

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 31.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### AYER'S PILLS

ARE SUGAR-COATED.  
EASY TO TAKE,  
And a Sure Cure for  
Sick Headache, Biliousness,  
Constipation, and  
Dyspepsia.



They Keep the System in Perfect Order.

"For years," writes CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving me as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me AYER'S PILLS, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these pills, and to great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble which yielded readily to the same remedy."

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of AYER'S PILLS, and already my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—MANUEL JORGE PEREIRA, Oporto, Portugal.

### AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

## COHEN'S PHARMACY

GAERWOOD'S EXTRACT,  
NACE'S TRIPLE,  
VIOLET WATER,  
WOODWORTH'S FLORIDA WATER,  
AND  
SACHET POWDER.

—New Line of—  
STATIONERY  
Just Received 150 Linen writing  
Tablets, which I'll sell  
at a small  
PROFIT.



ACCURACY!

PURITY!

NEW DRUGS  
RECEIVED EVERY  
WEEK.

Sta. Brand Prepared  
Paints.  
Pure White Lead &  
Linseed oil.  
I'll sell paints at a  
very small margin.

A Large  
Stock of—  
LANDRETH'S  
GARDEN  
SEED.

### THE PLACE TO GET

### DRUGS AND MEDICINES

—AT THE—

### LOWEST PRICES,

IS AT

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'S,

WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVE. OPPOSITE R. 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

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

## SLIPPING AWAY.

These are slipping away—those sweet, swift hours,  
Like a leaf on the current cast;  
With never a breath in the rapid flow,  
We watch them as one by one they go  
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,  
Or an arrow's flying gleam;  
As soft as the languorous breeze hid,  
That lift the willow's long golden lid,  
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down,  
As fond as a lover's dream;  
As pure as the flush in the shell's throat,  
As sweet as the wood bird's wooing note,  
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass  
Down the dim lighted stair,  
We hear the sound of their steady tread  
In the steps of the centuries long since dead  
As beautiful and as fair

There are only a few years left to live:  
Shall we waste them in idle strife?  
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet  
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet  
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let  
No envious taunts be heard;  
Make life's fair path of rare design,  
And fill up the measure with lover's sweet  
wine,  
But never an angry word.

## NELLIE.

She was a rosy, apple blossom sort of a girl, grifted by some wind of fate into the "big bottom" country. Old Mis' Rose had brought her from out of the West one year after she had been out there, visiting with relatives, and kept her, a cheerful, happy child, as long as she lived. When the old woman died, Bill Rose's wife didn't feel any "call" to keep her, "ex how she had six o' her own." It looked as if Nellie would have a rough time of it, but finally Mis' Rivers said she'd take her, and Nellie was shifted from one family to the other without ceremony.

She was growing up now, growing taller, and was guessed to be "goin' on 13." She would have been the pride and darling of somebody, had there been any somebody to notice. Her coming down into the sleepy village was an event.

Even old Norcross, the blacksmith who had never noticed a woman within the memory of man, lifted his head as she went across the Rivers lot to the cow station, ringing as she had done on the Rose farm, in the glad exuberance of her young spirit.

"Lord o' love!" he said. There air a thing glad to be a livin'!"

The village girls banded against her. She hardly knew it, for she had grown up alone, and needed no one. Her heart was sore for the old woman who had died clutching at the young hand sometimes she saw the girls dressed up in braves of white and pink and blue. She shuddered at bad combinations of color as if some one had struck her in the face. She had only old clothes to wear, old hats and faded ribbons. She never complained, but she noticed many things. Mr. Rivers was sickly and irritable. One day she flung some words of insult at Nellie. The girl never answered. That night as old Squire Eastman sat on his vine-hung porch, he heard some one come up the road, usually so lonesome, singing in a high, sweet voice, "Abide with Me." He knew the voice, for when Nellie could go to church, she sang. She came up to the porch, and in her cheerful way, wished him good evening.

"I have come to ask you if I'm bound to stay with Mis' Rivers," she said. He sighed and motioned her to sit down. He knew all the histories of people. "It is a home for you," he said.

She laughed, a low sort of sound like a brook's gurgle over stones. "I am young and I am strong. I can more'n earn my keep. Air I bound?"

"No; but," he hesitated, "where are you go'ing?"

"Nowhere just now. I will work for money before I go away."

No word of the insult. The Squire called his housekeeper. Nellie was kept there during the night, while he thought it all over. He would send her to school and she could help nights and mornings.

To his surprise Nellie refused, with a laugh, "I did not come to ye with a beg. I hev got a place. Yer air, Squire, a good hearted man."

So she transferred herself to a farm house a mile from the village. She worked hard and grew in beauty. She laid by almost all her wages, wearing her patched clothes and old hats. Once a neighbor urged her to buy a new dress for the Pioneer picnic.

"I'm not spendin'," said Nellie. "I'm goin' back whar I cum from. I want to see my mother's people."

"Mebbe ye'll wish ye hadn't gone," laughed the neighbor.

Nellie's eyes blazed. "I haint a fool," she said. "Mam Rose know what she was about. I haint tellin' everything to you all!"

Douglas Eastman came home. He was the last of a great family, and it seemed

as if he should be the old Squire's stay to his old age. He was silent, morose and irritable. Long years away, he was not inclined to mingle with his old associates as with equals. Still young in years, he was old in feeling. He hunted, fished and was intolerably bored. One morning he heard Nellie's high song over a hedge. He saw her in the prosaic garden, a Hebe in blue and gold, with an English complexion and a pair of beautiful eyes.

Here was a diversion. He haunted the house where she lived, he learned her character and reticence with delight. Choice game, this girl. He went to all devices to win her friendship, but she was immovable. She brushed him aside as a feather, calmly aware that he was seeking amusement. He was no more to her than the veriest clod of the fields.

As quietly as before, Nellie changed homes. She had some money saved. The doctor had brought a new wife to the place, and it was after seeing her ride by that Nellie walked into her one evening and asked the lady to take her as "help." She never told her reasons, but, in six months, such a change was noticeable in Nellie that even her mistress, who was much troubled over her beauty and voice, called her one day and told her she should go where something could be done with that voice, and she could become some one in the world.

"You think I kin?" asked Nellie.

"I know you can," was the confident reply. "I want to help you."

"I couldn't take help," said the girl. She was now 20, tall, a type of health and with a confidence and belief in herself grand to see. She went up stairs and counted her money. As before she went towards the old Squire's house. She met him in the lane, groping, half blind, in the night.

"Whatever in the world, Squire?" she cried.

"You are come to help me, Nellie? You are young and strong. Douglas has gone down to the saloon. Some one has angered him. There will be a terrible time, Nellie. Oh, I must go and save him. He is the last one of us all."

She was leading him back swiftly. "Set down, Squire," she said, "ex how ye know I can run fast. He'll come home for me, you know. I'll fetch him to ye."

She left him crying after her to hurry. She ran, putting all her splendid physical strength and her lion heart into it. The angry blood of the "big bottom" country was to be feared. On, on she sped through the village. The saloon was near the station, brightly lit, and the noise and hubbub reached her before she was near it. She was panting, but she rushed in among the crowd, pushing the men one side and the other. It was just in time. A man, mad with rage, had sprung at Douglas Eastman and clutched his throat. Nellie raised her clenched fist and struck him, tearing Eastman from the murderous clutch in the unexpected minute. Then she stood between them, calm in a moment, but white as marble.

"Go home, men," she said. "Go home and thank God I came in time!"

Murmurs arose, and Eastman spoke angrily. "I don't need women to take care of me. Go home yourself. What right have you here, Nellie Rose?"

She measured him with a glance.

"The right o' blood," she said, quietly.

"Yer have no son, but you have a darter with the spirit o' one. My name is Eastman, same ex yours, an' that is whar Mam Rose brought me here to raise. I reckon ye'll cool down when yer knows ex my mother was Ellen Badeau, and yer never kin deny yer marryin' o' her in Missoury."

Then she laughed, the same cheerful, musical note. "Get along home. Yer father's sittin' purblind, in the lane, mournin' I guess this quarrel is over, fur twux about me, an' I guess 'twon't be kep' up. 'Tain't Bible for the child to be tellin' the parents whar ter do, but I guess commandments turn inside out in a while. Get home, men, and save yer hard come money. Ther'll be no more trouble 'bout me. I'm off in the mornin' an' the quarrelin' 'll hev to be after some other o' th' 'big bottom' women."

"Kin we give yer three cheers?" asked one, a rather honest faced man of 30.

Her eyes had a far away look. "I don't mind," she said. "Thar will be cheers some day. They air in the air, ex bound to come. It might be rather a proper thing to remember ex they begun in this here village."

The crowd cheered her, and she went off, leading the thoroughly subdued Eastman. And, presently, a half blind old man, sitting on a stone in a lane, trembling and anxious, heard, high and sweet, over the still fields, the strains, wonderful and holy, of "Abide With Me," carrying to him a message of peace and assurance.

Hucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, eczema, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Wm. Cohen.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS  
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

## THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE.

HORSE-SENSE REASONS WHY THE COUNTRY IS IN NO BETTER CONDITION.

The Rome, Georgia, Tribune, says that:  
A plain old farmer of Sumter county to the American Times-Recorder gives his views on the condition of the country as follows:

"There is so much being said in the country about hard times and the scarcity of money, and as everybody has a cause and knows a remedy, I thought I must write to tell your readers what I think is the cause. The trouble is we buy more than we produce. There is too much flour and bacon shipped here every year. The things we ought to make at home we are buying."

We let our timber rot and buy our plow stocks, singletrees, axe handles, hoe handles and fencing.

We throw away our ashes and buy our soap and axle grease.

We give away our beef hides and buy hame strings and shoe strings.

We let our manure go to waste and buy guano.

We buy cabbage seed in the spring and cabbage in the winter.

We let our land grow up in weeds and buy our brooms.

We let the wax of our pine and gum trees go to waste and buy chewing gum for the children.

We build school houses and hire teachers and send our children off to be educated.

We land a 5 cent fish with a \$4 fishing rod.

We send a 15 cent boy with a \$20 gun and a \$4 dog to kill birds.

We raise dogs and buy wool.

And about the only thing in this country that there is an overproduction of is politics and dog ticks."

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Inconstancy is innate.  
Society is an acquired taste.  
Cupid never shows a wrinkle.  
A frown is a smile off the track.  
Mammon never lifted a man above himself.

Purposelessness is the fruitful mother of crime.  
A merry heart makes it time all the year.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.  
Morbidity is worse than occasional transgression.

Wealth may not produce civilization but civilization produces money.  
We ought not to judge of men as a picture or statue, at the first sight.

The great quality of dullness is to be unalterably contented with itself.  
Only evil grows of itself, while for goodness we want effort and courage.

The character of a brave and resolute man is not to be ruffled with adversity.  
A woman to remain beautiful in age should put cosmetics on her soul, not on her face.

Overfulness or joyousness, is the heaven where everything but poison thrives.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us.

Sometimes we lose friends for whose loss our regret is greater than our grief, and others for whom our grief is greater than our regret.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction; and hearts come to it as the sun to warm themselves again.

## Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, his appetite failed away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg and doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Wm. Cohen drugist.

## THE SOUTH.

THE OPPORTUNITIES IT OFFERS FOR PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

The present situation of the manufacturing portion of the United States is anything but bright. For lack of markets the vast manufacturing interest of the North are stagnant, and many firms hitherto considered strong and safe, are against the wall ready to come down with a crash; there is not even a future, no prospects, no outlet, no outlook. The devastating storms, and short crops of this unprecedented year in the history of some of the Southern States, will further lessen the chances of markets in these sections, and although it looks small, is a considerable market. Again, the South generally is becoming more self reliant and able to get along with less of the Northern manufactures, thus creating an out put of her own which conflict with the Northern industries. People who can look ahead can see from the coming of the times that the South is the coming El Dorado of the States; she will gradually absorb the manufactures, and consequently the people of the North, and where the West will get one immigrant, the South, with its balmy, pure and reliable climate, its rich deposits of iron, gold, pyrites, and other valuable ores, and its agricultural possibilities, will get ten. There tide has already set southward and industries of all kinds (unknown a few years back) now flourish, when the present cotton crops are harvested and marketed, and money becomes more plentiful and easy, there is going to set in a season of prosperity and activity heretofore unknown within the borders. All classes of people are awakening to the fact of her coming prosperity, and many knowing ones are investing in farms, factories, and mines. The South welcomes all people of industry and ability alike. And the diversity of our climate permits the growth of temperate and tropical plants and fruits. The South presents her respects to all who want homes and invites them to come along. Many industries heretofore deemed unprofitable, now thrive, for instance, on the outskirts of the town of Summerville, S. C., there is a tea farm in successful operation, the product of which is valued at \$1.00 per pound. There are great possibilities in this industry in certain sections of South Carolina, and a farm of 100 acres will, in three or four years, make a careful man independent. Factories for the manufacture of brushes from the brush or bastard palm tree to would be a good and profitable industry. There are millions of these plants in the low country of South Carolina, near Charleston, and the land growing them can be bought for two dollars per acre. These palm-trees spring up every year and bear from six to eight leaves. Pencil factories in the cedar territory of Alabama should be a success, the lumber is at hand, and graphite is plentiful in Georgia and North Carolina. Many other industries can be profitably followed and the man with five or ten thousand dollars finds no trouble in making a comfortable living. What we want in the South is new blood and new enterprise; no man content to make a bare living or to work for a salary only is wanted, but the man who comes to push his business from the stump, is the man who will surely find a just and increasing reward for his labor. Thousands have started in the South on a few hundred and to day are wealthy men. Large quantities of lands can be bought from two to six dollars per acre, and are valuable lands; only needing capital and ability to develop them. Our transportation system is in but few instances below the North and far exceeds the West. Cattle live in the open air the whole year round in most of our territory. Come and lay the foundation of prosperity in the coming South.—W. B. Holmes, in Chattanooga Tradesman.

A new material is proposed as a substitute for leather. It is called "flexus fibra," and is derived from flax, suitably prepared and oiled. It has the same appearance as leather, is particularly supple and takes a polish equally well with the best kinds of calf. The material is said to possess great tenacity, while affording great ease and comfort to the foot when made into shoes. Flexus fibra, being of vegetable origin, is calculated also to facilitate free ventilation and thereby to obviate the discomfort arising from what is called "drawing" the feet.

Saccharine has a rival. A new substance called valin is now being manufactured in Berlin, under a patent and it is claimed to be 200 times sweeter than sugar and free from the objectionable properties of saccharine.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from a gripe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Wm. Cohen's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,  
106 Wall St., N. Y.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—  
Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases." It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully

It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. LARSEN, Delaware, Ohio.

Take only the Genuine, Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

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Call early and avoid the rush.

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FALL GOODS!

—Grand Display at—

TILLERY'S.

FALL DRESS GOODS.

(with trimmings to match.)

In Black and Colors. Fancy weaves and Novelties. Full line of CLOTHING.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

If you can't get a fit in stock, we can have them made to order. It takes only 5 days to make a suit.

A big line of HATS. All the latest, nobbiest styles.

BOOTS and SHOES of every description for everybody.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS in endless variety. I am always glad to show goods and guarantee lowest prices.

W. B. TILLERY, The Reliable House, Weldon, N. C.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Groceries!

I now occupy the Brick Store between H. C. SPIERS and C. L. CLARK'S.

I am receiving and opening a full line of STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

I will keep on hand a selected stock of Groceries, Fruits, Confectioneries, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Woodens and Willow Ware, Crockery, Glass, Tin Ware, etc., etc.

I will sell at the

Lowest

Prices.

I also return my sincere thanks to my many friends and acquaintances for their kind, liberal patronage in the past and solicit a continuance of the same, with guarantees to please.

Very Respectfully,  
J. L. JUDKINS, Weldon, N. C.

oct 19 6m.