THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XIX. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888. NO. 13.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS. ESTABLISHED--1774.

OUR PATENT ROLLER FLOURS

are manufactured from the CHOICEST WHEAT OBTAINABLE. Their superiority for UNIFORMITY, STRENGTH and UNAPPROACHABLE FLAVOR has long been acknowledged. The

PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT

Stands unrivalled. Of a rich, Creamy Color, it makes a Bread that will suit the Fastidious. Ask your Grocer for it.

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aug 12 1y.

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CURES Nervous Prostration, Neuralgia, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

BECAUSE It combines the active principles of Celery and Coca, thus strengthening the nervous system.

BECAUSE It cleanses the blood, curing all diseases caused by impure or impoverished blood.

BECAUSE It regulates the bowels and kidneys curing their diseases.

BECAUSE It has this wonderful four-fold action, curing all diseases of the Nerves, Blood, Bowels, and Kidneys.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

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jan 19 1y

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Will Color One to Four Pounds Of Dress Goods, Garments, Yarns, Rags, etc. FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

The PUREST, STRONGEST and FASTEST of all Dyes. Warranted to Dye the most goods, and give the best colors. Unequalled for Feathers, Ribbons, and all Fancy Dyeing.

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DIAMOND PAINT LIQUID Is the best thing to use in mixing Diamond Paints. A bottle, with camel's hair brush, costs but 10 cents.

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THE PLACE TO GET

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

—AT THE—

LOWEST PRICES,

IS AT

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'S,

WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVE, 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.

PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,

FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

REMEMBER that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

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Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine

FOR SALE BY P. N. STAINBACK & CO.

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LEADER OF LOW PRICES.

Corner of 1st street and Wash. Ave.

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, DOMESTICS, PRINTS, STAPLE GOODS, GROCERIES,

And Everything that can be called for.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Guns, Pistols & Cartridges,

AND HARDWARE OF ALL KINDS.

The public is respectfully invited to call.

oct 6 1y W. H. BROWN, Weldon, N. C.

NOT THE SMARTEST FOLKS.

UNCLE REMUS.

Yo' may notch it on de palm's,
You mark it on de wall,
Dat de higher up a toad frog jumps
De harder will he fall.

And de crow dat fly de widest
Am de sassiest in de corn,
And de fly dat am de meanest
Get up earliest in morn.

De brook dat am de shallowest
Chatters most upon de way,
And de folks dat am de stillest
Ar de ones have most for say.

And de rooster dat am youngest
Am de one dat crows de now,
And de man dat am de coward
Always makes de biggest boast.

And he am not de gloriest man
By de manner oh his walkin'
And dey are not de smartest folks
Who do de loudest talkin'.

A REMARKABLE TREE.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION—THE SUPERNATURAL IN BEAUFORT COUNTY.

Washington Progress.

In this county about ten miles from Washington, and a short distance from one of the main roads leading to the town, in a forest of oak, hickory, pine and other miscellaneous growth, stands a large long-leaf pine. It has never been boxed for turpentine, although every other pine tree surrounding it has been chipped (as it is termed) and "tomahawked" for many years. This, together with the fact that it is very tall and a landmark (the top of it) for many miles around make it a remarkable tree.

But there is more than this about that tree that makes it remarkable, "thereby hangs a tale"—one that no doubt ninetenths of the average minds would accept with a great many grains of allowance, if they did not absolutely and at once disbelieve and pronounce it a hoax. But what is here stated are facts within our personal knowledge of the matter and can be attested by dozens of the best and most reliable citizens of Beaufort county.

The pine is situated on a small and seldom used cart-path branching off from a neighborhood road leading into the main road before alluded to, about 100 yards from the road and exactly in the centre of the cart-path, so that standing in the road and looking down the cart-path the first thing you see is this pine, and carts travelling the path have to go around it. The tree is sound, healthy and perfectly green, except upon the southwest side where there is a streak running from the ground to the extreme top, about one foot wide, that is dead. The tree is no where else affected. On the ground near the tree can be seen plainly and distinctly the imprint of a horse's feet, such as a horse would make on being sorely frightened and shies. They are eight in number and made, as can be plainly seen, by a horse approaching the tree and suddenly shying to the left to avoid it. There is nothing in the tracks—neither grass nor bushes nor pine straw, they being perfectly clean and black as if they had only been made a week or ten days. And this, too, in a forest where there is not an inch of ground that is not covered six inches deep with pine straw, bushes, grass and the droppings from the various trees, the pine itself shedding enough straw to cover and obliterate them in 24 hours, and there they are, and wonderful to relate, just as they have been for 65 or 70 years. It is said that you can go there, fill them up with dirt, straw, leaves or any other matter at night, and returning in the morning it is all gone and the tracks are as clean and fresh as ever. This used to be a favorite amusement of school children attending a public school near there, and one old gentleman residing near—a man whose word in that section has never been questioned, a member of the church, intelligent and occupying offices of honor, told the writer that time and again he had done this, and always whatever was put in them at night would be removed in the morning. The writer first saw the tree and tracks about 1868, and then they were just as they have been described. He saw them again in 1878, ten years afterwards, when they had not changed a particle, and he has seen them repeatedly since 1878, up to two years ago, and they are to day what they were twenty years ago. This the writer himself can certify to.

The tradition or explanation of this miracle, as it may be termed, for it seems nothing short of that, is as follows: About 65 or 70 years ago, on Sunday, all the neighborhood were out at church near this place and had their horses tied near this tree. One man, Jesse Elliott, more wicked and profane than the others, proposed a horse race. This was objected to by the others because of its being the Sabbath and their being in attendance upon divine worship. Elliot began to curse, and swore that he would have a race anyway, so putting whip to his horse he started in a run down the cart-path, his horse going directly for this pine in the middle of it. When near it he suddenly shied to the left, threw his rider up against the tree, his head striking it and knocking his brains out, killing him instantly. The horse in shying made the tracks and they have remained there in the midst of a virgin forest from that day to this. The tree on the side where his head struck died in a streak clear to the topmost branch and has remained so to this day. By a careful examination of the tracks the exact position of the horse when he threw the man can be seen. There is also a cross mark on the tree which it is said could be seen for a long time, blood and particles of the man's hair. It is also said parties have attempted to cut the tree down, but something prevented, and while this is unlikely, still there can be no one found in that section of the county who will take an axe and fell the tree.

Does Providence keep it standing there as an example and warning to Sabbath breakers and evil doers. We know not, but there it is and there it will probably remain, tracks and all, for a period of 50 years longer. It is one among the few things the writer has ever seen that he could not account for, and comes perhaps nearer to being a miracle than anything else, at least in this part of the country.

[On Thursday last we interviewed Mr. C. C. N. Cutler, a reliable citizen who resides in the neighborhood of the remarkable tree, and from him we gathered the following additional facts: He has seen the tree and tracks a thousand times and has repeatedly filled the tracks with dirt and trash and they have as often been cleaned out by some invisible agency. The tree is now entirely dead and has been so for about a year. Mr. Cutler says that for twelve months he and his brother fed hogs on the tracks and it in nowise obliterated them.—Ed.]

HEROIC.

On the day after the battle of Bull Run the chaplain of a Southern regiment found a sword engraved with the name of an officer who had served gallantly in the war with Mexico. He carried it to the widow of the officer, who lived on a plantation not far from the scene of the battle. When she saw it she trembled violently.

"My boy is killed!" she cried. "That is his father's sword. I gave it to him when he went into the war. It could not have been taken from him while he lived!"

Several days afterwards, she learned that he had been cut down fighting bravely in the front of his regiment.

A similar story is told of the gallant Commodore Smith, whose son commanded the frigate Congress, one of the Union fleet lying at anchor in Hampton Roads when the Confederate iron-clad Virginia, the old Merrimac, bore down upon them and scattered destruction and death.

The report of the attack flashed all over the country, and the whole nation, both North and South, waited breathless throughout that stormy March day to know what the end would be. The Navy Department at Washington was crowded with officers on duty in the capital, among them the venerable father of the commander of the Congress. Each telegram as it arrived was read aloud.

About noon came the message, "The Congress has surrendered."

"Then Tom's dead!" his father said, turning away. He waited for no more tidings. He knew his son.

Whenever the Civil War is spoken of now, such reminiscences as these on both sides usually come to light—stories of the high faith in the justice of their cause with which men in both armies went out to battle, of the courage, the grit, the endurance of both the Northern and Southern soldier, of the mothers praying at home in New England and Carolina, of the pictures of the wife and baby, of the little Testaments buttoned close under the blue jacket and the gray.

Such trifles as these, human and tender, makes us understand that, however mistaken we may think our brother to have been in the cause for which he fought—he was our brother; that his blood was as red, his heart as warm and his faith as high as were our own.—*Youth's Companion.*

Still Ahead.

Persons desiring Safe and Cheap Insurance will do well to see an agent of the Valley Mutual Life Association of Virginia. It has members in nearly every county from the mountains to the sea and they recognize the fact that they have reliable and safe insurance and are paying up their assessments promptly and willingly. Agents wanted in every county. Liberal terms offered to live men. Address

BERKELEY & ARNALL, Southern Managers, Raleigh, N. C.

Children

Often need some safe cathartic and to avert approaching sickness or to relieve colic, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine. The genuine has our trade mark "Z" in red on front of wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

may 17 1mo.

JENNY LIND.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT SONGSTRESS.

Goode Old Book. Woman's Work.

The only person I have ever met who knew Jenny Lind in her childhood, was Max Bronzden, an old musician. I asked him to tell me of her, and the old man's furrowed face became radiant with a smile. "Remember her," said he, "she has been the angel of my life; the memory of her voice was my salvation. She and I were alike once poor. We were young and happy. Hand in hand we used to wander in the fields and on the hills of old Sweden. She was a little bare-foot thing in a stuff dress, and I the blacksmith's son, yet I had music in my soul, and I worshipped her. Often she would sing, as we wandered through the sweet, cool woods and the birds would come to listen to her song. She would trill and sing, and as I would pelt her with wild roses and butter-cups she would laugh and ask, 'Max, which was it trilled the birds or I?' In my infatuation I would cry, 'Jenny, the birds have come to learn of you!'

The old man bowed his head and was silent. At my request he continued his recital, but his face became sad and he looked old and weary.

"Years passed, said he, "and she drifted from my life; she became the idol of princes and kings, and from afar I worshipped her, as I would worship a star in yonder heaven. I tried to keep pace with her, but failed. I became a victim to strong drink, and with that vile passion, ambition was buried. In 1849 I was passing 'Her Majesty's Theatre' in London. I was sober enough to recognize the clear, ringing trill that had thrilled me in my boyhood days. I was penniless, but I swore to enter and hear that voice once more. I watched my chance. A crowd of the crème-de-la-crème men and women of fashion were passing in. I rushed in the throng, evaded the ticket agent and gained entrance. In a shadowed recess I crouched and listened. Lucia Delammoore was the opera, and she was Lucia. I saw her appear in the first scene joyous and happy. Every part of the character she portrayed with heart searching truth. Then came the climax of her powers, her ultimate madness—the crushing of the heart and mind which produced the death scene in the last act. For a moment there was a thrilling silence, then a tempest of applause that made the house tremble. It was then I forgot all—forgot that I was a debased vagabond—forgot the throng and the lights and all save that I saw the little barefoot girl of my boyhood's idolatry a queen among men. I rushed forward and cried, 'Jenny, my little Jenny, I told you so. I said that you would rule the world with that voice. Speak to me and tell me that you remember.' 'Put him out! put him out!' shouted the multitude. 'He is mad, away with him.' A strong arm seized me, and I would have been hurled out into the darkness, but a sweet voice cried, 'Spare him and let me hear him. What is it, poor man?' I looked up and like a spirit of light she stood on the stage above me. 'Forgive me, madam,' I cried. 'I was passing and heard your voice. I stole my way in. It seemed I had a right to listen. Once the birds and I were your only auditors, and yet when I told you one day you would be great, you seemed glad at my praise, though I was only Max, the blacksmith's son.' Bending over me she cried, 'Max Bronzden, my first and truest friend, stand, and let this vast throng look upon you. It was he,' said she, addressing the audience, 'who first created ambition in my heart to become great. My stage was a kitchen-covered forest log, and he showered upon me wild flowers that I prized more than I now prize the jewels and rare gifts that are emblems of my triumph this night. Rise, my friend,' said she to me, 'and be worthy of the trust and confidence I will ever give you in all the future years. I have struggled and conquered all difficulties. It is not too late. Be no longer a vagabond, as you say you are, but be a man worthy of my friendship.' 'I could scarcely speak,' said the old man, but hoarsely I uttered, 'With God's help I will.' The house had been silent as death, when it suddenly burst into tumultuous applause and the curtain fell. I left that place a new man, with new inspirations and courage, and in all the years since that night, nearly half a century ago, I have been a hero and a conqueror over sin. I have lived true to my word!'

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address.

Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

jan 5-6m.

ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

HE ADJOURNS COURT SO THAT AN OFFENDING LAWYER CAN BE PUNISHED.

Last week, over in Lundy, there was a case in the Justice Court in which Jim Townsend (our Jim) was a witness. A lawyer named Barnhow made fun of Townsend's deafness and badgered him in every way. Jim stood it with great patience for about an hour, when finally he said:

"May it please the Court, I ask an adjournment."

"What for?" asked the Court.

"Your Honor, I would like the court adjourned for five minutes while I go out and lick this infernal lawyer."

"I was just goin' out to do it myself pard," replied the Court, "but if you won't be over five minutes I'll adjourn."

The court was adjourned, and Jim licked the lawyer, to the intense amusement of the crowd, who now want to make him Mayor of Lundy.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

CIDDY GIRLS.

Yes, it is true that there are giddy girls in the world, and perhaps there are more in this age than any since the foundation of our Republic. Giddiness, or as it may be termed, lack of seriousness, is natural to the fair sex. They are as a rule less solid than men, are more easily interested, and are more receptive. It is natural that they should be, or they would not be so fascinating or so lovable.

But while this is so, an extreme of giddiness is a disease, and should be treated as such.

But who is responsible? The fact is that parents, teachers, and preachers are responsible for very much of the giddiness of girls. For though giddiness is born in them, it is easy to control it. Teach them that this is a matter-of-fact world, where only those can live who are prepared to face its stern realities. Teach the girls that Nature does not owe them a living, but that they must win it for themselves. Teach them that life is full of seriousness, not that there is no joy, no pleasure, no laughter, but that there is a time for mirth, even as there is a time for serious thought and earnest work. A giddy girl will make a giddy wife, who will dress as extravagantly as her means will allow, will be always flitting from gaiety to gaiety, always bright when in society, but who will allow the cobwebs to accumulate in the house, will neglect to sweep under the bed, because no one will see the dust, and will compel the husband to think there is no place like home, because other places are brighter and happier than his own. A giddy girl will make a giddy mother, and perhaps live to hear her own child curse the giddiness which blighted its life. Beware of giddy girls.

As for giddy men, they are so unnatural, so thoroughly out of place, that the lunatic asylum or a monkey's cage is the only natural residence for the cigarette-sucking, toothpick-chewing, corset-wearing, giddy dudes, whose every existence is a libel of manhood.

A SHORT SERMON.

Don't marry to better your lot, don't marry for convenience, don't marry unless the boy god Cupid responds "amen" to the vows repeated at Hymen's shrine. Gold cannot buy happiness, and parents who compel their daughters to marry for station or money commit a grievous sin against humanity and God. And a woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain—that all glittering of heartless grandeur are phosphorescent tinsels and glittering of heart-wretchedness; that her life will be one gilded misery, and her old age will be like a crag on the back side of a desert mountain but no birds will sing their merry songs of endearment to gladden the passing hours.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains Corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists at Weldon, Brown & Carraway, Halifax, Dr. J A McGwigan, Enfield.

We are overstocked in clothing and in order to reduce stock have put the KNIFE right into prices and will sell all goods in this line at figures that will astonish you. P. N. STAINBACK & CO.

$565 worth of sample jewelry just opened. Solid gold and gold plated jewelry of all kinds, at prime wholesale cost at T. L. EMRY'S.

The best always the cheapest—Save money by purchasing the celebrated Bay State and Zeigler Brothers shoes—bought direct from the manufacturers. For sale by P. N. STAINBACK & CO.

WE have several second-hand buggies which we will sell cheap. P. N. Stainback & Co.

FAST RAILWAY TRAINS.

Those in this Country Do Not Attain the Speed of English Expresses.

"A Chicagoan who has just returned from England says the people over there hear of the "limited," "numberball," "lightning," "greyhound," "thunderbolt" and other fast trains on American railroads and have, though the extravagance of these nicknames, gained the idea that when Yankees get in a hurry to go some place they are not satisfied with any thing slower than a mile a minute. "Imagine their surprise," says this gentleman, "when told that our 'lightning' trains run only thirty-five miles an hour. It is in England that you can really travel fast, and they make no side about it, either. While I was abroad the new limited trains from Chicago to Omaha and Kansas City were put on. The Englishmen spoke of that and wondered if the civil engineers made more than a mile a minute. I showed them a time-table—490 miles to Omaha time, sixteen hours, saved thirty-one miles an hour. Even the limited trains on which extra fare is charged run less than forty miles an hour between New York and Chicago and the wonderful 'fast mail' that glides into Chicago at the ridiculous hour of midnight travels only thirty-one miles an hour. In England the fastest passenger rides from forty to forty-five miles an hour, and nobody pays extra fare on account of the speed. From New York to Albany it is 142 miles by a splendid track. There are ten express trains daily between these cities, and their average speed is twenty-nine miles an hour. Between London and Sheffield, 162 miles, the Great Northern runs nine trains daily, with an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. One train makes fifty miles an hour. Between New York and Boston the average speed is thirty miles an hour, and the fastest, a train composed exclusively of sleeping-cars, makes thirty-nine miles an hour. Between London and Manchester, 203 miles, there are twenty trains daily, with an average speed of forty-one miles an hour, and some trains making fifty. Between London and Glasgow, 440 miles, there are thirteen daily expresses, and their average speed is almost forty miles an hour, one train being much faster than this. All over Engl nd and Scotland express trains, composed of first, second and third-class carriages, make from thirty-five to fifty miles an hour, while in America a thirty-five-mile train is called a stroke of lightning. The fastest regular train in America is one on the Baltimore and Ohio, which makes the forty miles between Washington and Baltimore in fifty minutes. There are three or four fast trains between New York and Philadelphia, covering forty-six miles an hour. Between Liverpool and Manchester there are fifty-two trains daily, some of them slower than forty-three miles an hour, and four of them making fifty-one and a third miles an hour. When we get some trains like that we can begin to talk of 'fast mails' and 'thunderbolts'."—*Chicago Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Most people neglect the eye," says a medical paper. Please except the prize-fighter.—*Texas Siftings.*

—In seven years the value of the products of South Carolina has increased from $72,000,000,000 to $101,000,000.

—Some of the cable news is made by a New Yorker who puts on his overcoat and then writes letters from an Irishman in Ulster.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—A man never values himself at so small a figure as when sued for breach of promise, and on no other occasion is he rated as high by the other sex.—*Baltimore American.*

—"You are a very large man," said an Avenue tailor to a new Congressman, as he took his measure. "Think so, do you?" replied the M. C. "I certainly do." "Well, you ought to see me when I'm at home."—*Washington Critic.*

—The authoritative statement of a French scientific to the effect that the coming man will be bald before he reaches the age of twenty, indicates that early marriages will be fashionable in the future.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

—Judge—"Have you any thing to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner—"Well, all I've got to say is, I hope your honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."

—Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood of Kentucky)—"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician (with a grave look)—"How—still flighty."—*Life.*

—Grandfather Totter (to aged wife) "I was a tellin' the minister yesterday, Miranda, that you'll be ninety-two years old to-morrow." Grandmother Totter (indignantly)—"Well ye had no right to say no such thing, John Totter; I'll only be ninety-one. Ye ought to be more heerful."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Humane enthusiasts can not agree upon the best methods of putting criminals to death. What is wanted is some gentle, tender method which won't inflict pain nor jar on a murderer's feelings. He must be treated as gingerly as a yearling babe and his character must not receive a stain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—He was assisting her on with her glove. It had already taken him five minutes, and he was trembling in every limb. "Perhaps, Mr. Smith," she suggested, "if I should remove my engagement ring you would find less difficulty." This proved, indeed, to be the case, and Mr. Smith's trembling limbs resumed their normal nervy condition.

—Science has done wonders for meteorology. For instance, it has paraphrased the old saying—"Hills clear, rain near," into: "The presence of a wedge-shaped area of high pressure accompanied by great atmospheric visibility, is likely to be succeeded by the advance of a disturbance with pluvial accompaniments and southerly winds."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSTIPATION

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Bad Breath, etc.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

"My wife was also troubled with Constipation for years, and tried almost everything for it. I first took a vegetable preparation which did her more harm than good. I finally tried Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave her immediate relief. I know it to be a good medicine."—Gen. W. Sims, Ass't Int. Revenue Collector, Ga.

Take only the Genuine, Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

Dec 8 1y.

1857 ESTABLISHED 1857

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BERGNER & ENGEL'S LAGER BEER ON ICE.

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NO. 41 SYCAMORE STREET,

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Offer to the trade of Virginia and North Carolina

3000 Barrels of Flour of all grades,
100 Boxes of Bulk Meats of all kinds,
25 " of S. C. Hams, Shoulders, and Breasts,
200 Barrels New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses,
200 " Syrups of all grades,
300 " Lake Fish & Boston Herrings,
200 Cases Canned Goods,
1000 Kegs of O. D. & Va. Nails,
200 Barrels Kerosene Oil of all kinds,
300 " Eating and Planting Potatoes,
50 " Pure Cider Vinegar (best made.)
250 Boxes and Caddies Green and Black Teas,
200 Bags Laguayra and Rio Coffee,
150 Barrels Refined Sugars,
200000 Paper Bags of all sizes,
15000 Reams Paper all sizes.

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Spices, Pickles, Soaps, Brooms, Pails, Buckets, Starch, Rope, Twine, Powder and Shot, and all other goods found in a Wholesale Grocery Store.

All these for sale at the lowest prices. DAVIS & CO. No. 41 Sycamore Street.

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129 SYCAMORE STREET, PETERSBURG, VA.

Steam Bakers and Confectioners and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts, &c.

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Manufacturers and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes and Snuff at the

LOWEST FACTORY PRICES.

Manufacturers of Marks Celebrated Steam-Refined Candy.

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