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VOL. XII. ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1895. No. 12.

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doesn't always mean a chance to get work. It's a business opportunity to have a chance to save money on the necessities of life. You can find a chance like that at the Cash Grocery Store of

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has been made or marred by the table appointments—in china or other less costly ware. The fastidious housekeeper will devote almost more attention to these equipments than to the food itself. And, nowadays artistic designs may be had at so low a price as to make it inexcusable to forego them. We have a fine line of China and Crockery Ware, and the price is very low. When you want the best that can be found to go on your table don't forget your friends.

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FOR 1895.

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### TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

by authority from the archives of the PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY. Lincoln and Pinkerton (Nov. 1894); the Molly Maguires; Allan Pinkerton's Life; Stories of Capture, Train-robbers, Forgers, Bank-robbers, etc. each complete in one issue, 12 in all.

### SHORT STORIES BY

W. D. Howells, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Clark Russell, Robert Barr, Octave Thanet, Bret Harte, Capt. King.

### NOTE D CONTRIBUTORS

F. Marion Crawford, Archdeacon Farrar, Sir Robert Hall, Prof. Drummond, Archibald Forbes, Thomas Hardy.

Send your old clothing to the HARRIS STEAM DYE WORKS, Raleigh, N. C.

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### THE "LADY RICHARDSON."

I met Maj. Backus, of Fairbanks Post No. 17, Detroit, Mich., during the twenty-ninth G. A. R. encampment at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11 to 14, 1895. The following letter is in reply to one I sent him regarding the gun, Lady Richardson, captured by the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Ninth Arkansas regiments, Oct. 3, '62, at Corinth, Miss.

W. G. WHITEFIELD, Thirty-fifth Alabama, Rust's Brigade, Lovell's division.

DETOUR, Mich., Oct. 6, 1895. Sergeant W. G. Whitefield, Paducah, Ky.

Dear Sir and Comrade: On my return from Chattanooga and Columbia, Tenn., I found your welcome letter and I assure you that it was one of the most pleasing results of this trip. You are right, "the blue was mixed with gray," and soon the gray will predominate. Last Monday night I took the liberty to read your letter before the post and asked for information. It would have done your heart good to have heard those bluebellied Yanks cheer that letter. This week I have visited several people whom it was thought would know something about the battery, but have not succeeded in doing much as yet. I find that both Battery B and C were there on that date. Battery B lost four guns and fifty men at Shiloh and had two guns in action attached to a Missouri battery on October 3. Battery C was in action at the same time and was stationed near the Memphis and Charleston depot. It got too hot for them there and they fell back, but I do not find that either battery lost any guns at that time.

Maj. Audt, of Battery B, is away from home just now, but on his return I will see him. I will also try to see Comrade Safford, of Battery C, and Crouch, of B. I think that I shall be able to get at the truth of the matter soon. Now, comrade, I will say that I had a glorious trip and I feel that we of the North have been surprised at the cordiality on all sides, and I feel that the men of the South were equally surprised to have us come with outstretched hands and words of good cheer. It has broadened the views and begun an era of good will that should unite us and enable us to resist encroachments of any foreign power. My comrade there should be, no North, no South, no East, no West—only a union of States—one and indivisible. I will write you again as soon as I get the information desired. Yours sincerely,

H. A. BACKUS, Sergeant Major Fairbanks Post No. 17, G. A. R.

The following letter was received by W. G. Whitefield in answer to an article of inquiry in the National Tribune and is self-explanatory: URBAN, Fergus Co., Mont., Oct. 3, '95. Sergeant W. G. Whitefield Paducah, Ky.

Dear Comrade: Your article in the National Tribune of July 11th, 1895, has been read with much interest. I was glad and proud to hear from one of those brave men who fought against me at the battle of Corinth on the 3d and 4th of October, 1862. It is thirty-three years ago to-day, but it is fresh in my memory still. Dear comrade, you wanted to know what battery that the Lady Richardson, a twenty-pound Parrott gun, belonged to. (The ten-pounder I know nothing of.) She belonged to Battery D, First Missouri light artillery, and was commanded by Capt. Henry Richardson, but at that railroad crossing where you fought us we had only one section, two guns, Lady Richardson and Lady Carpenter. This section was commanded by our brave and noble Lieut. Outter. My dear comrade, you would never have gotten the Lady R. from us but for the cowardice of the wheel driver, a Swiss by the name of Oifer. He did not belong to our battery, but he and ten more—all alike themselves—were attached to our battery after the battle of Shiloh from some Michigan battery. When you charged us he (the coward) jumped from his horse and ran. That left the wheel team without a driver. The horses ran away with the limber, struck a tree and broke the pole. Consequently we could not limber up a gun, nor we could not pull it by hand, as you were too close to us. The dare-devil who kept running and shooting at you and you at him was the writer himself and you will find enclosed with this letter his picture. I don't think I could make as good a record running to-day as I did on that day thirty-three years ago. I was the last man who left the Lady Richardson for I was trying to spike her, but I had not time to do so, for you were entirely too close and the bullets

### came too thick after me.

When I left the gun, I picked up a musket and cartridge box belonging very likely to some poor dead or wounded infantry man and commenced retreating in good order but still fighting and firing. On my retreat there was not one of our men with or near me so I covered our retreat single handed. Please tell me through the National Tribune or by letter who that officer was that led your regiment and the Ninth Arkansas regiment. The last shot we fired out of the Lady R. we loaded the gun double and trained it on him and he must have been killed. I have often wondered who that brave man was and would be glad to know his name and rank. My wife sends her best regards and many thanks for not having killed me, for if you had killed me thirty-three years ago she would have had no dear-olive-to-day. If you will watch the National Tribune you will find an answer to your article. I will close for this time hoping to hear from you again soon.

I am truly your comrade,

W. M. CREUTZMAN.

OPENINGS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Messenger has again and again urged upon our people the necessity of diversifying industries and going into manufacturing on a wider scale. In this State there are openings and business localities for such industries as canneries, tobacco factories, wood working factories, furniture factories, roller flour mills, spoke and hub factories, chair factories, starch factories, soap factories, foundry and machine shops, tanneries, shoe factories, knitting mills, stove factories, wagon and buggy factories, sash, door and blind factories, sauff mills, broom factories, steam laundries, seed, oil and meal mills, shirt and pants factories, cheese factories, brick works, saw mills, crockery manufacturing establishments, creameries, ice factories, harness factories, file factories, pottery works, wooden ware works, cotton mills, woolen mills, agricultural implement works, lime kilns, barrel and hoop factories, terra cotta works, paint factories, button factories, saw mills, electric light plants, tiling factories, clock making and other industries, not herein named. Stock raising is also open and can be made profitable.

Then the climate is the best, the lands produce well when properly cultivated, the people are kind and hospitable, lands are cheap and abundant, water power is unrivaled, grapes grow almost everywhere and the finest of apples, pears, peaches, figs and berries can be grown. Then there is a wide and uncultivated oyster field, with opportunities for a great business in fishing. It is the small industries that pay and build up. Remember that, Little Connecticut is very rich today from her numerous and well conducted small industries.—Wilmington Messenger.

### FOR SUPERSTITIOUS MOTHERS.

These may be interesting to superstitious women: Monday's child is fair of face. Tuesday's child is full of grace. Wednesday's child is born of woe. Thursday's child has far to go. Friday's child is loving and giving. Saturday's child must work for a living. But the child that is born on the Sabbath day, is bonny and happy and wealthy and gay. Is bonny and happy and wealthy and gay. Of the month in which one is born it is said: If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but of good temper. If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and a tender mother. If in March, generous and impulsive, but apt to be headstrong. If in April, inconsistent, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking. If in May, handsome, amiable and likely to be happy. If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous. If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper. If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich. If in September, discreet, affable and much liked. If in October, liberal kind and of a mild disposition. If in November, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.—Exchange.

"Now," began the orator, "in considering the money question, let us avoid false issues."

"Right you are," shouted Mr. Fall.

"I thought I was buying \$3,000 of 'em once, and it turned out to be sawdust."—Indianapolis Journal.

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

## Royal Baking Powder

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### DELICATESSEN SMACKS.

### Who Know How to Sell Goods?

Were the men who keep delicatessen stores born with their lips smacking? If not, they must have acquired the habit soon after birth, or they would not be able to throw so much emotion into the smack as they do when they are pointing out the savory qualities of the various articles in the stores. The delicatessen man has a watery eye, a rubound cheek and a mouth that seems to taste everything he has for sale. He takes a long carving knife in his hand and delicately touches with its point a piece of boiled ham.

"Very good," he says confidentially as he looks from you to the ham. "The best ham I ever tasted. (Smack.) Try a piece of this."

He cuts off a thin slice some two inches square, and as you put it into your mouth he smacks his lips to give it a flavor and looks at you expectantly with his liquid eyes. Should you say you don't care much about the ham he looks mildly hurt and digs up a piece of cheese from a silvery covering, letting off a volley of smacks as he does so.

"There," he says, "that is a piece of honeysuckle from age, made among the mountains of Afghanistan, with a dash of the bouquet that was so much in demand in Turkey in the days of the great Ali Bey." (Smack.)

He says all this with solemnity, though you know he is inventing the whole story, and gives you a piece of cheese that curls up the edge of the cheese knife with its strength as he smacks his lips and seems to think you should be carried away by the delicacy. You are almost, for it is strong enough to carry away anything, and he sees that it is not a success.

But he is not baited, for he brings out pickles from half a dozen wooden bowls, with an average of three smacks for each bowl, and hands the samples to you in a saucer, requesting you to "just taste that pickle, and I'm sure you will say it is delicious." (Smack.)

The delicatessen man has a way of saying "Delicious!" that is almost as satisfying as a Delmonico feast, and you know, when you taste the pickle while he smacks his sympathy, that it cannot be as good as his "Delicious!"

The pickle is really very pleasant, and you buy a dime's worth of it, while he smacks his way to the pile of paper in which to wrap the wooden dish and smacks as he gives you 40 cents in change out of your half dollar.

You take up your pickle, but the delicatessen man has not done with you yet. He smacks over a highly spiced jar of funny shaped fish and then cunningly leads your attention to some preserves, and some salad dressing, and some aromatic vinegar, and some fresh tomatoes, and some particularly good coffee that he has just bought that morning, as he tells you, and what with the whiffs of different things and his smacks and his seductive talk, by the time you leave the store your arms are full of odd packages and he has that first half dollar and another one as well.

He smacks you "Good afternoon," and as you go out you say to yourself, "That delicatessen man is too much for me." Of course he is. He is too much for anybody when he knows his business and can put in the smacks at the right moments.—New York Press.

### A Very Thirty Dog.

A young Wisconsin man, so the tale goes, owned a dog of mongrel breed which had added to its one great undesirable quality of low birth the more offensive one of the mange. The young man determined to sever his connections with the animal, and with that end in view he secured a large washtub and put staples in the inside of it, with ropes attached to them, to securely hold the dog and keep its head under water. He caught the dog just as it came in after a long tramp in the dusty roads. The doomed animal was preparing to slake its thirst at the hydrant when its master grabbed it and tied it down in the tub. Then he turned on the water and let it run until the dog's head was totally submerged. He couldn't hear to see the poor brute suffer, so he went away for a quarter of an hour. He came back, expecting to find the dog dead. Strange to say, however, the dog was very much alive. There was no water in the tub. Neither was there any leak in it. The dog had simply quenched his thirst.—Philadelphia Record.

### Her Choice of Books.

"So she rejected Herbert and chose Will!"

"Yes. They both did their best to please her. She has literary tastes, you know, and Herbert sent her a beautifully written volume of poems."

"That should have made a good impression."

"It did. But Will showed her his carefully edited bankbook."—Washington Star.

### DENONCED THE TILLMAN PLAN.

### Senator Irby's Speech on the Suffrage Question.

COLUMBUS, S. C., Oct. 31.—The great fight between Senator Irby and Senator Tillman on the suffrage question was opened to-day by a speech from Senator Irby attacking the report of the committee.

He said he would stultify himself and the cause of the people of South Carolina if he would vote for any discrimination against poor and illiterate men. He was not an ingrate who would accept the highest offices in South Carolina for the poor and illiterate white men, and then trample them beneath his feet, this trampling being plainly aimed at Tillman. Irby said that he would vote with the negroes against the Tillman plan as long as it had an educational and property qualification. He denounced the plan as a political iniquity, and declared he never would betray the people who gave him office. While denouncing the Tillman plan, he offered no substitute.

### Moral With Intellectuals.

It is absolutely necessary that both intellectual and moral natures should be well disciplined and elevated if you would have a well rounded character. A purely intellectual creature is really but half a man. We all know from observation that if a man's intellect only is trained and his moral qualities are neglected, that they remain undeveloped and defective, and we have a being who is capable of working great injury to himself and to humanity. The prisons of the world contain many men of fine educations. The European Nihilists and Anarchists are often men of learning and ability. A man with a stunted, deformed moral nature is not only a willing victim of vice but he is often pestiferous in his influence. He may be a Byron in genius and yet work evil in thousands of minds and hearts. Educate the heart while you educate the mind, and the combination of forces and developments may place before the admiring eyes of the world a Washington or a Robert E. Lee, a Newton or a Boyditch, a Milton or a Tennyson, a Wesley or an Edwards.—Wilmington Messenger.

### Some Pertinent Points.

If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up.

If a rock rises up before you, roll it away or climb over it.

If you want money, earn it.

If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it.

Don't be content with doing what another has done—surpass it.

Use time well, and you will get from his hand more than he will take from yours.

Deserve success and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket nor go down like a bullet from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires.

It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel-horse; if the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.—Catholic Columbian.

### Urging Rebuilding of the University.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Oct. 30.—A meeting of the University Alumni held here to-night adopted resolutions urging the Legislature to rebuild the University and appointed a committee to memorialize the Legislature and call a conference of all the Alumni and friends of the University throughout the State to meet in Richmond, December 11th, to urge the matter upon the General Assembly of Virginia.

### When the Negro Was Created.

The Mexican Indians, as well as those of most of the Central American republics, have a superstition to the effect that the negro was made before either the white man or the Indian or even before the sun was created. They account for his color by declaring that he was made and dried in the dark. Their own race, they say, was made in the morning of the first day between daylight and sun up. On this account they delight in a term which they apply to each other and which signifies "dawn people." The white man, "who fears darkness and cannot stand heat," was made, according to their belief, at noon on the first day of creation.—St. Louis Republic.

Let the memory of those over-sights by which we have suffered instruct us, for though past moments cannot be recalled past errors may be repeated.—A. de Musset.

### Person County Courier

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