THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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VOL. XIX. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1889. NO. 4.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PATAPSCO 196 SUPERLATIVE PATENT C.A.GAMBRILL Mfg. Co. BALTIMORE.

THE Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS. ESTABLISHED--1774.

OUR PATENT ROLLER FLOURS

are manufactured from the CHOICEST WHEAT OBTAINABLE for which Baltimore as a market stands pre-eminent. Their superiority for UNIFORMITY, STRENGTH and UNAPPROACHABLE FLAVOR has long been acknowledged. The

PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT

Stands unrivalled. Of a rich, Creamy Color, it makes a Bread that will suit the Fastidious. ☞Ask your Grocer for it.

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C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 214 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

aug 12 1y.

My Poor Back!

That's the common exclamation of those suffering with rheumatism or kidney troubles. In either disease Paine's Celery Compound will surely effect a cure, and there will no longer be any cause to complain of "poor back." Hundreds of testimonials like the following confirm our claims for that grand old remedy, Paine's Celery Compound:

"Two weeks ago I could not sleep more than an hour at a time any night, was constipated and kidneys did not act, and had a good deal of pain in the back. Since I took Paine's Celery Compound the pain has left my back, and I can sleep like a child." Zenas Sanders, West Windsor, Vermont.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I have used nearly all medicines imaginable, besides outside advices, but to no advantage. Having seen Paine's Celery Compound advertised, I gave it a trial. I have used only one bottle and am perfectly cured. I can now jump around and feel lively as a fly." Frank Caroll, Eureka, Nevada. *Price, $1.00. Six for $5.00.*

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Shipments of cotton and other produce solicited. Highest cash prices obtained and prompt returns made.

Any arrangements can be made with ☞W. W. LONG, Littleton N. C. sep 6 6m

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FOR SALE BY P. N. STAINBACK & CO.

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Seeds and Plants Specially Adapted to the South.

Clover Seeds, Grass Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Seed Grain, Garden Seeds, Vegetable and Flowering Plants, Etc.

JAPAN CLOVER.

Carefully selected Seeds of the best quality. Write for Prices and Descriptive Catalogue.

CATALOGUE of tested Seeds, Novelties, etc., and containing valuable information Mailed Free.

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Jan 10 2m

THE PLACE TO GET

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

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FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

REMEMBER that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

"MARSE CHAN."

[Written after hearing Nelson Page read his inimitable story.]

A sad, sweet tale of other days we heard,
To which there clung the charm of vanished years;
By those quaint accents all our hearts were stirred,
And many an eye half sadly filled with tears.

Not since Burns touched his rugged peasant lyre
Till its deep music thrilled the soul of men,
Has a rude language told the heart's desire
In more pathetic words than thine, "Marse Chan."

To us of younger years that sad romance
Reads like some legend of the days of old,
As when King Arthur and his knights drew lance
E'er yet the flame of chivalry grew cold.

To older hearts it brings a joy half pain,
A gleam of sorrow's shadow darkly crossed,
As if the ghost of youth came back again
To vex us with the things that we have lost.

By "Uncle Remus" told, our South Land lore
Has charmed the listening ear of old and young.
With those quaint, legendary tales, that bore
The music of the plantation tongue.

But since these famous days "before the war,"
No voice save thine has told, or ever can
Tell the full charm of days that are no more,
As in those wondrous tales of thine, "Marse Chan."

ALSTON McDEARMAN.

THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

A SAD SCENE AT ONE OF THE AUCTION ROOMS IN DETROIT.

There was an auction at one of the down-town auction houses recently. A pale, sad faced woman, in a plain calico gown, stood in a crowd. The loud voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the plain woman, and was being sold to satisfy the mortgage on it. One by one the articles were sold, the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another and a bedstead to a third.

Finally the auctioneer hauled out a child's high chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody excepting the pale faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek. The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up in his throat and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine.

It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "pa" from that high chair were gone forever. He saw the pale faced woman's piteous looks and knew what it meant; knew that in her eye the little rickety high chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds. In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held; could see the chubby little fist grasping the tin rattle box and pounding the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off of the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee—and now, the little high chair was empty.

He knew there was an aching void in the pale faced woman's heart; there was in his own. Somehow the day may come and go, but yet you never get over it. There is no one to dress in the morning, no one to put to bed at night. "Don't laugh," said the auctioneer, softly, as somebody facetiously offered ten cents; "many of you have little empty high chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with." Then he handed the clerk a bill out of his own pocket and remarked, "Sold to the lady right there" and as the pale faced woman walked out with the little high chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had bid ten cents.—Detroit *Free Press.*

WE MAY NEVER KNOW.

We may never know of the anguish hidden beneath smiling eyes. We may never know of the weary hearts beside us day by day, whose prayer is for strength to wait till God shall say, "Well done." We may sit down at the same fireside, clasp hands at the same social board, look into each other's faces, but we cannot see the heart. And who may tell of the sad failures, the soul sick pining for a father's hand to lead beside the still waters of peace and rest.

Ah! never till we soar beyond the stars and all the tears be wiped from our eyes, shall we understand that inscrutable mystery—the human heart! Ah! despair not when life seems hard and dreary; by and by the shadows will fall apart, the fetters that bind us will be severed, the burden be removed, the tired hands be folded and sleep, with her healing wings, shall hover over us and rest be won.

LIVING ON WATER ONLY.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO HAS NOT TASTED FOOD FOR SEVEN YEARS.

A dispatch from Lewiston, Me., says: Josephine Bedard is a pretty, dark-eyed, vivacious French Canadian girl who has been on a Christmas visit to her uncle and cousins at 27 Birch street, Lewiston, for the past few days. If her story is true, she has fasted more than 2,550 days, having neither eaten nor desired to eat, nor tasted food in any form for that length of time. When the reporter called upon her to-day and introduced himself through an interpreter, she being unable to converse in English, it was at the dinner hour, and while her relatives were partaking of the noon repast she was leisurely reclining in a rocking chair, apparently deeply interested in a work on history.

Her story, as told by herself, was that she was born on her father's farm in Tingwick, a small agricultural town in Canada, in 1872. Her mother was stricken with a disease which terminated fatally when Josephine was but three months old. As a child she grew robust and strong. She attended a country school a short time, and afterwards assisted in the household duties at home.

On Christmas day, 1881, she was violently attacked with diphtheria, and for three weeks she was between life and death. From this sickness begins the date of her prolonged and curious fast, and to-day, as for years, her means of sustenance is derived from water only, which she drinks as people drink ordinarily. No form of edibles can arouse her sleeping apetite, and the most delicious fruits are no temptation to her. In appearance she is of medium height, weighing 125 pounds, with a symetrical figure, intellectual head, and what is called a pretty face, with sparkling brown eyes, and short, coal-black hair. She is a fascinating brunette of demure countenance, and modest bearing.

"She never eat something," said one of the family, "all see time she be here."

This remark caused Josephine to smile, showing a set of even, pearl white teeth, and at the same time revealing a set of dimples which might arouse the jealousy of an ordinary society girl. Mr. Bedard said that when in Canada, in order to remove the doubts of a few skeptical persons, Josephine was locked in a room for fifteen days, as a test, with no nourishment but water and that she came out at the end of that time without experiencing the slightest illness. The fact that she is very fond of books and spends most of her spare moments in reading and study would seem to indicate that her mind has a literary inclination. At present she enjoys perfect health, and headaches and ailments that flesh is heir to are entirely unknown to her. She believes in amusements and when at home participates with the other boys and girls of the neighborhood in their country festivities.

"LADIES MEN."

By his air and gait, the ultra-fashionable style of his clothing, the killing curl of his mustache, the "look and die" expression of his simpering face, his stream of small talk, and sundry other signs and tokens of a plethora of vanity, and a lack of soul and brain, you may distinguish at a glance the individual who plumes himself upon being a "lady's man." His belief in his own irresistibility is written all over him; and to say the truth, your ladies' men have some grounds for their self conceit. It is indubitable that girls do sometimes fall in love—or what they suppose to be love—with fellows who look as if they had walked out of tailors' fashion plates—creatures that by the aid of the various artists who contribute to the "make up" of human popinjays—have been converted into superb examples of what art can effect in the way of giving men an unmanly appearance. The woman who marries one of these flutterers is to be pitied, for if she has any glimmerings of common sense, and a heart under her bodice, she will soon discover that her dainty husband has no more of a man's spirit in him than an automatic figure on a Savoyard's hand organ.

But a woman worth a true man's love is never caught by such a specimen of ornamental hollow-ware. A sensible woman is, in fact, a terror to ladies' men, for they are aware that her penetrating eye looks through them and sounds the depths of their emptiness. She knows the man indeed from the trumpery counterfeit, and has no touch of the mackerel propensities to jump at a flashy bait in her wholesome composition.

The lady's man should be permitted to live and die a bachelor. His vocation is to dangle after the sex, to talk soft nonsense, to carry shawls and fans, to amuse boarding school misses, and to kindle love flames as evanescent and harmless as as the twinkle of a lightning bug. If, however, he must needs become a benedict, let him be yoked with some vain and silly flirt, his natural counterpart. So shall the law of fitness not be outraged.

A rattlesnake bite on a Virginia boy has been cured by the use of mud.

BEEN STEALING PICKLES.

THE MINISTER AND THE PARROT—THE LATTER MAKES A REMARK THAT CAUSES CONSTERNATION.

One day, when she was in her ninety-sixth year, Aunt H—was visited by a Boston clergyman, who, in the course of a brisk conversation, ventured to tell her the story of the monkey and the parrot in illustration of some point that was made. That live anecdote was new to Aunt H—, and the people present were wondering a little with what local reminiscence she could possibly match it. She heard the story with unruffled visage, and then remarked:

"That must have been a very remarkable parrot, but it seems to me he hardly comes up to Deacon Staples' parrot after all."

"What did Deacon Staples' parrot do?"

"One time the deacon's wife was putting up cucumber pickles in the kitchen, and the parrot—he was a very knowing bird, and had been piously brought up in the deacon's family—was sitting on the back of a chair watching the operation. Presently, when the deacon's wife's back was turned, the parrot slipped up and stole one of the pickles out of the dish. She turned around in time, however, to catch him at it, and threw her knife at him with such force that it took all the feathers smoothly off the top of the bird's head."

"The parrot flew around for some days in distress at the loss of his top-knot, but recovered it in the course of time. One day, some little time after this incident, a minister who had exchanged with our minister came to spend the Sabbath at Deacon Staples'.

The parrot was in the dining room when the family and the minister came into breakfast. The clergyman was very bald; his head fairly shone. He hadn't more than got seated at the table before the parrot, fixing his gaze upon the minister, screamed out:

"Ha! you durned old scamp! Been stealin' pickles!"—Boston *Transcript.*

MISTAKES IN LANGUAGE.

The professor of English literature at Wellesly College has prepared the following list of words and phrases to be avoided in conversation and writing:

Guess, for suppose or think.
Fix, for arrange or prepare.
Ride and drive, interchangeably.
Real, as an adverb, instead of really, as real good.
Some, for somewhat. I have studied some.
Some ten days, for about ten days.
Storms, for rains.
Try an experiment, for make an experiment.
Singular subject with contracted plural verb, as she don't skate well.
Plural pronoun with singular antecedent: every man or woman should do their duty.
Expect, for suspect.
First rate, as an adverb.
Had rather, for would rather.
Right away, for immediately.
Party, for person.
Promise, for assure.
Posted, for informed.
Post graduate, for graduate.
Depot, for station.
Nice, indiscriminately.
Stopping, for staying.
Try and do, for trying to do.
Cunning, for small.
Cute, for acute.
Fanny, for odd.
Above, for foregoing.
Looks good enough, for well enough.
Somebody else's, for somebody's else.
Like, for as.
Not as good, for not so good.
Feel badly, for feel bad.
Feel good, for feel well.
Between seven, for among seven.
Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.
More than you think for, for more than you think.
These kind, for this kind.
Nicely, in reply to inquiring for health.
Healthy, for wholesale.
Just as soon, for just as lief.
Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.
The matter of, instead of the matter with.

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher of the class in definitions.

Nobody seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much.

At this a hand popped up, and the owner of it exclaimed, "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.
181 Pearl st. New York.

oct 25 1 yr.

"TAKE A SHEEP."

A farmer once employed a young man to labor upon his farm without inquiring as to his habits, and upon learning that he was addicted somewhat to drinking, the farmer offered him as a reward a choice sheep if he would refrain from drinking during the season. A grown son of the farmer, on hearing this, said:

"Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I will not drink this season?"

"Yes," replied the father, "you may have a sheep."

Then a little son spoke up and said:

"Pa, will you give me a sheep too, if I'll not drink?"

"Yes, son, you shall have a sheep, also."

After a moment's pause the little boy turned to his father and said:

"Pa, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

There are a good many fathers who should "take a sheep."

AMERICAN VERSATILITY.

Is there anything more sublime than the way in which the American can combine the sacred and the profane? Why, he is a greater adept at it than John Bull. On board the steamer, we had a party of Americans who passed seven days of the voyage playing poker. The smoking room rang from morning to night with the oaths that they uttered every time that they threw a card on the table. They were so fluent with them that they hardly used the same twice in an hour. Their stock seemed inexhaustible. On Sunday, after breakfast, a young lady sat down to the piano and began playing hymns. What happened then? Our poker party gathered round the young lady, and for two hours sang psalms and holy tunes to the edification of the other occupants of the saloon. I was dumbfounded. In France, we have men who swear and also men who sing hymns. But I believe that the Anglo-Saxon race alone can furnish men who do both with equal facility and gusto.—Forum.

HOW TEACHERS KISS.

A LESSON IN "SMACKING" FROM THE PEDAGOGUES.

"Kiss is a conjunction because it connects. It's a verb because it signifies to act and be acted upon. It's a preposition, because it shows that the person kissed is no relation. It's an interjection—at least it sounds like one, and is a pronoun, because she always stands for the noun. It is also a noun, because it is the osculatory action—both common and proper—second person necessary. Plural number, because there are always more than one. In gender, masculine and feminine mixed. Frequently the case, and is governed by circumstances and light, according to rule first. "If he smite thee on one cheek, turn the other also." It should always begin with a capital letter, be often repeated, continued as long as possible, and ended with a period." Yum, Yum.—N. C. *Teacher.*

A VALUABLE COW.

HE WOULD SELL HER AT A GREAT BARGAIN TO HIMSELF.

"Owing to ill health I will sell at my residence in town 29 range 18 west, according to government survey, one crushed raspberry colored cow, aged eight years. She is not afraid of cars—or anything else. She is of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth short horn and three-fourths hyena. I will throw in a double barrelled shot gun, which goes with her.

In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns, with a tall red calf, with long swabby legs. Her name is Rose and I prefer to sell her to a non resident."—*Bill Nye.*

HOW IT IS BORNE.

It is strange how differently a deep trouble affects different persons. One cries aloud for sympathy, with outstretched hands of anguish. Another clasps the hands tightly over the poisoned arrow to conceal it from all eyes, and silently dies of the pain. Another affects jollity, and rushes wildly from one excitement to another, hoping for nothing, caring for nothing, save never to be left one moment alone with his misery. Which of all these is the great sufferer God and his own soul only know.

To fly is not always to shun. He who, placing a chair for misery, accepts him for an inevitable guest, and goes on with his ordinary employments all the same as if he were not there' stands the surest chance to be rid of him, or grow indifferent to his unwelcome presence. To all, however, it is not given to do this; but at least even for them there cometh and end to all things.

HOLD ON.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your name at all times; for it is of more value to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth; for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

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 druggists at Weldon, Brown & Carraway, Halifax, Dr. J A McGwigan, Enfield.

"What did you get yesterday when you found the pantry door open?" asked Merritt. "Why," replied little Johnny, "got sick."

The money that a man loses in wheat speculation does not affect the wheat market. It is only a drop in the bucket-shop.

"Talk of mothers-in-law and sons-in-law not agreeing," remarked Titmarsh; "my mother-in-law and I agree. She says I ought not to have married her daughter, and I coincide with her."

An old lady, who lost her purse a short time since, declared, on its being restored to her, that she would not attempt to to interfere with the reward which was stored up in heaven for the finder, by offering him money.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DID YOU KNOW IT?

Did you know catarrh is a blood disease? Well it almost invariably is, and frequently is a symptom of inherited blood poison. The tendency to catarrh may lay dormant in the system half a man's lifetime and then suddenly become active and the disease at once severe and troublesome.

N. C. EDWARDS, Lampasas Springs, Texas writes: "For over four years I have been a good sufferer from a terrible form of Nasal Catarrh. I was greatly annoyed with a constant roaring in my head and my hearing became very much impaired. The discharge from my nose was profuse and very offensive, and my general health impaired. I tried most all prominent physicians, but they did not cure me, and I used various advertised preparations without benefit.

CATARRH

I then sent to the drug store of T. E. Smith & Bro., and purchased B. B. B. and to my utter astonishment and satisfaction the use of ten bottles has restored my general health, stopped the roaring sensation, entirely healed and cured the nasal catarrh, and I am proud to recommend a blood remedy with such powerful curative properties. The business men of our town know of my case."

W. A. PEPPER, Fredonia, Ala., writes: "I cannot refrain from telling you what a glorious medicine you have. For ten years my mother has suffered with a severe Catarrh of the head and ulcerated sore throat. She resorted to various remedies without effect, until she used B. B. B., which cured her catarrh, and healed her sore throat."

CATARRH

B. C. KINNARD & SON, Tuscaloga, Ga., write: "One of our neighbors has been suffering from catarrh for several years, which resisted all treatment and medicine resorted to. We finally induced him to try the efficacy of B. B. B., and he was soon delighted with an improvement. He continued its use, and was cured sound and well."

CATARRH

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and take no other. Nearly every grocer in America keeps it in stock. If you will order from his nearest wholesale house and be careful to follow on each outside wrapper. You can't wait longer before trying for yourself the unsurpassed and truly wonderful

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