

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

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

NO. 39.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

**PATAPSCO**  
1896  
SUPERLATIVE  
PATENT  
CAGABRILL Mfg Co.  
BALTIMORE

**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. Our PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are manufactured from the CHOICEST WHEAT obtainable. Baltimore stands pre-eminent in this country as a market for choice wheat which gives us a great advantage in the selection of the BEST THAT IS GROWN. The SUPERIOR COMBINATION OF GLUTEN AND PHOSPHATES thus afforded, enables us to place on the market, FLOUR UNEQUALLED FOR ITS PURITY AND NUTRITIOUS PROPERTIES. This fact is recognized not only in this country, but in Europe as well, where the "PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other American Flour. Ask your grocer for PatapSCO Superlative Patent, Bedford Family, PatapSCO Family Patent, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family, C. A. GAMBRIILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 214 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. ZOLICOFFER'S,**  
WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.  
WELDON, N. C.

STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIALS

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

**ZOLICOFFER'S.**

**GROCERIES. MILLINERY.**

We keep on hand a full line of groceries, consisting of

SUGAR,  
COFFEE,  
FLOUR,  
SOAP,  
MOLASSES.

Fine Cigars, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, &c.

**CONFECTIONERIES.**

A full line of Candies, French and Plain, Fruits, Foreign and Domestic.

We are prepared to fill orders for Cakes, Bread, &c., on short notice for parties.

We keep for sale Fresh Bread from our ovens.

**BAKERY.**

We have just received a car load of the BEST WHITE CORN, and keep on sale FRESH MEAL ground at Chickayotte mill, which is pronounced by all to be superior to any meal to be had in this market.

**OUR RESTAURANT**

is open and our table supplied with all the best things for the comfort of man.

You can get a good meal at any hour. Call and see us.

NAW & PURNELL  
June 23 6m

**J. L. FRYAR,**  
BEER & SODA WATER BOTTLER.

is 24 in the market with his

**BOTTLED GOODS**

Of every variety, second to none in his line. Best Beer and Soda Water of every variety of flavor. If you don't believe it give him a try.

**ORDER AND SEE.**

At his post to attend to the business. He will be glad to have you call on him, and see his stock of goods, and see his prices. He is a very reasonable man, and will give you the best of service.

J. L. FRYAR, Weldon, N. C.



I am daily receiving my FALL stock of Millinery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., including 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.

**WEAK & UNDEVELOPED**

CONSUMPTION, WASTING DISEASES, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. Do not despair as to the relative value of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites—the one supplying strength and flesh; the other giving nerve power, and acting as tonic to the digestive and entire system. But in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, the two are combined, and the effect is wonderful. Thousands who have derived no permanent benefit from other preparations have been cured by this. This is not an assumption, but facts that are substantiated by the experience of the past ten years, and the endorsements of thousands of the best physicians throughout the country.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c.—Mr. E. A. Cuthrell has opened a store on First street and keeps in stock family groceries and vegetables. He also has a bar where the choicest liquors are served in all styles. Cigars and tobacco of all grades. In addition he keeps a supply of wooden coffins and metallic burial cases, all sizes, at low prices. Orders by mail or telegraph filled promptly.

**DRIVEN MAD.**  
HER LOVER TURNED OUT TO BE HER BROTHER.

Edward Wilder, of New York City, a millionaire, paid a visit to a well known Brooklyn medical expert the other day and made arrangements for placing his beautiful daughter, Marguerite, in a private institution for the insane. The history of this devoted young lady is a remarkable one. Years ago there lived in East New York a man named Hart with his family, the youngest child being a beautiful baby girl. The Harts were poor and their rich neighbor, Edward Wilder, whose permanent home was in New York City on Fifth avenue, but who spent a part of the summer in East New York, finally prevailed on them to let him adopt the little girl, as he had none of his own. Mr. Hart was destitute and when Mr. Wilder offered to settle an annuity upon Hart's other children, three boys, and also divide between them a valuable plot of land in Northern New York, the father could not resist and the baby girl was transferred to her future Fifth avenue home. Mr. Wilder stipulated that the child could never again be reclaimed by its parents under any circumstances, and that Marguerite should never be made acquainted with the fact that he was other than her own father. Marguerite grew up to be a beautiful young woman, admired by all. She was of the blonde type, with deep blue eyes and golden hair and skin like alabaster. Her figure was superb. She was the belle of her set, and many were her suitors. But she had not as yet met her affinity. In the summer of 1883 her father took her to Newport, where she was the acknowledged belle. It was generally known that she was an heiress, and that, with her beauty, brought many suitors to her feet. Among them was a handsome young lieutenant of the United States navy. He was a young man with many virtues and but few faults. He was a frequent attendant at divine services. They met at the church. A mutual respect sprang up between the young people, and they were often seen upon the sands of Newport enjoying one another's society. They were a handsome couple, admired by all but envied by none. Society began to whisper that it was a match. Society for once was right. The friendship of the young couple in course of time ripened into a warmer feeling and one beautiful moonlight night the young man rose to the occasion and the inevitable "proposal" was made. Marguerite had been expecting this for some time, but, like a dutiful daughter, asked for time to consider her answer, and in the meantime referred the whole matter to her father. Her reasons for so doing were that she was an heiress and he was comparatively poor. People would look upon it as a scandal. She was not sure but that her supposed father might also. Mr. Wilder listened attentively to Marguerite's story, and at the conclusion he smiled, and clasped her to his bosom, kissed her, at the same time assuring her that if he found the young man's character and antecedents to be satisfactory, his poverty need be no bar to the consummation of their happiness. That same day Mr. Wilder went out and did not return until late. He appeared to be depressed and went to bed without saying a word. The next day at the breakfast table he proposed to his little family that they take a trip to Europe. Marguerite had noticed his altered manner and when this proposition was made she understood it as meaning that her father would not give his consent to her marrying and her heart failed for the moment. There was something wrong. She asked him for his answer. Mr. Wilder evaded her questioning, as long as he could, but when she stated that if she did not get his consent to their union she would leave her supposed parents and go to her lover, the old man was obliged to divulge the secret of years, and informed her that the man he loved was her own brother, Frederick Hart.

The poor girl faints. When she came to she was delirious. She was removed to her bed, where she remained for several weeks, and when she arose it was seen that her brain was seriously affected. Her lover's name was constantly on her lips. When Mr. Wilder started out to inquire into the young man's character and found that he was none other than his adopted daughter's own brother, Fred Hart, he was amazed. The young man was made acquainted with the fact of his relationship and took it to heart. A few days afterward his body was found in the river. After Marguerite had recovered sufficiently to bear the news, her adopted parents told her of the death of her lover. She became affected with melancholia, and has gradually grown worse, until now it is thought to place her in some institution where she will receive proper treatment and possibly recover.

**BURDETTE ON INSOMNIA.**  
HOW HE TRIED THE VARIOUS INFALLIBLE RECIPES.

Writing on insomnia, Burdette says:—What pleases me, when I am tormented with sleeplessness, is a little health book of my own, in which I have jotted a few—a very few—of the "infallible remedies" for sleeplessness which had been tried in thousands—or, perhaps, it was millions—of cases, most of which were in the preserver's own immediate family, or, at the farthest, circle of intimate friends, and had never once failed to effect a permanent, and, it is needless to say, instant cure. All of these cases, collectively and each one by itself individually, were and was exactly like my own in cause, duration and operation. The simplicity of the combined remedy appeals at once to human confidence.

Do nothing within three hours before retiring.

Eat a light but substantial luncheon just before going to bed. Nature abhors a vacuum. [This is one of the prescriptions I like.]

Read light literature before going to bed.

Read nothing after supper. Walk a mile in the open air just before bedtime.

Go to your room an hour before retiring and read until bedtime. Give up smoking altogether.

If you are a smoker, a cigar just before retiring will soothe and tranquillize your nerves, until you cannot keep awake.

Don't think about sleeping; you scare away the slumber by wooing the drowsy god.

Resolutely resolve, as you lay down, that you will go to sleep, and sleep will come naturally.

Take a warm bath and go from the tub into bed.

Take a cold sponge bath, jump into bed and you will be asleep before your head touches the pillow.

Walk slowly about your room half an hour.

Lie on your right side, with your cheek on your hand.

Lie on your left side, with your head resting on your arm.

Count up to one thousand. [I tried this method in the fall of 1886, and it was very successful. I was falling asleep two or three times, but was started wide awake by suddenly becoming conscious that I had lost my count, and had to begin over again. This cure kept me awake one whole night, when I was so sleepy I could scarcely hold my eyes open. The friend who gave me this prescription is not living now. She was a woman, and I could not, as a gentleman, offer her a reward. She had a box of marshmallows with rough on rats, and sent them to her.]

Drink milk. [This, according to my experience, is the best prescription in this list. It will make you sleep better than all the bromids going, which are snare and delusion. But milk does not only make you sleep at night, but you want to sleep all the next day. It makes you intolerably stupid all the time. It is a very pleasant, half awake feeling, if you have nothing else to do, but enjoy falling asleep at any time and in all manner of places. (Celtic is the best told stories of these times, "Indian Summer," but if you have any work to do it is embarrassing.)

So, what is a sleepless man who wants to sleep going to do? If he eats a light luncheon, snatches a mild cigar, reads Bunson an hour, walks a mile in the air, comes back and walks another mile about his room, takes a sponge bath, cold, followed by a tub bath, warm, drinks a pint of milk, jumps into bed and lies on both sides with his head on one arm and one hand, and counts a thousand, it will be time to get up, anyhow, and he can have a few nervous fits during the day.

If it is a fact however, that even men who think they suffer sleeplessness do not, because half so long as they imagine they do. When a man says to me, "I did not close my eyes once all night," I know he lies. Not intentionally, of course; he thinks he was awake all night; the probability is he did not get to sleep until two hours after his regular time, and it seemed so long to him. Really, it isn't often that a man lies awake the whole night through. I am not a physician, and cannot speak by the book, but I believe men afflicted with sleeplessness die more than any other ill to which our weak humanity is heir. Now take, your own case, you remember the last time you lay awake all night, don't you? Yes, I see you do. Well, don't you remember that same night you heard the clock strike ten? and then the next time you heard it, it struck eleven? Well, that's one of the mysteries about insomnia that is difficult to explain.

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**HAD TO LEAVE.**

A man arrived at a Dakota town one day recently to look up some accounts for an eastern agricultural machine company. He started out in the country, and soon met a farmer driving a team of mules and headed toward town with his whole family in a wagon. The Eastern man stopped and made some inquiries about the road and then said:

"Splendid weather for harvest."

"Yes, the weather's all right."

"Well, there can't be anything else to hinder your sowing the crop."

"Yes, there can, stranger, and there is."

"Broke down?"

"No."

"Some of your family sick?"

"No, they're all right—you see 'em here."

"Horses sick?"

"I drive mules—they never get sick."

"Well, I don't see what there is to keep you from staying at home and working today."

"Mister, I'll tell you: it's circus day and I just said to 'Mildy, says I, 'Mildy, then crops can go to thunder, I'm going to look up an' well to the show!'

They say this circus is a regular big railroad show, an' none o' yer local overland concerns with a spotted horse an' a cage o' monkeys. Jim says he hears they got ole Dan Rice for clown, an' I'd drive a hum-dred miles in the night 's' to see him lead the ring-master an' make him hoppin' mad like he always used! G'lang there, Ben Butler, none o' yer baggin' back with yer whip! tree under the wheel!"

**THE GOOD OF EARLY MARRIAGES.**

You don't run the risk of dying an old maid.

It is better to be a young fool than an old one.

The unmarried girl feels she is growing old too quick.

If you make a bad match you can blame it to inexperience.

When you are getting old no one will take you but a widower.

It prevents your married friends from sympathizing with you.

If you wait till you are thirty it is hard to get a young husband.

The man who marries an old woman always wants something thrown in.

You are apt to get shop worn if you remain long on the matrimonial market.

You have a better chance to catch your second husband if you happen to lose your first.

If you catch a millionaire's son you will have him before he has blown in his fortune.

You avoid the pleasure of having all your girl friends tell you how happy they are with their husbands.

**THE YOUNG MAN WON.**

A grown up man, a man of mature years, would not have done it. He would have put his arm around her and said gently:

"Dear, I don't like your painting and powdering. It doesn't make you look nice."

And she would have told him that she thought it did, and if he didn't like it he could go and get another girl, or something like that. At the best she wouldn't have taken any notice of the remark. But he was a young man and that was his way. He was going to take her to the theater, and knowing her peculiarity, he took a powder puff and a box of rouge in his pocket. When she came down stairs she was decorated as usual. He immediately pulled out his rouge and powder and painted himself up.

"What are you doing?"

"Only making myself handsome."

"I will not go out with you like that."

"Why not?"

"It would mortify me to death."

"Well, but you're just like that."

"Well, I'll make a bargain. If you will wash off yours I will wash off mine."

"We don't go out, then?"

"All right."

But she thought better of it and she accepted his bargain. She was very pretty after that.

**BROKEN LIVES.**

God even seems to break them sometimes that they may become truly useful. At least he can use broken lives in his service just as well as the whole ones; indeed, it often appears as if men can never do much for God till they are "broken vessels." He chooses the weak things of this world that no flesh may glory. We ought, therefore, never to be afraid of God's providences when they seem to break up our lives and crush our hopes, and even to turn us away from our chosen paths of usefulness and service. God knows what He wants to do with us, how He can best use us, and where and in what lines of ministry He would have us serve. When He shuts one door it is because He has another standing open for our feet. When He breaks our lives to pieces it is because they will do more for His glory and the world's good broken and shattered than whole.

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**WHERE? OR WHERE?**

[Bob Burdette's Poem in (Dakota) Style.]

Where, oh where, has the young man gone who graduated clothes put on, some time ago the last day of May, and owned the whole wide world for a day? And where is the sweet girl graduate, who chanted an essay droll with fate, and started out with a giggling frown to turn this old world upside-down? And where is that young candidate, who had things fixed for this year's state? Who ranted around, as you'd believe, a couple of counties in his sleeve? And where is the scribe who the vaulting will, who tried a long-felt want to fill, and courted shelds with renown with a minion paper in a bourgeois town? The lad has divided the world up fair and owns his own eight-billion share; the sweet girl grad. is a grand surprise, and conquers the world with well-made pies; the candidate with the deathless "gall" is fixing himself for another fall; while the journalist with the haughty crest has gone the way of last year's nest. So on by the way of day by day the world runs on in the same old way the balloon that's the biggest round about is the flabbiest rag when the gas is out.

**Mrs. Histon's First Appearance.**

The Vienna Allgemeine Zeitung publishes an interesting extract from the forthcoming memoirs of Mrs. Histon, according to which the famous actress made her debut on the stage at the age of three months. Her parents being both actors, they consented to her appearing in the play "The Year's Present," in one of whose scenes an infant is sent in a basket to its grandfather. Her debut, however, was a failure, as she began crying long before she ought to have done so, totally spoiling the effect. Her second attempt, at the age of 8 years, was not much more successful, for when attacked by the villain in "Bianca and Fernando," who threatened to murder her in the presence of her mother, she resisted desperately, biting and scratching her assailant until the public roared with laughter. A year and a half later she was intrusted with little roles in farces, taking her task seriously and assuming the airs of her older colleagues; and at the age of 15 she was a regular member of a stock company under the management of the actor Monrois. —New York Post.

**Hiomark's Favorite Flower.**

Prince Hiomark, like other great men, has his favorite flower. It is neither more nor less a one than the common red blooming heather. As long ago as 1802, when traveling in France, he wrote to his wife as follows: "Chambrond castle in its present deserted state reminds me of the fate of its owner. In the spacious halls and vast saloons, where kings held court with their mistresses, the toys of the little Duke of Orleans form almost the only furniture. The sunny court-yards appear like so many deserted churchyards. From the tops of the towers one enjoys a fine view, but wherever one looks one sees nothing but silent forests and heath as far as the horizon. No towns, no villages, no farm houses visible near the castle, nor as far as the eye can reach. From the inclosed samples of heather you will see how beautifully blossoms here the purple flower I love so much—the only flower in the royal gardens. Swallows are the only living creatures in the castle, which is too lonely even for sparrows." —Berlin Tagblatt.

**A Long Ways Off.**

Calculations from compared observations show that Aleyone—that one of the planets around which the sun and the whole solar system were once thought to revolve—is about 234,000,000,000 miles from us, a distance that it would take light about 164 years to travel—Chicago Times.

**The Eccentricity of Genoa.**

Swindlers seem to be the most vindictive and ill-mannered fellows in literature. As a sample of the latter trait is cited an account given by a lady high in Boston society, who met the poet one evening at a house in London. Swindlers threw himself down on a rug before the fire like a dog, and lay there sprawled at full length through the evening. Joaquin Miller never carried the "eccentricity of genius" farther in all his London career. —Cleveland Leader.

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**What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?**

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. The patients have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish-colored expectoration. The patient feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms.

It has been found that physicians have mistaken the cause of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of these kinds of treatment have been attended with success; for it is really constipation and dyspepsia. It is also found that Shaker Extract of Roots, or Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, when properly prepared will remove this disease in all its stages. Care must be taken, however, to secure the genuine article, IT WILL SELL BETTER THAN COTTON.

**TESTIMONY FROM TEXAS.**

Mrs. S. E. Barton, of Varner, Ripley Co., Mo., writes that she had been long afflicted with dyspepsia and disease of the urinary organs and was cured by Shaker Extract of Roots. Rev. J. J. McGuire, merchant, of the same place, who sold Mrs. Barton the medicine, says he has sold it for four years and never knew it to fail.

**SHE WAS ALMOST DEAD.**

I was so low with dyspepsia that there was not a physician to be found who could do anything with me. I had fluttering of the heart and swimming of the head. One day I read your pamphlet called "Life Among the Shakers," which described my disease better than I could myself. I tried the Shaker Extract of Roots and kept on with it until to-day I rejoice in good health. Mrs. M. E. Tinsley, Bevier, Mulhennburg Co., Ky.

For sale by all Druggists, or address the proprietor, A. J. White, Limited, 54 Warren St., New York.

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