

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1887.

NO. 14.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

THE PATAPSCO
ESTABLISHED 1774
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 Flour 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, 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.

THE PLACE TO GET
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
—AT THE—
LOWEST PRICES,
IS AT
DR. A. R. ZOLLIFFER'S,
WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.
WELDON, N. C.
STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL.
PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.
PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,
FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

ZOLLIFFER'S,
N. BROWN, B. T. SIMMONS,
BROWN & SIMMONS,

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS,
WELDON, N. C.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
TOILET ARTICLES,
PERFUMERY,
COMBS,
BRUSHES,
PLAIN AND FANCY STATIONERY.
PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED.
Open on Sundays 9 to 10:30 A. M. and 6 to 7:30 P. M.

BEAK & UNDEVELOPED
N. W. AYER & SON
ADVERTISING AGENCIES
BUILDING PHILADELPHIA
RECEIVE ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THIS PAPER.
ESTIMATES FOR PRINTING FREE
Send 10c in AYER & SON'S MANUAL

Ladies Fine Shoes
HAVE MADE
F. HART,
WELDON, N. C.
B. JOSEY & CO.,
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

Tutt's Pills
stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unexcelled as a
ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.
In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in treating the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Beware of cheap imitations.
Sold Everywhere.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.
WORKING CLASSES
ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for spare moments. Business men, light and penitential. Persons of either sex only can find it profitable to do per evening and a proportion of their time to the business. Boys and girls can nearly as much as men. They all see this may add to their salary, and test the well satisfied we will send you dollar for free. Address: G. R. PIERCE & CO., 100 Broadway, New York.

Written Expressly for the ROANOKE NEWS
"VAL."
BY AUNT JUDY.
AUTHOR OF "BOHOTEKA," "HE AND SHE," "AT LAST," "ONLY A GIRL," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.
"This is a nice place in which to rest, Val. Sit down on this shawl. We are quite shut in from the others, in this quiet nook, yet we can hear their merry voices ascending the hill." Joe Isley arranged a seat for his companion, and then threw himself on the grass at her feet. Two weeks had passed since that merry tea-dripping under the old trees at St. Keyne, and to-day the young people of L— were spending a few hours in the woods, and pretending to enjoy their staid out-of-door life, and the aimless rambling about the forest afterwards. There was no pretense about Val's enjoyment of it all, in spite of the coolness with which the ladies of the party treated her. They were not openly rude, only treating her with a sort of unmeaning civility, which would have been unbearable had she understood it. Her life had been so isolated she knew nothing of society, and was not conscious of anything unusual in their conduct towards her, only thinking they did not like her very much. As she cared nothing for them they had no power to mar her happiness. Joe and his sister, Alice, loved her, she knew—and Mr. Myddleton, too, seemed to like talking to her, so she was perfectly content, and chatted gaily to her cousin as they rested in their snug retreat behind the big rock on the top of the hill.

"Grandpa came home in a fearful temper last night, Joe," she remarked after answering some inquiry of his in regard to Mr. Tremhan.
"Indeed!" was his sarcastic comment. "You astonish me! I had no idea he ever permitted anything to ruffle that serene temper of his. What unusual event occurred to arouse his wrath?"
"I really do not know, but suspect Eugene Novel had something to do with it. I have noticed that grandpa is always in a worse humor than usual after being with that man."
"One would be inclined to suspect he held some secret power over your grandfather, or it was not a ridiculous supposition when we all know how scrupulously and contemptuously he treats Mr. Novel. I, too, have noticed that Mr. Novel invariably says things that are insulting to you, that annoy Mr. Tremhan exceedingly. He must be a good secretary or colonel. Myddleton would have discharged him long ago. Do you like him, pet?"
"It is very silly in me, Joe, but I am afraid of him. Sometimes I catch him staring at me with those glittering eyes, and it makes me shudder. I could easily imagine, in some other existence, he was a tiger, crouching in the jungle, watching with baleful eyes an opportunity to spring on his unsuspecting victim."
"Here they are, Miss Alice. Miss Tremhan, you look so very comfortable, resting against that rock. May two weary pilgrims join you?"
"I will divide my shawl with Alice. Does the grass look sufficiently inviting to tempt you to join, Joe?" she said, smiling gaily.
"Mr. Myddleton," remarked Alice, "in words, the hero always 'throws himself carelessly on the green sward.'"
"But you see, Miss Alice," he said, "I am not in the least inclined to do so. I am in the habit of sitting on the grass, and following the prescribed rule." Val tilted her hat lower, trying to hide the hot blush that followed his words.
"What were you discussing as we came up?" asked Alice, turning to her brother.
"Metaphysics," was the grave reply. "Val is a devout Pythagorean."
"I am fancy you are explaining like Rosalind, Miss Tremhan." "I was never so beholden since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat."
"Joe maligns me, Mr. Myddleton, my belief in transmigration exists in his imagination only," said Val, joining in the laugh at her expense.
"Well, I know one thing," exclaimed Mr. Isley, jumping up from his reclining attitude.
"When the bright sun breaks the spring, green, dewy air,
The eye smelt a little, whenever I see
Mortals look skyward, walking erect up,
I long for a tail and a large strong tree!"
And he walked away, to join a party of youngsters who were trying to fasten a grapevine swing to the branches of a giant oak. They watched him steal the tree, and when the vine was securely fastened Alice ran to beg a swing, leaving Val and Mr. Myddleton alone.

"Would you like a swing, Miss Tremhan?" asked Mr. Myddleton in a lazy tone from his lounging place on the grass.
"No, I prefer lingering here. The other girls will wish to swing presently, and I generally try to keep away from them."
"Why, are they disagreeable?"
"No, indeed. Or rather, I do not know. They do not seem to like me, and I feel uncomfortable among them."
"Then, of course, it is you who are disagreeable to them," he said gravely.
She looked at him, trying to decide if he was in jest or earnest. "I do not go with them often. Grandpa will not let me go every time Joe and Alice wish to have me, and—so they do not know me very well," she said gently.
"I see," was the grim response. It is quite a treat, being allowed to come here to-day.
"I wonder how Joe induced grandpa to let me come."
"Perhaps he had informed Mr. Tremhan, how great the 'treat' would be to you and to him."
"If you know grandpa you would never think that," she said with a short laugh. "He cares too little for me to wish to give me a pleasure, and when he is in a particularly bad humor nothing increases it so much as to see me happy."
"Is he so unkind?"
"Unkind, that's a gentle name for grandpa's tyranny. He is a perfect terror to the entire household. We are dreadfully afraid of him. Not one of his servants love him, and I am sure he hates everybody and everything. I beg your pardon, Mr. Myddleton," she said blushing furiously, as she caught his grave look. "I forgot myself. I ought not to speak of my grandfather to one who does not know him. And sometimes I do feel sorry for him, knowing that not a living creature loves him."
"He is, indeed, to be pitied!" Do you not think his granddaughter might spare him a little of her affection, and try to win herself a place in this old man's hard heart?" he asked in gentle rebuke.
"The hot tears sprang to her eyes as she listened to the earnest voice, but pride came to choke the gentler impulse that would have led her to acknowledge her fault. She hastily brushed the bright drops away, and springing to her feet, said laughingly, "When I ask an opinion of my conduct, it will be time enough for Mr. Myddleton to make suggestions," and with a bow she left him.

CHAPTER IV.
"Yonder comes Joe, and I believe, yes, it is Frank Myddleton with him," exclaimed Alice Isley looking out of the prior window at the two figures approaching the house.
"I think I will run up stairs and see your mother, a little while, Alice. She must be awake now," and Val left the music-stool, where she had been idly playing, and walked towards the door.
"I do not understand it, Val," said Alice interrupting her cousin, but I have noticed that the past few weeks, you invariably run away whenever Frank Myddleton comes near you. I see, too, that it vexes him very much, and you shall not escape him this time. He always goes up to see mamma, when he comes here, and if you leave the room, I shall send him for you." And Alice playfully pushed her into a chair. The girl's lips were compressed for a few moments, and her eyes flashed, but presently a smile curled the lip.
"Take your hands from my shoulders, Alice. I do not want Joe to find you holding me as if I was a refractory child. Here he comes, looking through the window as usual. Joe did it ever enter your cranial, that doors were used for the purpose of affording ingress and egress into and from a room?"
"Never, little lady. A window answers my purpose so admirably, that doors are perfectly useless in my estimation. Come in, Frank, do not linger on the outside of this charming room any longer."
"I only hesitated while trying to conjecture what kind of welcome Miss Tremhan would accord me if I followed your example." And he looks with laughing eyes at the dainty figure standing near, as he prepared, with elaborate caution to climb through the aperture. He had just drawn himself up on the sill, and holding to the side of the casement, was slowly entering the room, when the cord that held the heavy window snapped, and in another moment would have fallen on his bare head. With a smothered cry Val rushed forward, and caught the descending weight on her arms, just in time to save him. Quickly he sprang into the room, and turning, caught the window as her arms fell. His face was white as death, when at last he looked at her as she stood nervously as if afraid that she was not much hurt, only her arms were slightly bruised.
"I ought to thank you," he said, gently touching the rounded arms, which looked red, and swollen through the thin marble dress, "but I cannot, I do not feel the least bit thankful that you saved my head at such cost to yourself. I wish you had not done it." She looked wounded at the reproach in his voice, and as her eyes met his, so full of passion, misery, and despair, she shivered, and the rich color receded, leaving her face as white as some sculptured marble image.
"My arms need nothing; I will go up to your room, Alice, and get Aunt Emily to doctor them," she said, making a brave effort to speak calmly and keep back the childish tears. "Do not look so miserable, Joe," she added, smiling into his anxious face. "I will soon be all right. She left the room followed by Alice. When they returned to the parlor only Joe Isley was awaiting them.

"Are you tired, dear?"
"A little, I must confess. I am not accustomed to half-dancing, and I have danced so much to-night."
"I am afraid it will lay you up. But you cannot blame me for wishing to dance with the most beautiful girl present. Your costume is a perfect success, Val."
"And I have you to thank for it. Joe, Grandpa was really generous for once, owing to your eloquence, and I feel so grateful to you. I am so pleased that you like me to-night, Joe," she continued, smiling brightly as she touched his arm, "for I should not care in the least for the many compliments I have received from my partners if you did not like my dress."
"Like you!" he said softly, pressing her little hand on his arm; "that is too weak a word. I love you, your dress and all. You are—let me see—you are—
More bright than May-day flowers,
Whiter than all the maidens' eyes—
My own without a peer."
"Thank you, Joe. It is very good in you always to think the best of me. Now if you will go find your partner for the waltz which is just beginning 'your turn' will enjoy a nice little rest until you return."
"Do you really wish to be alone, dear? I would rather stay here with you unless you prefer being alone."
"Yes, I would like to rest here a while. These heavy curtains exclude me from the eyes of the world, and you are, I know, engaged to Miss Kate West for this waltz, so please hurry to claim her, or she will be looking daggers at me the next time I happen to be in her vicinity." She laughed brightly, but when he had left her with a parting injunction not to stir until he came for her, she smiled down from her eyes, and a sigh of utter weariness escaped her as she sank into an cushioned chair placed near a window. "I wonder if all my future balls will be like this," she murmured, trying to dispel the uneasy thought that made her long to fly away from the sound of music, the scent of flowers and the noisy hum of many voices.
"Perhaps the balls of the future will bring you even greater triumphs, Miss Tremhan," and Frank Myddleton coolly seated himself in the window by her.
"I was not aware until now that I had gained any victories to-night, Mr. Myddleton. Thank you for informing me of the fact. Hereafter when I think of my first ball I shall remember only what you have told me."
"I shall consider myself unusually fortunate, then, Miss Tremhan. I was so unlucky as to incur your displeasure soon after my arrival here. I can never make you understand how greatly this has grieved me. I leave my uncle in a few days, and before we part I want to ask your forgiveness and beg you to allow me a friend's place in your thoughts. I would have said this before, but you have availed me so persistently I have been powerless to effect an interview. Will you forgive and forget?" he asked gently, bending forward to read her avowed face.
For one moment she hesitated, then slowly extended her hand in silence, and in silence he clasped it. When he spoke again his voice was deeply moved. "It was your hands that saved me from a serious injury, perhaps from death, and in gratitude for that generous act I may be allowed to salute them thus." He took her other hand and raising them to his lips kissed them reverently one by one.
"Before you leave me, Mr. Myddleton," she said at last, feeling that she must say the words now or else have him to always think her childish and whimsical, "I want to tell you that I have been very much ashamed of the childish petulance which caused me to resent so readily your kindly rebuke. I know how wrong I was and I would to ask your forgiveness, but pride, I suppose, kept me from doing so. I wanted, too, to beg you not to think I was accustomed to speak so unkindly of grandpa. Still I have never tried to win his love. I have always been afraid of him but I and her lips quivered as she sprang into her beautiful soft eyes and her voice trembled in spite of her efforts to speak calmly. "I have never had a mother to teach me to be good, and my life has been a lonely one." She broke down entirely, unable to say more, but no other words were necessary. He understood without words all the unspoken loneliness, the unloved childhood and the ceaseless struggles to keep herself from cherishing hard, unkind thoughts and feelings which had clouded this girl's life. And he approached himself bitterly that his words should have increased the burden borne so bravely and uncomplainingly by this slight young girl. He dared not trust himself to reply or even to look longer, and turning abruptly he left her without one word. The music still surged around her, and pressing her hands over her aching eyes she leaned back, wondering if this miserable ball would never end. But she had not yet learned the depth of unhappiness in store for her. Sitting almost benumbed with an aching pain at her heart, which frightened and bewildered her, she listened idly to the words bandied by the couples passing back and forth before the window. At last, a chance remark, made by one of two ladies passing by caught her attention, and leaning forward she waited eagerly for their return. Soon their voices reached her again, and they passed by the open window

never seeing the slight, white figure, sitting so near.
"Yes, it is really true," said the lady, whose words had first aroused her from her reverie, in reply to some question of her companion. "It happened about fifteen years ago when this girl was an infant. There was quite a sensation in court when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. And Mr. Gabriel Tremhan earned his son publicly. My father was present on the occasion, and I have often heard him tell how awful the son looked when his father cursed him for bringing the first stain on an honored name. He escaped from jail that night, but the news of his death soon followed, so tribulation soon overtook him. His daughter would not be tolerated in society at all but for her grandfather's great wealth and Col. Myddleton's incomprehensible friendship, considering it was his father's name that young Tremhan forged."
"This young man, Isley, is betrothed to Miss Tremhan?" asked the second lady who seemed a stranger.
"Very distinctly, she is his fiancee. Has been betrothed to him for nearly a year. It is one of those boy and girl engagements, however, and may come to nothing. Young Myddleton seems smitten in that direction and I should not be at all surprised if the girl threw Joe Isley over for his friend."
Val fell back with an exclamation of pain. She knew it all now, those last few carelessly spoken words had opened her eyes to the truth. She covered her burning face with her hands as her heart, with one great bound, stood revealed before her, with Frank Myddleton enthroned as its king. She knew, too, in this sudden knowledge, which now was unveiled to her for the first time, that as she loved him so he loved her. In the half-hour that ensued she fought the fiercest battle that a human heart is called upon to undergo, and though her heart was left bleeding and rent and almost broken, she came through it all composed. Her duty was plain before her, to make Joe happy, the only friend of her neglected childhood, her confidant and protector through every grief or danger. The man whose love for the future were centered in her. The words referring to her father were entirely forgotten in her efforts to drive the pain from her eyes and to bring the smiles to her lips, that Joe's keen, loving eyes might detect no change in the girl he honored with his love. Some two or three days before, before Joe sought her, and with laughing words at her unusual obedience in staying where he bade her, he had her back to the dance. Her ready smile and bright words did not fail to greet him as of yore, but he noticed a deeper look in the soft eyes, a nameless tenderness in her manner to him, which he had never experienced before, and it made him supremely happy.
"Val," he whispered, as the band began another waltz. "You have not danced with Frank to-night. Do give him this waltz, dear." She drew back one moment, looking at him with a strange expression, then she said: "Do you really wish me to dance with your friend, Joe?"
"Yes, it would please me, dear. I do not like to see you unfriendly with Frank. Here he is now, shall I see if he is engaged?"
"No, Joe. Let me ask him, Mr. Myddleton," she said, blushing brightly as she remembered her refusal to dance with him early in the evening. "Will you be my partner for this waltz? Joe says the ball will not be complete unless we dance together and I know we would not unless I asked you." He smiled warmly as he understood the amused she offered for her former rudeness, and passing his arms around her they glided among the waltzers already on the floor. She smiled in dreamy happiness, as his eyes with that warm light of love in their gray depths which she had seen once before, sought hers. And his arm drew her closer as the music grew faster. She breathed a sigh of relief when he whirled her out from among the dancers into the dim conservatory, for the intense misery of his eyes was almost more than she could bear.
"Val," he said hoarsely, "I have been sorely tempted to-night, but it is over now. I shall leave here in the morning, and I hope I will never see your face again. Will you tell Joe when I am gone, that my friendship for him has saved my heart? I cannot take you back to him," he whispered in a broken voice, his miserable, renouncing eyes riveted on her sad, white face. "Leave me before I forget that you belong to another! I dare not tell you good-bye," he exclaimed as she extended one hand in mute farewell. As she turned the parasites at her throat fell from their fastening and rested at his feet. Tenderly he kissed the withered flowers, and opening a case he took from his breast-pocket, put them securely away.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bucklen'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 & Curaway, Halifax, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT KILLS AMERICANS.
Fast Living—Reckless Eating—Hard Drinking—Lack of Sleep—Social Jealousy—Political Ambition—Violent Passions—The Race for Money.
The alarming disease of this country is nervous debility and prostration. It goes under many names but it is essentially the same complaint. Hospitals and private institutions for nervous patients are crowded. The average of life in the United States is decreasing every year. Sudden deaths from nervous collapse among our business, professional and public men are so frequent as scarcely to excite remark. The majority of suicides, committed without apparent reason, or under so-called "depression of spirits," are really prompted by nervous prostration, which is a fruitful source of insanity and crime with all their grief and horror. These facts are startling. They threaten the very life of the nation. They assail the springs of its power and prosperity. They wreck manhood's strength and woman's usefulness and beauty. Every one should know the causes. What are they? The answer is easy and terribly plain: Our vicious personal habits; our careless and lawless eating and drinking; the intense mental and physical strain arising from our mad race after money, position and influence; the fears and struggles of poverty; the use of narcotics and stimulants; our fashion of turning day into night and night into day; and, briefly, our desperate willingness to pay any price for an hour's pleasure or success. So we burn life's candle at both ends and fill the lunatic asylums and the graveyards. The disease from which we suffer and die in, in plain English, *Nervous Dyspepsia*, as it is seated in the Nerves and in the organs of Digestion, Assimilation and Nutrition. Healthy digestion being impeded or destroyed, the whole body, nerves included, is literally starved; even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story. Nervous prostration sends out its warnings—a headache in the morning; a persistent dull heaviness or aching at the base of the brain; wakefulness; loss of appetite and disgust with food; loss of mental energy and interest in ordinary duties and business; restlessness and anxiety without any assignable reason; eructations; bad breath; foul mucus on the teeth; occasional giddiness; palpitation of the heart; salowness of the skin; coated tongue and gradual failure of strength and ambition. The remedy is a total abandonment of the habits and customs which cause the disease in each individual case and the use of *Shaker Extract of Roots* (Seigel's Syrup) to cure the mischief already done. This great remedy, prepared by the Shaker Community of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., is especially adapted to eradicate Nervous Dyspepsia. To do this it acts directly and gently but powerfully upon the disordered stomach, liver and kidneys, restoring their tone and vigor, promoting the secretion of bile, expelling waste matters from the system, and purifying the blood. Upon the nervous system *Shaker Extract* (Seigel's Syrup) acts as a safe and wholesome anodyne without the slightest narcotic effect, and then leaves the nerves to regain their natural tone and strength through its wonderful influence upon the function of nutrition. It is safe to say more nervous dyspeptics have been restored by it from the depths of misery to a fresh enjoyment of life and labor than by any or all other forms of treatment combined.

LIVER
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Secure Healthy action in the Liver and regulate all bilious troubles.
Purely Vegetable, No Opium. Price 25c All Druggists.
Prepared by J. C. Wright, Lowell, Mass.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage on 60 goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in the world. All of them are secured from first hand. The goods are sold by freight upon orders. Send the enclosed to the publisher of this paper. Address: The Publishers, 100 Broadway, New York.