THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXI. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1897. NO. 51.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE IDEAL LAXATIVE

—And Cure for—

CONSTIPATION

—As pleasant as honey and sure cure for—

Biliousness, Headache, Fevers, Stomach Troubles, Bowel Derangements, Liver Diseases, Sick Stomach, Irregularity, Kidney Troubles, Skin and Blood Disorders,

and very many other diseases and complications due to the inactive state of the bowels.

PRUNELINE is the safest and surest cathartic and aperient one can use. It thoroughly cleanses without griping, purifies the blood and removes all waste from the system. It does away with CASTOR OIL, SALTS Blue Mass and all other nauseous purgatives. It tones and energizes all the great organs of the system. Keep the head Cool, the feet warm and the Bowels open, using PRUNELINE for the latter purpose.

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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DINING ROOM. ALL MEALS 25 CENTS.

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The Best of Everything in Season

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Carries full line——

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots

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Agent for STANDARD SEWING MACHINES. Can furnish any part of any kind of machine at short notice. Send postal card for slip illustrating parts to machine you have and will name price for piece needed.

I carry a full line,

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Give me a trial when in need of anything. my 7 1y.

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—DEALER IN—

Heavy AND Fancy **Groceries**

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224 POUND SACKS OF SALT FOR $1.10 PER SACK.

Correct prices and polite attention to all. aug 1 1y.

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Liver, Kidney AND Blood TONIC.

Has no equal. It is the only strictly pure vegetable blood medicine on the market. It regulates and cleanses the liver, strengthens and heals diseased kidneys, assists the urinal organs in a wonderful manner, cures chills and fever, catarrh in its first stages, ulcers, sores of long standing, aids digestion, creates appetite, strengthens the weak and languid, gives tone and vigor to the whole system. No one should be without it.

Office and Laboratory 277 Church street, Norfolk, Va. PRICE 50 CENTS.

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W. M. HABLISTON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Furniture,

CARPETS, STOVES,

and Mattresses, etc.

IMMENSE STOCK

AND LOW PRICES.

W. M, HABLISTON & CO.,

No. 20 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effectual remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is

THE PILL THAT WILL.

Monuments and Tombstones.

DESIGNS SENT FREE.

In writing give some limit as to price and state age of deceased.

LARGEST STOCK in the South to select from.

COUPER MARBLE WORKS.

(Established 1818.)

159 to 163 Bank st., Norfolk, Va.

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Twin City BAKERY,

WELDON, N. C.

Full line FANCY GROCERIES, FRUITS, and Confectioneries.

Nice line of California Dried Fruits, Prunes Peaches, etc., etc. Full line of

French Candies

Crystalize Fruits, Cream Almonds and Marshmallows.

Agents for Fleischman's compressed yeast.

BUSTER PURNELL, Manager,

oct 15 tf.

We're on our way

—To—

S. MEYER Agt

The Hustler! who Sells the CHEAPEST and BEST Dry Goods, GROCERIES,

Or Anything You Want.

HE'S GOT IT.

MEYER'S BARGAIN HOUSE,

Enfield, N. C.

Cucumber Pumps,

Chimney Pipe, Sash, Blinds and Doors, and a full line of

HARDWARE,

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ONE OF THEM.

The Old Negro Mammy Will Never Be Forgotten.

Perhaps one more record of a venerated old Virginia "Mammy" may interest your readers. I need not dwell on her untiring care for and love to us little ones, and her faithfulness and devotion to my mother. My earliest recollections are of a large white table cloth spread upon the store room floor and our Mammy upon her knees before a large cone of white "loaf sugar," which with a stout knife and hammer she was cutting into little blocks for the sugar dish. If little lumps flew off on the floor it was ours to scramble for.

When the Union army surrounded us "Mammy" was the last to leave us. Only when her husband and children had all departed did she come in crying bitterly to kiss us all around "good bye." Her husband having threatened to get another wife if she loved the white folks better than him. When the Yankee soldiers crowded into her neat room they said to her, "Old woman you are a fool to stay here and cook for these people (cook having gone), don't you know you are free?" "Umph!" she replied, "I didn't need for such as you to come here to tell me I was free. I was free long 'fore you come here, the Lord Jesus Christ made me free from the law of sin and death. Now you go along 'bout your business and I'll tend to mine."

She had long been subject to severe sore throats which my mother always mopped and tended carefully, but soon after her husband took her to Washington she was taken sick with one of those attacks and neglect made it fatal. She passed away bitterly regretting that she left her old home, saying: "Old miss would cured her." We shall surely meet her "up there" where she is in truth free from sin, and washed white in the blood of the Lamb, among the faithful around His throne.—Ex.

Mrs. A. Inveen, residing at 720 Henry St., Alton, Ill., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for over eight months. She doctored for it nearly the whole of this time, using various remedies recommended by friends, and was treated by the physicians, but received no relief. She then used one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which effected a complete cure. This is published at her request, as she wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured her. The 25 and 50 cents sizes.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

WHY HE QUIT.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said, "I say, 'squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?" He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him, "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps." The tramp replied: "You need not be so cranky and high minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn and he will bring you to just the same place I am." Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy. "Then it was drinking that made you like this?" "Yes, it was; and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it." Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and said, "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon never to enter it again.—Classmate.

What a wonder it is that some women are so heedless about the things that concern them most. They endure all sorts of pain and misery with carelessness which would never be possible if they realized the consequences.

Comparatively few women understand that when they neglect their health because they are too busy or overworked or their minds are taken up with other concerns, that they are balancing on the edge of a fatal precipice.

Any weakness or disease of woman's special organism is no trifling matter. A woman who through indifference neglects these troubles is laying the foundation for life-long wretchedness.

A modest woman naturally recoils from the mortifying ordeal of examinations and local treatment which doctors insist upon. But there is no necessity for any such repugnant alternative. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures these delicate complaints positively and completely. It is a medicine devised for this particular purpose by one of the most eminent of living specialists in woman's diseases.

Dr. Pierce has been for nearly 30 years chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During this time he has received fully ninety thousand letters from women who have been cured by the "Favorite Prescription." Some of these letters are printed by permission in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It contain advice and suggestions for self-treatment which every woman ought to read. More than half a million copies have been sold at $1.50 each. An absolutely free edition in paper covers will be sent for a limited time to anyone sending 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps.

YOUNG AT 125.

Half White, Half Indian; Born in a Tar Heel Hamlet.

Noah Raby, an inmate of the poor farm of Piscataway township, three miles from this city, will be 125 years old tomorrow, if his reckoning is correct. He has been at the poor farm thirty years, and is totally blind. His skin is perfectly white, though, so he says, his father was an Indian. The old man tells this story of his life:

"I was born in North Carolina, Gates county, in a little village called Eatontown. My mother was a native of North Carolina, while my father was a North American Indian named Andrew Bass, I think. They never sent me to school. I did learn to read, but could never write even my own name.

"I have smoked for 120 years. I started by smoking my mother's pipe when I was a child. It never made me sick. I've drunk whiskey as long as I have smoked, and never the worse for it. I did get drunk two or three times, though; once when about 17 years old, when I was in Virginia. I went to town and got some whiskey for an old negro. I suppose I drank as much of it as he did, and had to be taken home in an ox cart. It took me a week to get over the effects of it. The next time that I drank too much was in New Brunswick. A young fellow persuaded me to drink with him. I took more than was good for me and he had to carry me home.

"My mother lived in a little hut built on poles. When I was 7 years old she got married and I had to go. I was bound to a Mr Fields then. He owned lots of slaves, but would never sell any of them, because he did not believe in it. When I was 21 I struck out to get a job for myself. Widow Penelope Parker gave me work about her place. I was with her five years and she paid me $200 a year. Then I left her to work for her daughter-in-law, Sarah Parker. I thought that I might possibly marry her, and all her slaves and big plantation would be mine. It would have been all right if I hadn't fallen in love with her and became too bashful ask her to marry me. I knew an old darky, called Uncle Mingo. I told him of my trouble, and he said he would bewitch me so she would have me. I didn't like that idea, though, and would not let him. She was the prettiest woman I ever saw. I never told her that I loved her until it was too late.

"One day my half brother came to see me, and saw that something was wrong. He asked me if I were in love. I said I was. He advised a sea trip to cure it. I took his advice, leaving my beloved without receiving what was due me. Later I got a leave of absence from the ship I was on and went back to her. She paid me in full, and asked why I left so suddenly. I guess I did not care so much for her then, for I told her that it was because I loved her. What do you think she said? 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' It was too late then, however, for she had married her overseer two weeks before. I was sorry then, but am not now. Perhaps I wouldn't have lived so long if I had married her.

"When I was in Norfolk I heard Gen. Washington speak. I am not sure what he was talking about, but I know he was very angry. I shall never forget one thing he said. It has stuck in my mind almost a hundred years. 'Go right on, fellow citizens, as you have been going on, and I can assure you we shall have the devil to pay in this republic, and no mistake.' Those are just his own words.

"I left the navy because I didn't want to go to war. I'm sorry that I lost my discharge papers, because they'd help to prove my age.

"I've been a member of the Elizabeth Baptist Church for forty years. I believe the Baptist Church is all right, but don't think that being a Baptist is all that's necessary. There's got to be a change of heart to go to heaven, and that is what I got down in Old Virginia. I was taken sick and one night I began to feel strangely happy. I got up and went about the house shouting glory hallelujah.

"No, I've nothing to complain of. I've had plenty to eat all my life and had a good time, too. I ought to know something about politics, hadn't I, for I'm older than the country is. Well, I've been a Democrat ever since they have had a party. They won't let me vote now, for I can't pay poll tax. I've only one thing to regret. That is, that I didn't learn to write my name. However, I suppose if I had I couldn't see to write it now."

"Uncle Noah," spends nearly all his time in Overseer Hummer's sitting room. He sleeps sitting in a chair, for he fears a rush of blood to his head. He makes a tour of the poorhouse grounds every day, his footsteps being guided by a wire stretched from point to point. He weighs less than 100 pounds. His frame is slightly bent, but his muscles are firm and he is very active. He looks forward to his birthday with much pleasure and expect his friends for miles around to call on him.—New Brunswick, N. J. Cor. N. Y. Sun.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

NO USE FOR MONEY.

A Settlement of Queer People on the Isthmus of Panama.

"We had to remain in Panama bay three days before the steamer sailed," said a traveler who had recently returned from a trip across the isthmus, as he ligted a fresh cigar, "and a friend and I decided to spend the time exploring the bay. We hired two West India darkies, who had a longboat, with a sail which could be utilized when the wind was fair to row us around. Well, of course, we sailed up the canal as far as there was any water and saw the progress which had been made, or rather the lack of progress, but that is another story.

"We shot one alligator and shot at a dozen more. They were lying along the banks of the canal sunning themselves, and looked exacly like logs to the inexperienced eye from a distance. Upon nearer approach the log would suddenly become animated and would slide off the bank into the water with a splash.

"But what I started to tell about was a peculiar settlement of natives some distance up the northern shore of the bay. It seemed peculiar to me, but such things may be common down in that country. I am told they are. At any rate, it was a settlement of people who had kept themselves so far removed from the modern world that they had no desire for money.

"To tell the truth, they have little or no use for money, but yet I have never before seen people who honestly cared so litt'e for the root of all evil as these half naked natives of the isthmus did. It was a small settlement of perhaps two dozen houses. A dwelling consisted of small poles stuck up endways, an inch or so apart, to allow the air to circulate freely, with a thatched roof. Each habitation consisted of one room, open to the gaze of all the neighbors through the spaces between the poles.

"In this lived father, mother, children, pigs, dogs, chickens and any other animals in the possession of the family. The children, up to the age of 12 or 14, did not wear any clothing whatever, and the adults none to amount to anything. Bananas, cocoanuts and other tropical fruits grew on every hand, and there were plenty of fish in the bay, which were easily caught.

"The members of the whole community seemed to spend their time much as the alligators did, lying about sleeping and sunning themselves. When they wanted any fruit, it was to be had for the picking, and the fish were secured almost as easily. It was a long sail in our small boat from the ship lying at anchor in the bay, but we had started early, the wind was fair and we arrived at the settlement about noon. The natives paid little attention to us and some of them did not deign even to wake up as we passed. Others partly opened their eyes and listlessly looked upon our approach, but when we had passed they went to sleep again without so much as turning their heads to see where we were going.

"Our guides told us to pick as much of the fruit as we wished. We expressed a fear that the owners would object, but were assured that they would not. So we picked a basketful in one family's back yard, if that fenceless town could be said to have a back yard. But we felt somewhat guilty nevertheless in walking away with a big basket of delicious fruit without so much as offering to pay anything for it. We so expressed ourselves to our guides, so they told us to offer the people something—whatever we pleased.

"I took several small siver pieces from my pocket and offered them to the man who seemed to be the head of the family. He was lying with half closed eyes near the entrance of his home. He opened his eyes a little wider when I approached, looking at the coins in my outstretched hand, shook his head and mumbled something which I could not understand. I looked inquiringly at the guide, who had followed me. 'He says he has no use for it,' the guide interpreted and so we went our way, and it was starlight when we again reached the ship."—New York Tribune.

NO FREE LIST

He barred her passage.

Let me pass?" she cried haughtily.

Not a muscle of her face moved.

"Do you hear me?" she again cried. "Let me pass?"

"You cannot, shall not pass," he at last exclaimed vehemently, "without."—

"Well?"

Showing your ticker. This is no free show."

There was nothing for her to do but submit.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

For sale by W. M Cohen, Weldon; J N. Brown, Halifax; Dr. A S. Harrison, Enfield.

THE JOKER JOKED.

A Story of a Practical Joke Played on Pulaski Cowper.

In his reminiscences in the Patron and Gleaner last week, Mr. Pulaski Cowper tells of some practical jokes played in the old times in Jackson by Mr. John M. Calvert, who had a keen sense of the rediculous and a quick perception of a practical joke. After giving some of the jokes Mr. Calvert played on others, Mr. Cowper does not spare himself, but adds the following story, which appeared in the Washington Post some years ago:

"Some years ago Colonel Pulaski Cowper, than whom there is not a more clever, whole-souled and popular gentleman, one more widely known, or one who enjoys a good joke better, even if it is at his own expense, in the North State, was reading law in town of Jackson, the county seat of Northampton county.

"In the vicinity of Jackson lived Uncle Tom Wheeler, who was well known in Northampton as Col. Cowper is in the State. It is said that Uncle Tom was possessed of considerable means though somewhat miserly, at any rate, very few people saw him spending money.

"One characteristic of Uncle Tom was, when away from home he was never seen without his gun; "Old Betsy," as he always called it as well as his dog always accompanied him; and though he never went anywhere without his gun, no one ever saw him with any game.

"It made but little difference in what direction Uncle Tom started from home to take a 'little hunt,' it was always nearer to go via Jackson, and some of his neighbors insinuated that the 'wet groceries' had some attraction for him, as it was almost a daily occurrence for him to be seen in town; and while he was ever ready, if drinks were proposed, he was never known to 'set 'em up.'

"This reminiscence occurred during a court in Jackson, and, on account of an important case to be tried, there were a large number of people in attendance, estimated by some to be five thousand. Near the court house was the store of Mr. John Randolph, a distant relative of John Randolph of Roanoke.

"In the South, the storehouse in the towns and villages, is not considered complete without a piazza in front. Randolph's store had a very large one, on which were seated some fifteen or twenty men, including Uncle Tom. He had set "Old Betsy" inside the store and near the door, and he was sitting in the porch, about midway between the two front doors of the store.

"Col. Cowper had become somewhat weary at the wrangling of the lawyers, over the admission of some evidence, so he took up his hat and walked out of the court house over to Randolph's store, where he found the crowd in the porch teasing Uncle Tom about always carrying his gun and never having any game and some intimated that they did not believe he could kill anything. Colonel Cowper seeing Mr. John Calvert, who was inside the store, take up the gun and draw out the shot, leaving only the powder in, and set it back where Uncle Tom had left it, and being confident he had a "sure thing" on the old man, joined in with the others in teasing him. Col. Cowper proposed to bet treats for the crowd that Uncle Tom could not hit his hat, if placed on a large oak stump about fifteen feet off. (Col. Cowper had on a fine silk hat, for which he paid $5 the day before.) Uncle Tom said, 'Well Laski' (that's what he always called the Colonel) 'I don't want to hurt your new hat, but as you insist upon it, and propose drinks for the crowd and as I feel a little dry, if you will let me take a rest, I'll see what Old Betsy can do.

"The Colonel said, "All, right, you can take a rest, and sit down too, if you like."

"The Colonel sent five or six boys around town to tell everybody to come quick round to Randolph's store, there was going to be a "free treat." He and Uncle Tom then went to the oak stump to put the hat in position. It was some little time before Uncle Tom could place the hat just exacly as he wanted it. While all this was going on, John Calvert took up the gun, which was near the shot pouch, and filled her about half full of shot and set it back in place.

Everything in readiness, Uncle Tom took up his gun, remarking, "Old Betsy, you have never failed me, now do your best." Seating himself in a chair he rested the gun on the railing, took aim, pulled the trigger, and—Uncle Tom was picked up at the other end of the piazza, and the gun went a cavorting through the air, and landed on the other side of the street, and the hat, not a piece of it as big as a cent piece could be found in the whole town. "Snak-I-by jings," exclaimed Col. Cowper. "A conspiracy—some one has played fool on me; but I'll set 'em up," and all were invited to a saloon near by, where he arranged with the proprietor for drinks for the crowd. The Colonel then went to the hotel to get his dinner and about two o'clock p. m. the line was formed, and the drinking commenced. They would go in at the front door, get a drink, and pass out at the rear.

"About sunset the Colonel went over to settle the bill, when, to his astonishment, the drinking was still going on; the line had resolved in a ring, and was repeating; and ever and anon there would go up a yell, "Rah for Cowper." He called a halt on the bartender, who, knowing the Colonel's ability to pay, was keeping the glasses filled. He asked for the amount of the bill. The proprietor told him it would take some time to count it up, as he had chalked it down on the side of the house." The Colonel asked how many barrels they had drank and was told about two. He said he would pay for it at wholesale prices, and it was compromised for $117.50.

"Colonel Cowper became so disgusted with the whole affair that he resolved to give up the study of law, and immediately packed his trunk, and hired a man to take him to the railroad. Just outside the town, on ascending a hill, an obstruction was noticed in the road. The driver got down to see what it was, and reported that a cart was bottom upwards. They took hold to remove it, when a voice underneath stammered out, "Hic; come in boys, free treat—rah for Cowper."

"Reaching the station, the Colonel took the first train for Raleigh, where he opened an insurance office and he is today considered one of the best and most reliable insurance men in or out of the State."

Americans are the most inventive people on earth. To them have been issued nearly 600,000 patents, or more than one-third of all the patents issued in the world. No discovery of modern years has been of greater benefit to mankind than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or has done more to relieve pain and suffering. J. W. Vaugn, of Oakton, Ky., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for several years, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for cramps in the stomach and bowels.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

WHAT MATTERS IT?

What matters it if on the morn
Dull mists obscure and darken,
And nature's charms droop low, forlorn,
As if to grief the'd hearken?
If later on the glorious sun
Bursts forth in all its glory,
'Tis as if day had just begun
And clouds were but a story.

What matters it if life's young dream
Be sometimes rudely shattered,
And often hopes that brightest seem
Be darkened, torn and scattered,
If after all our guiding star
Full bright and clear emerges,
And fairer still, no more afar,
Our grief to sunshine verges?

What matters it if on the sea
The ship may fight and tremble,
Tossed here and yon as winds decree
Where furies wild assemble,
If, when the tempest voice is stilled
And storm gods have retreated,
She still sails on, with glory filled,
Full tried and not defeated?

What matters it when life is done,
If, when we look behind us,
We see no glorious victories won
Or earthly ties that bind us,
If, looking forward to the day,
We see a hopeful gleaming,
With angels smiling on the way
And radiant sunlight streaming?

God will forgive our many sins,
Will heal hearts that are broken,
Bind up the wounds when life begins,
Blot out words we have spoken.
What matter it, then, after all,
If hearts with grief are beating?
We are but waiting for the call
And God's eternal greeting.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

There is a vast difference between being able to say prayers that sound fine, and having a broken and contrite heart.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

And it can be easily told by their TRADE MARK—

THE RED Z.

—J. L.—

Judkins' Grocery

WELDON, N. C.

I still carry a full line of fine Staple and Fancy Groceries.

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES,

Crockery, Glass Tin, and woodenware and most everything that is kept in a first class grocery store. I also return thanks to my friends for their patronage of the past, and solicit a continuance of the same, with guarantee to please. And wishing them a happy and prosperous new year. That they may

Long to live
And well to do
And after death
Be happy too.

Respectfully,
J. L. JUDKINS.

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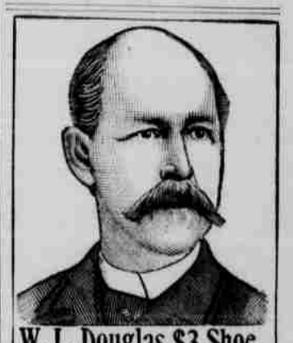

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Stylish, durable, perfect fitting. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible at these prices. Also $2.50 and $2 Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2 and $1.75 Boys

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf, French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes. If dealer cannot supply you, write Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

SOLD BY

W. B. TILLERY,
WELDON, N. C.
E. N. RICKS & BROS.,
ENFIELD, N. C.

nov 26 5m.

P. N. Stainback,

WELDON, N. C.

—Dealer In—

General Merchandise

Agent for the celebrated ZEIGLER BROS. and BAY STATE SHOES.

Have also added to my stock a nice line

CLOTHING!

for MEN, YOUTH'S and CHILDREN.

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