THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

HALL & SLEDGE.

One Year, in advance, ... $2.00
Six Months, ... 1.00
Three Months, ... 75 cts

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1883. NO. 17.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

One Square one month ..... $2.00.
" " three months..... $4.00.
" " six " ..... $7.00.
" " twelve " ..... $12.00.

A liberal deduction made for larger space.
Local notices 10 cents per line.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

R.O.EDWARDS'

MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

MY SPRING STOCK IS IMMENSE.

I respectfully announce to my friends and the public generally in this section, that I have just returned from the Northern cities, bringing with me an unusually large and well assorted stock of goods for the Spring trade. These goods are in the latest styles, both in shapes and colors, and prices are down to bottom figures.

Experience in the past has enabled me to purchase goods suitable for this market and attractive to the tastes of all, and dealing only with first-class houses, I can recommend my stock.

Among other things I will mention.

RUCHING,
COLLARS,
COLLARETTES,
FICHUS,
LACES,
SCARFS,
HOSIERY,
IRISH POINT LACE.

HATS in all colors and shapes,
HAMBURGS,
CORSETS,
KID GLOVES,
SILK and LISLE GLOVES,
PARASOLS, FANS.

RIBBONS,
PLUMES,
TIPS,
SURAHS,
SILKS,
and SATINS.

Also a large assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's underwear,

ALL PRICES AND QUALITIES.

Hats trimmed in the latest styles and at short notice.

Remember the place, Smith's Brick Block, Weldon, N.C.

R. O. EDWARDS.

oct 6 1y

"ALL IMPORTANT."

$3,000 POLICY ON ASSESSMENT PLAN for 2.00
$5,000 " " " " " 4.00
$10,000 " " " " " 6.00

To provide for ourselves and family should be our first consideration. While the male-head of a family is living he may manage to care for his household, but death is inevitable, and what provision have you made for your wife and little ones in case of death? This is a solemn question which reaches every hearthstone. If you are a lawyer, physician, merchant or farmer, your profession or occupation dies with you. You support your family comfortably, but when you die, who is to support them. The conventionalities of our country (the southern country especially) are such as to exclude women from the chance of making a living, in fact she does good work to care for her child or children after food and raiment are provided. Now, what can be done to protect the wife and little ones from the terrible chances of being left destitute. The best thing that can be done, and often the only thing that can be done, is to effect an insurance on your life for the benefit of those so dependent upon you. This policy is free from taxes, from all complications with your estate, from executions, and from debt. No one can handle this money but the parties for whom the insurance is effected. In these days of complications, and homestead allowances, (with the chance of a struggle to obtain even that) I think a life policy the surest and the only thing you can leave of much value to your family.

Now the question will arise, what company might I insure in? "I am afraid of companies a long way off, I do not know the President, Directors, &c., of companies in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, or other large cities. I know nothing of the workings of Insurance companies, their solvency, &c. It seems to me a leap in the dark, a matter of chance to take out a policy in such companies. They may be good, they may be bad.

But there is one company almost at our doors, in the city of Norfolk, Va., managed by gentlemen of unquestionable integrity, incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia, and endowed with all the privileges that can be granted to a company, and at the same time with all the safe guards, that can be thrown around the assured. This company is known as the "Christian Brotherhood of Norfolk, Va." Any person of good standing, and in good health can take out a policy in this company, of $1,000 by paying the small sum of two dollars and one of $2,000, for four dollars, and one of $3,000 for six dollars.

The directors and managers of the "Christian Brotherhood," are E. T. Powell, J. N. Manning, J. B. Riddick, D. J. Godwin and A. Savage, under the immediate management of the Rev Richard H. Jones, (Secretary.) I think the plan of insurance in this company the best I have ever examined and decidedly the cheapest. I have taken the agency for this company at Weldon, N. C. and will be glad to furnish all the particulars to parties who desire to insure.

R. P. SPIERS,
AGENT.

apr 5 6m

ADVERTISEMENTS

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy; with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

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

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, 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 ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative 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 Calomel 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 science.
J. Gill Shorter, Governor of Ala.

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

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. Janney, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. J. W. Mason 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.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

feb 6 1 y1

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is, therefore, hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

June 14, 1y.

CLOTHING.

SPRING - - - - 1883.

HAVE YOUR MEASUE TAKEN FOR A NEW SUIT.

I have samples and prices in great variety which I will be pleased to show. My orders are filled by the celebrated firm of

WANNAMAKER & BROWN.

FITS GUARANTEED.

Shirts plain and plaited,
White and figured,
Cuffs, Collars, Neck-wear,
and Underwear of every

STYLE AND PRICE.

I can be found at the Post Office and will be pleased to see my friends and the public generally at anytime.

J. T. EVANS,
WELDON, N. C.

apr 19 1y

FOR SALE.

A dwelling and store house on First street, for particulars apply at

THIS OFFICE.

may 31f

HALF WAY.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Have you forgotten where we stood,
Between the lights, that night of spring,
The river rolling to the flood,
So sad the birds, they dared not sing?
No love was ever dream'd like this,
Beneath the shadows of the park,
Beneath a whisper and a kiss,
Between the daylight and the dark.

There had been trouble—this was rest;
There had been passion—this was peace:
The sunset dying in the west,
Made Nature sigh and whisper cease.
I only felt what I had found,
You only knew what I would say;
But nothing broke the peace profound;
Between the darkness and the day.

How will it end? I cannot tell;
I asked it many months ago,
Before the leaves of autumn fell
And changed to winter's waste of snow.
Yet we stand watching at the gate
Of summer time for promise—hark!
No, love, 'tis nothing! We must wait
Between the daylight and the dark.

HOW A TORNADO LOOKS.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF ITS TERRIBLE POWER—BOUNDING LIKE A BALL HUNDREDS OF FEET IN THE AIR.

A Kansas City (Mo.) letter gives a vivid account of a tornado which visited that city. Before the visitation of the tornado, says the writer, the air was heavy and the fitful wind carried sheets of rain hither and thither without apparent direction. In another hour the skies had grown darker and across their sullen face torn scraps of clouds in fantastic shapes scudded with a velocity that told of the presence of vast air currents somewhere in middle space. These were followed by dark sheets as of smoke that rolled up from the horizon, broke and lost themselves. The air suddenly grew cold. It is impossible to describe the weird and unnatural chill, save that it was icy and lasted for some moments. Just then a gigantic cone shaped cloud, the point toward the earth, appeared in the northwest. Those who noted the time saw that it was exactly 4:30. The cloud rushed down into view so quickly that it was impossible to tell whether it was born of a conflict of the elements before the eye or came from some point beyond. Moving with inconceivable rapidity, and bounding like a ball, sometimes hundreds of feet above the earth and sometimes trailing upon it the monster passed over Wyandotte, and paused at the bar opposite the mouth of the Kaw, where it sucked up tons of sand, completely changing its color from a dark blue to a deep dun, then it zig-zagged upward, bounded into midair, and disappeared.

Scarcely had it made its spectral exit when another cloud, almost identical in size and shape, appeared at about the point where the first was seen. This cloud can be likened to nothing so much as a partially collapsed balloon with the neck enormously elongated and twisted about. The color was reddish yellow, distinctly relieving it against the darker background. This extraordinary apparition of the skies moved directly toward the city, not very fast apparently, but springing up and down in an uncanny dance. As it came nearer one could see that every time it touched the ground it swept it clean, carrying up the debris and dropping it as it passed. A few moments after its appearance it struck West Kansas City, barely touching, however, and its damage confined principally to the unroofing of houses, demolishing the upper portion of the stock exchange, and killing one man. It leaped into the air, striking the bluff on Eighteenth street, and passing on east and slightly north for near two miles. In the greater part of this distance the storm funnel touched the ground, and a wilderness of ruin marks its track.

The passage of the tornado was so sudden that people did not have time to be frightened till it was over, but the scene of terror that followed in its wake was something that words cannot describe. It cut a clean track through the city three miles in extent and from 100 to 300 yards wide. Heavy houses were demolished, small frame houses were scattered to the winds, and trees twisted from the earth as if they were weeds. The number of houses entirely demolished was fifty, and the number more or less damaged about $200,000. Three persons were killed outright and many others very badly injured.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CLIPPED AND CULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Horatio Seymour is seventy-five years old.

Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia, is a tectotaler.

Gen. Toombs, of Georgia, has given up the practice of law.

Dr. W. A. Conn, of Gaheysville, Va., is the owner of a sword once worn by LaFayette.

Chattanooga shipped 600,000 pounds of strawberries this season.

An effort is making to build a church for deaf mutes in Philadelphia.

Gov. Cleaveland, of New York, reduced the appropriations from $637,000 to $387,000.

In the first three months of this year more than 1,600 horses were cut up as beef in Berlin.

Bismarck has been selected for the capital of Dakota, presumably to the disgust of the American hog.

It has been decided to prohibit gospel, temperance, and other open-air meetings on Boston Common.

A young lady near Bainbridge, Ga., has about four acres in onions, and expects to realize $1,500 on the crop.

A little girl named Minnie Western died in Auburn, N. B., the other day from overexertion caused by jumping a rope.

A vessel built in 1812, as a crusier for the war with England, was recently hauled out for repairs at Cambridge, Mass.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

WHY CUPID WEARS CRAPE.

THE LITTLE LOVE GOD DONS THE HABILAMENTS OF WOE FOR GEORGE W. SIMPSON.

"You are too tart."

A ghastly pie crust pallor that is in strange contrast to the ruddy flush of his new necktie passes swiftly over George W. Simpson's face as Beryl McCloskey speaks these words, and as they stand there together in the dim hallight of the conservatory, the soft perfume of the June roses coming through the open window on the sighing breeze that is kissing the sawbuck whose haggard form is sharply outlined against the woodshed, he feels instinctively that this woman—the only woman he has ever loved, and to win a smile from whom he would brave the horrors of Inferno or go to St. Louis in July—has been making a toy of his affection. The thought is a maddening one, and as it surges through his brain and starts on the return trip almost without a pause, the agony is so overpowering that the strong man reels and would have fallen had not his pants been too tight.

"Do you know what you have said Beryl?" he asks, bending his face close to hers and looking with a pitiful, pleading, man-on-third-base two-out expression into the beautiful brown eyes that are upturned to his. But there is no light of love in those dusky orbs; no warm, responsive you-may-hold-me-a-little-while-when-we-get-home-from the concert gleam. Around the drooping mouth there are hard, tense lines, and on the white brow, that is fair as the cyclamen leaves scattered over the lawn of Brierton Villa, there comes no rosy flush—sweet messenger of love and truthfulness—nothing but the faint, perfumy odor of home-made bandoline. And as she does not answer him, but stands defiantly, he turns away, steps through the open window upon the veranda, and an instant later is lost to view.

"My God!" exclaims the girl, sobbing as if she had mislaid her shoe-buttoner on matinee day. "I have driven him away!" and hastily pushing aside the honeysuckles that cluster around the window she goes hastily out into the purple twilight that hangs like a mantle over the earth and calls to him. There is a little stir among the lilacs and syringas, and an instant later George has clasped her to his suspender.

"And you do love me, after all?" he asked.

She laughs softly, as if bewildered by her sudden happiness, and then her eyes fill with tears as she softly strokes his face.

"Yes, darling," is the answer, "and you must come to supper now. We are to have hot biscuits. I made them myself."

"Yes," she whispers, "made them all by myself."

"You made them?"

Then, he says, coldly, you cannot love me," and starts for the gate. The girl follows him and cries in a low, desparing wail for him to come back. But he doet not heed her. On and on he goes, when suddenly she sees him throw up his arms, as the drowning man does when battling with the very air for existence, and disappear for ever.

He had stepped into a post-hole.—Chicago Tribune.

DRANK A TFAR.

"Boys, I won't drink lessen you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions, is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominat mixtures. You are the chief of the mixed drinkers, and I wont agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boy's agreed, and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit and regarded him with interest.

"*Mr.* Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell you how I came to take it: Several days ago as a passel of us went fishing, and we took a fine chance of whisky along, an' had a heep of fun. Long toward evenin I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drunk up all the whisky an' came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they had left me out thar drunk, an' told it around town with a mighty b'uster. My son got a hold of the report an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night an' when I woke in the mornin' thar sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up but she sorter turned her head away. I got up an' looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'."

"I wish I had suthin' ter drink,' s'I.

"Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her an' went down to whar a spring biled up an' dipped up a cupful an' fotch it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me, she leaned over ter hide her eyes an' I seed a tear drap into the water. I tuck the cup an' drunk the water and the tear, an' reisin' my hands I vowed that I would never hafter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A LOVING WIFE AND AN UNLOVING HUSBAND.

She was a woman with an iron jaw. You could see at once that when she made up her mind to knock down and drag out a brick yard, something had to come. She refused to accept Bijah's arm as they walked out, but on the contrary bestowed upon him such a wilting, withering, blasting look as reduced his height by an inch. She further said to him as he left her before the desk:

"You old abscondalous villian! I wish you were my husband for a day or two! I'd take that gain off your phiz or drive it through to the back of your neck!"

"I can't help that grin—it's perfectly natural with me."

"Don't dispute me, old pirate! and don't lay a finger on me, if you want to live two hours longer!"

It will be seen from the above that Mrs. Delavan was not an angel of the first water. She was followed out by a man of thirty who weighed about 125 pounds, had a sore eye and trembled so that everybody noticed his excitement.

They were husband and wife. It was a match made in Heaven, and therefore a good one. They stood and looked at each other for a second and then she opened with:

"You mean, little, contemptible rascal! It was your work in getting us here!"

"You began it," replied he.

"Don't you dare to tell me I began it!"

"Didn't you—'

"Never mind—I'll get the facts," interrupted the court. "Mrs. Delavan, what is your side of this unfortunate affair?"

"My side is that this infernal thing here, who is my husband-in-law, ought to be hung to first lamp post!"

"Is he a bad citizen?"

"Bad is no name for it, sir. Six months ago I was a widow, and I had $400 in the bank. This man came along with his soft talk and sweet smiles and grand promises, and I was fool enough to marry him."

"You made the match yourself!" exclaimed the husband.

"Look out sir! If you give me any impudence I'll shake you right out of your boots in front of the Judge!"

"Talk to me, Mrs. Delavan;" remarked the Court. "Go on with your story. You say you married him?"

"Yes, sir; and in a month he had used up all my money, and now, because I won't sell my place and give him the proceeds, he acts like Satan. He has struck me several times in the last week and yesterday he packed up his clothes to go away and leave me. I wish you'd have him hung, sir! If you will I'll pay for the gallows and hire the hangman."

"Mr. Delavan, have you a side to this story?" asked the court.

"Have I? Well, I should say so! Do you see this sore eye?"

"I do."

"Well, that's her. I can show you twenty black and blue spots on my body, which is her again. She has cracked my ribs, injured my knee, pulled out my hair and been my deadly torment. Judge, do you want to know how I came to marry her?

"I do."

Here the woman made a rush for him, but she was pulled off, and the prisoner continued:

"She thought I had wealth. She followed me around. She was as sweet as candy on me. She declared that she had never loved before. She dragooned me into it, and I have never had a happy hour since. Go ahead and hang me! I prefer the gallows to her!"

"Judge, do let me get hold of him for just a minute," she pleaded.

"If she comes for me I'll pulverize her," warned the husband.

"Both of you keep silence. As I understand this case you had a row in the house last night. The house was not big enough to hold you and you were fighting on the walk when you were arrested. I can't say who is to blame. I only know that you are terribly mismatched and advise one of you to go to Maine and the other to Texas."

"Oh, Judge, won't you hang him?" she entreated.

"Say, Judge, send her up and I'll give you $100!" he put in.

"The decision is that you are equally guilty, and I shall fine y ou $5 each. Also let me warn you that if you come here again I'll lock you up for the summer."

Each one drew a $5 bill and paid, and as they left the room half the audience felt in hopes to see a row on the street.

THIS AND THAT.

Young married men have ceased to emigrate to Iowa. The State produces more twins than any other in the Union.

Wild geese never take a second mate. It is a great thing when a goose once recognizes the fact that there are already too many geese in the world.

Arthur takes the straight old stuff. And not an inferior order of goods, either, but old Kentucky bourbon whiskey, at $18 a gallon.

A certain rich man says of his wealth: "This is what I have often sighed for, even cried for, sometimes lied for, and nearly all died for. What should I let it slide for?"

Oak placed in the Rhine 2,000 years ago by Roman bridge builders is being taken out and made into pianos to be thumped by conquering young women who play Mollie Darling.

A lady wanted her little girl to bathe in a room the windows of which opened into the yard, in which were some fowls. "But," said the little girl "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "Oh never mind the chickens," said the mother. "Well," said the little woman, "I won't bathe before the rooster, anyhow."

Whiskey did it, but I'll never touch another drop, said the murderer on the gallows as the sheriff pulled the trap.

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

GHASTLY RELIC OF GUITEAU.

It was a fact at first carefully concealed, and now known only to a few, that Guiteau's face and features were preserved as well as his bones. I was in the Medical Museum yesterday when a clerk, whom I have known intimately for several years, said to me: "Would you like to see Guiteau's face?" Though somewhat puzzled as to the object of such a question I promptly answered in the affirmative. The clerk then led me to a room where a number of large jars filled with alcohol to preserve various relics were arranged on shelves. A cover was pulled from one of these, revealing the face and head of Guiteau just as it looked when placed in the coffin. "That'," said the clerk, "is the real face, hair, skin, eye balls and features of Charles Guiteau. When his body was taken to the Medical Museum it was resolved to preserve not only his skeleton, but his actual features in the flesh.

That was done by running the knife clear around the neck, splitting the skin in a straight line from the back of the neck to top of the head, and tearing it off from the entire head, thus obtaining in one piece the scalp and the skin covering the face. To these were added the eyeballs. This was stuffed with cotton in a way to retain the exact outlines of the murderer's countenance, as well as the expression, sewed together and put in alcohol, just as you see it now." The head looks as if it were merely cut from the body and placed in the jar, as the surgeon's stitches on the neck and back of the head are not visible. The very sneer of the sensual mouth has been preserved, and the stubby hairs of a week's growth that were on the upper lip when Guiteau went on the gallows are still there. The eyeballs are, of course, lacking in vital expression, but even they show but little shrinkage. The nose is the only feature the shape of which has not been maintained. It is sunken in the middle, as if it had received a blow on the bridge; but the cheeks, the chin, eyebrows, eyelashes, hair, and everything except the mouth, are almost perfect in their life-like resemblance.

THE SMALL BOY ON ERRANDS.

Boston Transcript.

Where is the small boy going?

The small boy is going on an errand.

How do you know that the small boy is going on an errand?

Because the small boy is in such a hurry.

How can you tell that the small boy is in a hurry?

I can tell by the thoroughness with which he examines everything about him.

Is this exercise very exhausting?

Exceedingly; you see that he has to sit down and rest before he has half completed his survey.

But what is the small boy doing now?

In order to get to his destination the quicker he has jumped upon the passing wagon.

But the wagon is going in the direction from which he came.

It makes no difference. All roads lead to Rome you know, and all directions are the same to the small boy. The only directions he is careless of are those which were given him when he started on his errand.

What is the small boy doing now?

The small boy is playing marbles with another small boy.

Then he has forgotten his errand?

Oh, no; he is only exercising his memory. He is trying to see how long he can remember his errand amidst distracting circumstances.

Will the small boy ever get to his destination?

He will if he keeps on in the direction in which he is now crawling.

How soon, do you think?

I cannot say; but I once heard of a man who went round the world in eighty days.

PLANTATION PLEASANTRIES.

A bile always comes in de berry wust place.

'Sposure to de wedder prolongs de life er de backlog.

Gravitation don't 'fect de ipecac in a man's stomach.

De Lawd love a cheerful giver, an' so do His ministers.

Hard fightin' may hep a man's repetation, but dinged ef it'll 'prove his looks.

Shet yer eyes ter de consequences ef ye stir up a hawnet's nes'.

Dese new 5 cents pieces show off mighty purty in a contribution box.

Ef dey ebber pass a law 'gin people climin' trees, it'll pay a man ter know how ter set bones.

Take a puncht quarter 'long when ye go to de church far, and mebbe ye'll git back wif some money in yer pocket.

It takes a man dat don't know one rock from anudder right smart while ter find er gold mine.

When I hear dat a man's word is as good as his bon', I nex' want ter know how good his bon' is.

When I prophesy to my boys dat dey'll ketch de debbel ef dey go fishin' on Sunday, I limits myself till dark.

Fine close spiles de cuttud man. De only time I 'member er seein' er dressed up darkey ebber try ter do anythg were at a 'lection, an' dey voted fer de wrong man.

BEWARE OF BOYS THAT SINC.

R. J. Burdette in Cincinnati Enquirer.

I once heard a boy going down the street singing at the top of his lungs, "Dare to be right, dare to be true!" singing it so loud that he woke up all the babies on the block and set every dog in the ward to barking, and as he sang he smashed a window in the parsonage, broke a chicken's leg with a stone, 'sassed" a market woman, shot a farmer in the eye with a "nigger shooter," hit a dog a crack with a shinny-club that made poor Carlo howl till his back ached, pulled a picket off a fence, slapped a little boy and took his cooky away from him. He disappeared inside the schoolroom, and above all other voices I could hear his soul'ul shriek in the morning song, "Oh, *how I love my teach er, dear!*" And before prayers were over he inked a boy's nose, put two bent pins where they would do the most harm, salted a claim of shoe-maker's wax on the teacher's chair, scratched his name on his desk with a pin, ate an apple and fired the core into the ear of the good boy with a thin neck, who was never absent or tardy.

"Investigator" wants to know what is good for cabbage worms. Bless your heart, man, cabbage, of course. A good plump cabbage will last several worms a week.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. G. ELLIOTT.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
NORFOLK, VA.
Rooms 2 and 3 Virginian Building.
oct 5 1y

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