THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER. DR. D. B. ZOLLICOFFER.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER & BRO.,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

WELDON, N. C.

Drs. A. R. and D. B. Zollicoffer, having united as partners in the practice of medicine under the style and firm of Dr. A. R. Zollicoffer & Bro. offer their professional services to the public generally and solicit a share of their patronage. They guarantee careful and prompt attention to patients. One of the firm will always be found at their office in Zollicoffer's Drug Store, where patients will be treated at all hours and when necessary, both will visit and give their attention to patients without extra charge.
mr 17 tf.

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Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22 tf.

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MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.

Respectfully,
W. H. SHIELDS.

Nov 30tf.

FOR SALE.

The following valuable real estate lying near Tillery's Mill, in Halifax county about nine miles from the town of Halifax.

About 300 acres including steam engine, saw mill and fixtures, gin, gin house and fixtures, adjoining the residence of J. R. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

Pope place containing about 150 acres.

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Apply to T. N. HILL, Attorney.
Halifax N. C. july 31tf

GREAT BARGAINS.

We are now receiving our new and beautiful goods recently purchased of the manufacturers, and cordially invite you to call and see them. The largest and best selected stock of

GOLD WATCHES,
SETS OF JEWELRY,
BAND BRACELETS,
OPERA AND GUARD CHAINS,
DIAMOND AND REAL RINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS,
SOLID SILVER SPOONS, FORKS &c.

The Best $10 Castor and $5 Clock EVER SOLD.

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Watches and Jewelry repaired by the best workmen. Engraving neatly done by

J. T. YOUNG & BRO.
oct 2 1y Petersburg, Va.

DREAM OF AGE.

I love at eve, when the Western sky
Is lighted with purple and gold
To lay the cares of the present by,
And dream of the days of old.

Beautiful pictures, rich and rare,
Seemed linked with the setting sun,
Youthful faces, fresh and fair,
Come to me one by one.

My childhood's home with its lowly roof,
The woodbine running o'er,
The lane reaching to the eves,
And the elms before the door.

Fair bright forms that I loved of yore,
Are sitting by my side:
I hear their voices see their smiles,
And forget that they have died.

DICK.

'Dick! Dick! Dick!' called out a voice soft and musical.

Richard Lossell raised his eyes from the book he was dawdling over on a shady seat in the 'Ramble.' A lady was hurrying past looking anxiously about. Her face was of surpassing beauty, the charm of which was not a little heightened by her troubled look. She was the picture of an angel in distress. The susceptible Richard felt his very heart strings. It was, then, those lovely lips that had pronounced his name so sweetly. He rose—he could do no less—with an obeisant bow.

The lady returned it with an amused smile.

'I was calling a little dog I've lost,' she said, bowing to resume her search.

Richard sank back on his seat with something not quite a blessing on the head of his canine namesake. He turned over the pages of his book, but found them even duller than before. With a gesture of impatience he thrust the volume into his pocket, and, jumping up, set off with rapid strides to follow the path taken by the lady. He must and would, at all hazards, feast his eyes with another sight of so much loveliness. But on turning the bend round which she had disappeared, he found, instead of what he sought, a number of winding walks, branching various ways and so fringed with coppice as to limit the view. He tried one and then another, till out of breath at last he gave it up. The sweet enchantress was nowhere visible.

Richard fell into a moody revery from which he was startled by a sharp, shrill yelp. And the next moment the ugliest little mite of a terrier that ever offended mortal sight came bounding across the road chasing a flock of sparrows.

'Dick! Dick! Dick!' called Richard, patting his knee coaxing—'poor Dick!'

The shaggy imp, whirled about and trotted up to Richard, into whose face he looked with an inquisitive, impertinent stare, which as good as said:

'Well now, who are you, pray?'

Richard had no need to return the query for the word, 'My name's Dick,' engraved on the dog's collar, settled all questions of identity.

With a quick grab, and at the cost of a snap that caught the thick of his trousers, Richard secured the little stray and carried him off, holding his jaws together for fear of another bite.

Richard Lossell was himself again. The pain of his wound and all fear of hydrophobia were forgotten in exultation at his luck. Of course the lady would advertise for her pet, and in restoring it, he would not only have an opportunity of again beholding his charmer, but of gaining her gratitude.

'If it wasn't for that I'd wring your ugly neck, you whelp!' he growled through his clenched teeth, with an askant look at his ungainly charge.

On reaching the street Richard sought to hide Dick under his coat, but the latter demurred so stoutly, and scratched and clawed at such a rate that the plan had to be abandoned, and Mr. Lossell, heaviest of swells, was forced to parade the streets holding under his arm a hairy little monster that drew the attention of every passer by.

'What's the price of your purp? would show some ragged urchin.

'Ain't no purp, another would rejoin. 'It's a porcupine tarred and feathered.'

'No, 'tisn't neither,' would put in a third; 'it's a Shanghai kitten.'

Richard hurried on without heeding, and making his way through by-ways and alleys, reached home at last.

Hurrying up to his room, he thought to conceal Dick in the closet. But that by no means comported with Dick's notions of personal liberty, and he raised such a rumpus that his host was soon fain to give him the run of his appartment, into every nook and corner of which Dick lost no time in thrusting his turned-up nose.

He got tired at last and curled up for a sleep. Richard embraced the opportunity to steal down to supper, closing the door softly behind him. During the meal he managed to slip a generous cut of steak into his handkerchief, which he carried up to Dick, whom he found wide awake and surrounded by the feathers of a beautiful stuffed bird of paradise which he had managed to reach by jumping on a chair and thence on the table, and had amused himself by worrying in Richard's absence.

Richard's first impulse was to kick the hideous hide across the room, but he thought of his ripped clothes.

Dick bolted the steak at a swallow, and stood on his hind legs to 'beg' for more. Richard turned away disgusted.

'Ugh! you glutton!' he exclaimed; 'wound you burst yourself? I only hope you will, once I've got you off my hands!'

Whether it was from nightmare or indigestion Dick passed a restless night. He whined and growled alternately in his sleep, and at times would start up and bark furiously. In short, he so disturbed the house that next morning the landlady took Richard aside and warned him that he must either send away his dog or seek other quarters.

As Richard had expected, the morning paper contained an offer of reward, and no questions asked, for Dick's return at an address mentioned.

Mr. Lossell made a stunning toilet, and again tucking Dick under his arm, set out to restore him to his mistress. This time he regarded not the challenge of the street boys. He was in exuberant wish hope to need such trifles.

At last he reached the designated number and rang the door bell. A frowzy looking maid answered the summons.

'Och, thin you've got 'im, hev yez?' catching sight of Dick, and reaching out to take him by the collar.

'I prefer delivering him to his mistress with my own hands,' answered Richard, drawing back.

'Musha I jist afeard yez won't get the reward yez are? returned the girl with a contemptuous look. 'Shtep in, thin.' And showing Richard into the nearest room, she bade him wait and tripped away with a saucy toss.

At the end of five minutes Richard heard shuffling steps in the hall, and a little after an old woman tottered in leaning on a stick. Her sharp, thin face was covered with wrinkles, and wore a cunning look.

'I have called,' said Mr. Lossell, 'to restore this animal to its mistress.'

'Nan?' returned the old lady, raising a trumpet to her ear as if a fog horn.

Richard bawled into its mouth his previous words, the reverberation fairly deafening his own ears.

'Well, you jist let him go,' squeaked the old lady, and—'

'But I wish to see the lady he belongs to,' interrupted Richard.

'Hey?'

'I wish to see the lady he belongs to.'

'Well, that's me.'

'There must be some mistake here,' argued Richard; 'it was certainly not you who lost him.'

'No, it was my darter-in law, my son Jeeme's wife. Me and Dick's visitin' of 'em at present. Me and Dick live in the country, you see; but we're out our eyesteth for all that. So, now, if you'll prove that you didn't steal Dick, which I very much mistrust from your looks, I'll pay you the reward.'

Poor Richard staid to hear no more. Another bright dream had vanished!

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

'And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth, and he measured the city with the reed 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.' Rev. 2. 16.

There are some who never think of heaven. In their mind a thought of the better country would starve for every loveliness. Others think of it occasionally, when the voice of the sweet music steals upon their ear, or Providence or the preacher lifts them above earth. But when they do think of it, how poor and meagre their thoughts; to them it is a narrow, circum-scribed spot in the universe, a small place just large enough for their church, but too small to admit within its pearly enclosure, even the good beyond their communion. Such were not the views entertained by John when, on the lonely isle, he saw, in grand panoramic view, the heavenly city.

John was in the spirit on the mountain of holy contemplation, and he had had a delightful conversation with one of the royal surveyors of the heavenly country. He says, verse 15, 'And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof.' The idea he give to us is that there was solidity, firmness, durability and strength all combined with indescribable beauty, surpassing grandeur infinite glory.

This city, as he saw it, was in the form of a magnificent cube, of vast dimensions. The surveyor had the golden reed, and he measured the city in the presence of his visitor. It was 12,000 furlongs (stadia) long, and 12,000 furlongs broad, and 12,000 furlongs high. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.

In this view of the great city we are quite in harmony with the rabbinical book. I need not occupy room with quotations.

In aim at every other theory propose our great violence is done to the Greek text. In this interpretation the sense is natural and grammatical construction respected.

We take the passage as it reads, '12 thousand furlongs,' which, when reduced to miles, and cubed, is 948,938,000,000,000 0 0 0,000,000 to an inch test, the half of which we reserve for the use of glory and the heavenly court. Half of the remainder I reserve for the angel's thrones, dominions, principalities and powers. Half of the remainder I reserve for celestial gardens, heavenly fruits and flowers. Half of the remainder for mansions for study, lovers and lovers. Half of the remainder for the golden streets and walks, and the remainder, or one thirty-second of the whole, I divide into rooms of 20 feet square, and 10 feet high. Of room only have 7,413,578,126,000,000,000,000.

Then I suppose that this world will for population as it present, with say 900,000,000 human beings, and that three generations passed away every hundred years, that is allowing 33 and one-third years for each generation, and that at the close of the seven thousandth year upon trumpet of heaven would proclaim the 'time would be no longer,' and that earth's population would all be brought home to their mansions.

I also suppose that in the universe of our Father there are 800,000 worlds like ours existing under the same number and term of years as ours, each having the same number of inhabitants as our own, and each inhabitant obedient to the universal 'come.'

Take all these multitudes of human or created beings, and the heavenly home the angel measured for John and for us, dear reader, would afford 49 such rooms as are measured above for each inhabitant of all the 800,000 world and leave more than 4,000,000 cubic yet unsurveyed. 'And yet there is room.' Oh, how true it is that 'in my Father's house there are many mansions.'—W. H. Poole.

THE STORY OF A BLIGHTED LIFE—There stands in Sharon (near the Easton line), a half a mile from any dwelling house and a quarter of a mile from any road, in an old cow pasture on the southern slope of a hill, surrounded by a few birch trees and scrub oaks, a little shanty; one small window looks out upon the meagre scene. The house contains but one room; an old cook stove in one corner; in the further end of the room is a bunk containing some straw and a few old ragged bedclothes; a shelf that serves the purpose of a table, and on it are some pieces of crockery and tin ware, an old axe and hatchet leaning against the smoke begrimed wall; and a well worn Bible were all the room contained as we one day visited it and lifted the latch that was braced against the door and looked within.

This building has been for many years the house and home of a recluse. He is now nearly eighty years of age. In early life this eccentric man conceived the idea that he had a call to preach the Gospel. He, however, was never recognized as a preacher, but was given permission to 'exhort.' Like many a young man before him, he in early life fell desperately in love with a fair and comely damsel; his love grew into passion, and he studied how he should win and win her, but the time and place he chose to ask her to become a partner of his joys and sorrows were, as the sequel proved, most unfortunate for his success. Seated opposite to her at the table of a clergyman, and in the presence of the family, he offered himself to her and asked her to become his wife. She was mad, and showed the fury of a woman scorned. She spurned the offer, and from that day to this he has avoided the society of women, and has always kept as far from them as possible, and has sought society where none intrude. For over half a century he has lived alone, and his bible has been his constant solace, companion and friend.—Boston Journal.

JOSH BILLINGS' WISDOM—The man who gets hit twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger, and then half the time put on hind side before.

Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has a dreadful mean opinion of himself and his chances.

There are two kinds of fools in this world—those who can't change their opinions and those who won't.

A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

The world is filling up with educated fools—mankind read too much and learn too little.

Every man has his follies and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.

THE COLOR LINE—Waiting in a senatorial attitude for the notes of the triangle to die away, Brother Gardner opened the meeting by saying:

'Dis letter heah in my han' contains de query, 'Will dar ever be a color line between de white an' black races?' I hev noticed of late an effort on de part ob sartin writers an' speakers to prove dat dis color line am melting away. 'Spose dar am a color line! De black race am free. We have all the chances to get along that any race has got. De laws protect us, our votes count, an' our power am felt in de land. We kin larn. We kin buy an' sell an' have homes. De coll'd man who am honest an' upright need not be ashamed. People who employ help look to results instead of de color of de hands using a spade. I tell you we have got all dat we want an' all dat we kin handle, an dat class of people who am stabbing fur mo' am de weery ones who doan' make good use of what am now at deir deals. We need no sympathy from white folks. We want no black Moses to lead us out of de wilderness. If de world will jist keep hands off fur a generation or two, de coll'd race will want no favors dat it cannot pay fur. Let us now parcel.—Limekiln Club.

UNCLE POMP'S ASH HOPPER DRIPPINGS.—De wise chicken keeps his mouth shut when de preacher comes around.

An honest nigger am de noblest work of de frees man's buro.

De mule nebber kicks until he backs his ears, but it don't take him long to git through with the ear business.

De dog dat runs on de back track nebber ketches any varments, unless he meets some.

Always listen when your mudder-in-law is a talking, and don't you forget it!

De kerseen oil makes a mighty good light for white folks, but de lite wood knot ain't gwine to spiode narry time to kill a nigger.

If you want to win de affections ob a gal's parents, you must hold de cat while de old oman is making, and don't let him git loose nider.

De number ob niggers old massier owned afore de war, has mighty little to do now days wid his financial standin in dese new fashion fus nasi nal banks.

Eating rice badly cooked, wid out de proper seasnin' is just ab ut de sam thing as laying flat on your back, and letin' de sun shine in your mouf for viles. Its mighty nice, but it is too light to suit de aberage run ob nigger constitution.

[illegible] experience from such negligence. A few days ago he had a valuable cow to get down in a ditch under circumstances which would indicate that she was trying to imitate some tight rope performer. It was a narrow ditch across which happened to be a small log and as the cow could easily have stepped across anywhere, it is thought she must have tried to walk the log as she was found bottom upward across said log. Probably had she been provided with a balance pole she might have succeeded better.

'SOME' MULE—We learn that an accident befel Junis Blackburn, who live with Mr. Batt Lewis' near Crowells, a few days ago which came near proving a serious affair for him. He was plowing a young vicious mule which became unmanagable and in the scuffle that ensued pawed Mr. B., down, inflicting painful wounds about his head and face. He received one severe cut on the head almost scalping him before he could recover himself from his perilous position and flee his muleship's wrath. A few days before a little boy, Jimmie Griffin, happened to venture too near the same mule, and lost a good sized piece of "some" as the result of his thoughtlessness. The piece of meat was not chewed up so badly but what [illegible]

BRO. GARDNER'S LIME KILN CLUB.—'Dat' be too good,' said the old man, as he crossed his hands under his coat tails. 'I advise you to be good, but not goody-good. When a man reaches a sartin line of goodness he will have de respect an' esteem of all who meet him; orfans will bless him an' widders will pray for him. When he crosses over dat line he will pray for de po' wid one hand an' lend money at fifteen per cent, wid de odder. He will shed tears fur his neighbur's woes, but leave six inches of snow on his sidewalk fur de public to wade frew. His chin will quiver when he speaks of de po' heathen in Africa, but his own boys will play base ball in de alley on Sunday. He will weep ober de need of more orfun asylums, but he won't put down a shillin' in money. He will talk charity by de hour, and charge a boy fifty cents for breakin' a two shillin' pane of glass. I doan' want nuffin' to do wid a too good man. When I know a man to be wicked I know how to take him. When I know him to be a goody-goody man my only safety am to let him alone. When you meet a man who am distressed ober de general wickedness of de world doan' you lend him any money wid out good security. When you meet a man who says 'oh' an' 'me,' an' rubs his hands together an' rolls up his eyes, doan' challenge him to trade horses. Find me a man who weeps bekase de world hain't better an' I show you a man who makes his own home unhappy.

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.

There is a class of men who acquire a good deal of prominence in the community; they are much talked about, and their names are often seen in print; yet when you get at the real opinion entertained of them by those who know them best, you find they are but little respected. The reason is because they are not really true men. They affect to take interest in reform movements, and to be largely occupied in philanthropic enterprises; but in truth they are hollow-hearted popularity seekers, caring little for anybody but themselves.

Such persons impose upon others much less than they themselves imagine. The thin covering of pretension thrown over their selfishness is seen through as if it were gauze. They deceive themselves far more than they deceive others, for a secret contempt is generally entertained toward them.

Such men cannot be truly happy, for they cannot experience any feeling of satisfaction with themselves. And, indeed, it is with himself that every man should keep account. He should make it his own study to be true, and real, and sincere. Even if he could obtain the respect of others without deserving it, he could not obtain his own. Be what you seem is a manly rule of life, worthy of every young man's adoption.—Exchange.

Willing hands always find something to do even to going through another man's pocket.

A HINT TO THE YOUNG—Sidney Smith, in one of the ablest of his essays says: "I know of no principle which is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as a man who has a soul of his own in his bosom, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just, hypocritical, if you are honestly religious, pusillanimous, if you know you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect, and no time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful execution in a virtuous cause.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Lord Beaconsfield is very ill with a thma.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, is said to be about to try her hand at playwriting.

Bishop George F. Pierce is writing the life of his father, the Rev. Lovick Pierce, D. D.

A new cotton manufacturing company has been organized in Charleston with a capital of $400,000.

Sophia Pickoffsky a nihilist has been arrested and the nihilist committee says if she is executed the Czar will be killed.

A tremendous tornado blew down houses in Danville, Va., 20th of March. It was the severest known for many years.

The arrangements are completed for the Cowpens centennial, which will take place at Spartanburg on the 11th of May.

It is proposed to recall Gen. Longstreet, who resented himself some years ago, from Constantinople and make him marshal of Georgia.

Senator Conkling has made up his mind to find out before things go any further whether he or Garfield was elected President.—Pollad Times, Ind.

Currie who murdered Porter in Texas some time since was killed in New Mexico on the 21th of March by a bartender in self defence. Currie was on a spree and threatened to shoot several.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says: 'Nearly all the Russian ambassadors are now here, and there is some truth in the statement that they will be instructed on their return to the various capitals, to urge to the utmost the question of continued measures against regicide."

Mr Jennings writes to the New York World: It cannot be disguised any longer that Mr. Gladstone's strength is rapidly breaking up under the merciless pressure which he has been applying to himself. He looks weary and ill, and complains himself that he feels 'very old.'

Adelle Bernhardt's theatrical manager says that out of some of the one hundred and twenty-four nights of her appearances in this country have the receipts been less than the expenses. On three or four nights only the excess was small, but on all others was large. The engagement has so far been the most profitable ever known in the United States.

Miss Laura Horner, of Osceola, Clearfield county, Pa., in bidding good night to two male friends who had been visiting her one evening last week, refused to allow one of them to kiss her. A playful struggle ensued, during which she was thrown down, and striking her head, a blood vessel was ruptured, which it is thought will prove fatal.

General Upton, whose recent suicide in California so shocked his many friends, was the first man who with his own hand pulled the lanyard of the gun which sent the first shot letting death and destruction into the Confederate ranks. By a strange fatality, on the day of Upton's death, at Enoeliville, Scott county, Va., died Captain George S. Davidson, an ex-officer in Latham's battery, Confederate army, the man who it is said fired the first shot at the first battle of Bull Run.

Both houses of the Illinois legislature have passed a bill to regulate the carrying of deadly weapons, and to prohibit their sale to minors. The main features are a penalty of from $20 to $200 for carrying a slug-shot or similar weapons and a penalty of from $25 to 200 for selling or lending weapons to minors. All dealers are compelled to keep a register open to the public giving the names and ages of all persons to whom such weapons are sold, which record must give the price paid and object for which it was bought. The bill also makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by fines varying from $25 to $200, to carrying a razor as a concealed weapon.

During Lincoln's time there was a great row over the postoffice in Major Bickham's town of Dayton, Ohio. Two Hotspurs were in the field. Petition after petition in favor of one or the other poured in upon the President, and delegations hastened to Washington to argue the case. Mr. Lincoln was a long suffering man, but his patience gave out at last. He could not determine that one applicant was in the slightest degree more competent or more patriotic or better supported than the other. Finally, after being bored by a fresh delegation, he said to his secretary: 'This matter has got to end somehow. Bring a pair of scales.' The scales were thought. 'Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other fellow's pile.' It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. 'Make out an appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers,' said Mr. Lincoln, and it was done.'

The new prohibition law of Kansas is meeting with the strongest opposition from a quarter whence trouble was probably least expected. The law absolutely forbids the use of wine in the sacrament, punishing the minister who administers the sacrament with two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, and shutting up the church itself as a public nuisance, according to the interpretation of the Rev. Dr. Beatty, rector of the Episcopal Church at Lawrence. Last Sunday that clergyman administered the sacrament as usual, regardless of the consequences, having previously announced to the congregation his determination so to do. He said: "We are willing to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's but we will still give to God the things that are His. I say, as did Peter, 'Judge ye whether we should obey man rather than God'" Of one thing you may be assured—we shall never recognize for a moment the attempts of human legislation to destroy the great sacrament of the Christian church."

Graceful Woman.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical such headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—Courant.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

If you feel dull drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache mouth taste badly, poor appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness" and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take Simmons Liver Regulator or Medicine.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

An Effectual Specific for all diseases of the Liver Stomach and spleen. Regulate the Liver and prevent

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Chills and Fevers, Malarious Fevers Bowel Complaints, Restlessness, Jaundice and Nausea.

BAD BREATH!

Nothing is so unpleasant, nothing so common as bad breath, and in nearly every case it comes from the stomach, and can be so easily corrected if you will take Simmons Liver Regulator. Do not neglect so sure a remedy for this repulsive disorder. It will also improve your Appetite, Complexion, and General Health.

PILES!

How many suffer torture day after day, making life a burden and robbing existence of all pleasure, owing to the secret suffering from Piles. Yet relief is ready to the hand of almost any one who will use systematically the remedy that has permanently cured thousands. Simmons' Liver Regulator, is no drastic violent purge; but a gentle assistant to nature.

CONSTIPATION!

Should not be regarded as a trifling ailment—in fact nature depends the utmost regularity of the bowels, and any deviation from this demand paves the way often to serious danger. It is quite as necessary to remove impure accumulations from the bowels as it is to eat or sleep, and no health can be expected where a costive habit of body prevails.

SICK HEADACHE!

This distressing affliction occurs most frequently. The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the imperfectly digested contents, causes a severe pain in the head, accompanied with disagreeable nausea, and this constitutes what is popularly known as Sick Headache.

Beware of counterfeits, take only the genuine in white wrapper with red Z in front prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co.

Sold by all Druggists. jan 27 1y

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HERVEY'S OLD STAND

HALIFAX, N. C.

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, C S,

All Sizes, All Grades, All Prices, All Styles.

MEN'S CHILDREN'S, WOMEN'S AND MISSES

SHOES, SHOES.

All kinds of family groceries on hand and to arrive. Stock completely new. Just purchased from the Northern Markets.

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HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.

The only Hydraulic Cotton Press for plantation use.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Risks placed in

FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.

A. B. HILL, Ag't.
Scotland Neck, Halifax, Co. N. C.
apr 29 tf

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Thr M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	15 00	[illegible]
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	[illegible]
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	[illegible]
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	35 00	[illegible]
Fourth Col'm,	15 00	25 00	40 00	[illegible]
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	65 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

EVERY BODY LOOK HERE!

I wish to inform the citizens of Halifax county, and the public generally, that I keep a first class house in the town of

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

I have a complete stock of

GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERIES.

My bar is stocked with the choicest

French, Apple, and Peach Brandies, also all kinds of Whiskies, Wines, Gin, Rum, and Champagne.

BEST BRANDS OF WHISKIES A SPECIALTY

Lager Beer in Bottles and on Draught. Families supplied at lower rates by the dozen bottles.

10,000 Cigars of the Best Brands.

I have a first class

RESTAURANT AND BILLIARD SALOON

attached to the house. I will endeavor to please all who will honor me with their patronage.

BEER BOTTLING A SPECIALTY.

Orders for Crates Filled at Short Notice.

The trade will find it to their advanaget to order from us.

G. OPENHEIMER,
Sign Central Saloon,
oct 23 3m. Scotland Neck

September 16th 1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address True & Co. Augusta, Me. july 15 1y.

W. R. VICK

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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.

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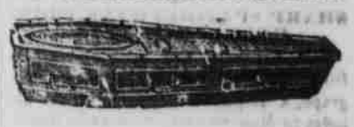
THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.



Coffins and Cases of all sizes constantly on hand.

Carriage Materials kept onhand at price below Petersburg market.

Weldon N. C.

June 5 1y

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR GOODS.

Groceries!

Cheap as they can be sold in the town of Weldon.

Nice NORTH CAROLINA HAMS 13½ per pound.

Confectioneries of all Kinds Nice and Fresh.

My BAR is stocked with the best and Purest Liquors of every description.

Call and see me.

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