

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.

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.

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

R. O. EDWARDS.

ALL IMPORTANT.

1000 POLICY ON ASSESSMENT PLAN for 2.00

1000 " " " " " 4.00

1000 " " " " " 6.00

provide for ourselves and family should be our first consideration.

life insurance, while the male head of a family living he may manage to care for his household, but death is inevitable, and what provision do you make for your wife and little ones in the event of death?

This is a serious question which every heart should answer. If you are a lawyer, physician, merchant or farmer, your professional 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 for her child or children after food and relief are provided. Now, what can be done to meet the wife and little ones from the terrible loss 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 applications of your estate, from executors, from debt. No one can have the money the parties for whom the insurance is effected.

In these days of complications, and household allowances, (with the chance of a struggle obtain even that) I think a life policy the best and the only thing you can leave of much value to your family.

Now the question will arise, what company shall I insure in? "I am afraid of companies a long way off, I do not know the President, Directors, or 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 a company. They may be good, they may be bad.

There is one company almost at our doors, in the city of Norfolk, Va., managed by gentlemen of unquestionable integrity, incorporated under 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 securities, 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 of two dollars and one cent (\$2.01), for four dollars and one cent (\$4.01) for six dollars.

The directors and managers of the "Christian Brotherhood" are B. T. Powell, J. N. Manning, J. H. Riddick, D. J. Gwynn and A. Serrano, under the immediate management of the Rev. J. M. 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.

W. W. HALL, Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

Can be found in the Roanoke News Office.

WELDON, N. C.

REPRESENTS,

New York Underwriters, "Agricultural" of Watertown, N. Y.

Western, of Toronto, Canada, Families, of Tarboro, N. C., Lynchburg, of Lynchburg, Va., Equitable Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.

Will place risk in any other good company at low rates.

July 12, 1883.

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1883. NO. 18.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Eborated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases.

Small-Pox and Pitting of Small Pox Prevented.

Diphtheria Prevented.

Scarlet Fever Cured.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent quality of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid.

Dr. J. H. ZELLEN & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA, Feb 6/83.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

No time should be lost in the treatment of Stomach Bitters.

June 11, 1883.

CLOTHING.

SPRING - - - - 1883.

WANNAMAKER & BROWN. FITS GUARANTEED.

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

FOR SALE.

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

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THE COURAGE OF LIFE.

Courage to look on coming years, Their slender hopes, their certain tears, With a spirit still undaunted!

Courage to strive for every gain, For genius, even, must work again, And struggle for what is wanted.

Courage to see illusions fade, Their idols face that thou hast made, To be by their memories haunted.

Courage to see thyself grow old, Thy place usurped by young and bold, Thy vigor before thee flouted.

Courage to face the dark, dark hours When all things seem beyond the powers Of the fate that thou hast vaunted.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

BY EMMA WILEY.

Yes, you have no doubt often wondered why I never married. Since you ask it, I will tell you the story of my early life. It may do you good, Walter, for I see you are treading in the same path I trod, and made me what I am—a stern, morose and solitude-loving man. Ah! Walter, there is a folded leaf in my life—a turned-down page you have never read—never even dreamed of.

It has not been so very long since what I am about to tell you happened; not long if measured by months and years; but sometimes sorrow causes time to go by on leaden wings and it was so in my case.

I had worked hard all the winter and needed rest. So I packed my trunk, and locked my door, and went into the country to regain my strength and make sketches for new paintings. I went down to the little town of B— and established myself in the hotel for awhile, but finally induced a Mr. Randall, who owned a pleasant farm not far from town, to take me as a boarder.

It was there I first met Daisy Randall. She was all an artist could paint or a poet dream of. A perfect description of her would be impossible. She was young—very young—almost a child in size and age. Willowy of form, with indescribable grace in every movement and gesture, complexion fair as a lily, large, dark blue eyes and long golden curls. Her face was perfect enough to serve as a model for a sculptor; and in each velvety cheek hid dimples which seemed hid hiding places for the goddess of love.

Time passed on and before I was conscious of what I was doing I had won her love. But in return loved her truly and devotedly, notwithstanding the difference in our ages—she was sixteen, and I twenty-eight. At last time came, all too soon, to return home. I told Daisy good-by in our favorite dell, where we first met.

"I will come in October and like you away with me. Would you like to live in New York, little one?" "Oh, so very, very much! And you will surely come in October, dear?" "Surely, darling. You will write to me when I am gone?"

She promised gladly, and I in turn vowed to remain faithful and answer promptly. "I'll send for you, Will dear, you will come quickly, for that strange feeling has come back, and I am so frightened! Promise me, Will, to come."

I did so readily, and the next evening found me at home. It is useless to linger over the story. I wrote every few days, and was selfishly happy until one evening my father called me into his study and told me in plain English that my engagement with Daisy must end; that I was to marry Miss Germaine Courcey, the only daughter of a wealthy banker—my father's friend—or be disinherited forever. For while I was determined not to give up Daisy, come what might, but—his was the stronger will, and I yielded at last.

That night at a ball I asked Miss Courcey to become my wife. There were no tears—no blushes—all was said and done in a quiet and fashionable manner. I would wed her for her wealth, she would marry me for my position.

As I stooped to press the kiss of betrothal on her polished forehead, the face of my lost darling came before me. That night my dreams were haunted by a pair of sad blue eyes that seemed to tell me of a life wrecked, of a life from which the sunshine had departed forever. But I hastily put such thoughts from me, and tried to think only of my promised bride.

The next day I wrote to Daisy, telling her I was to be married on the seventh of October—the very day that was to have found me at her side. God forgive me, for I killed her! Two days later I received a telegram from Mr. Randall. It read simply:—"Daisy is dead. Come immediately."

Like a mad man I rushed from the house, in a few minutes boarded the train, and was soon on my way to B—. Like one in a dream I left the station and hastened out of the little town toward the farmhouse. There was crape on the door-bell, and standing in the hall was Mr. Randall, who silently opened the parlor door and beckoned me in. Then standing before me, with our darling cold and dead between us, he broke the awful stillness.

"She received your letter on Tuesday. She had been expecting one for

some time, and when it was brought she came running into the study with the letter pressed close to her breast, saying joyfully, 'It has come, papa! Will has written at last!' She kissed the page ere she read it. She was standing by the window, and I was busy writing, and so continued my work. I knew she would tell me all, for she clung to me closely after her mother died, and we loved each other well. Suddenly she became white as snow, and called your name in a shrill whisper. I knew what it meant—that white face—she had had several attacks before. Before I could save her she fell heavily to the floor. When I raised her she was quite dead. I did not know, did not even suspect, the whole until I read your letter. I had been fearing her death for some time, and do not know but it might have occurred even if that fatal letter had never come. But you killed her, Will—yes, killed her by your treachery and cruelty. She might have lived for years if you had only remained true."

I could not answer. I could only put my head down on her beautiful curling hair and weep as, I believe, man has never wept before or since.

I went to the funeral, saw the grave close over my beautiful darling, and then returned to my saddened home.

The seventh of October came but I did not marry. And I took up again the old life, only it was more lonely, more forlorn, yet cheered by the thought that where there is no marriage, neither giving in marriage, Daisy, my Daisy, has forgiven all, and is waiting for me.

THE SPIRIT OF APPRECIATION.

Say a good word. The disposition to criticize and find fault seems to be natural to a good many persons, and is the cause of a vast amount of trouble in our social and family relations. There is scarcely an endowment of more value to one's comfort and success in the world than the ability to see and appreciate what is good in his surroundings and associates.

There is no place where the spirit of appreciation is of more value than in the public and business life of a town or city. It is necessary to the nourishment of a proper local pride and patriotism. Every one likes to live in a community where things are prospering, where there is an active, go-ahead spirit, and a general feeling of wholesome growth. There is no better way to help a town run down than for the inhabitants to think that it is running down, and it is a great assistance in building up a town for every one to think it is prospering.

The smaller the number of grumblers in a community and the less that spirit of envy which is unwilling to acknowledge another's success, the greater will be the prosperity of the place—therefore, say a good word for the town, and for everybody in it that you can. If you have a rival or competitor in business, do not run him down in the hope that you will thereby help yourself. You will in the end injure yourself by making it seem that the town is not prosperous enough to support a good living competition. If every one thinks the town is going to the dogs because his neighbor does not manage his business to suit him, so impression very much worse than the fact will soon be spread abroad. If the people of a place take a genuine pride in it, they rejoice in the prosperity of every citizen and are not inclined to be little his success. Outsiders will have a good opinion of the town, and that tone of feeling is very easily and quickly communicated to the surrounding country. If you make out that your neighbors do not amount to much, the learner will be very apt to class you in the same list, as their reputation is your reputation; their prosperity is the prosperity of the place, and your own as well. If we really take pride in our town, we shall rejoice in the success of every citizen, and if we reject in the success of our fellow citizens we shall feel an increased pride in our town. A feeling of mutual appreciation and interest will beget a spirit of mutual helpfulness which cannot fail to be of much practical benefit to the town. "In union there is strength," and we say that when everybody pulls together there must be a general advance. Every man works better when he feels that his neighbors appreciate his efforts. He will put his shoulder to the wheel with more vigor for a few hearty words of encouragement. The spirit of appreciation also favorably affects the social atmosphere. It makes society more pleasant, and hence the place more desirable as a residence. The more general we can make our mutual co-operation and encouragement, the more valuable will our social life become, and in proportion to its value the more widely will it be sought for.—Savannah News.

FEED THE FLOCK. We shall be forgiven a great many sins in the matter of pastoral visitation if the people's souls are really fed, and nothing else will put up for it. The failures of most ministers who drift down the stream may be traced to inefficiency in the pulpits. The chief business of a clergyman is to know how to handle his vessel, nothing can compensate for deficiency here, and so our pulpits must be our main care, and all will go away. Dogs often fight because the supply of bones is scanty, and congregations frequently quarrel because they do not get sufficient spiritual food to keep them happy and peaceful. The ostensible ground of dissatisfaction may be something else, but nine times out of ten deficiency in their rations is at the bottom of the mutinies which occur in our churches. Men like all other animals, know when they are fed, and they usually feel good tempered after a meal; and so when our hearers come to the house of God, and obtain "food convenient for them," they forget a great many grievances in the joy of the festival, but if we send them away hungry they will be in an irritable mood as a bear robbed of her whelps.—C. H. Spurgeon.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take a cup of tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No ma'am, she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind. That was all she said."

SUCCESS.

Swarms of young men and young women are just graduating from our public schools and colleges, a great majority of whom must go to work at once to earn a living. Many of them have already selected their vocations. Others have not made a decision, and have no outlook. Most of these young graduates are more or less anxious concerning their future. All of them desire to be of the happy number who succeed in life.

It is a great thing to succeed. A fair success in business is worth all it commonly costs of devotion and industry. And there is, at least, one way by which success may ordinarily be attained; and that is by learning how to do something that people want done; by doing it well, and striving each day to do it better.

If you are a doctor, you should seek to be the doctor of your neighborhood. Even if you sell fish, you should be sure to deliver them fresh, in nice order, at the most convenient time, and for a fair price. Yours should be the nearest store, where the promptest attention is given to customers, and where the greatest variety of fish sold in your neighborhood can be found. If you are so unfortunate as to publish a paper, never rest until you have made it the best of its kind in the world. You probably never will place it at the head, but you must always seek for that result. If you do, your paper will be a success.

Sixty years ago, Peter Cooper kept a little grocery store in the Bowers, New York, within a few yards of the spot where the Cooper Institute now stands. A man came into his store one day, and said:—"I built a glue factory for my son. He can't make it go. I'll sell it to you for two thousand dollars."

Upon inquiry, Peter Cooper found that all the best glue came from Russia, and brought a high price, while the glue made in New York was very poor stuff, and was sold at a rate that forbade all chance of profit. He said to himself:—"Why can't glue be made as good in quality here in America as in Russia? I think it can be. I'll try."

He bought the factory. Then he commenced studying the process by which glue is made. He tried endless experiments; superintended every boiling himself; kept trying for years, always improving his product, until Peter Cooper's glue commanded the highest price, and literally ruled the market.

What he did with glue, Gillet did with pens, Jonas Clithering with the piano, Fairbanks with scales; and, if you succeed fairly and handsomely, you must do just so with "something."

BALMY SLEEP.

A prominent physician says a person should never be waked except when there is urgent necessity for it. Nature knows her own business, and the men who follow nature's rules the closest will receive most of her blessings. A man in his natural state is healthy and sound. He contracts disease, of some one else contracts it for him. The ailments of the father and mother are often visited upon the children, not because it is a source of pleasure to the Almighty, but because it is nature's law. One of nature's laws is that man shall have sleep. If he has not intended that man should work twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, nature would have made the sun shine without interruption all the time. Lights are an innovation. Wild beasts do not have lights. They are covered for man with his superior intelligence and multiplicity of bodily ailments. Night was made for sleep and the day for work.

The man who disregards the demands of his mind and body for the amount of rest which nature claims suffers sooner or later, and pays dearly for having abused this prime rule of health. Nature is the best book-keeper of the world ever seen. You may overdraw your accounts, but you will always pay back the last penny, and often give up the pound of flesh—sometimes even more than the pound. A man may think he can steal from nature, but he cannot. I do not think a person should be waked at morning, for this reason: When a man falls asleep he is in the shop for repairs, and his railroad man says, his frame and all his intricate machinery is being overhauled and made ready for the next day's work. The wear of the previous day is being repaired. Nature is doing that herself. She knows what the tired frame needs, just as she knows how to make the heart throbb and send the blood coursing through the veins. Then she takes that tired frame, lays it out on a bed, surroundings it with the refreshing air of night, covers it with soft darkness, and lets the man rest. "Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep" visits him, and as the hours pass by, his energies are renewed, his strength comes back, and, finally, when morning breaks and the sunlight steals through the lattice, he opens his eyes and he is himself again. If he is early to bed he awakes correspondingly early.

Now, who will go to that man's side an hour before he opens his eyes, and say to nature: "Stand aside, and let him get up, he has had enough rest?" Well, nature will say: "You can take him if you will, but I will collect him with an hour's loss of sleep, and I'll collect it out of his bones and nerves and hair and eye-sight. You can't cheat me, I'll find property to levy on." The old law used to be eight hours of sleep, eight hours for the usual recreation and eight hours for the service of God. The day was divided into three equal parts, and each part was devoted to a special purpose. One was sleep, and not one bit too much.

"DON'T BE IN THE HOUSE."—"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, possums, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers, &c.

Louise had the toothache, and cried. Her mother tried to pacify her. "I'm ashamed of you. I wouldn't be such a baby before everybody." "Oh, yes, mamma, it's all very well for you; when your teeth ache you can take them out."

CURED BY A DOG WHISTLE.

Pock's Sun. A Milwaukee business man has got an idea that his lungs are not sound, and occasionally he will hear a slight whistling in the bronchial tubes, and he thinks the time has come. He bores his wife half to death getting her to listen at his chest, to hear any sound of warning that his end is near at hand. She knows his lungs are all right, and tries to convince him of the fact, but he thinks he is liable to die of consumption at any moment. In his office he has a leather chair, the cushion of which is filled with air, with a small escape valve, so when he sits down there is a noise like the hiss of a locomotive letting off steam. The other morning his son, who is full of fun, took a dog whistle and inserted the mouth of it into the hole where the air escapes from the cushion, and they all laid for the old party.

He came in puffing from climbing the stairs, and when he sat down in the chair there was an unmistakable whistle, which brought the men in from the next room. The old man turned pale, and moved around in the chair, and the whistle sounded again, and the man with the lungs thought his time had come. "It has come at last," said he, as his son came in, looking sad. "What has come, father? You are not ill," said the judge, as he put his handkerchief to his weeping eyes to keep from laughing. "What has come? Can you ask that? Don't you hear my lungs? I am a mighty sick man, and you can send for a doctor and a lawyer, and a minister." He got up to reach a paper out of a pigeon hole, and when he sat down there was awful whistle, and he said, "O, how it pains me. Send for your mother, for I shall never be able to go home."

The boys gathered around him to comfort him, and the son reached down and took hold of the whistle, and said, "I guess if I take this dog whistle out of the chair you will breathe easier, pa," and he took the whistle out, and when the old man saw what had made the noise he got up, and by the way he howled and said he could whip the man that played it on him, they thought his lungs were all right enough.

FRIENDLY YANKS AND REBS.

The ground which separated the pickets was covered with heavy timber. Strict orders had been issued against our men entering the neutral ground, as some of them had used it as a cover to desert to the enemy. The winter was very cold and wood was scarce and the little we could procure for the picket line had to be carried a mile on our shoulders. This seemed a hardship when we were so much wood just in front of us. One bitter cold day we concluded to disobey orders by cutting wood in front of our friends on the other side did not object. Not a shot had been exchanged since our advent, a month previous; in fact, we had not even had a glimpse of the "boys in blue," who, no doubt, were as anxious for some of the wood as we were. After pondering away for some time with our worn-out Confederate axes, an unarmed squad of Federals appeared, who greeted us with: "Hello, Johnnies! are you after wood?" In a few minutes "Yanks" and "Rebs" were on the best of terms. Strange sight, but nevertheless true. The Federals tendered as the use of their sharp axes, which were readily accepted. Some of the Federals were so anxious to show their kind feelings for us that they actually helped us to cut our wood! This neighborly feeling existed as long as we remained there. One some of the Federals invited me to accompany them to their picket line and dine with them. I expressed grave doubts about getting back, but they assured me on their honor as soldiers that if I went they would see me returned safely. With this assurance I went and remained for more than four hours. They visited with each other in hospitality. But with all their assurances I felt ill at ease, for I did not know what might befall my return, and in such an event I would be classed as a deserter. But true to their promise, I was safely returned. These facts may seem strange and improbable to the reader who did not participate in the late negotiations, but there are thousands to who cherish the remembrance of many such incidents.—Philadelphia Times.

LEARN ACCURACY.

A writer in the School Journal, who places accuracy among the elements of a noble character, says every boy and girl should state the exact truth, do everything just right, and learn the exact meaning of each lesson. He illustrates the importance of accuracy by this story:—

Two boys worked in the same store. They were named John and James. Their duties were alike, and they were required to be there at half past seven in the morning. John was always there on time or a few minutes before the time; James came some time after. When John arranged the goods in the windows they were accurately marked and priced. James often forgot to put the number on, or priced them incorrectly.

These are only two of the things which marked the distinction between the two boys. But every day and week they grew further apart—John doing his work accurately, and therefore well; James slighting all be contentedly could.

Soon John was promoted for carefulness in his duties. James was warned to alter his manner, and because he continued careless in his manner, was finally discharged.

The accurate boy, because of his carefulness and good judgment, grew to be a wealthy, self-made man. Men liked to deal with him; they were sure of being treated fairly.

James tried several positions, but lost them on account of his inaccuracy in little details; and though he gets through the world somehow, he has no happiness or success, which, with the same opportunities, John achieved.

CATARH of the Bladder—Shingling Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-palms." \$1.

A liberal deduction made on larger space. Local notices 5 cents per line.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

BRANCH & BELL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BRNFIELD, N. C. Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12/4.

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. 16/3.

J. M. GRIZZARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C. Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12/3

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 28/13

T. W. MASON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, GARYSBURG, N. C. Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 8/13

WALTER B. 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 17/13

W. W. HALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C. Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. MAY 1/11

DR. E. I. HUNTER, SURGEON DENTIST. Can be found at his office in Enfield. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22/12

JAMES M. MILLER, JOHN A. MOORE, MULLEN & MOORE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C. Practices 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 1/3

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

Wedding and other parties supplied as cheap as the cheapest. oct 16/3

A. WERNER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF Carriages, Harness, Saddles, Brides, Collars, Carts, Wheels, Axles, Farm Gear, Horse Clothing, Lay Robes, &c.

Nos. 11, 13, 21 & 23 Union St., Norfolk, Va. oct 4/3

KIDNEY-WORT THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. It dissolves the system of the acid poison which causes the dreadful suffering which only the specific of Rheumatism can relieve. THOUSANDS OF CASES have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED. PRICE, \$1. LITTON DRUG STORE, BY DISCOUNTS. It can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

W. W. HALL, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Can be found in the Roanoke News Office. WELDON, N. C. REPRESENTS, New York Underwriters, "Agricultural" of Watertown, N. Y., Western, of Toronto, Canada, Families, of Tarboro, N. C., Lynchburg, of Lynchburg, Va., Equitable Life Insurance Co. of N. Y. Will place risk in any other good company at low rates. July 12, 1883.

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