It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Un-bratthy Localities, by taking a dose occasion-sity to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid at Malaria. Billions attacks, Dirrines, Nau-sea, Drowniess, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will arraycrate like a glass of wine, but is no in-textenting beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or fell heavy after meals, or sleep-less at right, take a dose and you will be relieved. Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved

by always keeping the Regulator in the House! For, whatever the aliment may be, a thoroughly safe pargrafter, afternitive and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE, And has all the power and efficacy of Calomet or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical section.

J. Gill. SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., mys: Have derived some benefit from the use of Sammons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

Arther trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to ReBeve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspesia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never lowe found anything to benefit me to the extent features. Liver Regulator has, I sent from Minmoota to Georgia for it, and would send further for rach a medicine, and would advise all who are simplerly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. Janney, Minnespolis, Minn. Dr. 2. W. Mason, sayes, From orthers.

P. M. JANNET, Muncapons, Manager Says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

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ea and serofula.-Prof. Jackson, M. D., Uni

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# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1883.

NO. 11.

BREATHE NOT HER NAME.

BY CECH. AFTON.

in the old eupboard, and took it and-

like it since. Said she :

"Did you ever break through the thin ice, on

"Charles! There's where the mortgage on

this farm cam- from ! It was brought home

In that lug-two quarts at a time ! And there's

eyes, are going! And in that jug, my hua-

band, your appetite is going also! O! let the

bottom stay out forever! Let it be as it is,

And she throw her arms around my neck,

And there was no need. My eyes were

opened, as though by magic. In a single min

turned my Maily's kies, and, said I :

on that day; and from that time there hasn't a

"Dear old jug! We mean to keep it and to

As he ceased speaking, his wife, with an arm

drawn tenderly around the neck of her young-

FORGIVENESS IS DIVINE.

It easy to take offence at words

carelessly spoken, where no offence is

intended. It is natural to feel resent-

dignity and force of character. Hav-

describing the matrice which had in-

"Is not my indignation righteous?"

he asked, impermously. Will it be

The answer was unexpected and so

not another word to say. He after-wards confessed to a friend that Sir

Eardley's words caused his anger to

suddenly depact, leaving him a differ-

HAIR GROWING AFTER DEATH.

Most people understand that hair does some-

times grow after death, but there are, perhaps,

few who know that there is a very considerable

growth in at least one-third of the cases where

bodies are interred in the usual manner. A story was told by Oscar Wilde at a dinner par-

ty in New York which illustrates this fact.

When Gabriel Dante Rossetti was very young

-secreesy more than a poy-said Mr. Wilde, he

was deeply in love with a young girl, and, hav-

ing a poet's gift, he sang a poet's love in numer

ous sonnets at Iverses to her. She died young,

and by her wish the manuscripts of these

poems were placed in a casket and laid under

her head, so that even in the last sleep they

should be, as they always had been, kept be

neath her pittow. Years possed by, and Ros-

setti's fame grew until every line of his compo-

sition became precious, and some of those, wao

prized to writings in stasked him for copies of the songs that had been buried. He had

kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events, he could furnish none, and when they

asked him to rewrite the verses he declared

that he was utterly unable to de so. At last

ten words of love in a loving embrace long

acter death had scaled the Hps and diamed the

eye that had made response to that love.

his friends importuned him for permission to

manly to resent such an injury?

perplexing social questions.

flicted the wrong.

like to lorgive it.

ent and a better man.

From the New York Herald,

will-so help me Heaven !"

wouldn't have held!

peaceful, prosperous and blessed!"

oy, murmured a fervent-

"AMEN!"-N. Y. Ledger.

Breathe net her name, that once dear name, But let it in the silence rest. For I would queach the fatal flame That burns within my troubled breast; For now my life is dark as night, No ray of hope, alas! I see, And dimmed forever is the light, For she I love is false to me.

O name her not-Twill but recall Those blessed hours -the times we met, Love's lovous bits now changed to gall, And all that I would now forget, To me it tells of other days And former scenes it brings me yet. Now gone forever from my guze. White life is but one deep regret.

Oh! let the past rest in the shade, And wake not thoughts of other years, For though their joys too soon did fade, Their sorrows live to flow in tears. So tell me not of all I've lost. Of all the joy, the bliss, I knew, Of life's dear hopes forever cros't, And her I lived to love untrue.

No blest oblivion Time imparts, Against my senses and my will And deep within my "neart of hearts" I know too well I love her still, Yes, 'tis the love of wild despair. And while I struggle 'gainst its flame. Inow implore, my misery space, so do not breathe false . . . 's name.

#### THE BOTTOMLESS JUG.

I saw hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthful, sturdy farmer in Oxford county, Maine - a bottomless jug! The host saw that the curious thing had caught my eye, and he

"You are wondering what that jug is hanging up there for, with its bottom knocke 'he said : "My wife, perhaps, could tel you the story better than I can; but she is bashful, and I aint, so I'll tell it."

"My father, as you are probably aware award this form before me. He lived to good old age, worked hard all his life, never squandered money, was a shrewd, eareful trader, and a good calculator; and, as men were accounted in his days and generation, he was a temperate men. I was the youngest boy: and when the old man was ready to go -and he knew it-the other boys agreed that since I had staved at home and taken care of the old folks, the farm should be mine. And to me it was willed. I had been married then three

"Well, father fied-mother had gone three years before-and left the farm to me with a marigage on it of two thousand dollars ! I'd never thought so much of it before; but I thought of it now. I said to Molly-my wife -'Molly,' says I, look here! Here's father had this farm in its first strength of soil, with all its magnificent timber; and his six boys, as they grew up equal to so many men, to help him; and he has worked hard-worked early and late-and yet look at it! a mortgage of \$2000 ? What can I do? And! went to that old jug-it had its bottom in then-and took a good stiff drink of Old Medford Rum from

"I noticed a curious look on the face of my ing been a distinguished chief-justice wife just then, and I asked her what she of the Court of Common Pleas, he taught me to love the Lord. thought of it; for I supposed, of course, she was often consulted by friends as to was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was. Says she :

"Charles, I've thought of this a good deal and I have thought of a way in which I believe we can clear that mortgage off before five more. years are ended.

"Says I; 'Molly tell me how you'll do it!' "She thought for a little while, and then she said, with funny twinkling in her blue eyessays she-- 'Charles, you must promise me solemnly, and sacredly. Promise me that you will never again bring home for the purpose of drinking for a beverage at any one time more spirit of any kind than you can bring in that old jug-the jug that your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he was done with it!"

"Well, I knew that father used once in a while, especially in having time, and in the to get an o'd gallon jug filled, so I thought she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time. I thought it over, and after a little told her I would agree to it 'Now, mind,' said she; 'you are never-neverto bring home for a common beverage more spirit than you can bring in that identical

Jug.' And I gave her the promise. And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull at the jug. As I was turning it out for a sort of a night-cap Molly looked up, and says: 'Charley have you a drop left?' told her there was just about a drop. We'd have to get it filled on the morrow. And then she said, if I had no objection she would drink that last drop with me. I never shall forget how she brought it out- That Last prop! However, I tipped the old jug bottom up, and got a great spoon full, and Molly said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of hot water into it, and a bit of sagar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she'd seen us boys do when we'd been drinking good luck, and says she, 'Here' to the old brown jug !"

"Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Molly had been drinking more of the rum tiran was good for her; and I tell you, it kind o' cut me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she'd seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be, and my legs no quite so steady as good legs should be; but it said nothing. I drank the sentiment - To the old brown joy!" and let it go,

"Well, I went out after that and did my chores and then went to bed, and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchan-his very room where we now sit - Wo'll have the old brawa jug filled to-morrow." And then went off to bed. And I have remembered ever since that I went to bel that night as I had done hundreds of times before, with a buzz ng in my head that a healthy min ought not is have. I didn't think of it then, nor had I ever thought of it before; but I've thought of it a good many times since, and have thought of it with wonder and awe.

"Well, I got up the next morning and did up my work at the barn, then came in and eat as those you sent us will find a fitting taking hold of his son and drawing breakfast; but not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to have, and I could think eyen some terra cotta vase will hold your and I assure you that I will assist you then that my appetite had begun to fall me.

However, I cat breakfast, and then went out and hitched up the old mare; for to tell the and hitched up the old mare; for to tell the truth, I was feeling the need of a glass of . He who is the most slow in making was in a hurry to get to the village. I got a promise is the most faithful in the hitched up, and came in for the jug. I went performance of it,

THE INQUISTIVE YOUTH.

a nipping cold day, and find yourself, in an instant, over your head in the freezing water?

PRINTING OFFICE.

I say, Moscy!

Mr. Mulkittle, grieved to the very since 1423. A correspondent of the Mail and Because that was the way I felt at the moment

The joy was there, but the bottom was gone The other day the Rev. Mr. Mulkit-Molly had been and taken a sharp chisel and a tle, accompanied by his son, went to hummer, and with a skill that might have done eredit to a master-workman, she had elipped the daily newspaper office to have a the bottom c can out of the jug without even notice inserted, proclaiming a religious eracking the edges, or the side! I looked at appointment. the juz, and then I looked at Molly. And then she burst She spoke

After the notice had been properly -O: I have never heard anything received by the young man in the like it !-No, nor I have over heard anything front office, the reverend gentleman room. During the heated revival, Mr. where all the debt has been! And there's Bagly, the foreman of the office, had where your white, clear skin, and your pretty foresworn the iniquitous ways of the office and embraced the ways of the

dear heart! and remember your promise to man arose from his desk, advanced and burst into tears. She couldn't speak and said :

ute the wholescene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages, on all the farms in our from you, and I am more than glad fee at the Sainte Rosiere, and being fully deneighborhood; and I thought where the money that you have come."

had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made had been to pay a bill held against him by the man who had tilled his ige for years! Yes I saw it all, as it passed before-me glad to meet you again. This is the first time I have ever seen you sur- in white, with orange blossoms on her head filtting picture of rum !-rum !-rum !-debt ! -debti-and in the end-Death! And I re- rounded by your daily toil, and to and bosom, entered the chapet from the con know that almong the printer's vexa- vent and knelt before the altar. Communion "Molty, my own! I'll keep the promise! I tions you are still firm in the faith, was administered to the novice and her immemakes me feel warm in the deep re date friends; then mass was performed. After "And I have kept it. In less than five years, cesses of my heart' as Molly said, the mortgage was cleared off,

my appetite came back to me; and now, we've got a few thousand dollars out at interest. with errors, and now to know that There hangs the old Jug, just as we hung it up my great disability, my great disfranchisement, has been removed, and that drop of spirits been brought into this house, I am a mitted to the suffrage of the for a beverage, which that bottomless jug redeemed, fills me with joy.

hand it down to our children, for the lesson it can give them - a lesson of life-of life happy, your mind."

"Nothing can change my mind, brother," said the foreman. Remain true, and a crown will be

your reward. "Is this your son?" asked the fore man, turning towards the boy. Ah,

meat at words intended to wound, or at injuries deliberately inflicted. But I thought so. Your very eyes, and even in such cases there is a more exexpression of intelligence.
"Do you love the Lord?" asked the Sir Eardly Wilmot was an English baronet, widely known as a leader in

and began an inspection of a lot of benediction. social life, and a man of great personal brass rules which were arranged on a printer's "standing galley," Yes, my little man, your father has

place where there was apples, and On one occasion a statesman came waster say don't eat the red apples, to him, in great excitement over an you wouldn't do it, would you? njury just inflicted on him by a politi-

No, I would not. cal leader. He told the story with You would think the Lord was the warmth, and used strong epithets in boss, wouldn't you? Yes, and I would obey what he

If he waster say don't bite, would

No I would not. Did you ever read Paul?

you?

Yes, was the calm reply. It will be manly to resent it, but it will be God-Oh, yes If he had wrote a letter to the Ronaus and give it to you, you wouldn't convincing, that the states nan had a read it less'n he'd said so, would

> the letter, would you? No, I don't think I would.

If you had been Peter, what would von adone when the rooster crowed?

I don't know, my little man, Would you have throwed a rock at

No, I don't think I would, If you had been in the garden, would you have picked up the ear what Peter cut off n the man?

I don't know You woulder said, he what is got ears to hear, wouldn't you? I don't know what I would have

Why don't you know what you would have said?

Because. Because what? Am I a Jordan, and a hard road to

travel ? I should say.

You should say what? What are

Type. Look out! you'll pi them. How pi'em?

Mix them up. What is this brass thing? It is a galley.

have the original manuscripts exhumed. He The boy was greatly interested in consented after some heattation, and all the the 'galley,' and he studied it intently. Mr. Mulkittle, a few steps away, was necessary preliminaries having been complicawith, the grave, which had been scaled for many years, was opened. Then a strange examining a lot of large wood type. thing was found. The casket containing the The boy looked at the galley contain ing the markets. He wanted to unpoems had proven to be of perishable material, derstand it, and drawing the galley and its cover had crumbled away. The long recesses of he gir had grown after death and toward him, he threw the whole inhad twined and intertwined among the leaves tricate collection on the floor. of the poet's paper, coiling around the writ-

What the h-I have you done? ex claimed the foreman. Here Mulkittle, take this d-d kid away. Get out of here; move. My dear sir, exclaimed Mr. Mulkittle, Yes, Aurelia, such beautiful flowers

receptacle in our sanctum. A hand- him away, I am sorry for the mishap,

Your religion should aid you. world to take care of a galley of mar- of.

kets in a printing office. Get out, and don't you forget that I mean just what The Strathmore family is one of the oldes

core of his heart, withdrew. As they passed through the door, the boy said: has been a mystery at Glamis castle which no of the she bears .- Arkansaw Traveler, it was a ghost, others a mysterious hidden

## TAKING THE BLACK VEIL.

ENTRANCE OF A NEW YORK GIRL INTO A FRENCH CONVENT FOR LIFE. Galignani's Paris Messenger describes an impressive ceremony which recently occurred at the new Dominican convent in the Ras Lanconducted his son to the composing gier. The convent was endowed and established last year by the Comtesse del'Aigle, who lives the retired life of a nun with the five cloistered sisters, and gives much in aid to the poor of the quarter. The nuns who have occupied the convent up to the present time When Mr. Mulkittle and his son should take the veil within its waits should entered the composing room, the fore- bear the name of "Sour Marie Rosiere," and this title was given to Miss Ferolind L. Perkins, daughter of Francis Perkins of New York. Miss Perkins, who is a very beautiful "Brother Mulkittle, I am glad to young lady about twenty-four years old, has meet you. I have longed for a visit expressed a desire since childhood to enter a convent, and for the last year has been a novtermined to take the veil, the Comtesse de'l-"Brother Bagley," said Mr. Mulkit- Atgle became her marraine, and a sad group of tle, warmly shaking his hand, "I am friends and relations assisted at the ceremony. Miss Perkins, accompanied by her mother

and the Comtesse del'Aigle, dressed as a bride the mass Father Chocarne, the prior, preached "I will always be true," replied the an cloquent sermon, which greatly affected the foreman, "My life has been entangled congregation, moving many to tears as he spoke of the hardships the novice would in future codure in giving up the world. But the novice sat and distented in her bridal robes as if she was taking part in a happy murliage coremony, while sobbing could be heard on all "I am happy to find you so firm, garden the triends and relations, father. brother-what is your name?-Bag- mother and five sisters, bade good-bye, and ley, ah, yes. I am happy to see, the novice entered the convent door, which brother Bagley, that a return to the was bolted after her, and through which sho is art preservative of all other arts, but never to be expected to pass again. The an art which is notorious in its failure others entered again into the chapel, and the to religious adherence, has not changed novice appeared at grating near the altar. Her white veil was removed, and her beautiful blonde hair fell over and covered her shoulders. The prior cut off a lock, and the mistress novice cut the rest. It was a strangely impressive sight. Then the black veil was placed upon her head, and the prior presented to her two crowns, "which, my child, will you have-the crown of roses or the crown of thorns?" She accepted the crown of thorns, which was placed upon her head. The cere mony was over, the novice had become Sour boy, as his fither stepped to one side Marie Rosiere, and Pere Chacarne gaye the if our informant tells the truth. The Newark

The Dominican order is one of the severest known. The nuns are allowed but one meal a day; they are never suffered to have a tire, even | machinery into plates. These plants are artis-In the coldest weather, and they are forced to tically blackened and present a smooth pol-If the Lord waster put you in a rise every night at lo'clock to attend prayers in ished surface. The trunk-makers buy them to

## THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS MAMMA.

Mrs. Helen Williams in the Woman's World. Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a stille girl. From her birth sile had been afraid through a grate into a receptable, is sold for of death. Every fibre of her body and soul twelve cents a pound, it alone paying, it is recoiled from the sight of it. "Don't let me claimed, all the price originally paid for the die," she said: don't let me die. Hold me cans, fast. Ob, I can't go," "Jenny," I said "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But she eried out ugain despairingly; Don't let me go : they are strangers over there." She was a little country girl, strong limbed fleet of foot, tanged in face; she was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the You wouldn't take the stamp off'n death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go." But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted them elves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its rectaing position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward; but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of divine recognition They saw something plainly that we could no see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand quivered in eagerness to g where strange portals had opened upon he astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would gladly have died n her place: "Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are not strangers. I'm no afraid." And every justant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its rabling form relapsed among the pillows and she was gone.

## ROOF MADE OF GLASS.

A novelty in glass has been gotten out by a well-known glass firm in Pennsylvania. It is there right now. We have oysters and a glass shingle, made in diamond shape, and so constructed that it can be easily fastened to the roof. The shingle is about a quarter of an inch thick, and the four sides each about five inches in length. At each side is a slot which, with the siet of the stringle next to it, forms the hole through which they are fastened to the roof. When placed on the roof the ends do not overlap each other as slate do, but fit in one below the two above it. They have solid feet foremost, killed everybody in the bearings on the roof and can be walked on without breaking. They are corrugated so that the rain runs off quickly.

They are made in very shaple way. The desired mould is put into a press and the plate stamped out from a mass of molten glass. There is no patent on this part of the work, as there is nothing unusual about it. The firm has manufactured them in several different shades, and a very pretty effect is produced by the sun shining upon a roof made up of different colors. A house roofed with these plates has no need of a lightning rod, glass being a non-conductor electricity would not attract the lightning. The cost of a good roof is about the same as a good quality slate roof, but the firm claim that they will last longer, and There ain't enough religion in the can be used again if the original roof is taken

#### A STRANGE STORY.

Eruress writes that for four generations there That man better keep out'n the way one has ever been able to fathom. Some said treasure; but rumors of a more or less uncanny nature floated round the country and have done so for about ninety-three years. Four earls of Strathmore have scated themselves in ancestral state at Westminster, and yet all the while the real earl, the eldest of the family, was alive, hidden in the vast old feudal palace at Glames. He died only last year, aged ninetwo years, and he was a monster. He stood eight feet in height. His head and the upper part or his body resembled that of a toad. His skin was marked with black and white splotches, and his hands were webbed. He could not speak or hear, but his eyes were have come from other Dominican cloisters. It bright but wild. He never showed signs of had been decided that the first novice who reason, and in order to avoid legal difficulties this horror was hidden in a building erected on purpose. His jailers were paid handsomannuities to keep silent. As each earl succeeded to the estate he was taken to see this terrific creature, and it is said that one of thesgentlemen almost lost his reason in beholding the loathsome and gigantic horror. Last year the poor wretch died and the secret has come out, owing to difficulties concerning the disposal of the remains.

#### HOW THE SNAKE GETS A NEW SUIT

"Some people think that snakes only shed their skins at certain seasons of the year," said the keeper. "That's a mistake. If they are well fed and kept right warm they change their cont about every eight weeks through the year." "Does it pain them?" Not a bit of it You see the skin of a snake does not increase in size as the reptile grows, as with us. While the old skin is getting smaller by degrees, a new one is forming underneath, and the other gradually gets dry. When it is ready to shed, it loosens around the lips, and the reptile rubs itself against the earth or the rock in the cage, and turns the upper part over the eye and the lower part over the throat. Then it commence to glide around the glass case, all the time rub bing itself against something notithe entire skin is worked off. Sometimes this takes three days; occasionally they get rid o the incumprance in a few hours. I don't be lieve they have a bit of intelligence. For all I feed them and care for them, they would as lief bite me as any stranger. I can handle : good many of them safely, but it's only the knack of the thing-not that they won't bite, but that they can't get the chance."

#### WHERE THE OLD CANS GO.

People often wonder what becomes of the ld tomato and fruit cans. They are taken to Newark and sold for fifteen cents a hundred The price is small, but the cans are numerous, and the gathering of them pays handsomely. purchaser sorts them out and puts them into a large furnace, which softens them so that they can be rolled by bind the edges and bottoms of trunks, and his manner old tomato cans become a most secful as well as ornamental material. The process of heating the caus also has its profitable result, for the solder, running

## WANTED TO SUFFER.

A gentleman, while riding along a lonely road in Arkansas, heard some one groaning, and turning aside, he saw a man standing near

"What's the matter, my friend?" "Oh, Lord, caught in a bear trap! Go away from here!"

"Let me assist you in getting out." "Oh, Lord, go on away, I tell you." "Don't you want to get out?" "I reekon I do."

"Then why won't you let me help you?" "Because I set this trap the other day, and man that ain't got no more sense than to ge caught in his own trap ought to suffer. Pv. been trappin' for thirty years, and this is the first time that I've acted the foot. Go on, stran ger, for I'm going to worry along with this thing till I learn somethin'. A man that's as ig a fool as I am is dangerous to a communi ty. Ob, Lord"-Arkansan Transfer.

BROTHERLY LOVE, -A boy of twelve ummers went up Austin Avenue a such a rate of speed everybody who saw him was fully persuaded he was going for a doctor, particularly a there was a scared expression on the boy's face, A kind-hearted man caught diant waves, and in that moment her frem- the flying boy by the arm, and asked

Sonny, is there anybody very siel at your house? No, but there will be, if you don't turn me loose. Who i going to be sick?

Well, it's my brother Bill. He will be a remains before night if I don't get things for dinner, and if I ain't there to get my share he will try to eat for us both and he will founder himself, sure. Please let me go, so that I can save my little brother's life -Siftings

A Chicago woman lell out of a balloon in an Arkansaw town, and falling place. Telegraphic dispatches reported next day that a cyclone had struck the town - Ral. Visitor.

A man never prides himself on the smallness of his wite's feet when she has got them planted in his spine and s prying him out of bed to build the Careful investigations have solved

carried off by a cyclone and one of her shoes fell in Texas, Prosperity is no just scale; adversi-

the mystery of the meteor that recent

ly fell in Texas. A Chicago girl was

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