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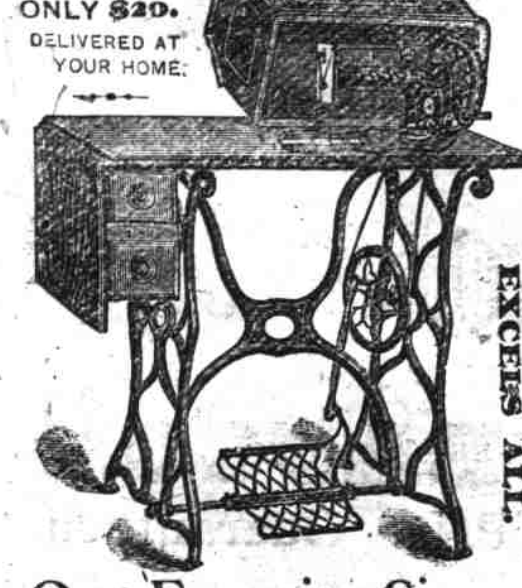
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Our Favorite Singer
Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers,
Nickel Rings, Ticker, Ruffler, Binder,
Four Widths of Hemmers.

Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers,
Nickel Rings, Ticker, Ruffler, Binder,
Four Widths of Hemmers.

"Hullo."

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
How's the world a-comin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back;
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Waltz right up, and don't go slow;
Grin an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh! shoo;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
Rags are but a cotton roll
Just for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
The salute and sail away,
Just the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea,
Each one sa'lin' his own jog
For a p'rt beyond the fog.
Let your speaking trumpet blow;
Lift yer horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you;
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away;
When you travel through the strange
Country 'o'er side the range,
Then the soul you've cheered will know
Who ye be an' say "Hullo!"

The Fall of the Western Editor.
When the first weekly in Washington Territory was established the editor, who was an Ohio printer, made a break in the first issue to establish his reputation as a dangerous man to fool with. He was surrounded by a rough crowd, and he realized that the proper thing to do was to put himself in shape to be sized up according to Hoyle. To effect this he led off with an article abusive of Col. Taylor. The Colonel was an imaginary individual, and it was therefore safe to call him a liar and a coward, and to declare that if he ever appeared in town he would be horse-whipped up and down the street. Every issue for two months contained a hit at Colonel Taylor, and he was scored so vigorously, and the editor seemed so anxious for some sort of shooting match with him, that "the boys" treated him with that deference always accorded a fearless man.

When anybody inquired who the Colonel was he was informed that he was a desperado of the worst type, and that he had solemnly sworn to have the editor's life. He was never exactly located or identified, but was always dared to come in like a man and have it out. One day, just after the last issue, in which Colonel Taylor was stigmatized as a white-livered coyote, and defied to a duel with bowie knives in a dark room, a stranger came slouching into the office, looked about for awhile with curiosity, and then said to the editor: "Well, I'm here."

"Yes, I see; but what for?" was the reply. "I'm Colonel Taylor." "No!" "Him and nobody else. You've been lighting into me like wildcats for a long time past, and I haven't been saying a word. I've got tired of it, however, and now it's got to stop!" "My dear sir, Colonel Taylor mentioned in—"

"Pull yer gun!" interrupted the Colonel, as he pulled his. "But, sir, I beg to assure you that—"

The Stolen Bath.

Over on Desplaines street is a well to do retail grocer who came here from Germany some years ago and has grown up with the city. Along in the early '70's there was a popular dye house next door to his grocery store, and in the back yard there was a number of dye vats and a great tank in which the dyer jealously guarded a good supply of soft rain water, in which he rinsed out the garments sent to him to be cleaned. For many weeks the grocer had had his eye on the rain water tank, and had thought how delicious would be a bath in its cool depths. One warm, moonlit, midsummer night the grocer looked into the dyer's back yard and the glint of the moonbeams on the rain water tempted him sorely. Along about midnight, without saying a word to anyone, the German sneaked out of his back door, soap and towel in hand, cautiously scaled the fence and gained the dyer's yard. In the shadow of the rain water tank he disrobed, and then he vaulted into the peluicid water. The sensation was delicious.

The sly German eplashed around in the water, lathering himself thoroughly with the soap; and chuckled to think of the consternation of his neighbor, the dyer, when he found his rain water full of soap suds the following morning. After a while he hopped out, rubbed himself dry with his towel, jumped into his clothes, and climbed over into his own yard. He went into the house, and as he entered his wife's room, she screamed and called for the police. He looked surprised and asked what she was yelling about. She recognized his voice and asked him to look in the glass. When he did so he fell back in astonishment. He was darkly, deeply, beautifully blue; even to his blond whiskers and hair. The adventurous German disrobed and the dyer was summoned. He howled when he saw the grocer, and explained that he had put blue dye in the rain water tank that afternoon. Chemicals were used on the unfortunate grocer for hours, but to this day blue spots can be found all over him. But it was always one of his proudest boasts that he would live and dye in Chicago.—Chicago Herald.

In The Spring Months
Nature should be assisted when the system is changing from the full habit of the winter months to the warm season. Nothing does this as well as S. S. S. It stimulates the sluggish blood and rids the system of heaviness and the feeling of languor. If there is poison in the blood, it generally shows itself in the spring, and this is the season to help nature to drive it out and be cured.

S. S. S. Beautifies the skin and makes the complexion rosy and healthy. S. S. S. Gives elasticity to the step and buoyant spirits. S. S. S. Makes the feeble and delicate strong and robust. S. S. S. Is a tonic to the whole body and increases vitality. S. S. S. Is a simple vegetable medicine, harmless to the most delicate, yet so powerful as to cleanse the system of all impurities.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
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Saw-Dust as a Mulch.
Major W. J. Houston writes in the Cultivator that he experimented on his peach trees to prevent the fruit being killed by frost, and that those he put a good supply of saw-dust around the roots or over them, bore fruit, and the one he did not put it around, did not mature fruit, and intimates that he wants to know why, on scientific principles.

The reason is obvious. Saw-dust is used to protect them from ice, being a non-conductor of heat; that is the principle of saving the fruit; the roots being covered it keeps out the heat, and the leaves and blossoms come later than where there is no protection and the blossoms and fruit are kept back till the frost is past. If he had noticed he probably would have seen the tree not mulched with saw-dust blossom earlier than the mulched ones.—J. Wilder, in Southern Cultivator.

They Were Hornets.

We were waiting on the depot platform in a new town in Alabama, and as the dozen or so walked up and down, some one espied a wasp's nest hanging on a bush across the track. He pointed it out as a wasp's nest, but a short, solid man, who had a head like a cannon-ball and a jaw denoting great firmness of character, at once replied: "I beg your pardon, sir," protested the other, who was a planter, "but hornets don't build that way. They build mud houses under the eaves of old buildings, and one won't sting you unless you pick him up. My niggers declare that no wasp can sting if he wants to, while on the contrary a hornet—" "I beg to differ with you, sir," interrupted the solid man. "That is a wasp's nest. You are right about the wasp being a peaceful insect, and I think I will take that nest along for a souvenir. They say they are a sure cure for quinsy."

"Do you know a hornet from a wasp?" "I should remark!" "Well, when you get through with that nest I want you to tell me whether it was occupied by hornets or wasps. Gentlemen, look for yourselves." He started for the woods and we followed, and when we reached a safe distance and looked back, the man with the iron jaw was just cutting off the limb which held the nest. He held it up and called to us to come and see it, but this call was followed by a yell which would have done credit to a Comanche warrior with a double Adam's apple in his throat. The big yell was followed by a series of hoots, whoops, exclamations and ejaculations, and these were accompanied by gymnastics of an intricate character. He jumped, dodged, twisted, and cavorted, and finally started down the track on a gallop. Seventy minutes later, and just as the train whistled, he came out of the woods dead lame, one eye shut, his nose as big as his hat, and head bare.

"Hornets or wasps?" queried the planter. "Hornets, by thunder!" groaned the victim as he hurried to get his valise.

It Wasn't a Coon.
It is astonishing how a big thing away off can turn into a little thing close by, and vice versa. Albert Strickland told me that he knew a fellow that shot nine times at a coon in the fork of a very high poplar tree and nobody could see the coon but him. Albert says that at last an idea struck him, and he went close up to the fellow, as he was loading his rifle for another shot, and he discovered a little fuzzy animal hanging to a hair on his eyebrow. He brushed it off with a straw, and the fellow couldn't find the coon any more. The little animal belonged to his head, but had strayed off on an exploring expedition and was teaching the young idea how to shoot. Albert didn't say who the fellow was, but I have always had my opinion.—Bill App.

Have You Been There?
There is much talk in the Fifth Congressional District, known as the "Pivotal" district, as to who will be the next Democratic nominee for Congress. It is learned that Capt. A. H. A. Williams, of Granville, will be a candidate, and that J. C. Buxton, of Winston, will also be in the race. Ex-Governor Seales and Ex-Judge Gilmer are mentioned in the connection, and it is understood in Rockingham that Col. Dave Suttle is a candidate of the place. The friends of Mr. C. B. Watson, of Forsyth, will also be on hand, it is understood, to see which way the kittens jump.—News and Observer.

A Discriminating Shot.
The following is told of a couple of western sportsmen. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan, and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer hunting expedition, and, after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off, when he immediately went over to the spot where he heard the shot, expect-

A Lady's Reasons for not Dancing.

1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.
2. Dancing would lead me into very close contact with pernicious company; and evil communications corrupt good manners.
3. Dancing would require me to use and permit freedom with the other sex; of which I would be ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.
4. My parents and friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with they knew not whom.
5. Ministers and good people generally disapprove of dancing, and I think it is not safe to set myself up against them. If a thing be even looked upon as doubtful I wish to be on the safe side.
6. Dancing has a bad name, and I mean to study things that are pure and lovely and of good report.
7. Dancing is generally accompanied with drinking, and I see drinking produces most of the evils of the present time.
8. I am told that drinking is a very great temptation and snare to young men, and I do not wish to have anything to do with leading them astray.
9. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer, and I mean to do nothing to estrange me from my God and Saviour.

A Breathing Cave.

The Asheville Citizen says the Knoxville Evening Sentinel shows its regard for the truth when it prints the following: "In the range of mountains in Western North Carolina known as the 'Fork Range,' a most singular phenomenon exists. It is known as the 'Breathing Cave.' In summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person cannot walk against it, while in winter the rush of air inward is just as great. The cool air from the cave in summer is felt sometimes for miles in a direct line from the mouth of the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from animals sucked in and killed by coming in contact with the walls. The loss of cattle and other stock in that section during the winter months is always great, and is accounted for in this way: They range too near the mouth of the cave and the current carries them in. At times, when the change from inhalation to exhalation begins, the air is filled with hairs of the various animals; not infrequently small dry bones have been carried for over a mile from the mouth of the cave as though shot from an air gun. The air has been known to change quite suddenly during exhalation from cold to quite hot, accompanied by a terrible roaring and gurgling sound. Many scientific men have visited the place, but the phenomenon still remains unexplained; the residents of that section fear a volcanic eruption. Something is wrong, sure."

Congressional Outlook in the "Pivotal."

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ing to be obliged to help Cowan hang up a deer. He found Cowan very busy loading his gun, and shouted out: "Hello, Cowan! What did you shoot at just now?"

"None of your business! Go along over the hill!" "Surprised at this short and crusty answer, Hoffman looked around and discovered a calf among the bushes. Again he cried out: "I say, Cowan, did you shoot at that calf?" "Yes, I did; but it's none of your business." "Why, what made you shoot at it?" "I took it for a deer." "Well, didn't you hit it?" "No, I missed it." "How did you miss it?" "I was quite sure it wasn't a calf." "You are a pretty sportsman," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer and miss it at that!" "Don't make a fool of yourself," replied Cowan, "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a calf."

Health Commandments.

- 1. Thou shalt have no other food than at meal time.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any pies or put into pastry the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not fall to eating it or trying to digest it. For the dyspepsia shall be visited upon the children upon the third and fourth generation of them that eat pie, and long life and vigor upon those that live prudently and keep the laws of health.
3. Remember thy bread to bake it well; for he will not be kept sound that eateth his bread as dough.
4. Thou shalt not indulge in sorrow or borrow anxiety in vain.
5. Six days shalt thou wash and keep thyself clean, and the seventh thou shalt take a great bath, thou and thy son and thy daughter and thy manservant and thy maidservant, and the stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days man sweats and gathers filth and bacteria enough for disease; wherefore the Lord hath blessed the bathtub and hallowed it.
6. Remember thy sitting-room and bed-chamber to keep them ventilated, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
7. Thou shalt not eat hot biscuits.
8. Thou shalt not eat thy meat fried.
9. Thou shalt not swallow thy food unchewed, or highly spiced, or just before hard work or just after it.
10. Thou shalt not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his cards, nor his glass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

The Arizona Kicker.

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker: "NOT A MURDER.—The other morning Hank Poole, a veteran bum and bluffer of this locality, was found dead in Coddish Alley, about ten feet from the Red Jacket saloon. He had received about thirty buckshot, and was dead for some hours when discovered. It was, of course, suspected that he had been killed in a row in the saloon, and the sheriff was walking around with half a dozen warrants in hand when we stepped in and threw a light of 250 candle-power on the situation. "At about midnight on the previous night some one knocked on our office door, and when we called out to know who was there a rook was hurled through one of the windows. We slid out of bed, grabbed our shot gun, and fired into the street through the same window. The boys wanted some fun with us. We heard some one run away, and have no doubt that Hank Poole was the target of our shot. Hank has been down on us ever since we sliced off his left ear a year ago in front of the postoffice, and within two days he had been heard to declare that he would have our life. "The coroner's jury acquitted us of all blame, but struck us for the burial expenses, which footed up \$6.50. We are not complaining any. Any man is liable to kill one of his fellow creatures out here any hour of the day, and it is only fair that he should see the body laid decently away. We are sorry that Hank didn't meet us on the street in daylight, and thus have a better show, but as he chose his own way, no one is to blame but himself."

The Safest



AND most powerful alternative is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most reliable medicine for all the eruptive diseases peculiar to children, nothing else so effective as this medicine, while its agreeable flavor makes it easy to administer. "My little boy had large scrofulous ulcers on his neck, and throat from which he suffered terribly. Two physicians attended him, but he grew continually worse under their care, and everybody expected he would die. I had heard of the remarkable cures effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and decided to give my boy a trial. Shortly after he began to take this medicine, the ulcers commenced healing, and after using several bottles, he was entirely cured. He is now as healthy and strong as any boy of his age."—William F. Dougherty, Hampton, Va. "In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores gather on its head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, and discharged matter gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is livelier, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas. "The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla presents, for chronic diseases of almost every kind, the best remedy known to the medical world."—D. M. Wilson, M. D., Wiggs, Arkansas.

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2.—Or take their value in reversionary additions to the sum insured.
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4.—Or take the entire value of the policy (reserve and dividends) in paid up Life Insurance due at death only.
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This is the safest and easiest way a poor man can lay up something for his dependent family. For any other information, address,

NOELL & MERRITT,

ROXBORO, N. C.

Land Sale!

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Person county, I will sell to the highest bidder, at the courthouse door in Roxboro on Monday, the 27th day of April, 1890, a tract of land in Olive Hill township, on the waters of Richland creek, adjoining the lands of A. J. Hester, Geo. A. Rogers, G. W. Winstead and others, containing about 200 acres. This is a very fine tobacco farm, is well-watered, good dwelling-house, good barn and out-houses, four good hacco-barns, four cabin settlements, and a mill race, a mile from Roxboro, and is in all respects a desirable place. Mr. Travis clay is now living on the place. Terms of Sale: One hundred dollar cash, balance in 12 months, secured by bond bearing interest from day of sale. February 24, 1890. JUNIUS PARKER, Commissioner.