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important; to him it is worth notice and his genius is dead with him."

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ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1889. VOL. 5.

NO. 27

MY LADY.

Above, beyond a form of grace, Or all the blandishments of art, Or queenly beauty of her face, I prize my little lady's beart; It is a world, all stainless, pure, With a citadels of truth within,

And virtue sentinels the door, Where never yet has entered sin What if her cheeks are red with health. Do not such shadows come and go? The soul's the source of all true wealth, At least the angels tell me sot And so I worship at a shrine,
Whose sacraments with love begin,
My lady is but half divine,
And yet her heart's untouched by sin.
—Henry E. Orr in the Virginian.

ROYS BATTLE.

"Hallo! two fresh!" cried a mocking noice, "this is a red letter day." The speaker was a huge fellow with a tangled mass of black hair on his head, a cigarette in his mouth and an insolent swagger in his manner.

Roy stopped and glanced around. Yes, there was another, and he looked like an American. He was long and lean and lank, but looked eager and intelligent. He was looking shyly and curiously into the studio of the "Beaux Arts." His gray tweed suit was worn and seedy in the extreme. There was a real hunger in his eye, and his hands seemed to tremble as he still kept them on the half open

The hall was a long one, and there seemed to be a perfect forest of easels, from each of which had sprung a wild looking figure, with unkempt looks and dancing black eyes and mocking grins. "Walk in, gentlemen," cried one voice.
"You weren't expected this morning, or we'd have had the studio painted." Roy had heard something of the reception given to a new student at the Beaux Arts, so he kept his temper and

"Delighted to welcome a native of the land of the great Barnum," cried another, seizing Roy's hand and working it like a pump handle. "How many scalps have "Two new fellows-a double treat.

Here, monsieur, interrogate the gentlemen. But first let us give three cheers for the United States!' These cheers are given with gusto, and the supervisor approaches Roy. "Thirty francs from you."

Roy reddens, and looks at his companion. It is rather hard for two free orn American citizens to be browbeaten in this way. "What do they mean," asks the other.

"It's a tax on every newcomer." "Must we pay it?" "I suppose so; it's a beastly shame,"

"But-I cannot," faltered the other. "I have only five francs in the world." "Stop chattering, new fellows," cried the supervisor. "We're thirsty." Roy felt a strange pity for the lank young man with the hungry eyes.
'Only five francs? Oh! I see; your

remittance has not arrived." "I-never get remittances," faltered the other. "Why, how do you live?"

"I work my way." "A thousand thunders," vociferated the supervisor. "In the name of George Washington, how long must we wait?" "It's no use-I-must give it up for the present," said the young man, growing paler, and casting a longing look at the forest of easels.

"Stop! I will pay for you," exclaimed Roy, with a sudden impulse of friendliness to the forlorn being. "You can give it back—when you're able." He was unprepared for the tears that suddenly rushed into the cavernous

hungry eyes of the other. "Thanks. You have saved me; and if ever I forget it"-

He keld out one gaunt, bony hand, that still trembled in Roy's grasp. "I believe the fellow is hungry, decided, his heart melting at the thought. So, after the noisy crew had disposed

of the feast and drank the health of the two and of all their compatriots, he invited his new acquaintance to dinner. and they grew quite confidential over it. "I haven't a relative in the world but a maiden aunt, who believes in my genius and sent me over here," said "I had some opinion of myself at home. I thought I knew something of art matters. I am now certain I am a dunce. I've been here a year, working He had rolled it up with this thought with a teacher. I've been getting rid of all the old methods, and haven't any a virago. new ones. That's my condition at

"I have not even an aunt-I am alone. I depend upon myself, and have lived so said the other, who gave Roy a somewhat battered bit of pasteboard. That is my name, and I have a den at that number. I intend to go in for all the prizes, and if pluck and work can de anything I shall win. You have done me a service today"____

"Never mind that," interrupted Roy, looking at the card and reading thereon the name of "Nathan Lang;" written in a bold free hand. "We must stand by one another against these Philistines." In this way a friendship began that lasted through the year. One lowering night toward the end of it Roy Mather was making his way somewhat 'gloomily through that picturesque tangle of streets called the Latin Quartier. He had just received a letter from Aunt Roxie which he had stopped by a lighted window to

It ran as follows: "Dear Roy-I've got to tell you some Do Kour Own Dyeing, at Home.

They will due everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. They have needual for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages of Fashness of Colon, or non-fading Qualities.

They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by J. D. Morris & Co. Roxboro, N. C., and W. T. Pass & Co., Roxboro N. C., and them there Wenuses and Dinahs which the sale of the poor youth has entered the habitations of the blest, and needs not the wine any more now. Monsieur must think of his safety; the fever tune, and gettia' able to do without help. I hope you'll keep to a straight and narger path, and never deviate into paintin' them there Wenuses and Dinahs which the could do no more, and why should be risk his life? He went down the stairor for Pasines of Color, or non-traing quanties.
That do not cross ter smut; to colorus. For sails by

J. D. Morris & Co. Roxboro, N. C.,
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PAINLESS CHILDBERTH

POW ACCOMPTISHED. Every lady should know.

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POW ACCOMPTISHED. Every lady should know.

The bod news is the sail to do without belp.
The training and nerve deviate into painting the second part contents the baby.

The sail to do without belp.
The provable to a stright and narge than distributed to be done.

The training and narge and thumb, said to have performed the second part of the baby?

Mrs. Barkins—Waal, that depends on the child. Ef he's a good, strong, healthy baby, and wants it, I'd give him two ought to be allowed. The bod news is that I ventured all may little forting in under his arm. Lang had left enough in his room to pay funeral expenses, and old well, which according to our Deacon of the progress of the convergence of the progress of the progress of the progress of the convergence of the progress Josiah Slater was a runnin' eighteen thousin' barrels a day. Well, it's run off all my money, at any rate. There's an old sayin' about truth bein' at the bottom not rid himself of an uncomfortable feelof a well, but that wasn't the one I ing of guilt.

reckon. Deacon Slater 'lows it was to be, an' it's no use a goin' agin the ordi
"there was no mistake about him. He hances; but tain't clear to me as Providence had anything to do with it, and I don't know as 'twill be to you, and so I told him. He spoke quite feelin' about you, an' said if the paintin' didn't turn another year's work would do for me? Oh, the irony of fats! To me it is all

bookkeeper in his button factory as you could have at any time, and so farewell. Your lovin' aunt,

"ROXANNA MATHER." Roy had crushed this letter in his hand, and walked on with the feeling that he had nothing more to hope or expect in this world. He had, in fact, been work-ing against hope for the last month, with a cold, despairing feeling settling down about his heart. He was one of the competitors for a prize, but each day he passed his brush over the day's work with an angry vehemence, obliterating

his failures.

"I am a gigantic mistake," he said to himself gloomily. "There's nothing left for me but to go back to the button factory. There's nothing in me, I can't get up the ghost of a conception for a picture. My figures look as if cut out of pasteboard, my skies are like Aunt Roxanna's hining, my rocks are pasty. Heighol I could almost wish I'd lived in those wonderful days of magic and wigards. If any obliging gentleman in wizards. If any obliging gentleman in black should appear now and say, 'Roy Mather, you shall have your heart's desire for the paltry consideration of'—Halloo! who are you tumbling over?" A fierce "sacre" came from the ad-

rancing foe, but the next moment it was changed to a greeting. A sallow faced, dark eyed gentleman in black stopped suddenly, and then said: "It is Monsieur Mather, eh? Ah! you come, I suppose, from your friend-ah!

the poor young man-cut down like a

lower "What do you mean?" cried Roy, reonizing a fellow student. "Is it that you ask met Why, I thought it was with you, Damon, and what you call the other?" "Never mind! What is the matter

with Lang?" "Oh! he is dying, that is all!" Roy turned away and walked rapidly. He had been so occupied with his work, having a studio of his own now, that he had hardly thought of Lang for three weeks, and his conscience smote him. But certainly Mather could not be so desperate, or his friend would have let

He made his way up the dim stairway, meeting no one. When he pushed open the door of Lang's room there was no light or any sound save a half smothered moan from the bed.

He found a match after awhile and lit a candle. Then he called his friend by name, but there was no answer. He took the light in his hand. A hor

rible fear was clutching at his heart as he walked toward the bed, for the moaning had ceased. And at the first glance it looked as if the shadow that lies in wait for all of us had indeed crossed that threshold, and laid a dim hand upon one aching brow.

"He is gone, poor fellow!" thought Roy, "and no one beside him to hear his last words or to hold his hand in the supreme mement. Perhaps, though, there may be some faint pulse of life. If I had some stimulanta". He bathed the cold face with water

first, and then looked about for some thing stronger. In doing this he saw an easel, and

upon it stretched a finished picture, that even in that faint and dim light glowed with life and power. There was a tall headland, pine crowned, draped with dainty ferns. Above it the misty sir seems like amber, the sky is of melting gold. Below, the sea, with its emerald light and foam crested waves and flame opals of light. And where the reeds seem to thrill with the wind stands one like a lily queen,

A miracle of snow and gold. It is Miranda on her island. She looks at Roy with fearless, innocent but tender

She lives! It would hardly seem miracle if she stepped forth and touched his hand. Ah! this is genius! He recognizes it with a groan. And the man whose cunning hand has

done the work is lying there dead! It is nothing to him now, that he would have won the prize. What are earthly laurels to him, who sees the amaranth's deathless bloom? What are all the triumphs or the toil to one on whom a new day dawns in the land where there shall be no night? "I must take care of this picture

said Roy. "He would have given it to me, and it will not do to let it fall into the hands of"-

"So, some one at last. And how is it. that you make your way into my house, pear. and ask no leave? The doctor it is who

has forbidden?" "The poor fellow is a friend of mine, and if you will get a little wine, I think he is in a faint." "Winef Ah! but hear! Does he not

owe me fifty francs? And he was to pay with his grand prize, and here he has escaped—died out of pure malice—to cheat me. But I will have all-all he has had the grace to leave. Typhus, too: that frightens my lodgers. Ah, I am a lone woman, and have no one to take my part!"

"Typhus!" cried Roy, looking at the bed with a fear for himself selfishly this, and I will send some wine for him." then stooped once more over his friend. There was no pulse.

exclaimed the woman. "I will do all wine! Oh, no! the poor youth has entered the habitations of the blest, and

SIGHTS SEEN IN STOCKHOLM. moup of the Girdle Ducliste Beggar

to whisper:
"But his work fives after him. Clubs-Other Curiosities. may still win the prize."

So three days passed, and one day, impelled by an irresistible force, Roy turned into the street where Lang had his humble room. But as he reached the cerner two men drinking together, while the lovely wife of one of them stands by. he saw a coffin borne out, and turned lovely wife of one of them stands by. shuddering away. It was all over, then. The jealous anger roused by some undue He could do his friend no harm, even if attention on the part of the guest, the

he won the prize through him!

Roy painted no more his ineffective pictures. Each day he gloated instead over the magical island, with its wind swept ferns, its lambent skies and luminous air. Each day he looked into the blue eyes of the island queen, and felt assured of his own triumph. It was a time of fever and unrest till the final day, when, mounted in a frame that had cost his very last franc, he sent the picture to the judges, and sat down to wait. He pawned his watch and lived upon the proceeds while he waited. He did not sleep well any more; his old buoyancy with the blood of enemies; ancient swords and helmets, together with immerable

time, and he would save himself yet, rude looms that might have woven the What matter if chaos came afterward! garments of the Vikings, and the odd He would have done his duty. But how hand mangles used for smoothing linen and tell his crime? He faltered and fell under side, and elaborately carved above, back—it was too late. He heard a hum with handles usually representing horses. of voices. Some one was speaking, but It seems impossible that such flat irons he could not distinguish the words. He should have been very efficacious, but did not know till some one pashed him here they are by the hundred. forward, and a voice said in his ear:

Odder still are the kubbesto "Look alive, old fellow! It is your name they are calling. Your picture

has taken the prize, and no wonder. How you have blossomed out. It's no more your old style"-Roy felt himself pushed over toward the platform. Was there no help!
He made a strong effort to speak as he met the smiling faces on every hand. "It is not mine," he managed to say. "There is a mistake."

A great burden seemed to roll away from him at these words. He could lift to this end. Here, too, is another relie his head once more among his fellow of ancient manners—beggars clubs, men! He was no longer a perjured These formidable weapons were given to

A murmur rose on every side. What did it all mean? The professors stared at him and at one another. "What does it mean, then? Why are you here? Let the painter of Miranda neighbor to entertain him! Yonder is a come forward and claim the prize." "Yon're fading away, my boy," one

of his fellow painters said, on meeting him the morning of the decision. "And what has become of your chum! He was always ethercal. Has he sailed away like thistle down on a puff of wind? I thought he was painting for the prize!"

"So he was." stammered Roy, with a guilty flush on his face, "but sickness "Your place, messieurs," cried a stern voice, and Roy felt relieved.

He was trembling, nevertheless. He felt giddy, as one who stands on the verge of a precipice. He stood by a window and could catch a glimpse of a blue sky, and one fleecy, wind swept cloud. Could any one look down from those shining battlements? he wondered with a vague shiver. Could one know the griefs and joys, the temptations and trim those left behind? His head seemed in whirl, as if a hundred wheels were turning there. He longed to stop it all for a moment that he might think, Roy shuddered. From what pale ranks of disembodied spirits would they call

back the artist of the price? "I-I will explain," he began. But the words were frozen on his lips, and hearing the door open turned to face for before him, pale, gaunter than ever hollow eyed, purple lipped, with slow and wavering steps, he saw his friend ap-

"I am here!" a holiew voice said near him. "I was ill, and my friend sent the Roy heard no more. The excitement stones packed securely in the cylinders of the past six weeks had done their and everything replaced. But few cuswork. At that voice from the dead, for toms officials would venture to trouble a work. At that voice from the dead, for so it seemed, he staggered and fell! When he came back to his senses, Lang

bent over him kindly. "You're all right now, old fellow," said. "I ought to have given you warning. I'm just able to be out," "Don't take my hand. I am a swindler," cried Roy. "You don't know. I

"But you didn't. You were brave at the last, in the face of all! I say you are one, filled with diamonds, is secured to this, and I will send some wine for him." a trump. Come, never speak of it again.

He offered the woman money, and Let us take a studio togather, and I'll have passed muster, except that the stand once more over his friend.

There was no pulse.

"Thanks; monsieur is a gentleman," will do it, old fellow."

The say you are the lass, in the lass of all 1 say you are the clamp. It is an old trick, but might have passed muster, except that the smuggler's courage failed and his ner-wousness betrayed him. The government was richer by \$0,000 duties in gold coin.

for this friend; but he will not drink the had taught him something .- H. W. Pierson in Once a Week.

Mrs. Newma-Now tell me, Mrs. Bar-kins, do you believe in one cow's milk

"But his work lives after him. It may still win the prize."

Roy felt as if the voice came from without, and turned and looked about him. He saw the rolled up picture lying on the table, and thought there could be no harm in taking one more look. He stretched it upon his easel, and gazed at it with envy and delight.

"After all, it would harm no one," he thought. "I would have done anything for him—living. I would not have deserted him on a barren island or thrown him to wolves! I would not save myself in any way at his expense. But now, if I can save myself without injuring him, why not?"

And then commenced one of those unseen battles on the burdle ground of the human heart. There no because wave nor trampet sounds tell of victory—no muffled drum of defeat, but where the destiny of souls are ofttimes decided, and all is lost or won for time and eternity!

So three days passed, and one day, impelled by an irresistible force. Roy turned. Many bronze statues to Sweden's kings

wife on her knees endeavoring to prevent the quarrel, and lastly the poor thing weeping alone by the gravestone of her husband. A memorial such as this of ancient customs has always an interest independent of its artistic value; and this interest attaches to a great many objects in the collection of the Northern Museum, an institution devoted to the preservation of Scandinavian relics and curiosities. You see here a forest of the tall pikes and battle axes so formidable of old-cruel murderous looking instruments ten fee long, their blades and heads rusted as if He took a step forward. There was articles of more peaceful household use; Odder still are the kubbestols-

made of the trunks of trees-or kubbes (whence our "stubs," I suppose), the edges of the seats ornamented with, of all things in the world, human teeth. driven into the solid wood. These are not relics of battle, as one might suppose, but the teeth lost by the family of the owner of the chair, preserved in this manner as a charm against future toothache. Little white milk teeth make an agreeable variety with huge molars that evidently ached enough before they came grars to enable them to obtain relief et the next house they came to. What a comfortable thing it would be if one of us could get rid of an importunate tramp by giving him a club to compel our next bundle of Runic staves-canes or long pieces of wood carved with runes, or sentences in Runic characters, usually quoted from one of the sages. Whether these were considered as clarms, or only, like the Jewish phylacteries, used to keep in mind some sacred text, we could not

One room is fitted up in compartments each representing a kitchen or a living room of some primitive dwelling in Finland, or Iceland perhaps; with life size figures in appropriate costumes, surrounded with the very furniture and pottery brought from such houses, all in some interesting position. A man re-ceiving an official message brought by an envoy in one of the old "bud stikker. or message sticks, which he in his turn is bound to carry for a certain distance, and if no one is at hand to take it, to stick it in the earth until some one comes along, as if our mail bags should be laid on a rook at a certain place and left for the next passer to take charge off Another group shows a girl receiving presents when the bans of her marriage are proclaimed; a third, a Lapland family mourning over a dead child. All the figures are very lifelike. But time would fail me to speak of the various museums and their treasures .- Stockholm Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

One of the favorite places wherein to hide precious stones are in the small telepes used in connection with the masscepes used in connection with the mas-ter's sextant. The glasses are unscrewed, valuable scientific instrument. Another method is to have a malacca stick bored out, through the wonderfully skilled hands of a Chinese mechanic. The space is then filled in with precious stones packed in cotton, the joint replaced and detection is almost impossible. I will show you a boot heel made of iron, to which is attached an iron clamp. The leather heel is removed, then the the clamp. It is an old trick, but might is how you will fare if you treat me

Smuggling Precious Stones

common remedy for a cut, of sewing it stroke, saying, in broad Suabian dialect, ap. I have seen persons suffer great inconveniences from a comparatively small behavior," after which the husband is wound at the end of a finger and thumb, said to have performed the second part up. I have seen persons suffer great inconveniences from a comparatively small wound at the end of a finger and thumb, School in China.

In China school begins at daylight and continues until it is too dark to read. This is a bit of information for those who wish to seek positions as teachers in the Celestial empire, and may also account for the diagonal slope of the Chinese optic, which is probably thus bent out of shape by study in the plant years of immandiad no further trouble with it.—

the cut, right and left, which tends to in disagreeing merely for the sake of disagreement.—to him who is able to get disagreement—to him who is able to get an abit of information for those who have tried in. A hired abit is able to perceive the virtue out of it. And the man who while engaged in racchanical work, and it annoyed him excessively. I drew the parts together with a fine thread and its the man who is already further adscarded than either size, whichever may be right and whichever wrong.—Philameterity.—Boston Buages.

The Waste Paper Nulsano One of the gross disfigurements of our streets is the waste paper that litters the sidewalks and the roadways — news-papers, circulars, scraps of every kind, all of them filthy, blown here and there

by every breeze, an offense to the eye, and often the means, no doubt, of carrying the seeds of disease. Is there no way of stopping this? Dirty streets are bad enough, but when there is added to the ordinary dirt, to which we have been accustomed from time immemorial, this muck of dirty paper, the combination is utterly vile. It ought to be possible for a people to devise some means to keep the streets of its cities clear of filthy paper. Scavengers might be appointed whose sole duty it should be to remove papers, just as the same are some and are the streets. just as there are men on one or two treets who keep on the tracks of the

One way of diminishing the evil would

ess, sagacity and foresight during the war whenever the opportunity presents itself. To listen to him, one would imgine that the ultimate success of the Union arms was all due to him, and that the share Grant or Sherman or Sheridan

story, were no one present and only the four walls there to listen to his wonder-

"Mamma," said the little 7-year-old daughter of the general the other day after having listened on the stairs to the old story which her father had just concluded in the dining room to a company of guests, "Mamma, wasn't there anybody to help papa put down the rebellion? There must have been some awfully mean men in those days."-Washington Cor. to New York Tribune.

A Club of Bald Heads. I am told that a society is about to be started in Paris for the purpose of insti-tuting a crusade against barbers' drugs, hair restorers and such like nostrums. The association is to be called "Le Genou" (or "The Knee," which is the French slang expression for "as bare as the back of one's hand"). None but members "thin on the top" will be admitted, and the presidency will no doubt be offered M. Theodore de Banville, the poet, who, you are aware, is as bald as a coot. The object in view is to trace the loss of hair to its true causes. The secrets of nature will be investigated. The physiclogical action of remedies will be learned. Of course, the promoters do not for a moment entertain the idea that they will ever make hair grow on a bald pate any more than the best physicians can raise the dead. The day is still far distant when flies will be constrained to seek other skating rinks than the hair-less human skull. But the science of "keeping your hair on" has a great future before it.-Emile Nouveau in hiladelphia Times.

Lord Wolseley on Gen. Les. And lastly, let me glance at Gen. Lee. ee's strategy when he fought in defense the southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United tates, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No an has ever fought an up hill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than he did when in command of the Confederate army. The knowledge of his profession displayed by Gen. McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable, but he lacked one attribute as a general without which no man can ever succes in war-he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers oppose to him. It was the presence in Lee of that intuitive genius which McClellan lacked, which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers. -Lord Wolseley in Fortnightly Roview.

An Old Marriage Custom. A curious old marriage custom, which is still widely prevalent in Brittany, was recently interpreted in a novel and amusing manner. According to this custom the bridegroom, immediately after the priest has wedded the couple, strikes his wife in the face, saying, "This is how you will fare if you make me angry," and then, kissing her, he says, "And this married a German girl, and after the ceremony was over began at once to practice the first part of the time hon-New York Star.

Ored custom. The bride, who was ignorant of the "inner meaning" of what she considered an insult, turned round on Many persons are familiar with the her lord and master and returned the

THE COURTER

is published in the centre a fine tobacco growing section, making is one of the best advertising - mediums for merchants and warehousemen in the adjoining counties. irrelated largely in Person, Granville and Durham counties in North Carolina, and Halifax county Virginia.

JOB WORK

all description neatly executed on short notice and at reasonable prices. When in eed of work give the Counter a trial.

SAMPLE SURIAL HORRORS.

Are Put in Ground Alire. One of the gravediggers who excavated a cemetery in Minneapolis the other day told a reporter of that city that in nineteen coffins the remains were found turned on their sides, and in one found turned on their sides, and in one case lying face downward; the latter was that of a full grown woman, with long jet black, beautiful tresses scattered over the shoulders and tangled about the neck, indicating that, after being consigned to her last resting place, the latent spark of life quickened, and, conscious of the awful hopelessuess of her situation, and with the strength of desperation she began the frightful struggle, vainly turning and twisting within the narrow walls of her prison, until exhaustion finally overcame her and brought relief.

One way of diminishing the evil would be for merchants to give up the practice of distributing circulars, which are now universally regarded in the light of a nuisance, and advertise in the newspapers. The average man feels that he has a grudge against the desler who forces a circular upon him. Their day is past. This condition of thing excites the surprise of foreigners who come here. It may be more of an esthetic than a sanitary consideration, but it has its importance from both points of view.—New York Tribune.

The Old General's Tale.

There is an old general in this town, married to a young and handsome wife, who delights in entertaining an after dinner company with stories of his provess, sagacity and foresight during the war whenever the opportunity presents. were thrust through and wedged in under the lid-evidently in the last straining, hopeless effort for liberty. In scores of graves the coffins were found to contain podies that were turned and twisted

the share Grant or Sherman or Sheridan had in the matter was a comparatively small one. One of his stories always begins:

"When I was down in the Wilderness with Grant in '64"

That's usually the signal for half the company to leave the room, but it doesn't interrupt the old general in the least. He stealthily entered the tomb, opened the and wealthy lady of the jewels which were on her person, according to the then prevalent custom. Finding some finger rings too tightly fixed the unconscionable thief took his pocket knife and slashed the flesh from the fingers. The sudden shock and flow of blood caused a reaction of the vital forces and the renerved madame opened her eyes, uttered an exclamation of amazement and attempted to rise up. The guilty and horror stricken rascal's hair rose straight upon his head, and, with the yell of a desperate madman, he rushed forth, thus raising the alarm which brought help and rescue to her. She lived many years subsequently, none the worse for her awful adventure, which occurred five years previous to the birth of Sir Walter.

The mother of Gen. Israel Putnam, of revolutionary renown, was placed in her coffin and the funeral services comnenced, when she revived, and six yesrs afterward gave birth to the child Israel Long years ago three medical students, who had paid an extra sum of money to a professional "resurrectionist" for the ourpose of procuring an extraordinarily lesirable subject, entered the college dissecting room one night to view their pur-chase, which had just been received. Lifting the cloth cover, they were more than eased to discover the remarkably fresh. fine, desirable young corpes of a young and lovely maiden lady. It was the form of a Juno and the features of a Hebe, Round, plump, splendidly devel-oped, perfectly symmetrical, with a wealth of dark chestnut tresses, and chestnut colored eyes, pink, creamy tinted complexion, brilliant, ivory white teeth, thin, delicate ears, mouth and nose, eyebrows and eyelashes beautifully long and shapely.

One of the two fingered about the body apparently as one held under the spell of a strange, undefined fascination. The have died of some heart disease and had lain in her family vault about twenty hours. The young student, filled with admiration, gently lifted the magnificently molded arm. It was not chilling cold, although cool. The muscles w not hard and fixed severely as in rigor mortis. He raised the eyelids and saw none of the glassy and ghastly peculiar-ities. He was aroused, and laid his ear down over the region of the heart. Then ie was puzzled and started, and applie

the stethoscope.

Then he repressed his growing excite ment and summoned assistance. Evidences of latent life in the body were discovered beyond doubt. Vigorous efforts were then made for resuscitation, and successfully, too. Then the hapless girl while yet unconscious, was wrap clankers and tenderly removed to the residence of one of the professors ne by. Her relatives were sent for, and by. Her relatives were sent for, and in time she regained perfect health, and subsequently wedded the student, who afterward became president of Philadel-phia Medical college. She is now a widow and resides with the youngest of four stalwart sons.—Chicago Herald.

te formula with many persons, and there are few who have not, at one time or another, been the victims of a treacherous memory. One would think that having been deceived many times we would as last learn to mistrust this faculty somewhat, or, at all events, be cautious in accepting its revelations without ques-

Deceived by Our Memory.

'If my memory serves me" is a favor-

accepting its revelations without question. But right here there comes in another puzzle. No matter how grossly memory deceived us yesterday, or last week, today we are not deceived. Our recollection of the thing that happened is so and so; it cannot be otherwise, for we saw it or heard it. We remember it perfectly, and contradiction is usaless. We know it. And yet we were quite as positive before, and turned out to be deceived. Thus memory is the most planshible of sirene, and no matter how much or how often she has lied to us on foror how often she has lied to us on for-mer occasions she makes us believe hor now.—Chicago Herald.

A city in Japan will open a brice brace show under the rule. "No article almitted that is not more than 1.000; years old." No exhibition of that were could be held in the United States with Amer-