

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1887.

NO. 46.

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TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Train	Days	Time	Days	Time
Wilmington	Mo., Tu., We., Fr.	11:00 a.m.	Mo., Tu., We., Fr.	11:00 a.m.
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OF HER.

What! you would have me know?
When doubts so sweet
Would break the magic of her soft replies,
And lift the glamour from my happy eyes,
And prove the cheat?

Prove that the laughter low,
And veiled glance,
Have oft been studied with mimetic care,
Till every bird-like note that thrills the air
Her claims enhance?

I'm tired long ago,
Skies always blue,
And now I know them often dark and drear;
My knowledge is not any gladder, dear,
Although more true.

So let my trust still grow,
Nor spoil my dream—
Let some what will
For if my faith in her be forced to die,
I'll swear allegiance to her memory,
And love her still!

WAR WAS OVER.

(Arkansas Traveller)

An old fellow with long hair and a face expressive of suspicion was arrested for shooting at a United States soldier. It appeared from the evidence that the soldier was peacefully walking along a quiet street, when suddenly the long-haired man sprang from behind a tree and fired at him, the judge had asked a question concerning the case, he said:

"I don't expect to show, so what is the use of all this foolishness?"

"What do you mean?" the judge demanded.

"Well, I just mean that I never heard of the Yankees feeding very long with a bushwhacker."

"The man is crazy," said the judge.

"I'll be blamed if I am."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Why, I am or rebel soldier, that what I mean, yes, an I shot at that Yankee just the same as any of the rest of the boys would have done."

"My friend," said the judge, "is it possible that you do not know the war is over?"

"War's over?" the prisoner gasped.

"Yes, ended more than twenty years ago. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

The prisoner, thoroughly overcome, sat down. The crowd that had assembled gazed with deep interest upon him. The sympathetic judge suffered him to take his own time. After awhile he said:

"It's blamed strange. Why, I thought the war was going on yet. The last regular fight I was in, and it was a mighty long time ago, we fellows was putty badly whipped, so I tuck to my heels 'n' went to the mountains 'n' staid there till the other day, an' then, thinkin' that I'd try the thing a few mo' whirts, I come down, but couldn't find the enemy, but I got hold of a newspaper and, as I thought, that the war was still going on. I seed whar some feller was elected to office, not because he could road, but because he fit well in the army. The way the paper read I thought that the editor had just hung up some fresh scalps in his office, an' I felt sorter 'shamed up myself' lookin' round with my a scalp, so I put an extra charge in my old fuzee, an' struck out. I came all the way to this town without seeing a single Yankee, but I seed one putty soon afterwards an' cracked a loose at him. So yer say the war's over?"

"Yes."

"Dan quit fightin'?"

"Long ago."

"Which side's whipped?"

"The South."

"The South dun whipped?"

"Yes."

"Whar's Lee?"

"Dead."

"Is dead?"

"Yes."

"Who killed him?"

"Died a natural death."

"Whar's the other generals?"

"In 'C' graves."

"An' the soldiers?"

"In the Legislatures of the different States."

"Whar air the privates?"

"Dead."

"All killed?"

"Every one."

"Whar air you goin' t' do with me?"

"Nuthin' you may do."

"Wall, of Lee an' all the privates is dead, if the South is whipped an' the generals an' the soldiers have all knuckled under, I reckon the best thing I ken do is to quit."

"Whar do you live?"

"My wife an' children live out here in Sallee county. I ain't seed them since I first joined the army, an' I'd better jog on out that way of the war over, for reckon they're sorter uneasy about me by this time."

"Consumption can be cured."

LIFE IN SIBERIA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LIEUTENANT W. H. SCHEITZ, OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

(Philadelphia Times)

Lieutenant W. H. Scheitz, of the United States Navy, who was sent to the Lena Delta in Northwestern Siberia, to deliver to the natives gifts from the Government of the United States to repay them for the aid they rendered him in his search for the missing members of the Jeannette party, has recently returned from there. He says that the town of Veroyansk, Siberia, is the oldest inhabited spot in the world. The thermometer stood eighty-six below zero when he was there, and he says it seldom goes above fifty below. I asked him the other day what the people did who lived at this blizzard spot, what they had to eat, and how they liked it.

"Why," he replied, "they think it is a pretty good sort of climate. 'Home, Sweet Home,' is the song the world over, and if the Veroyanskers should come here they would wonder what the people did down where it is so hot. They would smother in this climate and pine for a stiff northerly gale. It is wonderful the amount of cold human flesh can endure. The natives of Tierra del Fuego go stark naked the year round, and in their country it freezes every night. It is much colder in the Lena Delta, yet the people manage to keep themselves comfortable, and more die from small pox and scurvy than from the effects of the intense cold. You seldom hear of any one freezing to death, and then it is only those who expose themselves imprudently. More people are frozen to death in the United States than in Siberia."

HOW THE NATIVES WARM THEMSELVES.

"But how do they manage to keep themselves warm?"

"Well, in the first place the Yakuts are an endearing race and are born in that climate. Their houses are built of logs, smeared over on the outside and inside with mud. In each cabin is a large fireplace which is used for both heating and cooking. There is seldom more than one room in these cabins, and usually the owner's cattle, if he has any, occupy one end of the room in which he lives, being tied or prevented from trampling on the babies by a bar. The houses are commonly very comfortable, but are awfully dirty, and smell—there is no word to describe it. Often until I got used to it I would rather lie down in the snow outside, with the thermometer 50 degrees below zero, than sleep in one of these huts."

"Have they any windows in their houses?"

"Yes, ice windows. They use ice as we use glass. A clear piece is selected about five or six inches thick, morticed in the window opening in blocks two feet and sometimes as large as four feet square, and with water is made solid. The water is as good as putty. When the window becomes dirty they scrape it off with a knife, and when it has been scraped thin they substitute a new pane."

"Doesn't the window ever melt?"

"Bless you, no; it is freezing cold that far from the fire. If the room ever got warm enough to melt the ice the Yakut couldn't live."

"How do they sleep? Do they undress when they go to bed?"

"Always. They strip to their shirts, which are made of a thick sort of Russian cloth as heavy as our canvas. The men and women wear the same kind of garments, and never have more than one at a time."

When they undress they get into the bunks built in the side of the house, sometimes a man, his wife, and all his children in the same bunk. They have reindeer-skins under and over them, and curtains of the same hanging before the bunks. The few men or women to undress hang all the bedding of the rest out-doors over a pole that is kept for that purpose."

"What is that for?"

"To freeze the furs. They couldn't live if they didn't do it, and it has become a national custom. The furs get into the fur, and that is the only way to get them out. By hanging their clothes over the pole every night they can keep reasonably free from them, but the fur fills up again the next day."

"Do they ever bathe?"

"Never in their lives; they haven't any word for bathing in their language, and the impossibility of keeping clean is one of the greatest hardships of Arctic life."

"What do they eat?"

"Reindeer meat, but they have cows, queer-looking animals about half as large as ours, with a hump on their backs like a camel—fish, bread made of black rye flour, tea, and an imported food made of chopped ball rolled into balls about the size of a marble and covered with dog's hair. Mixed with reindeer meat it makes a good soup. They often eat their fish raw. Of course they freeze solid as soon as they are taken out of the water, particularly if they are on the road, east them off in shavings as thin as our chipped beef and eat them raw. They are palatable, and I have lived for days at the time on them, with a cup of tea and over an alcohol lamp by way of variety. The greatest luxury they have is butter, and they eat it by the pound

A PECULIAR BIRD.

In New Guinea a bird has been found that builds a hut and lays out a garden as perfect as a human being could. It is called the garden-bird and when the first hut was observed by an Italian naturalist he could not but believe that some of the natives had formed it to deceive him. In erecting this house, which is also distinct from the nest, the bird selects a small tree and about two feet from the ground binds some moss about it. Against this some twigs are leaned, the other end having been thrust into the ground. This is done in a circle, until finally a perfect tent is formed with the tree as a centre-pole, and a door left on one side. The twigs that form the roof are entwined one with another, and as they have been selected from an orchid that continues to grow, the roof becomes water-tight. The bird carefully clears away all material from the front of the cottage, so that it is soon a lawn of green grass, and about this the feathered gardener arranges flowers and shells of various kinds, removing the former every day as they fade and supplying others, the faded ones being carefully carried and deposited in a heap behind the house. Here the courtesid and names of the bird, which is about the size of the robin, are carried on, and it is safe to say that nothing more remarkable is known in the bird creation.

TLAXCALA.

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

In Central Mexico not very far from the capital lies Tlaxcala, the oldest republic of the New World. It is purely Indian in origin and government. This strange people remained unconquered until the Spaniards forced their entrance in 1519 and then Cortes treated them as national allies rather than enemies. He turned their indomitable courage and wonderful skill in his favor and against their hereditary foes, the Aztecs, and thus he was enabled to finally subdue the Montezumas. Spain conferred on them exclusive privileges, and to this day they maintain them. None but full-blooded Indians sit in their Senate.

The Tlaxcalans are very exclusive, and rarely mingle with the outside world. The only one who, it is said, ever left his native land voluntarily is now at the Aztec fair. His name is Ramon Huerta. He was born in the capital city and in early life served in the army, but late he adopted the trade of alsmith. His phlegmatic perseverance soon mastered this calling and he began to elaborate, and so skillful was his work that it was sent to Mexico city for sale, and this brought him to the notice of the Aztec Fair management—N. Y. Star.

MODERNIZED SERVICES.

"Ye shall reverence my sanctuary" is a Scripture injunction which is not observed with strictness in all our churches. Here, for instance, is a supposed order of service in illustration of this truth. It was handed to an English clergyman (who tells the story in the London Christian World) as a guide to the service, by the minister in whose pulpit he was to preach. The order was partly printed and partly written—the written part being the annotations of the pastor of the church, who had suffered much from the unwritten order of service observed by the choir and congregation. It is as follows:

I.—Bibbining by the choir.

II.—Scriptures read reverently by the clergyman.

III.—Hymn. (Congregational)

IV.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, and congregation meanwhile wool-gathering.)

V.—Gloria. (Futher bibbining by the choir all alone among the clerosty windows, painted roof, etc., etc.)

VI.—Sermon.

VII.—Hymn. (Congregational)

VIII.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, congregation wool-gathering, putting on gloves, getting combed, ready to spring.)

IX.—Benediction. (Violent stampede while organ moves off, sky-rocketing and turning handspikes like a drunken fiddler.)

X.—Silence and darkness, and the restored presence of God!

PROUD OF HIS SISTER.

The Chicago Tribune relates the case of a young man who was regarded as a phenomenon because he took his sister to all the best entertainments, and actually devoted himself to her during the lecture and opera season. Being praised for his universal attention to his sister, the young man proudly remarked:

"No, there is nothing wonderful or extraordinary in it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence."

She is always the same, always placid and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth, I am afraid she'll go and marry some one of those imitation men around here, and he'll be unhappy all his life.

She has nobody else to look to, and I'll take care that she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along. If he does come, she's good enough for me, and if I ever find as good a girl I'll marry her."

The example is most commendable. A young man would do well to seek his sister's society until he finds another woman as good as his sister.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

A certain traveling man who is as bold as a lion when he is out on the road, becomes as timid as a hare when he is in the bosom of his family.

The other day his wife came at him with: "I don't see what ever on earth possessed me when I married. If I had only known you then as well as I do now, you may be sure I would never have given you my freedom to toil and slave and sweat and toil and get no thanks for it. And you just sit and never say a word while I am working my life out. Oh, why did I ever make such a fatal mistake and put on the orange blossoms?"

"Yes," replied her husband, gloomily, "it was a mistake. They ought to have been lemon blossoms."

He cuts cold butter cakes for supper.

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

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Seed Grain and Potatoes,
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WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Offer to the Virginia and North Carolina merchants a large stock of well selected

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1500 Bbls. Flour from finest patent down.
1000 Bags New Feed.
1500 Bbls. Sugar, all kinds.
200 Packages and Crates Pure Lard.
150 Bags Rio, Laguna and Java Coffee.
50 Boxes Rusted Coffee.
150 Barrels Black Syrup.
50 " New Orleans Molasses very cheap.
500 Kegs Orange Rifle Powder.
300 bags assorted Shot.
500 Kegs Old Dominion Nails.
50 barrels pure elder Vinegar for pickling and table use.
200 " good fancy Cream Cheese.
50 tubs and tierces Butter.
500 caddies Cheating Tobacco, all grades, very low.
200,000 Cigars and Cigaretts, all style and brands.
100 Cases Smoking Tobacco, different brands.
150 Caddies Green and Black Teas.
300 Boxes Soap, all kinds.
200 dozen Pails of different grades.
50 " Brooms.
150 barrels Kerosene Oil.
100 Gross Balphs, Star and Carolina Bell Snuffs.
1000 Reams Wrapping Paper.
50 Cases Canned Beef.
100 Gross Masons Blacking.
50 Cases Sardines.
500 Boxes Starch all styles of best make.
200,000 Paper Bags.
15 Bags Pepper, Spice and Ginger.
150 Packages Cooking and Washing Soda.
Also all kinds of ground Spice, Blauing, Washboards, Yeast Powders and all other goods to be found in a wholesale grocery house.

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Give me a trial and see.
Respectfully,
J. L. FRYAR, Weldon, N. C.
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Send six cents for postage and receive from a country lot of goods which will help you to make more money right away than anything else in this world. A lot of other goods approved from first hour. The best kind of fortune opens before the workers. Absolutely sure. At once address: T. W. WOOD & SONS, Richmond, Va.

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Our girls for the sale of our Ladies' Fine Shoes, for their respective sections.

We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acne, Waukophas and Croco-lasts, the latter is just out and is very nice. We use the McKay Machine and sew with best Barbour's thread. Every pair warranted. They are nice, neat and stylish. Give them a look when you want a shoe and you will be pleased.

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