

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1887.

NO. 49.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

THE PATAPSCO
SUPERLATIVE
PATENT
GAMBRIEL MFG CO.
BALTIMORE

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 considered 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, Bedford Family, PatapSCO Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family, C. A. GAMBRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

aug 12 '87

M. C. PAIR.

ALL

Heavy Wool

GOODS at COST.

WINTER BOOTS

AT COST.

Ladies Fine Shoes

M. F. HART.

WE HAVE MADE

N. B. JOSEY & CO.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine-climbs to the molding wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldy past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

He still, sad heart, and cheerless eye,
Behind the blinds is the sun still shining;
The fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—LONGFELLOW.

TRUE HEART.

There is something pathetic in the life of every man confined within prison walls, and this pathos grows more intense when all the free, outside world is glad with the joy that comes in the Christmas time.

Renounce must weigh heavily on convicts at this time. Forgetfulness of all the past would be a blessed boon to many of them, but memory is keener then, and we do not know with what heartaches they recall the time when they, too, were free and happy.

The warden of a State prison tells the following incident of a life convict:

"I was passing out of the prison yard one bitterly cold Christmas morning. Just outside the gate, and crouching close to the high stone wall, I saw a thin little girl of about twelve years, her face and hands blue with cold. She put out one of her thin hands to detain me as I passed.

"If you please sir," she said, and stopped, fingering nervously at the fringe of her old shawl, and glancing timidly down. "What is it?" I asked.

"Well, if you please, sir, I would like to know if I can go inside and see my father? He's in there, and I've brought him something for Christmas. It ain't much, and I didn't s'pose you'd mind any if he had it. His name is Mister John H.—"

"I recognized the name as that of a life convict, a man notoriously bad. I went back into the prison grounds, the child following me eagerly.

"Going to my office I sent for the convict. He came, sullen and dejected, in his face was the look of utter hopelessness, which the faces of prisoners for life so often wear.

"The child sprang forward to meet him, the hot tears streaming over her white face.

"He stepped back, sullen and seemingly angry. No word of welcome came from his lips for the ragged, trembling little creature who stood crying before him with something clasped close in her hand.

"I—I—came to see 'Merry Christmas, father,' she faltered. "I—I thought maybe you'd be glad to see me. Ain't you any glad, father?"

"Christmas! Christ! What would that man not have given for freedom of body and soul!

"The convict's head drooped. The hard look was going out of his face, his eyes were moistening. His little girl went on, tremblingly and tearfully.

"And I brought you something, father. It was all I could think of, and all I could get. I live to the poor-house now."

"His trembling fingers began unwrapping the bit of soft white paper in her hand, and she held out a short, shining coil of yellow hair carefully tied with a bit of red ribbon.

"I wouldn't give this to anybody on earth but you, father. You use to really and truly love little Johnnie, mother said you did, and so—"

"The man fell to his knees with both hands clasped over his face.

"I did love him, he said, hoarsely. "I love him still; bad as I am, I love him still."

"I kissed the child, and she kissed me on the cheek. "My little boy?"

"Yes," said the child, "he died in the poor-house only last week, and there's no one left but me, now; but I ain't goin' to forget you, father. I'm going to stick right to you, spite of what folks say, and some day maybe I can get you out of here. I'm going to try, I don't never forget that you are my father, and so—"

"He put out one arm, drew the child towards him and kissed her again and again. I silently left the room, and they were alone in the room for half an hour. Then the child came out, smiling through her tears.

"Mind," she said, before closing the door, "I'll never forget you, father, never."

It was the voice of a true heart. May Christ give it the benediction of His peace!

—Independent to the Toilet.

POKER AND POLITICS.

HOW A BIG BLUFF NOMINATED CAMERON FOR GOVERNOR.

VIRGINIA ROMANCE OF A BOTTLED STRAIGHT—JOHN S. WISE DEFEATED BY A FATAL GLANCE AT HIS ADVERSARY'S HAND.

Ex-Governor William E. Cameron, while covering with a friend at the Bradlock House, says an Alexandria correspondent of the Baltimore Herald, about Congressman Brown's poker ability gave a bit of the inside history of his unexpected nomination for the Governorship six years ago.

"When I took the field," said the ex-Governor, "my chances of success were very slim. The whole party seemed to be ranged on the side of John S. Wise, and it was generally predicted that he would have a safe majority on the first ballot. Along about May, however, a month before the convention met in Richmond, he incurred the displeasure of several party leaders, who came over to me. Other circumstances at the same time added to my strength, and when the opposing forces met, I carried about the same number of votes. All the while Mr. Wise and I were the best of friends, and while making a sharp fight for the gubernatorial nomination no recriminations were ever thought of. On the morning the convention opened a canvass of delegates revealed the fact that our strength was about equal, and each side claimed the ability to bring over enough of the doubtful votes to secure a nomination. Nothing was done the first day except to appoint the committees and organize the convention. That night the committee on platform met at the White office and all the party leaders were present, as the campaign depended in a great measure on the character of the platform. Senator Mahone presided at the meeting. Mr. Wise and I sat on one side, while Congressman Brady and Senator Duff Green were on the other side of the editorial table. After all the necessary planks had been inserted in the platform, Senator Mahone, pleased with the work of the evening, remarked laughingly: "Now it is in order to decide who will be the Governor of Virginia. Suppose you two young fellows decide it by a game of poker. You find the chips and all the necessary equipment in the editorial drawer—eh, Elam?"

"Everbody laughed at the joke, while Wise and I sat almost in a breath. "Bring 'em out," Editor Elam had the cards and chips on the table in a jiffy, and we all prepared for a little fun. "You will take fifty chips each," said the Senator, with a mock solemnity, "and the man who cleans the other out first will be the next Governor of Virginia." More laughter, in which my rival and I joined heartily. The cards were dealt and the game began earnestly. Soon there was sharp playing, however, as Wise could take a hand at poker with any man in the State of Virginia, and I had made a considerable study of the science also. On the fifth deal there was a twenty-chip jackpot, and everybody forgetting the humorous side of the thing, leaned over the table with as much eagerness as if the Governorship were at stake. Wise opened the pot with thirty. I held four, five, six and seven of hearts and the ten of diamonds. I took a good long look at my hand and considered the possibility of getting a straight flush. I knew it was one chance in fifty, but I hated to let that big pot go for nothing, so I clipped in. My rival drew one card, and I saw his face beam as he looked at it. Of course I drew one, too. Slowly I raised it from the table. Alas! it was the nine of hearts, one spot too much for a straight flush. I knew my flush would be beaten on a call, but was not a bluff experient. While I was considering this one of Wise's cards fell under my chair, and he stooped over near to me to pick it. As his head came to the surface I thought his eyes fell involuntarily on my hand, but was not sure. Any way the beam had gone from his face when I looked at him again. An idea flashed across my mind. He had seen my hand, but the glance was so hurried that he fancied he saw a straight flush. With a flourish I came in and raised the pot with my last ten. Wise threw up his hand, and I raked in the chips. It was just as I supposed. He had a full, but was sure I held a straight flush. I won his remaining ten on the next hand, and there was a tremendous applause. I was hailed as the next Governor of Virginia, with many jokes and much laughter.

"After the game we went out for refreshments. We met many of the delegates; the story was retailed to them, and by them to their companions. Next morning every man in the convention knew about our poker game. At first it was only laughter, but it soon appeared that the Wise men regarded their leader's defeat as a bad omen, and superstitious ones shook their heads significantly. Well, sir, would you believe it—before the balloting began the Wise men became so thoroughly depressed by the result of the poker game that they practically gave up the fight? My followers were jubilant and worked cheerily, and gained many, doubtless. I led on the first ballot, and on the fourth was nominated."

THE LIFE OF A CONVICT.

Washington Post.

"The study of human nature," said Keeper Patterson, of the State penitentiary at Trenton, N. J., to a reporter in the lobby of the National hotel, "inside prison walls is more interesting than pleasant. The class of human beings one comes in contact with is usually so depraved and hardened that it oftentimes surprises even those accustomed to the life. We believe our system to be as good as any in existence, and yet we are not as severe in some ways as the people of the Eastern penitentiary."

"Are there not a number of criminals sent you who instead should go to asylums? Do you not have many cranky characters to contend with?"

"Well, we do in a certain sense. Criminals are, as a rule one-sided characters; their moral character is, so to speak, lopsided. But it is not the men who go into prisons that are mentally unbalanced; it is those who come out. The fact is, the man who serves a five or even a three years' sentence out is apt to leave the penitentiary unsound in mind, if not both body and mind. Imagine, for instance, the life they lead, day in and day out: To the mess room in the morning, where they cannot speak a word to any one; to the work-shop for the day where talking is strictly forbidden; to the mess room for supper, where the same order is enforced, and then to solitary confinement in their cells, where there is no one to talk to. Think of it. Such a life for years! Is it not enough to drive a man insane? Why, man alive, you cannot realize it; but the percentage is simply frightful of those who go to jail strong in both mind and body and come out whacked in one or both."

A SAD SIGHT.

One of the saddest sights ever seen in Georgia was a wood wagon hauling Northern cabbage into the country. It was enough to make a mortgaged man leap up against the stable and weep tears of despair.—Macon Telegraph.

What then shall be said of North Carolina wagons doing the same thing? They not only haul out of towns a few cabbage heads, but thousands of bushels of western raised corn, Irish potatoes of northern or eastern growth, thousands of pounds of western bacon, and many other articles which might be produced at home. There can be no more permanent cure of "hard times" while this state of things continues. Our people have means of self-support—can raise from the soil all that is needed for their health and comfort—but if they will not do it, "hard times" are sure to come, not only to the farmer, but to others who may be expected to share his fortune.

All are aware that many of the farmers of Rowan have of late years expended their energies on cotton or tobacco, relying on these crops for the money to buy their supplies of western productions on the plea that they can buy them cheaper than they can raise them on their own farms. A few persons may have been to some extent successful on this plan but it is well known of repeated truth that the plan is extremely dangerous, and ruins many, while it may succeed with a few. All the teaching of agricultural literature, and that is only the embodiment of agricultural knowledge and experience, concur in denouncing the practice as unsafe and hazardous. The only safe rule is to supply your own requirements first, and then provide a surplus for the market. Failure to do this, nine times out of ten, failure to meet the demands which are sure to come up in the course of a year. Failure to do it, is failure in the leading objects of the farmer. Trouble comes upon himself and family, and he is not able to turn it away nor to overcome it. His creditors suffer with him, and he loses the confidence of men who might help him, and so he is doomed to drag out a miserable, half-starved existence and lie down at last feeling that his whole life has been a disappointment.

—Salisbury Watchman.

LIQUORS.

C. SMITH.

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

Wine, Beer, Soda.

CANNED GOODS.

EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.

SEEDS! SEEDS!

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

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

T. W. WOOD & SONS,

SEEDSMEN,

NO. 10 S. FOURTEENTH ST.
RICHMOND, VA.

Mention this paper.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. HOWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPICES STREET), WILMINGTON, DEL.

DAVIS & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

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

GROCERIES

at prices that can't be beaten in the State, part as follows:

- 1500 Bbls. Flour from finest patent down.
- 1000 Bags New Feed.
- 150 Bbls. Sugar, all kinds.
- 200 Packages and Crates Pure Lard.
- 150 Bags Rio, Laguyras and Java Coffee.
- 50 Boxes Roasted Coffee.
- 150 barrels Bright Syrup.
- 50 " New Orleans Molasses very cheap.
- 500 Kegs Orange Rife Powder.
- 300 bags assorted Shot.
- 500 Kegs Old Dominion Nails.
- 50 barrels pure cider Vinegar for pickling and table use.
- 50 boxes Bacon and Bulk Meat.
- 200 " good fancy Canned Cheese.
- 50 tubs and tins Butter.
- 500 caddies Chewing Tobacco, all grades, very low.
- 200,000 Cigars and Cigarettes, all styles 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.
- 50 barrels Kerosene Oil.
- 100 Gross Ralphs, Star and Carolina Bell Stuffs.
- 1000 Reams Wrapping Paper.
- 50 Cases Canned Beef.
- 100 Cases Maceo Blacking.
- 500 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, Bluing, Washboards, Yeast, Powders and all other goods to be found in a wholesale grocery house.

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 flavor.

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 Bergner & Engel standard proof Lager Beer.

Try it and see for yourselves. I always bottled.

FRESH TO ORDER.

Give me a trial and see.
Respectfully,
J. L. FRYAR, Weldon, N. C.
may 27-1v

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. Each week: all you can do the work. Large earnings come from first start. Daily outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Come you wishing to see your address and find out if you are wise you will do so. As usual, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 400-243-

BARGAINS.

OVERCOATS

WINTER CLOTHING.

AT YOUR OWN

PRICES.

J. L. FRYAR,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

BEER AND POP BOTTLING

FRESH TO ORDER.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage box of goods which will help you to make money right away than anything else in this world. A lot of others succeed from first hour. The box is sent to fortune seekers, inflexible workers, ambitious men. At same address, Terms & Address, H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.