# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XXXII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1897. NO. 33.

Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair,
Webster and Lowell was Doctor Ayer;
Both were busy for human weal
One to govern and one to heal.
And as a president's power of will
Sometimes depends on a liver pill,
So Polk took Ayer's Pills I know
For his liver, 50 years ago.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with drastic medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.

No. 203. This quarter-sawed oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.

**$3.95**

is our special price for this $10 desk.

(Mail orders filled promptly.)

We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112 page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our illustrated Carpet Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 5c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-savers.

**JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md.**

Please mention this paper.

## PROF JAMES HARVEY,

is a SPECIALIST and AUTHORITY on all

## Chronic Diseases.

All who are suffering with any BLOOD TROUBLE, would be wise to call on or address by mail. Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

PROF JAS HARVEY,
425 Church St (New No.)
je 17 1y. Norfolk, Va

## W. T. PARKER,

—DEALER IN—

**Heavy Groceries AND Fancy Farm Implements.**

224 POUND SACKS OF SALT FOR $1.10 PER SACK

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

**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.
10 26 1y.

*PROFESSIONAL CARDS.*

JAMES M. MULLEN, WALTER E. DANIEL

**MULLEN & DANIEL.**

*ATTORNEYS AT LAW,*

WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday. jan 7 1y

**DR. T. T. ROSS,**

DENTIST

Weldon, N. C.

Office over Emry & Pierce's store.
10-19-1y.


## Henry Clay Danced.

### THE OLD TIME WAY.

He Once Gave A Big Kentucky Breakdown.

The Harrisonburg Spirit says: "In the long-ago ante-bellum days, when Southern aristocracy made its summer headquarters at the noted Virginia springs where the planters came up from the Carolinas, Kentucky, Georgia and Mississippi in their carriages, with great baggage trains and a retinue of servants, and when they came June 1 and stayed until frost fell, those were gay old times at the mountain resorts, when life was worth the pain of living.

"Beginning with the first register in 1805 and coming down to 1860, one finds a succession of historical names. There are the Sumters, the Pickenses and the Hamptons, of the Carolinas; the Clays and Marshalls and Crittendens, of Kentucky; Corwin and Ewing and Trimble, of Ohio; the Choates and Websters and Pierces, of New England; Dickinson, Marcy and Dallas, of the Middle States; Cass and Douglas and Benton, from the far West; the Floyds, Cabells, Prestons and a galaxy of bright names from Virginia; the Carrolls, from Maryland, and a host of others whose names have rendered American history illustrious. Here these old notables came in their shad-bellied coats and side-board collars, and a proper, dignified time they had of it as they mingled their sulphur water and mint julips together and talked politics. It was away back in 1837, when there must have been something in the wind of importance to the Whig party. On a musty old page of the hotel register of that year in that fine almost feminine hand writing that is familiar to all, we find this inscription: "H. Clay, Kentucky," while among the next day's arrivals are Rufus Choate, Massachusetts; Thomas Corwin, Ohio; William C. Rives, Virginia, and Millard Fillmore, New York.

"Those were the days when the making of a julep was an art as well as a domestic accomplishment. The night before Mr Clay's departure from the springs he gave a banquet in his cottage to his friends. Fortunately, there is still a living eye-witness to that entertainment, and if his description can be relied upon it was a gala event that transcended all modern blowouts. Old Uncle Jimmie Paterson, the venerable gatekeeper who has been an attache of the White Sulphur from time immemorial, was the floor servant on the row in which the Clay cottage was located, and helped to serve the banquet. He says that the deportment of the host and the guests was eminently proper until about the hour of midnight, but from that time of the night until morning dawned there was a high old time on the premises. When the cloth had been removed and the Powhatan pipes were brought in—the degenerate practice of cigar and cigarette was not in vogue in those days—some one called for music, and a messenger was sent for a negro fiddler, who soon appeared with his old fashioned instrument. The old fiddler started in with 'Money Musk' and then played 'Sugar in the Gourd,' but when he touched up 'Mississippi Sawyer' Mr Clay stepped into the middle of the floor and gave them a Kentucky breakdown. This was a fair challenge to Mr Choate, who followed with a New England pigeon wing. When the old negro struck the chord of 'Old Virginia Never Tire' the courtly Rives, afterward minister to France, felt that the reputation of the Old Dominion was at stake, and, shoulding his coat, executed the double shuffle with a skill that would make a minstrel man envious. And thus the fun grew hot and furious until the gray dawn peeped over the mountain tops."

A sea-captain may navigate his ship safely across the ocean, but when he comes into port he must have a pilot who knows all the difficulties and dangers of that particular channel. In the voyage of life there are many perilous places where we need the help of a pilot who has a thorough knowledge of the special difficulties and dangers to be avoided.

In those delicate physical weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women a general practitioner or ordinary doctor has no opportunity to become thoroughly proficient. Still less to be trusted is the advice of any mere nurse or unscientific person.

Only a specialist who has given a life of study to this particular field of practice is competent to treat the diseases of woman's intricate and complicated organism.

Any woman suffering from these delicate troubles may obtain the most eminent professional advice free of charge by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During nearly 30 years at the head of his splendid staff of specialists, he has successfully treated many thousands of cases of obstinate feminine complaints.

His "Favorite Prescription" was devised for the sole purpose of curing the diseases and weaknesses of the feminine organs. No other medicine has been so marvelously successful in this particular field of practice. No other medicine so completely overcomes all the dangers and nearly all the pains of motherhood.

"It is with pleasure I recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to suffering ladies," writes Mrs. J. Ferguson, Box 39, Douglas Station, Selkirk Co., Manitoba. "After suffering untold tortures I thank God I found relief and cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The greatest book for women ever published is Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated "Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent free in paper covers for cost of mailing only, 21 one-cent stamps; cloth-bound 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

## Interesting Sketches.

### A LEAF FROM THE PAST IN WHICH THE LIVING IS INCIDENTALLY MENTIONED---MR. NED MORECOCK AND COL. ANDREW JOYNER.

MR. EDITOR:—If it will not be intruding on your valuable space, I would be glad if you would give place to a few thoughts, aroused by a visit to the town of Roanoke Rapids. Though much has been already written and said about this town which has sprung up right at our door, as if by the magic of Aladdin with his wonderful lamp, much more might be said of the indomitable will and energy of Mr. T. L. Emry, who has from its earliest inception been the prime mover and who first conceived the idea that a natural canal could be formed of a part of the mighty Roanoke, and then, Columbus like, won other men, with brains and means, to join with him in turning by the wand of industry, energy and perseverance, this river, the rocky slope of which forms a part of the bed of this mighty power for good, and the adjoining vales and hilltops into an enterprise of which it may be truly said, "the half has not been told," and which, no doubt, will, Midas like, convert these waste places into sources from which will flow gold! gold! into the treasury of this great undertaking. That he has been specially fortunate in interesting others in this work is no exception to the proverbial "Tom Emry's luck," which, as is patent to all, is not so much luck as the result of those traits of character which have made him a leader among men, and a ruling spirit in whatever he undertakes. From the very first his plans have been well laid, and better carried out, and, in every case, he has seemed to have at heart the good of those who have been led to this city of refuge, as it may be truly called, at this, the time of such depression in financial circles, and of lack of work among the laboring classes.

That Roanoke Rapids is a success, is, I suppose, beyond question, though only the future can tell what will be the result of this tremendous outlay of brains, money, energy and perseverance. It is not my purpose at this time, however, to speak at length of this realization of one man's dream, of its gigantic water power, of its immense factories, in which hundreds of operatives are given steady employment, of its substantial business houses, of its several churches, already built and dedicated to the service of Almighty God, of its well graded streets, set with growing shade trees, and its comfortable dwellings for the convenience of those who make their homes at this place. Neither do I purpose writing a biography of Mr Emry, whom we hope to have with us in the enjoyment of the success of his great labors for many years to come, but what I do propose, is to give a few thoughts to the memory of others, who have lived in this community, and to whom it may not be amiss to pay this slight tribute in passing.

It may be that in attempting this I may verify the truth of the saying that "fools rush in where wise men fear to tread," but be that as it may, it is only from a desire to lay a chaplet on the shrine of their memory that I undertake this task.

### Mr. Edward Morecock.

At the old homestead, still standing within a few miles of this new town, with its quaintly constructed dwelling, its winding stairway and massive chimneys, with huge gaping fireplaces, in large rooms, with many narrow paned windows and highly polished floors, surrounded by his large family, on Sunday evening, July 13, 1856, the spirit of Edward, or, as he was familiarly called, "Uncle Ned Morecock," took its flight to the Paradise of God.

The character of this man was, *sans peur et sans reproche*. In the writer's home, in childhood, his name was a synonym of what was pure, good and gentle, and in a high degree he possessed those traits which placed him head and shoulders above the average man. It has been said that he lived in an atmosphere far above most, and was much more familiar with the skies than the generality of those who profess to be the followers of Christ. At his passing he was in the seventy-second year of his age, and for forty years had been a member of the M. E. Church. When the preacher found his place vacant at old New Hope church, he knew that some unavoidable circumstance had kept him away. He was a practical Christian, and during his period of church membership his house was the preacher's home. There was a beautiful consistency between his profession and his practice. He did not serve God by fits and starts, but religion with him was an every day affair of the heart and life. As a result of this, he was ready when the summons came.

On the morning of the grand meteoric display, in 1833, when it seemed the very Heavens were coming down to earth, he was awakened by a faithful servant, who told him to get up, and see the Judgment Day. He arose and went out thanking and praising God that he had lived to see the great day of all days. Though permitted to live more than a score of years after this, was it any wonder that his was a triumphant end? That he was ready to say with Paul, he had fought a good fight and was ready to depart.

Mr Morecock was not only a Christian soldier, but a patriot as well. He loved his country, and at her call, in the war of 1812, he marched forth in defence of her rights. His widow, a noble woman of vigorous health, though having finished her fourscore and six years, still lives among us to comfort and cheer, by her beautiful life, those who are so fortunate as to know her. She is one of the seven in the whole nation who draws a pension from the U. S. Government for services rendered at that remote time.

### Col. Andrew Joyner.

A few years the senior, and for sometime a near neighbor to Mr. Morecock, was another man whose name should live in the annals of county and State—I refer to Col. Andrew Joyner, whose home was at "Poplar Grove," an old homestead now owned by the Roanoke Rapids Company. He was born in the lower part of this county, near what is known as the "Slashes." He was one of a family of twelve children, eight of whom lived to maturity, though of this number only two were boys. His father dying while the children were quite young, his mother deciding that, though she was possessed of ample means, a woman was not a proper person to raise boys, apprenticed them to a gentleman in Halifax, in order that they might learn a trade and thus be prepared to make their way in the world. By the way, this recalls an incident which really occurred in this county.

An old man, having more ambition than information, and having a son whom he considered very bright, he, hearing of Mrs. Joyner's apprenticing her boys, took his son to ex-Gov. Branch at Halifax, desiring to "bind him out to learn the Governor's trade." This man should have lived at this day, when Governors are often made by trades of another order. It is not known as to whether these young men served their full time as apprentices or not, but Andrew became a merchant, and lived for years in the historic old town of Halifax, while Robert married in early life, his daughter becoming the wife of Mr. W. H. Day, Sr., and whose descendants are known to us all. Andrew was twice married, his first wife being Miss Tempe Williams, of Martin county, by whom he had five children, one son, and four daughters, who lived to bless his declining years. Like his neighbor, Mr. Morecock, he, too, responded to the call to arms in 1812, in organizing a regiment of military of which he was appointed colonel, and leading them to active service in maintaining the principles which afterwards evolved themselves into the Monroe Doctrine, and is now upheld by every true American. Col Joyner's patriotism did not end with this war, for he served his country for years in her legislative halls, being a member of the Senate or House of Representatives from 1835 to 1852, the most of that time occupying the place of "Speaker of the House," a position now held by the Lieutenant-Governor, and this meant something in those days.

About this time some of the most radical improvements that have ever taken place in the history of the State were in the hands of the men who composed her legislature. There were few railroads in the State, and these in a deplorable condition, none going farther West than Raleigh, and those to the East being used as feeders to the W. & W. road and the Roanoke river. It was then that these men decided that the State should aid in the development of internal improvements, which resulted in building the N. C. Railroad, the institutions for the deaf, dumb, blind and insane at Raleigh, and of making such changes in the laws as have resulted in great good to the people of the State. Among the improvements, prior to this, was the development of the canal from Clarksville, Va., to Weldon, by the Roanoke Navigation Co., of which Col. Joyner was a large stockholder, and president. In those days political lines were more closely drawn than even at the present time, and the influence of a man in Col. Joyner's position was almost if not equal to the Barons of Feudal times. He was a staunch Whig, a great admirer of Henry Clay, and upon one occasion he was mistaken for Mr. Clay himself. When during the campaign of 1844, Mr. Clay was making a tour of the State, he was entertained at "Poplar Grove" and Col. Joyner was one of his escort of honor while in the State.

He was a man of commanding appearance, and austere manners, and demanded the strict adherence to truth and right which he exercised in his dealings with men.

Sometime in his early manhood, his father's brother, Mr. Bridgeman Joyner, dying left him an estate. A story is told that on the occasion of a Christmas dining at his home, he rising to propose a toast, said, "Here's to my old Uncle Bridgeman, who has made me what I am, and my first grandson, bearing his name, shall inherit my estate." A little fair haired granddaughter, of a few summers, jumped up, and said, "I'll be de Bridgeman, G'an'pa, I'll be de Bridgeman!" and thus assumed a middle name she bears till now.

Col. Joyner's second wife was Mrs. Sallie Burton, nee Jones, widow of Governor Hutchings Burton, who had several children at the time of her second marriage. One of these was a classmate of Hon. Z. B. Vance, at Chapel Hill, and associated with him in editing a magazine published at the University at that time. The union of these two families must have been a happy one, combining as it did so much that was desirable to this end. That it was a hospitable home we know from stories told of the magnificent manner in which guests were entertained, nor can I close this sketch without paying a tribute to the noble woman who became the mistress of this home and filled the place of mother to her husband's children as well as her own. Of noble ancestry, and having filled the place of first lady in the Commonwealth, she also bore a Christian character, excelled by none. She lived a veritable "lady bountiful" among her dependents, and the poorer classes, by whom she was surrounded. Well do I remember her plain black dress with snow white kerchief folded smoothly around her neck, and on her bosom. Her cap of fine lace, falling softly around her sweet, placid face, and the happy smile with which she would greet even the smallest child. It is with pleasure that I pen these lines to her memory, for she sleeps well, and the world is better that she has lived.

After a long and useful life, Col. Joyner died in September, 1856, in the communion of the Episcopal Church. Thus within two months passed away these two men. Would there were more like them now. On a sunny slope, on the public road, in the family burying ground, at "Poplar Grove," rests all that was mortal of one who does not need the handsome monument erected by his loving children, to keep his memory green in the hearts of his descendants.

## Hurrying Up A Verdict.

### "GOLD IN BURGO."

Scheme Whereby The Judge Got His Dinner And The Jury Got Left.

Luke Tulliver was an inventive genius; he was also a court bailiff, a carpenter, a hay rancher and the postmaster in Teton City. When the judge who swung around the district which took in Unitah county came up to Teton to hold court, Tulliver did the "Oh, Yes-ing" and kept things running smoothly. One term they had a little one-horse murder case which, to all the world, with the exception of the jury, was as clear as distilled water. But the jury, strangely enough realizing its own importance, became strongly set in conflicting opinion, and in two days was tied in a hard, complex knot.

The townspeople were impatient, and the judge was vastly annoyed, for he had been invited to speak at a banquet down at Rawlins, and he wanted to get away. He called the jury before him three times, and lectured it as to its duty. He pleaded with the members of it to get together. He offered to explain any tangle. But the 12 men were sullen and immovable.

"Look here, your honor," said Luke Tulliver, returning after conducting the disputatious 12 to their room. "I can get a verdict out of that outfit. Do you really want one?"

The judge warmly declared that he did, and confided his canvasback and wine hopes to Luke.

"I might discharge them," he said, "but the cost of another trial would be ruinous."

"Don't you bother," said Luke Tulliver.

Twelve minutes later the jury returned a verdict.

"How on earth did you manage it?" asked the court, after the jurors fled in excited haste, without waiting to inquire as to fees.

"I cussed the gove'ment," said Luke.

"Did what? I don't understand."

"Stood outside the jury room door an' cussed the gov'ment till further orders an' regardless. Cussed it up an' down, black an' blue, this an' that."

"And do you mean to say you roused the patriotism of these men? That—"

"Judge, you're new. Them fellers don't know they is sich a thing as the Declaration of Independence. The only Bunker Hill they know is Bunker Hill, Goss county, Ida. But, sir, them men knows the minin' laws by heart."

"Yes"

"Yes, An' when I got up on my feet at the door of that jury room an' cussed the president, the Supreme Court an' the two houses of Congress that made it necessary for a court bailiff to stick to a fool jury, while everybody else in town was chasin' up to Burgo creek to file claims along the bottom where Tony Clare discovered gold, pounds to the ton, last night—when I made my few remarks just to no one in partickler, the door of the jury room opened an Pete Brewer looked out.

"Did you say gold had been struck on Burgo?" says he.

"'I am not allowed to communicate any conversation to the jury,' says I.

"'Hm-m,' says he, an' Roy Blake looked out.

"'What's that?' says he. 'Gold in Burgo?

"'I can't talk to you,' says I. Nevertheless, cuss an' eternally, essentially an' partickleriy cuss the gov-ment that obliges me to stay here while Ike Smart an' Lefty Gavin is diggin' out nuggets like pertaters.'

"'Pertaters,' said Red Norton, lookin' out 'Gents—pertaters you say?—I move we have one more vote, an' I for one say the feller ought to be hung.'

"Well, sir you honor, they took a vote in less'n 19 seconds, an' them black streaks cuttin' across the horizon is the 12 good men an' true breakin' for Burgo. They'll look right considerable afore they find a strike in that excuse country, but we've got our verdict, you've got your dinner, an' the boys have got a hangin' just the same. Oh, you can accomplish most anythin' by proper cussin' of the gov'ment."

The judge told the story down at Rawlins, but it was disbelieved.—Chicago Record.

Mr. W. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes.

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

Self respect is the backbone of manhood.

**The Surprise of All.**

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.

You can't measure a girl's love by its sighs.

**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.

Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for this little stock, expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hundred defects instead of perfections.

There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability.

The testimony of a good conscience is the glory of a good man.

"God bless you" is the old-fashioned, summing-up of sincere affection, without the least smirk of studied civility.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received. "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings.

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

Street gossips use the thread of conversation to weave the fabric of untruth.

**Free Pills.**

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by W. M. Cohen Druggist.

A girl certainly wants her energy when she hugs another girl.

**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.

Discipline is the harness whereby heavy loads are easily drawn.


Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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


**YELLOW KID'S VERSION.**

What was it for which King Richard offered his Kingdom, asked the teacher, and the Yellow Kid said:

"A wheel! My Kingdom for a wheel!"


## G. Gump & Sons,

GORDON Baltimore Rye

AND

G. P. R. Maryland Rye

"A Gentleman's Drink."

**W. W. KAY,**

Sole Agent,

Weldon, N. C.

dec 2 1m

## 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.**

## FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

—AT—

## KERN'S! KERN'S!

We are located now at our new quarters, No. 113 old Market Square, two doors from Main street. We call your attention to our $17.50 solid oak bedroom suits, which is the wonder of the age. Are you in need of a woven wire cot? Only a few more left. We will close them out at 89c each. Hammock chair now reduced to $1.25, former price, $2. We take pleasure to show you through our stock. No Trouble to show goods. Mail orders promptly attended to. For bargains call at

## KERN'S,

113 Old Market Square, 3 Doors from Main street, NORFOLK, VA. 8-26-1y

CHAS. M. WALSH,

—STEAM—

MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS

Petersburg, Va

MONUMENTS,

Headstones, Tombs, etc.

Also Iron Fencing, Vases etc., for cemetery and other purposes at lowest prices.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ESTABLISHED IN 1865.

The truth is the foundation of our Success.

We make Claims, our WORK fulfils 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 11 1y.

## SANTA CLAUS

Is Early In the Field,

Headquarters at

## MEYER'S, THE ENFIELD HUSTLER,

Cotton is low but we have knocked the bottom out of trusts and combines and made prices to suit.

**Toys and Christmas Goods**

for all. Get right into the procession with both feet or you will be run over.

All kinds of goods for all kinds of people. Everything goes here.

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

## 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—

—FALL AND WINTER—

## 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.