THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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A Good Newspaper
A Good Article
A Good Ad.

THIS COMBINATION IS PRETTY SURE TO WIN.

THIS IS THE BEST MEDIUM.

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"Adversity has uses sweet,
And this one I do declare.
If you've a bald head, soft and neat,
Your wife can never pull your hair."

—BUT—

She can make you happy by advising you to send all your orders for printing to

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ELECTRIC LIGHTS. ELECTRIC BELLS
ACCOMMODATION 300.
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The only first class hotel in the city. Commercial rates, $2. to 2 50 per day.

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LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
Moves the Bowels gently, relieves the cough, cures the feverish condition and head ache and prevents pneumonia. Cures in one day. Put up in tablets convenient for taking.
PRICE, 25 Cts.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
COUGHS, COLDS, LA GRIPPE, HEADACHE.
COLDS
—WARRANTED AND FOR SALE BY—
A. S. HARRISON.
ENFIELD, N. C.
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Office over Emry & Pierce's store.
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T. W. HARRIS, D. D. S,

LITTLETON, N. C.
Teeth Extracted without pain.
4-30-6m.

THERE AIN'T NO USE.

There ain't no use objectin' when the clouds begin to spread
Their wings, like flocks of vultures, hovern' gloomy overhead,
Fer back of all this frownin' there's a strip o' gleamin' hue,
Behind this pile o' blackness there's a hope fer me an' you!

There ain't no use o' weepin' fer the dreams o' long ago,
Fer the songs o' love that mem'ry keeps forever on the flow—
Jest raise your eyes with hopin', an in tomorrow's smile
You'll see dear faces waitin' fer your comin' afterwhile.

There ain't no use o' mopin' an' a stoppin' by the way,
Where the shadows gather darkly—where no joy-lit sunbeams play,
When you might as well be 'movin' toward the broad an' open plain,
Where the darkness dare not follow, where the light breaks forth again!

CHRISTMAS

In Aunt Haly's Log Cabin.

Meantime, Aunt Haly had left the big road, and had climbed over the irregular fence at a certain panel, where a smooth, worn appearance of the rails bore witness to frequent passings at this point. She followed a weed-choked path through a neglected park, set here and there with pedestals, which had upheld stone goddesses and ornamental figures in the old days of plantation affluence; and through the gray moss that shrouded the oaks she could see the Ionic columns of a forlorn mansion, long since given over to the tenancy of bats and owls. Further away, beyond the old "quarter" playground, lay the little cemetery, and as Aunt Haly drew near, a startled rabbit ran from the sassafras bushes right across her path. Now, as a graveyard rabbit is universally deemed a "haunt," whose mere passing entails bad luck, Aunt Haly, to avert the ill, hastily marked a cross upon the ground and spat upon its center. But when she lifted her glance toward the graves, a cry of terror escaped her at the sight of a tall, silent figure with folded arms and pensively drooped head.

"Jesus alive!" exclaimed she, "de very spit en image of ole Marster, dem little curls layin' round de nige er de naik, de Carter favor, en all. Good Gawd ermighty!"

Then noticing that the supposed "spirit" wore a modern tweed suit instead of the traditional ghostly habiliment of a winding sheet, and, moreover, presented a kindly cast of countenance, the old woman mustered up courage to demand, "Who dat?" whereupon the stranger turned, and the former nurse recognized "ole marster's" only son, who had run away from home in his youth and had since been accounted as one dead.

"O—miss' baby chile—mammy little boy! Thank Gawd for dis, I done laid my eyes on his dear face once mo'," cried she, dropping the wreaths to throw her loving arms around the stalwart frame that she had guarded so tenderly through its helpless infancy.

"So you are not dead, after all!" said this dignified gentleman, Mr. Brook Carter, affectionately stroking Aunt Haly's shoulder. "They told me all the old negroes had either died or moved away."

"They did, honey," she answered. "You see, miss' wuz dead, en look lik marse tucken gin up atter you runned away to projick longer machines, stiddin bein' a gentleman like yo' foresesters wu befo' you, es marse would have it. Atte he died de plantation pass to other hand den freedom come, en de niggers got tole off fust wid one fool tale en den enuther. Er whole passel on us tucken migrash to Arkansy, whar de noration gin out dat dey wuz forty acre er land en a mule, layin' round loose fer eny nigger dat come along. Shoo, chile, stiddier dat, dey wa'n't skacely vittles to go round, so me en Primus tucken scuffled back home."

Then Mr. Carter was told about the tiny portion of the old plantation that the pair had bought "on time," about the legacy of orphaned grandchildren, and about the crop failures and the steady pursuit of ill luck, now about to culminate. "Hit do 'pear like de debil got a grudge 'ginst us," Aunt Haly went on, "for us is in a tight, sho'—no money, nuthin to eat, en dat moggige whut gwine sell us out!" At this lamentable thought the old creature threw her apron over her head and wept bitterly.

"There, there, mammy," said Mr. Carter, kindly, "don't cry. I can help you easily. I have been successful beyond my hopes; my last invention brought me more than the old plantation is worth under these changed conditions. Yet I believe even poor father would acknowledge I am still a gentleman. I had intended to engage a care-taker for these graves, but as you have tended them so well without recompense, let me in return pay for your little farm, and add another strip to include this old graveyard and at the same time give you greater field room. I shall see to the taxes, and if ever you are in trouble, mammy, send to me at this address." With these words the speaker gave Aunt Haly his card.

"Oh, and that reminds me," he went on, suddenly remembering the season. "This is Christmas; here, take this money and give yourself and the youngsters a feast like those of other days."

Aunt Haly, overwhelmed with the munificence of a sum greater than any she had ever owned, showered blessings upon the giver's head, and when he had mounted his horse and ridden away, she fell upon her knees and uttered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord, who, as the colored Christian believes, interests himself in the trivial details of daily life as much as in greater things.

Daylight was quite gone when the good old soul returned to the cabin, and through the darkness a wide band of ruddy firelight streamed from the open doorway, where Unker Primus sat, patiently waiting.

"Wull, wife," he drawled, "you wuz so long er comin' dat I giv de chillen dey hoecake en sont em to bed. I didn' had de heart to turn em from hangin' dey stockings for de Sandy Claws whar ain' gwine git here," and the speaker pointed to an array of coarse and much-mended hosiery.

"Shuh, babe," cautioned Aunt Haly, using her superlative term of endearment, "don' make no fuss to wake em. Us got to go to town dis night!"

Then she poured into her astonished husband's ears the tidings of good fortune. Forthwith he harnessed the pony, while Aunt Haly banked the fire and locked the sleeping children in the house, as is the unwise custom in negro families when the elders leave home at night; and the old couple hastened to town, building en route modest air castles upon the foundation of their unexpected wealth. In their comfortable imaginations, Dame Partlet's busy brood already enlivened the bleak back yard, several spotted razor backs" grunted in the hog-sty, and there was a brindle cow, which the children would drive up of an evening, with a mellow tinkle of the bell accompanying Bud Chug's far sounding plantation yodel. Nay, even a sturdy mule seemed not an impossibility!

The stores were still crowded with shoppers when the two reached town, and though everybody seemed in the greatest hurry conceivable, sovereign good humor prevailed, and a delightful air of mingled mystery, holiday preparation and excitement enwrapped the whole community. Tempting smells of hot doughnuts, spice-cakes, ginger loaves and "kitchen" candies stole out from the confectioner's, and from the toy shop issued the tinkling tunes of a music-box, much to the joy of numerous little darkies who were pressing their queer, flat noses flatter still against the window panes. Within most of the shop windows fat, jolly figures of the Christmas saint presided, even the shoe shop exhibiting a rotund papier mache Santa Claus, who stood under a sparkling Christmas tree loaded with gifts that were to be bestowed gratis upon all purchasers of children's shoes.

Aunt Haly and Unker Primus enjoyed it all as they passed from store to store and gayly chaffered with friends as belated as themselves; and finally the homeward journey was begun. As luck, whether good or ill, seldom comes singly, it is not surprising that when Unker Primus stopped in the swamp to examine his game trap, he found therein a fine raccoon, "des nachelly bustin' wid fatness." A proper dressing of this animal, in addition to other preparations for the morrow, detained the old couple until so late an hour that, when they at last retired, the midnight chimes of St. Paul's had already pealed joyously in the distant town, and the "watch meetings" of the colored societies had ended with prayer and Christmas song.

Next morning, long before the lazy Winter sun had thought of bestirring himself, Patsy awakened and, jerking the close wrapped quilt from about her head, sprang up crying excitedly, "Chris'mus gif', Chris'mus gif', chillen!" "Chris'mus gif', yo'se'f," screamed the other three, aroused immediately.

"Lawd o e!" exclaimed Palmyre, making a dash for the bulging stockings, about the filling of which she had had her doubts, it may be. "Sandy Claws ain' forgot we all, sho' 'nuff!"

"Whooee! Uh uh!" clamored the eager little crowd, scrambling over one another to reach the fire place, and then the tiny room resounded with a perfect hubbub of bliss, as each long-desired, prayed-for treasure came to light.

In many a household throughout the land joy reigned supreme that morning, but it is to be questioned whether one could have found anywhere a happier group than that which gathered about Aunt Haly's pine table for breakfast. The fragrant steam of strong coffee diffused throughout the apartment a long-absent aroma that mingled amicably with the smell of crisp bacon, done to a turn; while a smoking pile of yellow yams, roasted in the ashes, acceptably balanced a great paltter of pone bread, wholesome and brown.

"Dare now, what I done tole you?" demanded Patsy triumphantly, after having furtively inspected this unusual plenty during Unker Primus' solemn and lengthy grace. "Cain' nobody 'spute now dat if you put yo' 'pennunce on de Lawd, he ain' gwine back on you—Chris'mus ner no other time."

"De Gawd's trouf, chile!" affirmed Aunt Haly reverently. "En like de blessing en fullness of dis Chris'mus, good Lawd, sen' all de turrs!"

SELLING UNCLE RASTUS.

A PATHETIC FAMILY RECONCILIATION AT THE AUCTIONEER'S SLAVE BLOCK.

Herbert Putnam, unnoticed by any one, elbowed his way through the crowd to his brother and touched him on the arm. Their eyes met. "Pardon me," said Herbert, "but I must speak to you," and George Putnam was drawn beyond the outskirts of the crowd. "I cannot keep quiet and see you cheated," faltered Herbert, with his eyes averted. "A long time ago, when you and I were boys, you stood up for me, and I cannot forget that we are brothers. Don't bid any more on Rastus. He is shamming. He is as sick as can be and is only pretending to be well to bring price."

The two men gazed into each other's eyes. George Putnam was quivering all over and his face was softening. Impulsively he put out his hand as to apologize for his lack of words. "Let's not be enemies any longer," went on Herbert as he pressed the extended hand. "I am tired and sick of this estrangement. I am going away, and I may never come back. I can't keep up the old place as father thought I would, and you are welcome to it. My mother's and father's graves are on it."

George Putnam's face was working. He strove to reply, but his voice was clogged. He looked toward his son and wife in his carriage and then back into his brother's face. "God forgive me, Herb," he said. "I've treated you like a dog. Old Rastus has been truer to you than your own brother. You shall not give up the old place. You must keep it. Wait." And with these words he hurried to the platform.

The auctioneer had been proclaiming Staley's reckless bid of thirteen twenty-five, and the crowd was eagerly taking in the unusual sight of the two Putnam brothers in close conversation. Colonel Putnam reached the platform and signed the auctioneer to be quiet. Standing on the lower step he was in the view of all.

"I want Rastus, and I am going to have him," he said to the upturned faces. "I want him to give him back to my brother, who has been forced by my neglect to offer him for sale. Twenty thousand dollars is my bid, and Rastus is worth every cent of it."

No one spoke as Colonel Putnam stepped back into the crowd. Old Rastus seemed the only one to thoroughly grasp the situation. "Bress de Lawd!" he exclaimed as he slapped Aunt Milly on the back. "Dem boys done made up, en I fotch $20,000! Whoo ee!"

"Twenty thousand dollars," said the auctioneer awkwardly. "Twenty thousand—do I hear?—and sold to Colonel Putnam. I reckon the' ain't no use puttin' up the others."—Will N. Harben in Lippincott's.

Any one who has children will rejoice with L. B. Mulford, of Plainfield, N. J. His little boy, five years of age, was sick with croup. For two days and nights he tried various remedies recommended by friends and neighbors. He says: "I thought sure I would lose him. I had seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised and thought I would try it as a last hope and am happy to say that after two doses he slept until morning. I gave it to him next day and a cure was effected. I keep this remedy in the house now and as soon as any have croup I give it to them and that is the last of it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, and Dr. A. S. Harrison, druggists.

The cabbage was introduced in England by the Romans.

"It is a pleasure to sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Stickney & Dentler, druggists, Republic, Ohio, "Because a customer after once using it, is almost certain to call for it when again in need of such a medicine. We sell more of it than of any other cough medicine we handle, and it always gives satisfaction." For coughs, colds and croup, it is without an equal. For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, and Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, druggists.

To a clever woman every man is a possible husband.

For rheumatism I have found nothing to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It relieves the pain as soon as applied. J. W. Young, West Liberty, W. Va. The prompt relief it affords is alone worth many time the cost, 50 cents. Its continued use will effect a permanent cure. For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, and Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, druggist.

SOMETHING NEW.

There's something new at our house; I'm s'prised you didn't know it.
It makes papa awful proud, although he hates to show it.
The thing is not so very big, but money couldn't buy it;
If any fellow thinks it could, I'd like to see him try it.

It's half a dozen things at once—a dove, a love, a flower;
Mamma calls it a hundred names, and new ones every hour;
It is a little music-box, with tunes for every minute,
You haven't got one at your house, and so you are not in it.

It puckers up its wee, wee mouth, as if it meant to whistle;
A gold mine weighed against it then were lighter than a thistle;
Papa said so the other night; I thought it sounded splendid,
And said it to myself until I fell asleep and ended.

Of course you've guessed it by this time, our gift that came from heaven:
Mamma declared the darling thing was by the angels given;
But then some folks are very slow, and some are stupid; may be
I ought to say, right straight and plain, come home and see our baby!

DOWN IN THE SOUTHLAND.

WHERE CHRISTMASTIDE IS OBSERVED THE MOST AND UNIVERSALLY APPRECIATED BY THE INHABITANTS.

New York Herald

THERE is so much Christmas down South that to treat it adequately it must be segregated—that is to say, it is only by pictures in detail that one can give the effect of the whole. Before getting about them it may be well to say that this love of Christmas, and the strenuous observance of it, come straight from those English folk, gentle and simple, who first peopled Virginia and the Carolinas, and whose descendants have spread over the face of the country south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"There's no such thing as real Christmas now," sigh elder folk, white and black, whose memories run back to the gay, good days of slavery. Then in truth, it was a two weeks' Saturnalia. No master who respected himself, or hoped to keep the respect of his neighbors, dreamed of asking his black people to do more in the month of December than kill hogs and get up a big Christmas woodpile.

When the hauling was finished a dozen axes flew, chopping it in lengths for the big throated open fireplaces. By and by there was a procession of stout fellows with a log or a turn of small sticks on the shoulder, setting up great piles of fire wood beside all the doors. After every exit to the great house was duly surounded, the back piazzas filled and chips banked high in the saddle room, great sticks and small began to be heaped at the cabin doors. By the time they were all fully furnished the mountain of a wood pile was sensibly smaller though far from exhausted. Usualy this came to pass about midday of December 24.

Without experience of it, it is almost impossible to credit how warm and close was the tie between master and slave. This, of course, where the masters were, as was the case with ninety nine in the hundred, full of kindly consideration for their black people. The few cruel tyrants who disgraced the name and brought discredit upon the kindliest class under the sun were looked at askance by their neighbors.

Naturaly, then, to the mass of slaves their masters' concerns were as much as a matter of interest and of pride as they were to those affected by them. Besides the darkey is a born gossip, likewise a born detective. The shrewdest match making mamma was not quicker to detect serious intentions in a promising young man visitor. Where there were young ladies in the great house the young man visitor was mighty plentiful about Christmas time. He came from far and near—often across three counties. He rode a high stepping horse and was nice in the matter of equipage. Often he brought along his own black boy, likewise mounted, and carrying behind him fat, bulging saddle bags, stuffed with his master's wardrobe. For the young man came to stay at least the week—most likely the fortnight, unless he "got the sick" from the object of his affections and so rode away in a furious huff.

Often, too, the old negroes went visiting on their own account. No time like Christmas for a trip back to Old Marster's or to see the sister or brother who had been given to some other branch of the family, and so lived maybe twenty miles away. Duly mounted tricked out in Sunday best, with all sorts of queer bundles dangling here and there, and a carpet bag fat to bursting swung at the horn of the saddle, Black Daddy and Black Mammy rode a Christmasing—and at the journey's end were as welcome to whites as to blacks.

Nightfall brought swarms of visitors, both to house and kitchen. Very often there was a dance in both as soon as it was fairly dark. In every cabin there were laughter, singing and good cheer. In many of them revelry went on through the night. The dancing lasted maybe to one o'clock; after that there was singing to the accompaniment of a gourd banjo, with a little later, tale telling in the light of the waning fire.

The pious among the slaves sang and prayed the night through. But their piety did not take the form of a prohibition sentiment. With a psalm yet hot in the mouth they were as ready as their fellows to troop up to the great house at daylight and drink their share of Christmas eggnog. Small blame to them, either since the eggnog of those days was a mighty seductive thing to any who had a nice taste in drinks.

To make it, eggs as fresh as possible were broken, the yolk separated from the white, then white and yolk whipped to a foam that would stick if you turned the bowl containing them bottom upward. With the yolks went light, live, brown sugar fresh from a Louisiana plantation. When the mixture became a mass of creamy froth, the white were stirred lightly in along with a dash of grated nutmeg and a little French brandy. After a minute of tossing together, one person poured in whiskey while another stirred the compound. Gurgle! whish! whip! was all you heard for three minutes—then the big bowl mantled over with a drink fit for the gods. If you had suggested putting in milk to one of those old time eggnog makers you would have certainly written yourself down as lacking in the knowledge most essential to a gentleman.

"Ah, me! They are dead, those fine old gentlemen—and their epoch with them. Here or there one lingers sighing with Falstaff:

"There live not three good men unhanged in England—and one of them grows fat and old."

Their race survives—the New South is as vigorous, if not so picturesque, as the old.

CRUSHED AGAIN.

Truth.

"Isn't it awful?" said Mrs. Jenks to her husband.

"Isn't what awful?" queried Jenks.

"Houston's boy was run over and received infernal injuries."

"Internal, you mean."

"No, I mean infernal. I know what I am talking about."

"After a quarrel of five minutes Jenks produced a dictionary and with considerable trouble managed to find "infernal."

"There!" he exclaimed, "I told you so. Infernal means, 'relating to the lower regions.'"

"Well," replied Mrs. Jenks, and there was a ring of triumph in her voice, "ain't that where he was injured?"

Mr. Ira P. Wetmore, a prominent real estate agent of San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy in his family for several years as occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with colic or dysentery. I now feel that my outfit is not complete without a bottle of this Remedy at home or on a trip away from home. For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, and Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, druggists.

Every man makes a different noise when he sneezes.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of the same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

What a lot of things people hide from each other.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. Wm. Cohen's drugstore.

Talking is the safety valve of the feminine boiler.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment

Is unequalled for Eczema, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Nipples, Chapped Hands, Itching Piles, Burns, Frost Bites, Chronic Sore Eyes and Granulated Eye Lids. For sale by druggists at 25 cents per box.

TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

For sale J. N. Brown, Halifax, and Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

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 Wm. Cohen.

Impudence is sometimes mistaken for liberty.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power.

It is as great to be a woman as to be a man.

Castles in the air are seldom furnished.

Life is a riddle, to which the answer is death.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with pefect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

A hen pecked husband is often chicken hearted.

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Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.

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$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
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$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
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$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sold by
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PETERSBURG, VA.
WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS AND FRUITERERS manufacturers of plain and Fancy Candies, Cakes and Crackers. Dealers in Fine CHEWING TOBACCO CIGARS & SNUFF.
Your orders solicited, which will have our personal attention. 10 19 1y

C. F. Lauterback,
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Having succeeded J. W. Young I would be pleased to see his old friends. Largest stock of
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY and CUT GLASS
in this city.
John W. Stewart, who was with Young & Bro. for 35 years is at the head of my Repairing Department.
All work and orders receive prompt attention. oct 25 1y.

—SCOTLAND NECK—
STEAM DYE WORKS,
Express paid on packages. Send for price list. Address,
STEAM DYEING CO.,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

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in advertising tell the story for shrewd advertisers better than big circulation claims or great promises.
You put in the Ad.
We'll do the Rest.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Those Pimples
Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly, and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.
Chas. Beaton, 75 Laurel Street, Phila., says: "I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut, thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race all for the use of S. S. S."
Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SPEEDY and LASTING RESULTS.
FAT PEOPLE
You can get thin. You can stay thin.
No inconvenience. Simple, pure. ABSOLUTELY FREE from any injurious substance. LARGE ATTENDING BENEFIT.
We GUARANTEE a CURE or refund your money. Price $3.00 per bottle. Send 4c. for treatise.
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