

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1889.

NO. 26.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. J. CORDLE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

Littleton, N. C.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER, GOLD, PLATE, EYE GLASSES, SPECTACLES, AC., AC., AC.

Repairing a Specialty.

NEW MILLINERY.



—MY STOCK OF—

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY

—NEW STYLES.

COME AND SELECT THE NEWEST NOVELTIES.

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

W. H. Tappey,

—SUCCESSOR TO—

TAPPEY & DELANEY,

PETERSBURG, VA.



Stationary and Portable Engines, Saw Mills, Tram Roads and Pole Cars, Elevators, Peanut Hullers, Cotton and Hay Presses, Tobacco Machinery, Mill Gearing, etc., etc.

W. H. TAPPEY.

STILL AFTER MARY'S GOAT.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow, it strayed away one summer day, where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed from her eyes, she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John, who kept a village store, he sat down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat down and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop a sympathizing tear.

"How is it, sister, that these other merchants here, sell all their goods and thrive from year to year?" Remembering now her own bad luck, the little maid replied: "These other fellows get there, John, because they advertise."



CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

For Sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

C. SMITH,

SEE HIS LIQUORS,
SEE HIS CIGARS.

Wine, Beer, Soda,

EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.

C. Smith, Brick Building, on North Corner of Railroad Shed, Weldon, N. C.

A WANDERSON DISCOVERY.

NO MORE WILL THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY PROWL AROUND AT NIGHT LOOKING FOR MATCHES.

There is a certain street in a certain city, whose name shall be nameless, that boasts of the largest population of babies to the square foot of any other street in the city aforesaid. A dozen of the street in question approached a newspaper man some time ago and in a half embarrassed sort of way said: "I have made a discovery which I think of sufficient importance to put in print."

"What is it?" asked the scribe.

"Do you know anything about babies?" asked the inventor.

The scribe replied that his experience was not so numerous as that of some of the denizens of the nameless street in question, though he had during his life been associated with at least one bald-headed infant.

"Does your baby ever cry?" asked the young married man.

And the scribe confessed that his babe did sometimes indulge in violent exercise of the lungs and vocal organs.

"And does it ever keep you awake at night?"

This sounded like unpardonable prying into the sacred secrets of domestic life, but the man was so earnest that the scribe forgave the seeming impertinence and admitted that oft in the silly night he had dreamed of sawmills and Thomas concertos and the noise of street car No. 7, and had finally awaked to find that the interruption proceeded from the little crib at the southwest corner of the bed.

"Then," continued the discoverer, who by this time had become somewhat excited, "you will be greatly interested in what I am about to tell you, for I have found on the head of my baby a soporific bump."

"A soporific bump?" asked the scribe in amazement.

"Exactly," was the answer. "This bump is not designated in the books of pharmacy, but nevertheless I have found it. It lies on the windward side of the skull, is about the size of an electric bell knob, and when I press my finger upon it, no matter how violent are the child's paroxysms, he drops into a sweet slumber and all is peace and quiet in the family. Why, sir, it is the greatest discovery of the age. It promises sweet succor from sorrow, it foreshadows the doom of pangs and soothing syrup, it guarantees sleep, the innocent sleep, not only to the dear cunning, vicious little baby, but also to the parents thereof. No more will the head of the family prowl around in the dark looking for matches and children cry for their syrup, flatten their noses on the edge of the door and turn midnight somersaults over the old arm chair. Rejoice with me, my fellow sufferer, for the day of our deliverance is at hand."

And as he went joyously out of the office, the scribe heard him sing:

When the baby wakes up in the middle of the night,
There's no place like home.

And you hunt for a soporific without any light,
There's no place like home.

And while you're doing the pre-made act
And your foot comes down on an up-turned tack—
With your wife's cold feet in the middle of your bed,
There's no place like home.

—DANVILLE REGISTER.

TO BUILD HOUSES OF SUGAR.

CLAUS SPRECKELS HAS AN INVENTION AND WANTS TO TRY IT ON THE WHITE HOUSE.

Washington Post.

Astounding discoveries tread upon each other's heels, but the latest alleged invention in that line has just been disclosed by Dr. George O. Glavis, of this city, who is well known as a lawyer and the representative of the North German Lloyd Steamship line. He has just returned from Europe and crossed the Atlantic with Claus Spreckels, the Hawaiian sugar king.

Dr. Glavis states that he has in his hands Mr. Spreckels' application for a patent on a process for producing building-stones artificially, the basis being nothing more or less than sugar. In short, he is an architect of the future will design houses out of a material more beautiful than anything it is now possible to use for building purposes, and that material will be sugar.

The discovery is one made by Mr. Spreckels, and the process is similar to that by which gelatine is hardened. It has long been a practice among engravers to take a copy on a plate of gelatine, and harden it until it becomes like steel. It is proposed to accomplish something of a similar result with sugar.

The claim is made that a material can be artificially produced cheaper than any good grade of building stone, which is harder than granite, impervious to moisture and unaffected by heat, whiter and more beautiful than marble, and which will stand a crushing weight that would make powder out of granite.

Dr. Glavis says that his distinguished client will demonstrate the utility of his invention in a practical way if permitted. He will give bonds to construct the proposed new wings of the white house out of sugar blocks, and will forfeit the bonds if the material is not more weather-proof than brick, more beautiful than marble, more durable than granite, and better in every respect than any building stone now known. As to cheapness, it is less costly than any other building material suitable for the same purposes.

A GENTLE HINT.

George was a bashful lover. He scarcely dared to touch his lady's hand. He loved her well, and she was worthy of his affection, for she was modest, intelligent, sweet, and lovable; but like all good women, she yearned for the respectful caresses that are the evidences of a pure affection. She however yearned in vain. George worshipped her. He might kiss the hem of her garment, but to kiss her lips or cheek, the very audacity of the thought made him tremble.

They sat together by the sea looking out upon the track of the moon's light which white-winged yachts were crossing now and then.

"It was a wondrous hour, a secret for love and calm delight!"

Suddenly she moved slightly away from him.

"Please, George, don't do that," she said.

"What?" he asked in genuine surprise.

"Oh! you needn't tell me," she replied. "You were just going to put your arm around my waist, and were going to try and kiss me."

"Dear Arabella!"

"Oh! you needn't tell me; you were going to do it. Well, after all, I suppose you are not to blame. It is just what a lover would do to his sweetheart, and I suppose I must not be offended if you do it."

And George grasped the situation and did exactly what Arabella supposed he would do, and the moon grinned and the stars winked and the waves laughed and a mosquito that was about to alight on the maiden's cheek flew away and settled on the nose of a grass widow who was sitting near the band stand.

WITH GLASS WINDOWS.

There need not be further excuse for allowing your umbrellas to drip down the neck of your dearest friend in a rain-storm, or running amuck of the hurrying wayfarer coming from the opposite direction. The rainy day collision is one of the greatest profanity provokers of wet weather, and the Englishman who invented the glass window by which one's course in a storm may be sighted, deserves the thanks of Christian men throughout the world. This window consists of a small over piece of glass, with a brass or silver frame which is easily mounted in a rib of the umbrella, while it is fixed to the silk by sewing it through the little perforated holes in the frame. These windows can be placed in new or old umbrellas in a manner which will not injure the fabric in the least. As to whether the umbrellas will roll up rightly has not, however, been made apparent.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

OBJECTIONABLE TRAINS.

SOME OF THE RUNS WHICH RAILROAD ENGINEERS DO NOT LIKE.

Atlanta Constitution: Said an old railway engineer the other day: "There are three kinds of trains that I do not want to have anything to do with. One is the pay train. You never know when you will overtake the section hands. You will be going the rate of forty miles an hour, away you go around a curve and you will dash by the boss and hands and have to go back to them. There is always a good deal of talk over the wages and much time is taken up."

"The most unpleasant train to handle is an excursion train. Everyone living along the line knows you from seeing you come by every day, and they think you know them as well. When on an excursion they presume upon their friendship to endeavor to ride on the engine. No other place will do them. The engineer has to refuse them, as it would amount to locking his wages from thirty to sixty days if he complied, positively against the rules of the road. The persons denied the privilege always feel hard about it, and look upon the engineer as unaccommodating. The last and worst of all, however, is the officer's train. If you run slow they say you are scared and fear to run fast. If you make good time they say you are careless and reckless and want to kill somebody. You can't suit them."

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve, that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can pick you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can drive a man crazy for 24 hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

DEPLORABLE FACTS.

Sarah Althoa Hill-Sharon-Terry will now go on the stage.

Miss Anne Revere Aldrich, the poet, is writing a society novel.

That wealthy Englishman are not the ones on the lookout for American wives.

That divorced women for matrimonial purposes seem to surpass pretty widows.

Miss Eliza Lang, of Brooklyn, is the mother of fifteen children, all of whom are living.

There are 275 lady preachers in the United States, all eloquent; all alas, home-ly.

Mrs. Oliver, of Athens, Ga., is eighty-seven years of age and she does not remember to have ever taken a drink of water.

Under the new Sheriff law in Minnesota, which makes drunkenness a crime, a woman was the first to be sentenced to jail.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, a lecturer on household economy, declares that over \$5,000,000 is spent uselessly for bluing in this country every year, and that a million families throw away from \$25 to \$100 apiece in soap grease in the same period.

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.

Confirm our statement when we say that Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

A man was arrested the other day for stealing an umbrella and tried to get off by saying that he was trying to lay something by for a rainy day.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

Denote an impure state of the blood and are looked upon by many with suspicion. Acker's Blood Elixir will remove all impurities and leave the complexion smooth and clear. There is nothing that will so thoroughly build up the constitution, purify and strengthen the whole system. Sold and guaranteed by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

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 postage address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCOM, M. C.
151 Pearl St. New York.
Oct 25 1889.

AN ENGINEER IN SKIRTS.

NORA BUCK CAN RUN A STEAMBOAT AS WELL AS ANY MAN.

Philadelphia Record.

Many pairs of eyes have opened very wide in amazement at the sight of a black-eyed and bright-faced young woman in the engine-room of the steamer Ocean City which plys on Great Egg Harbor Bay, between Long Port, Ocean City and Somers Point, N. J., and when passengers see the case and familiarity with which she handles the wheels and levers of the engine they hold their breath for a few seconds to see what stranger thing can happen. But nothing alarming does happen. The young lady is Mrs. Nora Buck, and she makes as efficient an assistant to her husband, the engineer of the Ocean City, as any man, who could be put in her place. She is skilled in the management of the machinery, and presides over the engine-room with perfect confidence and command.

Mrs. Buck is a granddaughter of Commodore Lavelette, and the daughter of the founder of Lavellette City, N. J. Upon the water she is always at home, and can handle an oar or sail a yacht like an expert. She is 19 years old, and a perfect specimen of health, weighing about 120 pounds. Her hair and eyes are black, and her Tam o'Shanter hat, emerald dress and black checked apron are a pleasant sight to the people who patronize the Ocean City. Aside from the novelty of her position in the engine-room, her bright face and pleasant manners have made her a great favorite with people who visit Atlantic City and other neighboring places along the shore.

SHORTEST NAMES IN THE WORLD.

Youth's Companion.

Not long ago a man went into a French village to register, as it is required by the French law, the name of his newly-born child. "What's the name?" the clerk asked him.

"Rose B."

"How do you spell it?"

"B."

"What? Is it Bee, or Bey, or Bea? You must have some other letters to go with your B."

"Not at all, sir. The name is just B, no more."

The clerk was puzzled. It seemed to him quite ridiculous to inscribe a person by the name of B. The man insisted, however, that there were no other letters with it, and never had he referred the clerk to other records containing the family name, and it was found to be the case that the family had always gone by the name of B.

The B family name is, perhaps, the shortest family name in the world—excepting, no doubt, the I family, which is a pretty large one.

There is in Northern France, moreover, a village which has an exceedingly short name. It is the little commune of Y, in the department of the Somme, whose 200 inhabitants are never called upon to lose much time in the dating of their letters, and who probably could not be induced to exchange the name of their town for Constantinople or Copenhagen, or even for Kalamazoo or Indianapolis.

A CALF WITH A MONKEY'S FACE.

Adam Sell, a farmer of Schuyler county, Ill., is the possessor of a curiosity in the way of a newly born calf of marvellous form and figure. The animal is only half the ordinary size, and its hide is entirely destitute of hair, the skin being of pink color and smooth as the back of a Mexican dog. Instead of having hoofs like other animals of its kind, its feet are formed of five distinct toes that have claws at the end like those of a cat. The creature's ears are exceedingly small—in fact, hardly visible. The face resembles that of a monkey, and from the lower jaw projects two fangs. The animal is extremely intelligent, and follows its owner about the lot, and gives every evidence of affection. Unable to howl like an ordinary calf, yet it is able to make a noise like that of a dumb person endeavoring to speak. Some people who have examined the queer freak feel confident that in time it will be able to talk at least as well as a parrot. Mr. Sell has already been offered a big sum for the animal, but refuses to part with it at any price.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

CAUTION TO MOTHERS.

Every mother is cautioned against giving her child balsam or paregoric. It creates an unnatural craving for stimulants which kills the mind or the child. Acker's Baby Soother is specially prepared to benefit children and cure their pains. It is harmless and contains no Opium or Morphine. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

THE LAW MUST BE RESPECTED.

They were sitting at the supper table last night when the husband said: "The census clerk was in to-day, dear. He demanded the age of each of the family, and I was obliged to give him yours. It was the law, he said."

"You did, you brute! Law? What do I care for law? John Henry, did you presume to tell that man my age?" she demanded indignantly.

"Yes," John Henry replied diplomatically: "I told him you were 24."

"Oh!" John Henry's wife said boomerily, as the rustling of the wings of the dove of peace were heard in the room, "I suppose the law has to be respected."

THE OLD CONFEDERATE COMMISSARY.

OFFERS TO THE TRADE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

200 barrels ALL GRADES OF FLOUR, 50 barrels MEAT—both bulk and boxed.
5000 HAMS,
50 bags BIRD AND LAUGHLY COFFEE,
2000 JAVA COFFEE,
100 barrels SUGAR,
100 barrels DOMESTIC LIQUEUR,
100 barrels IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKY,
100 barrels OLD WHISKY,
75 packages FOREIGN & DOMESTIC WINES,
200 packages KINGSBURY'S WESTERN POWDER,
200 packages ASSORTED BUTTER,
500 boxes CREAM CHEESE,
100 barrels and 20 half barrels HERRINGS,
50 packages MACKEREL,
50 boxes boneless CODFISH,
150 boxes SOAP,
200 boxes CANDLES,
50 cases LARD,
100 cases RICE,
50 cases SALT-CURED SHOULDER & BREASTS,
100 packages BLACK AND GREEN TEA, and a great variety of other goods too numerous to mention.

DANIEL RAHLEY,
Oct 11 1889 PETERSBURG, VA.

THE GHOST.

MRS. ENGLE ORIENTED TO HER HUSBAND'S REAPPEARANCE.

A Brooklyn special says: On Wednesday Mrs. Gustave Engle, of 332 Manor-street, rushed wildly into the Sixth precinct station house and told Sergeant Kitzer that she wanted an officer sent around to her house to arrest the ghost of her husband. The sergeant finally got her calmed down sufficiently to relate the following story: "I was engaged in my household duties, when a man entered and spoke to me. I turned and screamed. The man was my husband, who committed suicide last June. The ex-cop took a chair and looked admiringly around the room. 'Why are you here?' Mrs. Engle cried. 'I buried you two months ago. For heaven's sake, get out of here.' Engle smilingly declined to leave, and his wife rushed out for assistance. She was told at the police station that the police could do nothing for her, that they could not arrest her husband for his apparent resurrection."

It appears that "the ghost" disappeared from his home on June 27, leaving his wife and four children behind. Previous to his disappearance he had been out of work for some time, and had been feeling despondent. On June 30 the body of a drowned man was found in Newtown creek. The remains were removed to the morgue, and Mrs. Engle sent for to identify the corpse. She was sure it was the body of her husband. An inquest was held and a verdict of suicide rendered. The bereaved "widow" had the remains properly buried. At the time Engle disappeared his life was insured in the Prudential Life Insurance company for \$250, which was promptly paid to the widow. Mrs. Engle is still undecided whether to receive her husband back with open arms or not.

JUST RIGHT.

Florida girls are not like their Alabama sisters (by the *Age-Herald's* estimate) for the former abhor slang. But for low-right emphasis of expression and that brevity which is the soul of wit they yield the palm to no other State.

Several weeks ago a number of brave young men and beautiful women from the interior came in on an excursion. A small knot of the visitors were walking leisurely through the park, when the following conversation was overheard between two of the visitors. It is reported verbatim, though it is impossible to imitate the drawing, earnest tone in which it was delivered:

"Sal," asked one, displaying the folds of her new dress and taking a sly hitch at her bustle, "Sal, how do you dress fit?"

"Fingers and toes couldn't better it."

"Do John seem ter notice it?"

"Can't keep his eyes off it."

"Do my bustle shake about any?"

"Shakes jess like jelly," replied Sal, as they proceeded on their way with an air of triumph indiscreetable.

"LET JEEMES GO"

The *Tend We Love* gives a model letter from a young lady whose sweetheart was in the Fifth South Carolina Regiment, to Mr. Davis, President of the late Confederacy, asking for a furlough for her lover to come home and get married: "Dear Mr. President: I want you to let James Clancy, of company 1th, 5th S. C. regiment, come home and get married. James is willin', I is willin', my mammy, she is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but James' captain, his captain James' captain, I think you might let up and let James come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done done got married and fight just as hard of ever, A.C."

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter, "Let James go," and James came home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, and returned to his regiment, and did fight as well as ever.

CONFESSION.

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100 packages BLACK AND GREEN TEA, and a great variety of other goods too numerous to mention.

DANIEL RAHLEY,
Oct 11 1889 PETERSBURG, VA.

A REQUEST.

WE trust the reader of this paper will place over the testimony given below concerning Atlanta's great gift to suffering humanity, the Botanic Blood Balm. Sufferers would write to the Botanic Blood Balm Co., of Atlanta, Ga., for their illustrated "Book of Wonders," filled with additional true testimony of wonderful cures. At their office in Atlanta, the Botanic Blood Balm will be happy to show seekers after truth thousands of letters in the original manuscript, received from happy persons made well by using B. B. B.

R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
O. P. SHELL, Warrenton, N. C., writes: "My eyes gave me great trouble and when rubbed would inflame and become swollen. Ten bottles of Botanic Blood Balm made a firm cure."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
MRS. BETTE GRAVES, San Saba, Tex., writes: "Our little daughter was afflicted with white scabs and dandruff and small sores on the front of her face. Botanic Blood Balm healed the sores, improved her general health, and she is now getting as fat as a pig."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
W. H. HENDERSON, Macon, Ga., writes: "I suffered six years from blood poisoning. Four bottles of B. B. B. did me more good than all other medicines I have ever taken."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
D. R. A. R. JAYNES & SON, Lutesville, Mo., writes: "We sell twelve bottles of B. B. B. to one of another blood purifier ten times as widely advertised."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
R. NELSON, Clover Bottom, Tenn., writes: "I had an ugly running sore on my leg. My daughter had a similar sore below her knee. B. B. B. cured us both. It is the only remedy that ever did her or me any good."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
L. CASSIDY, Kennewas, Ga., writes: "My wife was a great sufferer from scrofula. Three bottles of B. B. B. has made her a perfectly healthy woman."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
H. PARKER, Willow City, Texas, writes: "I have taken B. B. B. for paralysis, and received great benefit."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
SAM M. LEEMAN, Ridgeway, Tex., writes: "I was afflicted with sores and boils all over my body; heard of Botanic Blood Balm, and I've it tried. Under its use the disease entirely disappeared."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
J. R. WILSON, Glen Alpine, N. C., writes: "My knee was amputated below the knee on account of blood poisoning and bone affection. A big running sore, four inches across, came on me after it was cut off. I was given up by the doctors but have got well by using Botanic Blood Balm, and also gained very much in weight."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
MRS. B. O. SHEPHERD, No. 302, East Main Street, Norfolk, Va., writes: "I received so much benefit from a use of B. B. B. It is a great medicine."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
W. SOUTHERLAND, Bardston, Ky., writes: "I never found anything to do me so much good as Botanic Blood Balm."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
W. W. ALEXANDER, Madisonville, Ky., writes: "One bottle of B. B. B. cured me of severe rheumatism."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
H. OTLAW, Mt. Olive, N. C., writes: "One bottle of B. B. B. entirely cured me of rheumatism."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
LEW. JOHNSON, Belmont Station, Miss., writes: "My body, neck, face and ears and scalp, were all covered with sores, and my hair came out. I lost my appetite and was very feeble. I am using B. B. B. and the sores are all healing and going away."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
JOHN MATTINGLY, Louisville, Ky., writes: "I suffered from pains in back and severe kidney disease. All the medicine I had taken did me no good. I took one bottle of B. B. B. and have not had a pain since."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
M. E. ROBERTS, Bloomingdale, Ala., writes: "B. B. B. healed my chronic rheumatism sores on my body, and I feel very grateful for the good it has done me."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
G. W. MESSER, Howell's X Roads, Ga., writes: "B. B. B. cured me of chronic sores that had troubled me for years, and which other remedies did no good."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.
J. A. CAYCE, Pulaski, Tenn., writes: "I have used B. B. B. in my family and consider it a valuable blood purifier."
R. B. B. R. B. B. R. B. B.

FOR YOURSELF.

Orders by mail will have my personal attention. Return many thanks to the good people in this ad for the surrounding counties for past favors, and trust they will continue to serve them in the future.

Very truly,
H. C. SPIERS, Weldon, N. C.

CHARLES MILLER WALSH,
COCKADE MARBLE WORKS,

SOUTH SYCAMORE STREET,
PETERSBURG, VA.

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CHARLES M. WALSH,
Oct 11 1889.

TO THE PATRONS
—OF THE—
ALBEMARLE STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

QUICK TIME BETWEEN NORFOLK AND EASTERN N. CAROLINA

On and after Monday, December 17th, and until further notice, the Steamer CHOWAN, Captain Withly, will LEAVE FREDERICKSBURG, Wednesday and Friday for EDENTON, PLYMOUTH and all intermediate points on arrival of mail train from Portsmouth, say 10:15 A. M.

RETURNING, "The Chowan" will reach Franklin on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9:15 A. M. in time to connect with East Mall train from Raleigh to Portsmouth and with Express train for the South.

Passengers, by this arrangement, taking the Steamer Chowan at any point on the river, will REACH NORFOLK by 11 o'clock A. M., and thus have the entire day for the transaction of business in that city.

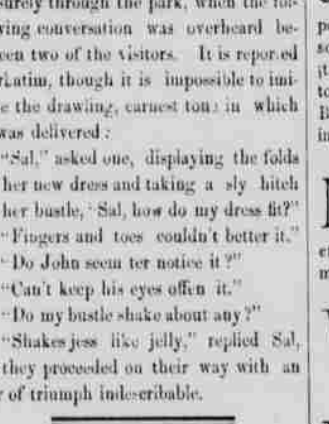
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Respectfully,
J. H. BOGART,
Franklin, Va., Dec. 15, 1888. Sup'l.

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Clears the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sore. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell and Hearing.

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