

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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Table with 5 columns: SPACE, One, Two, Three, Four, Five. Rows for One Square, Two Squares, Three Squares, Four Squares, Fourth Column, Half Column, Whole Column.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. G. ELLIOTT. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, NORFOLK, VA. Rooms 2nd & 3 Virginia Building, oct 5 ly

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 12 ly.

R. H. SMITH, JR. ATTORNEY AT LAW. SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C. Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. 16 ly.

J. M. ORIZZARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C. Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12 ly.

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 16 ly.

T. W. MASON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, GARYSHURG, N. C. Practice in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 8 ly.

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. 13 ly.

W. W. HALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C. Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. May 14 ly.

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JAMES M. MULLEN, JOHN A. MOORE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C. Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Supreme court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. Jan 1 ly.

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

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Will place risks in any other good company at low rates. July 17 ly.

OUR DAYS.

To-morrow—what matters the storm of to-day, We shall find the Island of peace at last. To-day is stormy but by and bye The tempest and rain will all be past.

The yesterday was a mocking dream That left us sorrowful, full of pain; But the fair to-morrow waits for us. We shall build up the broken hopes again.

Time touches our eyes with tears that burn, And plants the cry, mid the locks of gold; And robs the cheeks of the tint of youth, And we say, "To-morrow we shall be old."

And we think of the fair land further on, Where life shall never know light or frost, Where love dies not at the touch of change, And we find again the youth we have lost.

Nothing is done, from birth to death; Our hope, our love, and life's sad day is only a sample at the best. Of all that will come in the far away.

Then why do our tears so steadily fall When the perfect life shall soon have away, When the bright to-morrows and yesterdays Shall merge themselves in a glad to-day?

THE VIOLIN'S VOICE.

THE PATHETIC STORY OF A MUSICIAN AND A DYING CHILD.

The dark angel of death was standing outside the musician's door, for little Annita, Maestro Narditti's child, was fading away; no tears, no prayers could avert, not even Carissima's lovely voice.

Carissima's voice was hushed now; the maestro had no heart to take up his dearly loved violin and play to soothe his sorrow, as he had done many years ago, when his wife died and left this little one behind.

Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius and had bidden him call aloud to the world. So Carissima and he had played together through sickness and sorrow and success, and through all the changing scenes of life they had been faithful friends.

They had just come back from the crowded hall; the people said that never before had the maestro played so beautifully and that never before had the violin's voice sounded so mournful and pathetic.

Well, you see, they did not know the reason; but we do, for both were thinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful or the outward expression of those thoughts be anything but mournful?

The father was weeping by his child's bedside. But she said: "Do not weep—sing to me—sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father, and the evening has been so long without thee."

Then he rose and played to her, and she closed her eyes and listened happily to Carissima's voice. It sang a song without words—the music alone told the tale—of a pure young life, too pure for earth, and, therefore, to be taken away to that fair land where only the good and pure and true dwell. Yet it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind and to know that they would be desolate, and here the violin's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody became sadder and softer, as if describing the very parting which was soon to take place, then the lingering notes died away, and the maestro's hand was still.

"Is that all?" murmured the child; "oh, play again."

Once more he raised his bow on high and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph—the same melody, but no longer soft or sad, for the gates of the fair land were opened wide, and amid the jubilant strain the child had passed away with the angel of death.

THE BEAUTY OF WORDS.

Words are the flowers that blossom on the bush of wisdom and spring from the fountain of thought. With them the artist paints a livelier fancy than the man of brush and colors. The lines clear cut and fine, surpass the richest creation on the dull, lifeless canvas. In this line of art Robert Ingersoll is probably the most skilled of all living men. Here is what he says in a letter of regret to the Clover Club:

"I regret that it is impossible for me to be in 'clover' with you to-morrow. A wonderful thing is clover! It means honey and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in the perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate Old Bos, the bountiful, serenely chewing satisfaction's cud in that blessed twilight pause that like a benediction falls between toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs and books and violets, and all there is of a stainless joy in peaceful human life. A wonderful word is clover. Drop the 'e' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'e' and 'r' and you have the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'e' alone and there remains a warm, deceitful bird that sweetens the breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom, in Shakespeare, was right! 'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"

"Did you know," said an Englishman to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and asses together in Poland?"

"Indeed!" replied the Jew. "Then it is fortunate that you and I are not there."

EARLY MARRIAGES.

[From Notes and Queries.]

Not only in the days of good Queen Bess and earlier, but very much later in our history early marriages were allowed. To make an instance in the Georgian period, this entry is in "The Chronological diary" appended to the "Historical Registry, volume six, for the year 1727, June 8. 'Charles Camarthen, Esq., of about 11 years of age, marry'd to a daughter of Sir Thomas Powell, of Broadway, Bart., deceased, aged about 14.' The young lady's only brother had just died on March 21 preceding. Often did a guardian having control of a wealthy ward find it convenient not to delay the promotion of a marriage of the ward with one of his own kin and kin, though not always by any means was it considered necessary that there should exist between the couple the sentiments that induced Chas. Dickens' "young gentlemen not eight years old to run away with a young woman of seven."

I may mention a similar instance which occurred nearly 130 years later than the marriage to which I refer, in a family which my mother now represents; viz: the Shaws of Ballyweety, county Antrim. Henry Shaw (son of John Shaw, of Ballyweety, and grandson of Captain Shaw, High Sheriff for county Antrim, 1693, who was attained by King James' Parliament) was married in the year 1721 to his cousin Mary (only child of Patrick Shaw, of Brittas, county Antrim) when "neither of them was yet fifteen years old."

and the old documents from which I am quoting go on to say that the father of this equally precocious bridegroom "continued to manage for the young couple, and had not long survived their coming of age." Their eldest child was born 1723. Henry Shaw died in 1775, a year after the birth of his great-grandson, Thos. Porter, of Mount Potter, county Down.

An instance of early marriage even more curious than that mentioned by H. is the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Clifford, of Skipton castle, in the fifteenth century, to Sir Robert Plumpton of Plumpton castle. The bride was six years of age and the bridegroom not much more. The husband died three years after marriage, and the "widow" was united to his brother William when she had gained the age of twelve years. Dodsworth preserved for us the document from which the above information is given in Whittaker's "History of Craven."

THAT BAD BOY.

HIS PA GETS RELIGIOUS—HE GOES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANTS IN PA'S LIVER PAD.

"Well, that beats the devil!" said the grocery man, as he stood in front of his grocery and saw the bad boy coming along, on the way home from Sunday school, with a clean shirt on, and a testament and some dime novels under his arm. "What has got into you, and what has come over your Pa. You haven't converted him have you?"

"No, Pa has not got religion enough to hurt yet, but he has got the symptoms. He has joined the church on probation, and is trying to be good so he can get in the church for keeps. He said it was hell living the way he did, and he has got me to promise to go to Sunday school. He said if I didn't he would maul me so my skin wouldn't hold water. You see, Ma said Pa had got to be on trial for six months before he could get in church, and if he could get along without swearing and doing anything bad, he was all right, and we must try him and see if we could cause him to swear. She said she thought a person, when they was on a probation, ought to be a martyr, try and overcome all temptation to do evil, and if Pa could go through six months of our home life, and not cuss the hinges off the door, he was sure of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. She said it wouldn't be wrong for me to continue to play innocent jokes on Pa, and if he took it all right he was a Christian, but if he got a hot box, and flew around mad, he was better out of church than in it. There he comes now," said the boy as he got behind a sign, "and he is pretty hot for a Christian. He is looking for me. You had ought to have seen him in the church this morning. You see, I commenced the exercises at home after breakfast by putting a piece of ice in each of Pa's boots, and when he pulled on the boots he yelled that his feet were on fire, and we told him that it was nothing but symptoms of goat, so he left the ice in his boots to melt and he said this morning that he felt as though he had sweat his boots full. But that was not the worst. You know, Pa wears a liver-pad. Well, on Saturday my chum and me was out on the lake shore and we found a nest of ants, these little red ants, and I got a pop bottle half full of the ants and took them home. This morning, when Pa was dressing for church I saw his liver-pad on a chair, and noticed a hole in it, and I thought what a good place it would be for the ants. I don't know what possessed me, but I took the liver-pad into my room, and opened the bottle, and put the hole over the mouth of the bottle and I guess the ants thought there was something to eat in the liver-pad, cause they all went into it and they crawled around in the brand and condition powders inside of it, and I took it back to Pa, and he put it on under his shirt, and dressed himself, and we went to church. Pa squirmed a little when the minister was praying and I guess some of the ants had got out to view the landscape o'er. When we came out to view the landscape o'er, he fell down his neck and looked sort of wild, the way he did when he had the jim-jams. When we sat down Pa couldn't keep still, and I like to died when I saw some of the ants come out of his shirt bosom and go racing around his white vest. Pa tried to look pious, and resigned, but he couldn't keep his leg still, and he sweat more'n a pull full. When the minister preached about "the worm that scratches his ribs, and he looked as though he would give ten dollars if the minister would scratch his ribs, and he looked as though he would bite his head off, but Pa he squirmed, and acted as though his soul was on fire. Say, does ants bite, or just crawl around? Well, when the minister said amen, and prayed the second round, and then said a brother who was missionary to the heathen would like to make a few remarks about the missionaries in Bengal, and take up collection, Pa told Ma they would have to excuse him, and he lit out for home, slapping himself on the legs and on the arms and on the back, and he acted crazy. Ma and me went home, after the heathen got through, and found Pa in his bed room, with part of his clothes off, and the liver-pad was on the floor, and Pa was standing on it with his boots, and talking offal.

"What is the matter," says Ma. "Don't your religion agree with you?"

"Religion be dashed," says Pa, as he kicked his liver pad. "I would give ten dollars to know how a pint of red ants got into my liver-pad. Religion is one thing, and a million ants walking all over a man, playing tag is another. I didn't know the liver-pad was loaded. How in Gehenna did they get in there?" and Pa scowled at Ma as though he would kill her.

"Don't swear dear," says Ma, as she threw down her hymn book, and took off her bonnet. "You should be patient. Remember Job was patient, and he was afflicted with sore boils."

"I don't care," said Pa as he chased the ants out of his drawers. "Job never had ants in his liver-pad. If he had he would have swore the shingles off a barn. Here you," says Pa, speaking to me, "you head off them ants running under the bureau. If the truth was known I believe you would be responsible for this outrage." And Pa looked at me kind of hard.

"O, pa," says I, with tears in my eyes, "do you think your little Sunday school boy would catch ants in a pop bottle on the lake shore, and bring them home, and put them in the hole of your liver-pad just before you put it on to go to church? You are too bad." And I shed some tears. I can shed tears now any time I want to, but it didn't do any good this time. Pa knew it was me, and while he was looking for the shawl trap I went to Sunday school, and now I guess he is to suffer, and I will go and take a walk down to Bay View."

The boy moved off as his pa turned the corner, and the grocery man said, "Well, that boy beats all that I ever saw. If he was mine I would give him away."

Little Johnny had been to church and heard a very obese parson. On the way home he remarked: "What a awful stomach that preacher had! Didn't seem right, though, for him to get off that joke."

"What joke?" interposed his father.

"Why, don't you know," returned Johnny, "where he put his hands down on the pa's where his vest stuck out, and said, 'Ma's waist but little here below.'"

Democrat.

SOLOMON'S SONS.

TALMAGE OBJECTS TO CRITICS OF THE PRESENT AGE CALLING THEM IMMODEST.

A white dove with outstretched wings surmounting a floral cross was perched over Dr. Talmage's head as he sat amid a profusion of flowers on the platform of the Brooklyn Tabernacle yesterday morning. Floral crosses, festoons, and baskets; flowers in pots and bunches made the pulpit look like a conservatory, and the perfume filled the vast amphitheatre. "My beloved is unto me as a bed of spices and sweet flowers," was the text. The special Easter music consisted of organ pieces by Professor A. J. Powell, cornet solos by Professor Peter Ali, and quartet music by Messrs. Arady, Stanwood, Hill, and Smith. Many even of those who went early were unable to get into the building, and thousands were turned away. Dr. Talmage said:

"Solomon's songs are considered by many as fit only for the moonstruck sentimentalists, written by a man crazed for a fair maiden, a book unfit for family reading and for churches. We must admit that for a long time Solomon had several hundred more wives than he was entitled to but he afterward repented of his sin, and God chose him to write some of the sweetest things about Jesus Christ that were ever written. Let me say that this modern criticism which we hear as to the immodesty of the Bible comes with a very bad grace from an age in which some of the worst French novels have reached their fiftieth edition, and when on the parlor tables of respectable people there are books abominable. For every premeditated man and woman Solomon's description of Jesus Christ is a mental enchantment. Why should we all the time hover about a few violets in the word of God when there are so many azalias, rhododendrons, fuchsias, evening primroses, crocuses, passion flowers, and morning glories? Why are these flowers symbolic of Jesus Christ? First because of their fragrance. No sooner had you opened the door of our church to-day than you perceived the fragrance of these flowers.

"How shall I describe to you the fragrance of Christ? The name of Christ means power; Alexander, conquest; Demosthenes, eloquence; Phidias, sculpture; Benjamin West, painting. The name of Christ means love. See how that name has affected men. Jonathan Edwards, a man of argument, was never charged with sentimentalism, at the mention of the name of Christ sat down and wept in joyful emotion. John Knox, a man of independent nature, whose righteous indignation made the Queen shiver with agitation, yielded to the story of a Saviour's love. Solomon surrendered his whole palatial splendor to Him.

"Flowers are symbolic of Christ also because of their brightness. Everything about Christ is bright and radiant. Look at that melancholy man over there. You think you are better than I because of your lugubriousness. You can't cheat me, you old hypocrite; I know you. There is just as much religion in a wedding as in a burial. Religion is love and joy. To-day they have planted a palm at this end of the platform which seems to say 'Hosanna!' and one at the other end which seems to say 'Hosanna!'"

WHAT THE BOY KNEW.

Before the schools dismissed for a holiday on February 23 the teachers had something to say about George Washington, and some of them felt it their duty to see if the pupils were posted on the record of the great man. One teacher selected a boy about 14 years of age and inquired:

"William, who made this country what it is?"

"Vanderbilt and Jay Gould," was the prompt reply.

"Didn't you ever hear of George Washington?"

"Yes'm, and I've heard of Captain Kidd."

"Don't you know that Washington was our first president?"

"Course I do, but they had to have someone, didn't they?"

"Why was Washington called the Father of his Country?"

"To save the country from paying up his back salary."

"Why do we honor the 23d of February?"

"Because we can get out of school and go skating or hitch on."

"I guess you don't know much about Washington."

"No'm, and I don't want to. My father can take a cloak all to pieces and grease her up and make her run, and I don't believe Washington could."

She made one more effort to get out of it without loss of dignity, by asking:

"What has this country done to honor Washington?"

"Named a lot of saloons, ferryboats, third-class hotels and fire engines after him, and there's a pie called the Washington pie. There's a city called Washington. It is the Capital. Everybody who does 'at keep boarders tries to beat everybody who does, and that's all I know about the continental army or anybody else."

An honorable member proposed, in view of the fact that there was a considerable surplus in the treasury, that an appropriation be made for the construction of a bridge.

"Of a bridge?" echoed another honorable member, scornfully. "Why, there is no river here!"

"Never mind that," cried the proposer of the motion; "let us get the bridge first, and then we can appropriate the money to get a river."

A DEATH PICTURE.

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF HON. A. M. KEILEY BEFORE THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA.

"Come with me, you who believe that there is nothing in this human entity save the gases and fluids and earth which respond to chemical analysis—come with me to the chamber where a little child, an only one, lying on its mother's lap, is fighting with wasting fever or fatal croup the battle—oh, how unequal—for its little life. Let us cross the threshold without knock or bidding, for the conventionalities of life have no place here, and out of the gloom of night into that deeper gloom of swift coming death, softly step. How loud the tick of the clock! How spectral the light! Scattered about the floor are the toys with which a mother's love sought to wean the baby's thought from the pain that racks its tiny frame—all useless now, for the gilded sands are hastening to their end. Look down into that mother's face, homely it may be when measured by the painter's standard or the sculptor's, but radiant through all its anguish with a divine loveliness which the chisel of Phidias or Raphael's brush would vainly seek forever. Watch her, as with yearning love, whose mute eloquence shames all the witchery of words, he answers the sad appeal of those fast dimming eyes—turning to her in pathetic wonder, wonder why that tender mother, who failed it never before in trouble or suffering, helps not now look down through those brimming eyes, whose gushing tide she stays for baby's sake, into that riven heart bursting with the thought that the fragile threads are breaking—swiftly breaking—that soon those eyes, whose radiance outsparkles all the gems of earth, will be dim, dim, forever dim—that soon the prattle which to her fond ear was sweeter than hymns of choiring seraphs will soon be forever hushed—that soon the little pattering melody that only yesterday made sweet melody throughout the house, will move no more; and a silence which is akin to no other silence known on earth will cast its pall upon that snitten habitation. Hush! the end has come. Let us wait until the first burst of nature's grief is over—past. Measured by reason's standard we should now only expect rage or vengeance or fear to find expression here; but of these scarcely a trace is seen. A new and totally distinct group of emotions gather around this tiny form raising and softening and dignifying this awful scene. Calm-eyed Faith stands there gazing down the ages with look serene, and from Hope's white wings supernal light floods all the darkness, and Resignation with steadfast front, and Fortitude with outstretched arm, bearing up this bruised heart; and you feel it is not the grim skeleton with scythe and hour glass, nor Atrypas in robe of black who sits despairing at this couch of death, but an angel with tearful eyes and compassion limitless, whose hand has soothed even while it smote."

If you should happen to want your ears pierced, just pinch the baby.

An exchange says the best thing to give an enemy is kindness; but that depends on the enemy's size.

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SALICYLICA works with marvelous effect on this acid and so removes the disorder. It is now extensively used by all celebrated physicians of America and Europe. Highest Medical Academy of Paris reports 95 per cent cures in three days.

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