# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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**....Other Eyes.**

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn, who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

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## TALMAGE ON MATRIMONY.

### Every Person, He Says, Has an Affinity Somewhere In the World.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has not at all been afraid to express his views on marriage and all that pertains to that relation. A number of Dr. Talmage's sermons on matrimonial subjects have been put between covers by Dr. Louis Klopsch of the Christian Herald under the title of "Wedding Ring."

The first subject discussed is the choice of a wife. Dr. Talmage says:

"Excuseless is any man in our time who makes lifelong alliance with one who, because of her disposition, or hereditY, or habits, or intellectual vanity, or moral twistification, may be said to be of the Philistines. The world, he declares, "never owned such opulence of womanly character, or such splendor of womanly manners, or multitudinous instances of wifely, motherly, daughterly or sisterly devotion as it owns today. Woman is not only man's equal, but in affectional and religious nature, which is the best part of us, she is 75 per cent his superior."

Dr. Talmage further scores man and defines woman by adding that at the rate woman is advancing to superiority "the majority of men will have difficulty in finding in the opposite sex enough ignorance to make appropriate consort." He declares that "amid all the unparalleled magnificence of womanhood the man is inexcusable who marries a fool."

The first suggestion that Dr. Talmage urges upon a man who would choose a wife is divine direction in that operation "Witness," says he, "a thousand bells on earth kindled by unworthy wives, termagants that scold like a March northeaster" "Opium using women—about 400,000 of them in the United States—who will have the drug though it should cause the eternal damnation of the whole household," are included in the terrestrial hell builders.

"Especially is devout supplication needed because of the fact that society is so full of artificialities that men are deceived as to whom they are marrying, and no one but the Lord knows. After the dressmaker, and the milliner, and the jeweler, and the hair adjuster, and the dancing master, and the cosmetic art have completed their work, how is an unsophisticated man to decipher the physiological hieroglyphics and make accurate judgment of who it is to whom he offers hand and heart? This is what makes so many recreant husbands. They make an honorable marriage contract, but the goods delivered are so different from the sample by which they bargained They were simply swindled, and they back out."

Dr Talmage insists that "there is in all the world some one who was made for you as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur, because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his 24 ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are 23 possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib."

Consequently Dr. Talmage argues that man should be both prayerful and cautious before entering on the connubial state, and, above all, "let not a question of this importance be settled by the celebrated matchmakers flourishing in almost every community. Depend upon your own judgment, divinely illuminated. But prayer about this will amount to nothing unless you pray soon enough."

The doctor is serious when he says: "Wait until you are fascinated and the equilibrium of your soul is disturbed by a magnetic and exquisite opalescence, and then you will answer your own prayers, and you will mistake your own infatuation for the voice of God."

The woman of a man's choice must not be a scoffer at religious things. A man shouldn't make a mistake and make a choice by the eye instead of by divine wisdom. "As far as I can analyze it" concludes the doctor, "sincerity and earnestness are the foundation of all worthy wifehood Get that and you get all. Fail to get that and you get nothing but what you will wish you had never got."

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A lie is a lie whether it is a political lie, a social lie or a business lie.

**The Astronomy of Life.**

When an astronomer foretells the exact minute at which two planets will cross each other, we know there is no magic about it. The whole universe is governed by laws. A man who studies these laws of nature carefully and reduces them to a science, can count on exact results every time.

A doctor knows that certain remedies affect certain diseases.

When a disease seems to have no remedy the doctors pronounce it incurable. All the time Nature may have the remedy right at hand, but it will only be discovered by the doctor who has studied longer and deeper than others into this particular disease.

Consumption seemed for a long time without a remedy, until Dr. Pierce made his wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery" years ago. It has proved to be a marvelous and almost unfailing specific for consumption and all forms of lung, bronchial and throat difficulties.

Its effects seem almost magical but its operation is based upon simple natural laws. It has the peculiar property of enabling the blood-making glands to manufacture healthy, red blood and pour it abundantly into the circulation. This nourishing, vitalizing effect is rapidly manifested in the lungs and bronchial tubes where it stops the wasting process and builds up healthy tissue.

It is readily assimilated by stomachs which are too weak to digest cod liver oil, and it is far superior to malt-extracts as a permanent and scientific flesh-builder in all wasting diseases.

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would live but a short time, that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. R. Coope, Esq., of Myers Valley, Pottawatomie Co. Kans. "I finally commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and am still on the land and among the living. I have faith to believe that it has lengthened my life for the last twenty-five years, and I have so much faith in all of your medicines that I want one of your 'Common Sense Medical Advisers.'"

Dr. Pierce's medicines are recognized as standard remedies throughout the world. His "Pleasant Pellets" cure constipation.


## POLK MILLER'S YARN.

### A Good Negro Story Told by the Famous Humorist.

I was seated in front of the hotel talking to a lot of men, who, like myself, felt the oppressive heat of a still July night. There was a drummer near me who was the best ventriloquist I had ever seen. The rest of the company knew of his powers, but I did not, so he concluded to have a little fun out of me. I heard a voice from the third story saying:

"Won't you please come to No. 6. I would like to speak to you." I went up, but found No. 6 unoccupied, with the hall way leading to it filled with a lot of rubbish, over which I stumbled. Calling to the clerk, who was one of the gang below, I inquired who was in No. 6. He replied that there was no one registered for that room. I was puzzled, but never for a moment suspected that I was the victim of a practical joke. Returning to the pavement I began to comment upon the strangeness of the thing, when a voice called me again, saying:

"I made a mistake in the number Will you please come to No. 16. I am sorry to trouble you"

I immediately ran up the three flights of stairs to No 16, but met with no better luck than before, for this room was dark and unoccupied. I begun to get a little mad, for I thought some fellow was up there and dodging me. I gave up the search and went back to where the group of men were seated.

"That fellow thinks he's doing something smart," said I.

At this the crowd broke forth in a hearty laugh and the perpetrator of the joke made the most humble apology, saying: "We just wanted to have a little fun at your expens, sir. I am a ventriloquist."

His chair was next to mine, and the "sell" was so complete and so surprised me that I enjoyed it as much as the rest of them. Some time after that this man and I met in a small town in North Carolina.

While standing on the street corner, talking, we saw an old darky coming toward us with a fishing pole thrown across his left shoulder, while in his right hand he was carrying a turtle, holding him by the tail The old fellows face was wreathed in smiles, for he was thinking of the "turtle" soup he was going to have that day for dinner. I called my ventriloquist friend's attention to the old negro as he came shambling along.

"Ain't he happy," said I. "Visions of turtle soup floated through his mind" "Wait till he gets up close to me and I'll make that turtle speak to him," said my friend.

"Can you do that?"

"Watch me," said he.

Just as the old negro got alongside a voice as from the sky said:

"What you gwine to drap me?"

The old man turned his eyes heavenward and said:

"Hi! who dat spoke?"

Just then the voice came again, but this time it was unmistakably from the turtle. Looking down with astonishment and fear he let go his prize, saying as he did so:

"I'se gwine to drap you right 'ere.'

And he did so. I called to him:

"Old man, come back and get your turtle."

'Nor, suh, he can stay d'yr.' I doan' want him!"

"Oh, come," said I, "this man is a ventriloquist, and it was he that made the turtle speak."

Looking at my friend and moving off slowly in the opposite direction, he said:

"I doan' know nothin' 'bout yo' ventriloquis, but the devil's in dat turtle, 'an I'm done wid him."

## LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

"Yes," said the village gossip, "John wuz always a pestering Sue about marryin' of him, an' she'd done told him 'No' more times'n I cold tell you."

"You don't say!"

"Hit's true as preachin.' Well, you know, John carries the mail?"

"Yes I've heard tell he does"

"An' las' Wednesday wuz a week, Sue a travelin' along with him, goin' ter town when John up and says ef she didn't make up her marry him he'd make the boss run down hill till all three of 'em wuz drowned in the bottom er the river."

"Do tell!"

"That what! But what do you reckon Sue did?

"Lord knows!"

"Caught John by the collar, jerked him outen the buggy, grabbed up a live rattle snake what wuz a sleepin' by the roadside, an' lambasted John with it till he couldn't stan'!"

Laws a matsy?"

"Then she stomped the snake ter death, an' John—he took ter his bed, whar he laid for two weeks; an' Sue got sorry fer him, an' nursed him, an' killed a beef ter make stew for him, an' now—what do you reckon?"

"I dunno!"

"She's a goin' ter marry him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## REPENTANCE.

Repentance is not merely a little twinge of remorse over some wrong thing. It is not simply a gush of tears at the recollection of some wickedness. It is not mere shame at being found out in some meanness, or uncleanness, or dishonesty. It is the revolution of the whole life. Sins wept over must be forsaken forever. Repentance is a change of heart, a turning of the face just the other way. It is well for us to make diligent quest to be sure that we always abandon the wrong doing which we deplore, that we turn away from the sin which we confess.

A good many people get only half the gospel. They talk a great deal about believing, but very little about repenting. It needs to be remembered that a faith which does not lead to genuine repentance is not a faith that saves.

## THE SPEED OF A TRAIN.

### So Slow That the Axle Grease Froze Hard and Tight.

The visitor in Washington from the sweetpotato dunes of New Jersey was trying the cable and electric cars around the city, accompanied by a war department clerk, who had known him years ago in the mosquito state.

"Yes, yes," he remarked as he came whizzing along Connecticut avenue, "I've saw a good many trains of cars, some slow and some not so slow, and some kinder betwixt and between, but the very golderndest beatin'est train of cars I ever did see was one that used to run acrost the northwest corner of the county I was born and raised in. I don't remember the name of it, but it used to run two trains a day, carrying passengers and freight and anything it could git, and many's the time when I've took milk to our station and got left that I've took a short cut through the wood to the other station and had to wait so long there that the milk 'ud sour."

The Jerseyman's companion looked at him as if in doubt.

"It's shurer'n gospel," continued the speaker solemnly. "You don't s'pose I'd be lyin' while I was flyin through the air like this, do you, and not knowin' any minute where I was goin' to light, nor how hard? No, indeedy. And I've seen that train when it surprised everybody. I mind mighty well one time when she struck a down grade jist over the county line, and we had a candidate on board that was anxious to git to the next town, where he was going to make a campaign speech, and the conductor said he'd git him through er bust a biler, and the candidate took the conductor to one side and he come back wipin' his mouth on his coat sleeve, the conductor did.

"I remember it was about 4 o'clock of a sizzlin' hot day when that old engine got herself straightened out with her nose p'inted down the grade and the conductor stuck his head out of the car winder and hollered to the engineer to let her go ter beat the band, and I guess that's what he done, for the train got to shakin' and jolin' in the next ten minuts worse'n a thrashin' machine with a dropped cog. At first I had an idee we was goin' like the conductor hollered to let her go, but when I got enough used to the shakin' up to let go the handles of the seat and take a look around, which was in half an hour or better, I was surprised to see the scenery adjoinin' the tracks that she had stopped plumb still, and the conductor went out a flyin' In a few minutes he come back, sneakin' in and lookin' as if he had a pain, and set em' away from the side of the car where the candidate was takin' a nap and him ten miles from his speaking place, and trustin' himself to the conductor like a woman.

"'What's the matter?' says I to him

"Sh, sh,' says he, holdin' up a finger and nodd'n' over toward the sleepin' candidate

"'What's wrong?' says I in a whisper. 'Hot box?'

"'Not hardly,' says he, blurtin' it right out. 'Froze box Grease hard as a rock and freezin' tighter every minute. Had to stop and thaw out, and only got sixty minutes to git that candidate to town in, and he's a friend of mine, too.'"—Washington Star.


**Something To Depend On.**

Mr. Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., is speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work Try it. Free trial bottles at W. M Cohen's Drug Store.


## WHY HE KNEW.

Judge—"You say you were born in town?"

Witness—"I have always heard so."

Judge—"But that is hearsay evidence and it cannot be allowed."

Witness—"But I was there myself, your honor."—Boston Transcript.


**Old People.**

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomch and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and $1.00. per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.


## NATURAL.

He—They tell me your husband is a great artist.

She—That he is. He painted a picture of some onions for the last exhibition, and they were so natural that the committee put them on the top line so that people wouldn't smell them. Yonkers Statesman.


**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, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve 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.


## HE'D PASS THE 'POSSUM.

### Not Certain That He Would Go Entirely Hungry, However.

A few days ago a minister preached at Virginia pentintiary. In his congregation was one Washington Mills, a convict from Buckingham county, and a preacher too, a 'zorter,' as he styled himself, before he became an inmate of the prison.

The minister, wishing to learn something of the history of Mills' crime, asked him what he was imprisoned for.

"Jes' stealin,' suh," replied Mills, "an you know boss, a nigger will do dat; more particular of it's to eat."

"Well, if you were set free now, after serving two terms, and knowing that a third conviction would send you up for life do you think you could be tempted to steal again?"

"No, suh; I don't think I would, 'kase I'se been in now altogether 13 years, an' when I gits out nex' time, ef I was to see anything lyin' 'roun' loose I'd walk away f'om it."

"I see," said the minister. "Suppose you were going along the road and should come to a house in which there was a beautifully cooked 'possum; suppose the aroma from the possum was wafted toward you and you should see him lying there all crisp and brown, with sweet potatoes sliced and placed along the sides all soaked in the grease, you aching with hunger and the way perfectly clear to partake of that dish, do you think you could withstand such a temptation?"

"Um!,' boss, you makes me hungry a tellin' of me about it, you certainly do, but I believes I could let de 'possum pass aldough I mout take one o' de 'taters."—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

## PA'S PRAYERS.

### CHURCH MEMBERS SHOULD GIVE THIS LITTLE ARTICLE A CAREFUL PERUSAL.

Once upon a time sickness came to the family of the poorly paid pastor of a country church, says the Omaha World-Herald. It was winter and the pastor was in financial straights. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?

"Yes, brought his prayers an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayer" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.


**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.

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


## ANOTHER THRUST.

She—"Now,—listen here—the average woman has a vocabulary of only 8,000 words!"

He—"Yes; but remember—she uses them all every day."


Those who believe chronic diarrhœa to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E Grishman, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhœa ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhœa. It is pleasent to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes.

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


## EASILY PLEASED GIRL.

George: "Dearest, I would gladly lay the whole world at your feet if it were possible."

Grace: "Well as it isn't practicable, why not compromise on a honeymoon?"


**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.**

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


It is not the unbelief of infidels and atheists that most hinders God's work on earth but the lack of faith on the part of His own children.


**CASTORIA.**

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


## SHE GOT THE CALF.

### It Was By A White Lie In Bible Class But She Won The Prize.

"Speaking of experiences," said a young matron in Brooklyn at an afternoon tea, "I can tell a queer one. When I went from New York to Virginia to teach a public school in a small crossroads town, I found the people very religious and sincere, while, I am afraid, I was neither. I went to church, though, because everybody was expected to go. One of the regular attendants was a sort of half lawyer, half farmer, who was no more religiously inclined than I was, and we became firm friends through our mutual sense of humor. The one church was presided over by a worthy worthy couple. By that I mean that the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Carter, preached while the Rev. Mrs Carter did evangelical world in teaching the Bible class. She had an air of omniscience that was delightful, but it irritated my farmer lawyer friend. So one day he came to me and said.

"'I'll give you a calf if you will take down the Rev. Mrs. Carter.'

"'What can you mean? I said. 'I'm not a wrestler.'

"'Never mind,' he said; 'just join our Sunday school class and take her down.'

"Well, I joined the class. The lesson for the day was the account of the walking of the three men in the fiery furnace. We were treated to a long lecture by our teacher on the beauties of the triumph of faith, and as she stopped for want of breath my farmer friend, who sat behind me, gave me a nudge and said:

"'Now's your time; take her down.'

"I braced up and said:

"'But, Mrs. Carter, haven't you heard the latest scientific teaching about that occurrence? Haven't you heard that it is now believed those three men wore complete suits of asbestus?

"It was not likely that the good woman had ever heard of the substance, but she was not to be caught napping. So she replied:

"'Why—er—yes, I think so.'

"The lesson was brought to a sudden close. The next Sunday we knew that the latest teaching of science had been earnestly discussed by the pastor and his wife, for the Rev. Mr. Carter proceeded to preach a sermon an hour long on the sinfulness of modern science. I got the calf."—New York Sun.

## LOST HIS INCOGNITO.

### This Statesman Reckoned Without His Colored Friend.

Like royalty, a statesman came to town last week incog, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. He is regarded as the natural prey of newspaper men, his name occurs frequently in the daily columns, but he wished to transact some private and important business, and realizing that to keep it private it must not be known that he was in town, he went to a hotel in the suburbs and registered under an assumed name.

After he had registered (let his name be Mr. Scott), he went out under the trees to enjoy his incognito, but it was only for a few brief moments, for a colored porter came up and said:

"How d'ye do, Mr. Scott?"

"Who in the devil told you my name was Scott?" asked that worthy.

"Why, Mister Scott, I knows yo like yo waz my baby. Ain't I dun worked fer yo out at yo fact'y in Injianny? This niggar dun had too many of you fifty cents to forgit yo name, Mister Scott?"

"That's all right," said Scott, taking a crisp green bill out of his pocket, "but Sam, I've got some very important business on hand and I don't want anyone to know I'm here. So you take this, carry up my valise to my room, and don't you say a word about my name being Scott."

"Right you are, sah," and Sam was off "Here yo," said he to the clerk in the office. 'Give me Mr. Scott's things dar."

Mr. Scott's things are not here," said the clerk. "These coats and that valise belong to Mr. Van Dusen."

"Deed they don't boss. Dose dar things belong to Mr. Scott, from out in Injianny, bes' white man this niggar ever knowed, but he dun tell me he have some very important busines on hand an' he don't want no one ter know 'bout it so he dun writ some highfluti'n' name on de book, but he be Mr Scott all right."

In an hour Mr. Scott was interrupted by a reporter's card, and in the papers next morning there was a column and a half about him and his presence in town. He was also the subject of a leading editorial, and no one dares to mention incognito in his presence. As for Sam, it's dollars to doughnuts if he gets any more of Mr. Scott's fifty cents'

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Science has a great deal to say about the survival of the fittest, but the Gospel proposes to save the unfit.—Standard.


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Mr. W. W. Warren represents the firm and will visit Weldon and its vicinity regularly. oct 19 1y.

**WE LEAD,**

**OTHERS TRY TO FOLLOW,**

But "They Never Touched Me."

**S. Meyer, is the Original Hustler of**

ENFIELD.

My quartette of Stores—I say quartette because there are just four of them, —and every one crowded with new

**Fall and Winter GOODS**

and our customers singing their praise. Come join in the procession and trade with

**S. MEYER, A'gt., - - Enfield, N. C.**

He will buy your cotton and other country produce.

**COOPER'S WAREHOUSE,**

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

**Is Still In The Lead.**

We secure the HIGHEST PRICES, for all grades of

**TOBACCO.**

Every customer's wants are met, if possible, and every needed attention and courtesy rendered. Good prices obtained every day. Bring us your tobacco and we will send you home happy.

**C. C. COOPER,**

sep 30 4t. Rocky Mount, N. C.

—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.

dec 13 1y.

**Grand Display**

—OF—

—SPRING AND SUMMER—

**MILLINERY.**

FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES.

Butterick's Patterns.

**R. & G. CORSETS,**

Misses at 50c., Ladies 75c. to $1.

Prices will be made to suit the times. Hats and bonnets made and trimmed to order.

**MRS. P. A. LEWIS,**

Weldon, N. C.