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Volapuk.

Take a spoonful of English, A modicum of Dutch, Of Italian just a trifle, And Gallic, not too much, Some Russian and Egyptian, Add them into the whole, With just enough to flavor, Of the language of the Pole. Now stir it well, boil it well, And you've decent luck, The ultimate residuum, You'll find it Volapuk.
—Type Founder.

Captured a Cowboy.

An amusing incident is reported from Union avenue says the *Kansas City Globe*, which illustrates the degeneracy of the cowboy, and what a little man may accomplish if he has his nerve with him. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon some time ago Sam Frank was sitting in front of his place of business eating an apple. Sam was a young man, twenty-two years of age, and weighs 105 pounds. He was evidently feeling unusually frisky, and, casting his eyes down the street, he noticed the cowboy approaching. The stranger was 6 feet tall, weighed at least 200 pounds, and was clad in full cowboy regalia, consisting of a wide-brimmed white hat, somewhat the worse for wear, a blue shirt, which was tucked under his pants at the waist, around which was a belt holding two murderous-looking revolvers.

The guns were stuck into the stranger's leather belt, giving him the appearance of a walking arsenal. Corduroy pants and high topped boots completed the cowboy's outfit. As the native of the plains swaggered past the little man, the latter suddenly fired the apple at him, striking him sharply on the left ear. The cowboy turned toward his assailant, who sprang from the seat, and, seizing the two revolvers, snatched them from the astonished stranger's belt.

"Didn't I warn you never to come to Kansas City again carrying concealed weapons?" angrily asked Frank. "I am a United States officer. Come with me; you are my prisoner."

To the surprise of a dozen listeners, the apparently thoroughly scared cowboy allowed himself to be led into a saloon and to be cast into a back room, which his captor announced was a cell. A few minutes later, when search was made for the stranger, he could not be found. He had escaped down St. Louis avenue through a window. A strange feature of the story is that the cowboy was perfectly sober, having just arrived in the city. The revolvers are of Colt and Smith & Wesson manufacture and of 44 calibre. The owner may recover his property by calling upon the little man who so successfully carried out the great practical joke of the season.

Rivals Aladdin's Cave.

Ephraim Baker, one of the oldest residents of Kansas, and for a quarter of a century a citizen of Topeka, reports a discovery which surpasses the fables of ancient and stories of modern wealth. When Cleopatra won fame by dissolving a pearl for Mark Antony to drink she little thought that a few centuries later a plain western miner and prospector would gather from the shores of an ante-diluvian river such countless numbers of these gems as to rival the stores in Aladdin's cave, and make the wealth of Croesus and of Monte Cristo pale into insignificance. He lives in a comfortable home in Topeka during the winter, and as soon as spring breaks dons a rough suit and with a prospector's outfit moves out across the plains toward the sun sets to be seen no more until the snow flies. Monday Mr. Baker displayed to a few friends a bottle filled with pearls of various colors, shapes and sizes. Some are pure white, others a delicate shade of green, some have a tint of blue, and others are of the rarest variety of all—black. The forms are perfectly round, oblong, elliptical, etc. They vary from the size of a pin-head to that of a hazel-nut. The most astonishing part of Mr. Baker's story, however, relates to the quantity of these gems, which almost surpasses belief. He says he found them in the western slopes of what was once a great river, now rolling over the plains of Kansas. As the foothills of the Rocky Mountains extend down to Ellsworth and Belleville in Kansas, a rough

guess at the location of these ancient pearl fisheries would be just beyond the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas Valleys. Somewhere in that treeless region Mr. Barker says there is 100 miles of old river-bed whose sands are literally filled with pearls. Turn up a spadeful of soil where you will, there rolls from it a stream of tiny globules which would enrich the collection of the Shah of Persia. Whether Mr. Baker will ever conclude to reveal the site of the "valley of pearls" he does not know, but he will visit it again this fall.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Bill Nye has the Grippe.

The grippe is getting to be an old theme, and so I will touch lightly on it here. I'm just convalescing, and if it will let me alone I will let it alone. Avoid it, gentle reader, if you can. Do not laugh at it or treat it lightly. Fight shy of it, pass by it and light out. I was the picture of health when it came along and touched me gently on the larynx. Now I am pale and sad. The doctors did not know how to deal with it at first. They had to look about a little and see for themselves. I could not eat anything for several weeks. It was not for the same reason that I did not eat when I was publishing a paper in Wyoming, however. This time I had the opportunity without the desire. Then I had the desire without the opportunity.

This symptom was followed by fever, hay fever, cough, heaves, dimness of sight, loss of sleep and hurr-pains in the joints, back and chest. Everything that was discouraging. Then I began to hear about people who committed suicide because they had the grip. Friends came in and said I looked kind of flighty and desperate. My wife hid my revolver and gave the rough on rats to the delighted and overjoyed rats. I imagined that I was going to die of heart failure or softening of the brain. I thought I could hear my brain softening. When I turned over I thought I could hear it slosh up against the rafters of my head.

Time For Reform.

When a human being has debased himself to the extent that a bird of prey mistakes him for a dead body, it is time for reform to begin in his plan of life. A man in a beastly state of intoxication was lying in a fence corner, when a buzzard that was sailing about in search of food caught sight of him and drew near to take observations.

Slightly in doubt concerning the "prey," the bird finally alighted on the ground near its expected feast. The drowsy drunkard, hearing a noise and having a dim perception that something was going wrong, opened one eye in a hazy manner, and saw the buzzard, but was in too gross a state of intoxication to take any active measures to drive him away.

The buzzard very quietly stood looking at him with an air of proprietorship, evidently satisfied that it was his lawful game. After some time, the quietness of the drunkard possibly deceived the bird, for he advanced somewhat hesitatingly toward his prize and gave it a tremendous peck on the end of the nose. This roused the drunkard, and half raising himself, he shook his head at the buzzard, exclaiming, angrily, "Look 'ere, now, Mis'er Buzzard! you're shust a little mite too previosh don'tcher know. I objeet—I mosh decidedly objeet to be eat up just now. There are two excellent reasons why you shouldn't do it. Do yer see? One ish I haint dead. T'other ish I would inebriate any fowl in my present state; an' I'd lieve fully in t' total abstinence for buzzards!"

A man mistaken for a dead animal ought to be a temperance sermon for even a drunkard.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Double Profit.

One of the few things which farmers can engage in at present with profit is feeding sheep for market. There is a double profit in it, while in nearly every other branch of farming there is but one. The labor required comes in a time that cannot be as profitably employed at anything else. All coarse fodder and grain when converted into mutton are sure to return a fair market value and generally something for labor

besides. This profit is direct; the other is in having the products of the farm converted into the best manure, which alone would pay for all the labor and the straw bedding thrown in. Any good grain farm of 100 acres will raise enough grain and fodder to fatten a car-load of sheep, and if the manure is all put back on the farm where it belongs, the farmer will have little occasion to buy fertilizer, and his crops will increase every year under such treatment. It is rare for one to lose in feeding sheep, but common with cattle. Anything raised on a farm that any animal will eat sheep will eat and do well on.

A secret in the items of profit is in buying. If one fails here it is hard making up afterward. A good beginning generally makes a good ending. Usually there is more profit in feeding lambs than old sheep, yet I would not advise a new beginner to commence with lambs. One who has had no experience should consult those who have. It is quite a trade. It needs experience for success. Begin early in the fall, get your sheep ready for market as soon as possible. The first market is frequently the best. The last of January or first of February is a good time to sell. The sooner sheep are made ready for market and sold the better. Some fill up the second time and do well at it, but 90 days is long enough to feed for profit if the stock be properly cared for. I have never kept an exact account of the grain fed, but two bushels per head and fifteen pounds grain on old sheep, and eighteen or twenty pounds on lambs is a fair average. As fodder and grain are this year one cent per pound advance on the purchase price over last, this will do well.—*J. G. Perry*.

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A Curious Case.

A curious case is reported to us from Goose Creek township. Mr. J. F. Belk, of that township, has a daughter 8 years of age, who, although she has perfectly good use of her tongue and talks freely with all other members of the family, can not be induced to speak to her father. She will sit upon his knee and allow him to fondle her, but has never been known to speak to him. He has tried every device to get her to do so, but without avail. If her mother sends her to the field on an errand she will take one of the other children along to deliver the message. The circumstance, as it is imagined, gives Mr. Belk a good deal of uneasiness, as he does not know how to account for it. It seems to be simply a freak of the child's. There is not a doubt of the truth of the above. We doubt if it has ever had a parallel.—*Monroe Express*.

Senator Vance in Anxious Pursuit of a Stray Hat.

The New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent says: Senator Vance, of North Carolina, lost his hat the other day. He came out of the Senate cloak-room bareheaded, with his overcoat on his arm, paraded the corridors asking every one he met if they had seen a tall hat straggling about anywhere. He was asking the question of Captain May, the doorkeeper at the lobby door, when the page came up with the missing article in his hand. Senator Vance was just saying: "Of course I don't think you have seen it, but I was just talking" like the man who came into my office once when I was Governor of North Carolina. He was a trampish-looking man, and his clothing was worn and seedy. He looked carefully around the room and then said: "Governor, you ain't seen nothing of a pair of boots around here, have you? I left 'em in that corner last night, and they ain't there this morning."

A True Girl.

There is a girl and we love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own name she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, still fingers that falter at their work; her strong figure is a staff upon which the gray haired, white faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the fall's sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting only on a mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend, as girls often bend, over the worn out body of her mother lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet emerged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.—*Senside*.

The Razor-Back Hog.

A humorous writer in the New York *World*, who says he has farmed in Virginia and North Carolina and understands thoroughly the peculiarities of the razor-back hog, relates the following incident: A drove of them, once took the town of Clarksville, Va., and ate and destroyed everything in the place. As for the Clark, they took to the woods, and were glad of the chance. The razor-backs got to rooting on the railroad that runs through Clarksville for some grain spilled along the track, and they rooted up the ties and rails for about a quarter of a mile and wrecked an express train. They tore down the city hall and post office to get at the picture of a fat woman, and sleek looking acrobats and the wild children of Borncio that a circus had pasted up.

Pungent Paragraphs.

Depend on yourself awhile and give your friends a rest. Men are bad because we have not taught them to be good. To be alone is a million-fold better than to be in bad company. The chief beauty in a woman is in her spirit, not in her perishable body. Men's wants are fewer than they generally think for, and generally of a different nature. Activity in some business pursuit, or in doing good to those in distress, is a sure way to lessen grief. No man loses his wife and children unless he holds them as of more importance than his appetite for drink or gratification of self. There is far more honor in educating persons to keep out of crime than to imprison or hang them for being victims to circumstances left open for them to enter.—*Pomroy's Advance Thought*.

500,000 Pounds of Sorghum Sugar Made at One Factory.

The Barber county, Kansas, *Index* says: It is now certain that the sorghum sugar output at Medicine Lodge, this season, will exceed 500,000 pounds. It was thought, until this week, that it would not exceed 470,000 pounds, but the "seconds" are much richer than was anticipated. This places the plant at Medicine Lodge at the head of the list, as the most successful one ever built. It has paid every dollar for cane and labor, and does not owe one cent on account of the season's work. Yesterday there were shipped from there seven car loads of sorghum sugar to New Orleans. In the mail yesterday came an order for 600 barrels of sugar, but the order could only be partially filled. Mr. Hinman says that he is satisfied from the correspondence he has received that he could place ten thousand barrels of Medicine Lodge sugar if he had it. People are dropping their prejudices, and are now willing to acknowledge that sorghum sugar is better than ordinary light brown sugar. It is certain now that the works here made good money this season, notwithstanding the delay in starting, and the frequent accidents that occurred. Our people regard the industry as a success. The cane raisers are all anxious to contract to raise cane next year. It pays twice as much as can be made on corn, oats or wheat.

Debt.

Young man, avoid debt. It has made more drunkards, peopled more asylums, filled more jails and ruined more lives than any other power on the broad earth. It tempts men to steal; it goads them into lying; it entices them into deception. It is the father of murderous thoughts; the born companion of treachery; the traducer of character and the assassin of good credit. It destroys conscience; it weakens courage; it makes cowards; it demoralizes honor; it winks at treachery and embraces rascality. It poisons the mind; scars the conscience; embitters the heart; robs life of its pleasures and fills it with gall. It drives men from palaces to poverty; from sanity to madness; from hilarity to hopelessness; from heaven to hell.—*Christian Observer*.

Got Used to It.

"Can I use your telephone a minute," she asked, as she ran into a neighbor's on Second Avenue with ashaw' over her head. "Oh, certainly. I am going to give a party next week, and I want to invite a few friends." "Yes?" "It is to be a very select party." "Yes?" "Only my friends." "Yes?" "And, therefore, you—you won't be—"

Tommy's Naivete.

Schoolmistress—Tommy, what did you disobey me for? Tommy—'Cos I thought you'd whip me. Schoolmistress—What did you want me to whip you for? Tommy—'Cos pa said he would if you didn't, and he hurts.—*Harpers' Bazar*.

Reed is credited with resembling Shakespeare, and McKinley is said to bear a striking resemblance to Napoleon. By and by some one will bob up with the discovery that Ingalls looks like the Apostle Paul.—*Kansas City Star*.

Comparisons are Odious. "Darling," he said, "your eyes are as bright as diamonds, your teeth are as white as pearls, your lips are as red as rubies, and—"

"Yes, George," she replied, sweetly, "and you are as green as an emerald." Then George went out into the jet black night.—*Ex*.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

A white rabbit was caught near Concord a few days ago. Rev. R. G. Pearson will leave shortly on a visit to the Holy Land. A light house is to be built at Cape Hatteras, and will cost \$300,000. Preparations are on foot to erect a large brick tobacco warehouse in Louisville. The Fayetteville Iron Bound Bucket Factory now runs day and night to keep up with their orders. 150 tons of coal are taken per day from the Egypt coal mines in Chatham county. It sells at \$3 per ton. A bale of cotton was brought into Smithfield, Johnston county, a few days ago covered with bed-ticking. Raleigh will soon be a centenarian—that is to say she will celebrate her 100 birthday in 1892.—*Raleigh Call*.

The Wilmington and Weldon railroad company contemplate laying a double track between Wilmington and Weldon. Since 1838 more than 8,000 students have been educated at Rutherford College. They came from every State in the Union. The rope used in hanging Lige Moore at Greensboro, was the one used in the execution of Spies, the Chicago anarchist, and with which Parrish was hung at Raleigh on January 10th. To show how desperate is the condition of the Republican party in this State, it is stated that in Greens county one of the strongholds, it will put no ticket in the field this year.—*Dispatch*.

It is learned that George W. Childs and Samuel J. Randall own large blocks of the stock in the new bank which has been incorporated at Winston under the name of "The People's National Bank."

Chatham County.

Chatham county has given the State some strong men, and has been the home of many more, and it is strange that Judge Womack is the first Judge created from among them since the county was formed in 1770.—*Ashville Citizen*.

It is stated that the inhabitants of Stokes county are much excited about a certain cave in the Saratoga mountains. It is so deep that a rock thrown into it cannot be heard when it strikes the bottom. Lately smoke has been seen issuing from the mouth of the cave. It is understood that Col. W. J. Green and T. H. Sutton, Esq., will hang out their shingles for Congress in the 3rd District. C. B. Aycock, Esq., of Goldsboro, will also likely be in the race. Col. Green has commenced to write for the press of the District. His letters glow with patriotism on some subject like Jefferson Davis. The Colonel is also a member of the Farmers' Alliance, and has won a dozen years old.—*Sauford Express*.

We have always regarded old Sampson.

We have always regarded old Sampson as one of greatest counties in North Carolina in all respects, but she comes to the front once more, this time in the matter of pecans. Mr. French McQueen showed us yesterday some pecan nuts which were grown on the place of a citizen near the town of Clifton. They are of extraordinary size, measuring an inch and a quarter in length about two inches in circumference. The gentleman who gave them to Mr. McQueen informed him that he had several trees on his plantation and that they are quite prolific.—*Wilmington Messenger*.

The people and farmers of Bertie county.

The people and farmers of Bertie county held a meeting to see what could be done in these hard times. They resolved that with close economy and hard work they could go through 1890 without absolute suffering; asked the merchants to give all the aid possible, and advised the people to make their own supplies and live cheaper. This strikes us as the most sensible way of tiding over the hard times and making another crop. Let the people be lenient one toward another, and above all else let them depend more upon their own resources—their strength and ability to work and do for themselves. That is the idea.—*Gold Leaf*.

Davis county can boast of the two largest hesh destroyers in the State. Their names are Robert Whitaker and John Sprinkle. Whitaker carries the mail between Farmington and Mocks ville, and Sprinkle is mail "loter" between Farmington and Yadkinville. Some nights ago these two champions were spotted in S. A. Jarvis' store at Farmington discussing as to which could eat the most. Finally they decided to test the matter. Each man had eaten a hearty supper, but at the close of the contest it was found that Sprinkle had destroyed eight boxes of sardines, crackers in proportion and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Whitaker could not get to as high a notch as Sprinkle, but he succeeded in paralyzing six boxes of sardines and a large amount of crackers.—*Davis Times*.