

One Year, in advance, \$2 00
Six Months, " " 1 00
Three Months, " " 75 cts.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

R **H. SMITH, JR.,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and the Supreme Court of the State, Jan 16 1y.

D **W. H. DAY, A. C. ZOLICOFFER,**
DAY & ZOLICOFFER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts, including two parts of North Carolina. One of the firm will always be found in the office. June 21 1y.

J **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 1f.

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 8-4f

T **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

J **M. BRIZARD,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12-1 e

D **R. E. L. 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 1f.

E **T. BRANCH,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAMPDEN, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12-6 1

A **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

G **AVIN 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 e

J **JAMES E. OHARA,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAMPDEN, 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 e

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-15-1f

M **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 1-1 e

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1879.

NO. 23.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

They were parting at the gate—
Man and maid!
Still he tarried, although late,
Lingering much to learn his fate,
Yet to ask it half afraid.

"If I only knew," said he—
"Only know,"
"Let me give advice," said she—
"Make a will lest of me;
I can be of help to you."

"Ah! I know that," answered he,
"With a sigh,
"Now I guess it all," cried she,
"You're to love, I plainly see,
And afraid to tell her, 'Fie!'"

"You're a witch to guess so well,"
Answered he,
"I would like to have you tell
How to make a sick heart well;
Kindly now prescribe for me."

"Every part will cure a part,"
Low laughed she;
"You must find another heart,
Then your own will lose its smart—
Try this old remedy."

"Let us have your heart," he plead.
"No," said she,
"I have none." "No heart?" he said.
"Then I go uncomfited—
Mine a broken heart must be."

"It is yours," and laughed she low;
"Don't you see?
I prescribed it long ago,
Seeing that you suffered so,
What so blind as men can be?"

"Had I only known before,"
Whispered he,
"What a cure you had in store—
"You'd have suffered all the more;
Men are foolish things," said she.

WITHERED BOUQUET.

A gay party of young people were playing croquet upon the smoothly-shaven lawn of Godfrey Stanmore's aristocratic country seat.

The shining waters rolled at the foot of the lawn, and many a hard-bit ball sprang over the light iron fence, to float merrily down the sunny ripples.

Over the heads of the players stately trees met to shade them from the rays of the July Sun.

Ethel Stanmore, only child and heiress of this estate, was leader and chief promoter of all the gay meetings for miles around.

It was her ingenuity that contrived outdoor theatricals and tableaux, with natural scenery for background and wings.

It was Ethel who made up the most delightful picnics and the gravest of parties.

She was always discovering cozy little nooks for luncheons, tiny, half-hidden waterfalls for artists, berry patches for the girls, and brooks for the boys.

Nobody had such ferneries and aquaria, such mosses and hanging baskets, as Ethel.

She was pretty too, in a graceful, winning form, and was lively, good-tempered, and a little bit of a coquette.

Suitors were certainly not wanting to encourage this vanity, and the gay little lady flitted from one pleasure to another, certain of attention and devotion wherever she moved.

As she knuckled the croquet balls about on the sunny afternoon of which I write, one of the most devoted cavaliers, playing against her, was evidently much absorbed in studying the effect of green and gold, as illustrated by the little beauty's ribbons and curls.

He was a tall young man, broad-chested, strong-limbed, with curling brown hair and large blue eyes, and a month uniting strength and sweetness in a rare degree, so his disposition united a man's power with the spirit of a boy.

He could meet Ethel Stanmore upon equal ground of position, wealth and birth, and a very promising flirtation had sprung up between them.

Lookers-on wondered if this was to be a match, or only one of Ethel's amusements, and Harold Goldy himself set his teeth hard at some of the careless coquetries that boded ill for the success of his suit.

With all the strength of a nature that was sincere and earnest, in spite of surface merriment, the young man loved the pretty blonde, reading the sweetness of her disposition, and the sterling good qualities of her heart and mind, as yet untried by any of life's rough discipline.

He waited, hoped, and trusted that he could win the heart he coveted, and he sued for it with patient manly devotion, willing to give all homage to the weaker one, yet never cringing if sorely tired by Ethel's careless manner.

The game was over, and another was being formed, when Ethel pleaded fatigue, and ran into the house, leaving Harold fast bound by the mallet he had taken, believing she would be his partner.

In this wide, cool drawing-room the young girl threw herself into a deep arm-chair, and was half asleep before she detected a figure half hidden by the window curtains.

"Aunt Grace," she cried, springing forward. "I did not know you had returned from town."

"Two hours ago, dear."

"Why, auntie, you have been crying! You have heard bad news?"

"No, dear; no news of any kind."

"And you have my bouquet in your hand," said the young girl, in a wondering voice. "I thought you did not like tea roses."

"I found this on the table."

"Yes; Harold brought it to me, and I tossed it down here when we went to play croquet. I have had to dodge Harold all day, 'auntie,' she added, laughing; 'he is bent on making a proposal, and I am not ready for one.'"

"Oh, Ethel, my dear child, do not trifle with him. If you do not love him

dismiss him at once. Human hearts were never meant for playthings, and you may find, too late, your own braided and bleeding, I know the temptation youth, beauty and wealth are to a careless nature, for I was like you twenty years ago. Sit here, darling, and I will tell you why I was weeping over your bouquet of tea roses."

Ethel took a low seat beside her aunt to listen, and, after a moment's pause, Grace Stanmore spoke.

"I was about your own age, Ethel, nearly nineteen, when I met George Holmes, a young artist, whose name now has obtained world-wide celebrity. He was even then known as an artist of great talent and promise, and society opened her doors to receive him.

"I scarcely know how to describe him to you. Shy in manner, he could be won by interest in his subject to a complete self-forgetfulness, that would betray him into positive eloquence. With a gentle courtesy and modesty, he was yet manly and dignified when occasion required.

"I was then, like yourself, an heiress, petted and courted, and really believing in my own heart that I was little above the rest of humanity in virtue of my pretty face, my accomplishments and my well-filled purse.

"I had suitors and friends, and I flattered away their respect in more than one case.

"It gave me a pleasant sense of power to lead my lovers on to a proposal, and then mortify their vanity and crush their hopes by a refusal. A paltry ambition that brought its punishment, for it was not many weeks after I met him that I found I loved George Holmes with all the strength of my heart.

"He never flattered me, yet a word or look of approval from him would please me as no honeyed speech had ever done before. He was respectful to me as a woman, but never paid subservient homage to my position and wealth. I think he knew that I was not all the vain butterfly of fashion others believed me, and the thought of this roused all that was true in my nature.

"In his presence I dropped my vanity and coquetry, and tried to meet his own mental powers, and pure, high-toned conversation. His taught me some of the delight a knowledge of art gives to the sight of a fine painting or piece of sculpture.

"He trained my eyes for me till every flower, every sunset, every sight in nature acquired a new beauty.

"He guided me through higher walks of literature than I had attempted alone. He loved me and he won my love.

"Yet, during all the months of intercourse that bound our hearts together, George had never said to me: 'I love you,' and sure as I felt of his affection, I kept my own love hidden till some word of his gave me the guarantee to speak.

"It was not coquetry that kept me silent, Ethel, but the modesty of true, pure love.

"We had come to town for the winter, and I met George Holmes constantly, at home and abroad, when my uncle and guardian told me that the young artist had been offered a most desirable and lucrative commission for a painting that would require him to go to Italy for two, perhaps three years.

"I was sure he would speak then. It could not be that he would leave home for years, and give me no word of love at parting.

"We were preparing for a large party at home when the servant handed me a bouquet of tea roses with Mr. Holmes' compliments.

"I loved tea roses then, Ethel, and the creamy, half opened buds, the bright leaves, the deep-pinked hearts of the open flowers, all seemed smiling hope on me, as I sat in my room inhaling their perfume, and thinking of the giver.

"It seemed to me a promise of all I hoped and wished, that I should receive the lovely gift and amid my tender thoughts, I resolved to drop all my careless manners, all my flirting, heartless tricks, when I was assured this noble, true heart was all my own.

"Never was I more careful of my dress than on the evening of the party to which I referred.

"My choicest jewels, my richest silks, did duty for that occasion, and I dressed my hair as George liked it best, and wore the color he thought the most becoming.

"I was still at my post as hostess, receiving my fast arriving guests, as he came in.

"I saw, as he advanced to meet me, that he was very pale, and his eyes were fixed upon my face as if he would read my very soul.

"I smiled as I greeted him, my heart full of hope.

"He took my hands in his own, looked at them a moment, again searched my face with strange, wild eyes, and then abruptly turned from me and left the room.

"All through the long evening I watched for his return, but he did not come.

"When I was alone in my room once more, I took the bouquet from my dressing table, wrapped it in soft tissue paper, and put it in a box.

"Then with tears and sadness I put it away, as we bury our dead.

"I knew that the silent parting was a final one, though I could not guess its meaning.

"Yet I did not doubt him even then, believing some good reason existed for his silence, and waiting till time should

reveal the truth to me.

"I heard of his departure for Italy, and two years later I heard of his marriage.

"On that day I opened my box for the first time, to throw away the flowers I had no longer a right to cherish.

"They were withered away, and I saw for the first time what the flowers and leaves had hidden with such fatal security.

"Tied in the very heart of the bouquet was a letter and a diamond ring.

"He had written to me asking my love, and telling me his own, and he begged me if I could be his wife, to wear the ring when I met him in the evening.

"But the sting, Ethel, the punishment in that letter were words telling me he dared not speak to men face to face, because my reputation was that of a coquette, who laughed at her suitors when they offered their love.

"Yet he wrote that he thought me wronged, and begged me to prove to him I was not the heartless flirt society called me.

"And when he came to me, Ethel, I smiled in his face, and offered him my hand with no ring he had given up on.

"Do you wonder he left me believing all he had heard of my false heart and cruel coquetry? Do you wonder the sight and perfume of a tea rose has made my heart faint since the day when I discovered how it had hidden from me the happiness of my life?"

"I never saw George Holmes again. He is happy in Italy, with his wife and children, and I am an old maid for love of him, weeping over a bouquet of roses that reminds me of the past."

"Tear it apart," Ethel said in a low voice. "See if my fate is there!"

"No, darling, there is no ring here, no letter; but yet I tell you my story as a warning. There are fortune-hunters, I know, who will woo any rich girl, but they need not gain the triumph of debasing your heart by leading you through the mazes of a flirtation.

"Quiet dignity will soon teach them their hopes are in vain.

"Yet, if a true heart is in your grasp, do not play with it. Gently discourage it, if the plea is a vain one; if not, as you value your happiness, do not trifle with a love you return."

"But auntie, you were not to blame if you did not know the letter was hidden among the flowers."

"Not for that, but for the conduct that prevented George from speaking to me, for fear of heartless trifling."

There was a very grave-faced lady returned to the croquet ground, and Harold Goldy wondered what had happened while he was knocking the balls round with more energy than good-temper.

It disquieted him to see the bright face clouded, and he watched an opportunity to suggest a stolen rambble into the woods, hoping to secure an explanation of the cause.

What was said exactly history does not record, but Ethel whispered to her aunt, as she kissed her good night:

"The old ring is Harold's auntie. I did not let him bury his heart in a withered bouquet."

ARTS FOR HOME USE.

The immediate application of modern discoveries in science and art to the practical matters of life, and especially to domestic economies, is a prominent characteristic of our times. Some of our readers would be surprised to hear that a number of periodicals in this country and Europe are devoted to this purpose. From nearly all of these—published in all modern European languages—the readers of the Ledger are from time kept informed of the progress made in the direction indicated; sometimes in brief paragraphs, sometimes in more formal articles. In such matters on practical and home subjects, that will repay those who cut them out for preservation. We begin with a very homely article:

A substance called "Starch Lustre" is used for washing purposes which, when added to starch, causes the linen to which it is applied to assume not only a high polish but a dazzling whiteness. A portion of the size of an old-fashioned cent added to half a pound of starch, and boiled with it for two or three minutes, will produce the best results. This substance is nothing more than stearine, colored by a slight addition of ultra-marine blue, the essential ingredient being the stearine; and with or without the coloring matter, will be found to add very much to the beauty of linen articles to which it is applied. Stearine is to be had at any good drug store.

For the preservation of the lustre of articles of silver or plated ware, when not needed for actual use for a considerable time, a coating of collodion (to be had at the drug store), may be employed to great advantage. The articles are to be heated, and the collodion then carefully applied by means of a brush, so as to cover the surface thoroughly and uniformly. It is used most conveniently when diluted with alcohol, as for photographic purposes. Articles thus prepared exhibit no trace whatever of their covering, and have stood for more than a year in shop windows, and in dwellings, retaining their white lustre and color, while other pieces not thus prepared become seriously tarnished.

A material for fastening knives or forks into their handles when they have become loosened by use, is a much needed article. The best cement for this purpose consists of one pound of colophony (purchasable at the drug-gists'), and eight ounces of sulphur, which are to be melted together, and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with half a part of iron filings, fine sand or brick dust, and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated and inserted into the cavity; and when cold, it will be found fixed in its place with great tenacity.

Saw hats which have turned yellow may be bleached by the use of a soap prepared by taking any good soap prepared by means of common salt, and adding to it one-fourth the weight of sulphate of soda, previously rubbed into a mass with water, then drying the product. About equal parts, by weight, of water are to be poured upon this, and for every two pounds of soap, half an ounce of spirits of sal-ammoniac is to be added; and after the whole has assumed a gelatinous consistency, one part of the mass is to be dissolved in eight parts of warm water; smaller proportions of the foregoing will of course answer for a few articles. The objects to be bleached are to be washed by means of a brush in this solution, and transferred, while still moist, into water acidulated with hydrochloric acid; (twenty-five parts water to one-and-a-half parts acid), and allowed to remain a few hours in this liquid. They are then to be washed with fresh cold water and dried. Experiment has proved the results of this method of bleaching to be exceedingly satisfactory.

An excellent water-proof varnish, without alcohol, for various articles, is prepared by taking three parts, by weight, of pale shellac, one part of spirits of sal-ammoniac, and six or eight parts of water, and shaking them together in a bottle, and to be then corked up for twelve hours. This is then placed in an earthen vessel over a fire, and boiled, with constant stirring, till the shellac is dissolved. This solution replaces to great advantage the alcoholic solutions of shellac; and when mixed with twelve parts of water, with the addition of terra de stenna or ochre, can be used in the preparation of oil cloths. After a little exposure to the air the ammonia evaporates, and leaves a layer entirely impervious to and unaltered by water.

The same solution may also be used in various combinations of staining wood of a brown color, and rendering it at the same time water-proof. The applications in this direction will suggest themselves readily to our readers. It is an interesting fact, in connection with this substance, that it readily dissolves certain aniline colors, as green, yellow, blue, etc.; and it can thereby be employed for the purpose of imparting a brilliant and permanent water-proof color, and of imitating many articles, in decorative painting it replaces to great advantage the various glues and sizings usually employed, and which are so readily acted upon by atmospheric and other agencies.

Describing a Husband.

I cannot be satisfied my dearest friend bleed as I am in matrimonial states, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which was always in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure my almost bursting heart. My dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to regret the net, as my husband is a person of fine manners, and his husband is the most amiable of men. I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to regret the net, as my husband is a person of fine manners, and his husband is the most amiable of men. I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to regret the net, as my husband is a person of fine manners, and his husband is the most amiable of men.

A Model Love Letter.

The love I have expressed for you is false, and my indifference to you increases. The more I see you the more you seem an object of contempt, a scornful, scornful, and I might have had a price without the liberty I find in him. Adieu! be you as best as I'm unable to wish that I could be more happy.

Read the first lines and then every other only.

A Model Love Letter.

The love I have expressed for you is false, and my indifference to you increases. The more I see you the more you seem an object of contempt, a scornful, scornful, and I might have had a price without the liberty I find in him. Adieu! be you as best as I'm unable to wish that I could be more happy.

Read the first lines and then every other only.

THE GALLAGHER DIVORCE CASE.

BY MAX ADLER.

"My name is Gallagher," said the stranger, as he entered Colonel Brown's law office. "I called to see you about a suit for divorce."

"Take a seat," said the colonel.

"In the first place," said Mr. Gallagher, "I want to ask, can a divorce be obtained on the ground of general incompatibility?"

"I dunno," said the colonel. "I must ascertain the facts."

"Because if you can, I want you to begin sixty-eight divorce suits for me tomorrow, upon that ground."

"Sixty-eight!"

"Let me explain. You see, about four years ago I went to Salt Lake City, and I was converted to the Mormon religion. When I joined, Bishop Grubb said I ought to marry, and so I proposed for his six daughters, and we were consolidated at once. On the following Tuesday the bishop died. He left eleven widows. His executors pointed out that I might properly assuage their grief and get a firmer grip on the property by taking them out of their lonely condition. So I married them, and also pooled in two sisters of one of them, living in Idaho, and cousin of another—a cousin who was single, and had a cat in her eye."

"That made twenty, did it?" observed the colonel.

"Twenty." Well, then, the impression, your honor, so the twelve apostles at their next meeting sealed to me four widows and an old maid that were drifting about the setlement with no one in particular to look after them, and as I took the act goodnaturedly, why, on the following week, Bishop Knox got the apostles to pass over to me a job lot of his relations, including two aunts, and grandmother, and a second cousin, and Bishop O'Toole threw in a step sister, a mother-in-law and three miscellaneous orphans, who were related to nobody. So, you see, I was gradually getting quite a little family about me."

"I see," said the colonel.

"An then, your honor, if any unattached women would come along in emigrant trains, they were always ordered to be married to me, so that eventually, in addition to my other wives, I had gathered in two Welsh women, a Mexican, an old lady from the Sandwich Islands, three Peruvians, the widow of a Japanese scrobal, and a Kickapoo squaw. I scratched the heads of the church were a little hard on me, but I had to submit."

"Did you have a happy household?"

"I'm just coming to that. I can't say that we were perfectly congenial, our tastes differed so. The Bishop Grubb delegation, for instance would want carmelis for breakfast in the morning, when the fields from Peru were determined to have claims. Bishop Knox's detachment would insist on cleaning house at the very time when Bishop O'Foole's relations wanted to give a party. If the Sandwich Islander and the squaw wanted to boil a dog or two in the soup-kettle, there was always a fuss with the other women, and the Mrs. Gallagher who came from Japan used to make the rest of the ladies furious by turning somersaults in the parlor when there was company, and by standing on her head on the piano stool. As for washday! Well, one wanted it on Monday, and so on. It there had been thirty-seven days in the week, we should have had washing going on each of them."

"No unanimity, as it were!" observed the colonel.

"Precisely. And then Emeline, one of my first batch wives, had studied medicine, and she was always practicing upon the others. She introduced hooping-cough to the family in order to try a favorite remedy of hers. Imagine sixty-eight women in one house, with the hooping-cough! And then she put ipseum in their tea few weeks afterward, to see if it would give give them asthma; and it did. The whole crowd went around gasping for breath and I think the Mexican woman is probably about winded for life. I reconstrated with Emeline, but the very next day she tried to vaccinate the old lady from the Sandwich Islands by boring a hole in her elbow with a gimlet."

"Didn't mind you, eh?"

"No. And so one day, about three weeks ago, I brought home a poodle for Julia, one of the young ones. This looked a little live partiality, and of course the sixty-seven others wanted a poodle apiece at once. Now, I'm not able to pay a dog tax sixty-eight times a year, so I declined. I saw there was trouble brewing, and the next day when I came home every woman of them had a dog of her own; been out and bought them. They ranged from blood-hounds to black-and-tan terriers. I remonstrated, and then—well, the women began to cry, and that set the dogs to barking, and then Luenda went for Julia's back hair, and the other ladies joined in, and the dogs pretty soon began to engage in the controversies, and in a few moments what might have been a happy family circle was a good deal more like a copy of the battle of Waterloo. So I fled and took the first train for the East, and abandoned the morning religion permanently and what I want to know is if I have these sixty-eight marriage bands untied. Money is no object, so that I can get loose."

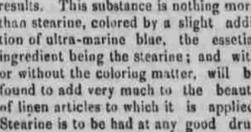
And Mr. Gallagher withdrew with the air of a man whose mind had been greatly relieved.—N. Y. Weekly.

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE WORKS.

WELDON, N. C.

JOHN N. FOOTE, Proprietor.

RICHARDSON COTTON PLOW



A SPECIALTY.

MANUFACTURER OF, AND GENERAL AGENT FOR,

FOR,

ALL KINDS OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

STEAM ENGINES AND COTTON GINS.

UNITED STATES STANDARD SCALES.

Everything in this line from a 100 TON Railroad Scale to the SMALLEST TEA Scale furnished at Surprising LOW Figures, a Platform HAY or STOCK Scale of FOUR TONS capacity for \$60.00 and Freight.

All kinds of

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

Furnished at SHORT NOTICE and at Petersburg or Norfolk PRICES.

I am prepared to do ANY KIND of Repair Work for

ENGINES, MILLS AND COTTON GINS.

As I have an Excellent MACHINIST and BOILER MAKER.

I keep constantly on hand of my own Manufacture a GOOD OFFICE

COAL AND WOOD STOVE.

Always a good assortment of HOLLOW WARE.

LUMBER furnished in any quantity at the LOWEST Market Rates.

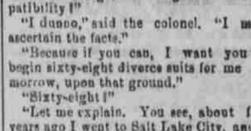
sep 8 1 D

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE WORKS.

WELDON, N. C.

JOHN N. FOOTE, Proprietor.

RICHARDSON COTTON PLOW



A SPECIALTY.

MANUFACTURER OF, AND GENERAL AGENT FOR,

FOR,

ALL KINDS OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

STEAM ENGINES AND COTTON GINS.

UNITED STATES STANDARD SCALES.

Everything in this line from a 100 TON Railroad Scale to the SMALLEST TEA Scale furnished at Surprising LOW Figures, a Platform HAY or STOCK Scale of FOUR TONS capacity for \$60.00 and Freight.

All kinds of

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

Furnished at SHORT NOTICE and at Petersburg or Norfolk PRICES.

I am prepared to do ANY KIND of Repair Work for

ENGINES, MILLS AND COTTON GINS.

As I have an Excellent MACHINIST and BOILER MAKER.

I keep constantly on hand of my own Manufacture a GOOD OFFICE

COAL AND WOOD STOVE.

Always a good assortment of HOLLOW WARE.

LUMBER furnished in any quantity at the LOWEST Market Rates.

sep 8 1 D