

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1887.

NO. 31.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

THE PATAPSCO
SUPERLATIVE PATENT
C. A. GAMBRIEL MFG. CO.
BALTIMORE

Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.
ESTABLISHED—1774

The value of FLOUR depends upon the ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF NUTRITION CONTAINED IN THE BREAD IT MAKES. Maryland and Virginia Wheat, from which our PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are chiefly manufactured, has long been conceded to be SUPERIOR to any other, because it has a BETTER COMBINATION OF GLUTEN AND PHOSPHATES. This fact is recognized not only in this country, but in the United Kingdom as well, where the "PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other American Flour. Ask your grocer for it. Also for:

PatapSCO Superlative, Cape Henry Family, Bedford Family, PatapSCO Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family, C. A. GAMBRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

Sept 12 '87.

W. H. BOBBITT & SON,
LITTLETON, N. C.

HAVE JUST OPENED THEIR FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF GOODS, CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Tin ware, Groceries, and Confectioneries, generally, and respectfully invite everybody to come and see them before making purchases elsewhere.

Very Respectfully,
W. H. BOBBITT & SON.

Sept 21st

THE PLACE TO GET
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
—AT THE—
LOWEST PRICES,
IS AT

DR. A. R. ZOLLIFFER'S,
WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.
WELDON, N. C.

STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL—
PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.
PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,
FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.
REMEMBER that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLLIFFER'S,
J. N. BROWN, B. T. SIMMONS.

BROWN & SIMMONS,
WELDON, N. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

TOILET ARTICLES,
PERFUMERY,
COMBS,
BRUSHES,
PLAIN AND FANCY STATIONERY,
&c. &c.

PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED—
Open on Sundays 9 to 10:30 A. M. and 6 to 7:30 P. M.

The Old Doctor
A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed packages. Address Dr. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED
ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.
Stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and cures constipation. Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

Tutt's Pills
stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and cures constipation. Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION!
We are now prepared to furnish all classes with eye-glasses, and we will send you a pair of eye-glasses, with eye-strings, for only one dollar. Send stamp for sealed packages. Address Dr. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

SHALL WE FIND THEM.

Will they meet us here and greet us—
Those we have loved who've gone before—
Shall we find them at the portals,
Hail, or beautiful "immortals,"
When we reach that radiant shore.

Hearts are breaking for some token
That may find its way to yet,
And we ask can those who've left us,
Of love's look and tone bereft us,
Though in heaven can they forget?

And we often, as days soften
And come out the evening star,
Looking westward, at and wonder
Whether, when so far asunder,
They still think how dear they are.

But you recall our "immortals,"
Those who walk with him in white,
As they "hid their bliss" from us,
Know they what events befall us,
Will our coming wade delight?

They will meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved who've gone before,
We shall find them at the portals,
Hail, or beautiful "immortals,"
When we reach that radiant shore.

HIS REWARD.
UNITED AT LAST.

It was a cold January day. John Steele sat alone in his office, in the midst of a deep reverie.

It was evident that he was idle, as he was at the present time, but this evening the memories of the past came flocking upon him like ghosts from another land.

John Steele was a hatcher of forty. He had been born and reared a poor boy, in the little town of M——, and had never felt a desire to leave it. He had studied law and plodded along year after year in the dingy, grimy office, in which he had his room, and had grown rich. He had no personal friends, and lived alone in a large, old frame house at the outskirts of the town, with a maid servant as cook and general man-of-all work.

Years and years before, when a young man of twenty, poor and aimless, Steele had loved a girl whose parents would not let her marry him because he was so worthless. In his rage he blamed her for this and would listen to no reason, and from that day had hated women and had led a solitary life. It was this same that now held John Steele in his office chair, as the mantle of night gathered over the town.

"More than twenty years ago," he mused, "and I don't believe I have ever spoken to a woman, except on business, since that day. They say she married a no-account wretch after all, who has sunk down to poverty and want. Well, well, I must not waste time thinking about such things now. I was only a boy then, and did not know what I wanted. I must be going." Whereupon he arose, buttoned his coat about him, locked his office and trudged on his homeward journey.

Rumor had it about town that, although by her parents' influence, Katie Drew had married shortly after her refusal of Steele, that she had loved him dearly. This was most likely true, but as twenty years had past, the matter had faded from the general mind to give way to more lively gossip.

Steele ate his supper in silence. William, his man-of-all-work had a very good meal prepared for him, though Steele was content to eat his food in silence, good clothes and comfortable living.

"Now, William," said Steele, when he had finished, "if you fix me up, enough food to do me to-morrow, you may have a holiday. And here's your money and five dollars to have a time with. No holiday for me; I don't need any and don't want any."

"Thank you, Mr. Steele, for your goodness," said William. "But, Mr. Steele, don't you never take any little extra pleasure at all? You know I used to know you when you was a little fellow, and I can remember seeing your good mother holding you up at the old church so you could see the Christmas tree. And you was a wee little lad then, and you clapped your little hands in glee and your mother would kiss your baby face and talk baby talk to you. It don't seem like that was near forty years ago, Mr. Steele, but it was."

"Confound the fellow," grumbled Steele, as he sat down in his room that night to rest. "If I should listen to him he would upset me. I don't know what is the matter with me this evening anyhow. I never felt so queer in my life. I guess I am using too much tobacco of late."

He read until bedtime, and was in the act of taking off his boots, when he heard a knock at the front door.

"Who's who that is," he thought. "Something unusual at this place."

He listened a moment and there came another knock.

"What the deuce can that William be doing that he don't go to bed?" said Steele. "I want to go to bed, and to borrow money I guess. Well, unless they have good security, it's a cent do they get."

At this juncture William opened the door. Steele heard an indistinct conversation and then William conducted the visitor to the kitchen. After some moments William came walking into the room.

"Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Steele, but there is a poor woman in the kitchen who needs some help badly. I'm sure she does, for she don't look like a common beggar. She says she has walked through the cold all the way from the last town, and is most dead."

"Yes, that is what they all say. Give

her something to eat and send her on."

"But I wish you would come and see her."

"Both these beggars," mumbled Steele. "But I guess I'll go down to get rid of her."

Steele saw a black figure sitting by the fire.

"Well," he said to her, when he entered, "what can I do for you?"

"She turned toward him. Her face was not that of a beggar. Although a trifle pale, it was the face of a pretty woman of thirty-five.

"I only wished to get warm," she said. "I was so cold that I felt as if I should freeze. I am sorry to disturb you. I have no friends in the town, and am sure I can get employment of some kind there. I used to live there years ago."

By means of a few questions he learned that she was a widow without any relations in the world. He was deeply touched by her story.

"What was your husband's name?" asked Steele.

"Carter," she said. "George Carter."

"Wait a moment," he said, and went up to his room.

He went to his desk and took out some money. "I so seldom give," said he, "and can afford to be liberal to this poor woman." He took two ten-dollar bills and started back to the kitchen.

"She said her name was Carter. Carter—Carter? My God! That was the name of her husband. She said she used to live here years ago. It must be she. It is Katie Drew! It must be!"

Steele shook like a leaf. He seemed young again. He remembered her once more as the sweet-faced girl, and the heart which had been slumbering so long seemed to spring into new life. He sat down on the stairs to compose himself, and then started again for the kitchen.

"William!" said Steele, when he entered, "here is the key to my office. I wish you would go and bring me a packet you will find on my desk."

William fell in the trap without suspicion and was off.

Steele seated himself in a dark corner and looked at the woman. He could see his old love in every feature of the face. He was strangely excited and knew not what to say.

"You say you lived here once?" he began.

"Yes, when I was a girl," she said. "And but fortune has overtaken you since. Perhaps you know my cousin then, John Steele?"

"Yes," she said. "I knew him. Is he not here now?"

"No, poor fellow," said Steele, feeling guilty as he spoke the words, "he is dead."

"Dead!" and she leaned her arm on her hand and wept.

"Yes," said Steele, feeling like a murderer as he spoke, "but none who know him were sorry for it. He had no good in him and lived a selfish life."

"Poor man!" said the sweet, sympathetic tones. "At heart he was good."

Something seemed to move Steele. He got up and stood by her chair. His hand, by accident, touched her. It sent a thrill through him that seemed to make a new being of him.

"Katie," he said, "don't you know me?"

She looked up, started, stood erect, and got a good look into his face.

"John!" she said, in a scared way, and hid her face in her hands.

"Yes, Katie," he said, "it is John. I was thinking of you to-day, and it seems as though heaven has sent you."

"This is such a shock to me," and she sat down again.

Steele's heart was throbbing wildly, and he quivered with excitement.

"I am old, now Katie, and perhaps awkward in my speech, but—I can't help what I am saying. You have no home, I am rich, and you are the only woman I ever loved. You are welcome to all I have. My life has been very lonely. With you I would be happy. You can't love me, I know, after all this time but I do not ask that."

"She arose as if to go. Poor Steele's heart seemed to be bursting. He unconsciously put forth his arms and touched her. With a sob she fell into them and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Katie!" he cried in joy.

"Oh, John, how can I speak?"

"Say something, Katie."

"I feel so guilty. I thought you would never forgive me—but—but—but I have—"

"But what, Katie?"

"Oh, John, you know I loved you then, and it was not my fault. I have loved you all these long years. I am so happy, if you will but forgive me."

"Forgive you! Don't speak of that again. You are homeless no longer, Katie. I know what love is at least. You are in my house now, and you shall never go out of it except as my wife."

"No, John, no!"

"Yes, don't object. I know it don't sound well, but I don't care for that. A preacher lives like so. Won't you consent?"

"But—"

"Please don't refuse, Katie."

"Well, I guess—"

"Just then William came in. Steele hastily ran over him. "Hang the pa-

CO IT BOYS.
A DANCING MATCH BETWEEN ZEB VANCE AND SION R. ROGERS.

(Maxwell's version in the Southern Home.)

General J. M. Leach spends considerable of his time in Washington with his son, J. M. Leach, Jr., who is a chief of division in the Sixth Auditor's office. The general is as full of "reminiscences" and good stories as ever and one which I heard him relate to a party of North Carolinians the other evening will bear repeating. Said he, in effect:

"You know that Zeb Vance used to be a member of the National Home before the war, and Sion Rogers represented the Raleigh district in Congress. Well, some friends sent Frank Shober, of Salisbury, and me one of very fine wine, one day. Zeb, and Sion found it out, somehow, and they used to come around to see us mighty often. In fact, they became great friends of ours, sticking closer than brothers—while the wine lasted."

"One night, after they had relieved us of a half-dozen bottles, more or less, they got to feeling pretty good, and after a while Zeb remarked that he believed he was just about the best dancer that North Carolina ever sent to Congress."

"Now, nobody ever heard of Zeb Vance's virtues as a dancer before. Every one knows that he doesn't in the least resemble a baller girl. He ain't built right to dance and didn't believe he had ever had any experience in that direction before that night, but he stuck to his assertion."

"Well, Zeb kept repeating the statement until finally Sion says, 'Zeb, I don't count myself any great shakes at a practical exponent of the terpsichorean art, but I allow that I can just dance the hind legs off of you.'"

"Now, Sion Rogers was built like a bean-pole, he was over six feet high and as thin as a wafer, and no living man ever saw him without a big pair of eye-glasses adjusted to his long nose. It was funny to think of Zeb Vance's dancing, it was simply ridiculous to consider Sion Rogers in that connection. But Shober said he believed Sion could dance Zeb. I asserted to the contrary, and Shober bet me one hundred dollars."

"The room was cleared. Zeb and Sion peeled off their wearing apparel until nothing was left but nocturnal habiliments and the two constants took their positions on the floor. It was an ill-assorted pair—never were two men more unlike. Zeb and Sion were told that the man who stayed on the floor longest was to have a half-dozen bottles of our wine. Shober started the old plantation pat, the dancers caught step and went at it."

"Go it, Sion!" shouted Shober.

"Backle down to it, Zeb!" I exclaimed, and both men began to rattles off a double-shuffle back-step that would have tarred any tigger in North Carolina green with envy."

"Time passed."

"Midnight came and went, the clock on the mantle struck one. The dancing still went on."

"Daylight appeared. Vance was beginning to double like a lurcher, and he was sweating like a draft horse. Sion seemed to grow taller every minute; his head was thrown back, his arms stood akimbo, only his toes appeared to touch the floor, and no top of perspiration was visible about him."

"The hotel breakfast-bell rang. Shober and I were nearly exhausted, although we took turns in patting, but the dancing still went on. Zeb's shirt was sticking to him like a huge coat-plaster, but Sion looked as cool as a Christmas snow storm. Zeb was bent over until he had nearly assumed a sitting posture, his knees looking as round as a barrel hoop. Sion continued to grow taller, and his eyes-glasses still preserved their equilibrium on the end of his nose."

"When 12 o'clock came, and Congress assembled, we suggested a recess. But no, Sion wouldn't hear to it. Finally I saw that Zeb, who now stood only about 2 feet, 2 inches in his socks, was about to subside, and I gave up."

"The artists then once more regaled themselves with our wine, and Zeb went to bed. But Sion didn't. After dancing 26 hours without a stop, he went to the House of Representatives and made a big speech."

BETTER THAN BEER.

"No beer, thanks."

"It will do you good after working in the street all morning," said the foreman of a party of laborers from the Public Works Department to one of the most intelligent of his workmen during a morning on an uptown street the other day.

"I'd rather drink what I've got in my bucket."

"What's that?"

"Oatmeal and water."

"What do you drink that for?"

"To keep cool, same as you drink water."

"It doesn't rest you like beer, though."

"Try it once and see. When I began drinking oatmeal in my water, my wife had to almost make me take it. Now I wouldn't be without it. I used to drink a glass of beer every noon, two before supper and walk the growler before going to sleep at night. That cost about twenty-five cents a day. Now I save all that and get along just as well as before. I don't know what there is about the meal but I think I have had a drink of it I don't care for beer or anything else to drink. You'd better try it yourself."

"But meal in water," explained a physician to a reporter who had overheard the above recorded dialogue, "is one of the best drinks in the world for a workman, especially in warm weather. It is nutritive, satisfying and agreeable to the stomach. For laborers it makes a useful addition to the diet, costs but little, and repays the outlay in the form of increased ability to perform labor, either physical or mental."

A CREOLE GIRL'S LIFE.

When the creole girl leaves school she enters society and is never seen there unchaperoned until after marriage. To this extent she looks forward as the fulfillment of her destiny, a splendor among creoles being almost as rare as among Jews. In her choice of a husband she is influenced by family wishes, although marriage among the creoles is by no means simply an affair of convenience, as it is too often with the French. Many a girl, after preliminary, and then the lovers are left to their selves. From this time until the marriage the betrothed pair are never seen in public with any but each other. She cannot receive attention from any man, slight as it may be, nor can her lover pay to any other woman the petting visits of social intercourse without exciting remark. In the scheme of creole etiquette broken engagements and broken hearts find no place. Very soon after her betrothal the creole girl with her mother calls upon all relatives and friends of the two families. Her shilly uttered "Je vous en salue faire part de mon mariage" is her announcement of the impending event. For eight days before and eight after marriage she must not be seen in public.

Delicate Children, Nursing Mothers, Overworked Men, and for all diseases where tissues are wasting away from the inability to digest ordinary food, or from overwork of the brain or body, all such should take Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

"I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate and threatened with Bronchitis. It put her in such good health and flesh that I must say it is the best Emulsion I ever used."—L. P. WADDELL, M. D., Hugh's Mills, S. C. "I have used Scott's Emulsion and must say it is the best preparation of the kind I have ever used and I have found it the very thing for children that have Ovarian."—Dr. J. E. Layton, Brewer P. O., Mo.

Sept. 15-1mo.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of the late D. B. Bell before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Halifax county, I hereby give notice to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to me at Raleigh, N. C., on or before the first day of October 1887, as this notice will be placed in the hands of the receiver.

All persons indebted to said estate will come forward and settle at once and save cost of suit.

DAVID BELL, Administrator.
Halifax, N. C., August 27th, 1887.

Sept. 15-1mo.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

QUITE AS BAD AS BULLETS.
An Old Soldier Talks of His Campaign in Virginia. The Enemy in Ambush—The Last Year's Attack.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 4, 1887.

Gentlemen—You're inquiring whether or not I had been benefited by Kaskine, and if so to what extent, &c., to hand. To reply will say that my health has not been as good in twenty years as now. I suffered with chills from malarial poison contracted while serving in the Confederate army on the Peninsula Campaign in Virginia. Did not miss having a chill at least once in twenty-one days, and more frequently once in seven days, for more than fifteen years.

In the condition I visited New York in November, 1885, on business. While there I stopped with Mr. E. D. Barker, of the University Publishing Company. I told Mr. Barker of my condition. He called my attention to your Kaskine and procured for me a bottle. After my return home I took the pellets as directed and found much relief afforded thereby. On this change I wrote Mr. Barker, who sent two or three bottles during the past year. My health greatly improved. I increased in weight from 165 pounds to 200 pounds, my present weight. I believe the Kaskine did it. Quinine had failed, as had other remedies usually administered in such cases.

Now, unless in case of exposure to extra bad weather, I do not have chills, and my general health is quite good. I turned over half a bottle to a young lady friend a few weeks since. I learn from her mother that she was much benefited by it while it lasted.

I trust you may be able to introduce Kaskine generally in this country, in which many suffer from diseases consequent upon malarial poison in the system. From my own experience I can emphasize its excellence for such diseases. If I can serve you call on me.

I am very truly yours,
JOHN C. STANTON.

Seven years ago I had an attack of bilious remittent fever, which ran into intermittent malarial. I tried all the known remedies, such as arsenic, mercury and quinine. The latter was administered to me in heavy and continued doses. Malaria brought on nervous prostration and dyspepsia, from which I suffered ever since. Last winter I heard of Kaskine and began using it. A few bottles of the wonderful drug cured me. Malaria and dyspepsia disappeared, and as you have seen a June day lighter for the summer storm that had passed across the sky, so the cloud left my life and my health became steady and strong.

MRS. J. LAWSON,
141 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I recently began with Kaskine which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds."

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application. Price \$1.00, or six bottles, \$5.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Kaskine Company, 54 Warren St., New York, and 35 Faringdon Road, London.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLINERY.

I am daily receiving my FALL stock of MILLINERY, Fancy Goods, Stationery, &c., embracing all the latest novelties. You are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing.

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

LIQUORS.

C. SMITH.

SEE HIS LIQUORS,
SEE HIS CIGARS,
SEE HIS GROCERIES.

Wine, Beer, Soda.

CANNED GOODS.

EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.

C. Smith at Evans' old stand
Washington Avenue, Weldon, N. C.
dec 16 '87

NEWTON & LEE.

We have on hand and for sale cheap

FAMILY GROCERIES,
CANNED GOODS,
CONFECTIONERIES,
TOBACCO, SWEETS,
CHOCOLATES, &c.

ALSO

FRESH BREAD,
CAKES,
PIES, &c.

MADE AT OUR OWN BAKERY.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Washington Avenue, Weldon, N. C.
mar 21 '87

VALUABLE FARMS FOR SALE.

I will sell for cash or on easy terms the following property:

A farm situated about two miles from Halifax, on the road leading to Halifax, now occupied by Jas. L. Ostry, containing about 200 acres. Good dwelling house and all necessary out houses.

A farm six miles from Halifax on same road, containing about 80 acres. Good dwelling and out houses.

The farm whereon I now reside, about 7 miles from Halifax, containing 120 acres. It has a fine orchard and is well adapted for cotton, corn and trucking.

Also other farms which will be shown to purchasers.

For further information apply to me or to John A. Moore, Halifax, N. C.

B. F. GARY,
Halifax, N. C.

SEP 18 '87

SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES.

On Monday, the 2nd day of October, 1887, I will sell for cash at the court house in Halifax, to satisfy state and county taxes, the following real estate in Halifax county:

One lot in the town of Weldon, belonging to Wesley Harrison, for taxes of 1885 and 1886.

109 acres of land in Weldon township, listed by E. M. Apperson, for taxes of 1886.

7 1/2 acres of land in Weldon township, listed by E. G. Everett, for taxes 1885 and 1886.

E. G. EVERETT, Sheriff.
By A. A. Johnson, Deputy.

SEP 18 '87