

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1887.

NO. 35.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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. OUR PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are manufactured from the CHOICEST WHEAT obtainable. Baltimore stands pre-eminent in this country as a market for choice wheat which gives us a real advantage in the selection of the BEST THAT IS GROWN. THE SUPERIOR COMBINATION OF GLUTEN AND PHOSPHATES thus afforded, enables us to place our flour on the market FLOUR UNEQUALLED FOR ITS VITRITY AND NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES. This fact is recognized not only in this country, but in Europe as well, where the "PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other American Flour. Ask your grocer for PatapSCO Superlative Patent, Bedford Family, PatapSCO Family Patent, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family.
C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
214 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

W. H. BOBBITT & SON,
LITTLETON, N. C.

HAVE JUST OPENED THEIR FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF GOODS CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Tin ware, Groceries, and Confectioneries, generally, and respectfully invite everybody to come and see them before making purchases elsewhere.

Very Respectfully,
W. H. BOBBITT & SON.

THE PLACE TO GET DRUGS & MEDICINES,
—AT THE—
LOWEST PRICES,
IS AT

DR. A. R. ZOLICOFFER'S,
WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.

WELDON, N. C.
STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL.
PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.
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FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

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TOILET ARTICLES,
PERFUMERY,
COMBS,
BRUSHES,
PLAIN AND FANCY STATIONERY,
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PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED.
Open on Sundays 9 to 10:30 A. M. and 6 to 7:30 P. M.

The Old Doctor
A Life Experience. Remarkable and Quick Cure. Trial Packages. Send stamps for sealed packages. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

Tutt's Pills
stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unexcelled as a medicine.
Sold Everywhere.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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 \$1.00 per week, 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 we will send them a copy of our circular, and will send them a copy of our circular, and will send them a copy of our circular.

MONKEY
to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you a copy of our circular, and will send you a copy of our circular, and will send you a copy of our circular.

THE BULL STOOD ON THE NEW MOWN GRASS.

BY HAL BERTHE.
The bull stood on the new mown grass,
Went to all he had with.
One man alone had tried to pass,
But that was all he did.
You, beautiful and calm he stood,
As to him the bull spoke.
A creature of reflective mood—
Show me the bull that's not.
The man stood at the meadow's gate,
And watered the big bull's share,
Pleading awhile to calculate,
His chance of getting through.
"If I keep him," he said to himself,
"I shall have to feed him well."
But nothing was the wind replied,
That whistled through the fence.
The meadow's gate, he would not go,
Without the water's aid.
That keeper's drink had gone to stew,
And neither saw nor heard.
The meadow's gate, "I will not go,"
I cannot stay," he cried,
So with a bound he leaped the gate,
And reached the other side.
Then came a shriek a crashing sound,
The man's "oh!" "why now he had
Ask of the gate the steepest sound,
And taking his points to save.
Oh, cost and yet that one pair
Of points had suffered here;
But the blackest thing that perished there
Was that man's misdeed.

THE ENGINEER.

"That is a very good story, boys, and reminds me of something that happened several years ago, when I was firing for one of the best men that ever pulled a 'throttle,' said a veteran engineer in a crowd of railroad employes. "If I thought it wouldn't tax the patience of you too much, I would tell you about it—although," he said, after a moment's pause, "I have never dared speak of the accident, or incident, since it happened, in 1868, I believe."
"Let's have it, Uncle Tommy," spoke up the crowd as one man, who well knew Uncle Tommy's undoubted ability at story-telling when the subject involved railroad-ing.
"To begin with," said he, after the crowd had become quiet and assumed a listening attitude, "it is necessary to tell you about my engineer, in order that you may the better appreciate the story, and be less bitter in your denunciations of his conduct on the night in question, for the story I am going to tell you happened at night."
"His name was Wendell—Earl Wendell, a very pretty name, you will say, but it was very appropriate, for I will go on record as saying that he was the handsomest man that old Tom ever laid eyes on. When I say handsome, why that is just what I mean exactly, for he was really and truly handsome, and what made him still more so in my eyes, he didn't know it. That is, you wouldn't think he knew it, from his actions. He was just simply good, handsome Earl Wendell of the '55.' I had been firing for him about eighteen months, and had come to love him as a brother. This same Earl Wendell that I am telling you about was in love. He loved one girl, and the Lord only knows how many girls along the line were head over heels in love with him. During my run with him never a day passed that some shy maiden didn't send him flowers, or some little token of friendship, as we were passing through. Sometimes they would come themselves, then again they would send a messenger. It was that way all along. I have seen Earl's box full of flowers. He would accept them in every instance simply with a bow and a faint smile, returning his thanks to the sender, thrust them into his box, and that was the last of them until they withered; then he would raise the box lid and cast them out, seemingly unconcerned and little caring of the pang that such action would cause in the hearts of the fair donors had they known the fate of their flowers.
"Earl appreciated all this, I am confident, but as I have said, he was in love, not with the girls at every station but with one girl, and he was determined to keep his heart for her and her only. How this action was appreciated by the favored one you will know after awhile.
"About fifty miles from Providence was the supper house for our train. It was called the 'Bush' supper house. Bush was a jolly old German and was universally liked by the railroaders and travelers generally. Besides being the proprietor of the Bush house he was the father of as pretty a girl as ever took a step. Her name was Bessie, and she was Earl Wendell's girl. I can't begin to describe her, but she was just the girl, I thought, for Earl Wendell. Earl thought the same way and made her promise long ago to share his fortune with him. All the railroad men knew of Earl's and Bessie's engagement, and speculation was rife as to when the wedding was to come off."
"Occasionally Earl would come from the Bush house bringing his flowers. These had a separate place from the rest, and I have known him to haul one of his bouquets a month, and then part with it with a sigh.
"One day Earl said to me:
"Uncle Tommy, how do you like Bess?" "Mighty well, Earl," I replied. "Miss Bush is what I call a first-class little woman."
"Earl was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Uncle Tommy. Well, Bess and I are going to get married next Sunday week."
"Earl always called her 'Bess' for short."
"Is that so?" answered I, frowning surprise. "I expected as much, Earl, but I thought it would be too inquisitive to ask you."
"I should have told you," he answered, "but I thought it best to keep it a secret, at least until now. I now want you to be at the wedding. It will take place at his father's house."
"This conversation took place on Wednesday, I believe. When we stopped for supper again it was on Friday. It took us two days to make the round trip, as we were on the mixed freight, and you know they generally take their time.
"When we walked into the hotel office Bessie introduced a stranger to Earl and myself, as Mr. Eubanks. I did not think anything about it much, but I noticed a dark shadow came on Earl's handsome face.
"It looked as though Bessie was rather attentive to the stranger and was less to Earl, but I thought that was only natural, as he was a stranger and Earl an old acquaintance. It was one of old Bush's hobbies to make every stranger feel at home while at his house. Probably this was more to gain custom than anything else. I don't know. However Earl at his supper in silence, and was off again to his engine before I was half through. I left the stranger and Bess in the office together, chatting very pleasantly.
"Do you know Mr. Eubanks, Tom?" asked Earl when I got to the engine, putting a great deal of stress on the "Mr." part of his question.
"I do not," I replied. "Why?"
"Nothing," he replied.
"We made the balance of the run in silence. I don't think Earl spoke a word. I could tell though he was writhing in the agonies of jealousy.
"I don't think Earl and Bess spoke the next trip, nor the next, nor the next. The stranger was still at the Bush house. I knew from the turn affairs had taken, or were taking, that Earl and Bessie's wedding was off. Although he never had told me as much, I knew that it couldn't be otherwise.
"The next trip we made was Earl's wedding night. He had on his overalls, and was unusually solemn and morose, not speaking to or looking at me during the run of fifty miles. I was on the point once or twice of asking him if this was not his wedding night, but I did not, knowing too well that it was either indefinitely postponed or off forever.
"When we stepped into the office that night old Bush met us at the door.
"Fifty miles too late, boys!" he exclaimed, grasping both our hands at the same time.
"Why? is supper over?" I asked.
"No, no; plenty of supper," he replied, still holding our hands. "Extra supply up supper. Der veldin' der veldin' vat's shut happen!"
"The wedding?" asked Earl and I, in a breath.
"Who's married?"
"Why, mine Bess and Mr. Eubank, uv course. They takes der bridal trip together."
"Earl fell back in dismay. Poor fellow! I had felt all day as though I knew this would happen.
"Bess married!" he gasped, looking as white as a sheet, as he clutched my hand.
"Yes, answered the seemingly jubilant German, "and you leaf on your train together!"
"Ah!" answered Earl, as he strode back to the engine. "Tender her my congratulations." That was all he said.
"What had he resolved upon?"
"I went into supper, feeling about as badly as Earl. I imagine, for I was really sorry for him. There were the bride and groom looking as happy as a couple could look.
"Where is Mr. Wendell, Uncle Tommy?" asked Bess, as I walked in.
"What should I say?"
"He is not coming to supper tonight," I replied, "he is not feeling well."
"I am sorry," was her comforting reply.
"Congratulations then, as under the circumstances I was compelled to do, but I could better have wrung the villain's neck, for I had come to the conclusion that he was a villain."
"I came out to the train with the bride and groom. They got on the coach attached to the freight, put on as an accommodation for passengers. I went on down to the engine, and found Earl sitting on the box with his face buried in his hands. He was the very picture of despair. A dark shadow overcast his countenance. As I climbed upon the engine a low groan escaped his tightly closed lips. Poor Earl! What could I do or say to cheer him up in this hour of utter despair? While I was thus thinking, knowing not what to say, fearing I might wound instead of comfort him, he suddenly turned upon me with a look I shall never forget. His eyes, usually bright and sparkling, were now flashing fire. He had nursed his wrath as long as he could, and now it burst forth in all its fury. His teeth chattered and his face was white with rage."
"Where are they?" he asked, grasping the throttle of his engine.
"They have boarded the train, I answered, in as quiet a tone as possible.

"Then they go with us?"
"Yes."
"Where to—what place?"
"Providence, I believe."
"Very well," he said in a quiet tone.
"By this time a dark, heavy, ominous cloud had gathered in the east. I never saw a cloud gather as quickly, and when we left that station it was amid that thunder's roar and lightning's flash. The lightning fairly danced on the track before us. The rain came down in torrents, and altogether it was a very desolate night."
"Earl Wendell pulled his engine wide open, and she shot out like a cannon ball. Faster and faster we went, until the cars jumped and rattled as though they were going to leave the track every minute. I hardly knew when we reached the first station. We whizzed by like a streak, not checking in the least. The rain was by this time blinding. My hair stood on end. Earl seeing how frightened I was, gave a loud laugh, which chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. I understood now. He intended to run the train off the track, if possible, and let every soul on board perish. Before I was aware of what he was doing he had disappeared through the cab window and was making his way to the front of the engine. In another instant the headlight was out! He had turned it off, and we were plunging into utter darkness at the rate of thirty miles an hour!
"Coming back into the engine with his pistol in his hand he took his seat on the box and gave himself up to the most hilarious laughter. I made a spring to his side, with the intention of shutting her off, but he slapped his cocked pistol in my face, and cried:
"Back, Tom, or you are a dead man!"
"But, Earl," I said, "you will run the train off and cause fearful destruction to life and property!"
"That's what I want to do!" he screamed, with another laugh.
"By this time the conductor, knowing something was wrong, came over the cars to the front, followed by two or three passengers, among them Eubanks.
"What is the matter?" asked the conductor as he sprang on to the engine.
"Stand back!" shouted Earl, with his pistol presented. "I'm running this engine, and the first man who attempts to interfere is a dead man!"
Eubanks made a rush at Earl, who at sight of his rival, fairly foamed with rage.
"Villain!" he screamed, "you dare interfere? You, of all men?"
Eubanks recoiled, horror-stricken. In the meantime we were plunging along in utter darkness, knowing not what minute we would all be dashed to eternity.
While the conductor and Earl were talking in an excited tone, Eubanks slipped up behind Earl with a billet of wood, ready to strike.
"Look behind, Earl!" I cried. In an instant he had turned, and saw Eubanks, ready to brain him.
"Villain! Not satisfied with winning my bride, you would kill me!" and as he said these words his pistol rang out amid the din and confusion, and Eubanks' bridal tour had ended.
"Now!" he said, turning to the conductor, "you may stop the train. I've had my revenge."
Grabbing hold of the lever the conductor shut off the steam, and the train, which a moment ago was plunging along at such a terrific rate of speed, was at a standstill. I went back to the passenger car and conducted Bessie to the terrible scene which awaited her coming. When she beheld the dead form of her young husband her loud, piercing screams could have been heard a mile. Turning her eyes upon Earl, who was standing with a contemptuous smile on his face, she demanded:
"And you are the author of this?"
"Earl did not speak. Her cold, reproachful glance cowed him.
When Earl said he had his revenge he told the truth. There upon the floor of the engine was the dead form of Bessie's husband, and she was bending over him, giving vent to the most piteous moans.
"That was more than revenge!"
He had widowed a beautiful girl, and become himself a felon, a criminal of the deepest dye. Picking up his hat and pocketing his yet smoking revolver in his rage, Earl bid the silent spectators of his awful crime adieu and disappeared in the darkness.
"What did they do with Wendell?" asked one of the listeners.
"Nothing. He came to trial not long after, but was acquitted, the jury finding from the evidence that he acted in self-defense."
"And Miss Bessie—his sweetheart?"
"Oh, she is my wife. A year after the events transpired we were married in the same room in which Eubanks and she were married. Young, you say, to marry me! Oh, no. She was twenty, while I was only thirty-five."
A true household remedy—for the cure of Malaria and Fever and Ague. Quinine. Fifty cents at your druggist.

MANY WAYS TO WED.

THE QUEER LAWS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
From earliest times the various states of society have imposed regulations for the observance of this solemn contract. For marriage is simply a contract, except that the parties cannot change or terminate it by mutual consent, as they can all other contracts. There is in the Royal Library of Paris a written contract made in 1287, between two persons of noble birth in Armaignac. The husband and wife were bound to each other for seven years. It was also agreed that the parties should have the right to renew the tie at the end of that time if they mutually agreed; but if not, the children should be equally divided, and if the number should chance not to be even, they were to draw lots for the odd one.
Among the Romans there were three ways of obtaining a wife—by capture, sale or gift. When a Roman bought a wife, as was the usual way, the ceremony that followed was merely gone through for the sake of having independent evidence of the sale. The head of the family had to give her over to the husband in the presence of witnesses, and it is from this that we have the custom of giving away the bride. Before the period of Rome's greatness, the parties could dissolve the marriage by mutual consent. When they wished to terminate the contract, they usually went before an altar and in the presence of a witness declared the marriage at an end. At and after Rome's greatness the marriage was indissoluble. The Roman husband took his wife not as her husband, but as her father. She came into his family the same as an adopted daughter. Originally the husband had absolute and complete control over her and her property. Even after her death she was subjected to any guardianship that he might have had appointed for her during his lifetime. But a change came in her condition, and came as changes usual come, from one extreme to another. The wife was now subject to the tutelage of guardians appointed by her own family. This tutelage gave her very independent position as to her separate estate and person.
Before this change came, and even afterward, there might be exercised among the Romans complete tyranny by the head of the family over his relations which were members of his family. As head of the family the eldest male was always the lord. He had power not only over his relatives, but all persons connected with his household and his children's households. While the father lived his son was subject to him, although the son might be forty years old and have a large family of his own. The grandchildren were subject to the grandfather the same as their own father. The family was then regarded much as we now regard the individual. If a member committed a crime the whole family was held responsible, and it was perfectly lawful for the injured family to get revenge or satisfaction even if it were necessary to exterminate the whole offending family. This was carried to such an extent that sometimes whole families were destroyed.
If the Romans did not countenance polygamy, the Hebrews did, and they had a more peculiar custom. There was a law among them called the Levirate, which means brother-in-law, and according to this law, if the death of the husband, the next eldest unmarried brother-in-law of the widow married her, if there were no children. In this case the wife of the eldest brother, in the course of time, have ever lost the wife of all the brothers. This custom afterward extended to many of the western nations, but the marriage took place whether there were any children or not. There was another kind of marriage called polygamy, and like the Levirate, it extended to the western countries. This, however, did not gain much foothold among the Hebrews. Polygamy was simply polygamy reversed. According to it the woman was head of the house, and might have as many legal husbands at one time as she pleased. Her children bore her name, and recognized her as the head of the house.
Some of the customs attending a Hebrew marriage were peculiar. The bridegroom drew himself in the most gorgeous style he could command. He next perfumed himself with frankincense and myrrh. Then he went forth covered with garlands, or, if he were rich, he would wear a circlet of gold and ride a gayly caparisoned horse. He was attended to the bride's house by his groomsmen, musicians, singers and torch bearers. The marriage was always celebrated at night and the bride and groom were provided with lamps to meet the bridegroom when he came. On his arrival, he found the bride, bridesmaids and company awaiting him. As soon as the actual ceremony was over, the entire party returned to the bridegroom's house with great rejoicing. When they reached the house, they partook of the wedding feast. The festivities usually lasted during fourteen days. The groom not only furnished the feast, but the robes of those who took part in the ceremony.
"Money marriages in this country, not a century ago, had some resemblance to a Hebrew wedding. In those days the marriage was the cause of great excitement, and the whole neighborhood was usually invited. As the houses of the bride and groom were generally far apart, the groom started early in the morning on a horse as highly caparisoned as the times would allow. He was attended by his groomsmen. The marriage generally took place before noon to enable the whole party to return to the groom's home before dark. The home journey was not always without incident, if any persons were not invited to attend, they were not at all backward about falling trees in the road, piling up all kinds of hindrances and trying off puns to scare the horses. Severe injuries were thus frequently caused, but heavily borne. When the party were within a few miles of the house a horse race was arranged. Two persons were chosen for this dangerous ride. The most impassable road was selected, and the riders started for the house. Well they went over all kinds of obstacles, and when the fortunate one reached the house he was hailed the much-prized blacketty, or the whiskey bottle, was then called. If then returned to Ze

LONG NAP.

Lebanite Courier Journal.
Dr. Galier, the physician at the Frankfort Penitentiary, relates a most remarkable case in the history of his professional practice. He says that two years ago Eli Lucas, colored, came to the penitentiary from Louisville, under a life sentence for murder, and that within six months past he was healthy and capable of performing the heaviest labor. At that time he manifested extreme nervousness, and would shrink and crouch into corners as if experiencing great fright. He soon lost the use of every member of his body, and then fell into a heavy stupor that evidenced the loss of all sensation. In this condition a dead man to all appearances excepting an occasional turning of the head, he remained until the day of the inauguration of Governor Barkner, when he showed the first symptoms of returning to life by making a feeble effort to mutter. Two weeks ago there was an apparent improvement, and today the doctor pronounces him restored sound in body and mind. Lucas says he doesn't remember his illness. He thought he had been in the hospital but a day or two, and was surprised to awaken from an April nap to learn that he was in the middle of the month of October. The treatment was addressed to the brain as the seat of the nerve centres.
HAVING in our official capacity as members of the Plymouth, Pa., Hospital Committee, been asked to test and report the effectiveness of many different articles to be used as disinfectants in sick rooms and as preventives of infectious fevers, report that Drury's 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. Davonport,
J. A. Opp, O. M. Lane,
Thos. Kerr, James Lee, Jr.
Sept. 15-1886.

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. WADKILL, M. D., High'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. Layton, Brewer P. O., Mo. Sept. 15-1886

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 cooking, 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 bottle, 75 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. L. FRYAR,
BEEHIVE & SODA WATER BOTTLER.
Is getting the market with his

BOTTLED GOODS
Of every variety, second to none in his line. Best Beer and Soda Water of every variety of flavor. If you don't believe it give him an

ORDER AND SEE.
Always at his post to attend to the business. With thanks for past favors he hopes to merit a yet more generous patronage.
Respectfully,
J. L. FRYAR, Weldon, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOW DO WE DIG OUR GRAVES?
We must rest or we cannot live. This we all know. But do we all know that we dig our graves with our teeth. Here furnish this sound.

For it is a fact that the children of the world, yet there is a disease, commonly at our doors and in our homes far more dangerous and obstructive. Most people have in their own stomachs a poison, more low, but quite as fatal as the germs of those maladies which sweep men into eternity by thousands without warning in the times of great epidemics. But it is a mere fact, if we are watchful, we can live when we are threatened. The following are among the symptoms, yet they do not always necessarily appear in the same order, nor are they always in the same degree. There is a dull and sleepy feeling; a bad taste in the mouth, especially in the morning; the appetite is changeable, sometimes poor and again it seems as though the patient could eat all; dullness and sluggishness of the mind; no ambition to study or work; more or less head-ache and heaviness in the head; faintness on rising to the feet or moving suddenly; furred and coated tongue; a sense of a load on the stomach that nothing removes; hot and dry skin at times; yellow tinge in the eyes; scanty and high-colored urine; sour taste in the mouth, frequently attended by indigestion of the heart; impaired vision, with spots that seem to be swimming in the air before the eyes; a cough, with a greenish-colored expectoration; poor nights' rest; a sticky slime about the teeth and gums; limbs and feet cold and clammy; irritable temper and bowels bound up and constive. This disease has puzzled the physicians and still puzzles them. It is the commonest of ailments and yet the most complicated and mysterious. Sometimes it is treated as consumption, sometimes as liver complaint, and then again as malaria and even heart disease. But its real nature is that of indigestion and dyspepsia. It arises in the digestive organs and soon affects all the others through the corrupted and poisoned blood. Often the whole body—including the nervous system—is literally stored, even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story. Experience has shown that there is but one remedy that can certainly cure this disease in all its stages, namely, Shaker's Extract of Roots or Mother Sugi's Curative Syrup. It never fails but, nevertheless, no time should be lost in trying other so-called remedies. For they will do no good. Get this great vegetable preparation (discovered by a venerable nurse whose name is a household word in Germany) and be sure to get the genuine article.

SHAKER'S EXTRACT OF ROOTS OR MOTHER SUGI'S CURATIVE SYRUP.

Shaker's Extract of Roots or Sugi's Syrup has raised me to good health after seven doctors had given me up to die with consumption.—See writes E. F. Green, Kirkmanville, Todd Co., Ky.
"BE HEARD OF IT JUST IN TIME." "I had been about giving up to die with dyspepsia when I first saw the advertisement of Shaker's Extract of Roots or Sugi's Syrup. After using four bottles I was able to attend to my business as well as ever. I know of several cases of cholera and fever that have been cured by it." So writes Mr. Thos. Pallum, of Taylor, Geneva Co., Ala.
WORTHY OF A DOLLAR A BOTTLE.
Mr. Thomas P. Evans, of the firm of Evans & Bro., Merchants, Horns town, Accomack Co., Va., writes that he had been sick with digestive disorders for many years and had tried many physicians and medicines without benefit. He began to use Shaker's Extract of Roots or Sugi's Syrup about the 1st of Jan. 1887, and was so much better in three weeks that he considered himself practically a well man. He adds: "I have at this time one bottle on hand, and if I could not get any more I would not take a ten dollar bill for it."
All druggists, or Address A. J. White, Limited, 54 Warren St. N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA.

HALIFAX COUNTY.
SUPERIOR COURT.
M. W. Shields, Adm'r of Mary A. Shields, deceased

Against
Charles W. Shields and others.
An action in the above entitled case having been instituted by M. W. Shields, Administrator of Mary A. Shields, deceased, for the purpose of selling a certain tract of land in said county of Halifax to make assets for the payment of debts due by the said testator at time of her death, the property of said intestate having been exhausted by the said M. W. Shields, Administrator as afore said in payment of debts of said intestate, and it appearing that the satisfaction of the said debts of said intestate to the amount of about five hundred dollars and the cost of the administration and the said debt of said intestate, and it further appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the defendant Julia Locke and Robert Locke are non-residents of the State of North Carolina but reside in the State of Maryland, State of Mississippi, and are infants without guardian, and the defendant James Hancock is a non-resident of the State of North Carolina but now resides in the City of Orlando, State of Florida, and after due diligence cannot be found and that personal service cannot be made on them: Therefore on motion of G. L. Hyman, attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered by the court that advertisement be made in the "ROANOKE NEWS" a newspaper published in the town of Weldon in Halifax county once a week for six consecutive weeks notifying the said defendants to appear at the office of the Superior Court Clerk of Halifax county before John T. Gregory, Clerk of said court on or before the 10th day of November 1887, and show cause if any they have why the order of the plaintiff should not be made.
JOHN T. GREGORY, C. C.
Sept. 24-87.