

# The Roanoke News.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One Mo.	Three Mo.	Six Mo.	One Year
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	26 00
Two Squares,	5 00	13 00	23 00	42 00
Three Squares,	8 00	21 00	38 00	70 00
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### Meet Me Love.

Meet me when the sun is sinking  
Slowly in the distant west,  
Meet me when the bird is hastening  
To the shelter of the west;  
I have words of love to whisper  
In the ear that's ever true,  
I have words of love to whisper  
Soft as falling of the dew.

Meet me love and we will wander  
Thro' the walks so hazy known,  
Meet me, love, and I will clasp thee  
To my breast, my true, my own;  
Riches of the earth, they vanish,  
Fame, with all his pomp, is dead;  
When I slasp thy fingers fondly,  
When I kiss thy lips of red.

### LOVE'S SUNLIGHT.

"I wish I were dead" whispered Edith Lynd, as she struggled to keep back her sobs. "What have I to live for?"

Her lips quivered painfully. She had known so much sorrow in her young life. The first memory of her childhood was an old fashioned room, with a bay window overlooking a stately lawn. In this embrasure she had spent years. The piano was there, and for years each day she had sat fingering the keys, until at last music became her friend and companion, dearly loved and cherished. She had a distinct memory of her father—a pale, thin man, dying slowly, but surely, of consumption. Her mother too, was ever present to her remembrance—a proud, fierce woman, jealous even of her only child. The sad love of her mother for her husband left no room in her heart for Edith.

That jealous dead watch wore her out. In this terrible wrestle with the grim foe she was beaten, and six months after Edith's father was in his grave, her mother followed him.

And then it became known that Mr. Lynd had lived far beyond his income for years before his death.

His creditors raved and stormed. What they could do they did. Every penny of property they took from his child.

Frightened and wretched, Edith turned to the only friend she had in the world.

This was her father's old companion, Mr. Carruthers. Money there was none. Her mother had exhausted every resource after her father's death.

Thanks to Mr. Carruthers, Edith obtained a situation in the family of Lady Lindsay, a poor but exceedingly proud Scotch lady with a large family of good-looking daughters.

In her new home she might have lived contentedly, if not happily, but for her great beauty.

Lady Lindsay tried hard to keep her in the background, and her efforts were seconded by her daughters; but it was not to be done.

One more season had run its course, and the hope of the house had failed to fulfill the expectations of her scheming worldly wise mother.

A score of suitors had dangled about her the whole season long.

During the hot summer nights, peer and baronet had attended Constance Lindsay; but neither one nor the other had committed himself to an open avowal.

Proud—some evil to one had declared it—tempered—was Constance Lindsay. For her, money had no charms, position no influence. She yearned for love, pure and simple.

Of all those she had met, only one had reached her ideal.

This was Sir George Holmes. He had been the lion of the season, for he had proved himself to be a brave and daring man.

Tall, dark, full-bearded, with deep grey eyes, a stalwart, handsome frame, a restless worried manner; such was Sir George Holmes.

Constance Lindsay had snubbed him unmercifully the whole season through. Still he had clung to her, and his gentle respect had touched her heart.

He was to come down for the shooting season, and Constance looked forward to the first day of September with a passionate longing.

As the time grew nearer and nearer she grew more and more peevish and irritable. Of all the household, Edith felt it the most.

It was too hot to walk or ride, and so music was the sole occupation of Constance; and it was during one of her exercises that she spoke very harshly to Edith. Edith resented that, and a high quarrel between the two girls was the result.

Edith had the best of it for Constance had abused her position, and felt ashamed of herself.

But this was unknown to Edith, who could but wonder why such things should be, and sob out her broken sentences in the solitude of her chamber.

And this was why Edith Lynd cried out in anguish of spirit that she "wished she were dead."

The first of September arrived. In a country house it is a great day of the year.

Sir George Holmes felt this in no ordinary degree. He loved the country. For him the woodland and lawn had extraordinary attractions.

He stood on the lawn this bright September morning, looking over the broad meadows.

Suddenly the bushes were divided, and a huge mastiff sprang through with a joyous bark.

"Down Caesar—down! Where are your manners, you bad fellow?" cried a silver young voice. "Come to me this instant, sir!"

### The noble hound crouched down,

wagged his tail, and looked back with a peevish glance in his great brown eyes.

Sir George followed the glance. A dark, beautiful girl stood before him.

Her lap was full of autumn berries and flowers, some of which she dropped as she started back in surprise. Sir George took off his hat and bowed.

"I am sorry to have startled you," he said. "Permit me."

He stooped and picked up the flowers, holding one little branch of red berries in his hand.

"I presume you are a guest of Sir James Lindsay," he said, "though I have not been introduced to you? Will you permit me to introduce myself? My name is George Holmes."

"And mine Edith Lynd. I am not a guest. I am a governess to Sir James's daughters."

"I am charmed to know you, Miss Lynd," said Sir George, smiling. "Ah, there is the breakfast bell. Will Caesar allow me to be your escort, thank you?"

"Thank you; but I would rather return alone. I do not breakfast with the family when there is company."

Edith, in a half laughing, half embarrassed fashion. "Hark! They are calling you Sir George. I should never forgive myself if I detained you a moment longer."

"Nor me, I suppose?" he questioned, laughing.

"I don't know," she answered, in a more serious tone of voice, and like a vision, she glided from his sight.

He sighed as he retraced his steps and regained the lawn.

Composed as he habitually was, he started as he left the woodlaid.

Before him stood Constance Lindsay. Her cheeks were white, her lips trembling.

"Come, Sir George," she cried, almost hysterically. "We feared we had lost you. Will you come to the house? Have you been telling the birds the fate of their nest?"

"No," he said; "I have been admiring a noble hound and—"

Talking to Miss Lynd, our governess. She is very beautiful, people say."

"Yes?" said the Baronet, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes. To foreign taste, now, she would be simply superb."

"There I disagree with you, Miss Lynd. I have traveled too long and too far in foreign lands to lose my predilections. This may sound paradoxical, but, to appreciate our own dear land, we should leave it."

He felt her hand tremble on his arm.

"You do not propose leaving it again, I hope?" she said.

He shook his head.

"I do not know," he answered. "Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

By this time they had reached the long glass doors of the dining-room, and a second and louder shout welcomed Sir George to the morning meal.

All the long day Edith wandered round the house and through the adjacent plantations.

New music was in her ears, new thrills in his heart. The voice of the grave looking traveler was ever present with her.

She had never met with one so noble and gentle in all her life before.

His words had a strange meaning in them, a wonderful fascination.

She forgot, for a few dreaming hours, her position as a mental of the household. But dream and reverie alike were soon to end.

Just before the dressing-bell rang, Lady Lindsay knocked at her door. Edith opened it all wondering. Her ladyship smiled into the room, and seated herself in the best chair. One look at her stern, haughty countenance prepared Edith for the scene to come. Lady Lindsay held a bank note loosely and negligently in her hand. With this she fanned herself in a languid fashion. When she condescended to speak it was in a harsh, grating voice.

"Miss Lynd," she said, "I have resolved to make an alteration in my household. And as it concerns you as well as others, I think it my duty to apprise you of it as soon as possible."

Edith bowed.

"My daughters are now too far advanced to need instruction except by the very best masters, and therefore I shall not require your services after this week. Let me see—this is Monday; if you could make it convenient, I should like you to leave here on Saturday next," and she handed her the note.

Very well, Lady Lindsay, said Edith, with a swelling heart.

"I shall be very glad to recommend you, of course," quoth her ladyship, rising; "and I sincerely hope you will do as well as most young persons who leave my establishment."

With this, she swept from the apartment.

But Edith was not destined to become a governess again. Servants will talk among themselves, and thus the secret leaked out.

The servants liked and respected the orphan girl.

Her white face and firmly-set lips attracted their sympathy. The news spread through the household.

Tim Donova, Sir George Holmes's attendant, was full of it, and chatted of it morning, noon and night.

He had accompanied Sir George all through his travels, and was a great

### favorite of the Baronet. So, with many

embellishments, he told the story of Edith, as he gathered it from the servants of Sir James Lindsay, and Sir George was touched to the heart.

Moreover Constance had grown capricious and haughty, and so, like a modern St. George, the Baronet went to the distressed damsel's assistance.

At the poor governess's feet he knelt and told his love, and Edith became Lady Holmes; and years after, when a cruel war raged between two great nations, Edith's name was known and honored far and wide.

Wounded men never ceased to speak well of her long after they had reached the dear old land of their birth. Veterans spoke of her as a "guardian angel."

### Faith and Bread and Butter.

A forlorn, seedy looking individual with a high forehead and slouched hat, stepped up to a ministerial personage yesterday, on Court Avenue, and said,—"My friend, are you a Christian?"

The ministerial personage replied that he was, and had for some time been trying to spread the gospel among men.

"My dear brother," said the tramp, "so am I. For many years I have been trying to live the life of a consistent Christian. But of late years adversity has come upon me, and I have laid my wife and children away in the graveyard. Now I am left alone in the world, a poor lone wanderer, without friends and without home. But I have not yet lost my hope in the gospel, although my feet are fast slipping. I know that a man cannot live by bread alone, but still a little of that nourishment throws in once in a while, has a very salubrious effect. For four days I have been living on faith, and I find that it does not agree with my constitution. It doesn't fill up, so to speak. It does very well as a change, but as a steady diet it is hardly a success. What I need now is a little of the staff of life to kind of balance the thing you know. I don't mean to depreciate faith in the least. In fact, I think it a very good thing. But, you see, there is a natural craving in every human stomach for something more substantial. That's my fix now. That's the kind of stomach mine is. I feel that a good assistance to faith in the present instance. Look at these hollow eyes of mine. Gaze upon these sunken cheeks. Cast your eagle eyes over this wasted frame of mine, and answer me if you do not think I am not a pretty fair witness to the fact that man cannot subsist for four consecutive days on faith alone, and maintain his physical corporeity and good looks. I was once beautiful, as the saying goes. Once I was a strong, hearty man, but now I am nothing but a shadow of my former self, and all because of the small nourishment afforded by the steady diet of faith. Now, if you have a dollar lying about loosely in the recesses of your pantaloons' pocket, you can have an opportunity to bestow it upon a charitable object, which object is myself. I feel that if I had a square meal again I could once more stand on a firm foundation and renew my hope in the power of Christianity. But without something to fill this terrible vacuum in me, I fear that I shall backslide. In fact, I know I shall. I feel it in my bones. So my dear brother, lend me fifty cents and save a fellow Christian from falling into the hands of the tempter."

The ministerial personage could not resist this touching appeal. He lent him the money, and in less than half an hour the object of his charity was laying out along a rail fence on Walnut Street, and muttering,—"I wonder (hic) who I'll strike next?"

### The Death of Children—A Beautiful Eastern Allegory.

[From an obituary in the Religious Herald by Rev. Dr. T. V. Easton.]

When I stand by the grave of a little child I can see clearly the beauty in that fabric of Adam's life when he had been driven from paradise and was wearing his bread in the sweat of his face.

Raphael and Israel, the two angels who were stationed as sentinels at the gate of the empty Eden, talked to each other much of Adam and Eve, and watched with pitying eyes their toil and suffering. The punishment seemed terrible to the compassionate angels, as they saw our first parents at their unworied toil among the thorns and briars, and then looked back upon the quiet loveliness of the lost paradise. And many an hour did the angels spend in prayer to Allah that he would sweeten the toil of the man and the sorrows of the woman.

The day came when her first-born son lay in the arms of the happy Eve, and Adam watched the babe with glasslike eyes. Allah had answered the prayer of His compassionate angels. Now, for the first time since the fiery sword was set at the gate of Eden, Eve sang as she went about her work, and Adam labored with brisk cheerfulness, and hurried home joyfully at sunset to gaze upon the budding beauties of his babe. The child grew in loveliness; day by day his fond parents, and the angels scarcely less fond, saw him develop new traits of interest to their observing eyes. He was so bright and beautiful—a revelation of an entirely new creation—the best of all the creatures Allah had made. On the day when he took his first steps, crowing in baby glee, while he tottered from his mother's to his father's outstretched hands, Eve said

### softly: "Paradise had no joy equal to

this," and Adam answered reverently, "How merciful is God."

But there came a day when Raphael and Israel were recalled from their position as sentinels, leaving only the fiery sword to guard the lost Eden. But instead of mounting in joy to their places among their fellow-angels, they went with reluctant flight, looking back longingly to earth and listening to the prattle of the child standing by his mother's knee. Their fellow-angels saw a shadow over the brightness of their beauty, and noticed that often they stood with silent harp, as if listening to catch a far off sound. Till at last Allah asked Raphael what had brought a dimness over his radiance, and the angel answered—"Why is earth given a joy that is unknown to heaven? Grant, most merciful One, that children may come to gladden our lives by their beauty and loveliness. Adam in his sin is more blessed than we in our holiness."

And Allah answered: "It is not meant that fallen man should be happier than holy spirits. In a few years that child they love so dearly may wring the hearts of those parents in untold anguish, for sin is stamped upon his nature, innocent and pure though he seem. But heaven shall have all the beauty and joy of the children without the after- strain. You may go among the sons of men and gather the brightest and fairest of their little ones, ere their souls are blackened by sin, and bring them here to increase the happiness of heaven."

Erevers that day the angels have availed themselves of Allah's permission. They come to earth and take from us our brightest and fairest children, in their young innocence, and bear them away to gladden heaven itself. And no longer is there a shadow over the radiance of Raphael and Israel as they listen to the fresh young voices, and watch the children taken away in their purity.

Such is the fable, and thus it explains why so many children are taken in their infancy from the loving arms of parents—and to the aching hearts which are left mourning for their dear ones, comes the assurance which comforted the sorrowing king—"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

### Anecdote of a Celebrated Doctor.

The renowned Dr. Abernethy was a man of sharp wit and biting tongue, but was sometimes brought up with a sharp tongue. On one occasion the doctor was forced to own that he had the worst of it. The story runs thus: He was sent for one day in great haste by an inn-keeper, whose wife had in quarrel scratched his face with her nails to such an extent that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity not to be lost for administering the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all your head, in fact?"

"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virgin, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

A gentleman once asked Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would "injure the brain."

"No, sir," was the doctor's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

### Kind Words.

Randall Morton has a fine place near Pittsburgh and the boss cherry trees of them leading from the gate to the house. The trees are so planted that the inferior varieties are nearest the gate. We have a great many visitors in the summer time, and the first thing every fellow does when he enters the gate is to go for the first cherry tree and partake of the fruit thereof; then he naturally works his way to the next tree and samples the cherries; he finds the fruit better than the first tree; then he moves on to the next and discovers that the fruit of that is still better, and so he gradually works up to the residence, eating from every tree on his way.

"What does he do then?"

"Then," said Mr. Morton, putting his feet up on the window sill "his complexion turns to a sort of bluish white and he says:

"For God's sake have you any whisky in the house?"

"If we have any whisky," said Mr. Morton, "we give him some; if we haven't any we put a mustard plaster on him and encourage him by kind words."

### The Family Table.

A sensible exchange remarks that a great deal of the enjoyment of a meal depends upon the appearance of the table. A clean smoothly ironed table cloth and napkins are the first requisites. If these are carefully folded after every meal and laid in a box kept for the purpose, they will look well for several days. Where there are small children, a square white oil cloth bound with scarlet braid or simply pinked around and laid under their plates, will prevent much soiling of the cloth. A few bright pretty dishes add much to the appearance of the table. Now during the summer a pretty ornament may be secured for every meal by merely running into the yard or garden and gathering a few buds and flowers and sprays of green for a bouquet. This habit, if once commenced, will so grow upon the taste that the spoon or napkins will hardly be more indispensable. It is well to let the children furnish the table bouquets from their own flower beds.

### A Mother's Influence.

The following picture of maternal piety and description of a mother's influence have never been surpassed.

"Margherita Pastera caused her little son, Venturino, to kneel before her, while she taught him the Lord's Prayer. A mother teaching her child to pray is, at the same time the most sublime and tender image one can picture to himself. Then, the woman, raised above terrestrial things, resembles those angels who, our brothers and our guardians in life, inspire our virtues and correct our vices.

"In the soul of the child is ingraved, with the portrait of his mother, the prayer which she taught him—the invocation of the 'Father who art in Heaven.' When the seductions of the world surround him, he finds the power to resist them in that little prayer taught him by maternal lips. Thrown among men, he meets fraud under the guise of honesty, sees virtue deceived, generally mocked, hatred furious and unmitigated, and friendship lukewarm and selfish—shuddering, he is ready to curse his fellow men, but he remembers his 'Father who is in Heaven.' Does he, on the contrary yield to the world, do the needs of a miserable selfishness—of dark corruption, germinate in his soul; at the bottom of his heart resounds a voice—a voice severely tender, like that of his mother, whose memory works in his breast like a living conscience. Thus he traverses life; then on the bed of death, abandoned of men, surrounded only by the retinue of his works, he returns again, in thought, to the days of his childhood—to his mother, and dies full of a tranquil confidence in the 'Father who is in Heaven.'

"After hearing her son repeat this prayer, Margherita undressed him herself and put him in his little bed, covering him with kisses, and saying, 'Thus shalt be virtuous!' And the little Venturino slept in the arms of angels."

There is as much truth as sleight in this brief extract. The mysterious influence of a mother, the power of home memories we have all felt, and we all know them. These memories are like guardian spirits, which follow us ever on life's highway.

We cannot, probably, over-estimate the power which these memories may exercise upon us, either to preserve from sin or to rescue us when we have fallen. When a youth goes out from his home guarded by all those angels of love, he has the strongest possible security which can be given to human virtue. Still, he is not absolutely safe. He may fall! Alas! many do. But these a thousand angels from his early home come forth to his rescue.

An incident occurred a few years since, which illustrates this subject with great beauty and force. In one of the prisons of one of our maritime cities, a man—a foreigner—was confined, whose history, so far as known, was a record of the blackest crimes. He became ill, and it was soon apparent that a few weeks would terminate his earthly career. There were those who pitied him, and would minister to his wants, temporal and spiritual; he repelled all advances. Vice had so grown over his heart, that sensibility and affection seemed to be dead. He hated the world and God; and, with demonic suileness, awaited the awful crisis when he should go forth to meet the dread retributions of Eternity. No efforts could move him from that desperate state—no kindness could soften—no tenderness could bring to his eye one answering glance. All was dead within him; his soul was withered. Thus he had lain for days, when one evening, just as the last ray of sunlight was playing on the iron bars of his prison window, a strain of music, which entered his cell from the street without, reached his ears. It was a national air of his native land, with which, when a child, his mother used to charm him to sleep! The angels of his childhood—the spirit of Love, which had watched over his cradle, were hid in that simple strain, and with it stole into his heart. That moment was saved! The prison of his soul, his affections, were laid low, and a divine hope cast its beams far down into his heart, where, for long years, all had been dark and black. His bosom heaved with tumultuous emotion; his face was wet with those tears which angels rejoice at, and he cried, "My mother!" A few days after, worn out by disease, he died—and died a Christian.

### Disappointed Chinaman.

Yesterday morning, says a recent issue the Virginian (New) Enterprise, a Chinaman came into Youngworth's shop, armed with a basket containing about half a bushel of yellow-bellied, warty-backed toads, which he offered to dispose of at six bits per dozen, calling them "flops." When told that they were not frogs, but toads, and unfit to eat, the Chinaman looked unhappy. He evidently thought he was bringing to town a luxury that would be snapped up almost instantly at a big price. Said he: "Toad, toad—you owe him load!" "Certainly," said Youngworth, "regular toad—no good."

"What for him no good? He thinks you fooled me. Him walk all same frog, him take all the same frog, what for him toad?" and John looked as if he suspected the toad talk was a job to get his "flops" for nothing. John was assured that his game was "no good," and he finally turned sadly away, yet he held on to his basket of toads and carried them off in the direction of Chinatown. It appears that the poor fellow had lugged his load of toads—all alive and kicking, too—all the way from the town of Suro, having found them about some pond down that way.

### Health Hints.

For people with skin disease a carbolic bath should be used.

Always take a bath in a warm room and in tepid water, unless particularly robust.

Bleeding of a wound in man or beast can be stopped, it is by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth.

An exchange says soft corns can be cured by this corn salve: Boil tobacco down to an extract, then mix with it a quantity of white pitch pine, and apply it to the corn, renewing it once a week till the corn disappears.

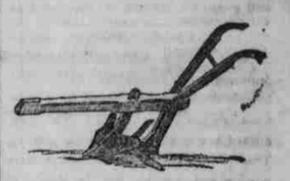
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