

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1879.

NO. 15.

THE ROANOKE NEWS
ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Thy M.	Six M.	One Yr.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	45 00
Four Squares,	10 00	20 00	40 00	60 00
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	30 00	60 00	90 00
Half Column,	20 00	40 00	80 00	120 00
Whole Column,	30 00	60 00	120 00	180 00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

EDWARD T. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
mr. 20ly.

H. SMITH, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and the Supreme Court of the State. Jan 16 1y.

W. HALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
may 11y.

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 1y.

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 1y.

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,
ATTORNEY 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. Jun 29 1 Q

M. KRIZARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

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

DR. E. I. HUNTER,
SURGEON DENTIST.

Can be found at his office in Enfield. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22 1y

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 1c

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

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

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 12-1c

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

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Fitt 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 1c

MULLEN & MOORE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Fitt 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 1c

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

We publish the following lines which have been handed us, they were suggested by the negro exodus:

I want to be a nigger,
And have some kinky hair,
I'd never learn aigger,
Nor never know a care.

I'd wash my hair in many a kink,
And pass my days in joy;
And if I had my choice, I think,
I'd be a nigger boy.

No more I'd chop the cotton,
No more the corn I'd plant,
But all old friends forgotten,
I'd shout for 'General Grant.'

If this were really the happy case,
Instead of writing stanzas,
I'd be with others of my race,
On my way to Kansas.

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

I had spent a night in a sleeping car, a day in a saddle, a night in a stage, a half a day doing business, half a day in bed, and was, after supper, enjoying a cigar and a newspaper, in the reading-room of the Redwood House, Fayette, Ind. The newspaper was uninteresting, or else I was rather sleepy—and I guess it was a little of both—so that I soon neglected it, to watch the fantastic curling of the smoke from my fine flavored cigar. I didn't feel much like talking, and felt still less like reading; but I did feel as if I would like exceedingly well to hear a good story.

I had barely come to this conclusion, and commenced wishing for some one of my acquaintances to amuse me till the time was up for the train which was to take me to Indianapolis, when I recognized, in the person who sat next to me, a fellow-traveller in the sleeping-car of the night before.

He, too, had laid aside his paper, and was apparently, like me, watching the smoke of his cigar, and wishing for absent friends to keep him company.

He was a very agreeable-looking fellow, with a clear, gray eyes, light hair, sandy whiskers, and smiling mouth. In deed, he had so much the appearance of the man that I would like to hear tell a story, that I thought Dame Fortune had smiled upon me, when he recognized me with a genial, "How d'ye do, stranger?"

I returned his salutation, and asked him some common-place questions about how he had enjoyed the ride we had together.

He said something in reply about the runnings being too fast for the poor track; and from this the conversation ran upon fast traveling in general, for some time. At last I remarked, that sixty miles an hour was the most speedy traveling that I had ever done. Whereupon my friend informed me, with a pleasant but knowing smile, that he had traveled considerably faster than that, and, in fact, faster than he had ever heard of, besides. Of course I was anxious to know where, how, and when he had done it; and, after the modest assurance that he feared his tale would not be interesting, my friend relieved my anxiety by relating the following story:

"I am a railroad engineer. Away along in fifty-seven, during the great panic, I was running on the F. & C. R. The railroad companies were going under, in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures; and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was generally looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any fears that it would fail to survive the general smash-up. But yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down; arrearages collected; and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got into a rather deeper water than was agreeable all around. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first quality Taunton engines for the fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations was made to cut down the time, and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before, when the new engines should come. Well, there was but one of the engines came.

"I said there was but one engine came; but she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out of the Taunton Works; and that is saying as good as can be said in praise of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine.

"It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was to take a special train up to Y—. The train was to carry up the president, and several of the officers of the road, to meet some officers of another road, which crossed ours there, and arrange some important business with them.

"I had no trouble at all making my forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just holding up at Y—, when Aldrich, the treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we were yet under good headway, he was very much injured, and was carried off to the hotel insensible.

"According to the president's directions, I switched my train, turned my engine, and stood ready to start back to C— at a moment's notice.

"Aldrich's presence was of so much importance, that the business could not be transacted without him; so all those I had brought out, except the president and Aldrich, went back to C— on the three o'clock express train. This

was the last regular train which was to pass over the road until the next Monday.

"Early in the evening I left the machine in charge of my fireman, and went over to an eating-house, to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was playing a game of dominoes with the station agent, when in came Roberts, the president, in a state of great excitement.

"'Harry,' said he to me, 'I want you to put me down in C— at twelve o'clock!'

"As it was nearly eleven o'clock then and the distance was seventy-five miles, I thought he was joking at first; but when we got outside the door, he caught me by the arm, and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"'Harry,' said he, 'if you don't set me down in C— by twelve o'clock, I am a ruined man, and this road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead; but he told me, before he died, that he had enticed from time to time, five hundred thousand of our money; and his clock is to start with it, on the twelve o'clock boat, from C— for Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning, to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands; and if you put me down in C— at the right time, so that I save the money, you shall have five thousand dollars. Understand it, Harry? Five thousand dollars!'

"Of course, I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down; I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and told Roberts as follows:

"'See that you do it, Harry!' he replied, as he climbed up on the steps of the coach which was coupled to my engine.

"I sprang up into the foot-board, got up the switch-tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle and just as she commenced moving, looked at my watch—it was just eleven o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in.

"From Y— to C— there were few curves on the road; but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it; so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter; and when I saw how the engine moved, I felt very little fear for the result.

"The road, for the first miles, was an air-line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy, posing myself up, as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we reached by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out, and having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time! yelled a voice from the coach. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand. 'I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means, if we carried out our plans of reaching C— by midnight, and I looked anxiously around, to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at one hundred and ten pounds; so I turned down the valve to two hundred, for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C—.

"It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed to be a rather long curve, at the station, but which was, at our high speed, short enough, I looked at my watch; and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"'Gaining!' I shouted back to Roberts, who was yet standing on the platform of the coach.

"'Look out for the heavy grades,' he replied, and went inside the car.

"The next six miles rose gradually from a level the first ten and a half feet grade the last, which lay between us and the next station. My fireman kept her full; and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually; so that she kept her speed, and passed the station, like a streak of light, in five minutes.

"Now came nice miles like the last; over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven and a half minutes.

"Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around, and saw him filling the tender from the coach with wood which had been placed there before starting, while he was gone after me.

"I believe we would have made this ten miles with the same speed as before; but, through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain-valve, on the left-hand side of the engine, got opened, and the water rose in the boiler so fast as to run the steam down to one hundred pounds, before I discovered where the difficulty lay.

"At first, Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as if for dear life. But, presently, he looked up; and, seeing that the speed had decreased, he shouted: 'Harry, we are stopping!' and then coming over to where I was, he said, 'Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I be-

lieve we will come to a dead stand if something is not done. The speed is continually decreasing! What is the matter?'

"I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and, after having tied down the safety-valve, he climbed back over the tender-exhorting me to 'put her through, for God's sake, or we are all beggars together.'

"Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road; but we had lost nearly ten minutes' time, and had left only twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-four miles in.

"I had shut the water off from my pumps, a little distance back, when I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam freely down a slight grade. From less than one hundred, with which we started over the ten-mile stretch, she had two hundred pounds before we finished it; and the gauge indicated no higher than that, and the valve was tied down. I could not tell how much over two hundred pounds she carried, but she certainly carried none less the rest of the journey. And well might she carry such an enormous head of steam; for, after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay ten miles of five-foot up-grade, and fourteen miles of twenty-foot-to-the-mile depression between us and C—, and it was now eleven o'clock and forty-seven minutes.

"Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace door, smoke arch, and chimney, all were red; while the steam seemed to fly onward as if the very Evil One himself operated her machinery.

"Six minutes carried us over that ten miles; and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C—.

"Now we had fourteen miles to go, and my time showed eleven o'clock and fifty-three minutes.

"'If I live,' said I to myself, 'I will make it.' And we plunged down that twenty-foot grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run, said that it was soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by, and then the sound of its traveling died away in the distance; that they could hardly convince themselves they had really seen anything. It seemed more like the creature of a wild dream than a sober reality.

"And now let me tell you, that no engine ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, seven feet in diameter, spun around so swift that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along; and although the track was as true as it was possible, for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts, that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine could hold together if crowded to a greater speed.

"Well, just as I came to a standstill in the depot at C— the big click boomed out twelve, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time and nothing to spare."

"And he saved the money, did he?"

"I asked, when I saw that my friend had finished his story.

"Yes; he found it hid away in some old boxes as Aldrich had directed him."

"If you are the passenger for G—," said a waiter, "the 'bus' is ready."

So I thanked my friend for his story and bade him "good-bye."

ORIGIN OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

The bombardment of Baltimore commenced at eight o'clock on the morning of September 13, 1814, and continued twenty-four hours. The garrison at Fort M'Henry saw the flag of truce carried during the bombardment by the small boat in which Francis Scott Key visited the British fleet to obtain the release of his friend, Dr. Beanes, of Prince George county, Md., who had been made a prisoner of war and was on board one of the ships, where he was detained until the firing had ceased. On the cessation of the bombardment Mr. Key was permitted to leave the enemy's ships and was rowed to the fort, bearing with him the song of the "Star Spangled Banner," which he had composed during the watches of the night. Soon after he landed the rough draft of the verses, as he had just written them down on the back of a letter while coming ashore in the rowboat, were handed around and some of the garrison made copies of them. Judge Nicholson, the captain of the artillery company, and Mr. Key had married sisters and the Judge seems to have been the first person to whom the author showed the verses. The same night at his hotel in Baltimore Mr. Key wrote out a fair copy of the verses as they now stand, and the next day gave a copy to Judge Nicholson, who had the song published, and it was sung publicly for the first time shortly afterwards in the Holiday Street Theatre. Col. Cohen was very distinct in his remembrance that the song was copied by some of the soldiers at the fort, and no doubt it was shown to Judge Nicholson there.—Baltimore Sun.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it may be a saint; that boasts of it is a devil.

JIM RIDLEY.

BY MAX ADELER.

He took his seat beside me in the car, and in the course of conversation, it came out that he was on his way from Omaha to New York, with the corpse of a friend of his, the body being in a box, in the baggage car.

"Perhaps you didn't know Jim Ridley?" said the stranger. "He is the remains in there among the trunks?"

"No; I wasn't acquainted with him."

"He was a singular man. We were old friends. Jim had only one eye; lost the other when he was a boy. And ever since I knew him he used to carry around a flat Russia leather pocket-book full of glass eyes."

"What for?"

"Why he was a particular man, and he had different kind of eyes for different occasions. First thing, when he got out of bed, he'd mount his 'early morning' eyes. It was made expressly for him, and it had a kind of drowsy look. Along after breakfast, when he felt brighter, he'd slip that out, and put in his nine o'clock eye. Then, maybe, if he was going to call on a lady in the afternoon, he'd slide in his sentimental eye; it was full of tenderness and expression. He had it cast for him by a man in Ithaca, New York, and when he had it adjusted at the proper focus, it said 'I love you,' as plain as if it could talk."

"I should have liked to have seen it."

"Yes, sir. That eye caused Jim an awful amount of trouble. He was sued for breach of promise thirteen times, because various women came within range of the Ithaca eye. And then, you know he had a mournful eye for funerals, and a fiery eye for fights, and a soft blue eye for the family circle. And Jim would occasionally get off upon a spree, and drink too much, and look haggard and bad. Then he would put in his bloodshot eye, to match the other one. He imported that dissipated eye from Dresden. As an artificial illustration of the fearful consequences of the use of ardent spirits, it was worth a dozen temperance lectures."

"Did intemperance kill him?"

"Oh no! It is curious how he came to his death. You know he moved on to Nebraska, and settled in a town there. Well, about a week after he arrived, the sheriff seized the cemetery and put it up for sale for a debt, and Jim bid it in a trifle. It was a beautiful site, and he concluded to build a house on it. While they were digging out the cellar, Jim discovered that something or other in the soil had petrified every body in the graves."

"Petrified them?"

"Turned them into solid stone! So, Jim being a practical kind of man, and building material being scarce, what does he do but begin to lift out the remains and to build up the walls of his house with them. They were tough as granite, and when he had rubbed a chap down with sand, so as to square him up and make his edges even, Jim would dab some mortar on him and lay him in the wall. He worked four of the Carter family into his baby-window; the foundation was composed principally of Banpards and Littletons, and two of the Lillegrasses were used in cellar to show up the joints in the floor."

"That was original anyhow."

"Old Mrs. McSorley was chipped off and set in as a kind of stringer on the Northeast corner; and Jim had the handsomest door-step I ever saw. It was a light pink, and he made it by dressing down an old settler, named Bangs, with a chisel. The chimney on the west gable was worth looking at, too. He bored a hole through William G. Skinner from the head right down, and ran the flue up and out at the top into a kind of a sheet iron hat."

"You didn't mention, though, the cause of his death."

"Well, you see, people were very much excited by Jim's conduct in utilizing their relations, and everybody feared there'd be trouble. But things went along quietly enough until one day Jim set out the late President of the Board of Public Education on the pavement in front of his house, for a hitching post. Jim put an iron ring in him and got the mason to cut him down some, for he was rather a stout man, and Jim had a suit of clothes painted on him. So the next day the president's son, Joe Pinyard, called and said he wanted his parent removed and treated right; and Jim refused, and so they went from one thing to another, until Pinyard cut with a pistol and shot Jim dead. So now his house is for sale and I'm fetching his body along home to his family."

Just then the train stopped, and as the stranger stepped out for refreshments, I went into another car to think about Jim. He was a remarkable man, that is certain.

COMICALITIES.

The favorite uniform of the Zulu warrior is a belt and a cartridge box.

The Canadian rower is bigger than the British lion.—Chicago Tribune.

Bayton has challenged Dr. Garver to shoot the St. Lawrence Rapids with him.

It is when a school girl first puts an e to the word ley that the spell begins to work.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Barnum has sent off for a couple of Zulus with which to start a zoological garden, probably.—Galveston News.

A STRANGE TRADITION.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the great spirit made earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time, the water agitated by the first had become muddied, and when he bathed he came up copper colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out dark in color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the three packages; and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man peas, ink and paper, the engine of the mind, the means of mutual mental improvement, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

A GOOD JOKE.

SISTER AND A MOTHER IN LAW PREVENTING A MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN A MARRIED COUPLE, AND THE RESULT.

The Allentons (Pa) Chronicle says: A joke is told on a certain gentleman, which is too good to be lost. Our friend, who shall be nameless, purchased a pair of pants a few days ago, which, upon being tried on at home, were found to be too long. That night he remarked to his wife that he wished her to take off an inch from each leg, which would make them the desired length. Being found, as a good many wives are of teasing her husband, she told him "flat-footed" that she shouldn't do anything of the kind, and he retired flustered without having obtained a promise from her that she would attend to the matter. Soon after he had left her room, however, she, as a matter of course, clipped off the superfluous inch as she had asked to do. The family is composed of six fine leg members, in addition to the "good man," and it chanced that each one of the five, who were in adjoining rooms, including the mother of our friend, heard the dispute between man and wife about the pants, and after the latter had taken out the required inch and retired, the old lady, desiring to "keep peace in the family," and not knowing what her daughter-in-law had done, cautiously slipped into the room and cut off another inch. In this way did each of the five ladies, all unknown to the other, and all with the praiseworthy object of preventing any misunderstanding between the married couple, clip an inch from the legs of the gentleman's trousers.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

all unconscious of what had taken place during the night, rolled up his pants in a piece of paper and took them to the tailor to be shortened to the desired length. Upon a hasty glance the latter ventured the opinion that they were already rather short, but the owner was too well posted on that score, and insisted that they were fully an inch too long. The tailor had no more to say, and our friend retired. On the following Saturday he called for the pants and took them home, and the next morning, when he came to put himself inside of them, he was supremely disgusted at finding that the legs reached only a trifle below the knee. In other words, they had been altered to the fashion of a century ago, when knee-breeches were in vogue. He straightway accused the tailor of having ruined his pants, and his indignation was expressed in language anything but mild. His wife heard him and came to the rescue of the Knight of the Shears, explaining that she had taken an inch from each of the legs, and her acknowledgment was followed by that of each of the other five ladies, when it was discovered that altogether the legs had actually been shortened to the extent of seven inches.

THE CRUSHED SERENADE.

(San Francisco News Letter.)

Young Bilkins went to serenade his girl on Van Ness avenue. The amateur orchestra, of which he is a member, had hardly squeaked out the two bars of "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," when the second story window went up and old Boggs, Amelia's father, stuck his head out and remarked:

"Is there no way of compromising this thing?"

"What—w—what!" gasped Bilkins.

"I say, can't we make some arrangement to get out of this matter. How does \$1 and an old gas stove strike you?"

"Why—this—is this a serenade," exclaimed Bilkins.

"Exactly; so I see. Now, suppose I were to stand the beer and car fare all around, wouldn't you go out in the suburbs somewhere work off the rest of it in front of some deaf and dumb asylum or other?"

"Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated the crushed lover.

"I should think you would be, hitched to the end of that big trombone. Don't point it this way, for heaven's sake; it might go off."

"Come down here and say that, like a man," roared the big drum, who was full of Bismarck and fury. "You baldheaded old peacock, come down."

"I—I—think we had better—better go, as it were, boys," murmured the mortified Bilkins, and the disgusted band walked sadly off, scornfully ignoring Boggs' parting injunction to reform and lead better lives, after the thing blew over.

A weak mind is like a micrococcus, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE.

WORKS,
WELDON, N. C.

JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor.

—THE—

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