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THE COURIER

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If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article.

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In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me by his own instead of Hood's, he told me that his would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other.

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When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it. Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 41 Terrace Street, Boston.

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JAS. W. BRANDON, The Barber. He is willing and ready to accommodate his friends, and always keeps up with the latest styles.

Many Persons Are broken down from overwork or household duties. Brown's Iron Bitters 1 bottle restores the system, cures indigestion, removes catarrhs of the bladder, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

An Arab Saying.

Remember, three things come not back, The arrow sent upon its track— It will not swerve, it will not stay Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot By thee; yet it has perished not; In other hearts 'tis living still, And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity That cometh back no more to thee— In vain thou weepst, in vain dost yearn; Those things will never more return. —Century.

ONE PAIR OF GLOVES.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Thirty-three years ago this autumn, a little boat was dropping slowly down the Medway, below the old stone bridge of Maidstone. In it were Ralph Erroll and Bessie Farleigh, and there is small wonder they did not hurry their journey, for to them it was a sail into Loveland. Bessie was beautiful, and the evening was beautiful. The air was redolent with the rich, balmy, bitter odor of hops; far and near were the little camps of the pickers, and drifting in fitful strains over the river came the echoes of their song and laughter.

It was not an evening when love needed to plead; he could let his presence blend with all other sweet influences, and trust to the effect. Bessie felt the charm of the sweet gloaming, and the still stronger charm of Ralph's presence. By and by the boat drifted into a cove, and, stepping ashore, they were in a park that rose gradually toward an old, gray Hall.

"See, Ralph; there are lights in the parlor! We must go home."

"Wait here one minute, Bessie; I have something to ask you. When I have made a little practice in London, will you be my wife? Answer me truly, now, like a good, honest girl ought to."

"I will, Ralph."

And when they came in among the old-fashioned flower-beds, they were solemnly pledged to share life's fortune together. For one minute they stood leaning on an old sun-dial, and in the newly-risen moon everything about Bessie had a strangely bewitching beauty. Ralph could not help noticing how exceedingly small and shapely was the hand that lay in his, and how dainty and pretty the pearl-covered kid glove that covered it.

When they parted, he said: "Bessie, this has been a great night for me; give me this glove, that I may know to-morrow it was not all a dream."

Bessie laid it in her lover's hand with a smile and a kiss.

"Take it, Ralph," she said, "it is my gage that I will redeem my promise."

Ralph put the delicate little pledge away, and went to London. He had something to work for and hope, now, and soon made these influences tell. Bessie's parents had not objected to the match. Squire Farleigh was the poorest of a long race of Kentish squires, and though the old Hall and lands remained, he had not been a successful farmer, and money was very scarce with him. There seemed nothing better for Bessie than that she should marry Ralph Erroll, for house and lands must go to her brother Tom, and every year the savings toward her dower had been less and less.

But the very next spring after Bessie's engagement, a speculative neighbor, who had money, proposed to the squire the planting of the rich meadows of Farleigh in hops. Every one knows that the culture of hops is the gambling of agriculture. As it happened, it was a lucky move for Squire Farleigh. It was a new crop to his lands; the yield was enormous, and the rate of duty—on which everything hangs—unusually small. When the picking was over, the hops sold, and profits divided, the squire had four thousand pounds in the bank.

Everything looked different now. He had found an El Dorado on his own door, and could do nothing but abuse the conventional stupidity which had led him always to plant wheat and oats and cattle feed, simply because the squires before him had always done so.

But he was no better able to bear sudden riches than most men are. He immediately launched into un-

usual expenses—re-furnished the Hall, and rebuilt his kennels, and bought a couple of hunting horses. There was plenty of time for Bessie's dower; next year's crop would be provided for her; and indeed, he had already begun to doubt the wisdom of Bessie's choice. He told himself that he would never live in a close city, and a doctor to him was only associated with scenes of death and misery.

The next year's crop was another success, and the squire began to build fine cast-houses on his land, for he was now determined to have everything necessary to the culture of hops of the very latest and best description. In the meantime, the whole family were learning extravagances never thought of in the days of simple farming. Tom Farleigh put no stint to his pleasures, and they were all of an expensive kind, and Bessie had developed equally extensive desires in the way of dress and watering-places. The squire, with all his influx of ready money, was always in a tight place.

In the second winter of her engagement, Bessie was to stay with a new acquaintance in London. As far as Ralph was concerned, it was a very unhappy visit. He loved Bessie with all his heart. Bessie had begun to love many other things besides Ralph. The charms of London society, in all their splendid novelty, captivated her imagination. A life without the park and the opera, without balls and shopping, seemed like a return to the dark simplicity of Farleigh before the hop days.

Bessie thought she loved Ralph yet, but she did not know her own heart, until one day, Ralph took her to see a little cottage at Richmond, and told her how much his income was, asking her honestly to redeem her pledge to him at once. She was struck with dismay at the apparent narrowing of her life, and positively refused to accede to an immediate marriage.

Indeed, the possibility of breaking it off had now entered her mind, and being once admitted, it made rapid progress, and found plenty of reasons and excuses for its conduct. Ralph felt the change, but love is blind where it does not want to see; and one morning, when he read her engagement in the Morning Chronicle to a wealthy magnate of the East Indian Board, he felt as if his life had been suddenly smitten with blindness.

When a man is constant, there is no constancy like it. Ralph refused to blame Bessie; everything and everybody were wrong but she; and he treasured the little glove, that had been such a faithless gage, beyond all his possessions. Day after day he watched the post with a feverish hope that incapacitated him for every other employment. He wrote and wrote to Bessie, and was quite sure that sooner or later she would find means to answer him. The only answer that ever came was a description of her marriage festivities down at the old Hall at Farleigh.

Then he knew his love was dead to him, and he tried to bury it in some sweet-scented corner of his heart; but just as he thought he was succeeding, he one day suddenly came face to face with Bessie in Oxford street. He suffered so keenly after it that he determined on putting himself out of the way of such encounters. So he advertised for some medical position, and had three answers. One would take him to Canada, one to Ireland, and the other to India. He determined to let the decision rest on whichever offered him the highest salary.

The Indian appointment won, and in a few weeks he was on the road to Calcutta. He had destroyed every memento of his engagement except one; but on that last night in England, when he had sadly burnt Bessie's letters, and her little gifts, and even her picture, he had not been able to commit to destruction that dainty little glove that had so long comforted him. It seemed almost a part of Bessie, and though he several times dropped it toward the flame, he finally put it away with a sad and half-reproachful tenderness.

It found its home in no very romantic place—a secret drawer in his medicine chest—and there through eighteen long years it remained un-

touched and unlooked at. In this retreat it went with Ralph to Calcutta, and after a few months, he had no temptation to disturb it. He had become an enthusiast in his profession, and a devoted botanist, and in the two pursuits found ample interest for life.

His salary was a very good one, and he was not indifferent to the fact. He loved money just enough to be anxious to make it; and as his practice lay very much among native princes and begums, his professional rewards were frequently very magnificent—twenty years ago these dignitaries did not calculate quite so closely as they do now—good investments were plentiful, and Ralph was known in Calcutta as a man who always had a few thousand rupees for a profitable scheme.

He grew attached to his Indian life. One relay of officers after another was exchanged, or sent home on long furloughs, but Ralph never thought of any change save a few weeks every summer to the cool heights of the Neigherrys; probably he would have died a very contented exile, if he had not received a letter in the eighteenth year of his Indian life, telling him that he had become the lawful heir to the barony of Erroll and Hastings.

Then he went back to England. But after the first excitement and pleasure of his return and his new position were over he began to feel a sense of ennui and disappointment. His profession was dear to his heart, and it was impossible at once to find the calm, easy duties of a country gentleman equivalent for the exciting incidents and labors of a physician whose circuit had extended over a range of fifty miles every way. In fact, in spite of wealth and honors, he was bored and seriously inclined to a journey of unlimited length in any country or countries that promised him something to do, or to learn.

He had come up to London with this idea in embryo, resolving to make inquiries and preparations there. Bessie had no place in this movement. He knew, indeed, that she was living in Hampshire; he had no thought or hope of meeting her, and would have avoided such a possibility at some personal trouble. Probably he still feared her power over him, for he had never dared to look at the only souvenir of their love, nor yet to love any other woman.

He did not hurry his preparations, but talked at the various clubs with various travellers on polar and tropic lands, and wavered considerably in his intentions. One day, when he had about decided on California and the "great West," he met an old Indian acquaintance at "The Oriental."

They had a long chat together, and as the major was leaving, he said: "Doctor, I want you to-morrow night. My daughter Belle—you saved her in that jungle- fever, you know—is to be married soon to Jack Dawson of 'Ours,' and it is her betrothal party."

"I never meddle in such affairs, Major. I will come another night and see Miss Belle."

But the happy father would hear of no excuse, and Ralph was obliged to go. It was a very splendid affair, but the doctor was used to Indian magnificence, and the splendor did not interest him. What pleased him most was the groups of fair, innocent-looking girls, their pale brown curls, and blue eyes, and rosy skins, and their candid, child-like joyousness, contrasted so vividly with the bronze-colored, dark-eyed, half-veiled mysterious beauties of the far East.

By and by, wandering through a conservatory, he came suddenly upon a sight which gave him an inexpressible emotion—a little scented, pearl-colored glove, lying on a rustic table. He stood looking at it with a strangely tender feeling in his heart, and in a few moments a young girl glided up to him, and looking shyly in his face, said:

"It is my glove, sir."

Then Ralph looked at her. She was a little rosebud of a girl, clothed in pearl-gray silk, white lace and pink ribbons; and he fell irremediably in love with her in that one moment. He followed her timidly about for an hour or two, and finally got an introduction to her—"Miss Bessie Wilmont."

It was Bessie Farleigh's daughter, of course, but he was think-

ing so little of the old Bessie at that moment, that the circumstance never struck him, until some one asked the new Bessie as they passed her, when she went next to Farleigh instead.

Well, this meeting changed all of Ralph's plans. He did not go to California; he went down to Farleigh instead.

He found the squire alive and prospering; Farleigh Hall had become one of the show-places in Kent; and in its old gardens, and again floating down the Medway when hops filled the air with a richer perfume than olibanum or sandal, he wooed and won the lovely Bessie Wilmont.

He has two little pearl-covered gloves now, and the first Bessie laughed pleasantly when he showed her that the two were excellent matches, and made a pair.

"The second gage redeems the first," she said, with a tender, happy look at the little Bessie so dear to them both.

Three years ago they were married, and Ralph does not now find the country gentleman's life dull. Indeed, as he has some idea of taking Squire Farleigh's advice and planting hops in Erroll meadows, I have no doubt he will find in the uncertainty and anxiety of their culture, taxation and sale plenty of material for excitement, if he still thinks it necessary to happiness.

Scrofula All His Life.

I consider my cure by S. S. S. one of the most wonderful on record. I had the worst type of Scrofula from my infancy until I was twenty-two years of age. My whole young life was embittered and made miserable by the loathsome disease. I not only suffered from Scrofula, but was so marked that I was ashamed to associate with, and was avoided by, my playmates and fellow workmen. I tried every known patent medicine, and was first and last attended by more than a dozen reputable physicians, but in spite of all, the disease continued to grow worse. About four years ago a friend from Pittsburg advised me to take S. S. S., which I did, and after taking seven bottles, I was cured sound and well. The old skin peeled off and was replaced by a new skin, as smooth and free from blemish as any person. I have had no return or symptom of the disease.

HENRY V. SMITH, Belmont, W. Va. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga. (Charlotte News)

Now they tell it on Senator Vance that he has been guilty of wearing one of these dude silk welly waulds, but that when he came down here to tell the Scotch-Irish how to farm, he discarded his city garb and wore a suit that had been keeping the Gombroon moths in provender for three years past. There must be some truth in the rumor about the Senator and the sash, for when the Senator returned to Washington, the Star greeted him with this refrain:

New Senator Vance May takeoff his pants, And put on his sash with clation; He may dress as he feels, For the loyal Tar Hee's Have endorsed him by acclamation.

The Alliance platform is not yet fully made up, and at its next general meeting we expect to see a plank inserted demanding a tariff on silk sashes and "jaller" shoes.—Charlotte News.

ADAIRVILLE, KY., Dec. 23, 1889. Radam's Microbe Killer Co., Nashville, Tenn. Gentlemen:—This certifies that I have been a sufferer from asthma and catarrh for more than two years past, getting most of my sleep sitting up in bed or reclining in a chair. I have used one jug of Radam's Microbe Killer, and for the last three weeks have been sleeping naturally, soundly and sweetly as a child. I attributed my relief to the remedy, and heartily recommend it to any one suffering from asthmatic or catarrhal trouble.

Respectfully, EDWIN R. MOORE, Cashier Bank of Adairville.

For sale by C. H. Hunter, Roxboro, N. C.

"Young America" Ask Some Questions.

"Young America" draws his own conclusions about things, and shows no modesty or consideration, as a rule in expressing them.

Yesterday he (a six year old issue) was watching the operation of some house builders. The owner of the house was on the ground, and forthwith the youngster opened a battery of inquisitiveness. The owner is a deacon in a leading church and officiates as collector.

Y. A.—What you going to do with this house? Owner—Going to rent it out.

Y. A.—What you going to charge? Owner—I don't know yet. I am going to add some more rooms. Then I am going to see how much the house cost altogether and then I can tell you how much the rent will be.

Y. A.—Will the rent be a heap? Owner—I don't know.

Y. A.—Is any little boys going to live in it? Owner—I don't know. Maybe so.

Y. A.—Any little girls? Owner—Oh, I don't know.

Y. A.—Has you got any little boys? Owner—Yes.

Y. A.—How many? Owner—I don't know—oh! I've got one.

Y. A.—Don't you wish you had four, five, six, fifty, let 'em little boys? This question staggered the gentleman. He was talking to a boy, and the remote possibility of having one or two like him among the number suggested was simply paralyzing. He glared at the youngster and said unequivocally:

No I don't.

Y. A.—Does you love little boys? This question appealed to the softer side of the gentleman, and under the influence of its innocent, helpless appeal, the gentleman said:

Yes, I love them all.

The little fellow went up and nestled close to the gentleman and asked a dozen other questions till he got to this one:

Y. A.—How much will this house cost? Owner—About—dollars.

Y. A.—Has you paid the money? Owner—Yes—or I will pay it all when the house is done.

Y. A.—You got that money by handing around the plate in church didn't you? This question broke up the truce. The gentleman didn't deign to answer the question. He left the boy suddenly, looking as though he thought three or four such beings would soon run a whole community into an insane asylum. And they would, if they were turned loose.

849 1/2 VILLAGE STREET, NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 23, 1889. William Radam, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I wish the afflicted and suffering to know that I positively assert that for twenty-nine years I have constantly suffered intense agony with that most terrible disease known as hemorrhoids, or piles, in their very worst form. I have tried every available prescription, but to no curative end. I have taken one jug (which contained one gallon) of Microbe Killer, and it has completely cured me. It now seems like a dream that I ever suffered with that disease. It has also cured me of an insatiable thirst, which I have had all my life. Go try it, all mankind, and do not let your prejudice blind you against this world-renowned medicine. If I possessed the means I would give all the afflicted as many jugs as they would need to bring about a cure. This testimonial ought to show the Microbe Killer's efficacy. I consider the Microbe Killer paramount.

I remain, most respectfully, Mrs. E. E. D. WATSON, N. C.

Indeed, the whole protective system depends on this very idea, that government should help certain men in their business, and should compel certain others to buy their goods of them whether it is to their interest to do so or not.—Goldboro Dispatch.

A pledge that will save in every part of the globe if kept: "I will be true to the truth."

All pleasures are lawful that don't enjoin making us sorry.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

Lynchburg & Durham Schedule.

SOUTHBOUND. First-class Daily Ex. Sun. and Fri. Mon. and Wed. and Fri.

Table with columns: Station, P. M., A. M., A. M. Stations include Lynchburg, Durham, Lenoir, etc.

NORTHBOUND. First-class Daily Ex. Sun. and Sat. Tues. and Sat.

Table with columns: Station, A. M., P. M., A. M. Stations include Durham, Lynchburg, etc.

W. N. MITCHELL, Supt. Transportation.

ATLANTIC & DANVILLE.

Commencing on February, 1st, 1890 Trains will run on the Atlantic & Danville Railroad as follows:

BOUND EAST. STATIONS. No. 2. No. 4.

Table with columns: Station, No. 2, No. 4. Stations include Lv. Danville, Harrison, etc.

SOUTH BOUND. STATIONS. No. 1. No. 3.

Table with columns: Station, No. 1, No. 3. Stations include Lv. Portsmouth, Lawrenceville, etc.

Close connection will be made at Portsmouth with the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railway, (Cape Charles Route), and Baltimore steamers, for all points North; and at Danville with the Richmond & Danville R. way, for all points North or South.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a Valuable Small Farm, containing about 60 acres. It is well watered, and has thorough good barns and outbuildings. It also has a young orchard of

Finest Fruit Trees. Said farm lies within two miles of Roxboro on the Albemarle road.

This place is a fine location for a residence, and is a splendid TOBACCO FARM, and has fine Meadow Land. Any person wishing a good home and farm near a prosperous, progressive town will do well to examine this one.

Terms Furnished on Application. Also one other tract of 25 acres, within 1 mile of the corporation of Roxboro, which will be sold in one tract, or in lots to suit purchaser. About one-half of this is in original growth. This also has fine

MEADOW LAND, and a good spring and orchard. I also have

7-Nice Building Lots,—7 of about one-half acre each; and 4 lots, 30x50 feet, just in the

HEART OF ROXBORO, situated on Lamar and Industry streets. Parties wishing to buy will please call on W. W. Kitchin, my attorney or myself.

R. K. DANIEL, Roxboro, June 11th, 1890.

For Rent and Sale. I have situated in the business portion of Roxboro 1/2 acre of land. Tract will be made

REASONABLE. Also a splendid dwelling house suitable for a boarding house for rent. Apply to J. S. Merritt, Roxboro, N. C. J. D. WATKIN, Dayville, N. C.