

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 19.

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4-30-94.

**RANSOM KILLED THE BILL.**

He Saved His State and Section.

A DANGEROUS BILL, WHICH WOULD HAVE WORKED RUIN UPON THE CREDIT OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, WAS BEING SMUGGLED THROUGH CONGRESS IN THE DAYS OF CARPET-BAGGISM—RANSOM SAW THROUGH THE SCHEME JUST IN TIME TO ARREST IT AND SAVE THE SOUTH—A HIGHLY CREDITABLE RECORD.

Cor. Charlotte Observer.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—The rule of the Carpet-baggers over the South constitutes, in many respects, the most odious and despicable episode in modern history. Less bloody than the reign of terror which followed the first effervescence of popular feeling in France, caused by the tyranny of the Bourbons, Carpet-bagging made up for its shortcomings in this particular, by its utter baseness. In the name of universal freedom, philanthropy, and enlightenment, it enfranchised the emancipated slaves, but left them in their ignorance, without the means of education. It turned society upside down, placed the illiterate negroes on top, and the enlightened white people under their feet. In the name of internal improvements, they chartered railroad companies and appropriated millions on millions of public credit, in the form of bonds—sold the bonds for anything they would bring in New York, and stole the money they got for them. The railroads were not built. In many cases not a spade of earth was turned. In North Carolina the debt created by the Carpet-baggers, in convention and "Legislature" as called, amounted to twenty five millions. The Supreme Court of the State, though elected under the rule of these men, with Chief Justice Pearson at its head, declared something like half of these bonds to have been authorized and issued in violation of the very instrument which they had just made, and imposed upon the people as a "constitution."

But the money derived from the sale of the remainder of the bonds was not applied to the building of railroads in North Carolina or anywhere else. It was nearly all appropriated under one swindling pretense or another, to the private uses of the negotiators of the loans. It all went into the pockets of patriots and philanthropists who issued the bonds and placed them on the market. Some of these Carpet-bagger bonds, which the people of North Carolina were called upon to redeem at par, were sold as low as ten cents in the dollar, and none brought over fifty cents in the dollar. This, however, was a point of secondary consideration with the people, as none of the proceeds were destined to be expended for their benefit. The facts are too well remembered by the people to need recital. The generation has not yet passed away that witnessed and suffered under them.

But the bonds had passed out of the hands of the men who had issued them. They were in the possession of other men, not innocent investors, nor ignorant of the wholesale knavery by which they were created and placed on the market. These investors in fraudulent trading that the people of the State denied their validity, and through their representatives, had declared them null and void, sought the aid of the Federal government to enforce payment. But there was an obstacle in the way. Exception from the liability to be sued is among the reserved rights of the States, and how to avoid the difficulty was the question. Certain Northern members of Congress, who deeply sympathized in the scheme of robbing the South, thought, like Sam Patch when he jumped over the Genesee see Falls, that some things can be done as well as some others. But they met with a similar fate. They were doomed to disappointment. Their attempt to smuggle through Congress (just as all ver demagogues who smuggled through) a bill authorizing the United States Circuit Courts to issue mandamus commanding sheriffs and other collectors of State taxes, to pay over the money, or pay it into court, for the benefit of the fraudulent State bonds, was a failure. The history of this notorious legislative conspiracy, and how it was thwarted and defeated, is curious and interesting.

In the House of Representatives, January 19, 1874, Mr. R. C. Parsons, of Ohio, introduced a bill to regulate proceedings in mandamus. This bill simply provided for keeping alive a proceeding by mandamus against a United States officer, who might die or resign, and hold his successor to the duty required. This may have been a very proper act for the prevention of needless delay in legal proceedings. According to the statements in the Congressional Record it was twice in the House—first on the day of its introduction, and again a month later, on February 19. But this was an error of the reporters, as the Journal shows. It was received in the Senate February

20th, and referred to the judiciary committee, where the process of incubation in the course of three and a half months, hatched out a monster with claws designed for seizing upon the life blood of the South. The House bill simply provided, "That in all proceedings in mandamus in any of the courts of the United States, wherein any officer of the United States is made a party defendant, but who may die, resign, or be removed from office before the final determination of such proceedings, the same may be continued in the name of his successor in office, and such proceedings may be had as in case of the death of a party defendant during the pending of a suit at law in the proper court," etc. This was the essential point of the bill; and, as is plain to see, it could have no special application to Southern affairs, unless, indeed, it was intended to meet the conditions of a particular case, in which an ex-marshal had been armed with authority to trench upon the rights of a State.

The Senate took up the House bill on June 1 of the same year, 1874, and referred it to the judiciary committee. On June 8 so respectable a man as Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, probably without being in the secret, reported it back with the sinister amendment referred to. It is as follows:

"Sec. 2. That the Circuit Courts of the United States shall have, and are hereby given, power to issue the writ of mandamus in all cases at law or in equity of which they have jurisdiction, and in which such a writ by the common or chancery law is an appropriate remedy, or by the way of original proceeding where such writ is necessary to any jurisdiction possessed by said court and is a proper remedy."

The bill as amended was passed in the Senate.

It went back to the House for concurrence in the amendments. Democrats in that body began to suspect something wrong. Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, moved that the bill be referred to the committee on the judiciary.

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, hoped that the amendment of the Senate would be concurred in.

Mr. McCrary, of Kentucky, desired to have an amendment.

The Speaker said the first thing in order was the question of concurring in the amendments.

Mr. Eldridge—"I hope the bill will not be passed. It is a bill that has been defeated once."

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts—"It has passed the House."

Mr. Eldridge—"There are not ten members on the floor who know what the object of the bill is."

Mr. McCrary—"I move to amend the Senate amendment by adding, 'Any service of any writ or process in any proceeding by mandamus shall be deemed sufficient if made in accordance with the statute of the State in which such proceeding is commenced, regulating the service of similar process in the State courts.'"

The Speaker decided that at that stage of the proceedings a two-thirds vote was necessary to the adoption of the amendment. The vote was taken, and the yeas were 58, noes 50—less than two thirds for the amendment.

But before the vote was taken, Mr. Butler said that "every higher State court in the Union has the right to issue a mandamus. This is only to give the Circuit Courts within the circuit of their own jurisdiction the same right."

Mr. Eldridge—"It is a bill intended to take away the rights of the State Courts."

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts—"Oh, no; it does not alter the matter a hair, except as I have said."

After the vote on Mr. McCrary's amendment, the matter was dropped, and the bill was suffered to lie on the Speaker's table for the remainder of the session.

On the last day of the next session, March 3, 1875, and at the eleventh hour of the day, or the night rather, when most of the members were half asleep, the bill and amendments were smuggled through the House, and taken immediately over to the Senate. Mr. Butler still stood god-father, and assured the dozen or two members who could keep their eyes open that it was all right.

In the Senate, March 3, 1875.

Mr. Ransom—"A message came from the House a short time ago, announcing its agreement to the amendment of the Senate to the bill (H. R. No. 1273) to regulate proceedings in mandamus. I wish, before the bill is enrolled, to have it referred to the judiciary committee for examination."

The Vice President—"Such a motion would not be in order at this stage of the bill."

Mr. Ransom—"I have consulted with members of the judiciary committee, and they think the bill needs examination."

Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts—"If the bill is here, I think we had better leave it on the table, and the judiciary committee can look at it."

Mr. Ransom—"The Senator from Massachusetts will pardon me for saying that it is a bill in which my State and other States are greatly concerned. I have consulted with the judiciary com-

mittee, and on the suggestion of leading members of that committee I make the motion that the bill be not referred to the committee for examination. The bill has not yet been enrolled."

The Vice President—"The bill is in the possession of the House of Representatives. It is not in the possession of the Senate."

Mr. Ransom—"Then I move that the Senate request the recall of the bill from the House."

The Vice President—"The Senator from North Carolina moves that a message be sent to the House asking the return of the bill."

The motion was agreed to, and the bill was returned by the House—to perish in the arms of its parents of the judiciary committee. The Cincinnati Enquirer of March 5, the day next after the adjournment, gives the following graphic account of the scenes in the Senate chamber that night:



The Sun is mistaken as to the actual stage of progress made by this bill, for it happened that Senator Ransom arrested it before it advanced far, and thus saved the State and the South from wholesale robbery in the name of law.

It is still fresh in the memory of people that some eight or more years after the failure of this scheme for legalizing fraud, suit was brought for the recovery of ten millions of the repudiated bonds of the Wilmington & Charlotte Road. This suit was brought in the United States Circuit Court for North Carolina, in the name of one Temple on behalf of the late Vice President Morton and others of New York. The suit had the countenance of the late Judge Bond, who presided, at Raleigh, and ruled in favor of the infamous claim. If the Butler bill of 1874 had become a law, Bond would have had authority for his ruling, and the treasury of North Carolina would have been stripped, from year to year, of its funds.

The State bonds of North Carolina are now the most valuable State bonds on the market, as any one may see by referring to the commercial columns of any Northern newspaper. The North Carolina 6 per cent bonds are now held and are selling in New York at 124. This is about as high as United States 6 per cent ever went. Today North Carolina 4 per cent are selling at par. Before the war, when the country was at peace with all the world, United States 6 per cent, could not be sold for more than one hundred cents on the dollar.

I will simply add that this highly honorable condition of North Carolina credit is due to the overthrow of carpet-bagging, first at Raleigh and then in its last entrenchment at Washington; and I have shown how this latter achievement was brought about. The honor is Ransom's, but the benefits go to the whole people of North Carolina and the South.

DANIEL R. GOODLOE.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay st., Sharpburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cookport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he has ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Free trial bottles at W. M. Cohen's drugstore. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

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Every fifth boy attends school in India and every fifteenth girl.

**"PENITENCE."**

Polk Miller, of Richmond, Tells of the Reconstruction Days in the South.

During the reconstruction times in the south, two negroes were riding on a railroad train between Richmond and Burkeville Junction. The negro is very fond of argument, and when he thinks he has a strong "pint," he holds on to it with a firm grip, and it is hard to shake him loose. When they find that the white folks are taking notice of them, they are proud of the attention, and it makes them raise their voices to a pitch which can be understood from every seat in the car.

"Nor sah, dey did'n't treat de southern white folks right arf de wah sah. Nor sah, dat dey did'n't."

Now I'll tell you what de northern people ought'er done arf de wah; dey ought'er said to dese southern white fokes, my ermin' brothin', you done nek we'y had in tryin' ter break up de union, you is been bad boys.

You gin us a heap o' trouble an' volve you'self in a heap o' trouble too, but we can't forget dat we's all o' one blood, an' we wants you to come right back in yo' father's house jes' like you ain' done nothin' wrong, an' of you halve yo' selves like good boys, nobody will never mention de little unpleasantness t' which we've jes' passed. An' I's got scripshur ter back me up in what I's sayin', too, an' of you fuller what de scripshur says my brother, you's mighty sho' ter go right we'y time.

Don't you recolle' dat de Bible tells er bou'er man dat had'er boy dat he cou'd'n't do nothin' wid, altho' he tried an' tried an' de mo' he tried de mo' dat boy wurried an' wurried him?

At's de boy he wen' to his daddy, an' he say, daddy, I wish you'd gim me de money dat's comin' ter me, an' I'll g'way from here. It pears like me an' you an' 'other boys can' git'erlong nohow toget'er, an' r'uther den be a quollin' all de time, I'll seek my fortune in'er strange lan'. Well sah, de ole man gin'im de money, altho' he was mighty outdone dat de boy shou'd'er taken de motionment in he laid dat he cou'd'n't live in de family without destroyin' de peace o' de house hole.

He tried ter suade de boy ter let things g'long as dey was, but dat boy done study de subje' well fo' he ever went to de ole man, an' all de suadin' he could do cou'd'n't turn dat hardheart rascal from de pat' which he done plan out.

Arf he got de money, he wen't off, leavin' his po' ole daddy a sheddin' tear like a little baby. De tother boys in de family wuz glad when dey brother went 'way, 'cause dey knowed dat de ole man sot a heap mo' stow by de bad boy den he did by de res' o' em, an' dey wuz a little kin' o' jealousy o' him.

De boy he went way cross de 'laute obson, an' he ole man he ain' hear nothin' 'rom him in'er long time. De ole man he come to de conclusion dat de boy had done ceaste.

Well sah, dat boy jes' as soon as he gets out'er sight of his po' ole daddy, he sets out fer a good time. He spen' de money like water, an' he had mo' frens den you could shake a stick at, but 'twixt de drinkin' o' whiskey an' playin' o' cards, he soon lose all de money, an' he wuz dress up 'rom him in'er long time. De ole man he come to de conclusion dat de boy had done ceaste.

Well sah, arf de money was gone, an' he frens done 'set'im dat boy gin ter have'er rough time o' it. He got so hard up fer sup'a ter eat dat he even went round 'bout de horepens an' eat up de corn busses whar de horegs lef' eat 'um. Den t'was dat de boy begin ter think'er 'bout de good things he done lef' behine, an' he was sorry dat he ever lef' de po' ole daddy. I tell you sah, dere's nothin' dat'll bring'er man ter his senses quicker'n de want'er sup'n ter eat whar he's hongry, an' it f'arly made dat boy's mouth water when he membered all o' dem spyar ribs, chittins, chine an' cracklin' brade he use ter git at home.

He made up de mind dat he cou'd'n't be no mas' off de bent back home an' took de place of a hired servant. One day de ole man was settin' out in de front yard, readin' a newspaper, an' he see somebody comin' down de road, and he say, Hi, who dat comin' down de road? De boy kep' comin' long, comin' long, thinkin' ter his self all de time, I wonder how de ole man gwine 'ceive me? When he gets in'er 'bout a hund'r'd yards of de house, de ole man he recognized him as his long lost boy an' sah, you never seed sech joy in'all yo' born days. De ole man lef't out'n de cheer he was settin' in an' run jes' as hard, as he could stare to de de boy, an' when he gets whar he was, he f'arly kivered'im up wid hugs an' kisses. De boy hang he haid down an' look shamed, 'cause he know he ain' 'servin' on all dat f'uss over'im, but de ole man tole'im he welcome'im back home wid all de joy in de worl'.

He holla'd fer one'er de farm hant's

an' tole'im ter kill de f'attin' calf he had in de cup'n, fer he was 'agwin' have a good time over de safe return of de long lost boy dat he moned fer daid, but had done come home ergin. He dress him up in de bes' close he had, an' put a ring on he finger. He call all de folks fer miles 'round an' tole'im ter jine'im in makin' things lively 'bout de place. When de te'r boys got win ov de fac' dat de whole plantashun was gwine ter be turned upside down jes' ter 'ward dat boy fer he meanness, dey was all hoppin' mad 'bout it, an' dey complain' ter de ole man.

Dey reckon, we's bin wid you all dis time, we has served you day in an' day out, an' yit we ain' never had no big dain's, an' now, jes' cause de meanes' chile you ever had went erway from home, an' had de good luck ter 'scape de gallus whar he come fou, an' come back home, you showin'er him all dis 'tention. Tain' right, an' we bou'n't ter tell yer so. Well de ole man he lis'n to 'um, but he ain' stop de frolickin', dat went on jes' de same. He tole dat boy dat he mus' make hisself at home, dat t'was he father's house, an' dat ev'ry thing on de place was his'n ef he want it.

Wid sech a welcome as dat, it made de boy think mo' o' hisself, an' he made up he min' dat he'd take intrus' in de place, an' do all he could ter help de ole man 'bout de farm. Now, my brother, dats jes' de way de North ought'er done de South arf' de wah was over. Ef dey had'er done it, 'twou'd'er bin de ve'y bes' thing ter bring on good feelin' 'twen 'em, an' by dis time ev'ry thing wou'd'er bin settled, an' de Lord wou'd'er bin'er smilin' on'er lan' f'lowin' wid milk an' honey, an' de white fokes an' de niggers wou'd'er hofe had all de wah dey could ev'ry time.

Stid'er dat, here de white fokes, and niggers too, a talkin' pol'icks all day an' way yarder in de night, bof an' 'um tryin' ter outdo one'nur at de polls. Cose de white fokes gwine git de bes' o' em, cause nigger ain' know what he doin'. De cypress bagger he tell him ter be at Burkeville on sich an' sich'er night an' he goes d'yar an' lis'n ter a pack'er stuff he ain' know nothin' 'bout, an' when de votin' time comes, he does jes' like dey tell'im. Arf de 'lection is over, he 'quires 'roun' ter know how things turn out, an' dey tell'im de ole story—de Democrat done win—an' den he goes back to de corn f'iel an' waks like'er ole steer t'well de air gits filled wid pol'icks ergin, 'n' he goes loth ergin' like'er lam' to de slaughter.

I tell you my dear brother, its a great 'al better fer de nigger, an' de white fokes too, ter let pol'icks lone, an' jes' so long as de North kep's on dis walfyah on de South, jes' so long we ain' never gwine see no peace in de country. You hear me talkin' now.

The other old negro listened to him quietly without intercroppin' him, but looked back at his audience every now and then, winking his eye as much as to say, "let'im go on, I'se layin' fer'im," and when his turn came, he said: "My brother you has done t'ose (?) in a moe' entertainin' way how de North ought to'er treated de Southern white fokes arf' de wah, an' t'was o' smart thing in you ter bring in Scripshur to 'lustrate yo' pint; but de ve'y Scripshur you brings in to 'lustrate yo' pint is de ve'y argumint dat I's gwine ter use ter knock dat Scripshur argumint in de daid. I b'lieves in a fergivin' spirit, but whilst I'm a showin' of a fergivin' spirit, I wants to see some penitence mixed up wid it on de part o' dem whar's done gone 'stray. Now dere's one part o' dat Scripshur you done lef' out, an' dere's whar de whole thing hangs.

"Now, when dat boy come back home, did'n he tell de ole man he wery sorry fer what he done, did'n he, did'n he, now tell me sah, did'n he? Well, sah, has dese here Southern white fokes ever tole anybody dat dey wery sorry fer what dey done? Answer me sah, has dey? Nor sah, dey has not! No sooner den de wah wuz over dey come right back to dat Capital at Wash'nun, wearin' o' dem great big broad brim hats an' struttin' 'bout dar wid deir thum's in deir west-coats, ah' hold in deir heads high up in de air like dey own de buildin' an' 'quirod whar's dat veal you kilt yistiddy. I want some ov it, an' 'D. Q.' at that."

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