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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. FERRELL, M. D.

THE DRUMMERS' HOME,
Hotel French,
Main Street, South Boston, Va.
Has been put in first class order and thoroughly
renovated. Convenient to all depots and
business portions of the town. Large and
well-lighted sample rooms. Also a good room
for all kinds of repairing, etc. Done in the
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DEALERS IN—
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and Marble for door and window
sills.

Cemetery Works
Neatly Executed
Designs and Estimates furnished
on application.
Main Street Durham, N. C.

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, 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 wishing
a desirable place will please call
on Mr. Webb Knott, or Mr. J. G.
Stowell, who will take pleasure in
showing him over the place.
Terms of sale easy, and made
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W. W. KITCHIN.

JAS. W. BRANDON,
barber Shop,
ROXBORO, N. C.
When you come to Roxboro, don't
forget me I am always willing and
ready to accommodate my customers,
and always keep up with the
latest styles.

JOHN S. HUGHES,
MILL WRIGHT,
MILL CREEK, N. C.
I am prepared to do all kinds of work
connected with the mill business. New mills
put in all kinds of repairing, etc. Done in the
best manner; prices moderate; satisfaction
guaranteed.

SHILOH'S CURE!
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore
Throat, Whooping Cough, etc. Sold by all
Druggists on a guarantee. For Lame Back, Side or
Chest Pain, or any other ailment, see Remedy
book. Sold on a guarantee.

SHILOH'S CATARRH
REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Then use this Remedy.
It will cure you. Price 50c. This is the best
of all the Catarrh Remedies. Sold on a guarantee.

PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

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

VOL. X. ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 16th 1893. No. 14.

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ROXBORO, N. C.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Copy One Year, \$1.00
One Copy Six Months, .50
Cash invariably in advance.

MANAGER BARNEY'S FRENCH.

Learned It From the Indians, but It Succeeded to "Stand Off" Barrowers.

Mr. Ariel Barney stood yesterday in front of Daly's theater contemplatively observing a printed bill announcing in enticing French the appearance of Cleary's Parisian company in "L'Enfant Prodigieux." Mr. Barney is associated with Mr. Cleary in the management of the enterprise in this country.

"I just dashed that off," said he gravely, nodding toward the bill, "to satisfy myself that I could manage in French as well as in other languages. I don't think anybody can complain of that half sheet," and Mr. Barney surveyed his handiwork critically with one eye partly closed.

"If you have any difficulty in conversing with the members of the 'Organization' I asked."

"Not the least," replied Mr. Barney, with a nonchalant wave of his hand. "I can understand everything they say without the slightest mental effort. But I have noticed that at times when I addressed them in their native tongue they have not followed me as closely as their familiarity would naturally suggest. They have even seemed surprised occasionally over my little sallies of repartee in French.

"I am sometimes in doubt as to the explanation of the superior ease with which I comprehend what these people say to me over their understanding of what I say to them. Sometimes I think my French is too pure to be readily taken in. Again I reflect that the members of the company are possibly better than I am at pantomime, and there may be something in that."

At this juncture a young man in a very short coat, a very shiny silk hat with a flat brim, and trousers creased at the sides, instead of fore and aft, came out of the theater and whispered to the manager, at the same time making numerous gestures.

"Certainly, my friend," replied Mr. Barney, with a smile of erudite affability. "Aveck playesser. Donnay moyo pappay and pencil."

Having with some difficulty secured these articles, the manager hastily scribbled some words on the sheet and handed it to the French actor, waving him politely toward the box office.

"There are some advantages," said Mr. Barney, "about not always being necessarily able to understand the members of your company, particularly when they 'touch' for an advance of salary."

"But," I observed, "you gave him an order on the box office. How much did it call for?"

"Two seats," replied Mr. Barney haughtily. "He thinks that is what I believe he meant, and he won't have the nerve to try me again. Privately, between us, I learned my French from the Indians up around Lake Superior where I was a boy. It may not be just the articulation they employ in the conversational manner of the Paris salons, but it is good enough to stand off actors. Bong swoar." New York Herald.

A Truthful Man.
There was no one but the proprietor in the office when the man in sailor's clothes came into the office and cautiously closed the door behind him.

"You smoke?" asked the visitor.

"Yes."

"Want something extra dirt cheap?" "What do you mean?"

"Cigars. These never saw the custom house." And he pulled a box from under his arm and opened it. Like many another individual, the man in the office was weak and ready to profit at the government's expense.

"How much?" he asked.

"Four dollars," was the answer. The bargain was closed, and the mariner started for the door.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the other as he bit a sample of the goods. "This is domestic tobacco. Didn't I understand you to say these cigars had never seen the custom house?"

"Sure. What I meant was that they had never been so far away from home."—American Industries.

Began at the Wrong End.
A cigar dealer near Quincy market has frequent occasion to joke about some of the methods of business in vogue among his patrons, who are mostly marketmen. One morning recently a customer of one of the fruit vendors near by was complaining about the poor quality of a barrel of apples that had been sold to him a day or two before.

"Why," said he, "the farther I went into the barrel the poorer the apples were."

The man who sold them was nonplussed for a reply, but the cigar man came smiling to his rescue by remarking:

"You made a mistake, sir, in opening the barrel at the wrong end. If you had begun at the other end you would have found that the fruit improved the lower you went into it."

All laughed, and while the apple seller made the required concession the cigars were on the man who complained.—Boston Herald.

A portrait which is supposed to be of Robert Auchmuty, one of George III's judges, in Boston, is still hanging in the supreme courtroom in that city. The picture is the work of John Singleton Copley and bears the date of 1767.

The Smithsonian institution in Washington has been enriched by an interesting collection of Korean musical instruments and articles used in native form of gambling, the gift of Augustus Heard, consul at Seoul, Corea.

One towboat on the Mississippi, in a good stage of weather, can take from St. Louis to New Orleans a tow carrying 10,000 tons of grain, a quantity that would require 50 trains of 10 cars each.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHERE MOTHER IS.

I had put away my paper, with the story half completed, when I saw a woman enter the room. What were all the fancies for the baby at my feet? Darning and studied sayings could not be as dear by half. As the pathos of her prattle and the music of her voice came to my ears, I mounted without boot or spur. On my knee I sat, from the parlor mother looked and laughed at her. But my little blue eyed Amy soon grew tired of her blue. From my knee she struggled, saying, "I want to go where mother is."

But a man came from the city who was handsome and good, and who loved him with his heart of maidenhood. So we gave away our Amy, and she went to live with him.

Till one day he called her mother, when an angel appeared. Filled and thrilled her with a longing to the country's quiet ways— Said she'd like to make a visit in the coming autumn days.

"Tell me where" her husband asked her, puzzled and full of doubts in his mind. With a glad smile Amy answered, "I want to go where mother is."

I am old and sometimes fancy wrinkled face is just as fair. As the dimpled cheek of childhood hiding all its laughter there. And the silver hair of Amy is a little dearer grown. Than her golden curls, since mother went and left us here alone. So I try to comfort Amy, as we bow beneath her long hair.

Telling her the heart is never without strength to bear its cross. And the grave to be the portal of another world than this. Amy only answers, saying, "I want to go where mother is."

—Edward Zilliox in Chicago Record.

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The fashionable barber of Cum Cook alley, who scrapes the heads and chins of the wealthiest chicken and fish eaters in the city, has a quarter of a century of experience in the art of dining among the Mongolian Four Hundred.

According to his story, Confucius was at one time in very straitened circumstances. Were it not for the fact that in his day the upper class of Chinese philosophers invariably went barefooted, it might be said of him with melancholy truth that he had to walk on his uppers. It became a grave question with him where his next square meal of rice was coming from. Free lunches were not yet a pleasant innovation in China, and the philosopher found that striking his old friends for a quarter was a better way of acquiring knowledge of human nature than a knowledge of how to avoid starvation. Just when he was on the point of taking a suicidal plunge into a convenient pond a bi-h-binder, with a sack of ducks stolen from a neighboring rancher, passed in a hurry. One of the birds made its escape from the sack and was fluttering off when Confucius, with that courtesy which has ever been the characteristic of great philosophers, pursued and captured it with ease, the duck being both lame and broken winged.

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A Grim Ornament.
"It was decidedly a grim ornament," said the society young man, "that I saw recently at the house of a well known civil engineer whose career had some time been in the Rocky mountains. It was a necklace composed of the finger nails of a young Sioux brave slain by a Ute warrior who, with the scalp of his victim, had taken this trophy of his prowess. Strange to say, this necklace was intrinsically very handsome. The characteristic shapeliness of the Indian's arm and hand, ideally perfect even to the finger tips, was illustrated in this barbarous memento. The necklace of 10 pieces was in color a vital brown, suggesting more than anything else a string of acorns. So removed in appearance was it from any forbidding suggestions of the savage deed it recorded that the genuinely gentle and refined woman to whom it was shown had looked at it longingly and begged of the owner that he ever gave it away it should be to her."—New York Sun.

Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic politeness)—With pleasure, madam. I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour.—Life's Calendar.

Everywhere in California the Chinese are now working the gold mines on their own account. The metal is sent directly to China and is smuggled out of the country in the same way that opium is smuggled in. Since 1890 the Chinese have taken from California mines the enormous sum of \$141,700,000.

A SCHOOL FOR THE TIMES. FOR BOTH SEXES.

Bethel Hill Institute, Person Co., N. C.
Next session opens September 27th, 1893.

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Fuel 7.00
Washing 7.00
Tuition (extra) \$1.00 to \$2.75
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Salaries of London Journalists.
Harry Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times (his salary is \$50,000 a year), is the largest salaried employe connected with journalism in Europe. Several London critics are well paid—notably Clement Scott, of the Daily Telegraph, who is supposed to receive \$10,000 a year. Andrew Long must draw a large salary as an editorial writer for the Daily News, and, aside from his occasional journalistic work, he is a fertile book maker, and he lectures regularly before a number of educational institutions. But the large majority of London journalists are small salaried men; the average reporter gets \$15 a week, and one seldom commands more than \$25.—I mean the local equivalent thereof. When Mr. Bennett started the London edition of the New York Herald he paid traveling expenses and \$50 a week to the American reporters he imported. But already he has sent most of the importations back home.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

The Difference.
"I remember when we were in school together so many years ago you had a warm friend who was always praising your good qualities. What's become of him?"

"Oh, we're friends still, but I never hear of his putting himself out to glorify me."

"Then you had an enemy who was forever running you down. What's become of him?"

"Oh, he's at it yet."—Chicago Times.

Can You Get Him.
The Italian who comes to America does not adopt any new idea in the matter of weapons, but clings pertinaciously to his stiletto. In the city of Philadelphia within three years this weapon has been used in over sixty instances, and wherever it has been used against a revolver it has always won.—Detroit Free Press.

How Try This.
It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colic is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. D. Morris' Drug Store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 26.—Dr. Wm. Henry Green, professor of the Theological Seminary, formally announced to the students of the institution, that football playing would be hereafter interdicted. "The soul and mental games," says he, "does not comport with the purposes for which students are here and must be abolished."

The action of the authorities is freely commented on by the students of the college as well as semi-nary. The seminary students organized a strong team this season and arranged dates with Pennington, Adelphi and other teams outside of Princeton. These dates will be cancelled and the team disbanded. It has been rumored since the opening of the college season that Morse, last year's half back, would return. A member of the Princeton management said to night that he could deny the report authoritatively.

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G. T. Thaxton. L. W. Thomas

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Patents. J. R. LITTELL
Attorney and Counsellor in Patent Trade Mark and Copyright Cases, opposite Post office, Washington, D. C. Over twelve years experience. American and Foreign patents, caveats and all business arising under the patent laws promptly and carefully prosecuted. Rejected cases accord special attention. Write for information upon receipt of model or sketch of invention I advise as to patentability without charge. Mention this paper.

Two distinct military organizations were at first created in the south, respectively known as the regular and the provisional or volunteer army. The former belonged to the general or state government. The latter was the offspring of the people. One was intended to be permanent. The existence of the other depended on the duration of the war. In a measure, however, the regular army was merged in the provisional organization, and its officers, who were generally graduates of West Point and other military schools, were transferred to the volunteers and promoted to high grades.

The men were not unlike those in the regular service in all civilized nations and were restrained by the same rigid discipline. On the other hand, the volunteers were a free and easy lot, who fraternized with their officers, and until the severer lessons of the war were taught maintained an equal footing with them.

One day an altercation took place between a captain and a private. In the course of the dispute the subordinate made an irritating remark, when the officer exclaimed, "If you repeat that again, I will lay down my rank and fight you." "Lay down your rank!" was the indignant response. "That won't make you a gentleman. A coward ought to fight with straps on his shoulders, but it takes a gentleman to fight for \$11 a month."—Blue and Gray.

Childwick and His Trouser.
W. R. Childwick tells the following story: "Once traveling through France I reached Grenoble, where I found out I was almost penniless. I managed to go up to Thonon, a few miles from Geneva, and on my way there I thought a great deal of how to reach Geneva. I passed the night at the Lion d'Or, and the next morning when I woke up I called for the garcon and asked him for my trousers. It is the custom in French hotels, you know, to put outside of your room your shoes and clothes so that the following day you find everything clean.

"For some search he told me he could not find them. I insisted, and had the landlord called up. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'but no one can tell where your trousers are.' 'Well,' I said, 'I want a pair of trousers and a ticket to Geneva I had in my pocket.' The landlord was at a loss. He had the house searched over and over again, but no trousers. 'Well,' said I, 'I shall not go out of here without my trousers and my ticket. Send for the chief of police.'

"Two hours later the landlord entered my room, bringing a new pair of trousers and a ticket, apologizing for all that trouble." Mr. Childwick was asked where his trousers were, to which he replied: "Had none, I had pawned them to pay my fare to Thonon."—Argonaut.

She Was Getting Unpopular.
How strangely people are constituted!

A pretty and vivacious fin de siecle woman said to me recently: "I'm going to give up playing poker."

"Very wise, too," I answered. "You are bound to lose in the end."

"Oh, I don't give it up because I lose," she replied, "but because I win."

"Explain the paradox," I said.

"Well," was her reply, "I am so lucky that I am getting unpopular. I really am."

"I know that I play in the same little club and with the same people once a week."

"Well, my luck is remarkable."

"Do as I will—draw four cards, draw to an interior, draw a whole hand—generally win."

"And I know that my friends there are beginning to hate me, especially my women friends."

"I am nearly always taking their money, and as I value the good feeling more than I do the game I'm going to stop playing."—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

A Fresh Translation.
The small boy had been irritating his father with many vexatious questions about a psalm he was studying for Sunday school next day.

"Father, what does selah mean?" was the latest.

"Shut up!" said paterfamilias.

The boy said nothing, but in Sunday school the psalm was under discussion.

"Who knows what the word selah means?" asked the young superintendent.

The small boy's hands went up, and he was halfway out of his seat.

No one else raised a hand.

"Well!" said the superintendent.

"Shut up!" said the small boy. And seeing the look on the teacher's face added: "It is, I asked papa and he said 'shut up!'"—Toledo Blade.

Different Ways of Putting It.
This is a scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the succutaneous space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue, and if respiration be carried on through the mouth the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form. "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep, he will snore."—London Tit-Bits.

Mozart.
Mozart's musical talent was revealed at 3 years of age. Between 4 and 6 he composed pieces with expertness. Mozart died at 35 of cerebral hydrophy. He had a presentiment of his approaching end. He was subject to fainting fits before and during the composition of his famous "Requiem." Mozart always thought that the unknown person which presented itself to him was not an ordinary being, but surely had relations with another world, and that he was sent to him to announce his end.—New York Times.

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How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy liver. When the liver is torpid the bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headaches ensue; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons' Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficiency.

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B. W. WHEAT, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. KNOXVILLE, TENN.

THE MEADOWS
and contains about 325 acres, 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 wishing a desirable place will please call on Mr. Webb Knott, or Mr. J. G. Stowell, who will take pleasure in showing him over the place. Terms of sale easy, and made known on application. W. W. KITCHIN.

JAS. W. BRANDON, barber Shop, ROXBORO, N. C.
When you come to Roxboro, don't forget me I am always willing and ready to accommodate my customers, and always keep up with the latest styles.

JOHN S. HUGHES, MILL WRIGHT, MILL CREEK, N. C.
I am prepared to do all kinds of work connected with the mill business. New mills put in all kinds of repairing, etc. Done in the best manner; prices moderate; satisfaction guaranteed.

SHILOH'S CURE!
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, etc. Sold by all Druggists on a guarantee. For Lame Back, Side or Chest Pain, or any other ailment, see Remedy book. Sold on a guarantee.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Then use this Remedy. It will cure you. Price 50c. This is the best of all the Catarrh Remedies. Sold on a guarantee.

THE CELESTIAL DINNER HOUR.
A Truthful Story of How Confucius Set the Fashion for 7 o'clock.

The fashionable barber of Cum Cook alley, who scrapes the heads and chins of the wealthiest chicken and fish eaters in the city, has a quarter of a century of experience in the art of dining among the Mongolian Four Hundred.

According to his story, Confucius was at one time in very straitened circumstances. Were it not for the fact that in his day the upper class of Chinese philosophers invariably went barefooted, it might be said of him with melancholy truth that he had to walk on his uppers. It became a grave question with him where his next square meal of rice was coming from. Free lunches were not yet a pleasant innovation in China, and the philosopher found that striking his old friends for a quarter was a better way of acquiring knowledge of human nature than a knowledge of how to avoid starvation. Just when he was on the point of taking a suicidal plunge into a convenient pond a bi-h-binder, with a sack of ducks stolen from a neighboring rancher, passed in a hurry. One of the birds made its escape from the sack and was fluttering off when Confucius, with that courtesy which has ever been the characteristic of great philosophers, pursued and captured it with ease, the duck being both lame and broken winged.

"If I were a punster instead of an honest chronicler," said the observant highlander, "I would remark that that bird is not very fly, or you would not have caught him so easily."

"If thou hadst," replied Confucius, "thou wert guilty of a very fowl joke."

"By my forefathers' pigstails," responded the jovial thief, "there are no grasshoppers in your whiskers, old man," and from that pleasant oriental badinage followed an invitation to sup on the stolen ducks, which, it is needless to say, the philosopher accepted, believing that it is better to eat with a highlander than starve, even in a church meeting. Just as they sat down to the hospitable board Confucius looked at the sundial and saw that it was exactly seven hours past noon, and from that day to this 7 o'clock, according to the Cum Cook alley barber, has been the orthodox time for a first class Chinese dinner. The Order of the Lame Duck, which is one of the noblest of Mongolian ranks conferred by the imperial pleasure in China, dates from the same historic circumstance.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Grim Ornament.
"It was decidedly a grim ornament," said the society young man, "that I saw recently at the house of a well known civil engineer whose career had some time been in the Rocky mountains. It was a necklace composed of the finger nails of a young Sioux brave slain by a Ute warrior who, with the scalp of his victim, had taken this trophy of his prowess. Strange to say, this necklace was intrinsically very handsome. The characteristic shapeliness of the Indian's arm and hand, ideally perfect even to the finger tips, was illustrated in this barbarous memento. The necklace of 10 pieces was in color a vital brown, suggesting more than anything else a string of acorns. So removed in appearance was it from any forbidding suggestions of the savage deed it recorded that the genuinely gentle and refined woman to whom it was shown had looked at it longingly and begged of the owner that he ever gave it away it should be to her."—New York Sun.

Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic politeness)—With pleasure, madam. I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour.—Life's Calendar.

Everywhere in California the Chinese are now working the gold mines on their own account. The metal is sent directly to China and is smuggled out of the country in the same way that opium is smuggled in. Since 1890 the Chinese have taken from California mines the enormous sum of \$141,700,000.

How's Your Liver?
Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy liver. When the liver is torpid the bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headaches ensue; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons' Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficiency.

Read R. G. Wesson, Princeton, N. J., says: "I had nothing better so much to keep me in working condition as Simmons' Liver Regulator." See that you get the Genuine, with the 25-cent front of wrapper. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold only at J. H. ZELLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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GO TO W. R. Hambrick & Co's. FOR Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes and Snuff. Ice Drinks of all kinds. We carry a full line and solicit a share of your patronage. W. R. HAMBRICK & CO. Barrett's old stand. Aug. 1st, '93.

WILL SELL DURING MONTH OCTOBER EXCURSION TICKETS TO WORLD'S FAIR AT ONE-HALF RATES THROUGH SLEEPING CARS EVERY DAY

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