THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1887. NO. 9.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PATAPSCO 196 SUPERLATIVE PATENT C. A. GAMBRILL Mfg. Co. BALTIMORE

THE

Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.

ESTABLISHED--1774

The value of FLOUR depends upon the ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF NUTRITION CONTAINED IN THE BREAD IT MAKES. Maryland and Virginia Wheat, from which our PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are chiefly manufactured, has long been conceded to be SUPERIOR to any other, because it has a BETTER COMBINATION OF GLUTEN AND PHOSPHATES. This fact is recognized not only in this country, but in the United Kingdom as well, where the "PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other American Flour. Ask your grocer for it. Also for

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Patapsco Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra,
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22 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

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DRUGS & MEDICINES,

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LOWEST PRICES,

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WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.

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FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS

REMEMBER that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

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DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS,

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[illegible] MAN HOW ENLARGED AND VIGOROUS MADE. NO MEDICINE. [illegible] Address with stamp, giving all particulars, for information. Free. Address, Dr. Hoffman, Buffalo, N.Y.—Toledo Examiner Buf.

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WE HAVE MADE

M. F. HART,

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N. B. JOSEY & CO.,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.,

Our agents for the sale of our Ladies' Fine Shoes, for their respective sections.

We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme, Wonkenphast and Creole lasts, the latter is just out and is very nice. We use the McKay Machine and sew with best Barbour's thread. Every pair warranted. They are nice, neat and stylish. Give them a look when you want a shoe and you will be pleased.

E. P. REED & CO.
sept 16 1y Rochester, N. Y.

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ADVERTISING AGENTS
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Tutt's Pills

stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

Feb 3 1y

MONEY is to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex, all ages. Something new, that just coins money for the workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. dec 3 1y.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. dec 3 1y.

SOUND THE ALARM.

When you meet a friend all smiling,
One who lives to joke and chaff,
One who seeks to be beguiling
Some acquaintance to a laugh,
And he starts the ancient story
Which he never fails to tell,
Mercilessly check his glory—
Gently touch the chestnut bell.

When the drummer brings his samples
Cheerily into your store,
And he cites as good examples
Men whom we thought of him before
When you've sold him oft for subtly,
That to you he can not sell,
Put the matter still more plainly—
Gently touch the chestnut bell.

When the man who reads the papers,
Taking care each joke to con,
Starts to tell about the capers
Of the President and "Pan,"
Fathers not, you know your duty;
All your sense of pity quell;
Crush him, even in youth and beauty—
Gently touch the chestnut bell.

When the maid with a bow you're roasting
On an evening pensionnée,
Softly whispers in the gloaming
"No one loves me, I'm afraid,"
Fly she has you at the altar,
Of her hopes soon forth the knell:
Grab the thing and do not falter—
Gently touch the chestnut bell.

DON'T DO IT.

A sharp-turned paragraph in a paper I have just laid down says something mean about old maids. Why guy the old maids? Every pert paragrapher flashes his wit at the defenseless maiden well up in years. It isn't right, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. Dog-gone a man, anyhow, who will poke fun at a woman. Ah, funny man, you little know the sorrow sometimes concealed beneath the prim exterior of the old maid. You cannot ken the blighted hopes, the withered love, the bright dreams unrealized, the apples of ashes that fell to her lot, and all that made her an old maid.

Go on funny boy, poke your cheap wit at the dear old girl, say alleged humorous things about her and make her feel bad in her loneliness. Some day you may need the old maid, and O! you mirth-provoking son-of-a-gun, may she be on hand when you want her, with every drop of Christian charity squeezed out of her heart, and gall and bitterness in its place to make it pleasant for you. Oh so pleasant that you will wish you were dead and buried 1,700 feet under ground before you ever poked fun at the old maid.

And there is the mother-in-law, Mister Funny Man—you poke fun at her too. Some day, good sir, you will be married, and it's shekels to dried apples that your wife will have a mother who knows you like a book, and who, to use the vernacular of the street, "has it in for you." I hope she will give you a regular red paint razzle-dazzle me boy, and that she will make you walk the floor and groan and curse the day you were born. You know that the mother-in-law is not all that she is painted. Why, what would we do without the mother-in-law? [Not me—what are you smiling at?] The dear, good, kindly old soul who overlooks the faults of her daughter's husband, and who smooths out the household wrinkles, and keeps things straight, and sees that they are started in life properly, and often comes in handy when there is a bill to pay and no money to pay it—what would fellows do without a mother-in-law? Dear me! I sometimes wish I had one. But—.

ORIGIN OF "CALICO."

The Chicago *Tribune* tells its readers that the derivation of this word (calico) is very interesting as of such an ancient date is its origin. Mrs. Leonowens says in her "Travels in India" that "in the year 1498, just ten months and two days after leaving the port of Lisbon, Vasco de Gama landed on the coast of Malabar at Calicut, or more properly Kala Rhoda, 'City of the Black Goddess.' Calicut was at that period not only a very ancient seaport, but an extensive territory, which, stretching along the western coast of southern India, reached from Bombay and the adjacent islands to Cape Comorin. It was at an early period so famous for its weaving and dyeing cotton cloth that its name became identified with the manufactured fabric, whence the name calico. It is now generally admitted that this ingenious art originated in India in remote ages, and from that country found its way into Egypt. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that calico printing was introduced into Europe. A knowledge of the art was acquired by some of the servants in the service of the Dutch East India Company and carried to Holland, whence it was introduced in London in the year 1676." It is surprising for grown up children, as well as our young folks, to learn that Pliny as early as the first century mentions in his natural history that there existed in Egypt a wonderful method of dyeing white cotton cloth. Calico cannot be despised when it boasts of such antiquity. The shoddy makeup of the present day may look down with contempt upon the calico dress, but "What kind of a lineage has it?" the calico can proudly ask.

A clergyman relates that on one occasion after marrying a couple an envelope was handed him which he supposed of course contained the marriage fee. On opening it he found a slip of paper on which was written: "We desire your prayers."

Just received a line of those celebrated Bay State and Zeigler shoes, acknowledged to be the best goods on the market. P. N. Steinback & Co.

HUMOR ON TOMBSTONES.

FUNNY LINES BY SORROWING RELATIVES AND WICKED WAGS.

SAD SIGHS OF SORROW — HENPECKED HUSBANDS' HUMOR—INNOCENCE AND IGNORANCE STORIED ON MARBLE.

Time was when epitaphs were elaborate sermons, when eulogies to "God's best gift" were of many words, but our modern epitaphs have so diminished in verbal volume that the fame of Cæsar's brevity is in imminent danger. It is not to be inferred at all that rough man loves gentle woman less, but, rather, that he has learned to crystalize his sentiments to fit the contracted space of modern tombstones.

Just how soul-trying, how difficult this condensation, this boiling down as it were of the joyous reminiscences in the life of a hen-pecked P. truchio of his mild-mannered Katherine's gentle curtain talks, so smoothly eloquent because of the omission of all commas, must ever more remain a matter of vague conjecture; but certain it is that a cursory analysis readily extracts the heart wails and tear-yielding grief of a stricken one like him who wrote:

"Here lies my poor wife, a clattern and shrew
If I said I regretted her—I should lie, too."

The poet who wrote of women that

"The learning of their tongue hath, into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear"

was truthful, but it remained for one John Young, in his anguish, to give a prosaic completion to the poet's expression, which he did when he indited the following epitaph:

"Under this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the 24th of May
Began to hold her tongue."

Again, see the calm resignation of a bereaved husband of Cheshire, who, after the date of her death, had placed on his wife's tombstone this touching epitaph:

"There was a great calm."

Next in the lugubrious procession comes a stricken Welshman, and the following epitaph to his "better half" tells of the sweetest spot on earth, and why it is so dear:

"This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers, and covers my wife."

Imagine, if you can, the genuine grief of a modern philosopher who epitomized his irreparable loss in this couplet:

"Here lies my Xantippe, let her lie;
She finds repose at last, and so do I."

And here is the pathetic story of the sad taking off of a Martha Snell:

"Poor Martha Snell, her's gone away,
Nor would, if she could, but her couldn't stay;
Her't was six legs and a laddish cough,
But her legs it was that carried her off."

Now follows the history of the departure of a father and three daughters, the epitaph being taken from the Cheltenham churchyard:

"Here I lies with my three daughters,
All through drinking Cheltenham waters,
If we had but stuck to Epsom salts,
We shouldn't have been buried in these here vaults."

Witness the calm resignation of one who lies at Painswick, Gloucestershire, England:

"My time has come; my days are spent,
I was called away—and away I went."

The disconsolate widow of an English landlord thus advertised the continuance of the tavern business on the epitaph of her lamented husband:

"Here lies the landlord of the Lion,
He's buried here in the hopes of Zion,
His wife, resigned to Heaven's will,
Carries on the business still."

But the following epitaph tells of one who took nothing good with his bouze:

"Here lies John Hill, a man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He never did good, nor ever would,
Had he lived so long again."

But for this preserved epitaph would passed away "unhonored and unsung," gone unregretted to his kindred dust, poor Matthew Mudd as told in the following epitaph:

"Here lies Matthew Mudd,
Death did him no hurt
When alive he was a mud,
Now he's nothing but dirt."

Stephen, a fiddler, now gone to the place to which all good fiddlers are said to go, and which is reported full of them, kept for years the country dance a-going and kept good time with his feet; but, alas! could not evade his own time when it came, for his epitaph reads:

"Stephen and Time
Are now but even;
Stephen beat time,
Now time beats Stephen."

The following epitaph carries with it respect for the widow's anguish, and he who reads it in the cemetery whispers low, lest it wake him from his sleep:

"Sacred to the memory of my husband. Passers pray for his soul's repose; but pray not loud. He is not dead, but sleepeth."

No matter what the degree of kinship, or what the character of life's pursuit, no class can escape the epitaph; the photographer, the pauper or the woodman, to each of them is given a parting shot on the tomb, as follows:

The potographer:

"Here I lie, taken from life."

The pauper:

"Here I lie at the chancel door;
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The further in the more to pay;
Here lie I as warm as they."

The woodman:

"The Lord saw good, I was hopping wood,
And down fell from a tree;
I met with a check and broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me."

All winter goods at prime cost for cash to make room for spring stock. P. N. Steinback & Co.

A LOVE THAT LASTED.

SUCCESSFUL APPEAL OF A TRUE WOMAN FOR HER LOVER'S LIBERATION.

A Nashville (Tenn.) special of the 6th says: Eighteen years ago the doors of the State prison closed upon Frank Riddle of Maury county, who had been sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering a German peddler. There were doubts as to the guilt of Riddle, who refusing to acknowledge the crime and accept a term of fifteen years, insisted upon a plea of not guilty. The trial resulted in his conviction, and the defendant appealed to the Supreme Court, which granted a new hearing. A second verdict against Riddle was rendered and he was sent to the penitentiary. Year after year passed. One after another of the convicts died, and Riddle almost abandoned hope of obtaining his freedom. While Governor Taylor was seated in his office to-day a woman walked into the apartment and presented to the Governor a petition for executive clemency, signed by the lesses and every officer of the prison who stated that Riddle's long incarceration had served the ends of justice. Accompanying the petition was a letter written by the woman who bore it. After the Governor had read the documents the lady rose and addressing him, said:

"Governor Taylor: When that man was accused of murder I was engaged to be married to him. I did not believe him guilty, and did not break the engagement. During the two or three years that the trial was pending I still believed in him. During the eighteen years of his confinement I have stuck to him. His parents have died. His brothers and sisters are all dead except a sister who lives out West. The people who were interested in his case then have forgotten him. I am the only friend he has in the world. My life has been wrapped up in him. I believe in him, and have loved him through all these long, weary years, and I want you to pardon him. I do not ask you to think him an innocent man; but for the sake of two lives that may yet be happy I implore you to set him free."

Without waiting to hear the Governor's decision she arose and left the office and the capitol. When the Governor had cleared his eyes of tears he said to Bishop Granberry: "Such devotion and constancy I have never seen, and whatever Riddle may have deserved, it does look as if that woman ought to have a chance at happiness."

THE LAWS OF HABIT.

If the period between 20 and 30 is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below 20 is more important still, for the fixing of pots and habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture motion and address. Hardly ever is a language, learned after 20, spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there be in his pocket, can he ever learn to dress like a gentleman-born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as the veriest "swell," but he simply can't buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit arrayed this year as he was last, and how his aristocratic acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery till his dying day.

The great thing, then, in all education is to make automatic and habitual, early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and to guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the infallible and effortless custody of automatism the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subject of express volitional deliberation. Full half of the time of such a man goes to the deciding or regretting of matter which ought to have been so thoroughly ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of our readers, let him begin this very day to set the matter right.

A TRICK OF WAR.—Le Paris says that the German drummers and trumpeters are practicing French beats and calls, in order to deceive their enemies in battle. It also says that in many engagements in the war of 1870 the command to cease firing was often given to the French infantry by German buglers, and that the command to halt sounded by the same buglers often stopped a charge of French cavalry, and placed them in position where they could be moved down.—New York *Sun.*

"Breddern," said the parson, "dar am a broad and a narrow way dat leads to hebben, and dar am a narrow and a broad way dat leads to hell."

"In dat case, pa'son," cried a befogged sinner, "dis niggah takes to de woods."

Minot's Dentifrice.

What is more beautiful and comforting than well preserved teeth? Try Minot's Dentifrice. A perfectly safe preparation. By its daily use the teeth are cleansed and beautifully whitened without injury to the enamel. It preserves the gums, and sweetens the breath. Insist upon having Minot's Dentifrice. Price 25c per bottle. For sale by all Druggists.

may 5 1m.

MAXIMS FOR WIVES.

Always remember that you are married to a man and not to a god; be prepared for imperfections.

Anticipate the discovery by your husband that you are "only a woman," if you were not, he would not care about you.

Remember that servants are made of same material as you are; a little coarser grained, perhaps, but the same in essentials.

Read something in the papers besides fashion notes and society columns; have some knowledge of what is going on in the foreign countries.

Be a companion to your husband, if he be a wise man; and if he is not, try and make him become your companion. Raise his standard, do not let him lower yours.

Let your husband know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self-respect and you will be none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

Respect your husband's prejudices; respect his relatives, especially his mother—she loved him before you did.

ASTONISHING SUCCESS.—It is the duty of every person who has used *Boschee's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the *German Syrup* cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at ten cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all druggist and dealers, in the United States and Canada.

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

A very amusing mistake recently occurred in one of the public schools. The reading class was up, and a bright little fellow was reading away with decided vim. The teacher was listening with admiration, but presently was startled when she heard: "And he garnished his teeth with rags." "What's that? What did you say?" she quickly asked. The answer came in child-like simplicity. "He garnished his teeth with rags." The teacher could not refrain from laughing outright when she saw how her pupil had distorted the sentence. "He gnashed his teeth with rags."—Richmond *State.*

Chronic Coughs and Colds,

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in the fullest form. Is a beautiful, creamy Emulsion palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Stamous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles.—W. R. S. Connell, M. D., Manchester, O. "I am using your Emulsion Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites for an affection of my throat, and the improvements are beyond my expectation.—D. Taylor M. D., Cassaware, Ga. may 5 1m.

Great variety of Lawns at 4 and 5c per yard. M. F. Hart.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIQUORS.

C. SMITH.

SEE HIS LIQUORS,
SEE HIS CIGARS,
SEE HIS GROCERIES.

Wine, Beer, Soda.

CANNED GOODS.

EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.

☞C. Smith at Evans' old stand Washington avenue, Weldon, N. C. dec 16 1y

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT AILS THE NATION?

The Average Length of Life Decreasing—Not Pestilence—Not Famine—All our own Fault.

MODERN COOKING AND MODERN LIVING have brought it on. It comes upon us unawares. The patients have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The patient feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the kidney secretions becomes scanty and high colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart and Asthmatic symptoms; the vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-half of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) changes the ferments of the Digestive organs so as to convert the food we eat into a form that will give nourishment to the feeble body, and good health is the consequence. The effect of this remedy is simply marvelous. Millions upon millions of bottles have been sold in this country, and the testimonials in favor of its curative powers are overwhelming. Hundreds of so-called diseases under various names are the result of indigestion, and when this one trouble is removed the other diseases vanish, for they are but symptoms of the real malady.

Testimonials from thousands of people speaking highly of its curative properties prove this beyond a doubt. Sold by druggists.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned having this day qualified in the Superior court of Halifax county as Administrator of the estate of Pocahontas Lee, deceased, hereby notices all persons holding claims against said estate, to present them within twelve months from the date of this notice or the same will be pleaded in bar thereof.

This April 12th, 1887.

W. R. WHITEHEAD,
Adm'r Pocahontas Lee deceased.

apr 21 6w

I. F. DICKENS,

HALIFAX, N. C.,

SALOON

—o— AND —o—

GROCERIES.

A full assortment of Family Groceries.

TOBACCO,
SNUFF,
CIGARS.

CHOICEST LIQUORS.

The public is invited to call on me.

☞Next door to Emry's store towards the postoffice. mar 10 1 yr.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. A. DUNN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
Practices wherever his services are required. Will be at Halifax on the second and second Mondays in each month.
Jan 1, 1887.

JAMES W. BUNN. WALTER E. DANIEL.
MUNN & DANIEL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina.
Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday. jan 7 1y.

F. H. BUSBEE. R. H. SMITH jr.
RALEIGH, N. C. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
BUSBEE & SMITH.
Mr. F. H. Busbee and Mr. R. H. Smith, Jr., Counsellors at Law, have formed a limited partnership for the practice of law in Halifax county. Mr. Busbee will attend the courts at Halifax, Pughsville, and will also visit the county whenever his services are required. oct 18 1y

THOMAS S. HILL,
Attorney at Law,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. aug 26 1f.

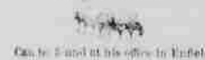
W. C. BROWNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ENFIELD, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties and in the supreme court.
Collections made anywhere in the State, and returns promptly made.

W. W. HALL,
Attorney at Law,
WELDON, N. C.
Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1 1f.

DR. J. E. SHIELDS,
Surgeon Dentist.

Having permanently located in Weldon, can be found at his office in Dunlea's Brick Building at all times except when absent on professional business. Careful attention given to all branches of the profession. Parties called at their homes when desired. july 12 1y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,
Surgeon Dentist,



Can be found at his office in Enfield.
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extraction of Teeth always on hand.
may 26 1y

ADVERTISEMENTS

LIVER WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.
Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.
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