

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1887.

NO. 24.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS**

**THE PATAPSCO 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 flour, from which our PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are chiefly manufactured, has been commended 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 RELATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other flour. Ask your grocer for it. Also for

PatapSCO Superfine, Cape Henry Family, Belford Family, PatapSCO Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family, C. A. GAMBRIILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

**THE PLACE TO GET DRUGS & MEDICINES,**

—AT THE—

**LOWEST PRICES,**

IS AT

**DR. A. R. ZOLICOFFER'S,**

**37 SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.**

**WELDON, N. C.**

**STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.**

DESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.

PHARMACY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES, FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

DR. K. M. B. B. that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

**ZOLICOFFER'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 4 to 7:30 P. M.

**THE OLD DOCTOR**

**THE OLD DOCTOR'S**

A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address **DR. WARD & CO.,** Louisville, Mo.

**Ladies Fine Shoes**

HAVE MADE

**F. HART,**

WELDON, N. C.

**B. JOSEY & CO.,**

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

**Tutt's Pills**

stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and new unguished as an

**ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.**

In unaltered districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

Feb 21/87

**WORKING CLASSES**

ATTENTION! We are now prepared to

Agents for the sale of our Ladies' Shoes, for their respective sections. We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme, Knickerbocker and Creole lists, the latter cut out and is very nice. We are the Kay Machine and sew with best Barre's thread. Every pair warranted. Give us a look when you want a shoe and you will be pleased.

**E. P. REED & CO.,**

Roanoke, N. Y.

**LIFE'S JOURNEY.**

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station The track seems to shine in the light, But it suddenly thickens and changes Or sinks into tangled night. And the hours that were bright in the morning Are filled with sighing and fears As they pass the city of towers Or pause in the Valley of Tears.

But the end of this perilous journey The hand of the Master has made: With all its dangers and dangers, We need not be sad or afraid. Paths leading from light into darkness, Ways plunging from gloom to despair, Won't outstrip the tangle of midnight To fade that are blossoming and fair.

The thick mists and the shadows surround us, The world is not our playmate of the day: Above us, fair cities are laughing, And dipping white feet in some bay, And always, eternal, forever, Beyond our heads, in the west, The last goal of our journey, There lies the great Station of Rest.

To the Grand Central point of all railways, All roads center here when they end, To the final rest of all tourists, All lives descend here and bend. All hearts are at ease here, all powers, If to their longed-for or sought, On whatever road or division, On whatever road or division, Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble Or wait in the Valley of Tears, Be patient, the train will move onward And rick down the track of the years. Whatever the place to you seek for, Whatever your aim or your quest, You shall come at the last with rejoicing To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries, You shall feel perfect peace in this room, You shall sit with old friends on fair waters, With joy and delight at the loom. You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens With those who have loved you the best, And the hopes that were lost in life's journey You shall find in the City of Rest.

**MADE FROM COAL TAR.**

SOME OF THE COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS FROM THE COMMONEST OF CARBONS.

Flavoring Disposables.

Vanilla is made from toluo, one of the products of coal tar. It is used for flavoring ice cream and confectionery, and is a chemically pure product, which vegetable vanilla extract is not.

There are a good many products from coal tar that the majority of people know nothing of. Their number will go into the thousands, and research in this particular branch of inorganic chemistry is bringing new and rich rewards to scientists every year. One of the hydro-carbons distinctly produced from coal tar is benzole. This is the base of magenta, red and blue coloring matters and of the oil of bitter almonds. This oil formerly came entirely from the vegetable product from which it takes its name, but now it is to a large extent made from benzole, and a chemically pure product is secured. The vegetable oil of bitter almonds contains a certain amount of prussic acid which is a poisonous substance.

Toluene or toluo is another product from coal tar, which is the base of a great many chemicals. Benzole acid, which used to be made almost entirely from plants, is now readily made from toluene. Carbolic acid is another product of toluo. The latter is a colorless fluid with a sweet very much like crude petroleum, while carbolic acid and salicylic acid, two of its products, are far from being sweet smelling compounds. Yet this same toluo is the basis of a number of very fragrant products. Wintergreen oil, much purer than from the plant, and generally preferred by confectioners and others who use it, is one of the middle products which are in great demand.

As yet the products of coal tar have not been made use of for medicines to any great extent, except as disinfectants, but from experiments now going on, it is hoped to produce pure quinine from chemicals one of the coal tar products, and scientists say that it is only a question of time when all alkaloids known, and probably others not now known, will be made from coal tar.

It would take a good size book to even begin to give an idea of the commercial products of coal tar. Nearly every known odor, except cochinal, red and indigo blue, are made, and the latter was produced after nine years' experiment by the eminent German scientist, Byer of Munich, but the manufacture was so expensive that it has never been done except for medicinal purposes. The logwood and sassafras dyes of our grandmothers' days are rarely seen in the market now, owing to the cheapness with which they are manufactured. Red ink, which formerly was made almost exclusively from carmine, is now made from cochine, one of the numerous coal tar products.

**DONT COMPLAIN.**

A country merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such hard weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber who, with leveled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire. But the powder being wet with the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which came me to murder came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property."

**GREEN CADETS AT WEST POINT.**

"Fall in!" the command was sharply. You should have seen those green boys trying to get in ranks. There were now about 100 "beasts," and they looked like a herd of Texas steers, though more subdued. After a while the "beasts," including my longing self, were strung out into a long, wavy line, and a cadet corporal advanced to call the roll of candidates. Each one was instructed to an answer, "Here!" Some who answered, "Present," were tipped in the butt, and taught a lesson in cadet discipline. One poor fellow who was rather tardy in replying to his name, was commanded to "step out" and answer to his name. "Step out" is the West Point slang for "make haste," and when the "beast" actually did step out of rank, he was surprised at the celerity with which he was made to step back. The formation was for dinner, and we were retained until the formation of cadets had started. They marched off, headed by the drum corps, with all the accuracy and beauty of a machine. Finally our time came. The pliers at the head of the column interpreted the meaning of the command: "Forward, march," and the procession started for the large granite structure known as the mess hall.

It was like running the gauntlet. One cadet in the rear hollered at me in a voice of special cry: "Drag in your chin about a yard, mister! I want to see less slouching among you beasts; stand up, sir!" I tried to obey. Each "beast" had his coat buttoned full up, the palms of his hands to the front, and all the while his toes digging up the gravel of the area—Philadelphia Times.

**ISLAND SANDS THAT SING.**

In a desert on one of the South Pacific Islands, after a hot ride through the blazing sun, a cool breeze set in from the ocean and I began to feel the soft touch of slumber and all at once I heard a faint musical sound, as if troops of fairies were coming to greet us, as they used to do the enchanted princess of the olden days. I tried to locate the melodious sound, but in all directions there was nothing but hot, glowing sand. I looked up—there was nothing but the beautiful tropical sky, and the tremulous music persisted. Still louder sounded the music; it was all around me; it filled the air. I gazed toward the ocean and there, apparently a short distance away, was a beautiful lake, with its waves dashing up on moss covered stones. Ka Pale had fallen asleep, and gazing at the lake and listening to the music in the air, I rested my head against the rough bark of a tree. As I did so I heard the distant gurgle of a brook. I could plainly hear the water splashing over the glistening stones and dying away in quiet eddies. I was more and more bewildered, and at length awoke. Ka Pale. I told him what I had heard, and directed his attention to the lake. He explained that the seeming lake was a mirage, and that the sound of gurgling waters was from an underground stream and that the music was caused by the stirring of the fifty sands by the winds.

**AN NOBLE BOY.**

Little James was one day sent with a pitcher for some water. He accidentally dropped the pitcher and broke it, and as it was a very valuable one, he felt very bad about it. As he stood looking sadly at the broken pieces, another boy came and inquired what was the matter. James told him, and he said: "Well, go home and tell your mother that a boy threw a stone at you, and broke the pitcher."

"No, I shall go home and tell mother that I dropped it and broke it."

"But you will surely get whipped if you do. She will think that you were careless."

"I don't care if I do get whipped. I shall tell the truth. I would rather take a thousand whippings than tell a lie to mother."

That was the right spirit, boys. No matter what wrong thing you have done, confess it, even if you are sure of being punished. As James said, it is better to be punished a thousand times than to tell one lie.

Never tell a lie, nor even part of a lie. Many boys (and girls too) will twist the truth, or tell a "white lie," as they call it, but that is about as bad, and a great deal more cowardly, than to tell a plump, round lie. Lies are not believed when they speak the truth. They are shunned by the good, and despised by the everywhere.

**HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.**

Some amusing stories are told of the wit and wisdom of London school-children. A class of a Board school were being examined orally in Scripture. The history of Moses had for some time been a special study, and one of the examiners asked: "What would you say of the general character of Moses?"

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Intermittent malarial fever set in, complicating the case and making every symptom more pronounced and intense. By this time the pneumogastric nerves had become very seriously involved, and she had chronic Gastritis, and also what I may be allowed to call chronic, intermittent malarial fever all at once. For the latter the physicians prescribed the good, old-fashioned, sheet anchor remedy, Quinine, gradually increasing the doses, until—incalculable as it may seem—she actually took THIRTY GRAINS A DAY FOR DAYS IN SUCCESSION. This could not last. The effect of the quinine was, if possible, almost as bad as the twofold disease which was wearing away her strength and her life. Quinine poisoning was painfully evident, but the fever was still there. Almost every day there came on the characteristic chill and racking headache, followed by the usual weakness and collapse.

About this time I met socially my friend Mr. Norton, a member of the firm of Chamney Titus & Company, brokers, of Albany, who, on hearing from me these facts, said: "Why, I have been through almost the same thing, and have got over it." "What cured you?" I asked eagerly. "Kaskine," he said, "try it for your wife. I had seen Kaskine advertised, but had no more faith in it than I had in sassafras, for such a case as hers. Mrs. Hall had no higher opinion, yet on the strength of my friend's recommendation I got a bottle and began its use as directed.

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R. RANSOM, W. E. DANIEL, Commissioners.

July 14th.

**CICCLES.**

GREASSED, OILED AND GATHERED FOR A CENTRAL GENERATION.

The most cautious man we ever knew was the one who was afraid to buy a lead pencil for fear the lead did not reach clear through it.

The Augusta Chronicle says the girls of that town "can take the shine off anything." We should like to have the Chronicle furnish us with the address of some girl who will contract to take the shine off our last winter's coat.

Miss Coldcash—Do you know, Mr. Griffin, that pa remarked brutally the other day that he would like to dress me one more season?

Young Griffin—Dear me, Miss Coldcash! how I should like to—aw—see you two years from now.

Fat Party—It's d—d hot! Oh, leg pardon, miss. Really I did not observe.

Young lady—Don't mention it, pray. I don't mind a little sweating. I work in a telephone exchange. Besides, I guess you are right.

The right kind of a keepsake—"You want a keepsake that will always remind you of me?" she said.

"I do, darling," he said gently.

"What's the matter with myself?" she whispered.

There will be a wedding shortly.

Caller (to old Mrs. Bentley)—The new minister is making himself quite popular is he not, Mrs. Bentley?

Old Mrs. Bentley—Well, I ain't much set by him. For the last three Sundays he's prayed for rain, and there ain't a drop fell yet.

A Georgia woman was struck dumb by lightning. It doesn't seem possible that one whack could do it, and yet they say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

"It is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whisky will produce the same effect.

**FANATICISM.**

A FANATICISM WHICH DANCES NAKED AROUND THE FLAME.

A very extraordinary case is about to come before the high tribunal of Malaga in Spain. A few months ago a woman belonging to the village of Torrox declared that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her and had ordered her to preach a new gospel for the salvation of mankind, as the end of the world was at hand. The woman's story seems to have been believed without hesitation, and soon the whole village was in state of religious frenzy. The woman preached in favor of the abandonment of earthly possessions, and advocated a return to the mode of life and habits of primitive man. During the height of the frenzy a large fire was lighted in the village, into which the converts to this fantastic superstition threw their valuables, furniture and clothes, men, women and children dancing and shouting around the fire in a state of complete nudity. Warned of what was going on, the gendarmes arrived only just in time to save the infants from being thrown into the fire by their frenzied mothers, and to prevent the houses of the village from being set on fire.—Springfield Republican.

**VALUABLE FEEDER PLANT.**

The cow pea is one of the most valuable fodder plants for the south. We have seen a crop of cow peas which yielded four tons to the acre of most excellent fodder, and it left the ground in the best condition for sowing wheat.

Another farmer sowed peas among his corn at the last plowing, covering them with the plow, and we should estimate the yield on the ground, of both crops, at a ton and a half of fodder, and forty bushels of peas, with the corn equal to thirty-five or forty bushels to the acre, and a large quantity of peastraw, which makes a good feed.

The common opinion that the south is not a stock country is entirely unfounded. With the long growing season, the rich, but badly managed soil, and the great variety of fodder crops and feeding stuffs, it is not at all exaggerating the matter to say that the beef cattle can be reared to 1,000 pounds in three years, at a cost of one cent per pound, live weight, and in addition there is a large quantity of manure left which is really invaluable to the Southern farmer.—E. SUTTON, Vt. Mail.

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For many years my wife had been the victim of nervous dyspepsia, of the chronic, distressing and apparently incurable type from which so many of her sex suffer languidly and die. It was all the worse because the tendency to it was inherited. She had been under the systematic treatment of many of the best physicians in New York and Brooklyn and elsewhere for twenty years with only temporary relief. In fact, there were few, if any, kinds of food that did not distress her, so diseased, sensitive and torpid were all the organs of digestion. The usual symptoms of dyspepsia, with its concomitant ailments, were all present—bad taste in the mouth, dull eyes, cold feet and hands, tenderness of a load upon the stomach, tenderness on pressure, indigestion, giddiness, great weakness and prostration, and fugitive pains in the side, chest and back. I have often risen in the night and administered stimulants merely for the sake of the slight and transient relief they gave.

Intermittent malarial fever set in, complicating the case and making every symptom more pronounced and intense. By this time the pneumogastric nerves had become very seriously involved, and she had chronic Gastritis, and also what I may be allowed to call chronic, intermittent malarial fever all at once. For the latter the physicians prescribed the good, old-fashioned, sheet anchor remedy, Quinine, gradually increasing the doses, until—incalculable as it may seem—she actually took THIRTY GRAINS A DAY FOR DAYS IN SUCCESSION. This could not last. The effect of the quinine was, if possible, almost as bad as the twofold disease which was wearing away her strength and her life. Quinine poisoning was painfully evident, but the fever was still there. Almost every day there came on the characteristic chill and racking headache, followed by the usual weakness and collapse.

About this time I met socially my friend Mr. Norton, a member of the firm of Chamney Titus & Company, brokers, of Albany, who, on hearing from me these facts, said: "Why, I have been through almost the same thing, and have got over it." "What cured you?" I asked eagerly. "Kaskine," he said, "try it for your wife. I had seen Kaskine advertised, but had no more faith in it than I had in sassafras, for such a case as hers. Mrs. Hall had no higher opinion, yet on the strength of my friend's recommendation I got a bottle and began its use as directed.

Now recall what I have already said as to her then condition, and then read what follows: Under the Kaskine treatment all the dyspeptic symptoms showed instant improvement, and the daily fever grew less and soon ceased altogether. Side by side these diseases vanished, as side by side they had tortured their victim for ten years—the dyspepsia alone having, as I have said, existed for twenty years. Her appetite improved from week to week until she could eat and digest (i.e., a rare food that any well person takes, without any suffering or inconvenience). With renewed assimilation of food came, of course, a steady increase in flesh, until she now looks like her original self.

She still takes Kaskine occasionally, but with no real need of it, for she is well. I consider this result a scientific miracle, and the "New Quinine" is entitled to the credit of it, for from the time she began with Kaskine she used no other medicine whatever.

If you think a recital of these facts calculated to do good you are welcome to make them public.

(Rev.) JAS. L. HALL, Chaplain Albany, N. Y., Penitentiary.

P. S.—Sometimes letters of this kind are published without authority, and in case any one is inclined to question the genuineness of the above statement I will cheerfully reply to any communications addressed me at the Penitentiary.

JAS. L. HALL.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application. Price \$1.00, or six bottles, \$5.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Kaskine Company, 54 Warren St., New York, and 55 Farringdon Road, London.

COMMISSIONERS' LAND SALE.

By virtue of a decree made in the special proceeding pending in the Superior Court for Halifax county, entitled D. S. Jones vs. Thomas Jones, the undersigned will expose for cash at public auction to the highest bidder, in the town of Weldon on the 15th day of August, 1887, that lot or parcel of land situated in said town and bounded as follows: On the North by the land of J. T. Gooch, on the East by the lot of W. C. Hill, on the West by the lot of H. T. Page, and on the South by the road leading from Weldon to Jones' mill. The terms of sale are one-half cash, the balance in six months, the deferred payment to be secured by note bearing eight per centum interest with approved security, the title to be retained until the whole of the purchase money is paid. This July 13th, 1887.

R. RANSOM, W. E. DANIEL, Commissioners.

July 14th.

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