

One Year, in advance, \$2.00
Six Months, 1.50
Three Months, .75 cts

ADVERTISEMENTS

DARBY'S
PROPHYLACTIC
FLUID.
A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Medicines
MALARIA.
For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Erysipelas, Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow fever has been cured with a single black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Malaria yield to it.

SMALL-POX
Prevention of Small Pox by Darby's Fluid. A number of my family were taken with Small Pox. I used the Fluid, and the patient was not delirious, was not pained, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it. W. W. SANDERS, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Diphtheria
Prevented.
The physician here uses Darby's Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. S. WILSON, Greenboro, Ala.

Scarlet Fever
Cured.
The eminent Physician, J. H. HARRIS, M.D., New York, says: "I am convinced that Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Indispensable to Every Home.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.

W. H. ZELMAN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

HAPPEY & STEEL.
Manufacturers of Engines, Tobacco, Hay and Cotton Presses, SAW MILLS, GIST MILLS, MILL IRONS, Plovers, Iron and Brass Castings.

SOUTHERN HOTEL,
N. B. DICKENS, Proprietor,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Re fitted, repaired and thoroughly arranged for comfort. Tables supplied from Norfolk and Wilmington markets. Good servants and good fare. Comfortable rooms for all.

I have also a Livery Stable, where horses are properly attended to, vehicles hired out on reasonable terms to parties wishing them. rjan 13ly

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who are prostrated with various diseases, declare in grateful testimony of a restoration of the system to a healthy condition, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, not only cures, but imparts strength to the weak, but it also cures an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from Rheumatism and kidney troubles, and cures as well as prevents Fever and Ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

C. W. GRANDY & SONS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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oct 16m.

MRS. PATTIE A. MOORE
Offers to the public:
AN ASSORTMENT OF
Millinery, Notions, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, Cheap Laces, Ladies' Furnishing Goods, &c.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
MRS. M. A. MOORE,
Smith's Brick Block, Weldon, N. C.
nov 24ly

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1883. NO. 2.

MY TREASURES.

BY ORIEL APOTOS.

Ah! yes, I keep my treasures yet—
I keep those dear old withered flowers:
They tell of times when we have met,
Of blissful days and sunny hours.
They breathe of love's bright golden past,
Sweet memories that fragrance dwell;
They tell how fondly love did cast
Around our hearts its magic spell.

Ah! yes, I keep my treasures still—
I keep that fess of sunny hair,
And on it gaze through many a night,
I see again that face so fair.
I see again that face so fair,
Those pleading lips and eyes of blue,
All beaming with love's holy light,
Float dreamlike past my wifely view—
A memory in life's darkness so bright.

Ah! yes, I keep my treasures yet—
I keep that little broken ring,
It tells a tale I'll never forget,
And to my heart will ever bring
The bright, the blissful golden day,
When every cloud did melt away,
And sweetly smiled the sun above.

Ah! yes, I keep my treasures still—
I keep those dear old letters now,
And read sweet memories ever still,
My heart at every tender word.
I dream of all she was to me,
And on each page the tears will fall,
To think that I no more may see
One who was once my life—my all.

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HIS REWARD.

We were gathered in the big sitting room of Mrs. Brown's comfortable house at Brown's Ledges. The windows south and east commanded an extensive view of the sea, whirling now into the maddest fury by a wild northeast storm, and the gale howled and shrieked like a million demons led loose from Pandemonium. It rattled the casements viciously, and drove the blinding sheets against the panes. It howled jeeringly down the wide chimneys, and wailed in despairing minor key about the eaves, while down upon the rocky sea the waves roared in continuous revolt. We were cozy enough in the big sitting-room, though. Our good hostess had a highly satisfactory way of making things comfortable for us. Accordingly, as the blank northeast storm increased in violence, driving all the spurs of summer from the August day, she had covered the board from the old-fashioned fire place, and the cheerful fire that ever gladdened the heart of a chattering mortal now crackled and snapped between the shining brass andirons on the hearth.

Mrs. Porter sat at a south window em- brodering a white apron for eight-year-old Bessie, who was amusing herself with a little black kitten on the floor. Pretty Angie Porter, fresh from boarding school, and the Dayton twins were doing curvet work at the other window. Mr. Porter, Judge Kent, Ben Sheild and Edger Leathers were playing whist at the center table while little Mrs. Kent looked on smilingly over her husband's shoulder. At the piano, which had been sent from town for the winter, young Wilder was playing, as only he could, Haydn's charmingly pathetic melody, and little Bessie, the wild German waltzer, which was themselves wildly in and out of the beat of the music.

In my snug fireside corner, I, the little old-maid of the party, sat and watched Kate Rexford. She stood at one of the east windows, looking out at the maddest of the storm, with a half-unconscious accompaniment of wilder's music with her slender fingers. She was dressed plainly enough to-day, in a close-fitting black cashmere, which fell in heavy, trailing folds about her perfect figure. A knot of cardinal red ribbon was pinned in the flimsy lace at her throat, and one of the Saquinnetti roses which Wilder had brought from town the night before, was fastened in the shining braids of her hair. Her face, well, it was a face for a man to die for, and dark and glowing, with the sweetest, tenderest, proudest lips in the world. A firm, round chin, oval cheeks, complexioned, and eyes that were magnificent in their soft fire under the black lashes.

Just now those eyes were fixed in wistful yearning upon the shifting black mass of water, and the red lips dropped rather disconsolately at the corners. This mood, I had not noted always come upon Miss Rexford in a storm like this, and I was somewhat puzzled for it seemed to me that it ever signified that she was in love. It was, however, a beautiful, friendly, idealized by her relatives and ex-guards, the Kents, with the best of her set at her feet, why should she be dissatisfied? It was a problem over which I puzzled long, for as you may have suspected, I rather enjoyed in teasing myself in the business of other people.

Miss Rexford was something of a riddle to me, however. In all the four years that I had known her, it was only during a storm on the coast that that strange, wistful, unhappy look would come into her face; and finally I made up my mind that it was because of some unpleasant memory—possibly an unlovely love affair, which would account for her refusal of an eligible man after another suit she had gained the reputation of being headless. She had refused Austin Wilder the year before, and I have, but followed her like a dog, every where, until I think at times she positively despised him. Yet he was so grateful for a pleasant word, so pleased when she accepted a flower from him, that it seemed rude and unkind to treat him coldly.

Toward night Mrs. Brown came into the sitting-room with a new dress that a vessel had broken up on the rocks at the other side of the point, and some of the fishermen were blizz a man who was washed ashore, up across the marshes to the house. In a moment our quiet party was filled with excitement. A conch-bell and Mr. Brown ran for her companion bottle while Judge Kent brought out a small flask of French brandy.

When the man was brought in Kate Rexford, standing beside me, uttered a half-suppressed cry. I knew by her countenance that she had seen the man before. He lay a dead weight in the arms of the stalwart fisherman—a magnificent built man of thirty, perhaps.

His blue sailor's blouse was open at the throat; heavy mustache and a short, pointed beard covered mouth and chin; his eyes were dark and sun-burnt; the lashes of his closed eyes were thick and black, the brows straight and heavy; the broad white forehead—looking whiter by contrast with the brown cheeks, was half covered by the damp, dark curls which clung close about it.

In an hour's time our shipwrecked stranger was able to walk. He gave his name as Murdoch; captain of the ship which had gone to pieces that night, he said.

Miss Rexford was not in the room when he recovered consciousness. They did not meet until the following morning, and then Captain Murdoch started, smiling, looked at her half wistfully. But my lady treated him with supreme indifference, as if he were what the others supposed him to be, a stranger.

For three days the storm continued and Captain Murdoch was kept a prisoner with us. For three days Kate Rexford acted like one possessed. She lifted Austin Wilder into the seventh heaven of happiness, she flirted with Ben Sheild and Edger Leathers, she played hide-and-seek with little Flossie Porter, and told stories to Angie and the Dayton girls, and captivated Mrs. Brown's heart by washing dishes with her dainty white fingers.

But to Captain Murdoch she was cold, and haughty, and unobtrusive.

It did seem as though Kate Rexford, so rich in worldly ways, might have vouchsafed one little kindly word or look to this contented and handsome sailor, whose stay was so short; but she did not; and the man submitted to her treatment with a grave dignity and only an occasional flash in his dark hazel eyes, as they gazed for an instant now and then upon her lovely face.

On the third day the storm ceased, the gray clouds went drifting away to the southern horizon, and the sun gave us a goodnight smile, he sunk to rest in a clear western sky. I was in the sitting-room alone. Most of the beds had gone trooping down to the shore.

Miss Rexford, wrapped in a deep white shawl, was promenading the veranda, where I was presently joined by Captain Murdoch. You need not turn from me, Miss Rexford," he said, in a low, intense voice. "I appreciate the difference in our social positions. Yet, remembering that I saved your life five years ago, I will claim the privilege of being your friend. I am going away to-morrow. I hope to heaven I may never look upon your lovely, cruel face again. It has been the curse of my life ever since I swam down from the deck of Judge Kent's yacht when you were in my arms. He does not remember his shipper of so long ago—why should he? My love and my pain have made me old. Go your dainty way, my lady, and remember that my love and my pain have made me old. Go your dainty way, my lady, and remember that my love and my pain have made me old."

There was an instant's pause, and then came a low, pitiful, tender cry from beautiful Kate Rexford.

"No!" he had turned toward him with outstretched hands, her face suffused with blushes and tears in her lovely eyes.

The next moment Murdoch had folded her closely to his heart, and she was sobbing out in an incoherent story in his arms.

"Oh Noel—you were so blind. How could I expect I loved you so long, but I ever dreamed of being. I hated myself for loving you when I had no power to win a word from you. Oh Noel, whenever there is a storm on the sea it all comes back to me—that horrible, blessed night, when our little boat went drifting on the rocks, and I was borne shore by your dear, strong arms."

Well here, they went on in that fashion for some time, and my spectacles were wet with tears just because of looking at them.

MARRIAGE OF SENATOR DAVIS AND MISS BURR.
On Wednesday last week Senator David Davis and Miss A. E. Burr, were married at Tokyo, in the residence of Cal. Wharton J. Green, near Fayetteville, by the J. C. Haskie, rector of St. John's church, Fayetteville.

The house was beautifully decorated with evergreens. The bride and groom stood under an arch of flowers and a-bell of rosebuds and callas. W. F. Green, of the United States Court of Claims, was the groom's best man. Miss Sallie Green, daughter of Congressman Green, officiated as bridesmaid, and Congressman Green gave the bride away. The ceremony was entirely private. Judge Davis was attended by Judge Otto, Dr. and Mrs. Cook and Miss Cook, and Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher. At the conclusion of the services the party was driven to Fayetteville and took a special steamer from Wilmington, N. C. The bride, which was decorated throughout with evergreens, made no stop on the river. Congressman Green, Judge Otto and Miss Sallie Green accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Davis as far as Wilmington.

The bride was attired in a traveling costume of seal brown silk and a hat of brown plush with brown ostrich feathers. Her trousseau was most elaborate. She has no less than 25 seen complete suitcases, several made by Worth. There was a variety of wedding gifts, among them being—
Solitaire diamond earrings of great size and brilliancy, the gift of the groom; a massive punch bowl of silver, lined with gold, from Judge Green; magnificent diamond pin from Judge Green; a library of rare books from Secretary Feltgen; a French clock from Congressman Green. After a tour through the South as far as New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Davis go to California, where an elegant home being prepared for them at Bloomington, Ill.

The engagement was made at Washington, during the winter of 1882, Miss Burr being at that time on a visit to the capital. The acquaintance and friendship of the two were of long standing. During the life-time of his first wife Senator Davis frequently met Miss Burr, who was a warm friend of his wife, at Bloomington, and had been his guest there. They met afterwards in Washington several seasons, and during the winter of 1882-83 the attentions of the general Senator became marked. There was no surprise among the personal friends of the two at the announcement of their engagement which was made early in the spring of 1882.

A New York Chronicle lawyer's advertisement reads: "Hymeneal incompatibilities, as a specialty, carefully adjusted. 'Slavery to retain the hand after the heart hath fled.'"

THAT BAD BOY.

"Got any vaseline?" said the boy to the grocery man, as he went into the store one cold morning leaving the door open and paged up a cigar stub that had been thrown down by the stove, and began making it.

"Shut the door on you. Was you brought up in a saw mill? You'll freeze every pot in the house. No I haven't got vaseline, what do you want with it?" said the grocery man as he sat the keg on a chair by the stove where it would thaw out.

"Want to rub it on Ha's legs," said the boy as he tried to draw smoke through the cigar stub.

"Why, what's the matter with your pa's legs. Has he got the rheumatiz?" "Wasn't no rheumatiz," said the boy, as he threw away the cigar stub and drew some cider in a broken tea cup.

"Pa has got the worst looking hind legs you ever saw. You see since there has been so many fire pa has got awful scared and he has bought three fire escapes made out of ropes with knots in them, and he has been telling us every day how he could rescue the whole family in the case of fire. He told us to keep cool, whatever happened, and to rely on him.

If the house got on fire we were to rush up to pa, and he would save us. Well last night ma had to go to one of the neighbors where they were going to have twins, and we didn't sleep much, cause ma had to come home twice to get sallow and an old petticoat, and I was broke in when I was a kid, cause the people where ma went did not know as twins was on the bill of fare, and they only had flannel petticoats for one.

Pa was cross at being kept awake, and told me he hoped when all the children in Milwaukee were born and got grown up she would take in her sign and not go around acting as ushers to baby matrons. Pa says there ought to be a law that babies should arrive on the regular day trains, and not wait for the midnight express.

Well pa he got to sleep, and he slept till about eight o'clock in the morning and the blinds were closed and it was dark in his room, and I had wait for my breakfast until I was hungry as a wolf, and the hired girl told me to wake pa up, so I went up stairs; and I don't know what made me think of it, but I had some of the powder what they make red fire with in the theatre, that me and my chum had on the 4th of July and I put it in a wash dish in the bath room and touched it off and hallowed fire. I was going to wake pa up and tell him it was all right, and laugh at him. I guess there was too much fire or I yelled too loud, cause pa jumped out of bed and grabbed a rope and rushed through the hall towards a window that goes out on the shed. I tried to say some thing, but pa run over me and told me to save myself, and I got to the back window to tell him there was no fire just as he let himself out of the window. He had one end of the rope tied to the leg of the washstand and he was climbing down the back side of the shed by the kitchen with nothing on but his night shirt and he was the horriblest looking object ever was, with his legs flying and he was trying to stick his toe and in the rope and in the side of the house. I don't think a man looks well in society with nothing on but his night shirt. I didn't blame the hired girl for being scared when they saw pa and his legs come down outside the window, and when they yelled I went down to the kitchen, and they said a crazy man with nothing on but a pillow case around his neck was trying to kick the window in and they run in the parlor, and I opened the door and let pa in the kitchen. He asked me if any body else was saved, and then I told him there was no fire and he must have dreamed he was in hell or somewhere. Well pa was astonished and must be wrong in the head, and I left him thawing himself by the stove and I went after his pants, and his legs was badly chilled, but I guess nothing was froze.

He lays it all to ma, and says if she would stay at home and let people rub their own baby shows there would be more comfort in the house. Ma came in with a shawl over her head, a bowl of something that smell frowy, and after she had told the rest of her visit, she sent me after vaseline to rub pa's legs. Pa says he has demonstrated that if a man is cool and collected, in case of fire and goes deliberately at work to save himself, he will come out all right at last."

"All right you are the meanest boy I ever heard of," said the grocery man. "But what about your pa's dancing a clog dance in church last Sunday. The minister's hired girl was in here after some cold fish yesterday morning and she said your pa had scandalized the church the worst way."

"Oh, he didn't dance in church. He was a little excited that's all. You see pa chews tobacco and it is pretty hard on him to sit all through the sermon without taking a chew and he gets nervous. He always reaches around in his pistol pocket, when they stand up to sing the last time and feel in his tobacco box and gets out a chew, and puts it in his mouth, when the minister pronounces the benediction and then when they get out of doors he is already to spit. He always does that."

Well, my chum had a present on Christmas of a music box just as big as pa's tobacco box and all you have to do is to touch a spring, and it plays "She's a Daisy, She's a Dumpling."

I borrowed it and put it in pa's pistol pocket where he keeps his tobacco box, and when the choir got most through singing pa reached his hand in his pocket and began to fumble around for a chew.

He touched the spring and just as everybody bowed their heads to receive the benediction, and it was so still you could hear a gum drop, the music began to play and in the stillness it sounded as loud as a church organ.

I thought ma would sink. The minister heard it, and he looked towards pa, and everybody looked at pa.

The minister kept up, "She a daisy," and the minister looked mad and said amen, and the people began to put on their coats, and the minister told the deacon to hunt up the source of the worldly music, and they took pa into the room back of the pulpit and searched him, and ma says pa will be church'd.

They kept the music box, and I have got to carry in coal to get money enough to buy my chum a new music box.

Well I shall have to go and get the vaseline, or pa's leg will suffer. Good day."

BREAKING HIS HEART.

It was a clothing dealer on the Bowery, and as the slab sided young man opened the door he rubbed his hands over each other and said:

"Come in, my friend. I guess you vas looking for an overcoat. Try on this one, seven dollars."

"Thankee, I've got about eighty dollars in my pocket, and I thought—"

"Ah! My friend, you vas come to der right place. How you like a blue suit for \$10?"

"I've got about eighty dollars in pocket and I was looking for one."

"Take this gray suit for fourteen dollars. You vas der bargain in all your poor days."

"As I am saying, I've got about \$80, and I want to buy a pretty fair one."

"Here is one all wool, for \$12, shump right in it."

"I want a pretty fair one with silver-plated buttons," continued the man.

"I've got 'em. I'm der only dealer in all New York who keeps der overcoats mit silver-plated buttons."

"I don't mean overcoats."

"I mean cellins. Let me see your latest fall styles."

"My friend," whispered the dealer, as he took his arms, "I don't keep cellins. When I realize dat you haf got eighty dollars in your pocket, and I haf no cellins to sell, I feel der right as well der poor der mad struggle for cellins. Have some pity on a broken-hearted man and take two der best quilts at \$7 apiece, and let der gollin go."

Find fault with him.
Keep an unkind look.
Always have the best word.
Be extra cross on wash days.
Quit der with him over der coffee.
Vow vengeance on all his relatives.
Let him see on his own shirt buttons.
Pay no attention to household expenses.
Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new banner.
Tell him as plainly as possible you married him for a living.
Take a row if he dare to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend.
Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family.
Keep der parlor for company and do not let him put his foot in it.
Get everything the woman next door gets, whether you can afford it or not.
Let it out sometimes when you are good and mad dat you wish you had married some other fellow you used to go with."

When he gives you \$10 to lay aside for a "gray day" give it to the first peddler that comes along for a pair of ten-cent plaster var-

Times too hard for baptism.—"So you haf trippets at your house?" said Rev. Whang-doodle Baxter to Sleepy Pete, a member of his congregation.

"Yes, Parson, dere free ob dem at home, 'to a boys and a gal."

"When is your gwister hab 'em baptised?" "Can't tell you, Parson. De gwister died out which preacher in Austin will baptize 'em for der least money, an' de lowest bidder an gwister did de job. If de lowest bid an too high, den de gwister pick out de gal an hab her baptised, and let de two boys worry along without any baptism until de times has run ben' so plenty."—Texas Sifter.

HOW TO SPOIL A HUSBAND.

Find fault with him.
Keep an unkind look.
Always have the best word.
Be extra cross on wash days.
Quit der with him over der coffee.
Vow vengeance on all his relatives.
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A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear Friend: If you let a Southern negro dream for three successive nights that a pot of gold is buried in certain ground, and all the politicians, preachers and circus in the land can't make him unbury it until his back gives out."

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A CHEAP HORSE FARM!
37 acres of land about 4 miles from Gaston and 5 miles from Littleton, on the Wilkins' Ferry Road, adjoining the lands of Lehan Banks and others, being a portion of the old Edwards-Piny Woods tract, one half in cultivation, terms very easy. Title perfect. Possession given immediately.
For particulars apply at this office.

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THE
LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR
HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL OTHER SEWING MACHINES COMBINED
NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE CO.
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Will place risks in any other good company at low rates.

THE ROANOKE NEWS
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SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	36 00	45 00
Fourth Column,	15 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	65 00
One Column,	25 00	35 00	70 00	75 00

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
NORFOLK, VA.
Rooms 2 and 3 Virginia Building. oct 17ly

BRANCH & BELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
ENFIELD, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12ly

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SOUTHLAND SECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. 16ly.

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Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. oct 12ly

THOMAS N. HILL,
Attorney at Law,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. aug 28ly

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 8ly.

WALTER E. DANIEL,
Attorney and Counsellor At Law,
WELDON, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections in all parts of the State and prompt returns made. Feb. 11ly

W. W. HALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Special attention given to collections and conditions promptly made.

D. R. E. HUNTER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Can be found at his office in Enfield. Pure Nitrogen Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22ly

JAMES M. MELLES,
MULLIKEN & MOORE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Federal and Supreme courts of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. Jan 11ly

V. J. NAW,
BAKER & CONFECTIONER,
WELDON, N. C.
A very large supply of
Cakes, Crackers, Candies, French and Plain, Pastries, Fruits, Nuts, &c.

The largest stock of Toys of every variety ever brought to this market.
Orders for candies, cakes, &c. filled at short notice at Northern prices.
Wholesale and other parties supplied as cheap as the cheapest. oct 16ly

COCKADE MARBLE WORKS,
(Established in 1855.)
Sycamore street, opposite Halifax, PETERSBURG, VA.

Monuments, Tombs, Caskets, Headstones and Gravestones of every description made to order ranging in price from \$5 up.
Designs sent by mail to any address, with postage stamps enclosed for return.
All orders are received, the work is prepared and forwarded if it does not give perfect satisfaction, purchasers are requested to return at any expense—1 paying freight both ways.
Lowest prices and cheap freight guaranteed. Correspondence solicited from all sections.
CHAS. M. WALSH.
apr. 13ly.

W. W. HALL,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Can be found in the Roanoke News Office.
WELDON, N. C.

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New York Underwriters.
"Agricultural" of Watertown, N. Y.
Western, of Toronto, Canada.
Fidelity, of Toronto, N. C.
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