

PERSON COUNTY COURIER

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Gain rapidly in health and strength by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Become Strong

and vigorous. To relieve that tired feeling, depression of spirits, and nervous debility, no other medicine produces the speedy and permanent effect of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for I have taken it, and I feel like a new man.

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THE BACHELOR'S TOAST.

Selected for the COURIER.

Many maidens fair I've known, Girls with soft and pensive eyes, That would melt a heart of stone— Every maid a lovely prize.

I have worshipped at their feet, Yielded to their charms, and yet Is the best of them as sweet As the girl I've never met?

They have winking little eyes, She enraptures when she smiles; They enchant, amuse, amaze, She enslaves me with her wiles.

That they're charming I agree; They are exquisite, and yet, None of them entices me Like the girl I've never met.

She has all their winning grace, All their wit and beauty rare; Flashing eyes, a perfect face, Low sweet forehead, rippling hair.

Fancy makes her all my own, I can see her now; and yet, Though full many maids I've known, She's the girl I've never met.

Shall I meet her? who can tell? Life is short, the world is wide, While I wait I know it well, She may be another's bride.

Fate has kept us two apart, We may never meet, and yet, Here's a toast: "I pledge my heart" To the girl I've never met.

PHILANDER COUSIN SALLY DILLARD OUTDOES.

Scene at Chatham during the session of the Circuit Court in the case of Commonwealth vs. Cassidy, on a case of malicious stabbing.

The venire being impeached, and the jury solemnly charged by the clerk, the Commonwealth's Attorney called, in support of the indictment, the witness, Buck Bryant, who being solemnly sworn, the truth to tell, testified as follows:

Question by Commonwealth's Attorney:—"Tell all you know about the cutting of the prosecutor, by Cassidy the prisoner at the bar."

Answer—"Well, gentlemen, it was election day—'twas a dark, cloudy, wet sort of drizzly day, and says I to my old woman, 'I believe I'll go down to Ringgold and 'pos't my vote.'"

And says my old woman to me, 'Well, Buck, as it is a sort of dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly day, says she, 'hadn't you better take the umbrill.'"

So I took the umbrill and advanced down towards Ringgold, and when I got down thar, Mr. Cole comed, and says he, 'Uncle Buck, have you seed anything of old neighbor Harris?'

Says I to Mr. Cole, 'For why?' Says he, 'He's got my umbrill.' (Here the witness was interrupted by the Court and told to confine himself to the actual fray between the prisoner and Cole, the prosecutor. In answer to which the witness remarked, in a tone of indignant remonstrance, 'Well, now, Mr. Judge, you hold on, for I am sworn to tell the truth, and I am a gwine to tell it in my own way—so 'tain't while for you to say nothing more about it.'—whereupon the Court and Commonwealth's Attorney, being anxious to get rid of the witness, told him to go on and tell the tale in his own way.)

'Well, as I was a goin' to say, 'twas on 'lection day, Buchanan and Filmy was a running for the legislature, and says I to my old woman, 'Old woman,' says I, 'I 'b'ieve I'll go down to Ringgold and 'pos't my vote.' Says my old woman, says she, 'Buck, as it is a sort of dark, cloudy, rainy, damp, drizzly sort of day, hadn't you better take your umbrill?'

says she, 'I 'b'ieve I 'd better take my umbrill,' and advanced on towards Ringgold, till I arivy thar. Well, the first thing I did when I got thar was to take a drink of Buchanan whiskey, which was monstrous good, and says I to myself, 'Old boss, you feel better now, don't you?'

And while I was advancing around, Mr. Cole he comed to me. Says he, 'Uncle Buck, says he, 'have you seed anything of old neighbor Harris?'

Says I, 'For why?' Says he, 'The old cock's got my umbrill.' Arter a while I 'posited my vote, and Mr. Cole was tighter than I ever seed him. And so we advanced along till we got to whar the road and path forked, and Mr. Cole and me tuck the path, as any other gentlemen would, and arter advancing a while, we arivy to old neighbor Harris a settin' on a log with the umbrill on his arm, and 'bout that time Elijah Cassidy (the prisoner) comed up, and we advanced on till we arivy at Elijah's house. Elijah is my nefew and likewise my son-in-law—he married my darter Jane, which is next to my darter Sally. Arter we had advanced to Elijah's house, we stood in the yard a while jawing, and presently two of somebody rid up on a horse, which was Johnston before, and Whitfield Cassidy behind—Whitfield and Kiah Cassidy being the same. Elijah and Kiah is brothers, both born in the nat'ral way like anybody else's brothers, no gals between 'em,

MELANGE OF DOTS.

It is said that everything in this world of ours has its limits; time, place, opportunity, human power, life itself, all come to an end.

One of the great arts of living well and successfully is to understand these limits and adapt ourselves to them.

For the want of this many excellent schemes come to naught, many worthy people fail in their efforts, much strength and energy and talent are wasted.

Every one realizes the importance of making a beginning, but few appreciate that there is an equal importance in making an end.

How and when to do this is deserving of much more thought and care than is usually bestowed upon it.

It is said that the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed the plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanse of infinite years, only the Omnipotent can discern.

Will it mingle with neighboring rivulets as a tributary or receive them as their sovereign? Is it to be a nameless brook, and will its waters, among millions of other brooks and rills, increase the current of some world-river? Or is it to be itself a Rhine or Danube, whose goings forth are to the uttermost lands, its flood an everlasting boundary line on the globe itself, the bulwark and high-way of whole kingdoms and continents?

We know not; only in either case we know its path is to the great ocean.

It is said that it is so little that we can really do for one another in the march of life. We are all under marching orders, and have burdens to carry. There is no halt for noontime dreams or twilight rest. It is a step, step, step—right onward through dust and common place, without music or banners or present glory; and yet to each soldier has been given a canteen of never-failing water, a cup of which we may proffer with no fear of a diminishing store, all the way through to the end of the long march to the sea. Is our comrade discouraged? Do his feet fail and his hands grow heavy? A cheering word, a loving service, a friendly suggestion, born of the desire to help and encourage, will relieve him like sparkling water in the desert heat.

Such things cost nothing, but all of the gold and diamonds you could pack into your bundle would not match them for solace on the long and dusty march which stretches for each one of us between the cradle and the grave.

It is said that it is easy to multiply happiness all along the pathway of life, if we but have the desire to do so, and only look for the opportunity.

In many a life a smile is a stranger, and to bestow good cheer upon that person is to confer a pleasure that shall remain long an oasis in the forbidden desert through which the way of life leads for such a one.

Multitudes may be rendered happy by trifles. A word, a smile, a nod, do the work. You meet a child in the street, and as it lifts its enquiring eyes to your face you give it both a word and a smile, and it passes on with a new sense of happiness. The opportunity atones for doing a favor to a stranger. He may not be arrayed in purple or fine linen, and the feeling of humility plainly to be read upon his features, betokens the fact that he, from faring sumptuously every day, is in decidedly mean circumstances in life. But you do not seem to notice this; and reply to his enquiries or confer the favor asked with the politeness and kindness you would bestow upon a millionaire.

The action is a simple one, no more than should be extended from any man to his fellow-men, but the memory of kind words and polite attention remains to bless one, it may be, who has been a stranger to deference and kind words. We sometimes, in the rash and hurry of business life, overlook the finer graces of life, and talk slightly of smiles and kind words as things that remain for ladies and carpet-knights who have time for such unnecessary. But there is time in the busiest life for politeness and consideration for others. It pays to give time for the cheap pleasures of life that come through the simple courtesies and tender graces of kind words and smiles. Life is very busy, it is true. But brighten it by unselfishness and consideration for others, and the world rises from the degree of a mere workshop to that of a place of pleasure and happiness. Multiply the cheap pleasures.

PHILANDER.

Ex-Governor Thayer, of Nebraska has decided to contest anew the right of Governor Boyd to his office.

Baron Hirsch, the wealthy Austrian banker and friend of the Prince of Wales, is just sixty-one years old.

The Queen of Greece is at present in a very bad state of health and causes her husband and family much alarm.

WHAT A MAN IS MADE OF.

According to a French chemist, man, from a chemical point of view, consists of thirteen elements, five of them gases and eight solids.

Submitting to chemical analysis a man of the average of 154 pounds, we find that he is largely composed of oxygen which is in a state of extreme compression; in fact, a man weighing 154 pounds has 97 pounds of compressed oxygen in his make up.

The volume of this at an ordinary temperature, if freed, would exceed 980 cubic feet. The weight of the hydrogen is only 16 pounds, but were this in a free state, at a temperature of 78-degrees, it would occupy a space equal to 2,800 cubic feet. The other three gases are: Nitrogen, nearly 4 pounds; chlorine, about 26 ounces; and fluorine, 24 ounces.

Of the solids, carbon stands at the head of the metalloids, there being about 31 pounds. Next comes phosphorus, 26 ounces, and sulphur, 8 ounces. The most abundant metal is calcium, more than 8 pounds; next potassium, 2 ounces; sodium, 5 ounces, and iron, 1 ounce. The various combinations which the chemist can form of these metals and metalloids are almost innumerable.

Let's reason together. Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—Wait a little—This firm pays the newspapers good money, (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their guarantee is not indefinite and relative, but definite and absolute—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "on call."

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for women's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost \$1.00 a bottle each! If they don't, they cost nothing!

A BOY'S ESSAY ON "BREATH."

"Our breath is made of air. If it were not for our breath we would die. The breath keeps going through our liver, our lights and our lungs. Boys shut up in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait until they get out doors. Air in a room has carbonic acid in it, and carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. Once some men was shut up in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got into that hole, and before morning every one of them was dead.

"Girls wear corsets which squeeze their diagrams too much. Girls cannot run and holler like boys, because their diagrams are squeezed. If I was a girl I would run and holler so my diagram would grow.

"That's all on breath."—Minneapolis Journal.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs, or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to the taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at J. De Morris' Drug Store.

THE PRICE OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

A man went into the post-office of a neighboring town recently and told the postmaster that he desired thirteen two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter. The postmaster refused to give them to him, stating that the cost would be twenty-five cents. The man persisted in getting his order, claiming that he could get them at any office for that amount, and even threatened the government official if he continued to refuse him. Finally the postmaster ordered him out, but the man, nothing daunted, took a cent and a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket, and, laying them down, he received his stamps for a cent and a quarter. The postmaster was a little discomfited for a while, but now enjoys the joke as well as any one.—The Cause.

Subscribe to the Courier. We have a few of those receipts still left.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

President Carnot is one of the very few Frenchmen who never get excited.

Senator Sherman, of Ohio, is about to build a mansion in Washington to cost \$100,000.

Ex-Senator Edmunds, of Vermont takes only cases of importance and his smallest retainer is \$2,000.

The late W. H. Smith, the London newspaper who became a British Cabinet Minister, left \$20,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller's income from his Standard Oil interests is probably nearly \$7,000,000 a year.

Ex-Senator Ingalls is reported to have declined an offer of \$10,000 a year to edit a Kansas City, Mo. evening paper.

Prince George of Wales now has an annual allowance amounting to \$75,000 a year. Previous to the death of his brother he had \$85,000 a year.

Few people are aware that the late evangelist, Mr. Spurgeon was never ordained. He began and ended his remarkable ministry as a lay preacher.

Ex-President Cleveland and Governor Flower, of New York, were guests for a few days of the New York Rod and Gun Club at their club house on Spessit Island, Md.

Bismarck sprinkles his conversation, which is at all times interesting and sometimes epigrammatic, with choice and pertinent extracts from Shakespeare, of whose works he is especially fond.

William Walter Phelps, the United States Minister, returned to Berlin, Germany, from his trip to Egypt, enjoying splendid health. He says he feels in good form for work after his vacation.

Alexander Ribot, the new French Premier, is just a few weeks over fifty years of age. He is sometimes called a youthful Thiers, and he has had a meteoric career in politics during the last ten years.

The United States Army now carries on its retired list thirty-two Brigadier Generals and four Major Generals. The quartet of Major Generals is composed of John Pope, S. S. Carroll, J. C. Robinson and Daniel E. Sickles.

Congressman Stone, of Kentucky, owes his life to his wife, who, when a young girl, found him lying dangerously wounded after one of the battles of the Civil War, and taking him to her father's house nursed him back to health.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President, is reported to have made great progress in her art studies, to which she has devoted much time during her occupancy of the White House. She has become especially skilful in water-color work.

SOMETHING TO EAT.

"Can I get something to eat here?" he inquired humbly of the cook at the kitchen door.

"Oh, yes, plenty," she said with a smiling generosity. "You can get a chop at the wood yard, or a loaf out on the bench in the back yard, or a bite of meat from the dog, or a roast from the lady of the house if she sees you, or some club sauce from the hired man, or—"

"Aw, come off the griddle," he interrupted. "You're talkin' through your bonnet. What's the matter with me gittin' an entree at the ju'll? Tra la, cookie," and he went away.—Detroit Free Press.

DENIES THE REPORT OF SPURGEON'S LAST WORDS.

Spurgeon's private secretary, J. W. Harrid, denies that the words used on the great preacher's coffin really were his last words, as they purport to be. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," is the inscription. Such a declaration, Mr. Harrid says, would not have been in accordance with the Christian humility of his pastor. Mr. Spurgeon, at the beginning of his illness, said to Mr. Harrid one day: "My work is done," but in the latter part of his illness he was nearly always unconscious, and was unable to give any word of farewell.

MEET WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their own merit. Sold by J. De Morris, Druggist.

ROXBORO INSURANCE AGENCY.

Patronize Home Industries. R. H. DOWDY GUARANTEES—Lowest Rates.

Life, Fire, Accident and Tornado Insurance.

Represents among others the following well-known companies: Home, N. Y.; Royal; Phoenix; Hartford; Western; Liverpool; London and Globe; Queen; London Commercial; London and Lancashire; New York Underwriters' Agency; Scottish Union and National; and Fire Association of Philadelphia.

Call or write him before placing your insurance elsewhere.

Respectfully and truly, R. H. DOWDY.

THE J. L. THOMPSON FURNITURE CO.

It affords me much pleasure to inform my friends and former customers that I am still "IN IT."

THE J. L. THOMPSON FURNITURE CO., LYNCHBURG, VA.

Succeeds J. L. Thompson & Son in the Furniture business, and will carry a full line of Chamber, Parlor, Dining Room and Office Furniture, Mattresses and Carpets; also Fancy Goods, such as Lounges, Rockers, Book Cases, &c., suitable for Holiday presents.

Your orders for anything in our line will be greatly appreciated by me.

Yours truly, J. L. THOMPSON, "The Furniture Man," Lynchburg, Va.

W. R. MURRAY & CO., DURHAM, N. C.

Agents for the Light Running "DOMESTIC" Sewing Machine.

They are the BEST, LIGHTEST RUNNING, NEAREST NOISELESS and MOST DURABLE Machines made in the world.

We keep on hand a full line of Needles, Oils, Sewing Machine Parts and Attachments of all makes. We also handle the BRAUMULLER, WING, and STEINWAY PIANOS,

buying directly from the factories, and can offer

Bargains in instruments, not surpassed by any dealers.

We have large stock of the famous CROWN ORGANS,

which we sell at low prices. If you want a SEWING MACHINE, BICYCLE, PIANO, ORGAN, or anything pertaining to either, let us know of it, and we will take pleasure in supplying your wants.

Very Respectfully, W. R. MURRAY & CO., Durham, N. C.

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This old company, now more than half a century in successful operation, has paid HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of losses, to citizens of North Carolina. Issues a very simple and concise policy, free of petty restrictions, and liberal in its terms and conditions.

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