

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

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NO. 31.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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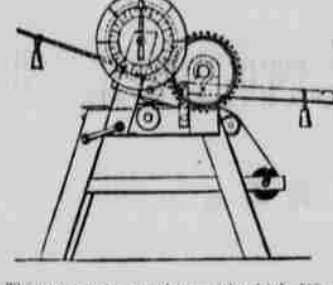


MANUFACTURERS OF
ENGINES, TOBACCO, HAY AND

COTTON PRESSES,
No. 25 Mills, Grist Mills, Mill Irons, Plovers.

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No. 25 Mills.

MEASURING MACHINE.



This represents a machine with which 100 yards of fabric of any description can be measured, from Cotton, Woolen, Flannel, Silk, in less than five minutes, and with more accuracy than can be done with the "yard stick." A boy seven years old can do the work. These machines will soon be in every City, Town and Store in the South, and Carpet and Bagging Manufacturers cannot do without it. They are made for their Rapidity and Accuracy of Work and for their Cheapsness. Manufacturers look to the future and procure right at once! Tools can be measured from the loom and put in rolls of any number of yards.

Two of these machines are now in successful operation at the City of St. Noah Bigger and Mr. M. D. Albrook, Scotland Neck, N. C., and give perfect satisfaction. For further information, terms, etc. address
J. C. WILLIAMS, Inventor and Patentee,
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Nov 15 17

FRANK.

I will keep constantly on hand everything that may be desired in my line. My stock is always fresh because I order only small quantities at a time and order frequently. When in want of any of the following goods call and see me:

GROCERIES.
Butter, Hams, Canned Beef, Corned Beef, Rice, Mackerel, Potted Meats, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Soap, Crackers, Dried Beef.

CONFECTIONERIES.
Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Candies, Fruits and Plain, Crystallized Fruits, Cakes of all descriptions, Figs, Nuts, Preserves.

TOBACCO, SNUFF, &c.
All Brands of Smoking Tobacco, Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes, Different Brands of Snuff, &c. Pipes of every description.

ICE CREAM SALOON.
In connection with my other business I have fitted up an elegant Ice Cream Saloon for ladies and gentlemen open to-day and at all hours during the season.

ICE.
Ice for sale every day at retail from one pound up. It can be had on Sunday from 7 A. M. to 11 A. M., and from 5 P. M. to 7 P. M. It will not be supplied at any other hours on Sunday.

COOLING DRINKS.
Ice Lemonade, Ginger and Lemon Pop, Sarsaparilla, &c.

All these things and more always on hand.

Thanking the public for their liberal acknowledgments of my efforts to please and soliciting a continuance, I am
Yours Respectfully,
FRANK Y. CLUVERIUS,
"LITTLE GEM STORE,"
Weldon, N. C. May 22 84.

JUDGE NOT.

How do you know what hearts have "vibrations"? How do you know? Many like scorpions, are vile within. Many outward parts are spotted as the snow, and many may be pure who think not so. How near to the souls of faith have been, what mercy would be shown to me? How do we know?

How can we tell? How can we tell? We think our leather walked full gently, judging him in his righteousness. Ah, well! Perhaps had we been driven through the hell of his ungodly temptations, we might be less swift in our daily walk than he—How can we tell?

Does we condemn the life that others do? Here we condemn? Their strength is small, their trials not a few. The tide of wrong is difficult to stem, and if to us more clearly than to them is given knowledge of the good and true, should they not help and pity too, does we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day! God help us all! We cannot walk alone the perfect way. It is all ours, to keep us, and we fall, we are but human, and our power is small. No one of us may be best and not a day. Each one of us has "fall each hath need to say, 'thine is the way!'

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"Ah, sir, I see you're admiring my flowers! Well, they are pretty—that they are—though I doubt, as some would call them, and as I do, they are common and old-fashioned. You don't see many of 'em now in your fine new-fashioned gardens, do you? It's a pretty little place this, ain't it, sir? And it's my own too—my very own—and will go to my grandson after me. He's a good lad, he is—his 'om 's looks after the garden. Mighty fond of flowers he is, and rarely proud he'll be, I know, when he hears as a fine town gentleman has taken notice of 'em! Ah, I was fond of gardening too in my time! But I'm 'goin' 'goin' 'goin' now—eighty-five I am come Christmas—and I can't expect to be spared much longer, though I'm 'a' and 'a' heary yet, thank heaven! Ah, times have altered, sir, since my young days! For the better, you say? Well, they were a grander now than they were then, but some how I seem to like the old best, perhaps because I was young and 'a' 'a' 'a' 'em. And talking of old times reminds me of something that once happened to me. Like to hear it, sir? Well, you so shall, and welcome, if you don't mind wasting an hour or so with an old chap like me. Sit down, then, on that bench and make yourself comfortable."

"You've been to Chelmsford perhaps? That may be, you know the 'Saron's Head'? Well, close to where that now stand there used to be an old inn called the 'Swain.' A queer old place it was to be sure, with its crooked windows and overhanging gables. I was living at Halpeth then—it's high upon sixty years ago—a farmer I was, and had been married only a short time to a dear little wife as I loved well and true till she died, poor lass!

"One cold December day I started for Braintree, to look at some stock as I thought of buying. As it was a two day's journey, I meant to stop at Chelmsford for the night, and so on early the next day. I didn't have home till about 2, and I had a weary road to travel, so that the darkness came on before I reached the gibbet on the edge of the common, and I can tell you my flesh crawled, as the saying is, when I galloped past at full speed. It was a bleak cold night, and the road was bad, so that I was before I rode into Chelmsford.

"I put up at the 'Swain'—that being the first inn I came to—and was standing watching the other rubbing down a my good old mare—for I always attended to that first thing—when the landlord came slowly out to me; he was a shrew, sharp-faced man, with great black eyes, that an uneasy sort of look in 'em. I told him I'd had a long ride and was glad enough to get safe into his yard—for I'd got about me and we'd heard his horse tales of the robberies and murders on the King's highway. Well, he showed me into a long low room—the kitchen it was—with a brick floor and a bright fire burning.

"There's a noisy lot in the parlor, sir," said he, "you'll be quiet and cozy here, for maybe you're tired and chilly after your ride in the wind."

"I ordered a steak and some wine, and, as I ate my supper, I thought to myself that I couldn't well have chosen a better place than the 'Swain' to stop at. After I had finished I called for pipes and grog and sat by the fire with the landlord, but I might as well have been alone for he never spoke a word, but sat staring into the fire with a wicked look in his eyes that I didn't like, though I didn't take much notice of it then. Ah, I know now what his thoughts were as he gazed moodily into the glowing coals! He was thinking of the disgrace brought upon his name by his only son, and wondering where the money was to come from which must be procured somehow if his boy was to be saved from ruin. And then no doubt he planned to murder me—oh, it's all true, sir—I've got his confession by me now—and bury me down by the roadside, in the meadow behind the stable. Then he meant to turn my mare out before dawn so that the servants might think I had left early; and then, you see, when it was found, people would think something had happened to me on the road to Braintree. Well, my companion turned himself after a time and began asking me what I thought of the country, if I had ridden far, whether I had been advised to put up at the 'Swain,' and such like questions. I answered them nicely enough, never supposing that he asked them for any other reason than just to keep up the conversation. I asked him to call me early and he promised he would do so.

"I'll do it myself," said he, "for the girl and the ostler will be abed."

"Then he called his wife and told her to bring me a candle, which she did. She was a coarse-looking, careworn woman, and I noticed when she showed me to my room that her hand was shaking, and her voice sounded thick as she bade me a civil 'Good-night.'"

"My bedroom was a long low room with queer old furniture, quaint carved chairs

CHARACTER IN GAIT.

HOW TO DISCERN THE MENTAL QUALITIES OF MEN AND WOMEN.

[From the *Life of California*.]
It will be the aim of the man who carries his feet in towards his right in walking, giving the impression that his right foot turns out and his left turns in. This man is a natural petty liar. In his life, perhaps, have never stolen in his life, but that was because of fear or lack of opportunity, but all the same he is liable at any time to sequester unconsidered trifles for pure wantonness. He is of a kleptomaniac nature, but he is not nearly so dangerous as the man who deliberately lifts his leg from the thigh as though he were going up stairs. That man is a natural and an educated villain. In England, where the treadmill is used in prison, many convicts acquire that peculiar step but it is the natural, careful, cat-like tread of the criminal. The girl who walks with a firm foot planted squarely on the ground, as though she wanted to grow there, may not be as attractive as the girl with the arched instep, but she is a good deal better natured. She is sure to be a good nurse, kind-hearted, sympathetic, anxious to bear the burdens of others, while the girl with the arched foot is nearly sure to be selfish, and certain to be a coquette if she walks on her toes.

The man of short, nervous steps is always a business man of energy, but if the stride is from the knee only he is cold and selfish, carrying for no one but himself. The man whose stride is long and at the same time energetic is generally bright, always erratic and ill-balanced, often conceited, always careless, fond of admiration, generally willing to sacrifice much praise and credit, and while often a good fellow, generally unsteady. The diplomat and the financier have a smooth, gliding walk, hard to describe but easy to recognize. There is nothing sneaking about it, but it betokens careful deliberation, as though every step was carefully considered before being made. Great statesmen and great philanthropists always have a loose, shambling gait, which comes from thinking about others more than about themselves. The strut of the vain man, the teetering of the "dude," the lounging gait of the unemployed club man, are all too familiar to call for a description. To say that a person walks like a lady or like a gentleman is high praise. The gait on never be picked up in after life; it must be born in a man or woman and cultivated in early youth. It is lost to a man when he falls into bad ways, for so surely as he loses his good sense, his modesty and his pride of honor so surely will he pick up the gait of the loafer. An honest man, gentle or simple, never walks like a thief, and a thief can never counterfeit the gait of an honest man, but in attempting to apply these rules to men one knows it must be remembered that thieves are not caught and all suspected persons are not bad.

A LAKESIDE MUSING.

[From the *Chicago Tribune*.]
"I cannot sit on your lap."

Really beautiful was Beryl Hopkins as she stood there that late June night in the dim, half-light that filtered through the exquisitely draped portiere, separating the parlor of her father's magnificent residence from the conservatory into which she and Harold Holladay had sauntered. From childhood Beryl had always loved flowers—bright, pretty flowers, whose vivid colors set off to the best possible advantage the staidness of her peculiarly formal—and now as she stood among them, blushing roses on one hand and pale, delicate lilies on the other, it was no wonder that her soft feet tinge and leaping curves of her face and arms fairly intoxicated Harold Holladay, and made him more madly in love than ever with this Juno-like girl who had promised ere the autumn tints on the heather had faded she would crown the bliss of courtship with the sacred halo of a wife's love and devotion.

And so when the lips that had been wont to give him kisses—sweet, rapturous were these—the sole agents for his brand kisses that set his brain in a whirl and almost broke his suspender—had said to him the words with this chapter opened, he was for a moment unable to reply. The lights seemed fading away, black clouds overspread the horizon of his existence, and sore-eyed Carl stood knee-deep upon the summit of a life that such a little while ago seemed to hold only joy and hope.

But it was only for an instant that this weakness mastered him, and drawing himself up proudly, he said: "Why can you not sit on my lap? I know, of course, that the words you have spoken mean that we are not to marry that."

"What?" shrieked the girl in an agony of grief. "Not marry! My God, Harold, did you do for an instant think that my love for you had faded, that to be your wife was not the sole ambition of my life? Ah, this is indeed, too much! and turning away, she silently watered a horse-gentleman with the hot, bitter tears of sorrow and remorse.

"Then you still love me?" she asked. "Better than ever—the word coming slowly between her hard-made lips." "Then why will you not sit on my lap?" "Because," she answered in tones that thrilled his very blood, "I do not desire a bow-legged husband."

WHY DRINK INTOXICANTS.

Why do people use or drink intoxicants when all scientific teachings show it only destructive, no matter in what form. The ablest teacher will not allow its use in any way. The pugilists, in training for the maul (7) art, never use it. The great explorers, such as Ross, Livingstone and others, never allowed its use. The best army officers when they wish their men to go through some very severe exposure, never allow its use. So in every department of life. The worst feature is that these facts are known to every one, in that the ablest teacher will not allow its use in any way. The pugilists, in training for the maul (7) art, never use it. The great explorers, such as Ross, Livingstone and others, never allowed its use. The best army officers when they wish their men to go through some very severe exposure, never allow its use. So in every department of life. The worst feature is that these facts are known to every one, in that the ablest teacher will not allow its use in any way.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery, and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had nothing to eat all day."

The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered his saloon and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, in seven she was sound asleep, and leaning against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was said:

"Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this poor child and mother want bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I'll give another," observed one. "And I'll give another," responded another. They made up a purse of and even ten dollars and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades:

"Just look where—the girl's dreaming." "So she was. A big tear had rolled out of her closed eyelids. But the face was covered with a smile. The men tipped out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She woke with a laugh, and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and she had tea to eat and wear, and my hand horns were white, and the angel touched it!" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which she had carried with her, she carried it home, and she innocently said: "Well, now but ma won't hardly believe me that you went up to heaven and got an angel down to clerk in your grocery."—*The Ancestral Heir*.

AN AMERICAN CORAL PEARL.

[From *Shank's Letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer*.]
The Morosian romance has had its day of popularity, and the city is interested now in new dramas of actual life which border more nearly on the tragic. The elopement of the coachman was followed by several others, more or less comical, and it was apparent that the epidemic of elopement had seized upon the young folks.

They ran away under the slightest provocation and without the slightest necessity. Three or four such follies had been reported in the last day or two. But local interest has been centered chiefly in two or three tragedies, revealing extraordinary scenes, if not characters, in real life, and now first brought to present light in the courts.

One of these reveals the career of the American Coral Pearl—an American Queen of the demi-monde of Paris. She was quite as notorious here of late years as she once popular in Paris. She was to be seen daily on Broadway or in the park here just as she used to drive through the boulevards, across the Place de Concorde, up the incline of the Champs Elysees and out through the Bois de Boulogne of Paris. She was young then. She was handsome even in mature age. She was a Miss Stuart, Fallsville, in this State, and her brother is now private secretary of John H. Stanton, the river transportation of this port. She married a Mr. T. R. Gilbert, who brought her here, where city life intoxicated her. The attentions of other men forced him to leave her, and she accompanied one of them to Paris, where for a time she was the rage as the latest American adventuress. She antedated both Josie Mansfield and Mrs. Beecher as Parisian favorites, and was a successor of Adah Isaacs Menken-Heeman in the same character. Here Mrs. Gilbert was known as Mrs. Laubier and the "friend" of a prominent theatrical manager. There was nothing in her life that was sentimental except her taking leave of it. She left a small fortune which she had accumulated to a young boy whom she had the delicacy not to claim as her son, lest he might disown her and spurn her money, and in case he should refuse or die before accepting she would that the money is to go to her last loved! Women are strange creatures. I should like to know what chance she left any mortal to frame a pathetic story about the repentant sinner of the certain said fate of vice or the wages of sin, &c.

NEURALGIA AND HEADACHE.

Nothing is so terrible as severe neuralgia, and beyond a doubt girls acquire it often through the conditions of school life. Headaches in a school girl usually mean exhausted nerve-power through over-excitement, over-anxiety, or bad air. Rest, a good laugh or a country walk will usually cure it readily enough to begin with.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth of vigor. It prevents and cures neuralgia and dandruff, and leads nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vision is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, repels the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

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We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

COLORED HOSE.

The stockings of children's dresses match those of the colors of the suit when two colors are employed, or they match as nearly as possible when there is but one color, or they are black. Nearly all black stockings, whether for children or grown-up women, are now woven or knitted with a strip of white under the foot extending from heel to toe. Such stockings are said to be half-sock in white. It is not, however, confined to black stockings. The greater number of colored lisle thread and Balmain hose are half-sock in white. The fact is that we have got pretty tired of finding ourselves tattooed every time we undress for bed, with an exact reproduction of the hosiery pattern which we have been wearing during the day, or worse still, dyed jet from knees to toes. We are determined to at least be white soled creatures. But the novelty stock is the one that laces up like an old-fashioned prunella garter except that the line of string-and-eye-hole embrocament is not from ankle to heel but from under the knee to the upper bulge of the calf. That scheme ought to be approved by Mrs. King, whom I have quoted, because it abolishes the garter with its impediment to a free circulation of the blood, and the supporters dependent from the waist with their annoying tension. I hardly expected to ever feel angelic, but when I went out with a pair of laced stockings on the absence of all sense of gartered restraint imparted a sense of winged flight and it seemed to me that my feet were off the sidewalk most of the time.—CLARA BELL.

HOW TO SLEEP.

In a recent paper read before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, Dr. R. M. Hodges said: "It is a common impression that to take food immediately before going to bed and to sleep is unwise. Such a suggestion is answered by a reminder that the instinct of animals prompts them to sleep as soon as they have eaten; and in the summer and after-dinner nap, especially when the meal is taken at midday, is a luxury indulged in by many. Neither darkness nor season of the year alters the conditions. If the ordinary evening meal is six or seven o'clock, and the first morning meal seven or eight o'clock, an interval of twelve hours or more elapses without food, and for the persons whose nutrition is at fault this is altogether too long a period for fasting. That such an interval without food is permitted explains many a restless night, and much of the head and back-ache, and the languid, half-rested condition on rising, which is accompanied by no appetite for breakfast. This meal itself often dissipates these sensations. It is therefore desirable, if not essential, when nutrition is to be crowded, that the last thing before going to bed should be the taking of food. Sleeplessness is often caused by starvation, and a tumbler of milk, if drunk in the middle of the night, will often put people to sleep when lymphatics would fail of their purpose. Food before rising is an equally important expedient. It supplies strength for bathing and dressing, laborious and wearisome tasks for the unrefreshed, and is better morning 'pick-me-up' than any hackneyed tonic."

SHE WAS AFRAID HE'D STOP.

A young woman from the country was suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promise and the lawyers were, as usual, making also use of inquisitive interrogatories.

"You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, with a hectic flush.

"How close?" "Close enough, so's one cheer was all the stin' room we needed."

"And you say he put his arms around you?" "No, I didn't."

"What did you say, then?" "I said he put both arms around me."

"Then what?" "He hugged me."

"Very hard?" "Yes, he did. So hard that I came purty near holdin' right out."

"Why didn't you holler?" "Cause."

"That's no reason. Be explicit please. Because what?" "Cause I was afeered he'd stop."

"The Court fell off the bench, and had to be carried out and put under the hydrant for the purpose of resuscitation."—*Chicago Tribune*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth of vigor. It prevents and cures neuralgia and dandruff, and leads nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vision is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, repels the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

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MR. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 1/2 Wm. Charleston, Mass., April 14, 1882, says: "Two years ago about this time my hair began to fall out, and I was fast going bald. On using Ayer's Hair Vigor the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my hair was completely covered with new hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly rub in a bottle of the Vision, but have not used it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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I have now in store and am receiving almost daily the following goods:

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