

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1887.

NO. 33.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PATAPSCO
ESTABLISHED 1774
THE
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 Wheat, 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, Belford 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.

W. H. BOBBITT & SON,
LITTLETON, N. C.
HAVE JUST OPENED THEIR FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF GOODS CONSISTING OF
Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Tin ware, Groceries, and Confectioneries, generally, and respectfully invite everybody to come and see them before making purchases elsewhere.
Very Respectfully,
W. H. BOBBITT & SON.

THE PLACE TO GET
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
—AT THE—
LOWEST PRICES,
IS AT
DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'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.
REMEMBER that a hearty welcome always awaits you at
ZOLLICOFFER'S.

J. N. BROWN, B. T. SIMMONS.
BROWN & SIMMONS,
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.

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS,
WELDON, N. C.
HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Old Doctor
A Life Experience, Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address **Dr. WARD & Co., Louisiana, Mo.**

Tutt's Pills
stimulates the torpid liver, corrects the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequalled as an
ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.
In malarial 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 5 '87

FALLING LEAVES.

They are falling, gently falling,
Thick upon the forest side;
Severed from the holdest branches,
Where they waver in heavy pride.
They are falling in the valleys,
Where the earliest violets spring,
And the birds in sunny springtime
First their cheerful notes sing.
They are falling, softly falling,
Close beside our cottage door,
Two and faded, like the loved ones,
They have gone forever more.
They are falling and the sunbeams
Shine in beauty soft and still;
Yet the faded leaves are falling—
Falling on the mossy ground.
They are falling in the streamlet,
Where the silvery waters flow,
And upon its placid bosom
Gleam with the water's glow.
They are falling in the churchyard,
Where our kindred are so deep,
Where the fall winds of summer
Softly over the loved ones sweep.
They are falling, ever falling,
Where the autumn leaves are high,
Where the stars in heavy gloom
Bright upon the midnight sky.
They are falling when the tempest
Moans like ocean's hollow roar,
Where the tempest winds and billows
Sally high o'er the shore.
They are falling, ever falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.
And the faded hues remind us
Of the bright hopes and dreams,
Faded like the fallen leaves,
Cast upon the dry stream.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

She was fair to look upon, this Alice St. Avon, with her deep wine-dark eyes, the rosy bloom on her dimpled cheeks, and the willowy grace of her tall, well-developed figure. She would not ill have graced the purple and ermine of a princess of the blood, yet she was nothing more than a governess, sitting there in the grey twilight, with Charley Worden's weary little head resting on her lap.
"Hush!" said the child suddenly, with uplifted finger; "hear them laughing down stairs. Oh, Miss St. Avon, happy they must be."
"Why do you not go down stairs, Charley, and enjoy yourself with the other children?"
"I did, Miss St. Avon, and Aunt Lois frowned at me, and told me to go out again with my old faded, ragged clothes. I wish I had nice clothes, Miss St. Avon."
"Have you asked your uncle to buy them for you?"
"Uncle says I am a nuisance and he shall have me bound out to some tradesman."
"Charley, I thought you had some money of your own."
"I thought so too," said the little fellow with a puzzled look. "When first papa brought me here, uncle and aunt were so glad, and kissed me, and said what a beautiful child I was, and that they would love me like their own. Oh, Miss St. Avon, do you suppose papa will never come home again?"
She smoothed his flaxen hair tenderly. "I do not know, Charley."
"But Miss St. Avon what do you think?"
"I do not like to think about it at all, Charley."
If she had told him what were her real thoughts, his little heart would have been heavier than ever. For Alice knew, from what she had heard at one time, that Mr. Worden was supposed to have been lost with the other passengers when the good ship Marie Antoinette went down off the coast of France.
"No need tell the child," Mrs. Parker Worden had said.
And they had calmly gone on drawing the dividends that should have been little Charley's.
Alice did not know how cruelly the lonely little orphan was wronged and slighted, but she felt all her tender, womanly sympathies aroused in his behalf.
"Does your headache much, Charley?"
"It aches most all the time, Miss St. Avon. Nurse says it is because I am catching cold sleeping in the garret."
"But why don't you sleep with Roper and Alfred?"
"They won't let me; they say I must cry and disturb them in my sleep."
"My poor little man!" murmured Alice, drawing him close to her. "Hush! there is the dinner bell, run down now."
"I don't take dinner with uncle and aunt and my cousins; I eat with the servants."
"With the servants! How is that, Charley?"
Alice St. Avon had been away for a month, attending the bed of her aunt, the only surviving relative she had, and these latter regulations were quite new to her.
"Aunt Lois says there are children enough at the table, and that I must not come there any more. It seems," he added with a little piteous sigh, "that I am in the way everywhere."
Poor little Charley! he was not very far wrong in the supposition that had forced itself upon his childish consciousness.
Alice went up with him to the lonely garret which was his sleeping place now, for the child seemed feverish and far from well that night. It was dark, dismal and bitterly cold; a hard straw mattress, with no pillow, and an insufficient supply of blankets, lay in one corner.

MERCIFUL HEAVEN!

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the young governess involuntarily, "what a place!"
Charley crept closer to her.
"I wouldn't mind it so much, Miss St. Avon," he whispered, "but I am afraid of the big, black rats that come out at night and look at me with their bright eyes."
"You ought not to sleep here, Charley—you, a sick child!"
"Aunt Lois says I must, and I am afraid of Aunt Lois."
"Afraid? Why?"
"She beats me," whispered the child, hanging his head; "she strikes me on the ear when I dare to complain."
"I will speak to her myself. Come, Charley," and Alice reluctantly descended the stairs, holding her little charge by the hand.
Mrs. Parker Worden was in her bed room dressing for a ball, her long black hair hanging loosely about her shoulders. She looked up in surprise when Miss St. Avon entered, but a heavy frown deepened upon her bold, black brows as she saw her tiny companion.
"May I ask why you have thus intruded upon me, Miss St. Avon?"
"To plead the cause of this poor child, madam."
"And who constituted you his interest?"
"My own sense of right and justice. He is weak and ill; the cold garret is no place for him to sleep in. I came to ask you, as a favor, that he may share my room with me."
Mrs. Worden's eyes flashed.
"I will have no interference with the domestic regulations of my household—You are dismissed from my employment, Miss St. Avon; consider the consequences of your officious interference at your leisure."
Alice colored deeply, but still she stood firm.
"I will not leave this helpless, ailing child to your persecution and neglect, madam!"
"Take him with you, then, and welcome," sneered Mrs. Worden, "and a pretty pair of beggars you will be."
"Will you treat him as your relationship and his helplessness require?"
"No, I will not."
"Then," said Miss St. Avon, compressing her lips resolutely, "I will take you at your word and adopt the poor little fellow I am not rich like you, but a crust a day given by the hand of love, would be preferable to the miserable bondage of the life he now leads."
Mrs. Worden only laughed contemptuously, and Alice went back to her own room, still holding Charley by the hand.
"Charley," she said at last, "will you go home with me, and be my boy?"
"Oh, Miss St. Avon, I love you so much I would go with you to the end of the world."
"Then it is all settled, Charley. I dare say, she added, speaking more to herself than to him, "I can get needle work to do or a few pupils in music."
"Or," chimed in Charley, wistfully, "I could sell matches."
Alice smiled at this suggestion.
"Well, we will see, Charley. We won't try the match business, at least for the present. But henceforth remember that you are my dear little brother, and I am your sister Alice."
And so the brave young girl went out into the world, the self-constituted protectress of Charley Worden, whose forlorn loneliness and piteous isolation had appealed to her heart so irresistibly.
Mlle. Penelope, the French governess, had not reigned in the Worden household as successor to Miss St. Avon more than a month or two, when one day a tall, dark stranger called, during the temporary absence of the head of the family, and enquired for little Charley Worden.
"He has run away from his kind friends," replied the Parisienne, glibly repeating the falsehood with which she had been proupled.
"It is no such thing!" roared Master Roper, who was in high feud with Mlle. Penelope in consequence of various suggested French exercises. "Miss St. Avon adopted him and took him away from us; cause mamma and papa was so ugly to him."
"And who is Miss St. Avon, and where does she live?" eagerly questioned the stranger.
"She's our old governess, and she's a deal nicer than the old Frenchy, deftly bawled the young scoundrel, "and she lives down on Russell street, next door but one to the next chestnut man's corner."
"Will you hold your tongue, you had boy," ejaculated the madamelle; but the visitor had already learned enough from Master Roper's unbridled tongue, and turned away with a stern look on his handsome features.
"And this is the way," he murmured, "that they have fulfilled the sacred trust committed to their care."
Little Charley Worden was sitting on the rug in front of the fire, spelling over his reading lesson. Alice St. Avon was busied on a piece of delicately fine embroidery, ostensibly listening to the child's hesitating accents, but in reality racking her brain as to how she was to meet the quarterly demand for rent due on the morrow.

A FOURTEEN DOLLAR KISS.

James Cross, a sturdy, although aged, citizen, of New London, came to this city to see the sights last Sunday. While wandering along Cherry street that evening he noticed a crowd of blitheome girls laughing and chatting on a corner.
While he was passing the merry group he was most astonished to suddenly find a pair of arms around his neck. At the same time a silvery voice exclaimed:
"Oh, you dear, old darling, give me a kiss."
Mr. Cross had never been greeted in New London that way.
"Go 'way, go 'way, you bold girl," cried he. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."
"Oh, beg pardon," said the girl, who had stolen a kiss from the aged New Londoner. "I mistook you for my father."
Mr. Cross passed on, laughing over the joke until he stepped into a store to buy a cigar, when he was astonished to find that \$14 he had in his vest pocket was gone.
He found a policeman, who arrested Anna Clark, a black eyed maiden, whom Cross identified as the girl who kissed him. Justice Kilbreth, in the Tombs police court, held Anna in \$1,000 bond for trial.
"CAN'T DODGE 'EM."
A Wayne County farmer, who had a little time to spare during the drought, went at it and created seven artificial mounds to resemble graves in a field close to the road. Signboards were put up and labeled "Tramp No. 1," "Tramp No. 2," and so on through, and when the work was finished the granger went up to the house with a grin on his face and said to his wife:
"That 'ere dodge will beat all the laws in Michigan to keep tramps away."
Breakfast was not yet over next morning when there was a knock on the kitchen door, and the farmer opened it to find five gaunt tramps standing in a half circle.
"You here!" he yelled, as soon as he could credit his senses. "Didn't you see those graves down by the road?"
"We did, sir," answered the oldest tramp for all. "That's why we stopped. We wanted to know if they come to their death by overeating."
NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
COMMISSIONER'S SALE.
Pursuant to a decree of the Superior Court for Halifax County made in the case therein pending entitled *Nathan E. Evans vs. J. Long*, infants suing by John T. Gregory, Executor of their estate, and their duly appointed next friend against Anton Prosser and wife, I shall sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder in the town of Weldon, N. C., on the 23rd day of November 1887, as much of the following described lot or parcel of land as may be necessary to pay the judgment and costs hereinafter recited in said action, said parcel of land is described as follows, to-wit: Situated in the town of Weldon, N. C., and bounded on the North by 24th street, on the West by Washington street, on the South by Seventh street, and on the East by Broadway street. It being square as laid out on the plat of the town of Weldon and containing two acres. Lots of half acre to be sold until said judgment and costs are satisfied.
This Oct. 20, 1887.
WATER E. DANIEL, Commissioner.
Mellen & Daniel, Attorneys. sep 15th.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Woman from Austria.
Near the village of Zillingdorf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farm-house. Overwork brought on a sick headache, followed by a dently fainting and sickness of the stomach, until I was unable to retain either food or drink. I was compelled to take to my bed for several weeks. Getting a little better from rest and quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little while seemed to spread over my whole body, and throbbled in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not sew, and I took to my bed for the second, and, as I thought, for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of SEIGEL'S SYRUP (Shaker Extract of Roots) which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a change for the better. My last illness began June 3d, 1882, and continued to August 9th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little light work. The cough left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured; and oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for SEIGEL'S SYRUP (Shaker Extract of Roots). Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cautioning the people against the medicine, telling them it would do no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel pamphlets; but now, whenever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed to read, and I have lent mine for six miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, and who told them there was no help for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighborhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their beds and could hardly move a finger have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have an attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in the surrounding district to whom her mother had not applied to relieve her child, but every one crossed themselves and said they could not help her. When the little bell rang, which is rung in our place when anybody is dead, we thought surely it was for her; but Seigel's Syrup and Pills (Shaker Extract of Roots) saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she asks her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup."
MARRI HAAS.
Shaker Medicines are now being sold in all parts of the world, and are working wonders, as shown in the above case. A. J. WATTS,
64 Warren St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PREPARED PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.
Pain, Flatulency, St. Dyspepsia, etc. Dose 2-3.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WORTHY'S INDIAN PREPARED PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.
Pain, Flatulency, St. Dyspepsia, etc. Dose 2-3.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLINERY.
I am daily receiving my FALL stock of MILLINERY, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., embracing all the latest novelties. You are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and prices, before purchasing.
MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon, N. C.
sep 15 '87

LIQUORS.
C. SMITH.
SEE HIS LIQUORS,
SEE HIS CIGARS,
SEE HIS GROCERIES.

Wine, Beer, Soda,
CANNED GOODS.
EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.
C. Smith at Evans' old stand
Washington avenue, Weldon, N. C.
dec 14 '87

NEWTON & LEE.
We have on hand and for sale cheap
FAMILY GROCERIES,
CANNED GOODS,
CONFECTIONERIES,
TOBACCO, SNUFF,
CIGARS, &c.
ORANGES,
LEMONS,
APPLES,
BAYETS,
NUTS,
RAISINS,
&c., &c., &c.

MADE AT OUR OWN
BAKERY.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
NEWTON & LEE,
Washington Avenue, Weldon, N. C.
mar 24 '87

VALUABLE FARMS FOR SALE!
I will sell for cash or on easy terms the following property:
A farm situated about two miles from Halifax, on the road leading to Enfield, now occupied by Jas. L. Ooley, containing about 225 acres. Good dwelling house and all necessary out houses. A barn six miles from Halifax on same road, containing about 200 acres. Good dwelling and out houses.
The farm whereon I now reside, about 7 miles from Halifax, containing 100 acres. It has a fine orchard and is well adapted for cotton, corn and trucking.
Also other farms which will be shown to purchasers.
For further information apply to me or to John A. Moore, Halifax, N. C.
B. F. GARY,
Halifax, N. C.
sep 9 '87

DECIDED BY A CENT.

HOW PORTLAND, OREGON, RECEIVED ITS NAME IN 1842.
Cleveland Leader.
It may not be generally known that the town of a cent decided the name of the second largest city on the Pacific coast, and that, too, not so many years ago. It was in the summer of 1842, when immigration was pouring into Oregon. Two of the pioneers, A. L. Lovejoy and a man named Overton, while en route from Vancouver to Oregon City, stepped ashore from their canoe at the point where Portland now stands, and having examined the topography of the surrounding country, concluded at once that it was the most eligible place for a town site. At some time during the ensuing winter they returned, and commenced at once to clear off the land and make preparations for the erection of a log cabin. Before they had carried out this scheme Overton disposed of his interest in the claim to a man named Pettygrove, who, in conjunction with Lovejoy, had the claim surveyed and the boundaries established during the summer of 1844. A log house was completed and occupied during the next winter by an employee. In the summer of 1845 a more accurate survey was made, and the ground was laid off into streets and blocks. Lovejoy wanted to name the city Boston, in honor of the capital of his native State, while Pettygrove preferred Portland, Me., the city whence he came. The toss of a cent decided the question in favor of Portland.
We have a few pairs of Evans' hand made low-quarter shoes on hand which we offer at half cost to close out. P. N. Stainback & Co.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrator of the estate of W. W. Bower, containing three hundred acres and adjoining the lands of J. J. Thornton, Green L. Cook and J. O. Oglethorpe, Mr. W. W. Bower who was one of the first named tract of land and whose address is Hibernia Bridge, will give any information relative to the lands. E. O. BERTON, Jr., J. M. O'BRIEN, Administrators.
Halifax, N. C., Oct. 13, 1887.

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