

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

NO. 16.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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THE CITY OF GOD.

There's a beautiful golden city, Whose Maker and Builder is He, Who gave His only begotten A ransom for you and me—

A city which hath foundations That were laid by the hand of God, And streets that are shining, golden, By the feet of bright angels tread.

Tis a beautiful, lovely city, With mansions many and free; Bright homes of the faithful spirits, When His journey shall end here.

O, would not enter that city, And with the redeemed at rest, Inhabit the chosen flow of the river, Whose waters preserve the city's best!

O, lead me, Thou Heavenly Father, From the gloom of earthly night; O, guide my wandering footsteps To that home of Heavenly light.

There let me behold my Savior, Who suffered and died for me, And dwell in His holy presence Through endless eternity.

NOT ANXIOUS TO SMOKE.

There was a commotion in a Bowery cigar store last evening.

The proprietor was gazing pensively at some of his high art photographs when a tall man with a luscious moustache and heavy eyebrows snatched in and said: "Got any twofers?"

"Any what?" "Two for fives?"

The cigar merchant intimated that his stock in that line was varied and valuable, and handed out five or six cigars for inspection.

The tall man selected a weed, shaved off the end, and proceeded to light it. He had not taken more than three or four puffs, however, when the cigar exploded with a sharp report, covering the tall man's countenance with grime, pieces of tobacco, and other things. He didn't say anything, he pulled out a veteran handkerchief and began to hold a hurried ante-mortem on his face. One eyebrow was sminged, and his moustache was in a fragmentary condition.

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"I hope you are not hurt," said the storekeeper, tremulously, as several people crowded into the shop to see what was the matter.

"Are you an Anarchist?" said the tall man, briefly.

"No." "Dynamiter?"

"No." "What was that you gave me?"

"I am sure, sir, there is some mistake," returned the dealer, blushing. "We make all our own goods, all Havana filled."

"Are they?" said the tall man contemptuously. "Fire cracker filled fits it better. Got any gun cotton fine cut, any sky rocket plug? You're forcing the season young man, this isn't Fourth of July yet."

And then he laid the shattered stump of his cigar on the counter and added, grimly: "You can have that to build on again. When I feel like smoking another Roman candle I'll drop in and see you."

WONDERFUL DAKOTA.

"Yes, I'm from Dakota," he said meekly, as he got into conversation with a man on an Eastern train.

"Ah, that is so! I am thinking of going out there myself to invest in some farming land."

"We have some very fine land."

"So I understand—but are not some of the stories they tell of its fertility exaggerated?"

"Why, my friend, I am sorry to say that some of them are downright untruths."

"That's what I thought. Now, what is the most remarkable instance of the fertility of Dakota soil which ever came under your observation?"

"Well, I believe the case of my pump might go at the head of the list."

"What was it?"

"I dug a well forty feet deep the first season I was there and put down a wooden pump. It happened that it was made out of a small cotton wood log which was a little green and the soil at the bottom of that well, forty feet from the surface, was so fertile that the pump took root, and it also grew up and branched out, and now while my children play in a swing attached to one of the branches I pump water through the hole which still remains in the trunk."

"Do you tell that for the truth?"

"Why, certainly, sir, I never tell anything but the truth."

"Are you engaged in farming or the real estate business?"

"Why, I'm engaged in neither, my friend, neither. I'm a preacher. I went out there as a missionary seven years ago, and though my work has been humble I trust it has had a beneficial influence on our people."—Dakota Bell.

Is General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption and Wasting in children, Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whom physicians at times had given up. Since he began using the Emulsion, his cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life has been prolonged many years. I have been in Hospital Service for the past twenty years, and never have used any preparation with greater satisfaction."—JOHN SULLIVAN, Hospital Steward, Reform School, Morgantown, Pa. June 16-1mo.

GIRLS WE HAVE ALL MET.

THE PRETTY GIRL, THE GUSHING GIRL, AND THE GIRLS WE REALLY LOVE.

I know the girl who is simply pretty. Well and not that enough? Once upon a time a distinguished new beau was besieged by a fair maid and a homely maid, who pressed the claims of intellect versus beauty. The homely girl exclaimed, "Oh, you will surely give your vote, Mr. D— in favor of intellect; beauty is only skin deep, you know." "Deep enough for me, my dear, deep enough for me," answered the irresistible gallant. And so it is for most of us. A pretty girl may drop her final 'g', not in a rill all her vocabulary, be as rapid as a shallow little stream purring down the hillsides, with an eternal smile on her red lips, a glint of laughter in her young eye. She is pretty, and she knows it, and that is almost enough. But after a time there will come a day when the girl who was only pretty will stand by and look on at the triumphs of the girl who was wise as well as pretty, who fitted her mind to accord with the graces of its beautiful casket. How few friends may be faithful to her. Her one true lover may still be fond of her, for it is not easy to uproot love, but their fondness is tempered with regret and disappointment, and when the soft eyes dim, and the round arms shrivel, and the satin cheek is an etched picture of life's vanity and time's failure, the girl who was only pretty turns her poor, seared face to the wall; there is no welcome leap of intelligence lighted in the blue window of her soul—dull merit, uncultivated. Skin-deep beauty was not deep enough after all.

The gushing girl is a nineteenth century production. She giggles from the time she opens her eyes in the morning until she says amen to the Lord at night and puts her flabby little head on the pillow. She says "thanks awfully" for "I thank you." She thinks the grand, ludicrous music of the "Statut Mater" "too sweet for anything." A kitten with its eyes as yet unopened, the Niagara Falls and Mr. Gladstone all are "just too utterly charming and lovely for any earthly use." Her adjectives are all in the superlative. She will gush over a pumpkin, over her sister's new baby, over a doggerel rhyme, over everything she sees, everything she hears, over everybody she knows. If she is here to-night she will say to me as she does of the weather—"as she did of her new bonnet—that I am either 'simply grand' or 'simply horrid.' But then she is young—she is impulsive. She is full of something which she thinks is sentiment. Let her hug her neighbors' babies and her brother's kittens, and kiss the collie puppy and adore the new minister. It is all gush. It is the innocent light-hearted gush of a girl. Let her frolicsome young have its fling. In a little while she, too, will join the ranks of the lookers on, and will have her fling at that silly, giggling gusher, to whom everything is "sweet," or "cute," or "cunning," or "just too awfully lovely."

There is a girl, and I love to think of her, and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, who the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong young figure is a staff upon which the gray haired white faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on "only mother." And when there comes a day that she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the old worn-out body of mother lying, unheeded in her cot, rough hands fidget her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living, nor ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking, and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her so in each child's young. She is like a beautiful young mountain stream already far up the hill and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many homes; it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the slush and any—leave, peddle, refined, ambition, the South is the rightful home of the girl who works—God bless her.—CATHERINE COLBY, in New Orleans Picayune.

Children Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness or to relieve cold, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons' Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine. The Genuine has our trade mark "Z" in red on front of wrapper. J. H. Zetho & Co., Philadelph., Pa.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

CLOSE CALL OF A DETROIT BARKEE WHO INTERVIEWED JUSTICE.

Harry Kennedy, 35 years old and colored, was arraigned before Police Justice Hang the other morning, charged with disorderly conduct. The testimony of the officer in the case went to show that the prisoner had imbibed enough beer for a grown person and was engaged in exhibiting his astonishing smartness to a number of persons who were coldly unappreciative. A murderous looking knife was found on the prisoner, together with three boxes of matches.

"What were you doing with this knife about you?" enquired his Honor.

"I use that to cut my own wid, Judge."

"To cut your corns with?"

"Yes, sah."

"Troubled much with corns, are you?"

"And these matches? Were they to kindle a fire on the altar of young love's holy sanctuary?"

"I 'spose 'day war, Judge, your Honah, yes, sah, dat's what day war for, sah."

"That makes you guilty of arson, then, 'Sah?"

"That makes you guilty of arson. The intention constitutes the crime fully as much as the act itself."

The prisoner seemed to realize his desperate situation, and with an effort said:

"Judge, I got dem matches fer to light my pipe wid."

His Honor frowned, and in a severe tone asked what he was doing with the knife.

"Judge, I was carrying it fer another man."

"Hal! Carrying it fer another man! Intending to murder him, I suppose?"

Kennedy fairly gasped as he replied:

"No, Judge, yer Honah. He's a shoe-maker dat fixes our shoes on de boat. Yes, he is, Judge—shays yer bo'."

"Prisoner, you have been lying here."

"Yes, sah."

"And I don't know whether to sentence you to four years solitary confinement underground or—"

"Judge!"

"Silence!—it is let you go."

"Let me go dis time, Judge, yer Honah!"

"Just dis one, Judge, yer Honah!"

"But not any more times."

"No, sah."

"All right; you can go."—Detroit Free Press.

WINNING BY WORK.

"What am I going to be?" is a question that comes up in every boy's mind soon after he enters his teens. If he has a particular bent in any one direction, for medicine, for art, literature, or mechanics, the problem is comparatively easy of solution, so far as choice is concerned.

But a large proportion of mankind is born without special tastes and capacities and for such many avenues of industry are open. It is incumbent on them, however, they may be industrious as we take for granted the fact that they all wish to excel in whatever line of occupation they may select. And excellence cannot be attained without unflagging application and ceaseless work, be the task that of stammering in Wall Street or weighing provisions for a commission house.

The millionaires work as hard as other people. On the first of the new instituted Saturday half holidays in this city, the newspapers noted the fact that at least two metropolitan magazines remained at their offices until the usual closing hour.

If you have inherited a fortune you must work in order that it may not slip away from you if you start out in life penniless, you must work in order to gain a livelihood. Thus for rich and poor alike there is the same watchword—work.

And in the case of young men with special gifts, the possession of talent or genius by no means implies that labor is needless. On the contrary, the greatest achievements in literature and art have only been produced by the closest application, the hardest study, the most unshakable patience. Even the diamond undergoes severe polishing to disclose its true value.

THE TELEPHONE OF 1665.

North American Review.

"There is nothing new under the sun," not even the telephone. Permit me to state in the year 1665 there was published in England a book with the title of "Micrographia." The author was Dr. Robert Hooke, a celebrated scientist, mathematician and philosopher, who was born in the Isle of Wight in 1665 and educated at Oxford. The work referred to contains various philosophical descriptions of minute bodies, made by magnifying glasses, as indicated in the title, together with "Observations and Inquiries" on them. In the preface, the learned scientist asserts that the lowest whispers, by certain means (which he does not make public) may be heard at the distance of a furlong; that he knew a way by which it is easy to hear any one speak through a wall three feet thick; and that by means of an extended wire, sound may be conveyed to a very great distance, almost in an instant.

Flirting—attention without intention. Half wool lace hunting, all colors, at \$2. M. F. Hart.

MARRIED A POOR MAN.

One of the greatest belles and heiresses in Philadelphia, and a beauty besides, married a rather good-looking young man without business or a penny. She had been courted assiduously by one of the greatest beaux in town, a rich young man, with fortune, prestige, and everything back of him except that he was gay and had sown an immense crop of wild oats. He sent her the most extensive presents, which she would not accept. Scores of influential friends tried to help on his cause, and the most skillful female diplomat tried to induce her to discard the young man, who had nothing and no friends but herself. Her own family, without an exception did everything to induce her to prefer the rich suitor. Young as she was, with all society making a pet of her, she gave up everything—gave up society, gave up home, gave up every luxury and fascination that women are supposed to hold dear—and married the man of her choice. And she is happy—far happier than many who are "in the swim." When some one said to her: "Why did you make the choice you did? Why refuse so much that most girls value dearly?" she replied: "I married for two things—character and morality. My husband had them both and the other didn't. I loved and respected one, the other I could not."

SEVERAL KINDS OF GIRLS.

On this interesting topic we give the following pointers to our young men readers:

A good girl to have—Sal Vation.

A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosty.

A fighting girl—Little Magin.

A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.

A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rossy.

A sick girl—Sallie Vate.

A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.

A weepy girl—Oran Ander.

A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.

A geometrical girl—Polly Goo.

Not a Christian girl—Hattie Rodoxy.

One of the best girls—Ella Gant.

A flower girl—Rhoda DuPont.

A musical girl—Sara Nade.

A profound girl—Mattie Physis.

A star girl—Meta Oric.

A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.

A nervous girl—Hester Leal.

A muscular girl—Callio Stenios.

A lively girl—Annie Maton.

An uncertain girl—Eva Nosenent.

A sad girl—Ella G.

A serene girl—Mollie Py.

A great big girl—Kille Phant.

A war-like girl—Millie Tary.

The best girl of all—Your own.

AMUSING BREACH OF PROMISE.

There is an amusing "breach of promise" case going on in Dublin, just now, caused or partly caused by that habit of imitation or fiction into which, as I have many times had reason to point out, fact is so prone to fall. If the tale has been written very long ago men forget it; and when they behold the dramatic version of it, as it were, on the stage of real life, exclaim, "Why, no one would have believed this in a novel." But one does not forget the "Arabian Nights." Among the first half dozen stories will be found the original of the Dublin episode, which is as follows:

An elderly gentleman, engaged to be married to a lady in her "teens," knocks at the door of her father's study. A mischievous parrot cries "come in," and he finds his lady-love and a young gentleman much too far apart to excite suspicion. The parrot proceeds to imitate the sound of kissing, and finally indulges in mocking laughter. The marriage is broken off, and the defendant pleads justification. The question for the long robe to settle is, whether the parrot's evidence can be admitted. It is argued that since he has been at sea and swears habitually he must understand the nature of an oath.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

In the collision between the steamers Britannic and Celtic, when it was supposed the Britannic was sinking the boats were lowered to transfer the passengers to the Celtic. The captain promptly issued the order: "Women and children first." Husbands and fathers parted with wives and daughters, and the latter, with tears in their eyes, quiesced. In the midst of the excitement, Mr. Jose Ma. Miyares a Cuban, tried to induce his wife to take the only vacant place in one of the boats. She threw her arms around his neck and declared that if he was going to die she was going to die, too, and she remained.

This is one of the most touching instances of a wife's devotion that we have ever read. There is no danger of the courts ever being troubled with divorce proceedings between that couple.

"Yes, children," said Mr. DeBazgs, addressing a Chicago Sunday School, "yes, children, wrong doing is always punished, either in this world or in the next. Retribution may be long in coming, but it is sure to come at last. You, yourselves, when you grow older in years and experience, will learn how true the lines of Shakespeare are: "The mills of the gods grind slowly, But they get there just the same."

Bargains offered in clothing. Must be sold regardless of cost to make room for fall stock. P. N. Staiback & Co.

FIVE STEPPING STONES.

Probably a boy never hears of a successful man but that the thought that flashes through his mind is, "Why did he succeed? How did he begin?" Ex-Mayor Elson, of New York, says:

1. Close attention to details. And this means sometimes working nights and during hours usually devoted to recreation.

2. Keeping out of debt. Regulating expenses so as to keep within your income, and all times to know just where you are financially.

3. The strictest integrity. It is rare that a dishonest man succeeds. He does, sometimes, but not often.

3. Being temperate in habits.

5. Never getting into lawsuits. Business ought to be conducted in such a way that there will be no need of lawsuits, and it is better often to suffer wrong than to go into court about it.

SEARCHING FOR PAPA.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand, and asked where she was going.

"Down to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature. The lady then tried to lead her along. "You had better come along with me. I guess you came this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back, I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.—Ee.

A TOUCHY STORY.

A Pittsburg man and a Baltimore man undertook to tell tales for a wager. The person who could tell the most improbable to win. It was arranged that the Pittsburg man should open the contest. He began by stating the following singular occurrence: "A few days since," said he, "I was standing on the bank of the Susquehanna river, and on looking down the stream I saw a strange-looking craft with three men on board of it. One of them was blind, another without arms, and the third had no clothes on. The blind man looked down into the water, and saw a half dollar piece at the bottom of the river; the man without arms reached down and picked it up, and the one that was naked took it from him, and put it in his pocket." The Baltimore man gave it up.

To illustrate the sleepiness of a certain college town the following story is told:

A certain professor, who made the unusual complaint of insomnia, was advised to consult a New York physician. He did so and the latter, after a most thorough examination of heart, lungs and all the vital organs, pronounced the professor absolutely sound. "I am at a loss," said the doctor, "how to account for it. You seem perfectly well. Perhaps something is preying upon your mind." "Oh, no," said the professor, "nothing at all." "Perhaps you have some business cares." "No, nothing of that sort." "And yet you say that you get no sleep at night?" "Oh, I never said that. I'm all right at night. It's insomnia in the day time that troubles me."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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