

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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NO. 15.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.



No. 8. Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a mirror, has six massive legs. It contains all kinds of furniture, carpets, heavy draperies, etc. It is a perfect model of utility and beauty. Price, \$3.95. (Orders promptly filled.)

The above is but one of over 100 bargains to be found in our new extensive stock. It contains all kinds of furniture, carpets, heavy draperies, etc. It is a perfect model of utility and beauty. Price, \$3.95. (Orders promptly filled.)

Julius Nines & Son, BALTIMORE, MD.

HERE IS A SNAP.

The early bird—You know the rest.

MEYER IS

Opening a large lot of sample STRAW HATS, and SHOES which he is not

GIVING AWAY

but is selling at half of first selling price

STRAW HATS.

by the thousand. Everybody able to have a nice hat at small price. Also fine line

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Silks, Cheviots, Table Damask, Curtains, Ribbons, Dress Trimmings, or anything you ask for. Full line

GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERIES

at prices lower than ever. Come in and examine my stock.

S. Meyer, Ag't.

ENFIELD, N. C.

SPRING OPENING

Special Display of—

HATS & BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

Be sure to attend—

MRS. W. R. HART,

Oct 15th, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

P. SALE, Proprietor.

WM. LINN, Manager

MANSION HOUSE.

BOTH ON

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Union Street, NORFOLK, VA.

THE BRAKEMAN'S "NO."

"No Use to Lock the Barn Door Now, the Horse is Gone."

A fine young fellow was Tom Jefferys, strong, pleasant, and good looking. He was but 18 years of age when he began "railroading," but he could set a brake with the best. When his clear, deep voice announced the stations, people listened, and made no mistake. Old ladies caught the gleam of his pleasant eye, and let him help them on and off with grateful surprise. Mothers with more children than they could manage, tired women burdened with old men, recognized a friend and made use of him. Not were the railroad officials blind to the young man's helpfulness and popularity, and, although Tom did not dream of it, he was one on the list of names that merit promotion.

The young brakeman's easy going good nature, however, was a drawback in one direction. He disliked to say "no." When the train reached Boston he always had two hours to spare. In that time someone of the boys were sure to say: "Come, Tom, let's go to the barber's." Now this sounded very innocent, but in the barber's back room was a green door which opened on a stairway leading down into a drinking saloon. Here the men used to gather, a few at a time, to take a "little something." Tom usually said his good-byes "no," that meant a reluctant "yes," and ended by going. He never felt wholly at ease when taking his beer. He would not have gone for it alone. Over and over again he acknowledged to himself that it was the laughter of his chums that took his courage away; and so things went on. A year slipped by, and he had become an almost everyday drink with him, when one afternoon he was summoned from the "barber's shop" to the office.

"Jefferys," said the superintendent, when he entered, "I have been very pleased with the way in which your duties have been performed in the past, and I find we need another conductor." The gentleman suddenly stopped, and the pleasant smile was gone. "Mr. Jefferys, your breath tells me that you have been drinking."

"Only a little beer, sir," said poor Tom, flushing crimson.

"I am very sorry," replied the superintendent, "but that will be all today, you may go."

The young man left the office down east, disheartened. What he had been wishing for, what he had so nearly gained, had been lost through his misconduct. As he thought of it the good natured lips to a fainter curve. The next day one of the boys said:

"Come over to the barber's."

"No," replied Tom.

"O come, what struck you?"

"That barber has shaved me all he ever will," was the answer.

Although Tom's "no" seemed very determined in its tone, there was yet something in it. He felt it, and when after a few days the real longing for a glass of liquid made itself felt, it seemed as if the "no" would be "yes" in spite of himself.

"No use to lock the barn door now," said his chum, "the horse is gone." The "super" knows you've taken a nip now and then, and he'll never forget it. Better be young while you can. Tom still said "no," but the little negative grew weaker and weaker, the next thing would be "yes." When this was almost accomplished, spurred by his danger and remembering his early training, in the right, he went into an empty car, and kneeling on the bare floor, prayed for strength to resist. "And then," he said, "I learned to speak a 'no' that all the men on the road could turn into 'yes.'"

Young Lechman, who, according to the story, ran away with his horse, did not have her one particle more of a secret. A story of true romance, devoted to the "humble romance" revealed by the following letter from Mr. Harry Chant, of 1140 Hackett Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

"About fifteen or fifteen months ago I was working with a gang of men and happened to say to one of them, 'I hope it will not rain as I have a big washing to do for the children.' The man said, 'What is the matter with your wife?'

"For years my wife had been suffering from what the doctors called prolapsus of uterus. She was nervous, had cold hands and feet, palpitation, headache, backache, constipation, a disagreeable skin, with bearing down pains, no appetite. She got so weak she could not get around. I am only a laborer so was always in debt with the doctors, and all for no good, as none did her any good. We began to think that she was never going to get well."

"I told this man what the doctor said was the matter with her," and he said, 'I did not know of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.' I told him no, but I had tried so many other medicines that I was tired of them all, and besides I did not have enough money to pay the doctor and the drug store. He said if I would get two or three bottles and try them, and if it did not do my wife any good he would pay for the medicine. I went to the drug store (Mr. Chas. E. Clark on 12th Street) and bought a bottle. The first and second did not seem to have much effect, but the third seemed to work like a charm. I have taken in all about thirteen bottles and she is today as stout and healthy as any woman in the United States. This is not the only case. Whenever I hear tell of any woman who is sick in the neighborhood I just send the book and paper that I wrapped around every bottle and that does the business. I am no longer bothered about doing my own washing and cooking, for my wife can do it all in one day and never seems tired or out of spirits now."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, promptly and permanently.

DEM HE LOVES HE CHASES.

The Old Man Thought That Was The Last Visit To The Old Homestead.

Uncle Ben, a faithful old family servant who belonged to one of our prominent divines, went to his master just after the fall of Richmond and said: "Mars M—, is it true dat de Yankees done set de niggers free?" "Yes," said the doctor, "you are as free as I am today." "Well, is I bound to take it?" I has been jes' as I wants to be all my life, an' I don't want to leave my white folks and be a free nigger! I prefer to stick to my white people de balance of my days."

"All right," said the doctor, "we'll not turn you off but will take care of you just as we have always done."

The free negro in the south occupied a very unenviable position with the colored race. They felt their social standing was far above the free negro's for the reason that people to whom they belonged gave evidence of their liking for them by keeping them in the family, while the free negro was looked upon as a character that was as good for nothing and mean that their owners set them free to get rid of them. I have heard them tell the free negro when they were mad with them, and for the purpose of insulting them: "You was so rotten and good for nothing that your master set you free to get rid of you, an' your master will never do dat with me!"

Uncle Ben stuck to his white folks until he got so old and infirm that he was pensioned and put off in the country near the old home in which he had been raised. Every year, along about the month of October he pays the family a visit of a month. A comfortable room is kept for him all the year round and his meals are sent out from the dining room. His visit over, you may see him on the way to the station with his carpet sack, which was empty when he came, now creaked full of his master's last winter clothes. He enters the neighbors all through the winter telling of his visit to his white people, the good things he had to eat, the things they gave him, etc.

One evening, after dinner, during his last visit, when the family had gathered on the front porch of their suburban home, Uncle Ben came hobbling up learning on his cane, and joined the group. It could be plainly seen that the old man had something on his mind that was troubling him. Presently he said, "Don't you all know dat I's gotten old?" "You are nothing like as old as father is," said one of the ladies. "But he don't got de rheumatiz like I be! I feels like his is de las' visit I'll ever pay to you all dis side of de grave!" "Oh, pshaw, Uncle Ben, you have been visiting us every fall for the last fifteen years now, and by another year your rheumatism will have disappeared, and I expect to see you here again just as we always have." "Nur marm, Miss B—, de rheumatiz is not going to let me. I don't expect I'll ever recover to persevere. I live a hundred miles from here, an' I can't get up and down on de cypress like I use to. I has been had luck in de woods betwixt Farnville an' Prince Edward house an' Janewary some possum hunters come thru dar up to set de woods free. De fire stop up to my house an' set dar afire an' when I come out from dar I never have nuthin' but one bare counterpane. I den went down on Biery river an' got me a home for a dollar a month, an' I hadn't bin dar mo'n a week befo' a freshet come down de river and wash me clean out from dar too. An' den I had some nice chickens as evah you did see. De pigs all died wid de korry and de las one er dem fine chickens was taken wid de g'yatts (snaps) an' dey died too. Oh, yes, an' it pains like bad luck is bin followin' me all o' dis year. If it warn't for de comfort dar, I gits out er de Bible I would give up intirely!" "I am very glad to know that you get so much comfort out of the Bible, Uncle Ben," said Miss B—. "From what portion of the Bible do you derive so much comfort?" Laying his index finger on the palm of his hand, the old fellow proceeded as follows: "Well, de Bible says 'Dem dat de Lord loves he chases.' An' Com de way he is bin chasin' me dis year, I know I mus be one er his favorites!" (Polk Miller in Nashville American.)

AN EXPENSIVE SONG.

Cumso—"You say that you bought this delightful country home for a song?"

Cawker—"Figuratively speaking, yes. Its price approximated that of a song by Patti."

"Am I to take this medicine internally or apply it externally?" asked the lady customer of the drug clerk who was filling her prescription.

"Wherever pleases you, madam; the stuff is perfectly harmless."

Every home ought to be made so much like heaven that the children will not think of heaven as being far away.

The devil's hardest blows are aimed at the home.

WIDOWS PREFERRED.

They Frequently Make Better Wives Than Second Time.

"There are many characteristics of widows," says an observant writer of the masculine persuasion recently, "which make them really preferable as wives. They are not so exacting for one thing. Their first plunge, if it has taught them anything, has taught them to be forbearing. Besides they are not so detestably romantic. If they drop their gloves in the street, they pick them up without any fuss and do not wait for you to bend your knees to them and—a very strong point—they know what men are and don't have to learn their lessons with sad tears and sighs. They are not so prone to be extravagant either—another excellent feature in their mature caps. In short, if you marry, don't pass over the widows as if they were just the alloy of humanity."

There is a great deal of common sense in this. Even in wooing a widow a man is sure to be saved much trouble. The dear lady can meet him half way without any sacrifice of modesty. This, to a humble minded bachelor, is much. She is, moreover, nearly sure to be quicker of intelligence than the average unmarried girl.

Again, marriage often changes a young woman in the most alarming manner. The pretty, blushing girl of one year is often hardly recognizable in the assuming, haughty young matron of a year later. She doesn't show half so attractively as a full blown flower as she did in the bud. The number of men who have thus wedded only to be disillusioned. You can tell some of them by the wrinkles in their foreheads within a year or two after their marriage or by the otherwise inexplicable habit of taciturnity that they acquire.

One may form a tolerable idea of a widow's merits in some respects by her demeanor early in her widowhood. Tact is the supremely useful quality in the average widow. In the long run it is better than beauty in a wife, better even than money. By it a woman may guide her husband toward happiness while ministering to the harmless pride in him which makes him think he is doing it himself.—Philadelphia Times.

DIDN'T GIVE INSTRUCTIONS

A Georgia man who had made a flying machine, offered a negro \$10 to make a trial trip in it.

The negro agreed, got in position, and he and the machine were hoisted by block and tackle about thirty feet from terra firma.

When the rope was loosened, the machine took a sudden plunging course toward earth and plunged into an adjacent mill pond.

It disappeared with the negro beneath the water, while the terrified inventor stood shrieking for assistance.

Presently the negro's head bobbed up serenely, and he struck for dry land. On arriving, his first spluttered words were:

"In de name er God, Mars John, why didn't you tell dat fool thing whar ter light?"

"Let me give you a pointer," said M. F. Gregg, a popular conductor on the Missouri Pacific railroad. "Do you know that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cures you when you have the stomach ache? Well, it does." And after giving this friendly bit of advice the jolly conductor passed on down the aisle. It is a fact that thousands of railroad and traveling men never take a trip without a bottle of this Remedy, which is the best cure for bowel disorders in the world. 25 and 50 cent bottles.

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

SETTING HIM RIGHT.

A Georgia farmer employed the poet of the village to write some obituary verses on the death of his brother. He gave the poet all the points at his command, and the latter began as follows:

"He lived this life of pain an' strife, Paid all that he did owe, An' said one day, 'I just can't stay: I reckon I must go.'"

"That's just what he did say," commented the farmer, "go on."

"Upon the skies he set his eyes— The Christian have an' bid, An' then he took the heavenly prize— A crown an' 'bort of gold."

"Stop right there, John," exclaimed the old man, "stop right there an' change that. He was for silver ter the las'!"

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

CASTORIA.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

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It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

It is every mother's friend.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

Or Why One Woman Does Not Now Make Her Own Hats.

"Why don't women buy their hats as men do? Now, there's a derby that only cost me a couple of dollars, and I will wear it for two seasons," and Chauncey Smith took off a neat hat and handed it to his wife.

"That is your privilege," she responded. "Do you wish me to wear a hat like yours? They are all the style."

"No. I mean a feminine affair, with lace and ribbon, something that compares in price with mine. You let your milliners swamp you with their ideas and expenditures. Be original and make your own hats and buy other things with the money saved."

"I am willing to try," said his wife pleasantly.

"That's right, Lottie. You know a man doesn't know anything about a woman's hat. It is the face under the hat that appeals to us," and lighting a cigar he swaggered off.

A day or two after word business called Chauncey out on the avenue. He saw some pretty girls in the gaiters and hats who were friends of his wife. They were pretty, but he knew they had always been outwitted by Lottie, and it gave him a pleasant thrill of satisfaction. Then he saw a dowdy looking girl approaching, and he looked at her with a mental shock.

"Why will women get themselves up in such shape? I darsay that poor thing would be passably good looking if she were stylishly dressed. Good heavens! Lottie!"

"I made it myself," said Lottie, as she shot past him, leaving him the picture of mortification and dismay.

"You see," she explained at supper that evening, "millinery is a profession I never learned, and I haven't millinery fingers naturally, as very few women have. But what is wrong with my hat?"

"It is simply frightful, that's all!"

"I made it for a song!"

"I should think it came nearer being a nightmare."

"So do I," said his wife decidedly.

"A milliner studies the features of her customers and makes hats to suit them, and the effect is harmonious. My effort made a fright of me, and I can never improve. Making hats isn't my forte."

"Have one made tomorrow and send bill to me. I hope you didn't see any of our friends on the avenue?"

"Oh," said Lottie demurely, "none of them recognized me in that hat!"—Detroit Free Press.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

A SERMON.

A colored exhorter enlarging on the impossibility of rich men getting into heaven, said:

"Look at Latharius. When he was on de airch he saw Demos for de crumbs dat fall from his table. En what did Demos do ter him? He calls his dog. Moreover, en sick him on Latharius. Latharius put up a purty good fight, but de dog licked him! Den Demos was so mad dat he took a fit an' died en when he wake up he fin' himself in hell fire, en he look too de skylight en see Latharius en Father Abraham in a huggin' match: en he call ter Latharius ter turn on de water he'd pay de bill. En what did Latharius say? He des lean over de banister en holler out: 'Go 'long, man, en shet yo' mouf. De water was out off de tenth. Milk en honey is de las' I got!'"

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, brings out the teeth, and relieves the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

GOT THE WRONG LEG.

A Georgia drummer had a customer whose name was Long. The latter failed in business and the drummer, who happened to be on hand at the time, telegraphed his firm:

"Long has broke."

The firm placed the wrong construction on the telegram and replied:

"Sorry. See a physician, and keep sober."

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Mr. Moody's Graphic Illustration of the Doctrine of the Resurrection.

"There is a little book entitled 'The Life Beyond' that presents the truth of the Resurrection in a wonderful manner," writes Evangelist Moody in the August Ladies' Home Journal. "It is an allegory and pretends to give the experience of a little dragon fly grub. The little insect longs to know what is beyond the sphere of its little world. In vain it inquires of the fish that live in the same pond, but they have no experience in any other sphere, nor can any of its fellows satisfy its anxious yearning. The only world it knows is a little meadow pond; all its experience is limited by the boards of the surrounding banks. At length the grub is overcome by a strange attraction upward, and gathering about it all its fellows it tells that it must have them for the regions above, and promises to return to tell them what it has found to exist in the beyond, if, indeed, there may be anything above the burrows of their little pond. And then quietly it disappears from the sight of its fellows and emerges into the bright sunlight of the greater world. Here it is transformed, and now with outstretched wings it darts higher and higher reflecting the brightness of the sun from its gorgeous body. But it does not forget the promises it has made to the friends it has left below. It tries to return to the world from which it has just been resurrected, but cannot leave the atmosphere in which it lives. All it can do is to wait for them to come to where it now lives, a beautiful dragon fly."

Tetter, Salt Rheum and Eczema. The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eczema 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 cents per box.

Dr. Cobb'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, Kibbitt.

A REMARKABLE CONVERT.

Five men formed themselves into a lynching party and strung up a negro who had stolen a horse. In their haste they failed to tie his hands, and, hearing a noise as of a party approaching, they decamped and left the negro swinging.

That evening a woman brought him in close proximity to the tree, which he encircled with his arms, climbed to the limb from which he was suspended, cut himself down and went home to supper. He subsequently said to his wife:

"Mandy, while I was a swingin', dar I saw heaven wide open, wid Moses en de prophets en ter' res' den, en now I'm gwine off en quit stealin' en preach de gospel!"

The Grandest Remedy.

Mr. R. B. Groves, merchant, of Chilhowee, Va., certifies that he had consumed, prior, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all church remedies he could hear of, but got no relief, spent many nights sitting up in a chair, was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business, and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

Blue Ridge Cement & Lime Works.

Manufacturers of BLUE RIDGE HYDRAULIC ROSENDALE CEMENT. Guaranteed absolutely hydraulic. We quote prices delivered at any point in the South. All cement tested, and strength, uniformity in color, burning and grinding guaranteed. Write for prices. P. O. address BLUE RIDGE CEMENT CO., VA. Telephone Blue Ridge, Va. 500-1712.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES W. WELLES, WALTER E. DANIEL, MULLEN & DANIEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton in the Supreme and Federal courts. Offices made in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

DR. T. T. ROSS.

Office over Emory & Pierce's store. 10-19-ly.

DENTIST.

Weldon, N. C.

Office over Emory & Pierce's store. 10-19-ly.

ROYAL 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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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.

MACHINE WORKS.

BICYCLE REPAIR INCASPECIALTY

Pumps, Pipe & Pipe Fittings.

Doing up your cotton gins for repairs before the rush. All kinds of work in first class style at—Never Leak Tire Fluid, Cabinet Work, and general machine work.

W. A. COPELAND, Rocky Mount Iron Works, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

THALMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

214 E. Baltimore St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Manufacturers of FINE RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, SEALS, Printing Presses and Printers' Supplies. Also Artists' Job Printing, and engravers of Wedding and Ball Invitations. Send for our beautiful illustrated catalogue of 324 pages, printed in five colors. We deal in novelties, novelties. Old and amusing. 85c. Agents Wanted. sep 24 ly.

CHAS. M. WALSH.

ESTABLISHED IN 1865.

The truth is the foundation of our Success. We make Claims, our WORK fulfills them.

Let us Estimate for you— Designs Sent to any address FREE. In writing give age of deceased and some limit as to price. All work warranted STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS and SATISFACTORY.

Work Delivered At Any Depot.

oct 1 ly.

CHARLES C. ALLEY, CONFECTIONER.

PETERSBURG VA.

Mr. W. W. Warren represents the firm and will visit Weldon and its vicinity regularly. oct 19 ly.

GRANT SPECIAL.

ARE YOU IN IT?

ONLY \$35.

Built just the way you want it. Up to date, guaranteed high grade wheel, LIGHT RUNNING AND A TING OF BEAUTY.

All Colors and all styles for men, ladies and children.

Just as good as a bicycle you would pay \$100 for anywhere. Sample wheel on exhibition at J. L. Judkins' Grocery. H. L. GRANT, Agent.

W. T. PARKER,

WELDON, N. C.

Corn, Hay & Oats

General Merchandise

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

Have also added to my stock a nice line

CLOTHING!

for MEN, YOUT