

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1887.

NO. 1.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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 flour 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. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

Condensed Schedules.

Trains Going South.	No. 45.	No. 46.	No. 47.	No. 48.
Dated Nov. 1st, 1886.	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.
Leave Petersburg	7:30 A. M.	11:15 P. M.	7:30 A. M.	11:15 P. M.
Leave Norfolk	8:30 A. M.	12:15 P. M.	8:30 A. M.	12:15 P. M.
Leave Suffolk	9:30 A. M.	1:15 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	1:15 P. M.
Leave Washington	10:30 A. M.	2:15 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	2:15 P. M.
Arrive Richmond	11:30 A. M.	3:15 P. M.	11:30 A. M.	3:15 P. M.

M. C. PAIR.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Dec. 1st, 1886.	No. 41.	No. 42.	No. 43.	No. 44.
1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.
Leave Weldon	7:00 A. M.	11:00 P. M.	7:00 A. M.	11:00 P. M.
Leave Norfolk	8:00 A. M.	12:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	12:00 P. M.
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Arrive Richmond	11:00 A. M.	3:00 P. M.	11:00 A. M.	3:00 P. M.

Heavy Wool

Goods at Cost.

WINTER BOOTS

AT COST.

Ladies Fine Shoes

WINTER BOOTS AT COST.

WELDON, N. C.

Ladies Fine Shoes

WE HAVE MADE M. F. HART, WELDON, N. C.

N. B. JOSEY & CO.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

A D-I-E

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Take out of our lives, when a day
Of wine, and shadows like the sky of dawn,
And a sick-bonneted woman, dimly seen,
Whose low, brown tones and leaden eyes

On the indicated page the patient gives
Any thing but death of the low, dim, small, still,
Slight, a pleasant song of am and still,
A time of silence down the hill slope slants.

Had the bird voices and the hum of bees,
In the throes of the evitable, dimly seen,
But still the spirit's heart was white with care,
And steps diminished from the stage back there.

Under the dark green hemlock whipper-snigh
Above the noise of the flowing, dimly seen,
But still the spirit's heart was white with care,
And steps diminished from the stage back there.

Oh, how my beauty, my grace, my joy,
My light and shade, my color, dimly seen,
When the low sunbeams strike the changing year,
Oh, how my beauty, my grace, my joy

Close to my heart, I had each lovely thing
The world had to give, and, dimly seen,
With the sunbeams strike the changing year,
Oh, how my beauty, my grace, my joy

CHORUS GIRL.

A PASTORIAL LITTLE STORY OF BOHEMIAN LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

She was only a poor chorus girl, and she lived quite alone, without friends, in her attic room, writes Robert Kane in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. He, Harry Landon, I had known when more prosperous but now he was a Bohemian, a poor "hon pusher," whose work, but hard work, he managed to keep the heart beating, he with his threadbare frock coat, for like all poor gentlemen, the frock coat is the last thing to go the way of "fall portable property" as Wemmick puts it, and his horrid double breast, fastened with three old buttons and a pin, often conceals a look of stainless beauty. Her earnings were spent at the theatre where she was employed, and her evenings were, of course, occupied. His hours of employment were those of any worker on a great daily, and on the only chance, they had of seeing each other was at the theatre where they both went at nearly the same hour every day. It was at this table that my attention was first called to them, and meeting Landon one night after work, over a plate full of steaming frankfurters and a hot spiced drink, he told me the story of their mutual attachment. "I had been to Mexico," he said, "for our 21st year, and in hopes that the trip might improve my health. On my return I was laid up and lay very sick in the very house in which you are now residing, where I then had a room, for over two months. Of course I could do no work, for my money was gone, and I had every chance of dying alone and unattended, when she came to me and was my good angel in short, pulled me round to the stage." From what he told me on my subsequent gathering, that she was above the average chorus girl in manners and breeding, her father and mother having been respectable people. Landon and she hoped to marry some day, and he explained that as people had begun to talk of their relations in the house, I left it, and took mine elsewhere, never then having my own part on Annie" and added proudly, "my poor old 'servant' was a high-toned gentleman, and I know he wouldn't want me to do the wrong thing if he were alive to-night." I told my wife "the story on arriving home, adding that the best places one would look for virtue in the wicked world are the theatre and the printing press, and yet hers is a case opening all the accepted theories," but was called a brute before my wife, and to hear it said that Mr. Landon was a good fellow, and that she was meant to know such a man, which she me up for the rest of the night. We now met often, and the four of us eventually fitted together, and as Landon had been promoted to an editorial position on his paper, their prospects looked brighter and their cheer of happiness seemed drawing near. But his wife's health was no better of her, in spite of the winter weather, and it was no accident to the impartial observer that one day he had him in his grip, and that she was not far off. He had always had a tendency that was—pardon me, sickness and poverty had done their work—and, like every consequence, he did not realize his condition, and talked of the future as a way to make your heart sick. "I had seen it, but seemed to get the thought behind her, as a suggestion of the self, though my wife told me that she had said for her sake, but she said I was the best person."

BILL NYE'S RAILWAY PASS.

LINE OF RETURNING THE BLASTED DOCUMENT TO THE GENERAL OFFICE.

Hudson, Wis., March 30, 1887.

W. F. White, Esq., General Passenger Agent, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R., Topeka, Kas.

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith annual pass No. 9345 for self and family over your justly celebrated road during the year 1887. I also return your photograph and the letters you have written me during the past five years. Will you kindly return mine? And so this brief and beautiful experience is to end and each of us must go his own way hereafter.

Alas!

To you this may be easy, but it brings a pang to my heart which your gentle letter of the 1st inst. cannot wholly alleviate.

Whenever hereafter you look upon this tear-speckled pass, will you not think of me? Remember that you have cast me from you and that I am wandering across the bleak and wind-swept plains sadly enumerating the days on my way to eternity.

I do not say this to reproach you, for I fear that you care for another, and so we could not be happy together. But, old do you pause to fully comprehend the pang it costs me to return this pleasant-but pass with its conditions on its back? Could you see me even now, as I write, those lines turning away ever and anon, lying aside my trembling pen to go and sit by the grate and shudder and weep and sit by the fire with my litter tears, your heart would soften and you would say: "Return, O wanderer, return!"

You do not say in your letter I have been false to you or that I have ever grown cold. You do not charge me with infidelity or failure to provide. You simply say that it would be better for each to go his several ways, forgetting that my several ways are passing away, passing away. It is all well enough for you to talk about going your several ways. You have every facility for doing so, but with me it is different. Several years ago a large North western cyclone and myself tried to pass each other on the same track. When the evening cold found me I was in the stretch of a lumbering tree, with a broken leg. Since that time I have walked with great difficulty, and to go my several ways has been a very serious matter with me.

But I do not want you to think that I am ungrateful. I accept my doom calmly, yet with a slight tinge of unavailing regret.

Some time perhaps in the middle of the dark and angry night, when the cold blasts waft through the telegraph wires and the crackling sheet ruddes with wild and impetuous fury against the windows of your special car, as you fitly wince and exclaim over your volubrious breath and heat the pillows winds with hoarse and crumpled moans, each other around in the Kansas haystacks or shrink wildly away as they light out for their cheerless home in the Bad Lands, will you not think of me as I grieve on blindly through thick and pitiless blasts, stumbling over cattle guards, falling into culverts and heaving out my raw young brains against your rough right of way, will you not think of me? I do not ask much of you, but I do ask this as a separate favor.

As you, while by me do not trust me with continually, or throw crackers at me when I have meekly turned out to let your laughing old train go by, I have always spoken of you in the highest terms, and I hope you will do the same by me.

Life is short at the best, and it is especially so for those who have to walk. Walking has clearly shortened my life a great deal, and I would be surprised if my exposure and labors of the year 1887, carried me off, leaving a gap in American literature that will look like a new cellar.

Should any of your engineers or trackmen find me frozen in a next winter, when the great gusts, short and the nights long, will you kindly ask them to report the brand to your auditor and instruct him to allow my family what he thinks would be right? I hate to write to you in this dejected manner, but you cannot understand how heavy my heart is today as I pen these lines.

I wish you and your beautiful road unmitigated success. It is a good road, for I have passed over it and enjoyed it. I differ from the country will look to me as I go bounding from the to the, slowly repeating to myself the true motto once made by the Governor of South Carolina to the Executive of South Carolina:

I hope you may never know what it is to pull into the quiet little city of La Junta with the dust of many a mile upon you and the thirst of a long, unavailing journey in your throat. I hope that Congress will not pass a law next year which will make it a felony for a railroad man to say "good-bye" without a permit. I hope that your life will be check full of hurrah and hallooah, even if mine should always be blank and joyless.

Can I do your road any good, either at home or abroad? Can I be of service to you over your right of way, by collecting you, bolts, old iron or other bric-a-brac? I would be glad to influence immigration or pull weeds between tracks if you would be willing to regard me as an employee. I will now take a last look at the fair

GEN. LEE'S TEMPTATION.

SIMON CAMERON SAYS THAT THE CHIEF COMMAND OF THE FEDERAL ARMY WAS OFFERED TO HIM.

In the course of an interview with a correspondent of the New York Herald on the occasion of his 88th birthday, Gen. Simon Cameron related the following among other war incidents:

"Of all my experiences with public men and events, none were so interesting as those which brought the country to the settlement of the slavery question on the field of battle. There was a great deal of play in the beginning that had not been heard of yet. It is true that General Robert E. Lee was tendered the command of the Union army. It was the wish of Mr. Lincoln's administration that as many as possible of the Southern officers then in the regular army should remain true to the nation which had educated them, Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston were then the leading Southern soldiers. Johnston was Quartermaster-General and Lee a colonel of cavalry."

"In the moves and counter moves in the game of war and peace then going on, Francis Pickens, Sr., was a prominent figure. The tender of the command of our forces was made to Gen. Lee through him. Mr. Blair came to me expressing the opinion that General Lee could be held to our cause by the offer of the chief command of our forces. I authorized Mr. Blair to make the offer. I then dismissed the matter from my mind as nearly as I could such an important subject, for I supposed, from what Mr. Blair had said, that General Lee would certainly accept. I labored under this impression up to the time that his resignation was received. Whether General Lee ever seriously considered the matter I do not personally know. From what Senator Blair said to me I never had any doubt at the time but that he did. My surprise was very great when the resignation was received and General Lee went South."

TALE OF TWO BOYS.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE—ON VIEW IN PROVIDENCE.

From the Providence *Providence*.

Twenty-five years ago, a family living in Georgia included two small boys, Frank and Sam, respectively. They were very unlike in disposition, although similar in features. Frank was the good boy of the family and Sam was the trouble. He was such a hard nut that the local clergy predicted death upon the yellow fever for him some day or other. The boys grew up and Frank rose to be the star scholar in the Sabbath school, the prize of the Presbytery, and the envy of angels. Sam went on breaking the Sabbath to offset Frank's keeping it, and after a dark career of undisciplined conduct he was fain to fetch up as a reporter on the *Atlanta Constitution*. In the mean time Frank had read the Bible through five times, had committed chapters to memory and plunging headlong into Presbyterianism, because drawn into a vortex from which he emerged a deacon and steward of churches.

The lives of the young men now under went a great change, and by a freak of fate they changed places, spiritually. Sam was sent to report a crank evangelist, Sam Jones, who was making Atlanta hot with his ranting. The assignment saved his soul. He preached on through the proselytic discourse until he found himself interested in it. He became converted before the benediction was reached, greatly to the disgust of the city witter, who expected a very report of the revival instead of the deluded disbeliever, up by the young man on his return. Sam took to bed for a few weeks, and there matured deep held plots against the peace of Satan, whom in the manner he was fain to fight to him now than when he seemed to him for beer and mock at the fervent Frank's piety.

In the meantime Deacon Frank satiated with sedation, through proselytism. Landed into a Methodist church and laid the foundation for heretical opinions which would shake him religiously and set him a shore on *Downy Hills*. From an irregular reporter, whose editors are expected to report Sam whenever they think him worth the attention, he had sent to stage sinfulness was easy, and Frank A. Smith suspected himself with the dream.

The two brothers were in Providence this week, the while had boys' mission being to call sinners to repentance, and the while had boys to call Christ to the Church.

They are a Frank A. and Sam Smith, the first with Bow Church, Marks and Firm Company which pretends Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at the Providence Opera House, the latter, Kingfield. Sam Smith who tells the story of "From Bar to Palace" in the Music Hall Tuesday night.

THE CHAMPION OUTLAW.

Atlanta Constitution.

A woman who keeps a boarding house on Cornhill street called Police Headquarters yesterday to complain that a gentleman boarder had skipped her house, leaving a bill unpaid.

"He owes me about \$40, and I want him caught," she said.

"What kind of a person was he?" asked the sergeant.

"Well, the day before he went away, he offered to marry me to settle the bill. You can judge what else he has."

"And you refused?"

"Yes—no, no, I didn't," she exclaimed as she looked clear back to her eyes. "I was all settled that we should be married, and that's one reason why I'll never go to the end of the earth. A man who'll jump a board bill and a marriage engagement, too, is an outlaw who should be let out."

In order to make room for Spring goods, we will sell all goods in stock at greatly reduced prices. P. N. Steinback & Co.

BOTH SEXES.

Joshua Allen's children have been brought up to think that sin of any kind is just as bad in a man as in a woman, and any place of amusement that was bad for a woman to go to was bad for a man.

Now, when Thomas Jefferson was a little fellow, he was bewitched to go circus, and Josiah said—

"Better let him go, Samantha, it 'hain't no place for winnow of girls, but it won't hurt a boy."

Says I, "Josiah, Allen, the Lord made Thomas Jefferson with just as pure a heart as Tirzah Ann and no bigger eyes and ears, and and if Thomas Jefferson goes to the circus, Tirzah Ann goes too."

That stopped that. And then he was bewitched to get with other boys that smoked and chewed tobacco, and Josiah was of just that easy turn that he would have let him go with them. But says I—

"Josiah, Allen, if Thomas Jefferson goes with those boys and gets to chawin and smokin' tobacco, I shall buy Tirzah Ann a pipe."

And that stopped that.

"And about drinkin'," says I, "Thomas Jefferson, if it should be the will of Providence to change you into a wild bear, I will chain you up and do the best I can for you. But if you ever do it yourself, turn yourself into a wild beast by drinkin' I will run away for I never could stand to see you hangin' round for rooms and tavern doors, Tirzah Ann shall hang too."

Josiah argued with me. Says he "It doesn't look so bad for a boy as it does for a girl."

Says I, "Customs make the difference, we are most use to seeing men, but," says I, "when liquor goes to work to make a fool and a brute of anybody, it don't stop to ask about sex; it makes a wild beast and fish of a man or a woman, and to look down from heaven, I guess a man looks as bad layin' dead drunk as a woman does."

Says I, "Things look differently from up there than what they do to us—it is a more sightly place. And you talks about lookin' Josiah Allen, I don't go on 'em 'lar looks, I go on principle. Will the Lord say to me at last day, Josiah Allen's worth, how is it with the soul of Tirzah Ann—as for Thomas Jefferson's soul, he ain't a boy, it hain't no account? No! I shall have to give an account to Him for my dealin' with both of these unks, male and female. And I should feel guilty if I brought him up to think that what was proper for a woman was pure for a man. If a man has a great desire to do wrong, which I won't dispute," says I, "lookin' lively into Josiah, he has greater strength to resist temptation. And so," says I, "in mild accents, but as firm as old Plymouth Rock," "if Thomas Jefferson looks Tirzah Ann shall hang too."

I have brought Thomas Jefferson up to think that it was just as bad for him to listen to a bad story or song as for a girl or worse for he had more strength to run away, and that it was a disgrace for him to talk or listen to any stuff that he would be ashamed to have Tirzah Ann or me to hear. I have brought him up to think that manliness didn't consist in having a cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side, and swearin' and slang phrases, and a knowledge of questionable amusements, but in layin' hold of every duty that comes to him, with a brave heart and a cheerful face, in helpin' to right the wrong, and protect the weak, and makin' the most and the best of the mind and the soul God had given him. In short, I have brought him up to think that purity and virtue are both feminine and masculine, and that God's angels are not necessarily all sleek ones.—*Samantha Allen*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

L. M. ALSTON.

Having purchased the Grocery, Restaurant Bakery out one of the Bars of E. A. Cottonhill, I am now prepared to

SUPPLY

the inner wants of man in every respect both as to

WHISKEY, BRANDIES, WISKEY, BEER, MIXED DRINKS, AND—

DINNER, BREAKFAST, AND SUPPER.

My table supplied with all the delicacies the market affords. And then good rigors to

TOP OFF WITH.

Give me a roll and a shime and you will

SATISFIED.

My bakery is supplied with everything and my Grocery is instructed. All kinds of Cakes, Pies, Cakes and Breads, Canned Goods, Butter, Cheese, Saus, Tinned Meats, &c. &c.

WELDON, N. C.

LIQUORS.

C. SMITH.

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

Wine, Beer, Soda, CANNED GOODS.

EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.

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

J. L. FRYAR,

BEER AND POP BOTTLING.

ESTABLISHMENT,

WELDON, N. C.

I wish to state to the public, that I am now prepared to supply Dealers, Saisons, Ac., with Carbonated water, Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Lemon, Soda and Strawberry flavors.

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. Always bottled.

FRESH TO ORDER.

Give me a trial and see.

Respectfully,

J. L. FRYAR, Weldon, N. C.

may 15-17

YOU

can live at home and make more money at work here than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed, you are started free. Both ways, all ways. Any one can do the work. Large earnings from first start. Carry over and return free. Better not delay. Copy my mailing card to your address and I will send you a full and complete plan. My address is J. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine, Box 537.

A PRIZE.

Send me five cents for postage free of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of other ads. success from first hour. The good road in fortune opens, before the breeze, the victory sure. At once address, J. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Me. Box 537.

and after June 1st, 1887, trains will run on the following schedule:

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Ladies Fine Shoes

WE HAVE MADE M. F. HART, WELDON, N. C.

N. B. JOSEY & CO.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

Outraged for the sale of our Ladies Fine Shoes, for their respective sections.

We make up the X. Y. Opera, Acme, Waukegan and Crooks hats, the latter is just out and is very nice. We use the Melky Machine and sew with best Barbey'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.

sent 10 ly