

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887.

NO. 4.

ADVERTISEMENTS

L. M. ALSTON.

Having purchased the Grocery, Restaurant Bakery and all the fixtures of E. A. Carleton, I am now prepared to

SUPPLY

the most reliable and in every respect, best as to

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES, BEER, MIXED DRINKS.

—AND—

DINNERS, BREAKFAST, AND SUPPER.

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

TOP OFF WITH.

Give me a call and a chance and you will be

SATISFIED.

My Bakery is supplied with everything and my grocery is unsurpassed. All kinds of Cakes, Pies, Crackers and Bread, Canned Goods, Butter, Cheese, Ham, Tobacco, &c.

L. M. ALSTON, Washington Avenue, Weldon, N. C.

LIQUORS.

C. SMITH.

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

Wine, Beer, Soda.

CANNED GOODS.

EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.

J. L. FRYAR,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

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 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.

FRESH TO ORDER.

Give me a trial and see.

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

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 are made. Cash paid weekly, and terms free. Better not delay. Write us nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. See 34-ly.

APRIZE

Send 40 cents for postage 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 are made. Cash paid weekly, and terms free. Better not delay. Write us nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. See 34-ly.

Just received a car load of flour from the west, which we offer low for cash. P. N. Staiback & Co.

BAD FOR HUSBANDS.

WHAT MAY COME TO PASS IF WOMEN DEVELOP AS MIND READERS.

By a Mind Reader.

Think of it! Women as mind readers! Wives reading their husbands' like open books.

Thereby getting on to all our little pet schemes.

If we allow this thing to go on where will it end?

The innocent husband has fixed up a plan between his particular charms to make the most of an evening, as on having the supper table laid.

"Business at my desk will keep me pretty late, wife, dear, so don't sit up for me, but go to bed and sleep like an angel."

Only to have her come back with "That story might have worked yesterday, my hubby, but I can see through you now. You are as transparent as glass to me. You have no intention of going to your desk—nothing of the kind. On the contrary, you have made arrangements to meet your chums at a poker joint and indulge in the festive game to a late hour."

Or she will give him this: "Work at your desk until late at night, poor overworked man! How many times you have pulled the wool over my eyes by this night work racket, and I have been just chump enough to swallow it all. But I am up to your little game now. You are an open book in my big job type. You are going to the theatre to-night and have made arrangements to meet one of the ballet girls and enjoy a supper after the performance. No wonder you will be late. Hadn't you better make a whole night of it? It will save you the trouble of coming home and me the annoyance of being disturbed."

"But, hubby, be honest hereafter in your dealings with me. It will be for your interest, you'll find that lies won't work as in the past. Come right out with it and acknowledge like a little man that you are badly stuck on some ballet girl in account of her marvellous make-up. Say you are a fool and want to prove it to others as well as to the few who are tied to you for life. Say you are weak in the upper story, and anything with a blonde wig and stuffed gaiters can catch you for all their's in you, and help you waste the money that ought to make home happy and bright."

Now what married man wants this kind of a racket played on him?

This kind of reading business on the part of women must not be encouraged. If it is we men will be losers by it.

Do you tumbler?

He left. The next day he came again, and brought the five dollars.

"Thank you, thank you," smiled the member of the bar, pocketing the half eagle.

"That ain't the proper thing to say, thank you is too tame."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"What should I say, then?"

"Why, you ought to say, 'Come on, old boy, let us go down and have some thing.'"

"Well, then, come on, old boy!"

They went down and had something, and the "old boy" called up all his friends. There was just three dollars and ten cents left out of the half eagle.

That afternoon the "old boy" dropped in on the lawyer again.

"How about that ten dollars?" he asked.

"What ten dollars?"

"Why that ten dollars you were going to lend me if I brought you back five. I've come to get it."

"Great Caesar! Say, just sit down over there and go to studying law. I need a man just like you. I'm going to make you my partner."—Stockton Mail.

Wagon's Draft Office.

The best cleanser, preserver and beautifier of the teeth. Prepared of harmless ingredients, and can be used without the slightest injury to the enamel. It will beautifully whiten the teeth, make healthy gums, and sweeten the breath.

Price 25 cts. per bottle. For sale by all druggists. Once tried, you will use no other.

HOW THE WICKED DREAMER WILL DO.

Scene—A railway train after April 5th—First clergyman—"Did you sell old Pepperdahl at X?"

Second clergyman—"Naw. Do you know, he's the worst old duffer to sell on this run—Stop—here comes the conductor. As I was just remarking, Brother Brown, we had a most refreshing season of grace at X."

Just received a car load of flour from the west, which we offer low for cash. P. N. Staiback & Co.

HOW STORY SAW CHRIST.

BY STATUE OF THE SAVIOUR MADE FROM MEMORY OF A VISION.

By a Visionary.

ROME, March 17, 1887.—Story's last statue, Christ, is an original and beautiful conception. The dress is that of an Arab, the stomach or under garment rich and full, bound round the waist with a soft sash and the medallion, an upper one, a medallion which was the seamless garment we read that our Lord wore.

On the head, with a soft, wavy, and curly, bound around by a fillet, which formed a soft visor-like framing, a hair which he wore, the ends of his curly hair fell over the shoulders and over the long hair which you see under the shadow of its fold. This is the turban, as the English translation of the Bible calls it, which was taken off, folded and laid beside our Lord in the grave. This costume is most effective, for it has the rich deep folds of the oriental quadrangular mantle, and is probably exactly like the dress our Saviour wore.

The person is that of a young man, tall, thin, but not emaciated. The right hand is extended as if summoning you to approach. The left hand rests gently on the drapery of the breast. They are long, slender, refined, oriental hands, modelled with feeling and delicacy. The face is singularly tender and noble, handsome, with fine, low and beautiful features. The eyes have a wonderful outlook, spiritual, and as if they saw far beyond mortal gaze. The expression of the face is united to that of the outstretched, pleading, earnest hand. The words "Come unto me, ye who are weary and are heavy laden, and ye shall find rest" seem to be uttered by the lips, and yet the intense sadness of the face is as if he had little hope that humanity would listen to the call.

I sat some time the other afternoon, looking at this impressive statue. Ave Maria sounded, and the late afternoon shadows gathered in the studio. The half lights gave the figures of the young Messiah a startling likeness to life. I spoke, thinking aloud. "And so He may have looked!"

"It ought to look like Him, for I have seen Him," said the sculptor, quietly.

"I started, and turned to know if I had heard the words or had dreamed them."

"Yes," repeated Story, calmly, lighting a fresh cigarette—"yes, and I will tell you how it was. It happened when I was young—about 20. I was going to the 'booby' as the coach was called that ran on those days every hour between Boston and Cambridge, for it was long before the time of the omnibus and horse car. Of course, I mean I dreamed I was in the coach. It was a dull dream, as at once strange and prosaic. Soon after I got outside the coach, and we had started, I suddenly became aware that Christ was seated outside with the driver! My first impulse was to touch Him, so I leaned on and rested my hand on his garments—when I felt sure it was Christ!

"When the coach reached the halfway house at Cambridge port every one got out, and Christ also. I did not, but sat looking upon Him as he walked to and fro. There were ordinary, common people about, and the natural prosaic actions of such a place going on. I was aware that no one but myself saw that strange being in oriental garments, moving with stately steps back and forward in front of the busy little crowd which assembled at a halfway house when a stage arrives. But that did not seem strange to me, nor was I surprised at his dress, so unlike anything I had ever looked on, for at that time I was not familiar with the Arab costume, I simply thought, 'There is Christ, and every sense in my body was alive."

"Then came the bustle of starting, and then the whole dream ended—the vision disappeared! For years and years that appearance has haunted me, and over and again I have tried to give form and shape to that face and person, which I saw as plain as I see you now."

No wonder, with the vivid memory of that marvellous vision, our celebrated sculptor has been able to give us such a noble semblance of the Divine Master.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after-cure meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with it is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for Consumption, Rheumatism, and Bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—Tins, Paris, M. B. Albano.

I gave Scott's Emulsion to a gentleman 65 years old troubled with Chronic Bronchitis, with the most excellent results. —J. C. Casson, Broken Arrow, Ala.

A young woman of Norfolk, Va., who was becoming blind from cataract, took the advice of an old negro woman, put a drop of cod-liver oil in each eye every day, and was completely cured.

We Tell You Plainly

That Simmons' Liver Regulator will rid you of Piles, Headache, Constipation, and Biliousness. It will break up chills and fever and prevent their return, and is a complete antidote for all malarial poison—entirely free from quinine or calomel. Try it, and you will be astonished at the good results of the genuine Simmons' Liver Regulator, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., much 31-1-mo.

Just received a line of plug tobacco, very cheap. P. N. Staiback & Co.

Just received a line of those celebrated Bay State and Zeigler shoes, acknowledged to be the best goods on the market. P. N. Staiback & Co.

THE LAST TIME.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street, where you know that you will never stand again.

The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of spectators, faces depicting the plaudits with frowns and fair fame, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of these two words "never again."

How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older. Never again young—all ways nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing" which shall follow all last things, and all turn then, let hope from pain to joy. We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought that we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time and life's serious grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the last things back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that those, too, shall soon, in the light of some far-off day, as the boyish games seem to our manifold, and we shall learn that death is the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?—Wilson Moore.

A FALL AND A RISE.

A farmer who had been doing business with some one on the second floor of a building near the market yesterday, made a slip at the top of the stairs and came down in splendid fashion and was for the moment rendered unconscious. He was taken into the office of a livery stable for temporary examination and treatment, and as they opened his coat and vest, and chafed his hands he opened his eyes and said:

"Boys, I believe I'm done for."

"Oh, no—you'll soon be all right," they replied.

"Boys," he continued as he tried to raise up, "one of you go over on the stand to my old woman."

"Who's she?"

"Her name is Potter. There's a white horse to the team. You'll know the wagon by a barrel of elder in the back end. There's also a crock of butter."

"We are to find Mrs. Potter and tell her you are hurt, and—"

"One of the horses is blind, and the old woman has got a red feather in her hat."

"Yes, and now. We are to tell her that you are hurt, and—"

"And one of the four wheels of the wagon has got two new spokes in it," continued the man.

"All right, and we are to bring your wife."

"No, sir! You just tell her that I've broken both legs and forty other bones in my body, but not to sell me damned bones of that butter down twenty cents a pound. Butter has six, and the old woman sets there chawin' gum and don't know me."

CAN'T STAND IT ALL.

Two Arkansas men engaged in conversation:

"Say, Uncle Billy, you live in or pretty tough neighborhood, don't yer?"

"Patty tough, Sam, pretty tight on their side."

"Do yer ever get in fights?"

No fights.

"What do yer do when yer feller calls yer a liar?"

"Well, I think that mable he knows more about it than I do, and jest let the thing rock alone."

"Yes, and spon'er he calls yer a thief?"

"Well, I jest think that mable he's better posted than I am."

"Spon'er he calls you a coward?"

"I wouldn't argue with him."

"Well, spon'er he says that yer couldn't tell the agen'er how yer lookin' in his mouth?"

"What! me not know their age, or how? W'y, Sam, if yer feller was yer say that, he'd have me whup right there. Don't talk for me, Sam, don't talk for me, fer it makes me mad to think about it."

Every time. What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glory and oceans, and thousands of hours of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health, but how often do the majority of people feel giving it up, disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that *Green's August Flower*, will make them free from disease, as when here. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Diarrhoea of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of *August Flower*, will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

Just received a line of plug tobacco, very cheap. P. N. Staiback & Co.

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LOVE SONG.

Enidie Kives in the April Century.

The moon shines pale in the Western sky, Like a pearl set over a blue that shudders; There is many a thousand bird in the air, And the fledge drift with the zephyrus.

Though my love be further away from me Than the East from the West, or the Day from the Night,

I have turned my face to his dwelling place, And I bid him "good-night," "good-night,"

Though he has not come to my feet, I have turned my face to his dwelling place, And I bid him "good-night," "good-night,"

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A FAIRY.

"And that path leads—"

"Oh, nowhere at all," answered Maud, "but the path leads to the house of my father."

"The girl upon her knees, the young man stooping toward her, with both watching the flame of life flickering again in Maud's wide opened eyes."

They stared up at the fairy like creature, bewildered, half-dreamy.

"An 'Lad!' said Maud, in a slow, confused tone. 'I've often dreamed Mab came to me just so—'

"Mab!" the speaker of the fairies! the girl on her knees beside the couch, looked a very fairy queen to Maudie Desmond. And this was a midsummer day, the fairest day.

She seemed to read his fancy, and dashed him up a laughing glance, as she knelt there, then laid her small, brown hand, upon Maud's white and jeweled one.

"Do not talk yet," she said, "it wastes your strength. And besides—this is so late as she but ever let that Maurice Desmond fairly catch a word or two—you might say something you might not choose to say afterwards."

But Maud suddenly raised herself upon her arm. All her color flushed back to her cheeks.

"Listen," she cried, "you Mab, and you Maurice Desmond! I am ashamed of my old heart, my evanescent pride heart. I acknowledge this girl, Mab Rao, as my cousin and having equal right with me at Redburn Hall. I will make grandpa—yes, I can do anything with him, he loves me so well—I shall make grandpa give Mab's father, whom he disinherited years ago—forgive him, and bring him home to Redburn Hall. And Mab shall forgive me for not believing her when she came to the hall that day—not listening to her, turning my back on her!"

Her robe broke in, and Mab had put her arms about her.

"Hush, Maud—dear Maud! For you have something to forgive me, too. I thought you odd and hard—"

A step across the earthen floor stopped her.

That bent and hopeless figure had left the doorway and stood among them, bent still, and feeble, but no longer hopeless.

"Maud," he said—"Maud, my little brother Dick's orphan child, you will have to ask forgiveness for me, too—for it was an evil spirit of revenge that made me settle here in this lot after my