

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

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NO. 16.

MISS-NOMER'S.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair.
Miss White is as brown as a berry.
Miss Black has a gray head of hair.
Miss Green is a flirt over merry.
Miss Lightfoot weighs sixteen stone.
Miss Rose can scarce muster a gale.
Miss Blue has a wife, and has none.
Miss Yellow is a sad ninny.
Miss Milroy's is a terrible red.
Miss Brown's ever cross and contrary.
Miss Young is now grown very old.
Miss Hensley's light as a fairy.
Miss Short is at least five feet ten.
Miss Noble's of humble extraction.
Miss Love has a heart toward me.
Miss Smith is forever in action.
Miss Green is a regular liar.
Miss Violet looks pale as a lily.
Miss Violet never thinks from our view.
Miss White never thinks all the news.
Miss Good-bird's a naughty young elf.
Miss Love's front teeth are gold.
Miss May's got at all like myself.
Miss Carpenter is one can't miss.
Miss Miller's ever mentioned a horse.
Miss Green from the stable will run.
Miss Kilmore can't look at a corpse.
Miss Almond never leveled a gun.
Miss Good-bird has no hair at all.
Miss Brewster is ever complaining.
Miss Dancer has never been at a ball.
Overboard Miss Fairweather likes reigning.
Miss Wright she is constantly wrong.
Miss Tickle, she is not funny.
Miss Simpson's head is not pretty.
And also poor Miss Oak has no money.
Miss Heston would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking.
Miss Mary is shocked at all striking.
Miss Peter the men don't do striking.
Miss Biss does with sorrow sorrow.
Miss Hope, in despair, seeks the tomb.
Miss Joy still anticipates weep.
And Miss Charity never "at" dinner.
Miss Hamlet resides in the city.
The nerves of Miss Hamilton are shaken.
Miss Freeman's head is not pretty.
And Miss Faithful her love has forsaken.
Miss Potter despises all truth.
Miss Scott's "It's make work, I am thinking.
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth.
Miss Lolly to meanness is thinking.
Miss Seymour's as blind as a bat.
Miss Lost at a party is first.
Miss Bristle chafes at a striped cat.
And Miss Waters has always a thirst.
Miss Knight is now changed into day.
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight.
Miss Prudence has just run away.
And Miss Steady assisted her flight.
But never the fallings and all!
No Miss Applebottom is making.
Though wrong the Bear has to Miss-kill.
There's no harm, I should hope, in Miss taking.

A DREAM.

It was during the year 1861, in the thriving little town of Argenteira, near the foot of the Cerro mountains, in France. The day was charming. Many of the inhabitants were traversing the highways, enjoying the agreeableness of the weather. Among the number there was a tall young man, apparently not more than 25 years of age. In his right hand he carried a cane, and in his left, a small carpet bag. He came to a small street which was in the suburbs of the town. He turned and proceeded up this. Presently, after walking but a short distance, he arrived at an inn. He entered the building, and, having registered his name, was shown to a room. He went to bed and was soon wrapped in slumber. While thus sleeping he had a dream that made the strongest impression on him. We will give it as from the lips of the dreamer:
"I thought I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the evening; that I had put up at the same inn, and gone immediately in order to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I had gone no great distance when I came to a church, which I stopped to examine. After satisfying my curiosity I advanced to a by path which branched off from the main street. I struck into this path, though it was winding, rough, and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no great difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several wide gaps in it. I approached an old well that stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner, and, looking down into it, beheld, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabled in several places. I coated the deep wounds and wide gashes. There were six."
At this moment he awoke, with his hair on end, and trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration beading his forehead. He sprang from his bed, dressed himself, and, as it was yet early, sought an appetite for his breakfast by a morning walk. He went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The farther he went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to his view. Before long he arrived at the church with the same architectural features that had attracted his notice in the dream; and then the high road, along which he had pursued his way, coming at length to the same by-path that had presented itself to his imagination a few hours before. He hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring him to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its exterior appearance it corresponded with what he had seen in his dream. He entered the garden and went directly to the spot where he had seen the well in his dream. He looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, and even went round the cottage, which seemed to be inhabited; but nowhere could he find any signs of a well. He then hastened back to the inn in a state of excitement hard to describe. He went to the landlord and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on the by-road.
"It is inhabited by an old man and his wife, who have the charac-

SOME EPITAPHS.

Though to select a subject of greater solemnity than that of death would be impossible, the student of the literature of the churchyard cannot fail to be struck with the important part played therein by humor—often of the broadest description. To do the writers justice, says a Detroit journal, it is in many cases of the unconscious kind. There was no intentional disrespect to the memory of
John Ross
Killed by a lion
And it may have been in deep dejection that the friends of the unfortunate youth killed during a pyrotechnic display, wrote upon his tombstone:
Here I lie,
Killed by a sky-rocket in my eye.
While its Calabrian origin borne in mind (it hails from Edinburgh, there was probably no promulgated levity to the lines in memory of)
John Marpherson—a wonderful person.
Six feet two —without his shoe
And six —with
The humor of the following is merely due to peculiar punctuation:
Recited to the memory of John Phillips
Accidentally slain as a mark of affection by his brother:
It is difficult to say whether in jest or in earnest the following was inscribed to the memory of an old Kildare:
Who killed Kildare—Who lost Kildare to kill
Who killed Kildare—Who lost Kildare to kill
Who killed Kildare—Who lost Kildare to kill
Sepulchral references to the former pursuits of the departed have been very common. Lawyers whose familiarity with "ways that are dark" have called for censures, and doctors whose professional ministrations "have filled the half of this churchyard" have formed the principal subjects. Exception is made in favor of a legal ornament, one Mr. Strange, but at the expense of his brother practitioners—
Here lies an honest lawyer—Strange!
The proposed epitaph to the eminent cook, Alexis Soyer:
Peace to his ashes,
Is well known. Less known but more admirable is that upon a deceased dyer—
Here lies a man who dyed of a wool great store.
One day he dyed himself—and dyed no more.
The conjugal relation, said to say, has suffered sharply at the hands of the epitaph writer—and, sadder still to record, the weaker vessel has called for the severest animadversion. Epitaphs of this class have rarely been coarse and vulgar, in the sense of the following:
Here lies my poor wife—a sad sinner and shrew:
If I could have killed her—I should be too.
A talkative spinster is awarded these lines:
Under this stone the body lies of Arabella Young,
Was on the twenty-fourth of May began to hold her tongue.
Independent of its interest as a record on longevity, there is a sporting flavor about the following reference to one Stephen Rumbold, of Brightwell, quite unique:
He lived to 100, heavy and strong;
100 to you don't mean long.
A request for burial in a particular spot is not uncommon, though seldom expressed with naïveté of the following:
Under the tree, buried he would be,
Because his father lay, planted his tree.
—Gullible, 1769.
The following, dedicated to the memory of departed matrons, is worth rescuing from oblivion:
Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.
A severe blow is dealt to the sanitary reputation of the medicinal spring Cheltenham in the lines below:
Here I lie, and my three daughters,
All I had through drinking Cheltenham waters.
Had we but stuck to Epsom salts,
We shouldn't be lying in these cold vaults.
In fitting conclusion may be quoted the following rebuke administered to the morbid curiosity to satisfy which has been one of the missions of the epitaph. It is slightly varied from its has been met with in divers corners of England, but was last heard of in a church-yard in New Jersey:
Rest in peace, but woe was your previous time
On the twenty-fourth of May you died,
For woe was the cause of your death,
And woe was the cause of your death.

HOW TO BE POSTMASTER.

[From Stings.]
Some of the Democrats who voted against Cleveland, and worked incessantly during the campaign on the Republican side, are said to be the most persistent applicants for office. Their line of reasoning is very much like that of the seedy Aycin darkey, who walked up as bold as a eagle full of hyenas, and said to the successful candidate: "Boss, I want you to lend me forty dollars for services rendered you durin' de election." "But you worked and voted for the other ticket." "Dat's jest hit, boss. I'm so unpopular dat I had worked for your side yer would have been beaten two to one. A pos' office will suit me, boss."
THE CONDITIONS NOT FAVORABLE—
Young Lady—Do you think that Miss — is a very graceful girl?
Young Man—I never saw her but once, and then she appeared anything but graceful.
Young Lady—Indeed! Where did you see her?
Young Man—I saw her falling over a wheelbarrow.
There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life preserver—only put on at the moment of immediate danger, and then half the time put on hind-side before.
Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

FORREST'S FRANKNESS.

A Private's Chat With Him.
[Arkansas Traveller.]
"Yes, I had a conversation once with General Forrest," said a citizen of Arkansas in reply to a question asked by a friend. "I had just joined the army, and knew nothing of the rigid fashions of war. One night, after we had travelled all day, we stopped in the woods and were told that we should remain there until morning. We were all wondering where we were going. I did not think that it was right to keep us in the dark, and I made a remark to that effect."
"Why don't you go and ask Forrest?" some one remarked.
"I am not acquainted with him," I replied.
"That makes no difference."
"That so?"
"Not a bit. He would be glad to see you. I would ask him, but I borrowed a couple of dollars from him the other day and I have not been able to repay him. I have been keeping out of his way."
"I found Forrest sitting under a tree, on a camp stool closely drawn up to an improvised table."
"Good evening," said I.
"He looked up, searched me with his peculiar eyes, and said:
"What do you want?"
"My name is Dick Anderson."
"All right."
"I belong to your command. We have been riding all day without knowing where we were going, so I thought I'd come around and ask you."
"You are very kind," said he.
"Not at all," I replied.
"Now, Anderson, I do not mind telling you confidentially, but I do not want the whole command to know it."
"That's all right, General, I won't tell anybody."
"Won't say a word?"
"No, sir."
"You must not, you know, for the enemy might get hold of it. Lean over here and let me whisper to you." I leaned over and he whispered: "We are going to hell." Well, sir, I hurried away, and I'll pledge you my word and honor if, by ten o'clock the next day, I didn't think we had already got there. That was the only conversation I ever had with General Forrest."

A PERPLEXED HUMORIST.

After carefully reading all the published accounts of the battle of Shiloh up to date, I am firmly convinced:
That there were never more than a sergeant and ten men of the Confederate army actively engaged at one time.
That Grant was surprised at all points.
That he was killed early in the first day's fight.
That the Federal forces outnumbered the stars in the heavens about ten to one.
That Grant's army was routed and driven clear across the Tennessee river into the mountains.
That it never came back again, and is there yet.
That the valor of a teamster in Bull's army who did not get there until some time next week saved the day for Grant. I make this statement on the authority of the teamster himself, who ought to know.
That a drummer boy did all Grant's fighting for him. I am creditably informed of this fact by a son of the drummer boy, who had it directly from his father.
The widow McLaughlin's husband, a corporal who commanded the Federal right, finally led the movement that drove one of the widows—who, by the way, desires that her pension be increased—to prove this.
That all the fighting was done on the first day.
Except that which followed on the second day.
That both sides were vastly outnumbered.
That each side lost the most men.
That it was only a reconnaissance in force.
That it was a skirmish.
That everybody in America was there.
That nobody was there.
That there was not a battle of Shiloh.
That there are a powerful sight more men writing about it than there were in the fight.
That the fiercest charge was made by the sutler—Burdett in Burlington Hockeys.
ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET ARE FOUND IN THESE LINES.
"God gives the grass as his 's' say.
He quickly feeds the sheep's low cry.
But man, who takes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his powers high."
They are found, also, in the following sentence:
"John quickly extemporized five tow-bags."
ALL OLD EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF EDWARD COURTNEY AND HIS WIFE.
"Oh! who lies here?
'Tis I, the good earl of Devonshire,
With Kate my wife—45 we fell dead;
We lived together fifty-five year.
That was spent, we had,
That we left, we lost,
That we gave, we gave."
Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

"CALLED BACK"

Hugh Conway's last story is a long and more ambitious work than anything his late author had previously written.
Hugh Conway wrote "Called Back" in ten weeks and received for it the sum of \$4,000. Mr. Arrowsmith, the publisher, says that he brought out the story in a royal 8vo. edition of some ninety pages. "It simply fell flat as ditch water. I printed this edition in November 3,000 copies, despite the fact that it was published at 6d. per—miserably few—were sold. During this period of depression I used to be irritated by the daily cheerfulness of Fergus. Of course, he had no risk in the venture whatever, and could afford to come around to my office and gleefully speculate as to what I then sadly deemed to be gross improbabilities. His faith in the ultimate popularity of "Called Back" was so remarkably unalterable that I sometimes was tempted to take courage and join him in his wanderings in the air-castles of success. And it was not long before his prophecies were realized. By some good fortune Mr. Comyns Carr had the book placed in his hands as one likely to move his dramatic instincts. It is reported that gentleman went to sleep in searching for the merits of the story. But that was in the evening. Next morning he made a further essay and was at length so captivated by its richness of incident that he telegraphed straight away to Fergus (with whom he was intimate) a proposition to collaborate with him in dramatising it. Almost simultaneously a London paper saw in the book what all the world has discovered in it since. Then the flutter came," went on Mr. Arrowsmith, with evident satisfaction. "On the second day afterward I was deluged with telegrams ordering "Called Backs." The early edition was practically unobtainable, so I at once resolved to get up the volume in a new—and its present—form. Naturally, as a provincial house, my productive power was then limited; but by a supreme effort I got up the type in a week, stereotyped the pages (nearly 200) and had all my machines running on the novel night and day. The demand became enormous, and I was at my wit's end to meet it. I had first one new machine laid down, then I sent to the makers in all haste for another, then another, and another." The book has been translated into Dutch, Spanish, Italian, French, German and Swedish.—New York Tribune.

THE "SETER AROUND."

The Name in Arkansas as Here.
[Arkansas Traveller.]
* * * Nothing suits the "setter" around" better than to be where he is not wanted. When unable to get a drink of whisky, he is ready to drink anything. When he comes, the lawyer looks suggestively at the bucket. The ice has nearly melted away, but he says nothing until the "setter around" takes the bottom of the bucket with the dipper. Then remarking that he wants the bucket for a future occasion, he puts it in the closet and locks the door. When the "setter around" leaves the lawyer's office he goes over to the saloon. He leans back in a split-bottom chair and complains of the weather. Whenever any one comes in to take a drink the "setter around" gets up, walks to the bar and asks for a piece of lemon; says that he is bilious. If the man should say: "Have a drink" the "setter around" replies: "Well—I don't—care—particularly—but, yes, give me a little whisky."
He fills his glass to the rim. The bartender scowls at him as he wipes off the counter, but the "setter around" does not care. He is imperious. No sarcasm, either looked or expressed, has any effect on him. When dinner time comes he rushes home cats heartily of a dinner, not a mouthful of which he has earned, then hurries back to the saloon, where he sits until supper time. Parmesan Mix, the humorous poet who now sleeps the eternal sleep in a Kentucky burying ground, paid a rich tribute to the "setter around" when he said:
"The 'setter around' is man of no means,
And his face wouldn't pass for a pint of white beans,
But somehow or other he contrives to exist,
And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist—
While sitting around."
WOMAN'S RIGHTS.
The right to do pretty much as they please.
The right to make a fuss when a fellow stays out late.
The right to blame everything on their husband's money losing or money making propensities just as it happens.
The right to turn a house topsy turvy every three weeks, every six months, and call it house cleaning.
The right to make the old man vote as they want him to.
The right to a home, a husband and a baby.
A bachelor's view: "Men's rights" and this is as much as they deserve.
A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.
The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.

ACTION OF ALCOHOL ON THE HEART.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The pupil had been singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it. Dr. R. said to him, "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?" "Your pulse says 74." I then sat down in a chair and said, "Count it again." He did so, and said, "Your pulse has gone down to 70." I then lay down on the lounge, and said, "Will you take it again?" He replied, "Why it is only 64; what an extraordinary thing!" I then said, "When you lie down at night that is the way that Nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because, in lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes less in a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by 3 hours, and, within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes less; and as the heart is throwing 6 ounces of blood of every stroke, it makes a difference of 20,000 ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest; for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is, you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work, till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which, you say, is the soul of man below."—Selected.

HOW TO KEEP HEALTHY IN SUMMER.

Under the head, "How to Keep Healthy in Summer," a medical writer gives the following seasonable hints as a general rule: sun-stroke attacks those exposed to the direct effect of the sun more particularly on the third or fourth days of a heated term. With little care and attention to a few rules, sunstroke even among those whose occupations expose them to a great heat—ought to be a very rare occurrence.
In the first place, people as a general thing eat too much meat during the hot months. I have known many families who fed their children, while yet quite young, on salt bacon, salt fish, fat gravies, butter and such complications of dishes, flavored with hot condiments, and it is a great wonder that not more die during the heated term. These people who must work and who cannot avoid the piercing rays of the sun, can at least avoid all such articles of food which have a tendency to fire up the system; and then, in the next place, everything should be carefully avoided that tends to check perspiration. In fact, when the skin becomes dry persons may drink water until they perspire in a free manner. When the skin is in good working order there is not much danger of becoming over-heated. A straw hat is a good covering for the head, and a good plan to keep the head cool is to wear a leaf, previously dipped in water, in the crown of the hat. Every opportunity should be taken to remove the hat when in the shade, as the fresh air cools the head and removes any tendency there may be to a slight congestion of the brain.
All strong drinks should be avoided without exception. The use of alcoholic beverages has a greater influence to over-heat the body, by producing the predisposing causes together.
It is safe never to drink ice water, yet those who are in the habit of drinking ice water it will not hurt so much as those who only occasionally use it. People from the country on celebration days drink ice water, ice lemonade, and eat ice cream all day long, and often thus contract a disease of the stomach of which they are never cured.
GATHERED TREASURES.
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
A laugh costs too much when bought at the expense of virtue.
Men may live fools, but they cannot die fools.
Divine confidence can swim upon those seas which feeble reason cannot fathom.
Time is but the foam of the fathomless ocean of eternity.
The very first step towards action is the death warrant of doubt.
To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.
Children should always be taught reverence and respect for the aged.
Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.
A kind word may often outweigh in real worth the wealth of the universe.
Four things come not back. The broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.
The man who gets bit twice by the same dog, is better adapted for that kind of business than any other.

GAVE FIFTY DOLLARS TO KISS BOOTH.

A good story was told on Booth when he was here last, says the Philadelphia Press, which illustrates his indifference to the class of women who always find something irresistible and fascinating in the men who earn their living behind the foot-lights. Booth was travelling on the Boston and Albany road one day, having just closed an engagement in the New England metropolis. He heard an expensively-dressed, handsome, middle-aged woman back of him sigh and say to her companion: "I would give \$50 to kiss that man." Booth turned suddenly and looked at the speaker. "Do you mean that?" he demanded, fixing his fine dark eyes upon her, and causing the blood to mount up to the very roots of her hair. "Why, yes, of course I do," replied the woman, confidently, looking in a hopeless sort of way at the great tragedian and at the smiling tragedian. "Well, I accept the terms," said Booth, solemnly. "And I stand by my proposition," said the woman, recovering her self-possession, and rising, she imparted a sounding kiss upon the actor's lips. Booth's face did not betray the slightest emotion. He received the kiss stolidly, and did not return it, but waited until the impetuous woman found her purse and handed him a \$50 bill. He took the money, thanked her, and turning to a feeble, shabbily-dressed woman on the other side of the aisle, who was traveling with two young children, placed the money in her hands, and with a courtly bow said: "This is for the children, madam. Take it, please, and without another word he left the car.

AN ARKANSAS TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

In an Arkansas town several nights ago, a mob, led by a desperate man, marched to the jail, dragged a murderer from a cell and hurried with him to the outskirts of the town. Each man wore an expression of determination—features hardened by awful resolve. The prisoner attempted to speak, to beg for his life, but his hands closed around his throat and the prayer he would have uttered went out in an inarticulate gurgle.
When the infuriated men reached a large oak, they halted. One of them threw a rope over a limb.
"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "please give me a chance to say a word."
"Be quick about it," some one shouted.
"Gentlemen, I admit that the evidence is against me, but truly as we stand here, I killed that man in self-defense."
"Killed what man?" was asked.
"Bill Bottelford."
"Say, you ain't the man that killed Bottelford, are you?"
"Yes unfortunately, I am the man." "Men," shouted the leader, "we have come in one of making a terrible mistake." Then turning to the prisoner the leader added: "We thought, sir, that you were the man that stole Nat Boyd's fish trap. Hop down off the box. You are free."
"Talking about funny things," said a big, bronzed, bearded man in the reading room of an up town hotel last night, "the funniest thing I ever heard of happened in my saw mill out in Michigan. We used an upright saw for sawing heavy timber. One day, not long ago, the men had all gone to dinner, leaving the saw, which ran by water power, going at full speed. While we were away a big black bear came into the mill and went nosing around. The saw caught his fur and twitched him a little. Bruin didn't like this for a cent, so he turned around and fetched the saw a lick with his paw. Result, a badly cut paw. A blow with the other paw followed, and it was also cut. The bear was by this time aroused to perfect fury, and rushing at the saw, caught it in his grasp and gave it a tremendous hug. It was his last hug, and we lived on bear steak for a week. When we came up from dinner there was half a bear on each side of the saw, which was going ahead as nicely as though it had never seen a bear. This is a fact, so help me Bob," and the big lumberman bit off a fresh chew of tobacco.—New York Tribune.

SOUTH-WESTERN WAYS.

Georgia and Arkansas Law Reports.
[Arkansas Traveller.]
A man in Georgia was arrested on a charge of stealing a plow and a gallon of whisky. The judge, in his charge to the jury, said: "Gentlemen, under the law, you are compelled to convict the defendant for stealing the plow, but under the law you can do nothing with him for stealing the whisky, for our constitution grants to every man the right of self-defense. This man, having been drunk, needed the whisky, but he did not need the plow. There is no excuse for a man stealing useless articles." "Your honor," exclaimed the prisoner, "I stole the whisky first and was drunk when I stole the plow." "In that event, gentlemen," added the judge, "you can do nothing with the defendant, and I therefore recommend his discharge."

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200 Bunches of Pork.
200 Bunches of Bacon.
200 Bunches of Butter.
200 Bunches of Lard.
200 Bunches of Flour.
200 Bunches of Sugar.
200 Bunches of Coffee.
200 Bunches of Tea.
200 Bunches of Rice.
200 Bunches of Beans.
200 Bunches of Corn.
200 Bunches of Potatoes.
200 Bunches of Apples.
200 Bunches of Peaches.
200 Bunches of Plums.
200 Bunches of Cherries.
200 Bunches of Strawberries.
200 Bunches of Raspberries.
200 Bunches of Blackberries.
200 Bunches of Blueberries.
200 Bunches of Elderberries.
200 Bunches of Mulberries.
200 Bunches of Huckleberries.
200 Bunches of Raspberries.
200 Bunches of Blackberries.
200 Bunches of Blueberries.
200 Bunches of Elderberries.
200 Bunches of Mulberries.
200 Bunches of Huckleberries.

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