

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 24, 1887.

NO. 48.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PATAPSCO
1896
SUPERLATIVE
PATENT
CAGARRILL MFG. CO.
BALTIMORE

THE Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.
ESTABLISHED—1774.

The value of FLOUR depends upon the ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF NUTRITION CONTAINED IN THE BREAD IT MAKES. Maryland and Virginia Wheat, from which our PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are chiefly manufactured, has long been conceded to be SUPERIOR to any other, because it has a BETTER COMBINATION OF GLUTEN AND PHOSPHATES. This fact is recognized not only in this country, but in the United Kingdom as well, where the "PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other American Flour. Ask your grocer for it. Also for

PatapSCO Superlative, Cape Henry Family, Belford Family, PatapSCO Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family, C. A. GARRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

aug 12 ly.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE, PETERSBURG RAILROAD.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Train No.	Day	Time
No. 41	Daily	7:30 a.m.
No. 42	Daily	1:30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Train No.	Day	Time
No. 43	Daily	7:30 a.m.
No. 44	Daily	1:30 p.m.

M. C. PAIR.

ALL

Heavy Wool

GOODS at COST.

WINTER BOOTS

AT COST.

Ladies Fine Shoes

WE HAVE MADE

M. F. HART,

WELDON, N. C.

N. B. JOSEY & CO.,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

BRANCH & POPE,

ENFIELD, N. C.

Our agents for the sale of our Ladies' Fine Shoes, for their respective sections. We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme, Waukenaphat and Croole 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.

E. P. REED & CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

sept 16 ly

"YOU'LL LOVE ME YET."

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

You'll love me yet—and I can tarry
Your love's protected growing:
Just read that bunch of letters you carry
From words of April's morning.

I plant a beautiful rose—some seed
At least is sure to strike
And yield—what you'll not pluck, indeed,
Nor love, but may be, like.

You'll look, at least, on love's remains,
A grave's one violet.
You look?—That pays a thousand pains,
What's death?—You'll love me yet.

"TOO LATE."

The light in the parlor was dim, but not so dim that Ralph Essen could not see the look of fixed agony that Francis Randolph cast upon him. Her face was white and drawn, her blue eyes were distended with a kind of horror, her tensely clasped hands were held out to him in mute appeal. But he went on, in his cold, unsympathetic voice.

"I have borne with your jealous outbursts as long and as patiently as I can. By your insane attack upon me to-day you have broken the last link that binds us together. I take my freedom, and I give you yours."

"Rolph, you do not mean it! Take back your cruel words! I do not want my freedom, and I shall not give you yours. Only promise to forgive me, and I will never so offend again."

She fell at his feet abjectly, she clung to his knees with trembling hands, she lifted streaming eyes to the cold face above her. He was not a brutal man, but there seemed something brutal in the way he took her hands from his knees and firmly laid them by her side.

"It is useless to appeal to me for your treatment of me has wearied patience and worn out love. We had better part to-day than link our lives together and separate afterward, creating a scandal. Now it will simply be a broken engagement, from which we will both quickly recover without scars."

Francis rose to her feet.

"You think that—and of me?"

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her almost insolently.

"I think that of you—and of all women. There was never one yet who remained faithful to one love. In your case now we will both laugh at our present position."

"You may, but I—never! I do not, cannot—cannot give you up! Say that you can forgive me! Say that I shall be your wife! Oh, don't you know, dear, if I were your wife I should never feel jealous again? Don't you know I would serve you on my knees—that I would be your slave?"

She approached him once more, leaning upon his shoulder with one hand, and peering into his impassive face with eyes whose expression he dared not read. He shook off her touch impatiently and rose.

"I might as well go now and end it. I shall leave the city to-night, so it will not be worth while for you to try to persecute me with insane letters. I shall not get them."

He picked up his hat and began fingering it unthinkingly, as if to avoid her passionate eyes. But he had grown suddenly calm. She said no word as he moved toward the door. When he arrived there he stopped.

"Will you not say good-bye?"

She crossed the room swiftly, and struck fiercely at his outstretched palm.

"No, I will not say good-bye! Hear me for the last time! I have loved you long and well. It may be that this parting will kill me, and so I wish to tell you that you have done ill to withdraw your heart from me, supposing you ever gave it to me. You have done ill to permit my worship—such worship as few women can give to fewer men. Never again will you be loved as I have loved you; never again will you have such faith given you as I have bestowed upon you. Never, never again!"

He opened and closed the door rapidly after his retreating form. She moved sluggishly across the room, and fell like a clod upon a sofa.

"Never, never again!"

She repeated the words despairingly, with her lids closed tightly over her hot eyes, and her hands thrown rigidly above her head.

"I cannot be that he is gone forever! It cannot be that he means what he says! It cannot be that I am never to be his wife! Love, come back to me! Love, forgive me!"

But vain were her imploring words, vain were her beseechings.

If only love and friendship were not one-sided things!

She rose and passed the room feverishly.

"My God, be merciful! Turn his heart back to me! I cannot bear it! I will be so good and patient with him! I will do anything that he wishes, only bring him back to me!"

So she prayed, this girl who believed in God and man, who had faith in love and friendship.

The days passed and lengthened into weeks. There came no word nor sign from Francis's recant lover. She had to tell her father and mother that the engagement which had existed between her and Ralph Essen was at an end. She gave no explanation, and they asked for

none. Suddenly brain fever fell upon her, and her life hung in the balance for weeks.

When health and consciousness returned to her, girlhood lay behind her. She was trying to gather up her broken hopes, her dead youth and slain faith, and weave them into a comely garment which she might wear decorously before a critical world. All her friends now knew that her engagement was "off," and she seemed to feel the pity, the sympathy and the mockery which was showered upon her—behind her back.

Two years went by, and Francis Randolph was twenty-three. Her mother had the bad taste to give her a birthday fete. The bad taste—we write advisedly—for where is the woman who likes to be reminded of her age, even if she still be young. But to Francis it mattered little, for youth seemed to lie far behind her, and the mists of sixty years seemed to freeze her heart.

"Francis, pray allow me to control your taste in selecting your dress to-night. You will never marry if you do not try to throw more ambition into your manner and more girlish gaudy into your dress. You dress like a nun, except at such times as I insist upon the contrary."

"You may order any style of dress you choose mother, and I will wear it; but you think I shall strive for the admiration of men, you forget. You must know that I shall never marry."

Mrs. Randolph sighed.

"I think you are foolish to let your broken engagement with Ralph Essen influence your future."

"It does not. Such matters as mine live but once, and ———" then she bit her lip to control further speech.

"By-the-way, I hear he has returned. I hope you can meet him without making a scene. You know your weakness."

Francis's lip curled scornfully, then she looked steadily at her mother, who shifted her eyes uneasily.

"My weakness then, is that I love him. Is that what you mean, mother?"

Mrs. Randolph responded faintly:

"Yes."

But she was not glad at his answer, for it seemed indeed as if she had lost the power to feel.

But as the years passed her tender affection for her husband became a wonderful thing. If she had lost love, she had gained broader virtue.

"Who is that has said: 'Love is best of all'?" How little he knew!—*Frank Leslie's*

HE LIKED THEM.

United States Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, told this story to a group of his fellow Senators:

In early times up in the pine woods, when our folks weren't all millionaires, some of us used to get up a chopping syndicate. A dozen fellows, all good with the axe and handspike, would club together, chip in and buy grub for the winter, and go into the woods to chop and log pines. In the spring they sold their logs, subtracted the winter's expenses, and divided their profits. One fall such a party was made up in my town. They were all ready to go into the woods, when some one asked who was going to cook.

"I won't, said one. 'I can't, said another. A third said he could, but he'd be blamed if he would. It went on, and nobody could cook. In those times, as now, a cook got big pay, not less than \$50 a month. The syndicate could hardly afford that. Finally one fellow said if they couldn't hire a cook, they'd got to have grub, and there was but one way out, they must do the cooking themselves. He suggested that they draw out, and whoever got the shortest straw must do the cooking. The first man who should complain of the grub, would have to relieve him. This was agreed to, and they went on into camp. The first meal in camp was dinner. The cook had seen his mother cook beans. It looked easy, and he decided to have beans for dinner. He put a peck in the kettle, chucked in a big piece of pork and double handful of salt. In time the men sat down to dinner. Everybody he'd himself. The first to dish out some beans put a big spoonful in his mouth. They were smoking hot and somewhat salt. The fellow spewed the stuff out with a big swear word. "Those are the doggondest beans I ever ate. Still I like them—I like them."

FOR THE LADIES.

After a long period in which only girl babies were born, Bismark, D. T., now rejoices in the birth of a male infant.

A man in Middletown told his wife he "loved her better than his own soul." The man has not been to church in five years, and the wife does not know how to take the compliment.

Last summer a pretty and romantic city girl spent the summer on a Maine farm, and got up a mild flirtation with the young man of the house. He was not particularly bold, and so one evening, as she sat in the hammock in the moonlight, she coyly said to the young fellow, "what is God's best gift to man?" He pondered a moment, as he watched the color come and go in her cheeks, and then said, desirously, "A hose." The young woman said that it was getting damp, and she must go right into the house.

A Chicago firm announced in its advertisement of Christmas wares: Our dancing slippers for young ladies are simply immense." That is the kind of slippers in demand in Chicago. They will go off like hot cakes.

An exchange called attention to the fact that it is no longer fashionable for women to faint. This grows out of the habit people have of pouring water on one's hands. There will be no more fainting until bangs are unfashionable.

A young man who had staid too long, said, after a brown study: "I had something pleasant to tell you." He could not remember, and the hostess said in suggestion, "perhaps it was good night." The visit was not repeated.

When the Rev. Sam Jones in Omaha asked any man present who had never spoken a cross word to his wife to stand up, a round-faced, good-natured-looking individual with a beard stood up. "Thank God, there is one man who never said a cross word to his wife," said Rev. Sam. "I'm a bachelor," shouted the round-faced man.

MINNIE'S DENTIFRICE.

What is more beautiful and comforting than well preserved teeth? Try Minnie's Dentifrice, a perfectly safe preparation. By its daily use the teeth are cleansed and beautifully whitened, without injury to the enamel. Insist on having Minnie's Dentifrice. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists. Jan. 13-1m.

Buckley'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 Brown & Caraway, Halifax, N. C.

THE WONDERFUL HEALING PROPERTIES OF DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS FOR BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS, WOUNDS, ETC.

Its prompt use will invariably relieve and prevent Erysipelas, Gangrene, or Proud Flesh. Owing to the cleansing and purifying qualities of the Fluid the most obstinate Ulcers, Boils, Carbuncles, and Running Sores are rendered pure and healthy and speedily cured, no other application being necessary. Jan. 20-1m

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"O, you good-for-nothing wretch!" exclaimed Big Willingham's wife, as she reached her hand out of bed and felt in the cradle to see if the baby was covered up.

"Washer'matter?" murmured Big Willingham, as he turned in his sleep.

"Matter enough Ough, you! Wake up and go down stairs and bring baby up here this minute."

"Did bring him up. He's in the cradle."

"No such a thing. You've drunk too much hard cider. You wrapped the Christmas turkey in baby's blankets and rocked it to sleep in the cradle, you wretch, and baby is down stairs on the sofa catching cold."

A writer says that "kind words are never lost." How is it when your wife puts them in a letter and gives them to you to mail?

you to love me and forgive any suffering I may have caused you.

He went closer to her, but she put out one hand imperatively. In the other hand the tiny bits of his visiting card lay in a confused mass.

"Do you think you could piece together this card and make it as spotless, as brilliant, as perfect, as it was one hour ago?" she asked.

His hand closed spasmodically over hers.

"Francis, do not torture me—do not be cruel! I know that you love me—"

"Stop!" she cried, imperiously, flinging out her hand and scattering the tattered card in a white shower over the floor. "Now I must speak plainly. Just as impossible as it is for you to restore the bloom to the grape which you have handled too roughly just as impossible is it for me to love you. Once I would have given my life for you—once I would have been your slave for sweet love's sake. But you outraged my love, and turned my worship to indifference, which is more to be feared than hate. I gave you all—and lost it! And now I have nothing to give you, or any man. Despair has darkened my soul, slain my youth, killed joy and hope, and faith! Never again will I love! Never again will woman love you as I did; but you throw it away—you trampled it under your feet as if it was something too base for use! And now you stoop to regain it, and I tell you it is too late, too late!"

Slowing turning, she left him. He stood with his head bent upon his hand for a moment, then he, too, left the room.

Too late, for ever too late to win the priceless boon of this "one that was a woman, sir."

Five years afterward Francis Randolph married the Englishman, Frederick Leigh—who he had said she had no soul. She told him she had no love to give him or any other man.

"I would rather have your toleration than any other woman's love," he protested.

But she was not glad at his answer, for it seemed indeed as if she had lost the power to feel.

But as the years passed her tender affection for her husband became a wonderful thing. If she had lost love, she had gained broader virtue.

"Who is that has said: 'Love is best of all'?" How little he knew!—*Frank Leslie's*

LYNCHING WITH PRAYER.

The town of Fielding lies near the Rocky Mountains, but its more particular location is not stated, which fact may possibly cause a few of the more incredulous to doubt even its existence. Be this as it may, the story goes that a few short months ago a wave of religious enthusiasm struck the town and took possession of a majority of the two or three hundred inhabitants, who determined to put a stop to the uncivilized and unseemly practices which frequently beset the mushroom towns of the great west. One day Ned Rice, a citizen of all that portion of the United States west of the Rocky Mountain range, visited Fielding profusely armed, for the purpose of having a little game. He disturbed a religious gathering and the pious portion of the population determined to rid the world of the miserable sinner. Here is a description of the matter:

"It was decided to hang him by moonlight. There were one or two cottonwoods growing near the stream, and a limb was braided sufficiently to hold his weight. Before he left the Palace several of the ladies sang a hymn, in which Ned joined. Several of them shed tears and he donated his horse to them for the purchase of hymn-books. At the cottonwoods he was hoisted on his horse, with a rope around his neck. Another hymn was sung, Ned adding his baritone. One of the men then prayed for the soul of the man who was about to ascend by descending, and another man delivered an address. Ned was asked whether he had anything to say, and he replied that after all expenses were paid out of his own pocket he wished that the balance should go towards paying the expenses of the man he had shot. Then a low, mournful hymn was sung, one of the brethren picked Ned's horse, and he swung off and died to slow music."

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C. SMITH.

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

Wine, Beer, Soda.

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EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.

C. Smith at Evans' old stand
Washington avenue, Weldon, N. C.
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SEEDS! SEEDS!

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Seed Grain and Potatoes,
Garden and Flower Seeds,
Vegetable & Planting Plants.

Prices quoted on application.
Descriptive Catalogue mailed FREE.
Correspondence Solicited.

AT YOUR OWN RISK

T. W. WOOD & SONS,

SEEDSMEN,

NO. 10 S. FOURTEENTH ST.
Mention this paper. RICHMOND, VA.
Jan 6 m

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ALL WINTER GOODS LOW.

PRICES.

I am anxious to reduce my stock. Give me a call.
M. F. HART

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BEER AND POP BOTTLING

ESTABLISHMENT,
WELDON, N. C.

I wish to state to the public that I am now prepared to supply Dealers, Saloons, &c., with Carbonated waters, Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Lemon, Soda and Strawberry flavon

FRESH BOTTLED.

Also Cream Soda, all of which is a pleasant and healthful beverage.

BEAR IN MIND,

That all dealers in Weldon and surrounding country towns are keeping the above for their friends and the public.

Also, the Berger & Engel standard proof 100% Beer.

Try it and see for yourselves. Always bottled

FRESH TO ORDER.

Give me a trial and see.
Respectfully,
J. L. FRYAR, Weldon, N. C.
may 27-17

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. ANY one can do the work. Large earnings scale from first start. Weekly profit and bonus free. Better not delay. Come to us today to see our address and find out if you are one who will do as well. H. HALLERT & CO., Portland, Maine. dec-17-ly

A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. Ad of a "barn" succeed from first start. You need not to fortune quest, today, the product, the safety sure. At once deliver. Terms \$1.00. H. HALLERT & CO., Portland, Maine. dec-17-ly

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