THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XXXIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899. NO 33.

NEVER TOO OLD TO BE CURED.

S. S. S. Is a Great Blessing to Old People. It Gives Them New Blood and Life.

Age does not necessarily mean feebleness and ill health, and nearly all of the sickness among older people can be avoided. Most elderly people are very susceptible to illness, but it is wholly unnecessary. By keeping their blood pure they can fortify themselves so as to escape three-fourths of the ailments from which they suffer so generally. S S S is the remedy which will keep their systems young by purifying the blood, thoroughly removing all waste accumulations, and imparting new strength and life to the whole body. It increases the appetite, builds up the energies, and sends new life-giving blood throughout the entire system.

Mrs. Sarah Pike 677 Broadway, South Boston, writes: "I am seventy years old and had not enjoyed good health for twenty years. I was sick in different ways and in addition had Eczema terribly on one of my legs. The doctor said that on account of my age, I would never be well again. I took a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and it cured me completely and I am happy to say that I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

Mr. J W. Loving, of Colquitt, Ga., says: "For eighteen years I suffered tortures from a fiery eruption on my skin. I tried almost every known remedy, but they failed one by one, and I was told that my age, which is sixty six, was against me, and that I could never hope to be well again. I finally took S. S. S., and it cleansed my blood thoroughly, and now I am in perfect health."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is the only remedy which can build up and strengthen old people, because it is the only one which is guaranteed free from potash, mercury, arsenic and other damaging minerals, it is made from roots and herbs, and has no chemicals whatever in it. S S S cures the worst cases of Scrofula, Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Tetter, Open Sores, Chronic Ulcers, Boils, or any other disease of the blood.

Books on these diseases will be sent free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Seek No Further!
Better Cannot Be Found!

Jordan's LADIES' AND GENTLEMAN'S Cafe

721 MAIN STREET.
NORFOLK, VA.

At Jordan's Cafe you get the best 25 cent meal on earth, and everything the market affords, served to order in the best style. Good attention to everybody. It is the cleanest, cheapest and best Cafe on or off the earth. Old popular prices.

REGULAR MEALS | Breakfast, Dinner, Supper | 25 Cents Each.

If you go to the BEST you go to JORDAN'S CAFE. And if you go to Jordan's Cafe, you go to the BEST. **AMOS P. JORDAN** keeps this place

Open all Night. Lodging 50c. jy 6 1y

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Wholesale and Retail

Dealer In Fine——

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES.

Crockery, Glass Tin, and wooden and willowware. Also Pratt's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS,

No. 23 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C. dec 11 1y.

Old Jacob Grovers'

Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

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MR. W. D SMITH, at Weldon, N. C is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey.

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Agricultural Implements. Shaftings, Mill Gearing, Pulleys, All kinds of Machinery, and Repairs.

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Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, write The Patent Exposition, Baltimore, Md.

W. T. PARKER,

——DEALER IN——

Heavy and Fancy Groceries

Corn, Hay & Oats

All goods cheap for cash. 3-lbs green coffee for 25c. I have recently added to my business a bakery. Best Bread and Cakes furnished at short notice.

W. T. PARKER, Weldon, N. C. aug 1 1y

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OFFICE OF

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.
HENDERSON, N. C.

February 15, 1899.

The Company begs to announce that the following are now connected by the Long Distance Service, and the rates herewith published will be effective on and after February 15, 1899.

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Axtell,	30.	Macon,	25
Brookston,	30.	Manson,	25
Centreville,	40.	Middleburg,	30
Churchill,	25.	Oakville,	25
Dabney,	35.	Oxford,	40
Enfield,	.	Ridgeway, N.,	25
Franklinton,	40.	Ridgeway, S.,	25
Gillburg,	35.	Roanoke Rapids,	
Henderson,	35	Vaughan,	25
Halifax,	10.	Warren Plains,	25
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"PERFECT" SCALES LAST FOREVER. COMBINATION BEAM. COPPER PLATED STEEL LEVERS. For facts write **Jones of Binghamton,** BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

No Breach Of Promise Suit.

A NATURAL-BORN LAWYER.

HOW HE UNTANGLED AN ENGAGEMENT.

"HE'S a natural-born lawyer," some one said, talking to a group of professional men in the city office of the Milwaukee road yesterday afternoon, and then told the story of how the mails that morning had made glad a young lawyer who has not been engaged in active practice very long, though admitted to the bar a number of years ago. When he opened the mail there fluttered out a check that had the figures $250 in one corner and the name of a man at the business end that made the bit of paper as good as though it bore the certificate of the cashier of the First National Bank. It was the story of how one breach of promise case came to be settled out of court. The man whose name was at the bottom of the check was the one who would have been the defendant, but for the young lawyer's advice, and this is the story as it was told:

The man in trouble had gone to the young lawyer because he had known him for some time and told his troubles; he had been indiscrete; he thought he loved her, but he found out several weeks too late that he was mistaken. No, he didn't want to marry her, but she persisted, and he couldn't stand the ignominy of a threatened breach of promise suit; besides, he had written some exceedingly foolish letters. Her family was very respectable, and all that, and really there wasn't any objection, only he didn't like the girl. Her family stood high in church circles, were very religious, and she was a model girl.

Then it was that the young lawyer's natural-born genius asserted itself.

"Let your beard grow for a week or ten days," said he. "Then put on some old clothes and muss them up. Go out and take a number of drinks. Eat a lot of onions and limburger cheese, and then go up to the house. Don't wait for her to open the door, but rush in, or, better still, tumble in. Throw your arms around her and tell her she's the only girl you ever loved and insist on getting married without a moment's delay, and then let me know the result."

The result was the $250 check and the letter.

"Dear ——," it read, "I am sorry to inform you that the wedding has been indefinitely posponed. After that little talk of ours I fixed up and carried out your instructions to the letter, and a bit further. In place of a drink or two I am afraid I got gloriously drunk. I managed to tumble over a chair as I entered the room. She said I was a drunken brute when I tried to hug her, and then she said she was glad she had found me out before it was too late. I don't remember very much more, excepting that I went down the front steps a great deal faster than I went up. I have had all my letters and presents returned to me. Enclosed find a little remembrance, to be followed up when I see you on my return."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Rushing The Growler.

Little Willie—Mamma, is Uncle Henry going to get a dog from Russia?

Willie's Mamma—Not to my knowledge. Why do you ask?

Little Willie—I heard him say something last night about Russian growlers.

Close Quarters.

"It served that burglar right."

"What did."

"Why, he tried to rob our flat, but he got wedged in and couldn't get out."

THE LIGHT THAT SAVES.

One dark night during the siege of Santiago Harbor a Spanish Torpedo boat darted out under cover of darkness to launch its deadly missile against an American war vessel. If she had been struck she would have gone to the bottom. What saved her? Was it her big 13-inch guns? No, it was her search light: the dazzling white beam of light that shot straight out like a sword-thrust through the darkness, revealed the approaching danger.

What is it that saves thousands of men from death every day in the year when the deadly foe of disease is creeping unsuspected upon them? It is the white light of science, the educated understanding that reveals the source of danger and indicates the exact point of attack.

While the ordinary doctor gropes around, with the feeble tallow-candle light of stereotyped, conventional, routine treatment, a physician like Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., instantly illuminates the subject with the clear day-light ray of practical knowledge, the irresistible search-light of advanced and life-sustaining science.

"I was afflicted for four years," says John F. Zingsheim, Esq., of No. 9 Lark St., Amsterdam, N. Y., in an earnest letter to Dr. Pierce. "My suffering was extreme and the trouble gradually increased notwithstanding the fact that I tried many different kinds of treatment. After becoming physically incapacitated and unable to work at all, and after much hesitation, I wrote you. I am very happy to state that your advice has done me great good. You advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and also his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I must here state that they have cured me. I wish to thank you most heartily for what you did for me. All suffering has vanished and I have gained about twenty-five pounds in weight. I used only one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one vial of the 'Pellets.'"

Do not hesitate to write to Dr. Pierce. He will send confidential advice absolutely free. Send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, for paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth-binding ten stamps extra. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sarge Plunket.

THE BATTLE OF MISSIOMARY RIDGE.

HOW AN OLD NEGRO SMILED WHEN HE THOUGHT UPON HIS RUSE.

From Atlanta Constitution.

AFTER Thanksgiving comes Christmas—always something good just ahead if we can only find it. I preach this philosophy to Brown, but he looks sour and spouts—

"With lavish hand
The great and grand
Have favors thurst upon them.
You never seek
The low and meek
Unless it is to don them."

Whenever my old friend gets in one of these sour moods there is nothing that can stir him—we just let him pant it out. The old man has been dunned considerably of late, but we try to comfort him by telling him that the Lord will provide, and in this connection I have just related one of my best Thanksgiving stories which fell so flat upon his ears that I am constrained to give it here just to show what kind of a brute he is when he tries to be.

Twenty-five years ago, I think it was upon the 28th day of November, 1864, when the opening guns at Missionary Ridge proclaimed that a battle was on. I don't know just how or why, but anyway it became known that the next day was to be the yankees' Thanksgiving. I expect that my memory serves me right upon these dates, and that the yankee general—Grant—decided in his mind that he would bring on the fight, take Missionary Ridge and have something great to be thankful over.

But my story is not of the army or of that disastrous fight. At the foot of the mountain, on the south side, there remained what was left of a once prosperous home. The owner of this home was a soldier upon the confederate side and when the cannon roared and the muskets rattled a lonely woman with her four children shuddered at the dreadful sound and grieved in fear of the husband and father. Nothing was left for this poor woman but to listen to the battle, wring her hands and stay with the children who clung to her skirts. Time and time again this little family had knelt by the fire while the mother prayed. It was a woman's prayer that her husband might be spared in the fight that was raging, and the children, as small as they were, joined with that mother and they have told me since that they felt there upon their knees that God would spare their father.

Besides the whites there yet remained two old negroes of the family—"Aunt Dilsy" and "Uncle Tom." Dilsy had joined the whites in the "big house," but Tom was nowhere to be found. It was natural to suppose that he had gone to the yankees. This was not true, and there comes the story. When the first guns began to sound old Tom knew that a fight was on. He knew that his young master was in it and he was fearful lest that master should be killed or wounded and fall into the hands of the yankees. With such thoughts in his mind the old negro decided to go upon the field and do what he could in case of the master getting hurt. To make this story short, the master was wounded very severely, and while the folks at the home, especially "Aunt Dilsy," were thinking hard of Tom for leaving them at such a time, Tom had arrived at the battlefield, found his young master, took him upon his back and was making speed as fast as he could to keep from being captured and to arrive safe at home. Fortunately a sorry old horse was picked up in a short time and this drelievee the negro speeded them on their way. The arrival of the master and Tom at the home was entirely unexpected. They peeped in upon the frightened and praying group before they made themselves known, and what occurred when it was known can better be imagined than described and we leave them for a few hours to go with Tom and "Aunt Dilsy" to their negro cabin, from where it was soon ascertained that the confederates were in full retreat and that the yankees had the Ridge.

The sun was getting low when old Tom sallied forth and wended his way over to the mountain road that some of the army would have to travel. Tom was disappointed in seeing the soldiers, but it was not long until he had discovered a train of yankee wagons just fixing to strike camp on the side of the mountain. Old Tom smiled to himself as he contemplated how nice it would be if one of those wagons were to break over the scotch that held the wheels and go lumbering over the precipice. We leave the old negro watching these wagons while we return to the house to be with the young master and the family that rejoiced at his return.

The wound had been dressed, a good bed had been prepared close to the fire, the mother was ready to put the children to rest for the night, when the very least one of them said, with earnestness in every word:

"Mamma, we better pray some more."

Pray they did, the mother leading and as the words were yet ascending a great lumber was heard upon the mountain side and the thought was that the greatest bowlder had broken loose that had fell for a long time, and had rumbled its way to the bottom.

It was no bowlder—old Tom had crept up and took the scotch from one of the wagons and it went bouncing and lumbering down to the valley below, scattering all the good things of a day's foraging to be gathered by a people that had nothing left.

The losing of one wagon was nothing to the yankees. They were gone by daylight the next morning. Old Tom and the rest went up to see the great bowlder that had made such a fuss and as they looked upon the good things, Tom smiled from ear to ear, "Aunt Dilsy" fairly danced, while the little child turned and said:

"Mamma, des pray some more and den we'll have Thanksgiving.

Talk Up Your Town.

NEVER SAY ANYTHING AGAINST IT.

LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT YOU THINK YOUR TOWN THE BEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.

EVERY MAN ought to show some pride for the prosperity and well being of his town or community. To be sure there is scarcely to be found a town against which there can be no criticism, but it should be the duty of every person, if interested in the growth and welfare of their town, to show it and express it as often as opportunity presents itself. Of course it is wrong to wilfully misrepresent anything and no one should be commended for overrating his town or community for the purpose of deceiving some other person. But it becomes every good citizen, who lives in a good community, to feel a pride in that community and to exhibit such feeling—give expression to it.

Nothing makes a man more attractive to a stranger, for instance, than to hear every person living in that town saying something pleasant about its people and its interests. One of the best ways in which to make a town attractive, with that sort of attraction that will draw other people to it, is for every man and every woman to have something good and nice to say about the people and town generally.

Talk up your town if you would have it do well. Talk up your town if you would have others come to you. Talk up your town as if you were interested in it, and would have its people feel an interest you. There is no other way to do it. Many a time one little word of unpleasant reference to something that may not exactly suit you or particularly concern you, as to that matter, will turn a good man's influence away from your town and will even drive him away.

Then at your fireside talk up your town. Among your neighbors talk up your town and plan its improvement. When you come in contact with strangers talk up your town, and let the world know that you think your town is the town par excellence of all towns.

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 perfect 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.

An Interpreter Needed.

Magistrate—What are those prisoners charged with?

Policeman—I arrested them for fighting, your Honor. They are a couple of golf players, and—

Magistrate—Send for the court interpreter.

TETTER, SALT RHEUM AND ECZEMA.

The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25c. per box.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists

Saved The Cook.

Nell—Why did Maud get a divorce? I thought she and George got along beautifully.

Belle—So they did; but the cook took a violent dislike to him, and threatened to leave.

DR CADY'S CONDITION POWDERS are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25c. per package.

For sale by W. M. Cohen Weldon J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists.

"Tired Of The Game."

THE ANSWER FULL OF MEANING.

IS THE GAME WORTH THE CANDLE? THAT IS THE QUESTION WHICH THOUSANDS ARE ASKING THEMSELVES.

A CERTAIN man died in North Carolina the other day. It was asked of one of his friends of what he died, and the answer was, "of whiskey and morphine." He was a man of gifts and promise, and it was asked why he should thus dispose of himself, and the reply was:

"Oh, well, he was tired of the game."

The answer was full of meaning. The world is full of people who are tired of the game. They have worried and struggled. Perhaps they have tried to rear children who have been a disappointment to them. Perhaps to them "fortune has looked backward." They have worked hard and seen no result of their labor; the past has been unfruitful, the future is unpromising. They have thought upon the problems of life and they see nothing in it for them. They are tired of the game.

Hon. Henry Watterson delivered in Charlotte a year or two ago his lecture on "Money and Morals." It was not worthy of him, and was a disappointment to his audience, but it contained its conclusion, this striking inquiry. What is the use? A man who had become President of the united States said to him that this was the goal of his ambition; that for years he had looked forward to the Presidency; that when he finally reached it, he found that his former friends had become his enemies and that his former enemies had become his friends, and so the chief value of the office had gone—he was unable to reward his friends or punish his enemies. The question was, wherefore had he expanded his energies, why had he spent restless days and sleepless nights in seeking something that brought no pleasure in the attainment? The answer was, of course, Solomon's—Vanity of Vanities.

But we lose our course, and yet not altogether. Is the game worth the candle? That is the question which hundreds of thousands of human beings, all over the earth are asking themselves, and the answer they get is the negative. If they are in public life and try to follow the popular caprice, they find themselves involved in all sorts of absurdities; if they follow the dictates of conscience and of right, they lose caste. If, far from "the madding strife," pursuing the even tenor of their way, they often find toil unrequited and effort gone for naught, they get tired of the game.

The world is full of these luckless ones. Is not the great majority to be so classified? It is a world of toil and moil, with nothing to show for it when we have run our little race; when all life's duties have been done it may be a cottage left; it may be some acres of farming land; it is tolerably certain to be a widow and several children.

It is not quite heroic to get out of it all through the medium of whiskey or morphine; it is not quite the thing to leave to others the care of children which we have brought into the world. But there is the ever recurring question, Is it worth while? and the ever present answer, I am tired of the game.—Charlotte Observer.

The Proper Adjective.

Mrs. Swayback—Mr. Critchow called his wife "dearest."

Mr. Swayback—That is the proper form of the adjective to use. He has married three times.

All's Not Gold, Etc.

"You say he is a director in a newspaper corporation?"

"Yes; he directs the wrappers for out of town subscribers."

Not Particular As To Weapons.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said, "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise. "Then bring me an ax."—Philadelphia Record.

Altruism.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday?

He—No; I'm saving those for my friends.

She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!—Ohio State Journal.

Cupid In a Huff.

"Our engagement is off again."

"What's the matter now?"

"I gave her a belt buckle with my photograph on it, and she uses it to fasten her dog's collar."—Chicago Record.

Simpkins—Funny that a woman can never throw anything straight. Jenkins—Not funny exactly; rather providential; isn't it?

An Effective Sermon.

THOUGHT GABRIEL HAD BLOWED.

A TRUMPET BLAST THAT DROVE THE PEOPLE TO REPENTANCE.

A prominent Methodist churchman recently told the following story on one Peter Cartwright, the famous preacher and circuit rider of many years ago:

The exhorter was holding a camp meeting in Ohio. There was a great number of campers on the field, and the eccentric speaker addressed vast concourses at every service, but he thought too few were being converted. He felt that something should be done to stir the sinners to repentance, so he prepared a strong sermon on the second coming of Christ. He told how the world would go on in its sin and wickedness, and, at last Gabriel would sound his trumpet and time would come to an end. He described the horrors of the lost and the joys of those who were saved. The sermon grew in intensity, and he brought his people up to a grand climax when suddenly the blast of a trumpet smote the ears of the anxious throng.

There was a great sensation, and many fell upon their knees in terror and began to repent and pray. Women screamed and strong men groaned; pandemonium was let loose for a few minutes. After the terror had somewhat ceased the preacher called to a man up a tree and he descended with a long tin horn in his hand. The speaker then turned in fierce wrath and upbraided the people. He cried out in stentorian tones that if a man with a tin horn up a tree could frighten them so, how would it be in the last great end when Gabriel's trumpet sounded the knell of the world. The sermon had a great effect upon the vast audience, and many hundreds flocked to the front and were converted.—New York Tribune.

Proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it. Proof of ROBERTS' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC lies in the taking of it. COST NOTHING if it fails to cure. 25 cents per bottle if it cures. Sold strictly on its merits by

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Wood Tar.

Wood tar is still made as it was in 400 B. C. A bark is chosen and a hole is dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into the barrels to receive it.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Up With The Boys.

Muggins—What's the matter, old man? You look as though you had been up with the boys last night.

Buggins—Right you are. My wife had twins, both boys.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Not a Slayer.

"Our cook is a social reformer. She doesn't even wear corsets."

"Well, you can't expect a cook to stay."

The Coming of Baby

brings joy or pain. It's for the mother to decide. With good health and a strong womanly organism, motherhood but adds to a woman's attractiveness.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

takes away all terrors by strengthening the vital organs. It fits a mother for baby's coming. By revitalizing the nerve centres it has brought chubby, crowing youngsters to thousands of weak women who feared they were barren. It purifies, heals, regulates and strengthens, and is good for all women at all times. No druggist would be without it. $1.00

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MRS. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says:—"When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

Wood's Seeds.

Seed Potatoes

For Fall Planting.

We have just issued a special circular "A New Idea about Planting Potatoes," recommending the wisdom of experimenting with planting Early Potatoes in the Fall. We will mail circular free to any one interested upon request.

CANADA FIELD PEAS

Sown in November and December make a large-yielding and most nutritious forage crop early next year. Write for circular giving price and information.

T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, RICHMOND, - VIRGINIA.

Wood's Descriptive Catalogue for 1900 will be ready January 1st. It gives full information about all Seeds adapted for planting in the South. Send your name and address and we will mail Catalogue as soon as issued.

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W. L. STAINBACK. jan 5 1y Weldon, N. C.

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Besides general news, the Twice-a-Week Journal has much agricultural matter and other articles of special interest to farmers. It has regular contributions by Sam Jones, Mrs. W. H. Felton, John Temple Graves, Hon. C. H. Jordan and other distinguished writers.

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