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is published in the centre of a fine tobacco growing section, making it one of the best advertising mediums for merchants and warehousemen in the adjoining counties.

JOB WORK

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

WHAT IS SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, according to the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings, which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet, which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, of the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death.

How Can SCROFULA Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and powerful medicine for this disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar

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NOW IS YOUR TIME!

Come to Roxboro and invest and get a foot-hold, before everything gets too high for you, and when you come don't forget

JAS. W. BRANDON,

The Barber.

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

tasks. Brown's Iron Bitters

restores the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

John Elam Chase's Fiddle.

Sometimes when I get to bedin' sorter' blue and melancholy. All at once there comes a-steam'in' Mighty faint, but mighty jolly, Music that jist sets me dancin'— Fairly sets my feet a-prancin'! Seems I hear the prompter singin', "Balance partners! Down the middle!" "Settin' every couple swingin'!" Hear John Elam Chase's fiddle!

RACHEL'S EXPERIMENT.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Rachel," said Mrs. Edmonstone, plaintively. "No, I wouldn't, not unless Bessie Tacker, the mantymaker, had told me; and Betsy she never told a lie no more than George Washington did."

"Well, it wasn't quite exactly like that. But Bessie Tacker, she heard you say you wished there wasn't any such thing as a mother-in-law."

"Oh, you remember about the breakfast cakes, don't you?" said Rachel, with merry mischief sparkling in her eyes. "No, it wasn't the breakfast cakes this time; it was the shirts."

"So, I did," acknowledged Mr. Edmonstone, with a groan. "But that was in the old times, before you could buy such a good article as they have now."

you what he didn't say!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Edmonstone. "He told me his mother's shirts set like a glove, and fitted him perfectly—and why couldn't I turn out a shirt like those? and it was then, mother dear (suddenly flinging her arms around the old lady's plump, comfortable neck) that I lost my head, and told him I wished there wasn't any such thing as a mother-in-law in the world!"

"No, I won't," protested Rachel. "But, oh, those shirts! I've been ripping them apart and sewing them together again, and rounding them off here and taking a plait there, until I've got so that I dream of 'em at night; and the more I try 'em on, the worse they fit, and the more unreasonably Tom becomes."

"I wish all the world was mother-in-law," she cried, gleefully. "Why didn't I think of this before?" "One can't think of everything, child," said Mrs. Edmonstone, consolingly.

"Please do, mother," coaxed the wife, not without a certain quiver in her lip. "Do let Tom have a reminiscence of the old days while you are here."

"Well, just as you children say," conceded the mother-in-law, good-humoredly. "She remained a week at her son's house, during which period of time Tom was all exultant complacency."

table next morning when Mr. Edmonstone came into the room, twisting himself as if he was practicing to be a human cork-screw.

"Fit! Just look at it, will you?" he retorted. "Fit! Hangs like window-curtain around my neck—pinches my wrists like a pair hand-cuffs! I feel as if I were in a straight-jacket—writhing impatiently to and fro, Oh, I might have known it beforehand—you haven't an idea what the word fit means. I wish, mother, you could teach this wife of mine how to make a decent shirt?"

"No, I won't," protested Rachel. "But, oh, those shirts! I've been ripping them apart and sewing them together again, and rounding them off here and taking a plait there, until I've got so that I dream of 'em at night; and the more I try 'em on, the worse they fit, and the more unreasonably Tom becomes."

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How to be Happy.

A boon of inestimable worth is a calm, thankful heart—a treasure that few, very few, possess. We once met an old man whose face was a mixture of smiles and sunshine.

"Believe an old man when he says there is a great pleasure in living for others. The heart of the selfish man is like a city full of crooked lanes. If a generous thought from some glorious temple strays in there, woe to it—it is lost. It wanders about and about until enveloped in darkness, as the mist of selfishness gathers around, it lies down upon some cold thought to die, and is shrouded in oblivion."

"So if you would be happy, shun selfishness; do a kindly deed for this one, speak a kindly word for another. He who is constantly giving pleasure is constantly receiving it. The little river goes to the great ocean, and the more it gives the faster it runs. Stop its flowing and the hot sunshine would dry it up, till it would be but filthy mud, sending forth bad odors, and corrupting the fresh air of heaven. Keep your heart constantly traveling on errands of mercy—it has feet that never tire, hands that cannot be overburdened, eyes that never sleep; freight its hands with blessings, direct its eyes—no matter how narrow your sphere—to the nearest object of suffering, and relieve it."

"I say, my dear young friend, take the word of an old man for it, who has tried every known panacea, and found all to fail, except this golden rule: "Forget self, and keep the heart busy—for others."

295 FRENCHMEN STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1889. Microbe Killer Co.: Gentlemen—After suffering from catarrh for eight years, during which I tried various patent medicines and was treated by regular physicians, even specialists, I determined to give your Microbe Killer a trial.

Fixing the Damages.

While we were waiting at Trenton for the Long Branch train a lot of baggage had to be transferred. The manner in which it was handled excited the indignation of a score of passengers, but no one wanted a "scene" and no protests were made until the last trunk was reached.

"Here—stop—hold on don't!" shouted the terrified destroyer of baggage. "What's the damage to my trunk?" "Five dollars and I'll pay it!" "Oh, you will?" very well. His victim had scarcely reached his feet when he fished up a \$5 bill. His face was whiter than flour, and he trembled so that he had to sit down.

"Don't you forget that a passenger's trunk has all the rights of a passenger, said the man as he turned away to light a cigar and walk up and down. "Who is he? I asked of the man on my left. "Don't you know? Why that is Muldoon, the wrestler and trainer—Detroit Free Press."

Eczema From Childhood. When an infant my body broke out all over with an eruption or rash, which became more aggravated as I grew older. From early childhood until I was grown, my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of the disease. Every noted physician in our section was tried or consulted. When I came of age, I visited Hot Springs, Ark., and was treated there by the best medical men, but was not benefited. After that, under the advice of a noted specialist, I tried the celebrated Clifton Springs, New York, without any good results.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If so, the rest is easy. You pay your drug-gist 50 cents and the trial begins. If you're wanting the \$500, you'll get something better—a cure!

The Dark and Bloody Ground.

A most remarkable condition exists in Perry county, Kentucky. In the first place there is not a church, a school-house or a court-house in the county, and there has been no court there for the last two years. Judge Lilly is endeavoring to hold a court in a big tent under guard of several companies of State troops.

Perhaps you are run down, can't get can't sleep, can't think, can't do any thing to your satisfaction, and you'll wonder what ails you. You should use the warning, you are taking the first step to Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES: Lynchburg & Durham Schedule. SOUTHBOUND. First-class Daily Mon. Daily Ex. Sun. Wed. and Fri.

ATLANTIC & DANVILLE. Commencing on February 1st, 1890 Trains will run on the Atlantic & Danville Railroad as follows: BOUND EAST. STATIONS. No. 2. No. 4.

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 point North or South.