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NOTE CONTRIBUTORS. Lincoln and Pinkerton (Nov. 1894); The Molly Maguires; Allan Pinkerton's Life; Stories of Capture, Train-robbers, Forgers, Bank-robbers, etc.

Notice of Sale for Taxes. At the Court House door in Roxboro, on the 4th day of November, 1895, I shall sell the following property...

Send your old clothing to the HARRIS STEAM DYE WORKS, Raleigh, N. C. They guarantee to make them look new again for a little money.

THE CHRISTIAN IN POLITICS.

BY REV. L. G. BROUGHTON.

[The following is a synopsis of a recent Sunday night's sermon delivered in Roxboro, Va. The theme was "The Sacredness of the Ballot."] Text—"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's."—Luke 20: 25.

I am aware that I am standing on a dangerous ground. I never stand anywhere else. Life itself is dangerous. Everything in life is dangerous. It has been said that a graveyard is the only thing that is not true. I have learned that this is not true. I was nearly scared to death by a "will o' the wisp" in a graveyard when a boy. The other day a whole city was poisoned by a graveyard. Everything is dangerous. Shall we turn our backs upon a thing because it is dangerous?

There are two classes of people who don't believe in a preacher going into politics and carrying his church. The church member, who will perhaps go heaven, objects because he says a preacher's business is to prepare men for heaven. This may be true; but perhaps we'd differ as to what will get a man to heaven. No man is going to heaven unless he lives right, no matter what he believes. Life is no sport. Life is a living reality. The Christian belongs to God, soul and body as well. No man's soul can be right when the body is all wrong. To live the goat life here means to live the goat life hereafter. A sheep's skin on a goat's back, brother, don't make a sheep. We are not going to be judged by our hides, but by our hearts and our hides together.

The reason these good brethren oppose taking religion into politics is because of a mistaken idea of the mission of the church and the sphere of the pulpit. They say the preacher, for example, is to deal only with the heart side of life. In Tennessee the constitution forbids a preacher holding office because it says his calling is to get men to heaven. "Preach the word," is one of their favorite quotations. You have heard them. Sometimes you hear preachers, who are anxious to excuse themselves, prating about "the word." There is old Dr. Go Slow. He comes before his congregation of benches, and after declaring himself out and out in favor of preaching "the word," proceeds to reproduce an antiquated essay on "the Jews." Old Dr. Dry as a Cane declares for "the word," as he comes forth to engage the attention of his hearers, while he gives them a probable solution of a long vexed problem in theology. Dr. Please 'em All comes in, too, in the plea for "the word," while he pats and puffs and pants, agreeing with Sister Sue and Brother Jim, though as different from each other as the monkey from the man.

When I began to preach, a brother said, "Never say anything about politics, because you will have all sorts in your congregation." Another preacher present said: "Young man, hit sin wherever you find it." That is what I am trying to do. I would not give a snap for party politics. The whole thing is a sham and a fraud from beginning to end. I do not believe that the man ever lived who can remain in politics and be honest. "Preach the word." What do they mean? They say it is meddling with nothing but religion. As a matter of fact, they mean meddling with everything else but religion. Religion touches every phase of life from the cradle to the grave, and township constable to President.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. Christ said of the Christian, "Ye are the light of the world." A light is to show the right and the wrong way, like a guide pointing out to a stranger a path. In politics the church is not a light. When did you ever hear of a platform being formed in conformity to religion? The whiskey devil makes politics, and you know it. The bums and the court house loafers make the light, and the church follows.

criminals and paupers. Ninety per cent of the cases tried in Roanoke police courts is the result of whiskey made legal by your vote. Let's get the salt on before the meat rots.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER. I believe in getting at the root of the matter. The way to cure a carbuncle is to cut it open. The way to cure a chill is to cure the cause. What would you think of a man who would go to a man shaking with a chill and tie the poor fellow to a bed to keep him from shaking, thinking if he would stop the shakes he would shake the slats out of the bed. That would be about the end of the thing. This is what so called Christian voters are doing—"monkeying" with the effect rather than the cause—paying our money to serve the results. Why not stop the results?

Present politics is the enemy of religion. The church stands for truth. Her prayer is the prayer of Christ: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Her marching orders are, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of every creature." Politics grants this in theory and stops it in practice. Their platform is selfish, their methods devilish. The man who does more stealing "gets there." A Congressman in North Carolina was nominated because he stole his way into the Legislature. The laws they pass are mainly such as retard the kingdom. The Washington Post is now advocating the suppression of the right to send missionaries to foreign lands because it costs so much to protect them. Why not suppress trusts and combines because they cost so much to protect? Why not suppress the whiskey traffic because it costs so much to protect? At least half of the expenses of all our courts and the nation is chargeable to whiskey. This would upset their stronghold. Ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York, has said he would rather have one saloon behind him in politics than a half dozen churches.

Look at politics in our own country. Every man up is a "whiskeyite." They range from a distiller down. Tell me that the politicians are the friends of the church? The politician objects to the church going into politics, of course. He says it is because he loves the church. Yes, loves the church. What does he do for it? He loves the church when he is running, and that is all. I will tell you why he objects. He knows that the principles of Christ will uproot their rottenness. He knows that the standard will be elevated, and the old "bums" will have to take a back seat.

Let the church into politics. They are citizens. They are teachers. We have been saying, "Go it, boys." Let us be like Lannes at Ratisban—take the lead and say follow. They are Christians, and as such are responsible to God. No vote is thrown away. You can't throw away a righteous act.

Ab, the sacredness of the ballot! Listen. God is speaking: "Moses, what is that in your hand?" "Only a shepherd's crook, Lord." "It is enough. Go lead my people." "Samgar, what have you?" "Only an ox goad, Lord." Enough. Go use that goad as I shall tell you. And this one, six hundred Philistines fell. "David, what have you?" "Only a sling." "Enough. Go kill Goliath." "Dorcas, what have you?" "Only a needle." "Enough. Use it."

Brother, you are standing at the ballot. What is that you have in your hand? "Only a ballot." Enough. It is sacred. Use it to the glory of God. The man who prays "Thy kingdom come," and votes for an old soaker, is not for Christ.—Biblical Recorder.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Walnut Growing Business. The editor of the Hickory Press and Carolinian has just sold a single tree for \$30. What kind of tree was it, esteemed contemporary?—Mt. Airy News.

It was a walnut tree. We have others, some better even, but none for sale. Plant some walnuts, brother, plant walnuts. You can plant 160 trees on an acre and never interfere with farming. In 20 years time the trees will be worth \$75 a piece. You can get one year's growth by placing the walnuts in single layer on smooth ground and covering with thin layer of dirt; then, when they have had about two good freeze they will crack open; then the first warm spell plant them in squares in an old field, 160 to the acre. The walnut enriches the soil and soon you will have a fine field fit for cultivating, and your walnuts will also be increasing in value at the rate of ten cents per tree each year to a certain period when it is augmented in almost geometrical proportion. Finest business in the world. "Savie?" A big field of walnuts planted now will be more valuable to you by when you die than a big bank account. North Carolina is the home of the walnut.—Hickory Press.

Madam, said a tramp to a lady of the house, "will you please give a man that is out of work something to eat?" "Yes, sir, if you will go to the wood-pile yonder and split wood awhile." "Oh, I am so hungry!" he pleaded. "Won't you give me a bite to eat first?" "No," she said, "I have to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and you can too."

Madam, I can prove by the Bible that it is wrong for me to split that wood. "How can you do that?" "Will you give me my dinner if I tell you?" "Maybe." "Well, didn't God make that wood and join its splinters?" "Certainly." "Well, the Bible says, 'what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'" "Well, but—" "None of your high flown explaining's madam—I want my dinner." And he got it.

Some women, through motives of economy, turn the flame in a kerosene lamp low, when necessary to leave it burning, yet not needed to read or work by, a thing they would not do if they were aware that the oil consumes just as fast, but the gas does not burn, and hence is thrown off into the room, giving a horrible odor, which is not only offensive to the smell, but poisonous to human life. The gas thus thrown off is capable of causing diphtheria and some contagious fevers. If the lamp must burn, leave it well turned up and put a big shade around it.—Exchange.

A House Cleaning Tragedy. It is currently whispered that Mrs. [redacted], while cleaning house, asked her husband to nail up some [redacted]; he refused; she looked at him, told him his conduct was without a [redacted], and then beat him with her [redacted] until he saw [redacted]. He now lies in a [redacted] state, and may soon be a fit subject for dis[redacted]. A man must be an [redacted] his life in that way and put a [redacted] to his existence.—British Printer.

The negro of this region can often throw in a word to describe situation when a scholar who is conversant with many languages would fail. The other day at a station on the Seaboard Air Line, this side of Hamlet, a lady approached, and being a stranger and seeing an old negro man asked: "Uncle does the vestibule train stop here?" "No marm," answered the old coon, "she do not even hesitate."

Major W. A. Graham, of Lincoln, says he has a colored tenant on his place who made this year with one mule 9 bales of cotton, 600 bushels of corn, 3,000 bundles of fodder, near 75 gallons of sorghum and a lot of peas.—Concord Times.

WHERE VANDERBILT GOT HIS IDEA.

In the great outlay which George Vanderbilt is making at Biltmore, in North Carolina, the young millionaire has entertained a more serious purpose than is generally known. A great deal has been written about the enormous house, with its library, chapel, scores of bed-rooms, and the army of servants which will be required to keep it up, but not every one knows that Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make his estate a Mecca for all those who are seriously interested in the study of forestry, scientific farming and horticulture. He has land enough to carry out any scheme of this sort, no matter how big it may be, as he can go forty miles in a direct line from his own door without passing the confines of his domain. He proposes, therefore, to create a neighborhood of his own on this property, which includes, among other cultivated and uncultivated tracts, one forest alone of more than 100,000 acres. He will build a village containing houses, stores, and a picturesque inn, and apartments will be rented to all properly accredited students who desire to avail themselves of the facilities offered there for the study of the science which are his hobby. The farm will be conducted after the most approved scientific fashion, and forestry, which is almost unknown in America, and will become in a few years a science of the greatest importance to us, will be carried on experimentally and practically to an extent never before attempted in this country. Mr. Vanderbilt has just returned to New York from Biltmore, where he had been spending the summer in a completed wing of the great mansion. He expects to have the house finished in time for a Christmas house warming, the guests at which will be chiefly members of his own family. Edgar Poe wrote a story once about a man whose income was so large that landscape gardening was the only hobby that could make any serious inroads on it, and it may be that it was this story that gave Mr. Vanderbilt his idea.—New York Sun.

A Poultry Division at the Experiment Station. The N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station has added another division to the several already in operation, which will be known as the Poultry Division. Among the specific studies for this division will be first to ascertain the breeds of poultry which can be recommended for different sections of the State, how to raise them economically, including the best treatment for diseases and insects, and how to prepare and ship to market all poultry products. It will be the endeavor to foster the industry in North Carolina so that a profitable and financially paying business may be inaugurated in any locality or on any farm. As but little capital is required, the returns for the investment should always be large.

The Station proposes to publish educational bulletins to bring the matter before the attention of the people of the State, and to extend such knowledge to all who raise poultry, as would be of benefit in the management, preparation and shipment market.

The poultry manager in charge of the Poultry Division of the Experiment Station will be Mr. F. E. Hege, now of the Riverside Poultry Farm, of Newbern, N. C. He will enter upon his work on December 1st, on the farm of the Station adjoining the State Fair Grounds.

Are you taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES"? That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks clung, and which the young folks despised. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. Be sure you get it. The Red Z is on the wrapper. J. H. Zöllin & Co., Philadelphia.

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