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Office up stairs in W. J. Johnson &
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NOTICE!
Having returned to Roxboro, I
again offer my professional services
to the citizens of the town and
surrounding country.
W. M. TERRELL, M. D.

THE DRUMMERS' HOME,
Hotel French.
Main Street, South Boston, Va.

Valuable Land For Sale.
I have in my hands for private
sale, a very valuable tract of land,
situate in Allensville township, not
far from Five Forks, on Tar River.
It is known as

"THE MEADOWS"
and contains about 325 acres, of
the greater part of which is in heavy or
original growth timber. The title is
good, being a part of the estate of I.
H. Davis, deceased. This piece is
the part allotted to Mr. J. J. Davis,
of Granville county. Any one wish-
ing a desirable place will please call
on Mr. Webb Knott, or Mr. J. G.
Snowell, who will take pleasure in
showing him over the place.
Terms of sale easy, and made
known on application.
W. W. KITCHIN.

Mrs. M. W. Haskins & Co.
MILLINERY!
We are receiving daily and dis-
playing a large and varied line of
Millinery and Notions.

In our stock can be found all
the novelties of the season in the way
of shapes. In shapes we are display-
ing the new style Plaques, Stan-
dards, Novene, Garland, Sunbeams
&c., &c.

Large line of Straw Gimp, Orna-
ments in great variety, Vel-
vets, in all colors,
Veilings,
&c.

RIBBONS! FLOWERS!
Our stock in these lines are
complete. We have everything that
is new and stylish. Cheapest and
prettiest line of Lace to be found
anywhere.

In connection with our Millin-
ery we will conduct a Dress Making
department. All work done in very
neat style and best manner. Satis-
faction guaranteed. Give us a call.
Very Respectfully,
Mrs. M. W. HASKINS & Co.

JAS. W. BRANDON,
barber Shop.
ROXBORO, N. C.

When you come to Roxboro, don't
forget to accommodate my custom-
ers, and always keep up with the
latest styles.

PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

NOELL BROS, Proprietors. HOME FIRST: ABROAD NEXT. \$1.00 Per Year in Advance

VOL. X. ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 14th 1893. No. 5

A LAQUID DEFENDER.
The Young Man Who Turned Up His
Trousers After Fighting.

It was about dusk on Tremont
street.
Good and wicked Boston was pre-
paring for the night before the Sab-
bath.

Lots of pretty girls were coming
out of many stores, hurrying along
to catch cars or trains for many a
suburban home. There were shop-
girls and girls that lived on Beacon
Hill, who had delayed buying their
sandy here and trinkets there.

One fair one looked strikingly pret-
ty as she sped out on the dark street.
Two youths sauntered up the thor-
oughfare and saw the pretty girl.

"Ah, there!" said they, but the
pretty girl didn't answer.
"That will do," said a young fel-
low of medium height, the type of a
modern dude, as he threw open a
cape coat, which disclosed evening
clothes.

He said it with a very bored air.
Life didn't seem to be worth living
to him.

The youths looked first at his silk
hat and then down at his patent
leather shoes.

"Guess we can do him," said they.
"Hold my coat, will you?" said he
of the evening dress to the pretty
girl, and she helped him take it off.

Then he started to turn up his trou-
sers and the biggest youth hit him
on the head. He finished turning up
his trousers, then turned on the big
youth.

"Do so hate a scene," said he, as
he gave the big youth a blow right
between the eyes that knocked him
sprawling into the gutter.

The other youth ran.
Of course a crowd gathered and
wondered at the pretty girl holding
the topcoat and the fellow in evening
dress.

Then the pretty girl's champion
put on his coat and brushed some
mud from his trousers. He was
troubled to think his shirt-bosom was
wrinkled.

"Who's the fellow?" asked an elder-
ly gentleman of a young Harvard
man who sauntered by.

"Used to be the boss sparrer when
he was in college; guess somebody
insulted his sister."

"Jove! how annoying these crowds
are, Marie!" said the young man in
evening dress, as he called a cab and
the two drove away up Beacon Hill.
—Boston Herald.

American Silk Weaving and Printing.
American silk weavers fall but
little short of the glory of Lyons. In
printed silks they even go beyond
them. It would be strange if they
did not. Printing silk is compar-
atively a new process. In white
China and natural colored pongee
American makers have little to learn.
They import patterns and processes
from France, and so improve upon
them that in the year of 1900
there will be no need—in the opinion
of experts—for good Americans to
go to Paris or Lyons or Genoa for
anything whatever made from silk.
Genoa the superb was once pre-
eminent for velvet, but now Lyons
beats the palm, as she does for the
gauzes that got their name from
Genoa, the eastern city where first
they were made. —Chicago Tribune.

The Bath Signal.
At a Turkish bath in Paris a visitor
patiently submitted to the various
operations of rubbing, kneading and
pummeling comprised in the treat-
ment. When the shampoo was over
the attendant dried him with a towel,
after which he dealt the patient three
heavy and sonorous blows with the
flat of the hand.

"Mille tonnerres!" the victim ejacu-
lated; "what did you strike me
for?"

"Ah! monsier, don't let me
trouble you," was the reply; "it was
only to let the other man know that
I have done with you, and that he is
to send me the next customer. You
see, we haven't a bell in this room."
—Siecle.

What Meerschaum Really Is.
There is a very general impres-
sion in the minds of smokers that
the meerschaum part of the pipe, which
they treasure so carefully and take
so much pride and satisfaction in
"coloring," is compressed sea foam.
Such, however, is not the case. The
German word meerschaum means in
English foam of the sea, but its for-
mation has nothing to do with the
sea. It is a kind of clay, comes out
of mines like coal and is found only
in Turkey. —New York Times.

Two Classes of Parents.
Parents may be roughly divided
into two classes—those, to use a pro-
verbial expression, to whom all their
own genes are swans; and those who
are persuaded that their swans are
geese. There is a middle class, but
it is so very small that it may al-
most be disregarded in a description.
Strange to say, the second class is
quite as large as the first.—Anna C.
Brackett in Harper's.

What Speakers Drink.
M. Floquet, when speaking in the
French chamber of deputies, drinks
a solution of gum arabic, which he
has substituted for weak coffee. Nei-
ther M. de Freycinet nor M. Con-
stantin take anything. M. Rouvier
drinks tea de seltz and lemon juice,
while M. Yves Guyot sips Marsala
with mixed water.—Exchange.

Headaches from Highly Colored Objects.
For persons doing much writing
Dr. L. Webster Fox advises the use
of paper tinted a green, blue or yel-
low. He also explains the cause of
headaches to many persons after a
night at the theater by stating that
a drop curtain with poor perspective
is very trying to the eye, and has
been known to affect persons. The
use of tobacco and quinine, says Dr.
Fox, sometimes has an effect—pro-
ducing color blindness. He thinks
racing color engineers should be tested
twice a year for this.—Analyst.

CHIMMIE FADEN PHILOSOPHIZES.
He Discovers an Unexpected Trait in
Miss Fannie.

"Say, womin is queer folks, ain't dey? It
don't make no difference wedder dey is like
de Duchess, wot trots in my class, or wed-
der dey is de torwreded like Miss Fannie,
dey is all queer. See? I was tellin yer 'bout
de mug wot is stuck on Miss Fannie's
'fessel wid 'is 'wiskers, Miss Fannie's fadder.
'Dat felly 'e is a torwreded, an now dat
'e is all square wid 'is 'wiskers 'e is makin
up fer lost time round our way. Dat's
de game. If yuse see or me old gang
don't put dem on to de way Chimmie Fad-
den lost 'is grip, 'cause dey 'd string de life
outter me, an I couldn't kid dem back, all
squared wid woin bein so queer. See?
'Well, wot was I at? De mug wot
squared 'fessel wid 'is 'wiskers? Dat's
de game. I was tellin yer 'bout 'is woin
outter house all de time now. Well, de fun-
ny ting about it is dat now dat 'e 's makin
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