

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WALTER CLARK, R. T. CLARK, Raleigh, N. C. Halifax, N. C.

CLARK & CLARK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties. March 10 14.

W. R. KITCHEN, W. A. DENN, KITCHEN & DENN, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Notland Neck, Halifax Co., N. C. Practice in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Jan 18 14

THOMAS N. HILL, Attorney at Law, HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining Counties and Federal and Supreme Courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. Aug. 28-a

W. H. DAY, W. W. HALL, DAY & HALL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. Jan 20 14

SAMUEL J. WRIGHT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSON, N. C.

Practices in the Court of Northampton and adjoining counties. sep 15 1 Y

GAVIN L. HYMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims collected in all parts of North Carolina. Office in the Court House. July 4 1 Q

R. O. BURTON, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax County, and Counties adjoining. In the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts. Will give special attention to the collection of claims, and to adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators and Guardians. dec 15 14

J. M. GRIZZARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12 14

E. T. BRANCH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ENFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12 14

JAMES E. O'HARA, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe and Nash. In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts. Collections made in any part of the State. Will attend at the Court House in Halifax on Monday and Friday of each week. Jan 12 14

ANDREW J. BURTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax, Warren and Northampton counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. Jan 17 14

JAMES M. MULLEN, JOHN A. MOORE, MULLEN & MOORE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of North Carolina. Jan 11 14

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878. NO. 13.

HOW I LOVE YOU.

You ask me how I love you, dear? I love you very, very true.

Beyond our feeble earthly sight, Behind the soul's deep mystery, Love dwells—no mortal light.

Some wondrous inspiration wrought On poet's golden-lettered pages, That strikes the master-key of thought,

And rolls in music down the ages, For only can the poet's art Interpret to the listening throng, The glowing language of the heart,

And so, dear heart, I may not tell How all my life is thine—nor why— Only know I love thee well,

With love that cannot change or die; For, when the heavenly day has dawned, And earthly things have passed away, In the immeasurable years beyond, My love will still be thine for aye!

WHY SHE WORE DENIM DRESSES.

BY ELSIDORA. Many years ago, in a quiet New England town, where I often had occasion to visit, I met a quaint specimen of humanity, in the form of an uncle's second wife.

When I became old enough to notice her peculiarities, I was curious enough to question my mother on the subject. She wore short, denim dresses, a long, straight apron and no collar.

Her hair was drawn as possible, and her constant companion was an old clay pipe. She had dark skin, coarse features, and I thought her a very disagreeable person; for she was constantly scolding the children.

My curiosity was more than usually excited after one event in particular, for she had company, and I noticed that she used remarkably good language, which to me did not seem to correspond with her general appearance.

When I arrived home, I asked my mother what kind of a woman Aunt Anna was. "Why?" said she. "Why, she puzzles me so. She dresses so ridiculously, and yet she seems to know how to be a lady."

"Yes, she does," said my mother. "I do not think that she takes the right course. What, what is the matter with her?" said I.

"She has never told me her history. I have heard that she was once a teacher, and that now she has a chest of fine clothes put away which she never uses."

"Why, mother! then I know she has had some great trouble, and if I was not afraid of her, I would ask her to tell me her history."

"I hardly think she would tell you, for she is very reticent."

"To every one, mother, except Cousin Mary. She seems to like her better than any one else; now don't you believe that if Mary and I should tease her that she would tell us about herself?"

"Perhaps she would, I think she likes you both; I have heard her say so," said mother.

"Sometimes, then, when Mary and I are both there, I am going to get Mary to ask her; it will do no harm will it, mother?"

"N, I think not. When your uncle's wife died, he was left with four small children, and his father and mother were quite old. As he had the charge of them and the farm, he felt under the necessity of supplying her place as soon as possible. He visited some friends in a distant town, and while there engaged himself to a lady of superior education, it was said, and in six months from the time his wife died, he was married. Your grandmother did not like her at first; she thought her proud. But she seemed to treat her kindly, and she got over her dislike in a measure, yet she was never very well pleased with her. I have often been there and found her crying; and when I asked her the trouble, she only said, 'Anna has such work with the children, and she was so ignorant about housework, things were in a constant broil all the time.'"

At the time our story commences she had been several years, and had three children of her own; most of uncle's children were away. Her children were sunny, unruly, and neglected, I thought. The washing for the family was generally done by herself; but the clothes, when dry, were brought in and piled upon the bureau, without folding or ironing, and there lay until needed for use. She scolded most of the time, except when the children were asleep, then she would seat herself by the fireplace, her pipe in her mouth, her elbow upon her knees, and in this position she appeared to be thinking.

I asked her one evening what made her smoke, and she answered,—"It is all the comfort I have!" "I told her I should think that was poor comfort."

"Oa, well," she said, "if you knew, you would not blame me." Uncle, I noticed, had very little to say. I thought him the most unsocial man I ever met with. Perhaps he was not naturally so; but I scarcely dared to speak to him. The next time that I visited my grandparents I found Cousin Mary there, and a-keed her if she had ever heard Aunt Anna's history.

"Well, Mary, after she gets the children off to bed to-night, let's go in and ask her. I have noticed that she is more willing to talk, at such times."

"Well, we will," said Mary. "Aunt had had an unusually hard day's work, and she was cross, but we determined to try her. We waited until all was still, then went and seated ourselves in the kitchen, determined to win her favor if possible; though our hearts beat in doubt and fear. At last Mary ventured to say,—

"Aunt, I believe you have had trouble sometime in your life, haven't you?" "Yes, is that any of your business?" "That was not very encouraging to two impatient girls, we thought; but we didn't like to give up, so I said,—

"Oa, aunt, I am sorry you are so tired; I wanted you should tell us a story." "A story! what do I care for stories? I want to rest."

"Well, will you tell us one to-morrow night, if we will help you about your work, so that you will not be tired?" said Mary.

"Why, yes, if I can find one that will suit you," said she. "Well, you can, for we only want the story of your life," said I.

"That is the hardest story of all, to tell; but in hopes that it may do you girls some good, perhaps I may consent to do so. You will be the first ones who have ever heard me allude to it."

We went into the kitchen the next morning, and helped her bake, and took the clothes from the bureau, and ironed them, and cleaned up things as much as we dared to; and I know she appreciated it, for I never saw her look so happy before, and she said,—

"It does seem more home-like to see things neat and clean; but I always think there is no use. I get so discouraged; I never have a kind word and no one seems to know whether I do well or ill. But perhaps, if I had some one around me who was cheerful, I might throw off a part of this feeling of loneliness."

Evening came, the children were asleep, a male was in grandpa's room, as usual, and we all sat down by the fire place, ready for the story.

"Come, aunt, you have had all day to think how to begin, and we are all ready to listen," said I.

"Well, girls," she began, "I have no doubt but you think it very strange that I dress as I do, and that I smoke; perhaps I have no excuse, but to my story. I was born in South Hampton. My parents were wealthy and aristocratic and I was not brought up to work; but having an abundance of energy, I thought I should like teaching. There was a vacancy in a seminary a few miles distant. I applied for the situation and obtained it. For several years I kept the position. While there I made the acquaintance of one of the teachers, and in due time became very much attached to him. We were very happy, as those who are in perfect sympathy, always are; growing more and more intimate, as time passed.

"Two happy years we lived, when he was called away to a distant city, to his father's affairs, he being in poor health. He came to me and told me that we must part; that he must go home, perhaps not to return to the school. I was very sad. How could I live without him? He told me anew of his love, and that he should so arrange matters that he could ere long come for me, and I should be all his own. He promised to write often, and entrusted me not to forget him in his loneliness; that my letters would be the only sunshine in his pathway.

"He left me, and I felt that all was blank; teaching had lost its charms with me, when he was not there. I received two loving letters from him, then they grew colder and faintly ceased altogether. What did it mean? I knew that another man was trying hard to win my affections, but I paid little heed. He then told me that I was to live with another, and that was the reason that he could not win my regard, and I told him it was true; he then said it was little use for that person. I did not understand him, and was too angry to inquire his meaning. Yet I did not mistrust him at the time, though I did not like his persistence. I learned afterward that he had written anonymous letters to my lover, telling him that I did not care for him, and was in the habit of receiving the attention of other gentlemen. Had I known this at the time, I could have rightly matters; but I was proud, very proud! I thought he had no right to doubt me, and I could not believe that he had a good reason for treating me in such a manner; so I wrote him telling him that if it was such a task for him to correspond with me I would excuse him. Soon after I heard that he was married. My health failed, vacation came, and I went home. My parents thought my labors in school were too hard for me, and they insisted upon my leaving the seminary, which I did. I avoided society, and my parents sent me into the country for my health. A beautiful place among the mountains was selected, where I spent the summer, but I was far from happy; and while there made a rash promise to myself—I was then thirty years old—that I would marry the first one who offered himself, and have something to take my attention.

"While there met I a widow in search of a wife. Widowers generally let their wants be known. I was recommended to him, and he visited me. I did not like nor dislike him, and when he asked me to marry him, I said, yes.

"I had three weeks to get ready. I hardly knew what was doing, and I was dining, and was very unhappy. I had the impression on my mind that there was something wrong—that possibly the rumor in regard to Thomas was untrue. The time came; we were married in church. During the ceremony I glanced about and encountered the gaze of my old lover. He was as white as a sheet. I nearly fell. But I summoned my pride to my aid, and the deed was done.

"We started immediately for his home, and oh, such a home! you see it now—was just like this—but I am used to it now. I learned after my marriage that Thomas was not married, but had heard that I was, and stopped writing. My new home and the knowledge of the mistle-ke I had made were too much for me, and for weeks I was prostrated with fever, and could do nothing but cry.

"Remember, girls, I had no experience in house-keeping. This kitchen was my home, where I must cook, and eat, and sit; and I had four children to care for. Yes, I had found employment to be sure, to draw my trouble. Where should I begin?

"When I got well everything was in disorder. The children and husband had done the work. The oldest girl knew something about cooking—I must learn of her. She soon grew to be so saucy to me because I did not do things as her mother did, and I became discouraged; I had gotten myself into a bad place and must make the best of it, learning to do all kinds of housework. I got some cloth and made me some clothes suitable for my surroundings. I was hard for me at first, to lay away my fine clothes but what use were they here?

"They thought me proud; they should think so no longer. I had no one to hear my complaints, so I plodded along. My health was not good, and after I had two children I learned to smoke. My husband, though not unkind, was no company for me. So I love my pipe. The oldest girl grew so disagreeable her father sent her away.

"Yes, it is true I have a box of clothing packed away. To-morrow, I will open it for you; it has not been opened for ten years.

"Now, girls, my advice to you is—don't marry without love! It has destroyed my life. Do not let your pride get the mastery over you. Be humble and patiently await the result. Had I not been so rash, two lives might have been made happy."

My aunt dropped her head, and said,— "Good-night, girls, that is all."

ONE ILLUSION LESS.

Theories almost without number have been invented to explain why young ladies do not snore. Mr. Darwin thinks that no one snores unless she sleeps lying on her personal back, and that inasmuch as girls always sleep curled up after the custom of cats, they could not snore even if they were willing to descend to such a depth of baseness. This explanation is perfectly worthless. Mr. Darwin's assertion as to the position in which girls sleep is a mere assumption. He has no evidence to support this assumption, and in the nature of things it is impossible that he should have any, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. Mr. Huxley pretends that the proximate cause of snoring is a relaxation of the muscles of the face. "The tightness with which the female back hair is twisted prior to sleeping"—remarks this bold but too speculative naturalist—"prevents the relaxation of the muscles of the scalp and face, and hence renders snoring impracticable. This is a beautiful provision of nature and shows us that the back hair is not merely an ornament, but like every other work of nature, serves a high and holy purpose." If Rev. Joseph Cook had read these remarks, with what joy would he have proceeded to tear Prof. Huxley's argument to tatters. To say that girls do not snore because their back hair is tightly twisted, is to ignore the fact that the back hair is always detached and lying on the back of a chair whenever its owner prepares for sleep. How then can it exercise any possible influence upon snoring? Like Mr. Darwin, Prof. Huxley is a very able man so long as he confines himself to extend animals, but when he undertakes to discuss girls, he falls into abysses of error. Apparently, he is perfectly unaware that back hair is detachable. "Get thee to a snore," Prof. Huxley said and learns the true nature of back hair before building theories upon a better basis than your own ignorance.

While learned men have thus vainly sought to find why girls do not snore, it does not seem to have occurred to them that perhaps girls do not snore after all. Oa what is the universal belief that snoring is exclusively a masculine vice based? Exclusively upon purely girlish testimony. Every girl claims that she does not snore. It is plainly her interest to make this claim, and she well knows that no one can produce evidence to contradict her. The truth is, this fancied freedom of the fair sex from the loathsome and unparadiseable practice of snoring has no substantial foundation, and a recent census has conclusively shown that girls both can and do snore. The world may, perhaps, be slow to believe so unwelcome an assertion, but there is at least one young man late of Clinton, Ill., who knows to his sorrow that it is true.

This unhappy young man was engaged to one of the fairest daughters of Illinois, and was introduced by her parents with the precious privilege of conveying her to Oaklough, where she intended to visit her father's bailiwick—Mrs. Johnson, with slightly reddish hair, and a drop in her left eyelid. The train in which the young people traveled started late in the afternoon and arrived in Oaklough early the next morning. The first part of the journey was delightful. The young man heaped peaches and prize packages, and illustrated papers, and fresh figs, and other railway delicacies upon his beloved, and felt that he could travel on that train for eighty months without even wishing to get out and stretch his legs. Evening, however, arrived, and about 6 o'clock the young lady in a low tone and with a slight blush remarked that she must "retire," and that perhaps her lover would like to go into the smoking-car for a little while. He was, of course, familiar with the Western dialect, and at once understood that she wished to go to bed, and that her delicacy forbade her to indulge in that recreation while he was in the car. Accordingly, he bade her good-night and departed, after which she went to bed and drew her mid-night curtains around her.

An hour later the young man, who also had a berth in the sleeping-car, entered and was appalled to find that some one was snoring with tremendous violence. He cared little for his own ears, but he was indignant that the slumbers of his beloved should be disturbed by this rude and wicked snorer. He soon found that his indignation was shared by nearly all the other passengers. They found it impossible to sleep, and the language in which they expressed their views was forcible and sometimes extremely inge lous.

The young man was unwilling to content himself with mere words, and resolving that the object of his affection should know that he was watching over her slumbers, announced in a loud tone that he would wake the snorer up without further delay. Accordingly, he approached the berth where the wretch was lying, drew aside the curtain, and without trying to dim the light to perceive the snorer's features, shook him violently by the shoulder, and in a loud voice, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself. The miserable made a sleepy and inarticulate reply, but ceased to snore, and the young man, feeling that he had accomplished a great work, sought his own berth and composed himself to sleep.

The calm was deceptive. In a few minutes the snoring recommenced louder than ever. Soon a general call was made by the passengers upon the

young man who had already stored his desire to protect them. They begged him to get up and kill the wretch, to throw a bucket of cold water over him or, at least, to drag him out of the floor. B-having that his beloved was awake and waiting for his response, he sprang up determined to earn her gratitude and the admiration of the passengers. With great boldness he caught hold of the snorer's ankles and abruptly dragged the guilty person out of the berth. This time the snorer was thoroughly awoken, and, with a loud shriek, sprang to his feet. Before she had time to plunge back into her berth and wrap herself with the remains of the curtains, the miserable young man had recognized her as his own heart's idol, and she had also recognized him. Oa a scene so terrible and heart-rending let us draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that the most interesting music now in the Chicago Lyceum Asylum is a young man who constantly repeats "She snores! Great heavens she snores!" weeping meanwhile large and bitter tears.—N. Y. Times.

BROKEN HOMES.

Sad thoughts came crowding into my heart to-night; thoughts of broken homes, of cheerless hearth-stones, and of wistful eyes. Where can we find a home that is not broken? Where look upon an unbroken family circle? Alas! there are few such. Be the home a palace, or a cottage, be it the home of the rich, or the home of a day laborer, we seldom find that home unbroken. Some bird form is missing, some sweet voice which once made home echo with its joyous music, is hushed, and some bright eyes are closed forever.

We know not what gem it is that has dropped from your home's socket; even the smallest one is missed. The little one that has numbered but one brief summer is a precious link in the chain of loved ones, and if that link is severed it makes sore the heart, and leaves a broken home. I may be a kind father, who has been a loving guide through the years of youth. Now his little demands are done, not he; for all that you can do is to bid him to remember me. I perhaps is a kind, indulgent mother, who, ever-kind and weary with the burdens of this life, has gone to her rest. How little did you value her prayers and pleadings, her daily and hourly sacrifices for you; but now that you hear those prayers no more, you weep bitter tears, and sigh for her who once was the light of that now broken home.

If for happiness should roam, Where should I find it but at home? If I should go the world's road through, Where would I find a friend like you? If my heart found with grief and gloom, Who will participate like these? Or if oppressed with grief or care, Oh, who like you, will take a share? If you rise, dispart and shame, Should all be banded with my name? Would thy love cease? Al, never, no! 'Twill follow me wherever I go.

A mother's love will never cease, But with affliction will increase, A mother's love will never depart, Till death has stilled her beating heart. Home may be broken by the absence of a fair and gentle sister, or a noble brother. That sister may have left you for a new and untried home. Or perhaps, day after day, you have mark'd painfully the hectic dash on her cheek, the eyes an unstarlingly large and brilliant, and as you have sat by her, holding her thin, emaciated hand in yours, have turned away to hide your tears with fit you ever, at you thought of home—soon to be broken. That brother who was the guest of your home, come, may be roaming in distant lands, or pursuing his studies in some far-off city, surrounded by temptations to which he was a stranger at home. Or, he may have yielded thus early to the great respect, who spared not youth or beauty. Often in the twilight as you sit thinking of the past, the present, and the unknown future, do you seem to see the sweet, smiling face of that sister; but, alas! it is only a dream; a broken home is yours. Perhaps the "long blue sea" keeps some cherished one, who had bid you good-by with a sad heart and tearful eyes, to seek, for a few months, on her home, but who, on a wild night, found a grave beneath the rolling waves, while you, resting peacefully at home, were dreaming that home was not broken. Who are no more bright and happy, will be long realizing what it is to have broken homes. Each of us as we grow older, must separate from the loved inmates of home, and go forth into the world to find other hearts and homes.

We may be many miles from the old home, oceans may roll between, yet where ever we are, whether in the midst of city scenes, or enjoying the calm quiet of country life, our hearts will loudly linger on the dear, but broken homes of our youth.

THE BEST FRIEND.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, and plowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but isn't she sweetly beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eyes are dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you, than any other one upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight in which she cannot see you; or a never-to-be a prison whose bars will keep her out; or a never-mount a scaffold to hang her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsaken you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigure by voices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

A GENTLEWOMAN.

I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child, the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman; and all your words and actions should mark you gentle. I never heard your mother, your dear good mother, say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but my darling, it is a misfortune which having been insufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook.—Lord Cilligwood's Letters to his Daughters.

How much do I cost you. A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard to part with the pet of the family; the golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice, the truthful affectionate child. How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees beside his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not. "They will be done." It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sob's disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length. "What, my darling?" asked her father, striving for composure. "Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much do I cost you every year?" "Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But, please papa, how much do I cost you?" "To soothe her he replied, thought with a shaking voice. "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought maybe you would lay it out this year in gifts, for poor children to remember me by."

A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the joy of one noble spirit mingled with his like. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that he and his beloved were co-workers.

THE BEST FRIEND. Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, and plowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but isn't she sweetly beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eyes are dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you, than any other one upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight in which she cannot see you; or a never-to-be a prison whose bars will keep her out; or a never-mount a scaffold to hang her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsaken you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigure by voices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

Table with columns: SPACE, One M., Two M., Six M., One Y. and rows for One Square, Two Squares, Three Squares, Four Squares, Fifth Column, Half Column, Whole Column.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIGN PAINTERS.

Wanted in every section of the United States and Provinces to answer to advertisement. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

HAPPINESS OR MISERY, IS THE QUESTION!

Dr. W. E. Hoyt of 35 years successful practice guarantees speedy and permanent cure of all Chronic, Acute, Private, Syphilitic and Venereal Diseases, Spermatorrhoea, or self-cure at his Medical Institute, Acute & Chronic, opposite the City Hall Park, Syracuse, N. Y. Medicine sent to all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Don't be deceived by advertising quacks who through our large cities, but consult Dr. Hoyt or send for circular treating on his specialties to his P. O. Box 276.

LADIES, My great liquid French Remedy, AMIE DE FEMME, or Female Friend, is unrivaled in the cure of all painful and dangerous diseases of your sex. It moderates all excess, and brings on the monthly period with regularity. In all nervous and spinal affections, pains in the back or limbs, heaviness, fatigue on slight exertion, palpitation of the heart, looseness of sinews, hysterics, sick headache, white, and all partial diseases occasioned by a disordered system, it effects a cure when all other means fail. Price \$2.00 per Bottle, sent by mail. Dr. W. E. Hoyt, Box 276, Syracuse, N. Y. Nov 25 1 Y.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

You can easily increase your salary by devoting a very small portion of your leisure time to my interest. I do not expect you to canvass for my celebrated Beatty's Pianos and Organs unless you see fit; but the services I require of you in both pleasant and profitable. Full particulars free. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

ROCKY MOUNT HILLS.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C. January 1st, 1876.

We are now prepared to furnish the trade with SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, PLOW LINES and COTTON YARNS.

all of the best quality and at low prices. Our terms strictly net cash, 30 days. Address BATTLE & SON, Rocky Mount, N. C.

GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Virginia.

Prompt attention given to all consignments. Liberal Cash Advances made on Consignments.

LUMBER A SPECIALTY. REFERENCES: W. H. Smith & Son, W. C. Morrow & Co., A. Green, Norfolk, Va.; A. Greenblatt, J. W. Faucett, J. M. Mullen, Halifax, N. C. Feb 21 6 a

METALLIC BURIAL CASES FOR SALE.

Persons wishing Metallic Burial Cases can always obtain them by applying to one of the Store of Messrs. Windell & Emery. It is still keeping, as heretofore, a full assortment of the Very Best CASES, at the Very Lowest Prices. In my absence from Weldon, Messrs. Windell & Emery will deliver Cases to persons who may wish them. JAMES SIMMONS, Weldon, N. C. apr 4 1 Q

THE UNDERIGNED VERY

respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his extensive stock of domestic and imported liquors, to which he is still making additions and consisting of pure RYE AND BOURBON WHISKEYS.

French, Apple, Blackberry and Cherry Brands, Jamaica and New England Rum, London, Tom and Holland, Gin, Port, Sherry, Claret, Rhine and Five-year-old, Souperior Wine, Scotch and London Porter, and a very large lot of

RECTIFIED WHISKEY

which I am offering at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction. S. W. SPIDNER, JR., Weldon, N. C. apr 1 6 a