large enough to take care of himself." So saying Lizzie arrayed herself in her warm cloak, hood and furs, looking like the pictures of Little Red Riding Hood, with brown eyes shining and cheeks rosy with health. Just as the three children descended the steps to the garden the huge iron gate clanged to, and Miss Prim met them on the broad graveled walk.

"Mamma at home, Blossom?" the little lady in a cheerful tone to Lizzie. and at the same time laughing, as she saw the half concealed smile on the faces of the children. "You rogues! you might just as well shout and laugh at the funny figure I cut. I shall not feel at all hurt. I know I am a perfect scarecrow, but no matter, my beauty will not suffer." And with a nod and a "Good-by, dearies," not waiting for an answer to her question, Miss Prim vanished within the open doorway, and the children hastened to school.

Miss Charity Prim-or Miss Chatty, as she was called-was the village dress maker. She was a maiden lady, thirtyfive or forty years of age, small and delicate in appearance, but always in good health. Her face was always smiling, her soft, blue eyes mild and pure as those of a child; her abundant hair, long and silken, crowned her head

as with a coronet of silver. "I thought I would come and finish that dress of yours, Mrs. Laurence," making such a contrast to the gloom without, "I am a little late, but I had a hard time of it, fighting the wind all | was a large, strong man, and I, although the way from the cottage. My umbrella small and slight, had considerable is a wreck, and I look as though I had strength and a great deal of courage. They will does everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 100. a package. They have needual
for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages
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""Come, my girl,' cried father, putdistress," laughing merrily and showing
firm, white teeth that had never known
the torture of a dentist's art; "however,
"all's well that ends well.'" and, with a J. D. Morris & Co. Roxboro, N. C., sigh of content, Miss Chatty followed I fear, for no boat can live in this gale, Pleasant Park to the sewing room, where,

> was soon busy as a bee. "Miss Chatty," said a servant, entering with a tray on which were muffins, steak and a steaming oup of coffee, there

is something warm for you." "Well, I declare, all this trouble on my account. It is too bad, but I do believe I am hungry," and putting her work aside, the little woman soon made sad havor with the dainties before her. She was proud in her way, was this poor, hard working sewing woman. She would not own that on this cold and dreary morning she had dressed in her chilly room, and the morning of head and out.

meal, with a small cup of milk to satisfy her thirst, but never a complaint, never a cross look from the noble woman who had no luxuries and few comforts, but who ever looked on the bright side of

Before night the storm became so furious, the snow so deep, the dressmaker was urged to remain until the next day, and to tell the truth she was nothing loath, for her humble room in the cottage of the widow Green was not a very attractive one, although clean and neat, yet a rag carpet, paper shades, a cot bed and a small stove, with scanty food for a dainty appetite, was all the dressmaker could earn for herself in the small village of Fairmount

Evening, with her sable curtain, onfolded the snowy earth. The wind sighed and mouned around the warmly draped windows of Pleasant Park. The Laurence family were wealthy and high born, Mr. Laurence being from one of the oldest and proudest families in Boston, and his wife, the handsome-Kate Carleton before marriage, was of English birth, with noble blood in her veins, yet they acknowledged the goodness and worth of their humble seamstress; and although she did not join them at the table, having her meals sent into the sewing room, she was invited into the sitting room when the family met together for the pleasant chat before bedtime, and in her modest brown dress, with snowy collar and cuffs, her sweet, pale face, soft voice and charming smile, Miss Chatty did not look out of place even in the parlor of the high born Laurence family.

"Miss Chatty, I wish you would tell me a story. I do so like to hear them." This from Master Johnny, who was basking on the snow white rug of bear-skin, the glow from the fire lighting up his curls until they looked like a mass of gold, and his round, dimpled face as rosy as the sunny side of a peach.

"Oh, do, dear Miss Prim, tell us something nice," exclaimed Lizzie, shutting up the entertaining fairy book, and coming forward to the easy chair wherein sat the tiny lady, her small hands busy with some tatting she wished to finish for Mrs. Laurence.

"I never told a story in all my life, my dears. Then I am afraid, even if I could tell you anything that would interest you, I should disturb your father and mother in their reading." "Not at all," they both cried, with all

the courtesy they could have shown a

lady of wealth, and putting away the paper and book, they begged her, if she felt so disposed, to entertain the children. "I will go to the smoking room for an hour or so," said Mr. Laurence, and putting on his silk embroidered jacket and cap he left the room. "I will finish this piece of ruffling," Mrs. Laurence smilingly answered as she turned the gas higher, and soon her white jeweled fingers were plying the shining needle, while Miss Prim with a thoughtful countenance commenced the story of her life.

"A true story, Blossom, and I hope it will interest you, but it is the first time I have ever spoken of my past, so you will forgive me '-turning to the lady of the mansion-"if I shed a few tears over past joys and sorrows." "Indeed, Miss Chatty, I certainly

would overlook anything in one as amiable as you are, but do not bring up memories that will cause you grief. I will tell the children a fairy tale and you can go on with your work."

"Oh, no, indeed, not for the world would I disappoint the dear little lambs, and it will do me good to relate to kind hearted ones the story of my rather dull

"My father kept the lighthouse." had no brothers or sisters, and when at 14 I lost my dear mother, you can imagine how lonely I was. It was she who taught me to sew and to cut my own clothes and dresses, she who taught me all I know. Mother was a governess before marriage and was finely educated, so I became interested in books and study. I loved the ocean, loved it in all its moods. When the sky was stormy and angry waves were crested with creamy foam, I would sit on the rocks and admire, or when the blue waters were serene and smooth I would take my little boat and sail on its mirror like bosom for hours. Then I loved to wander on the beach and gather seaweed and tiny shells. After mother died was housekeeper, and helped father in the care of the lamp, and when he was sick many and many a night have I sat alone tending the great glowing light that shone like a blood red ruby far out on the glistening waters. I grieved over mother's death, but father was so kind, so tender, he took her place in many re-

spects. So we lived until I was 17. "One night in January-shall I ever forget that fearful night?—father had the light burning brightly. We were in the cheerful kitchen with a great fire in the stove, plenty of hot water, blankets, whisky and other things in readiness for anything that might happen. I was darning stockings, father was dozing in his easy chair, when the sullen boom, boom, of guns was heard. The wind shrieked and howled, rocking the lighthouse like a cradle. The waves dashed their spray against the window panes. and snow blinded and blurred the whole heavens. Father sprang from his chair, "'Come, my girl,' cried father, put-

Pleasant Park to the sewing room, where, in a low rocker, with a huge pile of work before her, the little dressmaker father and a number of fishermen who lived on the island, but we were powerless. No man could risk his life on such a night, no boat could outride such a storm; so boom, boom, went the guns on that ill fated ship, that was fast going to her doom on the huge rocks. I cried to God to have mercy on those poor, ill fated ones. Fainter and fainter grew the firing and at last ceased. We waited

and fine looking. Father and Jo rabbed him, put him in blankets, gave him hot

drinks, and in an hour he revived. His name was William Morris, second mate of the ill fated ship Monarch. It was weeks before the man was able to leave our island home. When, after two months stay, he returned to the city, we were betrothed lovers. Father had been to the owners of the vessel, and they had given William one of the best of characters. In another month William came to bid good-by. He was going to Africa as first mate. 'For one year, darling,' he said, as we sat together by the kitchen fire, 'only one short year, then we will never part again. I shall be captain then, and you shall go with me on every voyage. We parted. That was twenty years ago this month, and have never heard from or seen my sailor since," and crying softly to herself, poor Chatty for a moment ceased talking. All three of the children wiped their eyes when they witnessed the grief of the little dress-maker, and Mrs. Laurence patted her

"You are right, and I am very foolish to weep and mourn, when God has been so good to me in all these years," and trying to smile Miss Chatty continued her

softly on the shoulder, saying in low

"In six months after William sailed father died. He was never well after the fearful night of the storm. I gave up the lighthouse, and with the few hundred dollars my parents had saved, and my small stock of furniture. I came to

Prim was with them, for Mrs. Laurence, his horses and his game preserves, abso-hasheesh, no adequate proof exists that going into a great deal of society, had to lutely at your disposal. You are at libhave much sewing done. One day Harry, who had a pretty boat named the Starlight, wanted Johnny and Lizzie to go with him sailing. Mrs. Laurence gave her consent, but said Miss Prim must accompany them. They had a merry time, and, crossing to a small island, ate their lunch on the rocks and hunted for shells. Returning, a sudden squall came up, and if little Miss Prim had not been well versed in the art of sailing all would have gone to the bottom. After that event the dressmaker was doubly dear to all, and Mrs. Laurence would not hear of her leaving her. So she stayed and was treated as one of the family.

September, with her gorgeous sunsets her ripened fruits and soft mooulight nights, came. It was Miss Chatty's birthday. Dressed in white, with pale pink blossoms in her silver hair and on her bosom, the little dressmaker looked as pretty and smiling as a girl. She had received rich gifts from the Laurences and many other friends, for every one loved the gentle woman. Sitting in the twilight, alone in the great garden at Pleasant Park, for the family had callers, and the little woman, thinking over the past, was glad to be in the solitude of the shadowy park, with nothing to disturb her reveries but the sighing of wind or the twitter of a sleepy bird, suddenly a step approached, then a man appeared, and standing before her, repeated her name, saying very softly:

"Charity, little darling Chatty! Do you know me?"

For a moment the startled woman thought a visitor from the other world confronted her, but when she felt the clasp of the warm hand, and heard the almost forgotten tones, she knew her long lost lover was before her and she nearly fainted with joy. He told her of his voyage to Africa, of the ship being taken by pirates, how he was sold to a chief of a tribe in the interior of Africa, of the long years of bondage, of his saving the life of the principal wife of his master, and when the dusky warrior died Ackla, the grateful widow, gave her slave his freedom, also a bag of diamonds, and after twenty years he had returned to the love of his youth. He soon found out where his gentle betrothed was, and the once humble little sewing woman became Mrs. William Morris, the wife of one of the richest men in Fairmount, and the future will be bright for little Miss Prim.-Sallie A. Smith in Boston Bud-

Facts Concerning Cahinet Woods. A handler of veneers thinks that birch is not appreciated at its real merit. For veneers he considers birch nearly, and he can almost say quite, as good as cherry. Birch is coming to be more highly appreciated than it was, and may not be surprised to see a boom in it before long. When birch becomes fashionable every-

body will want it. In the foreign wood trade prima vera, the fashionable light mahogany, is very scarce all over the country. The principal foreign wood house in Chicago has a stock of only 3,000 feet on hand, and out of this New York orders are being supplied with the prospect that shortly not a plank will be left in the sheds. It is a curious fact that mahogany is being shipped from the depository in Chito Germany.—Boston Budget.

How Forests Are Destroyed. A good authority on our American forests writes that he has seen over \$1,-000,000 worth of lymber burned by the careless fire of a gang of railroad workmen. Such fires are constantly raging and bidding me follow him went down hardly be estimated. He urges that only to the beach. I put on waterproof and by making such carelessness criminal by making such carelessness criminal somewhere, and the enormous loss can hardly be estimated. He urges that only can there be put an end to it. What wo should learn is to preserve the forests we have by proper legislation, by educating and appointing foresters of intelligence to care for them; by publishing informa-tion on the subject, such as farmers and timbermen can easily understand and apply.—Globe-Democrat.

India Rubber in California. float ashore. Only one came, a man which the India rubber of commerce is made, grows well in southern Californ's, and grey arranged to see if any bodies would float ashore. Only one came, a man which the India rubber of commerce is made, grows well in southern Californ's, and grows well in southern Californ's, and grows well in southern Californ's, and preparations are making to cultivate the Catholic faith.—Cor. Globe Demorate that he lived up to it during all his long crap, career in the navy, career in the navy,

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

The Cordiality with Which Guests Are Received-Making Themselves at Home. On arriving, the hest and hostess greet the drug, the gratification of which is us at the door very cordially, and lead essential to the normal well being of the the way to a spacious reception room, where refreshments are served in true English style. We were then told that the dinner hour was 8 o'clock. There are fully fifty rooms on the second and scriptive of the normal well being of the quinine is considered, however, and the fact that no well authenticated cases appear in the voluntinous literature descriptive of the nature and action of this third floors, and the very courtly house-keeper escorted us in turn to those assigned us. Promptly at 8 o'clock all meet in the drawing rooms, and without special introductions treat each other as acquaintances. Such is the freemasonry of English secrets, although I much preacquaintances. Such is the freemasonry of English society, although I much prefer our American custom of general introductions, which commits one to nothing in future meetings and yet for the time being puts one on velvet with one's neighbors. When the butler opens the doors, the host assigns the gentlemen to the ladies, who walk arm in arm into the banquet hall. Behind each guest stands a serving man, silent as a mummy, in fine livery of gold and purple (sometimes scarlet); pumps with large of English society, although I much pre-fer our American custom of general intones, "Earth has no sorrows heaven can-

cisely as if you were in your own house. Medical Classics. You can order a sandwich, a bowl of broth, a glass of wine or spirits whenever you please; you can announce your intention of going off shooting the very morning after your arrival, and guns and dogs are waiting for you. It is the commonest occurrence for men, arriving in the afternoon at a friend's house, to send their dress suit down to the laundress to be pressed before dinner. In England guests are not only told to "make themselves at home," but are actually allowed

Each, then, does as he or she pleases In the first place, there is reading and answering letters, of which letter the English woman is especially fond. She writes well and she writes often-whether she has anything of moment to say or not, and oftentimes a dozen letters are from carrying many lines of delicate formal dinner, and these letters are usually so long and always so bright and chatty that they not unfrequently tax heavily the traveler's time and mental powers that she may be equally courteous and brilliant!

The dailies and various magazines and reviews of the day are liberally distributed in the sitting room, while visits to the library, picture galleries, hot houses, conservatories, gardens, park and stables form part of the daily occupations. The preserves, where the peasants beat up the game-partridges, pheasants, hares, rabbits, etc., and they stand in the opening showing their skill in marksmanship. If they stay after 2 o'clock the servants bring luncheon, or they return to the mansion and join the ladies who have gone driving or horseback riding, at a very generous lunch.

The guests, I repeat, conduct themselves as if at home, without restraint or ceremony; the host and hostess never intrude, or worry, leaving you in perfect freedom to pursue your humor. Everybody is supposed to know best how to enjoy himself. Acquaintances formed thus are like those of the ballroom, and do not warrant their renewal; of course, friendships and intimacies often come of them. During the day all are in plain dress, to be laid aside at the sacramental dinner hour, for although you are left undisturbed to follow the bent of your own will and pleasure during the day, and breakfast at any hour you please, it is de rigueur to be at hand in regulation toilet as soon as dinner is announced-an hour after the dressing bell is sounded. Charades, impromptu tableaux, readings, music, etc., help to pass the evening .-Mrs. Frank Leslie in Kansas City Journal.

Trip to Buenos Ayres. There are many very peculiar facts connected with ocean travel, especially on the Atlantic, which are brought about by the system of the various lines of steamers between certain countries. To illustrate: A few months ago a friend of mine desired to make the speedlest trip possible from New York to Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, South America. There is a line of steamers running from New York to Buenos Ayres, but the vessels stop at various ports and though pale and trembling from fright, for I feared a hundred dangers in such a tempest, was ready to assist father. He may be such as a large shows a large strong was large st they occupy forty-two days in making where steamers run to Buenos Ayres victim loses his eyesight altogether. W." in Globe-Democrat.

Nature of the Arapahoe.

The Arapahoe is the Northern Apache.

He belongs in the Indian territory, but prefers the mountains of Wyoming. By nature he is crafty, shrewd and treacher-ous, bloodthirsty and belligerent. He is resentations of arrowheads, stone implenature he is crafty, shrewd and treacherquick to imitate the white man's vices, but entirely overlooks his virtues; drives a sharp bargain, and would trade a wife or even his favorite horse for whisky. He likes to hunt if game is plentiful, will work if well paid for his services, will steal anything left around losse, and can The Ficus Elastica, from the milk of outlie a professional. A number of the

Some writers have claimed that the use of quinine establishes what is termed a quinine habit, or a morbid desire for

(sometimes scarlet); pumps with large three grains upon his tongue, hand us a silver buckles, silk stockings and garters, and powdered hair. The dinner is often thing to allay its bitter taste. This was of twelve courses, and appropriate wines.

There is no fixed hour for the morning's repast—from 8 to 10—and no servants stop about the breakfast room, the gentlemen serving themselves and ladies, in most part, from the sideboards. The aristocracy and middle classes do not eat much at their first meal—eggs, toast, muffins, cold meats, pasties and tea, rarely coffee. That over every one is presented in print since excessive here.

my small stock of furniture. I came to Fairmount, having known Widow Green when she lived on the island with her husband. I left word with the fishermen where I had gone, so that my letters from Willie could be sent, but alas! no messenger ever came, and probably my lover sleeps beneath the waves."

June, with her sunny skies and wealth of buds and blossoms, had come. The Laurence family had gone to Long Branch to their summer cottage. Miss Prim was with them, for Mrs. Laurence, his horses and his game preserves, absoerty to act, and are expected to act, pre- for them uncontrollable by the will .-

> What Coal Smoke Costs Chicago. The smoke nuisance has become so reat here that Chicago is by long odds the dirtiest city in the country, and prominent business men are urging the prohibition of the use of soft coal within the city limits. There are the most rigid prohibitive smoke ordinances here and endless so called "smoke consumers," but neither seem to have the slightest effect. It is claimed that while the abolition of soft coal would greatly increase the expenses of railways and manufacturers generally, yet, even from a financial standpoint alone, the city would benefit from it.

The head of a leading dry goods firm says merchants are absolutely prohibited exchanged over an invitation to an in- fabrics for which there is a demand here, as in every large city. Goods which can be handled in New York, and for which there should be a liberal market in Chicago, are simply inadmissible here for reason that exposure would mean ruin o them. The city is so dirty that the use of Illinois marble, great quarries of which are within a few miles of Chicago, has been almost entirely abandoned, and thousands of dollars are spent every year in the transportation of building material from various parts of the country where gentlemen generally go shooting in the the product is of a color that will not show dirt so readily.—Chicago Cor. New York Tribune.

> Dr. Nansen's Exploring Expedition. News has come of the Greenland expedition under Dr. Nansen. It appears that he and his six companions landed on the east coast of Greenland on the 18th ultimo, in latitude 65 degs. 30 min. This is nearly two degrees south of the Arctic circle, and will imply a journey of some 800 miles across to the west coast. The two Laplanders who accom-panied Nordenskjold in his second unsuccessful attempt to cross Greenland (in a higher latitude and from the west side) managed to advance eastward some 140 miles and attained a height of over 5,500 feet, whence they got a view of what ap-peared to be an endless snow field.

Should Dr. Nansen's party reach this snow field, their chances of success will be great, as they are all famous snowshoe walkers, and have frequently crossed the Norwegian mountains in the depth of winter. They could not have landed in Greenland at a better time; for they escape the short and thoroughly disagreeable sub-arctic summer. What has been described as an endless snow field is no doubt the water shed of the innumerable Greenland glacier streams, the terminations of which form such a striking feature of the Greenland coast. Should this prove to be the case, the ultimate discovery of a vast inland sea or series of great lakes is not improbable.— St. James' Gazette.

Becoming a Common Affection. Tobacco blindness, it is said, is becoming a common affliction. At present there are several persons under treatment for it at one London hospital. It first takes the form of color blindness, the sufferers, who have smoked themselves into this without putting in at any ports except bacco, being a narcotic, naturally becoaling stations, and make the single trip numbs the nerves. When the nerves are in thirty-two days. He traveled the lat-ter route, gaining ten days in time, al-tinctly, and this defectiveness of vision though traveling several thousand miles tends to increase and become permanent, more than on the direct route.—"C. E. —Boston Budget.

For the Workmen's Information. In order that no antiquarian treasures

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THE YELLOW FEVER

The Question of "Stamping Out"—Is Its Course.

I was in New Orleans during the devastating epidemic of 1878, which wrought such horrible havor not only in that city, but in Memphis, Grenada, Holly Springs and a number of other towns. Nowhere in the world is yellow forces to well and out of the state of Holly Springs and a number of other towns. Nowhere in the world is yellow fever so well understood and so scientifically handled as in New Orleans. There was proof of this in the fact that the death rate during the year was scarcely 12 per ceut. of the cases, while at Memphis it was at least 50 cent, and in Grenada 70 or 80. When it was known that the disease had obtained a foothold and that the conditions were favorable to its spread the board of health bravely came out with a public association in the city, and the railroads made preparations for the outward rush of the frightened. For a week the stampeds kept the town in an uproar, and then New Orleans settled down into grim silence, closed her shops, stilled her church bells, reorganized the benevolent Howard association to help the needy, and without fuss or fret closed in combat with her invisible foe.

Now as to the question of "stamping out." Whenever a disease begins spreading in a city there is always a lond medical howl about stamping out. The stamping out process, however, seems generally to get a screw loose and postpone working as long as does Keely's wonderful motor. Smallpox, measles, scarlet fever or any other of the major exanthemes a may be stamped on the stamping out the care.

scarlet fever or any other of the major exanthemeta may be stamped out by vig-ilance, fumigation, the isolation of pa-tients and the prompt destruction by fire of all bedding and other famites exposed to the infection, but in the case of cholera, yellow fever, bilious remittent, dangue or other of the great symotics, the case is different. Contagion is the means of spread with the former— that is, the germs are engendered within the human body and are communicated by contact. The latter diseases are spread by infection—that is, the source of the poison is the soil, the air, drinking

It is much to be doubted if yellow fever is contagious at all. Bring a patient to a hospital in New York, burn his clothing and baggage, and he will be found to be as harmless as a sufferer from a gunshot wound to his physician and attendants. That which poisoned him is an external, the germs of which can only be sown in an atmosphere and in a soil possessing the still unknown condi-tions favorable to their increase. Extreme humidity and long continued heat are regarded in New Orleans as concomitants essential to yellow fever, but the epidemic which ravaged Mobile fifteen or sixteen years ago struck that town after the first frost and became a pernicious partisan of death with fearful

An epidemic of yellow fever runs a ninety day course. This rule has its exception in cases where the infection occurred late in the season. Heavy black frosts then checked it, but in nearly all these instances it hibernated and on the following spring broke out afresh and completed its course. The death rate usually reaches its climax in thirty days, keeps even until the seventieth and then begins to wane. The disease itself is not as dangerous as typhoid when properly handled. It is a "single paroxysm," or continuous fever, lasting about seventytwo hours.-Henry Guy Carleton in New York World.

Sheridan's Grave in Arlington. In their evening drives those who take in the shaded solitudes of Arlington observe a change in the appearance of the grave of Sheridan, although it was Mrs. Sheridan's wish that the treasured relics of mortality of her husband should be laid in their mother earth in the simple grave of a soldier. Since the martial ceremony and mauner of burial were compassed in accordance with her wishes. a few weeks ago, the military authorities of the grounds have added some improvements of their own. Without opening the grave they have dug around the casket and have enveloped it in a casing of brick and cement. On the ton they have sunk in the earth an imme stone of cubic form weighing about three

tons, which originally was the base of a column of the old war department.

The sacred spot of Sheridan's final rest is now marked by the appearance of the dressed surface of this immense bowlder about one inch above the fresh green of the surrounding turf. It bears no inscription, but wreaths of immortelles mark it to the gay drivers by that it is a grave. Until a suitable monument rears its inscribed form of granite or bronze the stranger must be told that there rest on that peaceful hillside the ashes of the hero of Winchester and Five Forks.— Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Concow Indians' Burnt Offering. Every autumn, if they are allowed to do so, the Concows have a "burning" or burnt offering to their dead. They erect a brush house in the graveyard, and upon a night selected by the "medicine" men all repair thither laden with baskets, beans, pinola and acorn soup. The baskets and beads are hung or poles, the pinola and acorn soup set at the bottom in the big basks people, who come to see the "burning, have bought the finest and the best of th baskets, the rest are thrown into the large fire in front of the brush house and each one seeks the graves of his dead relations and there they sit and cry till morning. The noise can be heard for miles distant.—San Francisco Alta.

but chester Ship canal may be lost through ignorance of their nature or value, the local Antiquarian society has had printed and distributed among the workmen representations of arrowheads, stone implements, coins and pottery, with urgent requests that anything found of this nature may be transmitted to them with full details respecting the place of finding it, the depth, soil and surroundings.—Home Journal.

The chemical relations of matter are but imperfect types of the delicacy, the multiplicity and the inclusiveness of moral relations. All things which men touch through any sense, by any thought, in any act, distill some moral quality and react either for good or ill. We are played upon by influences too many for our comprehension, too delicate for our observation, too far reaching for our foresight. When we seem to be sacrificing things Inclusiveness of Moral Relations foresight. When we seem to be sacrificing things most precious to us we are often receiving them back in some finer and imperishable form; when we seem to be working solely for others, we are often serving ourselves in the higher and noblest way.—Boston Budget.