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OL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS



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dust or dirt can possibly get into the Coal as it runs over these screens in pass om the Elevator into the carts.

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A GOOD POEM

SOUTH'S VIEWS OF THE PLAC EPISODE.

We publish the following by request It was written by Dr. T. O. Summers formerly of Nashville, now of Jacksonville, at the time of the flag epissale, and reflects the true Southern sentiment on the ques

Keep those banners, gashed and glory-Keep them there to tell the story Of our deeds on fields of glory-Keep them, keep them, let them rest! Tok-us of a valor splendis! Glorious mem ries with them blended! Keep them, for the strife is ended. Keep them, for the strife is ended.

Keep them, keep them, it is best. Keep them, we would not unfold them Keep them, we would not unfold them:
Keep them, -ye who took them—hold them
For the cause that first unrolled them
To the battle's traces is dead.
Keep them, they would only sadden
If, indeed, they would not madden

uthern learns, while yours they gladden. For to win them thousands blod: While we half that generous feeling. Which would close the weathly now healing. Not this fact Is worth receding—
southrous do not want their flags.
Not but that we still approve them,
Not but that we still approve them,
In we would not have you move them.
Keep the dear old shot pierced flags.

Keep them, yes, we would not have them. Though we fought and bled to save them. There are none who now would wave them. To distants our Nation's peace.

You, to whom they were surrendered, Burying all that strife engendered.

In return your hearts have tendered, Keep them—they are in their place.

A FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

UPON A FARMER'S BALD PATE.

worthy old farmer, who is quite bald, his better life once more." them before they separated, when one words: with back much humped, ears laid back, "All up and down to is world a wandered, mouth open and tail extended turned a broadside to the old gentleman. At the Many were the easy I squamdened. Many were the success I saing broadside to the old gentleman. At the Many were the sungs I saing. "Ar same instant there was a great crash, and "The stranger sat bending forward, the dead?" It was about five inches from tip to tip last lines were sung. and in perfect proportion. The cat's whiskers, teeth and even the hairs on its tail were reproduced with exquisite minuteness. Curiosity being satisfied, they

AN INTELLIGENT DOC.

using such homely remedies as soapsuds

and scouring brick, vinegar and ashes,

haste, and a faithful setter dog, much attached to the little boy, was in the sick and said: room when the physician came. The dog was one of the most attentive and sympathe house approved with lond demon-tration. A collection started in the gal-the physician told the little fellow's moth-leries and swept over the hall like a goldto provide him with some delicate morsel to eat, suggesting that a broiled patridg to eat, suggesting that a broiled patridg would be the very thing. The dog lister round of hearty good cheer. tene is tentively to all that was said. In the morning he was gon - an unusual oc. the shr aid

HEART THROBBINGS.

THE SAD CLOSING SCENE IN AN OLD MINSTREL'S LIFE,

AS HE PLAYED HIS LAST SONG ON THE BANJO, AND DRIFTED OUT ON ITS TIMES OF MELODY FROM TIME TO ETERNITY, AND MET AGAIN "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

famous minstrels were giving a benefit the sweet refrain of the "Suwance River." The tunual of applause was hushed by the appearance of a ragged old wreck crowding to the front. Lifting his banjo as a sign of brotherhood, he cried with a chok-

"Boys sing that song once more, once more for a poor old minstrel's sake. It what you see." brings back the lost and dead, my old home rises before me, where I was once good and happy all the day. I learned and the face is not so gentle." the song there of my mother. The vision of her smiling face, praising her boy, comes back with the ringing notes of the wandered away to play and sing for the of tears the heart is full of evil." world. It listened and applauded. I was and the whirl of pleasures. But I wrecked it all. Now, old and broken in heart and strength, I am left with but one friend THE IMAGE OF A CAT PHOTOGRAPHED - my banjo. No one listens to it, for the world has found new favorites, and the old minstrel is turned away. She who The following story of a curious electric first praised me died while I was playing phenomenon comes from Fayette town- for the world. Died without seeing me ship, Hillsdale county, Michigan. A live for years. The song she taught her boy during which the play of lightning was world. The world has forsaken him as he and tell me what you see." peculiarly frequent and vivid. Just be did her. Boys, sing my mother's song

head being as smooth and shiny as polished The house signated its assent. The old ivery, went into his back yard to frighten minstrel sat down in the front row. When away some cats that were fighting on the the solo reached the concluding lines of the wood-pile. So intent were they on exter- second stanza, the singer's eye's turned minating one another as to allow Farmer pityingly upon the wanderer, and with I charge you to look once more. Biggs to approach within a few feet of voice trembling with emotion came the

an electric bolt struck the wood-pile, seat- tears coursing down the furrows of care, "There are no tears," tering it in all directions. The cat was his fingers unconsciously caresing the stiffened into an intense rigor mortis and strings of his battered banjo. All the signed to everlasting darkness! Turn the photographed in silhouette on old Biggs' summer of his life came back to his heart glass and look for the last time. What bald front. Aside from a very unpleas- again. Mother, home, love, and all his do you behold?" ant prickly sensation, and a sudden but boyhood dreams. The chorus began, and sensation, and a sudden but boyhood dreams. The chorus began, and sensation of the muscles, the shriveled fingers sought the chords sickness. Oh: Angel of Mercy, I pray and man, the alleged noblest work of God, the shriveled fingers sought the chords sickness. Oh: Angel of Mercy, I pray should be left to paidle his own canoe, sia disappeared, and as continue seen Biggs experienced no unpleasant effects. with a strange, weird harmony unheard thee to spare its sweet young life!" The fluid passed down his body, tore the before, the strains fleated along the tide of "Are there tears?" works of his watch all to pieces and break- song. The time-worn instrument seemed ing the cover, ripped his left trouser leg to catch its master's spirit, and high above "Then I shall kiss them away and from top to bottom and tore his left boot. the orchestra accompaniment rang the soul the angels of Heaven will rejoice as I bear

When he entered the house his wife was When the interlude came the minstrel so horrified at the figure of an enraged Laned over the banjo with all the fondblack cut stamped on her husband's fore ness of a mother over her babe. Not a head that she fainted. All unconscious of sound from either was heard. The solo the cause, the farmer hastened to bring rose again, and the almost supernatural her to, and the words she uttered were: harmonies drifted with it. But he bowed the following ontlines and philosophical Oh, Amos, the devil's set his mark on like a mourner over the dead. Every you." His curiosity was awakened, he heart in the audience was touched, and looked in the glass. Mrs. Biggs being tears of sympathy were brushed away by fully recovered, they examined the picture many a jeweled hand. The singers' eyes closely and declared that it was perfect, were moist, and with plainful sadness the

When shall I hear the bees a humming All 'round the comb.' When shall I hear the banjo trumming I hown in my good old home?"

The last chorns followed. The boary tried to remove the obnoxious marking, face shone with the light of a new dawnhead of the minstrel was lifted, and his ing. His voice joined with a beculiar blending, perfect in harmony, yet keeping with his banjo high above the singers, ringing like a rich harp string long over

strained. The memory of better days, Wadesboro intelligencer
A little Wadesboro boy of nine years
was quite sick, and fears were entertained.
One night a physician was summoned in The manager came before the curtain

proceeds to the wandering brother."

The house approved with lond demo er that the surest way to his recovery was en shower. The two sums were heaped on the stage together. Such a contribu-

But the banjo was still hushed under the shr and of snow white hair. the morning he was gon:—an unusual oc-currence—and could no where be found. About breakfast time he returned, with a live partridge in his mouth—not a bruise or a scratch upon it, and gave it to a member. It is to escort him there. He had his hand of the family. The partridge was prepared on the bowed head, the soul of the old minstrel had wandered away once more. He was dead. His heart had sung that relish. Nothing was thought of the inci-dent. It was supposed to be an accident. Sung it as the bird sings when it escapes Next day, the same feat was repeated, and the prison bars which makes life sad and

A CHILD'S TEARS.

place beside her and whispered .

The opera house was crowded, for the well and tell me what you see." performance. They had just concluded her tears and held the mirror before her the angel asked:

"What is in the picture?" "It is that of a fair-faced boy of ten." "Are there tears in his eyes?"

"Then the angels of Heaven are weeping for him. Look again and tell me

"There are no tears." "Then there is sadness among the angels

banjo, and the memories of long ago. I in Heaven. When human eyes are dry Then the mother looked again, and

> It is the same face as before, but it is in the darkness, and I see lines of evil."

"There are no tears." "Then there are griefs in Heaven, and them out forever. heartaches on earth. He who never ly thunder shower passed over the region led him from her side. He left for the weeps has gone far wrong. Look again

"This time it is a man in convict's fore the storm broke, Amos J. Biggs, a again, and let my old heart thrill with a garb, and his evil look appalls my

"There are no tears."

Without tears there can be no repentance. "This time it is one lying dead in the darkness-no watchers-no one to weep

"Are there tears upon the face of the

"A child-my child-upon its bed of

"Aye! there are tours."

An unknown contemporary gives us sentiments on "how to enjoy life," and if we read up carefully and practice it the beneficial results cannot be mistaken or its wisdom go unimproved. In the first place much depends in this life on how we take things. There are some veople who are always grumbling, always complaining. Nothing suits them. Everything goe wrong. If the weather is clear, it is rather too warm or too cold. There is snow when there should be rain, and rain when there should be fair skies. Matters in a business and social way are never all right. The neighbors are perpetually wrong. The world itself revolves in an opposite direction. Such people are bern fussing on until they fuse themselves into early

It does seem sometimes as if this class of people is always increasing. Perhans it is due to the sharp competition and rapid motion and steady strain of nineteenth cen tury civilization. Perhaps it is due to the individual rivalry of our day. But whatever the reason may be the fact is a

it all the contentment we can. We should look at the changes of the weather phislosophically. We should be mutually tolerant of one another, and do unto oth

A good conscience, a pure heart and a contented mind—these form the subject. When a man loses his temper the ten-

like a few drops in water for relief. The dering, and so long thirsty with longing, most gratifying. My little patients take it been a child with the old folks at home. Salisbury, Ill, july 28 1-mo.

ASTARTLING PREDICTION.

Once when a child was ill unto death its mother kneeled and prayed to Heaven that its life might be spared. As she vigor as the celestials were capable of but prayed and wept an angel softly took its

"Heaven has sent me in answer to you prayer. Here is the mirror of life; watch And then as the mother wiped away

"There are no tears."

"This time it is a youth of 15. It is

"Are there tears in his eyes?"

flattered, feasted, intoxicated with fame when the angel asked her what she saw she answared:

"Look closer and tell me if you see

"Are there no tears in his eyes?"

"Then the angels of Heaven weep.

-nothing but the gloom of night around

"Then, alas! it is another soul con-

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.

They grow up fusing and they fuse father shome and a good mother's coun-

deserving as ourselves.

of a long and happy life.

Next day, the same feat was repeated, and then the question arose as to whether or not the dog understood what the physician had said.

Laptes will find relief from their Costiveness, Swimming in the Head, Colic, Sour Stomach, Headache, Kidney troubles etc. by taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regular or after dimor of support, so as to move the bowels once a lay. Mothers will have better health and the babies will grow more robust by using the Regulator fir an infant shows signs of Colic, nothing grow more robust by using the Regulator of the infant shows signs of Colic, nothing like a few drops in water for rollef. The

Two hundred years ago in China there was just such a craze about natural gaas we have in this country to day. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and owing to a gas explosion that killed sever al millions of people and tore up and destroyed a large district of the country, leaving a large inland sea, known on maras Lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to the Chinese history, that many large and beavy pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near each other. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well with its unusual presare, by induction or back draught, pulled While there I stopped with Mr. E. D. down into the earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful ex- Company. I told Mr. Barker of my the same boy as before, but older grown, plosion of a large district, destroying the condition. He called no attention to inhabitants thereof. Lake Foo Chang your Kaskine and procured for me a rests on this district. The same catastrothe is imminent in this country unless the the pellets as directed and annula much laws restrict further developments in bor- relief attended thereby. Of this change ing so many wells. Should a similar ex- I wrote Mr. Barker, who sent two or plosion occur there will be such an up- three bottles during the past year. My heaval as will dwarf the most terrible health greatly improved. I increased earthquake ever known. The country in weight from 165 pounds to 200 along the gas belt from Toledo through pounds, my present weight. Thelieve Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky will be ripped the Kaskine delait. Quinine had failup to the depth of 1,200 to 1,500 feet ed, as had other remedies usually adand flopped over like a paneake leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Eric will came howling down, filling the extra bad weather, I do not have chills, Ohio and Mississippi valleys and blotting and my general health is quite good.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Women, bless their dear hearts, if it was not for them men would soon degen- Kaskine generally in this country, inerate and become savage, as of old; but gentle, confiding, lovable woman, with her seement apon matarial poison in the soft, winning ways, opposis to all that is system. From my own experience I fine and noble in man's nature, and keeps can entitle its excellence for such him up to that level that he has succeeded diseases. It has serve you call on me. in eaching. Even in battle, when he thinks as little of spilling the blood of his fellow-man as he would of killing a dog, when his animal passions are wrought up | billions remain or fever, which can into to such a degree that he resembles more interimental and at all the the untutored savage than an intelligent known across a such as arsenne, mer being the sight of a woman, or the sound carry and appropria of her voice, will act upon him like magie. ministered to use in heavy and contin-He no longer has that thirst for blood, ned does. Make a hought on nerhis hard face relaxes and becomes again vous prostration and dispersola, from soft and tender, and his mind turns to which I sub-red everything. Last winthoughts of better things. Now, if woman | ter I heard of Kaskine and began as should suddenly be removed from our earth, ing it. A few bottles of the wonderful how long would it be see he would go a June day lengther for the summer about armed to the teeth with an Leans storm the half presed across the sky, lick my weight in wildcats expression on so the almost my ide and my health his face. Murder and rapine would soon became stooly and strong. be in full sway, and he could hold his sword, or pull a trigger. Man is safe as

CIRLS, BE CAUTIOUS.

Girls, beware of the transient young men. Never suffer the address of a stranger. Recollect, one good, steady farmer's boy or industrious mechanic is worth more than all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a golden chain about his neck, a wal nut stick in his paws, and a brainles though fancy skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home, a mother's counsel and the society of brothers and sisters a men is lost in the wane of the honeymoon. Girls, beware! take heed lest ve fall into the 'snare of the fowler.' Too many have already been taken from a kind sel, brought to shame and disgrace and then thrown upon their own resourcesto spend their few remaining days in grief and sorrow, while the brainless skull i making its circuit around the world bringing to its ignoble will all that may be allured by his descitful snares, and many a fair one to the shame of an artful villain.

A young Catholic priest of Plino's claims to have rediscovered Greek fire

The cities of Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo and Sandusky will celebrate the anniver-ary of Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Eric on the 10th of next month.

What is ancestry after all? The rich

without a shirt on his back. per lost is generally a bad one not worth

RUBERT, M. D.,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

DUITE AS BAD AS BULLETS.

As the soldier Table of the Fempelge Virginia - The Kiener in Vindrali -Tuenty Verre Micr.

king, and if so to what extent, Asia, to hand. To reply will say that my health ing in the Confederate army on the Pennsular Campingus in Virginia. Did twenty-one days, and more frequently

in November, 1885, on busine Barker, of the University Publishing

I turned over half a bottle to a young Lady friend a few weeks since. Heart from her madier that the was much

I trust con may be able to introduce

I min very truly yours,

Mr. Galcon Thompson, the oldest long as he has the love of woman, or the and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgesort, Conn., says: "I am three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning I recently began with Kaskine who had broke up the malaria and increased

my weight 22 pounds." Other letters of a similar character stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubt ed ment, will be sent on application. Price \$1.00, or six bottles, \$5.00.

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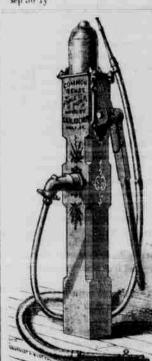
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CHAS. C. BLATCHLEY. MANUFACTURER

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