

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1879.

NO. 40.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	Four M.	Five M.	One Year
One Square,	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	20 00
Two Squares,	3 75	5 00	6 25	7 50	8 75	30 00
Three Squares,	5 50	7 00	8 50	10 00	11 50	40 00
Four Squares,	7 25	9 00	10 75	12 50	14 25	50 00
Five Squares,	9 00	11 00	13 00	15 00	17 00	60 00
Half Column,	20 00	20 00	20 00	20 00	20 00	60 00
Whole Column,	One Year,					70

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. GEO. W. HARTMAN,
Surgeon Dentist.
Office over W. H. Brown's Dry Goods Store,
WELDON, N. C.

Will visit parties at their homes when desired.
Terms Reasonable. oct 21 ly

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 ly

EDWARD T. CLARK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

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

E. T. BRANCH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash
Blount and Wilson. Collections made in all
parts of the State. Jan 12 ly

W. HALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Special attention given to collections and
remittances promptly made.
may 16

JAMES M. MULLEN,

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 the State. Jan 12 ly

MULLEN & MOORE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the counties of Halifax and adjoining
counties, and in the Supreme and 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 ly

JAMES E. O'HARA,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining
counties, and in the Supreme and 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 ly

ROBERT O. BURTON JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining
counties, and in the Supreme and 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 ly

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. 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 ly

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 18 ly

JOS. B. BATCHELOR,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Practices in the courts of the 8th Judicial
District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
may 11 ly

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. Jan 6 ly

W. N. DAY,

A. C. ZOLICOFFER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining
counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts.
Collections made in any part of North Carolina.
One of the firm will always be found in the
office. June 24 ly

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless
Extraction of Teeth always on hand.
June 22 ly

ANDREW J. BURTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax, Warren and
adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and
Federal courts. Collections made in any part
of North Carolina. Jan 12 ly

R. H. SMITH, JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining
counties, and in the Supreme court of the
State. Jan 12 ly

A Shadow in the Valley.

There's a shadow in the valley
Where the lilies lie asleep,
Where the laughing waters murmur,
And the sweet flags droop and weep,
There's a shadow in the valley
And a sigh floats in the air,
Like the breath of angels resting
Over the fair scene mirrored there.

Such a shadow in the valley
Brings a burden to my heart;
Cannot you, too, understand it?
Have you ever felt it smart?
I have watched the lilies lying,
I have seen the sweet flags weep,
And have wished that I, wending
Might be laid with them to sleep.

Like the human heart overshadowed
By a sorrow swift and deep,
Like the sweet flags and the lilies
In the shadow vale asleep,
There's a melancholy sweetness
In the perfume-laden air,
And the tall reeds seem to whisper,
"You'll find sorrow everywhere."

A WIFE'S SALVATION.

A cozy, prettily furnished sitting-room; singing birds in gilded cages, a plump Angora cat on the velvet rug before the fire, a wise-looking pup stretched lazily on the flowing skirts of a pretty woman's pretty dress. Truly a sweet domestic picture. But stop! Surely that is a frown between those prettily arched brows, and the full swell of the under lip is very much like a pout. And, as I live, there are two great tears on the long, black lashes! And now she breaks out in a torrent of petulant, impatient words.

"The same tiresome things day after day—first breakfast, then kiss Charlie good bye, then directions to look for the six o'clock dinner, and after that needle-work—how I hate it!—or calls made or received, in which one is treated to a full account of Mrs. Bank's extravagance, of Miss Honiton's flatterings, of that horrid Col. St. Cyr, 'so awfully fat, my dear, and so distressingly good-looking. How tired I am of it all! And there is Charlie. Who would have believed he could have changed so in so short a time? He no longer cares for ball, theater or opera, but dons dressing-gown, smoking-cap and slippers directly he has swallowed his dinner, lights that horrid meerschaum, and passes the evening behind a newspaper enveloped in smoke clouds. Oh, dear! I wish I had not been in quite a hurry to get married. 'Oh, go away, Biju, and with her slippers put she thrusts the teasing pug from her.

A rap at the door, and to her sharp 'Come in' a servant appears, bearing a card. Madam looks, fashes says, 'I will be down directly,' and flies to her dressing-room, brushes her flushed cheeks with the cooling powder puff, puts the brown waves of her hair with two pretty dimpled hands, glances at herself in the glass, smiles, and descends to the drawing-room.

A tall, gentlemanly-looking man rises and comes forward as she enters.

"Mrs. Thornton?"

"That is all he says, but the tone and the manner are most impressive, and thrills through the heart of the wife as Charlie's words and tones used to be. He took to neglecting her for dressing-gown, sleepy hollows and meerschaums.

Well, they talk of the weather, the last new opera, etc. Commonplace subjects enough. But why should his eyes chase her to waver and droop, glad to shelter themselves behind the white fiftist? Why, at parting, is the little white hand so hastily withdrawn from the close, warm pressure of his? Why, after he has gone, does she gaze so tenderly at the hand she had so hastily withdrawn, raise it almost to her lips? and then suddenly let it drop to her side? Why? I can tell you that. She loves her husband with her whole, warm, passionate heart. And for years and more she has been living on husks. He considers his whole duty done when the table is beautifully supplied, the wife well dressed, and he does not waver in his allegiance to her. Possession has dimmed the bright luster of his love, and this old admirer, who she gladly threw over for Charlie, is welcome today, for the sake of the ripple he makes on this dead sea monotony, down which she is slowly drifting. And his eyes cause hers to droop, and his hand pressure causes her heart to throb, because there is love in the eyes and tenderness in the hand pressure.

She stands there, in the center of that pretty room, with a white, white face, and a wild, frightened look in the sweet, blue eyes, she bursts into a passionate flood of tears, throws herself on the nearest chair, drops her face in her hands, and her hands on the table before her. Five—ten—fifteen minutes pass. The sobs grow fainter and fainter. At length silence reigns, save for an occasional chirp from the canaries and the ticking of the pretty French clock on the mantel. A rap at the door arouses her, and James enters with a cluster of violets. There is no card—nothing to tell from whom they came; but she knows only too well. She likens them to tearful blue eyes, and kisses them tenderly, pityingly, and then thrusts them hurriedly into the open drawer of the table, closes it and turns to greet her husband, whose step had announced his coming.

A moment later she is excessively provoked at herself for the thrusting the violets out of sight. Why did she do it?

Better not say anything about them. And should she speak of Ray's visit? Yes, she would surely tell that—but not now—after dinner. Charlie was always just a trifle impatient—cross—when he was hungry. She would wait till after dinner. But before the dessert was

brought on, while she was eating her salad, her husband asked to be excused.

There was a most interesting article in the Evening Spouter on the Chinese question, which he had commenced in the omnibus on his way home, and became deeply interested in.

And off he went, and when the dainty cup castards, fragrant mocha and luscious fruit were brought in, there was a troublesome lump in the white throat and a suspicious moisture in the blue eyes of the wife, and the custard was trifled with for a moment, and a spoonful or two of the mocha swallowed, for were not the watchful eyes of 'James' upon her? And then she hastened from the room, her mind fully made up. She would go to Charlie, tell him everything—just how she missed the old caresses and delicate little attentions, how tiresome it was to sit there, night after night, gazing at the back of his newspaper or at the top of his sleek brown head, as it peeped above the top of the paper. She would tell him of Ray's visit, and about the hidden flowers, and with this resolve in her heart she opened the door of the sitting-room.

"Charlie, dear,"—she would not give herself a moment for fear her courage might fail—Charlie, dear, will you put your paper aside a moment? I want to tell you something.

"Now, Lou, don't bother me. I never was more interested in my life. By jingo this fellow writes well. Where's Lelia, or Biju? What is the use of your having pets if you never notice them. Now sit down, that's a good girl, and dress Lelia up in pink ribbons or something. You ought to be fond of that confounded cat; it cost enough."

How quickly the moisture leaves the blue eyes! What a sudden, firm tightening there is of the pretty red lips, and what a hard, cold heart this of her's has suddenly become! And the tempter whispers in her heart: 'Not so would Ray Remington have looked or spoken.'

And Charles Thornton, Esq., returns to his paper with a most self-satisfied air.

An hour later he throws down the Spouter, and asks what it is she has to say to him.

"I really have forgotten. It was of no consequence."

"Take care, Charles Thornton! Your wife's first falsehood. Who is to blame for it? And to what will it lead?"

Three months later, Ray Remington and Mrs. Thornton have met many times that sad day on which she sent her the violets. They have lunched together, rode together and attended the matinees together, and to-night it is all arranged that she will leave her husband's protection for that of Ray.

Is she happy at the thought of leaving her husband's home? Happy? No! Wretchedly unhappy. But that which seemed only a slight grievance at first has become now an unhappiness too great to be borne.

Of course she confided her sorrows to Ray, and his indignation was intense.

O' course, all this only made her lot seem the harder. And now she is trying to escape from it all. But the treacherous little heart, her bosom, that she had thought so cold and dead to Charlie, now begins to plead for him.

How he haunted the corridor outside her bedroom door that time when she was so ill, and he was forbidden to enter. And when at last she was well enough to see him, how shocked she was at the alteration in that dear face. Why it was worn as thin and white as her own, and when she first saw her own face in the glass, the great hollows in the pale cheeks he used to praise for their plumpness and bloom, and saw in place of the luxuriant brown tresses he was so fond of, the boy's shock of curly brown hair, and threw herself, weeping, on her pillow, sobbing; how could he—could he love her now? How tenderly he took her in his arms, laid her head on his breast, and kissed the shorn locks and sunken cheeks. And though she lived to be old and gray, could she ever forget his words?

"My dear one, my wife, I am so thankful that I hold you here on this heart, where at one time I feared you never would rest again. I love you, my darling, for yourself, your warm heart, your pure soul, not for the bloom that you are or the toasty brown tresses that are gone."

And with a sudden sharp catching of the breath, could any other man ever be the same to her as Charlie? Oh! she must not think of this.

What is this? A bracelet he gave her on the first anniversary of their marriage. No, she cannot take that. And her wedding ring! Yes, that must be left with the rest. Oh! she had not dreamed it would be so hard to part with the old love tokens. Even the despised Lelia is caught up and kissed and cried over. And—what was she about to do? Yes, she was actually going to kiss the little white tidy on the back of the sleepy hollow where Charlie's head rested every night while he read the Spouter.

When Charlie returns to his deserted home (he left for Washington that morning) what will he say? Will he care very much?

Mark One—two—three—she counts the sine. Then the strokes cease.

The hour has come. She starts for the door, stops, with her hand pressed to her heart, gazes wildly around, and dashes out blindly into the night. A

slight mist into the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind never pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent fog; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and insurance.

Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. For in one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. Think of it! and putting in a work of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable, proairity over it, too; in another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way; with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet nurse; in another, the future great historian is lying, and doubtless will continue to lie till his earthly mission is ended; in another, the future president is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early, and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some sixty thousand future office seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grasp it with that same old problem a second time! And in still one more cradle somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeur and responsibilities as to be living his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth—and accomplish it (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening bestowed his attention to some fifty-six years ago! And if the child is but the prophecy of the man there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded.

Mark Twain on Babes.

HIS SERIOUS TALK TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Mark Twain's remarks at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee in Chicago, when in response to the following toast:

"The Babies: As they comfort us in sorrow, let us not forget them in our festivity."

The humorist said: Now, that's something like. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we've all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if he didn't amount to anything! If you, gentlemen, will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years to your early married life, and recollect your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal—and something over.

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere bodyguard; and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else; you had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his martial tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death storm of Danelson or Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop you advanced into—the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No; you got up and got it! If he ordered his pop bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you; you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your mental office as to take a suck at that warm, tepid stuff yourself to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the cliche, and a drop of pepper to bill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet.

And how many things you learn as you went along! Sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but 'two thin'—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposes to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past two in the morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark (with a mental addition that wouldn't improve a Sunday-school tract) that that was the very thing you were going to propose yourself? Oh, you were under good discipline. And as you went flapping up and down the room in your address-ified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing, "Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited like exercise and noise, and proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all night—"Go on! What did you do?" You simply went on till you dropped in the last ditch.

I like the idea that a baby does not amount to anything. Why, our baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities—do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation.

A Slight Mistake.

A man ordered a most elaborate dinner at a restaurant which he enjoyed and praised much—after which he lighted a cigar, and sauntering up to the landlord, declared his inability to pay for it.

"But I don't know you," said Boniface.

"Of course, or you would not have given me a dinner."

The enraged man seized the pistol, collared the offender, and taking aim at his heart, said: "Now, see if you get away from me without paying for that dinner."

"What is that in your hand?" gasped the impudiculous customer, drawing back.

"That, sir, is a pistol."

"Oh! that's a pistol, is it? I don't care a fig for a pistol; I thought it was a stomach-pump."

Never-Well, Hardly Ever.

Never in all poverty.
Never eat between meals.
Never stand long at the corner of a street.
Never fret; it will only shorten your days.
Never stop to talk in church after the service is over.
Never speak of your parents as the "old man" or "old woman."
Never speak in a contemptuous manner of woman kind.
Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend.
Never reply to the epithet of a fool, a drowsard, or a low fellow.
Never seek to create a laugh at the expense of religion or the Bible.
Never spend many of your evenings away from your family.
Never taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.
Never anticipate too much; disappointment is not pleasant.

How Ladies Kiss.

Two ladies meet. They pucker their mouths into an annular protuberance, and cocking their heads to one side, as a hen will before picking up a grain of corn, two faces, full of unexpressed resignation and inflexible devotion to duty, approximate, touch and retire.

The school girl kiss is a very different affair. As unlike the kiss of friendship as August is unlike December, as fire is unlike ashes, as life is unlike death.

The two school girls meet. Mouth to mouth and lips to lips.

Each would swallow the other. It is well it is so.

The swallowing tendency of one is offset by the like tendency of the other.

Thus are both preserved for the sons of men.

And they talk while they kiss!

Each says to each, "Oh, you dear darling creature! When have you been so sweet (crossed) (crossed) I've got so many things to tell you!" etc, etc, etc.

And this is all said contemporaneously with that kiss; in the same instant of time.

Mistaken Identity.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler named William McCoy and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barret House the commercial missionary seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveler said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied firmly; "it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus and asked:

"Whose is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveler; "it is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he has mine, and I want it or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight." Finally, the traveler said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of a crowd of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute she at length consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the very top of everything lay a big flat black half full of whisky, a deck of cards and one or two things that nobody knows the name of.

The traveler was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.

"Madam," he said, "you are right. The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apologies."

But the lady had fainted, and the traveler relented his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note in a feminine hand, asking him to come to the Barret House to mark red leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long—Burlington Hawkeye.

Anecdote of Lyman Beecher.

The reverend doctor, some years ago, was going home at night, with a volume of an encyclopedia under his arm, when he saw a small animal in his path. The doctor knew it was a skunk, but he had expected the worthy doctor was glad to retreat.

When he arrived at home, his friends could scarcely come near him. His clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them.

Some time after this some one published a pamphlet speaking very abusively of the worthy doctor, who was asked:

"Why don't you publish a book and put him down at once?"

His reply was prompt and wise: "Sir, I have learned better. Some years ago, I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to try the experiment again."

A young man in pressing his own suit frequently wrinkles the girl's.

It is hard to laugh when we are expected to.

Trees begin to die at their top; men begin to die there, too.

TALBOTT & SONS

SHOCKOE MACHINE WORKS,
RICHMOND VA.

Manufacturers of Portable and Stationary Engines and Mills, Saw Mills, Corn and Wheat Mills, Shaffing, Hangers and Pulleys, Turbine Water Wheels, Tobacco Machinery, Wrought Iron Work, Brass and Iron Castings, Machinery of Every Description.

GINNING AND THRESHING MACHINERY A SPECIALTY.

Repairing Promptly & Carefully Done.

TALBOTT'S PATENT SPARK-ARRESTER.

The Invention of the Age.

It does not destroy the draft. It does not interfere with cleaning the tubes. It will not choke up, and requires no cleaning.

It requires no direct dampers to be opened when raising steam (dampers being objectionable, as they may be left open and allow a spark to escape).

It requires no water to extinguish sparks, which, by condensation, destroys the draft. Besides, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a filthy condition.

It is simple and durable and can be relied upon. It can be attached to any boiler. No planter should be without one of these. Insurance companies will insure gins and barns where the Talbott Engines and Spark-Arresters are used at same rate and price for water or horse-power.

Send for Illustrated circular and price list.

Branch House, Goldsboro, N. C.
J. A. HAUSER, General Manager.
T. A. GRANGER, Local Manager.
May 8 8m

PIEDMONT NURSERIES.

GREENSBORO N. C.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES.

I propose to give to the patrons of Piedmont Nurseries, the benefit of the travelling agent's commissions on my Nursery stock, consisting of Fruit Trees, etc., and have reduced the price to per cent. Apples and Peaches, list price, \$2 to \$6; fine improved Fruits as are grown in North Carolina, and ready for inspection. Discounts given to my Nurseries in all the counties. Peaches and Apples running from the earliest to the latest varieties. Trees will be packed in good strong boxes or barrels, and delivered to Railroad Depots or Express Offices without any extra charge for boxes or delivery. I will furnish at the following low rate: Peaches and Apples in any quantity, improved fruit, 25 cents each. Pears, Plums, Apricots, Nectarines, Quinces, Crab Apples, Plums, Cherries, etc., etc., Ornamental Trees, Roses and Flowers in stock. Any one not having cash may bill on a note to accompany order, signed by purchaser, to be paid when trees are delivered at depot specified by purchaser. Note to accompany trees and bill should be returned to me by purchaser, with all freights on same. Trees will be shipped in November and purchaser notified when to meet them. Persons ordering will state quantity where to ship. Name the depot. Letters of inquiry answered cheerfully. Orders collected and satisfaction guaranteed. Send orders at once.

M. C. DIXON,
Proprietor Piedmont Nurseries,
July 15m

W. R. VICK

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES

MADE TO ORDER

OR

REPAIRED AT LOW PRICES

All kinds of wood work and trimming done in good style. Blacksmith work done at short notice and with neatness. All new work warranted. Fine painting for buggies done at low prices, best paint used.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

All kinds of wood work and trimming done in good style. Blacksmith work done at short notice and with neatness. All new work warranted. Fine painting for buggies done at low prices, best paint used.

June 5 ly

J. N. T. FORD,

Takes pleasure in announcing that he can still be found at his stand on

FIRST STREET,

Where he has on hand a full line of the Finest

WINES,
WHISKIES, and
BRANDIES,
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
and SNUFF,
ORANGES, APPLES,
and CONFECTIONERIES

His stock of Canned Goods and Groceries is unusually

Full and Complete

OLD COUNTRY WHISKY A SPECIALTY.

FRESH LAGER BEER ON DRAUGHT.

He guarantees satisfaction. Call and see him.

Nov 11 ly.