

The ROANOKE NEWS

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1893.

NO. 12

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DYSPEPSIA

Is that misery experienced when suddenly made aware that you possess a diabolical arrangement called stomach. No two dyspeptics have the same predominant symptoms, but whatever form dyspepsia takes

The underlying cause is in the LIVER,

and one thing is certain no one will remain a dyspeptic who will



Start the Liver working and all bodily ailments will disappear.

"For more than three years I suffered with Dyspepsia in its worst form. I tried several doctors, but they afforded no relief. At last I tried Simmons' Liver Regulator, which cured me in a short time. It is a good medicine. I would not be without it."—JAMES A. ROANE, Philad'a, Pa.

See that you get the Genuine, with red Z on front of wrapper. PREPARED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE LADIES OF

WESTERN HALF OF HALIFAX CO.

I know Dr. J. A. McGill's ORANGE BLOSSOM to be a very great blessing to our sex. We have long needed something which we could use ourselves and which could conquer the stubborn forms of chronic inflammation and congestion which lie at the foundation of all female troubles. That Dr. McGill's treatment meets the demand of this long felt want is shown by the fact that many cases which have baffled the skill of our best physicians, are being cured by it. I have pledged myself to let my suffering sisters in the above Counties know of this simple, entirely safe, yet wonderful cure. To accomplish this I must have the help of some good Christian lady in each township. There are not less than one thousand ladies in each of the above Counties to whom this cure would be of inestimable value, many of them mothers who need strength that they may train their little ones; then there are so many young girls whose trouble is not considered serious, but nevertheless need attention, as only a little time will be required for it take the color from the cheeks and all the joy from their glad young lives as it has done in thousands of cases. Send a two-cent stamp for free Sample Box. I will also send Township's Agent's Terms to those who will assist me. MISS LIZZIE R. DAVIS, Arcola, Warren Co., N. C.

4-20-1y

THE TALK OF THE TOWN NOW IS

Have YOU Seen

The pretty goods at

Tillery's Store?

Dress Goods of all Kinds; And trimmings to match.

EVERYBODY

says they are the prettiest in town. A nobby line of Gents' Furnishings. A large line of sample goods to be sold at

NEW YORK WHOLESALE PRICES.

and if you can't get a suit of clothes in stock you can select a pattern and the fit is guaranteed; it takes only five days to make a suit.

HATS.

A big line of the Newest styles straw and felt hats just opened.

I am always glad to show goods, and prices shall compete with the lowest that good goods can be sold at.

Respectfully,
W. B. TILLERY,
Weldon, N. C.

9 29 1f.

HISTORIC BLUNDER.

JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS ARRESTED IN ATLANTA.

It is not generally known that ex-President Jefferson Davis was once arrested and held prisoner in Atlanta, charged with being a pick pocket.

In 1857 or 1859 Mr. Davis, who was then Secretary of War, was travelling from Richmond to Mississippi. On the same train was Mr. Sam Noble, the founder of the big iron works in Rome and Anniston.

Mr. Noble had but recently come over from England and was on a prospecting tour. He had with him a small hand satchel containing \$1,000 in gold. When Atlanta was reached the dismay of Mr. Noble may be imagined when he found his satchel gone. He gave the alarm and City Marshal E. T. Hunnicutt and his deputy, Ben Williford, responded at once. They learned that a quiet, unassuming man had occupied the seat with Noble, and after a short search they found him, put him under arrest and carried him to Washington Hall, a hotel.

The stranger took his arrest very quietly and said: "Is not Allison Nelson the mayor of your town? Well, I think if you will bring him here I can be identified."

The arrest of a person charged with picking pockets was unusual in Atlanta, and the prisoner was surrounded by a gaping, staring crowd.

The mayor came, and as he crossed the threshold he glanced around the room until his eyes rested on the prisoner.

With a shout of joy, his arms outstretched, he sprang forward.

"Jeff Davis, God bless your soul! Where did you come from? Gentlemen, I fought under this man in the Mexican war. He is the Secretary of War."

"Introductions and explanations followed. The officers began another investigation, and finally recovered the money from the negro train porter.

Messrs. Hunnicutt and Williford are still alive; Mr. Noble and Mayor Nelson are dead, but there are many old men in Atlanta today who were present in Washington Hall when the affair occurred.—Atlanta Journal.

THE SOUTHERN GIRLS.

There's a vast difference in northern and southern girls. Did you ever stop to consider it? Southern girls are so much more attractive to men than we are. I don't just understand why it is. But every once in a while some Louisville or Memphis or Virginia girl comes up here and fairly walk away with every eligible man she meets. She is usually prettier, but rather as stylish as her northern sister. The former cares more for prettiness than style, though, and wears more dainty little curls and bows and bangles and gewgaws than a northern girl would do in a lifetime. It isn't exactly good form, we think, but she doesn't know that, and if she did, she wouldn't care, for "boys like it," and then her voice is so soft, and her southern pronunciation is simply delicious.

Her manners are charming but rather gushing, never coldly conventional nor indifferent, as ours often are. And she does make such a fuss over the men. She exerts herself so to please them and lays herself out to be charming to every man that comes along, be he old or young, rich or poor, married or unmarried. And they all swear by the southern girl. From grandpapa down to the little freshman she captures all the masculine hearts. Her southern blood gives her a spontaneous enjoyment of things, quick appreciation, and ready laughter that refreshes a man because it's just what he loves to find in a woman.—Chicago News.

DON'T YOU KNOW—That to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system and gives nerve strength.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c. of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE N. Y. WEEKLY WORLD

ONE YEAR,

The "Columbia" Watch

—AND THE—

ROANOKE NEWS, ONE YEAR,

ALL FOR \$3.00.

The New York WEEKLY WORLD is the leading American Paper, and is the largest and best weekly printed.

\$3.00.

THE COLUMBIA WATCH

is an excellent timekeeper, with clock movement, spring in a barrel, pinion steel, clean free train and a good timekeeper. It is 2 3/8 inches in diameter, 1 1/32 inches thick, and requires no key to wind.

\$3.00.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

is the best and strongest Weekly Paper in this section of the State.

\$3.00.

We furnish the time and all the news up to time for one year for \$3.

Send your order with above price to the

ROANOKE NEWS,

WELDON, N. C.,

and the watch and papers will be forwarded at once.

KICKED INTO A FORTUNE.

A MULE'S HEELS LANDED ITS DRIVER ON A RICH GOLD-LEDGE.

Any man without Tom Power's luck would have been kicked into kingdom come instead of the richest diggings in the Territories. He was freighting from Lake Valley to the mining camp in the Black Range, and was lucky if he could keep at work. He was about as clumsy as they make men, and never made a trip without being kicked, bitten, or trodden on by his team, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

One mule in the string, Old Sam, was a regular devil; the brute knew that Tom was afraid of him and never missed a chance to bite or kick at him. One day in the latter part of September 1887, Tom started from Lake Valley with a heavy load, bound to John Burke's camp. The distance was eighty miles, and part of the way the road was hardly more than a trail along the side of the mountain. Half a dozen good teamsters had refused the contract, but Tom took it because the price offered was more than what he could obtain on any other route. Bets were freely made that the outfit would go over the grade, but Tom succeeded in getting over sixty miles of the road without a single hitch. Then he was at the Hogback, a narrow ridge along which the road ran, and on each side was a deep canyon. At no place is the road more than a couple of feet wider than a wagon and the grade is very heavy. Half way across something started Old Sam and he began to kick.

Tom whipped and swore, but Sam only made his heels fly the faster, and at last managed to get outside of the traces, and then, as if satisfied with the fun he had had, the brute lay right down in the middle of the road and defied Tom's every effort to get him up.

A couple of Mexicans happened along, and, at Tom's invitation, they took a hand. One of them gathered a lot of dry grass and piled it close to the mule's hindquarters and set it on fire. It took Sam about two seconds to change his position and land his heels on Tom's stomach with a force which sent him over the edge of the road and down the bank. He dropped twenty-five or thirty feet down the side of the mountain.

Where did he land? Why, on the edge of the Noonday, of course. He had sense enough to keep his discovery a secret, and wrote to his brother, in Denver, to gather up all the cash he could and get down to New Mexico as soon as possible. The first thing we know in Lake Valley a gang of men were at work developing the mine. All rock taken out is sent to Cerillos to be worked and the deeper they go the richer the ledge is.

It paid handsomely from the start, and the boys are now getting out about \$10,000 a month clear of expenses. The first thing Tom did was to purchase old Sam, and the mule is now living a life of ease with a big pasture to graze in and a good stable to sleep in at night.

MOVE ALONG.—don't stand idle. It's the man who keeps moving that generally succeeds in life. You can't help moving on when taking Simmons' Liver Regulator. It cleanses the system from all poison and sends the blood through the veins at a good round pace. The Regulator is the best insurance policy against Jaundice and Dyspepsia. Nothing malarious about Simmons' Liver Regulator.

FREE TRANSLATION.

A German student wrestling with the English language rendered a text as follows: "The ghost is willing, but the meat is feeble."

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which covers a natural brown or black.

STATE ITEMS.

THE NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE STATE IN A CONCISE FORM.

It is said there is not a barroom in this State west of Asheville.

There are now nearly 130 convicts in the penitentiary enclosure.

The State Firemen's Association will meet at Wilmington, July 26th to the 28th.

The La Grange town commissioners have ordered a chemical fire engine, costing \$600.

In the prohibition election last Monday Salisbury went wet by a majority of 155 for license.

A Chatham man claims to have caught an eel and a cat fish on one hook at the same time.

The board of aldermen of Asheville has placed a tax of \$500 on dealers in deadly weapons.

Hillsboro is soon to have a new paper, with F. S. Starrette, late of the Durham Recorder is editor.

A guinea nest, recently found in Cabarrus county, contained nine seven eggs, so says the Concord Standard.

A full blooded Indian, Joseph S. Maytubby, wins the honors in the contest for the prize for declaration at Trinity College this year.

Mr. Jerome Dowd, editor of the Mecklenburg Times has been tendered and has accepted the chair of political economy in Trinity College.

A son of Craig Todd had one of his big toes cut off by the saw at Mire's Mill, near Windsor last week. The boy was about 18 years old.

Pittsboro Record: There is a colored youth in this county, named Frank Alston, who is 6 feet 8 inches tall. He was too young to vote at the last election.

There is talk of providing more dormitories at the Agricultural and Mechanical college for the accommodation of more students, who have applied for admission.

A large force is at work on the Haw river bridge on the Seaboard Air Line, in Chatham county, and will complete it by July 21st. The bridge will cost about \$40,000.

A silver coin marked "P. S. Lewis, Morristown, N. J., 1864," came into the possession of a Charlotte man who wrote to Lewis, received a reply, and has forwarded the coin to him.

Allen Gilliam, a negro man 98 years old, died in Cashie section, Bertie county, last week. He owned about \$2,000 worth of property, which he had accumulated by hard work and economy.

The Monroe Enquirer gets off this frog story: Mr. Alec Crook was at his spring a few days ago and saw a large bull frog swallow a live chicken. Mr. Crook killed the frog and the chicken hopped out alive.

An eloping couple from Roanoke, Va., were married at Winston one day last week. In escaping from her parents, says the Sentinel, the young lady jumped from a second story window and severely sprained an ankle.

John Allen Johnson, the counterfeit-er, has been convicted of attempting to kill United States Deputy Marshal Upchurch and also of counterfeiting silver coin. He is sentenced to imprisonment at Columbus, Ohio.

Wilkes, without a doubt, can lay claim to the oldest magistrate in the State who is actively engaged in the service. He is 94 years old and attends every magistrate's meeting held in the county. He lives twelve miles from Wilkesboro and his name is Col. Allen Whittington.

As a blood-purifier, the most eminent physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful combination of vegetable alteratives ever offered to the public. As a soothing and family medicine, it may be freely used by old and young alike.