

The Courier

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. Circulates largely in Person, Grayville, Durham and Caswell counties, in North Carolina, and Halifax county, Virginia. Advertising rates reasonable, terms made known on application.

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--AND--  
**DRY-GOODS.**

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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,**  
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**SPRING SEASON OF 1891**  
Larger stock than ever before.

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The Dress Making Department is in charge of.

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PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

NOELL BROS., Proprietors. HOME FIRST: ABROAD NEXT. \$1.00 Per Year in Advance. VOL. VII. ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1891. No. 50.

TWO STRAY LEAVES.

**A LEAF FROM ETHEL LEIGH'S DIARY.**  
Daisy said to me to-day: "Aunt Ethel, you are entirely too lovely to be an old maid."  
I laughed at her, for I can laugh now when I hear such speeches, but I would not gratify her evident curiosity as to why I am an old maid. Twenty years have not so closely healed that old wound but what it strikes from a rude touch. I cannot throw it aside as my friends did for me, and say: "Harold was a scoundrel!" I rather think there was some fault in me that sent him away. He was not a scoundrel.  
It was at Aunt Margaret's I met him, in my first winter "out." Aunt Margaret never let my sister or myself feel that we were country girls, although our own home at Woodhaven was the dustiest of villages. But she had us at her house in Boston through our school days, and Maggie, her namesake, had a brilliant "coming out" party, and was married the next winter at Aunt Margaret's in grand style.  
My turn came next. Mother was as much pleased as I was to go to Boston for my introduction into society, and we shut up the cottage she loved for my dead father's sake, and went away for the winter.  
At the very first party, where I met many old and new friends, I was introduced to Harold Vane, of whom Aunt Margaret had told me:  
"He is a young lawyer of whom they say that is bound to make his mark in his profession. I knew his parents, but they died when he was a boy, and left him to the care of his uncle, Willis Vane, a queer old widower, who lives somewhere near Hingham, and has one child. Gossip has it that she is not intellectually strong. Not an imbecile, or anything as bad as that, but an amiably stupid girl, in delicate health. That is gossip, you understand. I never saw the girl in my life, nor her father either, for that matter. Gossip also kindly adds that Mary Vane is kept in strict seclusion, because her father is afraid some one will marry her for her money."  
But Harold Vane himself had none. I was told that also. His uncle had given him the best education money could procure, and then settled a very small income upon him, telling him he was not going to cripple his energies and talents with money.  
When he bowed to acknowledge his introduction to me, his eyes told me that he was glad to know me. Even then I began to read his eyes! Ah! how many sweet, dear stories of true love they told me, in that long, happy winter! I met him everywhere. Aunt Margaret liked him, and, as I had a small fortune, all my own, she did not care for money in planning, and loving women will, for my future.  
So, when she made opera parties, sleighing frolics and social gatherings of any kind, she always invited Harold Vane. Others took their turns, but he was invariably hidden to come. Then he dropped in for quiet home evenings, and we sang together, played chess, or best of all, exchanged wonderful confidences of the most egotistical description.  
He talked to me very freely in those days of his cousin, Mary Vane, and spoke of her as he would a feeble little sister, to whom he was a strong, protecting brother.  
He was not a very handsome man, but if ever truth, loyalty and honor were upon a human face, they were upon his. When I knew that I loved him, I was not ashamed nor afraid I had been unadvisedly, for I trusted his love for me.  
Let me look back, as I can now, calmly, with no glamour of young love to cloud my judgment! What do I remember? I remember that every time he spoke to me, were the subject ever so trivial, his voice softened until every tone was a caress. I remember that every time, his eyes rested upon mine, their pleasure was as clear as the true love they told me. I remember that whenever his hand touched mine, it held it with a lingering pressure, cordial and frank, but very tender. I remember how gladly he welcomed every opportunity to be with me, and how reluctantly he left me. Others marked his devotion, my mother and aunt openly pleased at it, and giving it every encouragement.  
When Harold came, other friends left my side, and I saw them go with out regret. He was my first lover, and I had no love of admiration to tempt me to coquet with others. Though he never said to me directly: "I love you; will you be my wife?" I thought I understood, perfectly. He was waiting to make a position in his profession, to win certain income and make a home.  
When April came, mother and I went back to our cottage home, and it was understood that when Aunt

Margaret came for her annual visit in June, Harold was to be her escort.

I scarcely knew whether I thought he would speak his love plainly on the last evening we spent together. We were alone, for we made our early start the next day, and mother was busy packing, and Aunt Margaret vanished early, with a headache. Very freely Harold talked to me then of his future prospects, his hopes of making a name in his profession, and his plans for a home. He did not ask me to share it, but in a hundred ways he let me know he hoped I would.  
It was in May that Aunt Margaret wrote to mother:  
"Willis Vane is dead, and has left his entire fortune to Harold, who married Mary Vane at her father's deathbed. It is easy to see that the wealth was too strong a temptation to resist, even if a half-draft account painted it. How I hate him! The mercenary scoundrel!"  
Twenty years ago! It was three years later before I again went to Boston. I could not, and neither Aunt Margaret urged me. But I met Mr. and Mrs. Vane with composure, though but seldom, and I was not sorry when he was sent to Congress and made his home in Washington. I never understood his false faith, but I do know that he loved me once, and that my love was too deep and strong for any other ever to take his place in my heart.

All I had I owed my uncle. From my boyhood he had been my second father, and no father's kindness exceeded his. In return he asked me for my life!

It was my life given to his child! I could not refuse, and he begged me to marry before he died. What a mockery it seemed to me, the only comfort being my cousin's child-like love and trust. No misgiving crossed her mind. She loved me, and her father told her that I would take his place when he left her.  
And I have not failed her. I have made her happiness, her health and comfort my study for twenty long years. Her life has been all sunshine, and if my heart had been like lead in my bosom, she has never guessed it. Her own love is sufficient to her, and my care and tenderness are all she requires in return.  
I can meet my Uncle Willis beyond the grave without fear, for I have faithfully taken care of the trust he left with me, and given to his child the same tender care he gave me for years.  
And when that time comes, my Ethel, too, will know that my heart was true until duty sealed it, only to be opened to her eyes once more when the hand that pens these lines is cold in death.—*Fidelity McKeen, in New York Ledger.*

Pleasant to Partridge.

A pleasant anecdote is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker. In traveling on horseback into the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.  
"If you would take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a falling rain."  
"Nonsense! nonsense!" said the almanac maker. "There is sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."  
He proceeded on his journey, and ere enough he was drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.  
"Well, sir you see I was right after all."  
"Yes, my lad you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give it to you on consideration that you tell me how you knew of this rain?"  
"To be sure, sir," replied the man. "Why the truth is we have an almanac in our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar whenever he promises us fine days we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in doors as settled fine weather; no rain." I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out and so was enabled to put you on your guard!"

Melange of Dots.

It is said that poor opportunities are better than none.  
It is said that the noblest art is that of making others happy.  
It is said that if you would be as happy as a child, please one.  
It is said that a happy child is likely to make an honest man.  
It is said that amusement to children is like rain to flowers.  
It is said that wholesome recreation conquers evil thoughts.  
It is said that the question is asked what is learning, beauty or talent without virtue.  
It is said that the author of harlequinade is a public benefactor.  
It is said that innocent amusement transforms tears into rainbows.  
It is said that a bee stings but once, a bad habit, every time you indulge in it.  
It is said that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results.  
It is said that it is better to keep one old, tried friend, than to gain two new ones.  
It is said that there is always hope for the future where there is energy and movement.  
It is said that faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the mind.  
It is said that the best time to determine whether the seed is good or bad is before you sow it.  
It is said that it is easier not to go wrong than it is to turn back and do better after beginning.  
It is said that it is better to begin with nothing and end with something than begin with something and end with nothing.  
It is said that some people spend a good deal of their time trying to find the bread cast upon the waters by somebody else.  
It is said that literature is one of the instruments for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage and inspired by that public spirit—a public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man.

The Pastor's First Call.

A New Brunswick lady owns a parrot. A new pastor has recently been established over the lady's church, and a few days ago he went to make his first pastoral visit. The front door was open, but the Venetian blind door was closed, and Pull was in the cage just behind it. As the pastor reached for the electric button, Pull said in a remonstrant tone:  
"Go away, please."  
"But I wish to see the lady of the house."  
"Go away, please. We haven't a cold bite in the house."  
"You are mistaken. I am not a tramp. I wish to see the lady of the house on business."  
"Go away!" screamed Pull, wrathfully. "Go away, you dirty tramp! I'll call the police. Police! police!"  
This was too much for the modest minister, and in considerable wonderment he abandoned his call.

A Young Man's Fancy.

Large allowance is to be made for the sweeping assertion of the poet that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It certainly is not true of the malarial young man, whose fancy, if he has any, is of the dull and heavy variety. The malarial young man marches around as the captive of General Debility. The readiest and most obvious means of escape are afforded by S. S. S., which, without any flourish, routs General Debility and his malarial allies. What is true of the young man is true of the young lady, and the whole host of sufferers. S. S. S. is a specific for malaria.

PHILANDE.

**Rates to State Horticultural Fair at Greensboro.**  
For the above occasion, the Richmond & Danville R. R., will sell tickets to Greensboro, N. C., and return, at the following rates from points named:  
From Charlotte, \$3.15; Winston-Salem, \$1.20; Durham, \$2.10; Henderson, \$3.40; Raleigh, \$2.85; Selma, \$3.50; Goldsboro, \$3.95.  
Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.  
Tickets on sale August 3rd, 4th and 5th, good returning August 8th, 1891.  
Blotches, pimples, liver patches, G. M. D. right quick dispatches. Drives away incipient tumors. Clears the blood from poisonous humors. Ailing one, whoe'er you be, Try the worth of G. M. D., which is the great Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce—a wonderful tonic and blood purifier. The "Discovery" is a standard remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds and lung troubles; guaranteed to benefit of cure, if taken in time, or money refunded.

Ships were first copper-bottomed in 1781.

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NEW GOODS,  
ATTRACTIVE GOODS,  
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**JOHN COPLAN,**  
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Buying for cash and selling for cash, I defy competition in  
**LOW PRICES.**  
"The new broom sweeps clean." Call and be convinced that this old adage still holds good.  
Mens Suits at \$3.50; worth \$5.50. Pants at 60 cents a pair; worth \$1.25. Shoes at \$1.00 a pair; worth \$1.75. Hats worth 75 cents, for 40 cents. Everything else in the same proportion. For extra inducements and big bargains, call on me.

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**J. S. MERRITT, W. I. NEWTON, J. L. BROOKS,**  
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Conducts a General Banking Business. Extends every accommodation consistent with business principles, to its  
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Always has money to lend at 8 per cent.  
We call special attention to our Time Lock, Burglar and Fire Proof Safe. We want your business, and solicit correspondence.  
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Merchant Tailor,  
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Large line of samples from New York to select from, and my price for making will be as low as

**First Class Work**  
—can be done by any one.—  
If you want any Cutting, Cleaning or Repairing done, bring your work to me, and it will be done very satisfactorily.  
Very Respectfully,  
**R. A. NOELL.**

**NOTICE AT COST.**  
The stock of goods of A. A. Shaw in Roxboro, on the Corner of Main and R. R. Street, will be closed out  
**Immediately at Cost.**  
This stock consists of Hats, Shoes, Clothing, Dress Goods &c., &c. If you need anything call and examine as these goods must be sold at once. I mean nothing but business. Will sell the entire stock.  
**W. W. KITCHIN,**  
Assignee of A. A. Shaw.

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It takes about three seconds for a message to go from end of the Atlantic to the other. This is about 200 miles a second.  
**TURNER'S Anti-Billous Pills!**  
The best medicine for all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. A trial will prove its worth. Sold everywhere.  
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