

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ASTHMA,**  
Distressing Cough,  
SORE JOINTS  
AND  
**MUSCLES.**  
Despaired  
OF RELIEF.  
CURED BY  
**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

"Some time since, I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a distressing cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted of physicians and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief, until I despaired of ever being well again. Finally, I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time, was entirely cured. I can, therefore, cordially and confidently commend this medicine to all."—J. DOWELL, Victoria, Texas.

"My wife had a very troublesome cough. She used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and procured immediate relief."—G. H. FORDICE, Humpreys, Ga.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
Received Highest Awards  
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

### GROVES



**MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS PIGS**

**TASTELESS CHILL TONIC**

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. GUARANTEED. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Dr. A. S. Harrison,  
ENFIELD, N. C.

### FINE GROCERIES

**Family Groceries**  
CHEAP GROCERIES.  
FRUITS & CONFECTIONERIES.  
COME AND SEE.

one, come all, both large and small, amine my stock, before buying at all. My stock is complete and prices low, compare with the products the farmers grow.

Thank my kind friends for the patronage of the past and assure them all I'll be true to the last. I guarantee them in every respect. No goods purchased from me they'll never regret.

Therefore come all, both large and small, and I will deal honestly with you all, not delay, come right away—don't make your purchases to-day.

J. L. JUDKINS.  
dec 131 y.

### R. H. O. HYATT'S SANATORIUM

KINSTON, N. C.

**Diseases of Eye & General Surgery**

Patients Boarded at \$1 per Day. sep 121 y.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**Attorney-at-Law**  
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### Nothing New Under The Sun.

THE ANCIENTS HAD TELEPHONES, FLYING AND AIR MACHINES.

It has been the custom of many people to belittle the ancients by assuming that they knew but little of mechanics, certainly not so much as we do.

The builders of the pyramids have been described by modern guessers as making their calculations and carrying on the most wonderful engineering operations with the aid of pools of water for obtaining levels and star angles; they could not, it was assumed, have instruments except the most crude. So also the Chinese were mere rude workmen, although it is well known that they discovered the procession of the equinoxes over 2,000 years ago.

Of late evidence has been slowly coming out that tends to show the ancients as perhaps having as much, if not more, than we have. So the following from the New York Evening Sun, an influential daily paper, will be of interest. It says, on May 31, 1894:

"An English officer by the name of Harrington has discovered in India a working telephone between two native temples which stand over a mile apart. The testimony of the Hindus, which, it is said, is backed up by documentary proof, shows that the system has been in operation for over 2,000 years. Scientists engaged in the ruins of ancient Egyptian temples have repeatedly found unmistakable evidence of wire communication between some of the temples of the earlier Egyptian dynasties."

It will probably be found in the course of time that the repeated statements of H. P. Blavatsky that the ancients had all our arts and mechanical devices were true. She asserted that they had flying machines. In Buddhist books is a story of Buddha which refers to a flying machine or mechanical bird used in a former life of the Lord, and Indian tradition speaks also of air walking machines.

Reading this item in the newspaper reminds me, too, of a conversation I had with H. P. Blavatsky in New York before the phonograph came out, in which she said that some Indian friends of hers had a machine by which they spoke with each other over distances of miles with great ease. Perhaps when the great West is convinced that the old Aryans had mechanical contrivances equaling our own it will lend a reader ear than now to the philosophies the East has so long held in keeping."

### KEEP YOUR HUSBAND HAPPY.

By feeding him well.  
By serving meals on time.  
By not boring him with domestic history.  
By taking an intelligent interest in his affairs.  
By judicious flattery and equally judicious blame.  
By being an ornament to his household and credit to his taste.  
By not looking up the ways of a sweetheart in the chest with your bridal veil.  
—New York World.

### THE SITUATION.

England—More.  
Venezuela—Sre.  
Cleveland—War.  
Senate—Law.  
Uncle Sam—Hurd!

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**BUDS, Society** has just entering the doors of society or womanhood, receive the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all its bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nerve tonic at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy especially indicated for those delicate weak nerves and discharges that afflict women at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she looks well and she feels well.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

**WOMAN'S ILLS.**  
"Mrs. W. R. BATES, of Danvers, Vermont, writes: 'A few years ago I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman who is troubled with any of the ailments mentioned in the "Prescription" will try it and be benefited as I have been.'

Parson—"I married Smithers to his first wife, he gave me \$50. When I married him to his second, he gave me \$5." Wiggles—"He knew more about matrimony the second time, I guess."

### A Queer Proposal.

IT CAME TARDILY, BUT WAS A MODEL IN ITS BREVITY.

An aristocratic young lady of Magdeburg, Germany, had spent some time at the country seat of her uncle and a young cavalier from Berlin had been paying much attention to her. Every body thought it would be a good match for both and affairs went on swimmingly until the day drew near when the young lady was to return home.

The nearer the day came the more disappointed were the young miss and her mother at the failure of the young man to ask the all important question. Finally they left their relative's home in great dismay, and just before leaving the young lady remarked to her uncle that it probably was as well for both, as her mother had not much use for such a "chickenhearted son in law." They left on a train on the narrow gauge railway connecting the valley with the nearest town.

After they had gone the young man questioned the uncle why the young lady had gone away so angry and hardly noticed him when bidding good-by. The uncle, a blunt ex soldier, repeated the remark made by his niece when leaving to the young man, who was touched to the quick by the insinuation of cowardice contained therein. He was very much in love with the lady and had abstained from broaching the subject on account of his not considering it proper to propose anywhere but at the young lady's home, which he intended visiting before long.

This remark, however, aroused his sense of honor and without saying another word, he mounted his horse, which happened to stand ready for an outing, and galloped after the train, which had left a quarter of an hour before. Owing to benign providence and the management of this country railroad he caught the train before it had reached the next station, Karow; he spied the young lady at the window of a first-class compartment and, riding up to the train before it came to a full stop, almost shouted breathlessly: "My dear Miss—, I ask for your hand. Yes or no?"

In the station Karow, just as the train arrived, a "Yes" was joyfully given by the young miss and thankfully approved by her mamma.—Chicago Daily News.

### HE OBJECTED

AND THE WEDDING GUEST MADE HIS OBJECTION STAND GOOD.

"I attended a mountain wedding in McDowell county, W. Va., said a well known post-office inspector to a Star reporter.

"Everything went along smoothly at first, the cabin was brilliantly lighted with candles and one of the best fiddlers in the county was present to furnish music for the dance to follow the wedding ceremony. Nothing occurred to mar the proceedings until the minister came to the point where he invited anybody to say why the people should not enter the bonds of matrimony to speak or thereafter hold his peace, when a rough looking mountainer arose and said:

"Anything for say, parson? Well, I reckon I hev. I hev allus intruded ter marry that gal myself an' that feller knowed it, so he juss kep' on my way. I sent 'im word to prepare for a tickin' an' he led' the cuntry, but kep' a writin' ter the gal. Now, I'm here ter make my word good, an' fore the hyar event goes any farther, the miter faced coward has me ter fight."

"In vain the preacher tried to rebuke order. A ring was soon secured in the center of the room and the man went at it. In about ten minutes the groom announced that he had enough, and the victor taking the arm of the blushing bride, deliberately changed the groom's name in the marriage license to his own, while the vanquished lover made his escape. Everybody appeared to be satisfied, and the marriage took place as though nothing had occurred to mar the solemnity of the occasion."

She—"Why does a woman take a man's name when he is married?" He—"Why does she take every thing else he has?"

Blobbs—"Miss Oldgirl would make a good soldier." Slobbs—"Used to powder, eh?" Blobbs—"Yes, and never deserts her colors."

When asked why she rejected me, Her reasons were most frank; She weighed me in the balance—and I had none at the bank.

Doctor—"You have something wrong with your digestive organs." Patient—"Well, considering my three daughters are learning to cook, it is hardly to be wondered at."

Parson—"I married Smithers to his first wife, he gave me \$50. When I married him to his second, he gave me \$5." Wiggles—"He knew more about matrimony the second time, I guess."

### Mistaken Identity.

THERE WAS A VAST DIFFERENCE IN THE TWO CASES.

The other day at Montezuma, while two citizens were conversing at the depot, a negro approached and addressed one of them as follows:

"Kurnel, I h'ar yo' wants to git a man out on de plantation."

"Yes, I want a man out there," replied the colonel as he looked the negro over. "Seems to me I've seen you before!"

"Reckon not, sah. I've new run' here."

"Bat I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. Let's see. I was over at Perry the other day."

"Yes, sah, yo' was ober to Perry."

"And while there I called at the jail."

Yes, sah, yo' called at de jail. Dey has got a powerful nice jail ober to Perry."

"And while at the jail I saw a colored man who was serving a sentence for stealing a hog."

"No doubt of it, kurnel. Yes, yo' dun saw a cull'd pesson right in dat jail at Perry."

"And you are the man," said the colonel as he laid his hand on the negro's shoulder.

"Jes' so, kurnel—jes' so. I was right in dat jail at Perry, an' I dun 'members of seefo' yo' pass along. Curious wath a mem'ry some white folks has in deir heads!"

"Bat you don't suppose I want a man who has been in jail for stealing, do you?" exclaimed the colonel.

"No, sah—no, sah. Of cose yo' don't. Dat's what I zere to displain about. Yo' got it all wrong 'bout dat hog, kurnel. De pesson who dun stole de hog was asleep when yo' called. I wasn't in dat jail for stealin' no hog. I zere no such man as dat."

"Then what were you in for?"

"Why, dey said dem two bags er cotton seed meal wath dey found in my cart was taken from de depo'."

"Oh, I see. Well, what's the difference?"

"What's the difference? Heaps o' difference, sah. On de one hand, I zere loadin' up a bar'l of salt arter dark an' dem bag-jes' tumbled into my cart while my back wuz turned. On de other hand, a pesson goes out by daylight and runs a hog round' de woods for ober two hours before he catches a hind leg."

"Seuse me, kurnel, I did reckon I'd like to work on yo' plantation, but if yo' am de sort o' man who can't see de difference between a pesson restin' in jail to oblige de jury an' bein' sent to jail fur stealin' a hog I couldn't trust my reputashun in yo' hands. Good mornin', kurnel, good mornin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Little Drops Of Water.

THEIR CONTINUAL FALLING AFFORDS AN AWFUL METHOD OF PUNISHMENT

Philadelphia Times: One of the Chinese modes of punishment, especially when a confession is wanted from a criminal, is to place him where a drop of water will fall upon one certain spot in his shaven crown for hours or days, if necessary. The torture it inflicts is proven by an experience of Sandow. One of the students offered to bet him that he would not be able to let a half litre of water drop upon his hand until the measure was exhausted. A half litre is about a pint according to our measurement.

Sandow laughed at the very idea of his not being able to do this, so a half litre measure was procured and a hole drilled in the bottom sufficiently large to let the water escape drop by drop. The experiment began; there were many anxious faces, but Sandow laughed and chatted gaily at first, and the student kept count of the number of drops. At about the two-hundredth Sandow grew more serious; soon an expression of pain crossed his face. With the entrance into the third hundred, his hand began to sweat and grow red, then the skin burst. The pain grew more and more excruciating, until finally at the four hundred and twentieth drop Sandow had to give up and acknowledge himself vanquished. He paid the bet, but his hand was sore for several days afterward.

### The Friendship of Women.

AN ESSAYIST MAKES SOME TERRIBLE STATEMENTS ABOUT THEM.

Take, again, the friendship of one woman for another when both stand upon the same moral and social level. It is in nine cases out of ten devoid of the obligations of loyalty and honor which are inherent in the friendship between one man and another. There is less reserve in it and also less sincerity, for a woman will reveal her heart of hearts to a friend and quarrel with her the next day because she has pirated her bonnet or alienated an admirer. Such relations never become stable or sacred between women, for they are apt to be given by chance, proceed with passion and die at a breath. Even at fever heat a woman never gives as much to another as she gives to her lightest lover, and at any moment she is ready to sacrifice her friend at the behest of any man in whom she is momentarily interested. For his entertainment she will betray any confidence without a scruple or a regret, even if she refrains from denouncing her feminine friend to the first comer as soon as a shadow of mis-understanding has arisen between them.

In the lives of most men there are only one or two friendship bonds, riveted by years of intercourse, which nothing but undreamed treachery can sever. Women, on the other hand, make and discard friends with equal facility. If they are seldom true to men, their fidelity to their own sex is rarer far, for there are no Davids and Johnathans among women, no friendships founded on mutual faith and held in honor. Until woman learns to conduct her relations with her own sex on the same principle as that which men act the sisterhood of woman will never come within measurable distance of the possible. She has learned so much from man in this decade that it is not unreasonable to hope she may yet learn the true character of friendship as well as the policy of combination. When woman stands shoulder to shoulder with her sister in public and in private life, she will stand at the very gates of her kingdom, abreast of that "brave vibration, each way free."—Saturday Review.

### CHINESE WOMEN.

THEY ARE LIKE PAPIER MACHE DOLLS, BUT ONCE RULED THEIR COUNTRY.

The Chinese beauties sit on a rostrum in chairs of state, their hands folded submissively in flowing sleeves and their faces with as much feline expression as countenances carved out of ivory. They smile now and then, and you fancy when they do so that some string at the back of their necks has been pulled for the purpose. They wear divided skirts, it is true, but of all heathen women it seems to me that these would be the most difficult to incite with the desire to vote. And yet these almond eyed Celestials solved long ago the woman question, or rather their men folks solved it for them.

Centuries past they were allowed a part of the government, with the result of so much intrigue and disaster that they were forever ruled out. One of these little old papier mache maidens is considered the beauty of the lot, and in her own little Chinese way she is really very cute. Her tiny body is gorgeously arrayed. Her trowsers are of purple and gold, and the long garment that covers her body to the knees reveals a splendid panoply of birds and insects of every hue on a ground of shimmering white and gold satin. Her pretty little hands are laden with many rings, among them the jade circlet which no woman of her age is without, since it is said to bring luck and love to the wearer.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### HE HAD WHEELS.

LOOKING FOR A REMEDY FOR A WATCH HE SWALLOWED.

The small boy had a restless, unhappy look as he approached the young man who was calling on his sister.

"I wouldn't tell anybody but you about it," he said, confidentially.

"About what?"

"About what's happened to me. But I thought you might help me."

"In what way?"

"Do you remember that little bit of a gold watch my sister had?"

"Yes."

"I was fooling with it, and sister was coming, and I put it in my mouth to keep her from seeing it, and the first thing I knew I swallowed it!"

"How long ago?"

"This afternoon. If you put your ear down to my chest you can hear me ticking inside."

"You'd better have a doctor."

"Then I'd have to let the folks know. Sister says you have wheels in your head sometimes, and I thought maybe you'd tell me what you'd do for 'em, an' that it might fit this case."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Capitol Romance.

SHE LOST HER POSITION BUT NOW FINDS SOMETHING BETTER.

A quiet little romance, of which only those most interested are supposed as yet to know, has grown from the fertile agricultural department. Once upon a time there was a pretty girl in a far-off western state. Hard times pressed heavily upon her home, and broke the cheerful spirit of her aged father and mother. With the brave thought to earn sufficient money to lift a mortgage on the small farm, the young girl came to Washington, and, after many rebuffs and disappointments, secured a position in the seed division of the agricultural department. Quietly and faithfully she did her daily duty, saving much more of her salary than she spent, and dreaming of a time when the savings would be enough to lighten the mortgage, and the dear old hearts at home. When the seed division was abolished, her hopes sank very low. All efforts to find another place were fruitless, and Washington seemed big and strange and lonely. Before giving up and going home, she made one final throw for success and future happiness. She wrote a letter to the newly elected congressman of her home district, and asked him to aid her with his influence in obtaining a government position. She had never seen the congressman. She imagined him to be a benevolent, Peffer-like old gentleman with a fatherly disposition. He happened to receive her letter as he was starting to Washington on ante-congressional business, and he answered it in person. He was neither old or Peffer like, he was young and good looking and susceptible. His business in Washington lengthened itself out unaccountably. The pretty girl has gone home now, but this winter there is going to be a happy young bride in a modest little home on Capitol hill, and that western congressman is going to challenge every fellowmember who shall dare to lift a word of protest against the abolishment of the seed division.—Washington Post.

### SKATING ON THE OUTER EDGE.

She didn't know I loved her—she couldn't really know, Though mebbly sumpin'—sumpin' kindly sort o' told her so; For her eyes was allus downcast an' her cheeks got flamin' red; An' her lips wuz sort o' twitchy ez she turned away her head.

When I knelt to fix her skate straps an' my bugin' fingers shook, When the nervousness o' lovin' her, an' tryin' to make 'em look, So 'twuz both a kind o' torture an' a blissful privilege,

When I went with Mandy skatin'—skatin' on th' outer edge.

I used to hold her foot, yo see, an' mebbly once er twice I'd git a glimpse of ankle, so slim, an' turned so nice, Et 'ud set my heart a-thumpin' an' a-gyratin' orn'—

'Peared like 'tw'd twist my innards in side an' out an' upside down; An' then she'd try to help an' show some more betwixtin' cures, Ez if that wuz the way to stiddy down a lover's nerves!

A thousand times I started, ez nigh ez I can judge, To tell her how I loved her—skatin' on the outer edge.

Till one bright night, I don't know how, 'peared like the moon's soft glow Het up my blood to bilin' till the words began to flow;

Then she tripped and stumbled—wud a fallen, but my arm Somehow found its way around, and held her close up safe from harm; Bat her face wuz kindly white like, in the answer came so low

I could scarcely see her lips move, but I knew it wasn't "No."

An' the roses crept back softly, when she gave that whispered pledge, That through life we'd kep' on skatin'—skatin' on the outer edge.

While it cannot be said that the great writers and speakers of history have stooped to the frivolity of incessant punning, yet most of them have not neglected to make use of a good pun when "is order."

Daniel Webster was once addressing the Senate on the dry subject of internal improvements when the clock hands came around to the hour of 2. But instead of striking twice the clock continued to strike without cessation more than 40 times, till it was run down. All eyes were turned to the clock and business was suspended. Mr. Webster remained silent until about 20 strokes had sounded, when he thus appealed to the chair:

"Mr. President, the clock is out of order. I have the floor."

The staid and august Senate broke into a uproarious laugh at the timely witicism. The joke can never be repeated in the Senate, however, for the striking part of the clock is no longer ever wound up.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.  
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

**POULTRY AND GARDEN FENCE**  
And make a special Home, Cattle and Hog Fences. Year, Country, and Great Lot Putting a Specialty. For the People. Chicago, Ill. E. L. BRILLIANT, ATLANTA, GA.

### Bide Your Time.

DON'T WEAR LIFE AWAY IN FEVERISH ANXIETY OF FAME.

(Longfellow.)

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in his native land, where the pulse of life beat with feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle, there is such din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly; you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out in the main. The voices of the present say, Come! But the voices of the past say, Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does great minds bear up against public opinions and push back the hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous objection; but in constant, steady cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes what matter it to the world whether you or I, or another man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and the book were well done. It is the part of an indolent and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting, to hear the echo of our own voices.

If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety for fame, and the last we shall hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves. Unhappy men and unsuccessful, because their purpose is to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the "trick and fantasy of fame," and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait. Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.

### A TIMELY WITICISM.

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Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.  
**MAGNETIC NERVE** is sold with written guarantee to restore Lost Manhood. Unsex weakness, Nervous Debility and all the evils from early or later excess, the results of overwork, worry, sickness, etc. Full strength, calm and development given to every organ of the body. Improved immediately seen from the first box. Thousands of letters of praise on file in our office. Can be carried in your pocket. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. One month's treatment in each box. Price \$1.00, 6 boxes, \$5.00, with return guarantee to refund money if not cured. Send to us for the genuine. Circulars Free.  
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