THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XVIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887. NO 30.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PATAPSCO 1866 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

Patapsco Superlative, Cape Henry Family, Bedford Family,
Patapsco Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra,
Patapsco Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family.

C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

aug 12 1y.

S. H. HAWES' COAL ELEVATOR,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

The Only Coal Elevator South!

There are seventy two screens in the Building.
No dust or dirt can possibly get into the Coal as it runs over these screens in passing from the Elevator into the carts.
Consumers get their Coal dry and Perfectly clean.
I have now, and shall always keep on hand, a large stock of all kinds of Coal best suited for Foundry, Factory, and Family use.
All Coal selected and of best quality.
Prompt shipments. Orders solicited.

S. H. HAWES, Richmond, Va.

july 28 2m

THE PLACE TO GET

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

—AT THE—

LOWEST PRICES,

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DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'S,

WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.

WELDON. N. C.

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FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

REMEMBER that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

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J. N. BROWN, B. T. SIMMONS.

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DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS,

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The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY.

A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address Dr. WARD & CO. Louisiana, Mo.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

PARTS of the HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED, RESTORED THE NERVES, etc., is an interesting of testimonial now run in our paper. In reply to inquiries, we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons can send sealed circulars giving all particulars, by addressing THE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Buffalo, N. Y., Inclose Postage Stamp.

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 $5.00 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 2-1y.

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 2 1y

MONEY 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.

PROPOSAL AND ANSWER.

"If, love, your feet can walk with mine,
The way that I must tread,
And if you will not fear, though clouds
Should gather overhead,
But with a brave and kindly heart
Will take me for your guide;
I pledge my self to you for life,
I ask you for my bride.

"If you can put your hand in mine,
And say: "Whate'er is done,
Whate'er is gained, whate'er is lost,
We two are always one;
If you can grasp my true right hand,
Through all the strife of life,
And feel that you can trust its care—
Then, darling, be my wife.

If your heart beats responsive, love,
To every throb of mine,
Like some sweet melody that keeps,
Not only time, but time,
O, fear not, then to trust my heart,
Fear not to be my wife,
Give me your hand, and walk with me
Through all the ways of life."

"Come, clasp my hand, and I will take,
You for my guard and guide,
And if the way be over rough,
We'll climb it side by side,
And if the way be smooth and fair,
And peace and fortunes bless,
Way, then, love brightens every gain,
And doubles happiness.

"For my heart only beats for you,
It answers all you claim;
It freely takes what you can give—
Your love, your hand, your name.
It does not fear, but trusts in you
Through all the ways of life;
If you can be my husband true,
I can be your true wife."

A VAGABOND.

BY JULIE E. WETHERELL.

Jimmy Gayle sat on the pinestraw with his back against a tree, and looked about him. It was a dry, bright, dusty day of autumn, with a burning sun and a cool wind. October had passed through the woods her torch, and set the branches on fire, and in spite of the glow of noon, there was a feeling in the air of the slow approach of winter.

Meanwhile, Jimmy's hand-organ rested on the ground beside him, and the attendant monkey gambolled as far as his chain would allow. But Beppo had that amiable and patient disposition, common to monkeys, which seems to lend itself readily to a monotonous life, and seeks to alleviate it by a hundred little pranks.

He seated himself on a stump, and began to munch a raw onion that he held in both paws; wrinkling his wizened face in an agonized way as he bit into the odorous bulb. Then, to add variety to the repast, he flung the onion on the ground, and pitched headlong after it from the stump. Then he tried holding it with hind-paws while he ate. Then he discarded it altogether, and scrambled toward Jimmy, at an awkward run unpleasantly suggestive of a human being on all-fours. Then he made a futile grab at a passing fly—examined his empty paw cautiously, and stuffed it into his mouth with a foolish simper.

But the onion was the beginning and end of all things and he always returned to it with unabated interest. He had a self-conscious air, perhaps the result of his public career, although, indeed, the monkey is the only animal capable of expressing self-consciousness. The others are supremely indifferent to the opinion of mankind.

But Jimmy was not thinking of Beppo. He threw off his battered hat, and ran his hands through his hair.

"This is good," said he, "it makes me feel young."

It had been many a year since he had set his feet in this corner of Mississippi; but the face of nature does not "grow out of all knowledge," as towns and people do. The spot looked as young as when his eyes first beheld it.

"Must be gettin' old," he mused. "I didn't use to like the thought o' home—seemed to me like bein' tied down to one spot, an' drudgin' there all your days."

The "voice of the highway" had always called strongly upon Jimmy. He was a born vagabond, and a humdrum, respectable life would have been unspeakably irksome to him.

He had married early, and, to please Anna, his fresh cheeked young wife, he had stuck manfully to his trade of tinsmith.

But when she died, leaving a year old child, the obligation seemed to be dissolved, and he began to lead a roving life, putting up odd jobs here and there, and falling into the shambling gait of the tramp.

Mrs. Crane, the widowed sister of his wife, had little patience with him.

"You ain't fittin' to have the charge of a child," she said. "You give Lina to me, an' I'll take care o' her. If you kin make out to do it, you'd better send me some money, now an' then, to pay for her clo'es not that I count much on your doin' it," she added, severely.

Since then, Jimmy had been a wanderer. He had seen many cities, and known many hardships; but had always managed to pick up a living—and, after all, how much better it was than being fettered by all sorts of rules!

At last, one day in New Orleans, the bright idea occurred to him to buy the hand-organ and monkey of an Italian who was anxious to sell. Jimmy had tried to drive a sharp bargain on the plea that the monkey, as well as the hand organ, was "second-handed." But the Italian maintained stoutly that Beppo was as good as new, and would not abate his price so much as one cent.

It proved an excellent investment, for Jimmy went into the rural districts where monkeys and hand-organs are exciting novelties, and the public ear is not sated with constant repetitions of the "Gobble Duet," and "Good-by, honey, I'm gone."

At whatever cluster of houses he stopped he was sure of an admiring audience, and Beppo always handed his gaudy cap back to his master quite heavy with small coin. It was Beppo who made the performance a success, for the children shrieked with delight as he hobbled about, cap in hand, his tail protruding absurdly from his scarlet skirt.

So Jimmy had made money, and, strange to say, had saved it.

In his vagabond life he had taken little note of time, and now, when he stopped to think, he was startled to find how many years had reeled away.

"I'm gettin on in years," he said to himself, with a pang.

Was the day to come when his ears would be too dull to hear the voice of the highway, his limbs too feeble to follow, even if he heard? Somehow, he wanted to get "home" again, and, by this token, he seemed to feel the first chill breath of approaching age.

He wanted to see Lina, his daughter, who must be "nigh onto twenty year," as he phrased it.

"Folks said we were a mighty handsome couple," thought Jimmy. "I don't see no women nowadays that've got red cheeks like Annie had. I wonder if Lina favors her, now she's grown."

After he had seen his daughter, he would take the road again, to earn more money and save it, as a provision for the old age that seemed advancing.

"Pears to me like I can't see as good as I did," he muttered, getting stiffly on his feet, and passing his hand across his eyes.

He felt sluggish, and the organ seemed to weigh more heavily on his back than of yore. He gave the monkey quite a paternal smile, as the creature scrambled up on his shoulder. Jimmy was fond of animals, and Beppo had been a companion to him.

He was still some distance from Palmyra, his native village. His usual plan was to pass the night in the house of some good-natured countryman; carrying in his knapsack the daily supply of food for himself and Beppo.

A day's tramp brought him near Palmyra, and he began to realize that it was illness, not age, that was pressing upon him.

How his feet flagged! But it was not far off—not so very far—and Lina would nurse him now that he was sick.

He wondered if many changes had taken place in the village. He could see, in fancy, his sister-in-law's prim little house, painted yellow, with brown shutters, the neat little white fence, and, in the yard, the Cape jasmine bushes, the rosy crape myrtle trees, and the mimosa spreading its feathery branches like a sun-shade. How well he remembered that genteel, chilly parlor of hers, with the horse-hair furniture the fireplace blocked up with a screen of gaudily flowered paper, the long-faced clock on the high mantle-piece, flanked by two large pink shells, a blue vase at one end, and at the other, a white plaster deer that had very black eyes, a red nose, and highly arched eyebrows, which gave it an expression of perpetual surprise.

Jimmy knew these adornments by heart. He had conned them over so often those long, dull Sundays that he and Annie had spent, with Mrs. Crane, in the old days.

Well, here he was in Palmyra at last.

It looked very much the same. There was the courthouse with its sky-blue dome and the tall clock-tower; but he could no longer tell the hour, at such a distance. Everything was dull and quiet. A few horses were tied at a rack facing one of the saloons, and some men were sitting in front of the weather-beaten stores. An ox-wagon crawled along the street, with a tattered negro driver trudging beside it, cracking his whip, and shouting encouragement to Brandy, Whisky, Logan and Red. Another wagon was stopping at the grocery, and one of the oxen was lying down, dragging the yoke heavily on the patient neck of his mate.

Jimmy had to pass the church on his way to his sister-in-law's house.

Here was a transformation! It was freshly painted, and had stained-glass windows, quite like a city church. Something was going on inside—perhaps a wedding. As Jimmy stopped and rested his organ on the banquette, with Beppo on top of it, the bridal party came forth.

The bridegroom wore a look of sheepish joy. His boots and his hair shone alike with an oily lustre. His pantaloons were not quite long enough, and his frock-coat was too short in the waist—clearly he was a village beau. The bride was robed in thin white muslin, lavishly trimmed with cheap lace. A wreath of white artificial flowers bristled around her pretty, rosy face, and she wore clumsily-fitting white kid gloves; but nothing would vulgarize the shining of her deep brown eyes.

A crowd of young people followed her, the girls in light, fresh dresses and bright ribbons, and with them an elderly woman in a gown of some wiry gray stuff. Jimmy recognized his sister-in-law.

"Lord! she ain't changed," he thought; "got just the same sharp look outer her eye. She ain't grown moldier—just dried up."

The bride turned and addressed her as "aunt."

Jimmy's heart gave a great thrill of pride. This was his daughter, this young lady! He and Annie had not had such a fine wedding. He felt like rushing up to her, and telling her he was her father.

But at this moment, one of the girl's said, quite audibly:

"Jenny, just look at that horrid man. I feel right scared of him."

Jimmy shrank back. No doubt, his tangled hair, and eyes bloodshot with fever made him an unpleasant sight. This was not the time to press his relationship with Lina. He would get a night's lodging somewhere in the village, and "sorter fix up" before going to his sister-in-law's house.

He paused at a small cottage on the edge of Palmyra. Of old, the Lemons had lived here; but when he knocked, a strange face appeared at the door.

"Kin I get a night's lodgin' here?"

"Kin you?" repeated the man, stepping hastily back, and speaking with angry sarcasm. "Not much, you can't, with them spots all over your face. The country's full o' small pox, but we haven't had none here, an' we don't want none. So you clear out, an' don't be givin it to other folks. The Mayor won't allow you in the town," he added, with the pitilessness of terror.

He slammed the door, and retired, calling "Almiry, you Almiry, fetch me the camphire bottle."

Jimmy turned away, with a swelling heart. He was an outcast then—Jimmy Gayle, who had been always welcome among his wandering companions, and had been called a good fellow. But he would ask nothing more of any man, he said to himself, as he toiled along—whither? He scarcely knew.

He came to an empty cabin, standing not far from the road. It was a poor enough place, and the floor would make a hard bed; but at least it would be a roof over his head.

He grew worse and worse.

"I b'lieve I'm dyin'," he muttered, "an' I never got home, after all."

He tried to frame a prayer, and fix his mind on pious things. But all he would think of was the green-and-white church where he had gone to Sunday-School. The picture rose before him of himself seated on a bench, swinging his bare feet. The back door stood open, and his thoughts went wandering out like lost sheep—past the great clump of Cherokee studded thick with white roses, and the bloomy hawthorn hedge, across the green fields, to the great woods where there was a glimpse of bright water running on and on. With what a tinkling voice it called upon him to follow! His Sunday-school teacher wore wonderful flowers in her bonnet, and used some sweet kind of scent on her hankerchief. He never knew his lessons, and she used to shake her head at him, and hold up Tom Parker as a model of good behavior, as she put down a bad mark after Jimmy's name. The little shrill voices of the children, singing the hymn, rang through his head. How still it was, this Sunday! It seemed as if even the birds knew what day it was, and kept quiet. Only the children's hymn and the reedy pipe of the melodeon floated out of the window, and rose toward the sky.

He came back with a start.

"Yes—I'm dyin'," he said, in a parched voice. He fumbled at Beppo's collar. Why should he keep the poor little beast with him to starve? He could live a life of liberty in the woods. At first, Beppo did not realize the fact of his freedom, but continued to frolic aimlessly about the hut.

Jimmy's bleared eyes followed him with the anxious hope that he might stay.

But Beppo had discovered the door—he hesitated on the threshhold for an instant—and was gone.

The man sobbed aloud. Now, indeed, he was alone.

Then he forgot himself in heavy dreams, through which the outside noises of birds and insects pierced dimly.

He thought that Lina was a child again, and her little pattering footfall was echoing on the bare floor. The sound was so real that his eyes sprang open.

It was Beppo. Affection for his master was scarcely the power that had brought him back. It was rather because he had been bred in close quarters, and did not comprehend, as yet, the wide liberty of woodland life. More than this, all that his brute instinct knew of home and food centred in Jimmy; so he had come home to be fed.

Jimmy tried to thank God for releasing him from the terror of utter loneliness. He thought to himself that he would feed Beppo once a day, so that the creature would stay with him, as long as the food in the knapsack lasted.

But he would drift away into stupor again, and half arousing from it, would fancy that another day had come, and it must be time to feed Beppo.

In reality, the period of his suffering was not long; but what an eternity of misery it held!—of fever, of pain, and the agony of thirst searing the parched and swollen throat.

Beppo scrambled about the floor, playing with sticks and straws, and chattering to himself. Sometimes he would try and catch the scaly-backed lizards that darted away over the rough boards with a husky, rattling noise. Now and then, he would run to his master's side, and pass his black paws over his face, grunting: "Ouf, ouf!" Sometimes he went out, but always returned.

Jimmy had become very still. The monkey's clever paws were rummaging in the knapsack.

The sky was deeply blue, and the sun was smiting the withered fields and ruddy forests with all its burning might. Through the hot silence thrilled the note of the locust.

Jimmy opened his eyes. Everything swam before them in a dark mist.

"It's gettin' night," he whispered, his lips scarcely forming the words.

The vagabond's wanderings were ended.

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:— No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle 75 cents.

HOW MARGARET DREW THE LINE.

Our pantry is next to our kitchen, where Margaret received the visits of her Mickey. One evening I went down to the pantry for something, and while there was an involuntary eavesdropper on poor Margaret. She had confided to me only a few days before that, shortly after Lent, we would have to look out for a new girl, and we consequently received Mickey with more good will than before he declared his intentions, although we were sorry to think we would lose Margaret. On the evening in question Mickey was in the kitchen, where Margaret was finishing up her work. After the rumble of a gridiron falling to the floor had subsided, I heard the following dialogue:

"No, Mickey. No, you cannot."

"Ah, Maggie, dear gi' me one kiss from those sweet lips."

"Mickey," replied Margaret, in a stern voice, "you must own the bowl before you claim the sugar." I recommend Margaret's views to the serious consideration of young ladies who are unable to decide what is the proper conduct for engaged couples without writing to the newspapers. —St. Louis *Post Dispatch.*

Delicate Children, Nursing

Mothers, Overworked Men, and for all diseases where tissues are wasting away from the inability to digest ordinary food, or from overwork of the brain or body, all such should take Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. "I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate, and threatened with Bronchitis. It put her in such good health and flesh that I must say it is the best Emulsion I ever used."—L. P. WADDELL, M. D., Hugh's Mills, S. C. "I have used Scott's Emulsion, and must say it is the best preparation of the kind I have ever used and I have found it the very thing for children that have marasmus"—Dr. J. E. Leyton, Brewer P. O., Mo.

Sept. 15 1-mo.

HAVING in our official capacity as members of the Plymouth, Pa., Hospital Committee, been asked to test and prove the effectiveness of many different articles to be used as disinfectants in sick rooms and as preventives of infectious fevers, report that Darbys Prophylactic Fluid has been thoroughly tested during the recent Typhoid epidemic in this place. It proved most efficacious in staying the spread of the Fever.

F. H. Armstrong, S. M. Davenport,
J. A. Opp, O. M. Lance,
Thos. Kerr, James Lee, Jr

Sept 15 1mo.

IS HE A SHE, OR SHE A HE?

Do we ever think of a "he" angel.

Never. In poetry and song, in picture and statute they are always "she." The idea of an angel in a swallowtail coat or an ulster.

When a man sings, "Thou art the angel of my dreams," is he thinking of a being in pantaloons with a stove pipe hat on his head? Not much. But of glorious floating symphony in white muslin with blue ribbons and golden locks and starry eyes, with the first flush of the morning on her cheeks. That is the kind of an angel he is after.

To be sure the Scriptures don't speak of a "she" angel. St. John, who wrote most about them says "he" placed one foot on the land and the other on the sea and uses the masculine pronoun each time in speaking of them. And Jacob, doubtless, did not wrestle with feminine angel because he would have been more polite, but in those old days women had not taken the advanced position which a higher civilization has given her.

To-day "she" is the angel and no other.

New and beautiful goods at M. F. Hart's.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HE WAS GREATLY MISTAKEN,

A Maryland Chemist Reckoned Without His Host.

I live in the midst of the malarial districts of Maryland, near the city of Washington, and am exposed to all the dangerous influences of the impure air and water of that region.

Being naturally of a strong constitution, I had frequently boasted that no chills and fever or other malarious complaint would ever trouble me.

This was my experience and the condition in which I found myself six months ago. I first noticed that I did not feel so sprightly and vigorous as was my wont to do. I felt tired and enervated. Soon I noticed a distinct and distressing back ache would make its appearance in the afternoon, increasing in severity if the exercise was more than usually violent. Then a stretchy feeling with profuse gaping made its appearance. Then my head, always clear as a bell, would feel heavy and I began to have headaches.

The cold stage was marked with chattering of the teeth, severe rigors passed over me, and no amount of clothing could keep me warm. The chill was succeeded in turn by the fever, in which I seemed to be burning up, the congestion in my head produced a violent pain in the frontal portion and a heated sensation of the eyelids, with an indescribable aching of the lower limbs. Nausea and vomiting occurred with severe retchings, and when the paroxysms passed off I was thoroughly prostrated by a weakness that was felt in every part of me.

I dragged myself with quinine, and obtained some relief. But my respite was of brief duration. I was now so much reduced that I could hardly walk or stand upright. My disease soon culminated in a continued malarial fever which kept me closely confined for about a week. I became exceedingly depressed and melancholy, so much so that I lost interest in my work, and, indeed, scarcely cared what happened to me.

During all this time, it must be understood that I had no neglect medical treatment. All the most powerful remedies were tried, such as Iron Arsenate of potash, alkaloids of iron, mercury, bromide of potassium, chloride of bismuth, chloralose, chloride of gold, quinine and several others. All this I did under the advice of eminent physicians.

It was while I was in this deplorable condition that the claims made for Kaskine, a new quinine, as a specific for malaria, were first brought to my attention. I knew nothing of its value to justify my having any confidence in it, but as everything else had failed I deemed it my duty to try it, so I began its use, and its prompt and radical effects were of the nature of a revelation to me. Many people may think the statement scarcely credible, but it is a fact that after only a few days' use of Kaskine all the leading symptoms in my case were decidedly abated or ceased altogether; and in a few weeks from the time I took the first dose I was cured.

This was about the first of January, and since then I have experienced no recurrence of the malarial symptoms in any form. A remedy of such exceptional virtue for the cure of malaria ought to be commended and universally made known. I have therefore urged it upon the attention of my friends, several of whom have used it with like good results in every case, and it is with the greatest pleasure and sincerity that I commend Kaskine to sufferers from malaria everywhere.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. HIRD, B. A.,
Assistant Chemist Navy and Agricultural College.

P. S.—Should any one wish to address me as to the genuineness of the above letter, I will cheerfully respond.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application. Price $1.00 for six bottles, $5.00. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Kaskine Company, 54 Warren St., New York, and 35 Farringdon Road, London.

SALE OF VALUABLE LAND.

Under a mortgage from G. G. Gary to Paul Gary, trustee, I will sell for cash at the Court house in Halifax, on Monday, November 7th, lots Nos. 58, 174 and 175, now occupied by G. G. Gary, on Blakeley street and near the Methodist church in Weldon. Said mortgage is recorded in book 54, pages 288-9 in Register's office.

The said property may be sold privately.

For information, apply to G. G. Gary, Weldon, or John A. Moore, Halifax, N. C.

PAUL GARY, Trustee.

sep 8 6w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of the late D. B. Bell before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Halifax county, I hereby give notice to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to me at Enfield, N. C., on or before the first day of October 1888 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will come forward and settle at once and save cost of suit.

DAVID BELL, Administrator.

Enfield, N. C., August 27th, 1887.

sep 1 6w

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLINERY.

I am daily receiving my Spring stock of Millinery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., embracing all the latest novelties. You are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and prices, before purchasing.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon, N. C.

apr 28 1y

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

NEWTON & LEE.

We have on hand and for sale cheap

FAMILY GROCERIES,
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CONFECTIONERIES,
TOBACCO, SNUFF,
CIGARS, &c.

ORANGES,
LEMONS,
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DATES,
NUTS,
RAISINS,
&c., &c. &c.

—ALSO—

FRESH BREAD,
CRACKERS,
CAKES,
PIES,
&c.,
&c.

MADE AT OUR OWN

BAKERY.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

NEWTON & LEE,
Washington Avenue, Weldon, N. C.

may 24 1y

VALUABLE FARMS FOR SALE!

I will sell for cash or on easy terms the following property:

A farm situated about two miles from Halifax, on the road leading to Enfield, now occupied by Jas. L. Onsby, containing about 628 acres. Good dwelling house and all necessary out houses.

A farm six miles from Halifax on same road, containing about 200 acres. Good dwelling and out houses.

The farm whereon I now reside, about 7 miles from Halifax, containing 345 acres. It has a fine orchard and is well adapted for cotton, corn and trucking.

Also other farms which will be shown to purchasers.

For further information apply to me or to John A. Moore, Halifax, N. C.

B. F. GARY,
Halifax, N. C.

sep 8 6w

SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES.

On Monday, the 3rd day of October, 1887, I will sell for cash at the court house door in Halifax, to satisfy State and county taxes, the following real estate in Halifax county:

One lot in the town of Weldon belonging to Wesley Harrison, for taxes of 1885 and 1886.

100 acres of land in Weldon township, listed by R. M. Apperson, for taxes of 1885.

71½ acres of land in Weldon township, listed by E. G. Everett, for taxes 1885 and 1886.

R. J. LEWIS, Shff.
By J. A. Johnston, Deputy.

sep 1 4w