THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

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The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878. NO. 22.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. W. MASON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

GARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts.

June 8-tf

JOS. B. BATCHELOR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Practices in the courts of the 6th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts. May 11 tf.

WALTER CLARK, E. 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 16 tf.

W. H. KITCHEN. W. A. DUNN.

KITCHEN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

Scotland Neck, Halifax Co., N. C.

Practice in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. jan18 tf

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.

Practice 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 1 Q

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-tf

J. M. GRIZZARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. jan 12-1 c

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 12-6 1

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 12-1 c

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. june 17-a

JAMES M. MULLEN. JOHN A. MOORE.

MULLEN & MOORE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Halifax, N. C.

Practice 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 1-1 c

I'LL KEEP A KISS FOR YOU.

BY MALDEN VALENTINE.

No matter how the world may frown,
What sorrows round may fall,
If hearts are true unto the core
They triumph over all!
So let the wind blow cold and chill,
While others prove untrue,
I'll face the storm of cruel fate
And keep a kiss for you.

Though separated by decree,
Or by a sad mistake,
I'll try to overleap the breach
If only thou will wait;
And when the good time comes again
I'll not hereafter rue,
But hold unto the prize I gain
And keep a kiss for you.

And when we reach the golden strand,
To weep and sigh no more,
We'll kiss each other and go on
To bliss forevermore;
When fondest hopes are realized,
And heaven is in view,
I'll bless the hour I did resolve
To keep a kiss for you.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

"No, I cannot—I never will believe it," said little Jessie Pease, as she sat listening to the story her most intimate friend and companion was telling. "You never liked Charles when he was here, Sarah."

"That is quite true," replied Sarah Benton. Her bright brunette face wore a look that seemed to say she could give very good reasons for her prejudice against the lover of her friend. But a glance into Jessie's tearful blue eyes checked the words that were hovering upon her lips.

"And as you did not like him then, it is very easy for you to misjudge him now," Jessie went on.

"What was the date of his last letter?" continued Sarah.

"Oh, why do you ask? What can it matter? He has been very busy, and has written less frequently than usual, but I am sure he loves me still—I am sure he cannot be false. He is good—so noble—so affectionate."

Sarah took her by the hand.

"Jessie, you are an angel, or ever one at least. I've watched you going to the post-office and coming back empty-handed and sick at heart for five long weeks. You are too nice a girl by far to be allowed to break your heart for a scamp like Charles Remont. Why won't you listen to me? You know I have been your best friend ever since we were school girls together, and you ought to know that I would never tell anything to make you unhappy, if I was not very sure it was true. Why won't you believe me when I tell you that for the past three months he has been paying attention to the daughter of his employer?"

"Because, Sarah, if I do once believe it I shall break my heart, as you say," was Jessie's loth reply.

Sarah walked up and down the room for a few times, thinking deeply. Then she came close to her friend once more.

"I wish your mother had asked any one else to tell you," she said.

"My mother?"

"Yes. When I came home from New York and told her all that I had seen and heard, she begged me to tell you then, and I would not. Now this fresh news has come, she says I must break it to you for she cannot. I don't like to do it, Jessie; I'm not sure but that you'll hate me for it after I am gone."

"What news has come that my own mother cannot repeat to me?" said Jessie, turning very pale.

"We only got the letter this morning. It was directed to your mother."

"A letter! From Charles?"

"Yes."

"Where is it? Oh, why didn't you give it to me before? How could you keep it from me? If you only knew how I've suffered for the want of it!"

"I do know. So does your mother; and that is the reason why we did not give it to you at once," said Sarah, taking an envelope from her pocket.

"Stop, Jessie, let me tell you what it is before you open it."

But Jessie had already torn aside the envelope. She stared wildly at the cards enclosed.

"Cards! What are they, Sarah?"

"His wedding cards," said Sarah solemnly.

"Married! Charles is married, and not to me!"

The sweet, pale face grew paler still and the slight form swayed forward, and would have fallen to the floor if Sarah Benton had not caught it in her arms.

"She has heard the worst, and will get over it in time," she said to Mrs. Pease, who ran in, frightened out of her wits. "But if I were you I would send her away on a visit somewhere before that wretch comes here with his bride as they say he is going to do next month."

* * * *

Jessie Pease went away for a short visit to the seashore, as her mother wished and friends advised. She was young and romantic, and she certainly believed herself to be heart-broken. And so she made no acquaintances, and went down to the shore every day and set there to think of her lost lover until she bade fair to look like the very ghost of the pretty girl that lover had so heartlessly deserted.

One bright afternoon Jessie sat in her accustomed place. A gentleman came and sat down near her. He was tall, portly and handsome; a man of fifty, perhaps, who looked prosperous and wealthy, but who also looked very sad.

Jessie heard him sigh once or twice. That made her turn around to glance at him, for she felt just then the deepest sympathy for any one who was in trouble. They both colored deeply as their eyes met. The gentleman rose and lifted his hat.

"Miss Pease! I'm surprised to see you here!"

Jessie was even more embarrassed than he was. Judge Hunter was their neighbor in her native village, and the richest man there, and after having lived a widower for ten years, he had surprised her one day by asking her to marry him. She had refused him as kindly as possible, for at that time her heart was full of Charles Remont. They had never since met, and to meet thus was sufficiently awkward for them both, as may be supposed.

"It is like a fate," said the judge his eyes fixed upon her burning face. "I went away from my home to try to forget you Jessie, and I've not been able to try to do it. I was thinking of you only a few moments ago."

"Were you?" sighed Jessie.

A hundred wild fancies were whirling through her heart and brain. Chief and foremost among them all was the thought, "Charles will bring home his bride within the month; if I choose I can enter the village church on the same day, before them, as a bride."

And she did choose.

"Did you hear me—did you notice that I sighed, Jessie?" exclaimed the judge. "Ah, my dear girl, I've done nothing but sigh ever since the day when you told me you could never be my wife. You little know how unhappy your decision made me."

"I am very sorry," said Jessie softly.

There was a long silence. The judge took her hand. She did not withdraw it.

"Don't you think you can take back the answer you gave me on that day?" he asked coaxingly.

"Yes," said Jessie, looking far out to sea.

* * * *

Jessie had her wish granted. She walked as a bride before her lost lover and his bride, when he entered the village church, on the day of his first visit to his home.

Judge Hunter, when he introduces his friends to his lovely wife always tells them with pardonable pride, that she "married him for love."

So in truth she did. But it was for love of her own pride. She made him an excellent wife, however. No one knows the truth except Jessie her mother and Sarah Benton. These three women, strange to say, have kept the secret faithfully between them, and will keep it so to the end of their lives.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

BY JENNIE HERBERWAY.

How often the question arises, "Why are there so many unhappy marriages?" What kaleidoscope in life has produced such a complete revolution in the married relation? Such a decided change! Is it not that many marry too young before the character has been developed, or properly formed? When they are more pleased by the eyes and senses than the mind and heart, or that some persons marry for beauty, without the other attractions to keep the times enkindled, or the all-powerful love of money. Some marry for intellect without hearts, and vice versa, and not having the proper balance wheel there must necessarily be discord and deficiency in the scales of reason.

Beauty in the abstract does very well; money is a consideration, but should be secondary, not primary, to secure permanent happiness. How seldom we meet, at the present age, two persons who live happily together until the golden wedding, or when the silver threads begin to mingle, and chain the darker locks for their own. A blending of heart and mind should produce the proper harmony, as "reason is the flower of the mind," and as heart cannot be chained it will, like water, run to meet its level.

Reader, are you happy in your married relations? Do you adhere to the promise to remember the marriage vows? If you are happy, rejoice and be glad; if not so, ascertain the difficulty and endeavor to remedy it. Be ready to meet each other half-way, or even venture three-quarters way, if necessary. Has God given you finer sensibilities than the chosen one—bear with him, and sturdy the higher nature. Do you possess a nature more calm and amiable,—bear with her, and in a quiet loving manner, let your influence waft its sway over like a gentle breeze on a summer's day. Are your faculties in a better state of cultivation—be ever ready to impart to her and be grateful for your advantages, and try to develop one or more of the ten talents she may possess. Young men, do you intend to enter the portals of matrimony? Look well before you leap; do not be carried adrift by a passing fancy, for you will find it as evanescent as the morning dew. Sturdy the character of the lady you intend to marry, for she is to become the mother of a future generation, the head of your household, partaker of your joys, the sharer of your sorrow. Bear with each other, that the sparks of your love may be kept in a steady blaze. And you who are unhappily married, remember that you have yet time to kindle from the slumbering embers some light of other days.

OLD AGE.

Growing old gracefully is an art in which few study to acquire perfection, and yet how beautiful is age with the grace and tenderness that properly belong to the autumn and winter of life. There is a poetry that should linger about and crown it with respect, reverence and admiration. The latter days should be set to quick, pleasant music, and only soft, sweet notes should ripple from the heart, where it is yet springtime with all its cherished associations.

Old people deserve a sunny niche in the household; their loving faces should be framed in the memory, dearer and clearer than the gems that come from the artist's brush which call for admiration. Their deeds of mercy and loving kindness, of patience and endurance through trials, of thoughtfulness for others and sympathy in the hour of need, should be printed on the heart in characters that will never grow illegible. If their hearts have been full of kind humanity and sweet friendliness and generous acts, then the coming night should be gemmed with the stars of affection and devotion. Would they drift back with the tide, we often ask? Perhaps, if they could only redeem the errors of youth, could only stem the breakers more courageously and nobly, and make of life a richer poem. If their lives all the way through have been set to the music of high thoughts, noble aspirations and brave deeds, then the blossoms of admiration and honor should be laid daily at their feet by kindly hands.

To the old, the rush of early memories comes back like the lost notes of a song they once loved. They delight to live over the past; for them the meadow daisies grow again, the yellow dandelions are plucked with fearless fingers, the running brook murmurs no music sweeter than that they once knew in their hearts, and the fragrant clover-blossom breathes only the perfume of a vanished June. They carry with them always the poetry and sweetness of remembrance.

About those who grow old gracefully, there lingers forever the freshness and tenderness of youth. The silver hair wears "Time's gathered snows." The foolish, baffled, hopes of mere worldly ambition fade away before the infinite longing for things higher and holier, and those upon whom they depend there come verses which never can be written, of sympathy with sorrow, resignation in affliction, cheerfulness in disappointment, and the sweet faith that helped to overcome all obstacles. We oftimes smile at their odd fancies, and wondering why they cling so closely to little keepsakes and treasures of the past; they may be but links on the chain of Times, that carry them back to a more golden dawn.

Old age is full of study. It has battled with life so long, and grown weary so often over its broken ambitions, its repeated failures, its vain hopes. They often forget the world once held for them so many aspirations; as they drift silently toward that unknown shore the rapture of that "strange, beautiful song" of youth seems only a dim reality, half-forgotten.

The sunset hours of old age are filled with gleams of fading pictures, tinted with roseate clouds or shadowed with tears; but if it be a season of contentment, restful and cheerful, it always wears a gracious coloring, the dew of its sweet influence rests upon our hearts; and we insensibly yield admiration, reverence and love to the unconscious charm of peace, repose and serenity that crowns beautiful, graceful old ages and gives it a poetry grand and tender and sweet.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL FACED DEATH.

The Howard County (Ky.) Advertiser thus touchingly tells how a dear little girl faced death lately in that vicinity.

"Willie, a bright little daughter of Mr. T. W. Walton, died recently at her father's residence, near Roanoke, in the seventh year of her age. Little Willie had been sick a long time, yet she bore her affliction with all the patience and fortitude of one much older. On the day of her death she called her little brother and sister around her and divided among them her toys. She lingered until seven o'clock in the evening without the least apparent change in a perfectly conscious condition, talking to those around her. She counted the strokes as the clock tolled seven; and, when it had finished, she turned to her father, and said: 'Pa, I will never hear the clock strike again; give me an apple.' The apple was given her, and after eating a piece of it she began talking of dying, expressing a great aversion to being put under the ground after death. She was assured that only her body was buried—that the spirit left the body, and went to Heaven. This seemed to give her great relief, and again addressing her father she said: 'Is ma watching for me in Heaven?' And on being assured that she was, she said: 'Turn me over then, and let me die.' She was tenderly turned on her side, and spoke no more. The clock tolled eight all the same—but little Willie never heard it—she was dead.

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a head capitally executed."

WHAT ARE YOU AT HOME?

Strolling around among some members who live on the suburbs of our town, I found two boys playing marbles. The boys played a different game now from what I used to play. We had a ring, with a big marble in the center, and to plump that out from taw was to win the game. Now, they have a straight line with two marbles, and "play for keeps." I always stop to talk with boys, and I stopped to have a chat with these. I told them how we used to play, and they told me how they play now.

"Well," said I, "boys, you don't play for keeps, do you?"

One of them cut his eyes at me in a moment, and said—

"Ain't you Joe Hooper's pa?"

"Yes," said I, "but how did you know it?"

"You can't get him to play for keeps. He says it is gambling, and that his pa say so."

I was gratified to hear such a good account of one of my boys from a stranger, for it is not always so. But that boy's recognition of me through my little son set me to thinking. He was not at all like me in person, but when I began to denounce a certain game as sin, the intuition of that strange boy led him to know me as the father of his playmate. Isn't it often the case that our children are but reprints—a kind of pocket edition—of ourselves? As they sit around the fireside and hear us talking; as they ask us questions and receive, sometimes, an inconsiderate answer; as they watch our indoor life, when we are not on guard, and draw their inferences, are we not holding a most solemn position, and unconsciously giving tone and taste and character to those who, of all others, ought to concern us most? You are rich; your children may inherit your riches. You are poor, but your children may be rich. You are talented, and your children may inherit your talents. But you cannot convey to them by will your education, or your principles, or your religion. These are to be impressed upon them, not by one act, but by the constant, persevering efforts of your daily life. But, under "the grace of God," they may become, and they will become, what we most we most desire them, and in nine cases out of ten will be reprints of ourselves. Let us learn, then, to "show piety it home."

HER PAPA'S GRAVE.

A little girl, with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood, clad in a dress of chintz, that hung all awry, loitered behind as the great, dusty crowd moved out of the gates of Mt. Adna the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and done honor to the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes filled with a far away look of tenderness, until the last one had disappeared and the rattle of the drums had died away. Then she turned and vaguely scanned the mounds that rose about her, clutching still tighter the fading bunch of dandelions and grass that her chubby hand held.

An old man passed by and gently patted her curly head, as he spoke her name, but she only shrank back still further, and when he told a passing stranger that the little one's father was one who went on a battle field and never came back, there was only a tear-drop in the child's eye to tell that she heard or knew the story.

When they were gone she moved on farther to a neglected, empty lot, and kneeling down she packed up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it down and smoothed it with her chubby hand:

"This won't be scrawfully big as the others, I guess, but it'll be big enough so that God will see it and think that papa is buried here."

Carefully she trimmed the sides with the stray grasses she plucked, murmuring on: "And it may be it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years; and then may be papa will some time come back and ——"

But she paused as though it suddenly dawned upon her young mind that he rested where the Southern breezes whisper "unknown," and the tear-drop that sprang to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grasses on the mound she had reared.

When the sexton passed that way at night as he went to close the gates, he found the little one fast asleep, with her head pillowed on the mound, and when he roused her she started and looking dreamily around her for a moment, and then smilingly faltered:

"Yes, I'll go home now, for God says he will watch papa's grave."

CHRISTIAN LIFE AT HOME.

I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be; and then, when the cannon balls, and the marbles and shots, and even the grains of sand, are all in the box, even then and there will be room for those little deeds of love and faith which in my Master's name, I seek of you who love his appearing. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the apostle's words, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

CONTENTMENT.

BY LEOLA GLENWOOD.

Contentment is a jewel rare,
By very few possessed;
Oh, that 'twould find a dwelling-place,
Within my troubled breast.

The modest little violet,
Content in forest shade,
To waste its fragrance on the air,
To wither die and fade.

Surely, 'tis a gift of heaven,
Contented with one's lot;
If rich or poor—through weal or woe,
Dweller in palace or cot.

INDEPENDENT ACTION.

How useless it is to rely for happiness on "the world." If you would pass through life in the easiest possible manner, shrink from nothing in itself virtuous and rational. Venerate only that which is inherent and changelessly right.

Released your mind from the trammels of conventionalism, and suffer no other restraint upon your acts than that imposed by conscience and the Bible, so will you insure a sweet immunity from countless petty cares and annoyances. Acquire an ever-increasing strength of character, and build on a firm and duriable basis that inward respect for yourself which is incalculably more to be valued than the changeful approval of artifical people.

A WONDERFUL FLORIDA SPRING.

One of the greatest curiosities of the sunny South is the Silver Springs, Florida. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile country in the State. It bubbles up in a basin nearly one hundred feet deep, and about an acre in extent, and sending from it a deep stream, sixty to a hundred feet wide, and extending six to eight miles to the Oclawaha river. In the spring itself sixty boats may lie at anchor. The spring thus forms a natural inland port, to which three steamers run regularly from the St. John's, making close connection with the ocean steamers at Palatka. The clearness of the water is truly wonderful. It seems even more transparent than air. You see the bottom eighty feet below the bottom of your boat, the exact form of the smallest pebble, the outline and color of the leaf that has sunk, and all the prismatic colors of the rainbow are reflected. Large fish swim in it, every scale visible and every movement distinctly seen. If you go over the spring in a boat you will see the fissures in the rock from which the river rushes upward like an inverted cataract.

NEW WAY TO RETAIN SUBSCRIBERS.

An indignant subscriber to a newspaper went into the office a few days ago and ordered his paper stopped because he differed with the editor in his views on subsoiling fence rails. The editor conceded the man's right to stop his paper, and remarked, coolly, as he looked over the list:

"Do you know Jim Sowers, down at Hardscrabble?"

"Very well," said the man.

"Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that Timothy was a good thing to graft on huckelberry bushes, and he died in less than four hours."

"Gracious! is that so?" asked the astonished farmer.

"Yes; and you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle creek?"

"Well, I've heard of him."

"Well," said the editor, gravely, "he stopped his paper because he was the happy father of twins, and we congratulated him on his success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There's lots of similar cases, but it don't matter; I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there's a bad color on your nose."

"See here, Mr. Editor!" said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, "I believe I'll just keep on another year, because I always did like your paper, and come to think about it, you're a young man, and some allowance orter be made," and he departed satisfied that he had a narrow escape from death.

HEAVEN.

"When I was a boy I used to think of heaven as a glorious golden city, with jeweled walls, and gates of pearl, with nobody in it but the angels, and they were all strangers to me. But after awhile my little brother died; then I thought of heaven as that great city, full of angels with just one little fellow in it that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew there at that time. Then another brother died, and there were two in heaven that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the number of friends in heaven grew larger all the time. But it was not till one of my own little ones was taken that I began to feel that I had a personal interest in heaven. Then a second went, and a third, and a fourth; and so many of my friends and loved ones have gone there that it seems as if I know more in heaven than I know on earth. And now, when my thoughts turn to heaven, it is not the gold, and the jewels, and the pearl that I think of—but the loved ones there. It is not the place so much as the company that makes heaven seem beautiful."

Have any of us lost dear little baby brothers and sisters, too young to learn about Jesus here? We shall find them in heaven. Did you ever think of this: that there are more children in heaven than there are grown people? It is so. Do you ask me how I know it? I will tell you.

It is very well known that more than half of the people born into this world die while they are children. But Jesus takes all little ones to heaven. He taught us this himself when he took them in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them, saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

A member of a church in Vermont desiring "a man from the Lord," prayed in this wise: "Send us not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his gosling-hood; but a man with all the modern improvements."

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Thr M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	5 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	8 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	36 00	40 00
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	65 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIGN PAINTERS

Wanted in every section of the United States and Provinces to answer this advertisement. Addres,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, N. J.

Dec. 1tf

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Dr. W. E. Hoyt of 35 years successful practice guarantees speedy and permanent cure of all Chronic, Scrofulous, Private, Syphilitic and Female Diseases, Spermatorrhœa, or self-abuse at his Medical Institute, Agan & Cheney Block, 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 throng 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 unfailing 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, lowness of spirit, hysterics, sick headache, whites, and all painful 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.

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REFERENCES: W. H. Smith & Son, W. C. Marrow & Co., A. Wrenn, Norfolk, Va.; A. Garribaldi, J. W. Faucett, J. M. Mullen, Halifax, N. C.

feb 21 6 n

METALLIC BURIAL CASES FOR SALE.

Persons wishing Metallic Burial Cases can always obtain them by applying to me, at the Store of Messrs. Winfield & Emry. I am still keeping, as heretofore, a full assortment of the Very Best CASES, at the Very Lowest Prices. In my absence from Weldon, Messrs. Winfield & Emry will deliver Cases to persons who may wish them.

JAMES SIMMONS,
Weldon, N. C.

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THE UNDERSIGNED 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 WHISKIES

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

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which I am offering at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

S. W. SELDNER, Ag't.
21 Roanoke Square,

april 6-a