

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Bottom Dropped Out!

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887.

NO. 42.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PATAPSCO
ESTABLISHED 1774
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 NUTRITIONAL 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 Superior Patent, Bedford Family, PatapSCO Family Patent, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Bedford Family, C. A. GAMBRILL 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 MATERIAL—
PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.
PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,
FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES.
REMEMBER the 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, Breads, &c., on short notice for parties.
We keep for sale Fresh Bread from our own
BAKERY.
We have just received a car load of the BEST WHITE CORN, and keep on sale FRESH MEAL ground at Chocky's 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.
SAW & PURNELL
June 23 6m
J. L. FRYAR,
I am daily receiving my FALL stock of MILLINERY, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., embracing all the latest novelties. You are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and prices, before purchasing elsewhere.
MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon, N. C.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED
CANNOT AFFORD TO NEGLECT YOUR HEALTH. It is a common mistake to suppose that a weak and undeveloped system is not a disease, and that it will cure itself. It is a disease, and it must be treated. The only reliable remedy is Dr. J. L. Fryar's "Weak and Undeveloped" medicine. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will cure all cases of weakness and undeveloped system. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.
WORKING CLASSES
ATTENTION! We are now offering a course of instruction in the art of bookbinding. The course is designed for the working classes, and is a most profitable one. It is taught by a practical bookbinder, and the students will be able to bind all kinds of books. The course is held at the Weldon Bookbinding School, and is open to all who are able to read and write. The fee for the course is \$10.00, and the students will receive a certificate of completion. For more information, call on J. L. Fryar.
ORDER AND SEE.
Always at his post to attend to the business. With thanks for past favors he hopes to merit a continuance, guaranteeing satisfaction.
Respectfully,
J. L. FRYAR, Weldon, N. C.

A GENERAL SALUTATION.

THE NEW TEXAS EDITOR GIVES HIS READERS TIMELY WARNING.
The Texas journalist, who had been summer-fallowing himself on a stock ranch for a couple of years, suddenly assumed control of a country weekly, and in the first issue after he struck the quarterdeck he published a small and unpretentious card, in which he said:
"The former editor of this sheet is practically and politically dead, but the *News* still survives. It is just as well, though, and a mighty sight better, as I am a horse at all and sing one of the most concise and business-like quills West of the Red River. I have a record behind me which doesn't make a new sort of whip every spring, like that other editor who recently pointed and drawed out of the game."
"At given up obituaries I'm a tassel top, and if there's any hitch in the program I can generally furnish a fresh couple of short notices, and at the usual slight advance on cost of insertion, I merely throw this out as a feeder to the opposition, which I hear is a massing force again me, and my paper, and by the freckled face, bog-legged, cock-eyed gods of war there'll be a power of high-priced opera music floating in the air if any of them try to climb me."
"If there is any corte house ring in this sweet-scented locality, I'll get on to it, sure as you're a foot high. If there is to be any unweaving with the free-born untrammelled country delegates to the next county convention, I'll be there with my face washed and my hair combed back of my ears."
"I've licked many a good man, and I've been licked once or twice in my variegated career, but I've always noticed that them fellers who whipped me were not the same man afterward, and dropped along for awhile like a sun-struck tomato vine, and finally dropped into the grave with a dull thud, having kindred outvied their usefulness."
"I want it distinctly remembered that I'm in from the back counties, and ain't up to the nose either of the strawberry blonde or the oily dude. If I make any misuses it will be more an error of the head than the heart, but, for all that, I propose to run a jam-up, sizing hot, nifty little paper, and more along with the best kind of harmony. But if harmony lacks, and tries to do any dirt on me, harmony will have to git off the track and leave me glide right into the confidence of the public."
"If this journal says anything out of the way and gives any motive flood, tenderfoot, remember I'm the man he wants to see about it! There ain't no back stairs or back windows to this sanctum sanctorum. I'm always in. I'm ever on the tripod, and now with those few brief remarks I cordially invite everybody's cooperation and subscriptions. The tone of the paper will be pure in sentiment, chaste in expression and typographically bang up and delicious."
HOW SHE READS THE PAPER
Chicago Journal.
Did you ever notice how a woman reads a paper? She always begins by reading for a marriage notice. Then her eye is attracted to something else. It is a habit of the female sex to read the paper in this order:—
1. A notice of a party given.
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100. A notice of a party given.

TENDER THOUGHTS

BECAUSE THEY CLUSTER AROUND LITTLE CHILDREN.
When Mother
Little children! Who does not love them? A bright-eyed boy, or a rosy-cheeked girl, old indeed must be the heart that is not drawn to one of these. What is more innocent than the cherry countenance of a little child—one across whose rosy lips an unholly word has never passed? No unkindness in that little heart. No treachery. No spiteful revenge. It knows nothing of the cares, sorrows and heartaches of a deceitful world. It confides implicitly in its earthly parents and this teaches the Christian a beautiful example of trust in the Heavenly Father. Children are God's jewels, placed in our keeping—the golden fetters that hold together the volume of wedded bliss. How it moves the heart to love and higher aspirations when the man of family goes home from his daily avocation, to see the bright faces, either at the window or door, wreathed with smiles and joy to welcome his coming! When they climb upon your knee, and their tender little hands clasp your neck, and their soft little faces press against yours in warm affection, and you can feel the throbbing of their young hearts, what can be more entrancingly endearing? Hear their innocent, merry childish prattle! Parents, those who now enjoy the company of little ones love them more. You will never know how much you can love them until they are called away. Angels they seem. Blessed visitants from heaven to soothe, calm and allure your harsher spirits to the melodies of that happy land.
All over this beautiful land there are desolate hearts that feel as though the pall of night were upon them. Even while these thoughts are being placed on paper, tears are falling and little graves are opening to receive the caskets of some treasure, torn from loving hearts. Yet there shines a light upon those little mounds. In the sweet promise of the gospel, the shadows die away, and we discern a tinge of glory, like a fringe of gold behind the dark cloud. God directs the fall of even a little sparrow, and he orders, in his own wisdom, the sad event that tears from bleeding hearts the little ones they so much love, but "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and all is well with the children whom the Saviour gathers home.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

Rockingham Rocket.
The man who measures his chances of success by his aptitude in practice of specious arts has set up the wrong standard. He may thrive for a while—a long while, it may be, for the mills of the gods grind slowly.—but, sooner or later, the enlightened sense of an honest people will penetrate the mask. Reader, did you ever note the peculiar marks of a demagogue? He is a law-abiding man, a stickler for the rights of men and communities, but unless a law suits his own personal ends and advancement, he is assiduous in efforts to make it appear as a peculiar hardship on others. He is a peaceful citizen—when it pays; or, if his purpose can be better served, he will renounce at fraud, wink at rascality, condone all follies, and encourage the demoralizing devices of the day. He is a patriot—oh, yes, but it is in the sense that charity is for him not be for country. He is cheerful, particularly that "the left hand" may know what "the right hand" doeth. And public spirited—in the same narrow sense that a deaf performed now, for the benefit of the "dear people," will rebound ten-fold to his advantage in the future. He is not necessarily engaged in politics—but, all the same, he is a "politician" always, ever looking out for the main chance, and learned in one branch of policy, he is perpetually seeking to map out another. It is by "specious arts" alone that he expects to succeed; the world owes him a living in any way he can get it, and—relying on his own favorite philosophy as to the gullibility of the public—he runs by force of habit and habit along this line. His life is absorbed in the idea; he does nothing except "polity" be in it; he advocates a principle—policy underlies his speech; he pushes a public scheme—the "clown foot" sticks out in every crack and turn of his enterprise. Scheming is his study, in which always "sell the wavering balance shakes," and a new scheme is never attempted till the popular breeze is caught. Then—stand aside, friends, neighbors and kindred, if ye dare to stem the current in which the promiscuous "I" floats. Your conversation, it may be, has reason on its side—the demagogue has secured the "breeze" and can get the laugh on you and is happy; you may claim honesty of opinion and purpose, you can't be a sinner on your motives, but that is not the sort in demand where the great Eye holds sway. He thrives best among the masses who are currently supposed to know least about the arts that are used to turn men's heads. But he is seen often in legislative halls, even in the Congress of the United States. Unfortunately our country's school of politics is largely under the control of sheer demagogues. The church is not free from their presence. Of all public characters, the demagogue—pure and simple—is the worst.

HE WAS IN LOVE.

Mighty is the power of love, and it came near getting a theological student, some weeks ago, into a terrible scrape. His class was undergoing the last examination. The professor who was conducting the exercise observed this student take something from his breast pocket every now and then, look at it with fervor, replace it, and then renew his writing with increased ardor. Could he be copying answers to the questions on the paper? At length the examiner came up behind him, seized his hand and found a photograph he held in it. The student, in no wise chosen but to comply, delivered the hand object, which proved to be the photograph of the young lady who was soon to be his bride. He was, in every sense, a demagogue as a means of inspiration.
WANTED TO FIND THE EDITOR.
A sullen looking man with a horse-whip, entered a Nebraska newspaper office and asked the boy where the editor was. The boy "sized him up" and answered:
"Come to Ohio won't be back for six months."
"Where's the foreman?"
"He's gone to Washington with an invitation to the President. What do you back before cold weather. When do you want to paralyze 'em?"
"No, no, I owe \$1 and thought I'd pay up."
"That so? hold on a second, perhaps the editor hasn't started yet."
He whistled a long, dark form crawled out of the wood box and the editor was ready for business.

BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Tramp—Please, sir, give a poor man a few cents to buy a cup of coffee.
Philanthropist—You look as if you needed coffee.
"I do indeed, sir, I'm feeling very weak and miserable."
"Here is a dime. Now, go into that coffee-house and get yourself a good, strong cup of coffee."
Tramp takes the money, and, without thanking the benevolent gentleman, starts across the street in the direction of the saloon.
"Hello! Come back! There is no coffee over there," exclaimed the philanthropist.
"There ain't, eh? That's all you know about it. There is coffee and cloves in a saucer on the bar. I've been there before, old bossy!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

POMONA HILL NURSERIES,
POMONA, N. C.
Two and a half miles west of Greensboro, N. C. The main line of the R. & D. R. R. passes through the grounds and within 100 feet of the office. Salem trains make regular stops twice daily each way. Those interested in Fruit and Fruit growing are cordially invited to inspect this the largest nursery in the State and one among the largest in the South.
The proprietor has for many years visited the leading Nurseries North and West and corresponded with those of foreign countries, gathering every fruit that was cultivated to the South, both native and foreign. The reputation of Pomona Hill Nurseries is such that many agents are employed to sell the fruit in all sections of the South.
I have in stock growing in the open air—
Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Grape, Japanese Prunum, Japanese Plum, Apricot, Nectarine, Russian Apricot, etc., etc.
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THAT ONE-SIDED TRADE.

HOW THE FARMERS ARE STILL DEALT WITH BY THE "YANKERS."
Farmers, what control have you over the products of your labor? Do you price your corn or wheat, or tobacco or cotton? Are you not compelled to take just the price which others see fit to offer you? Have you any voice in the matter? An old man named Bark lived up in the mountains. He was a great horse trader, and when, near the close of the war, Stoneman was making a raid through our western counties, Bark concluded he would ride out, and make a reconnaissance. Mounting a pair of fat legs he started on his way, and, after a long ride, he came to a place where a number of men were gathered. They were the "Yankers," and they were talking about the "Yankers' horse." "Now take the road for your horse," said the officer, "Bark pathed his reins and turned to the officer and said: 'Will you please allow me one word before you go? I've been swapping horses for about sixty year, but damn me if this ain't the first time I ever swapped in all my life and I don't have a word to say in the trade.'"
"How many of you are playing Bark over every day in your business transactions? Get out of debt, organize and take care of yourselves and your interests."—Senator Vance, in a speech.

QUITE A CROOKED LOG, INDEED.

From the Greensboro News.
We learn that Luman Woodward's log for the old settlers' cabin is quite a marvel in its way. H. Crossley says he struck a tape-line along it from end to end. There is a sag or curvature of the spine in the middle that makes a divergence of six feet two inches from a straight line. The tree was cut by the owner because it made the cows in the pasture so cross-eyed to look at it that the butter from their milk made the children tongue-tied. The tree never leaved out till tall, because it took the sap all summer to find its way up to the branches. When Luman put the log on the fair ground it immediately began to roll all round the premises, being too crooked to be still. They had to whip up the team to get away from it.

ADVERTISING PAYS.

A Georgia exchange says that the first issue of the "Broadaxe," in Blakely, contained an advertisement: "A Boy Wanted at the Office." The next issue of the Early County News," published in Blakely, contained the following: "Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jordan, a bouncing baby boy." W. A. Jordan is editor of the "Broadaxe." Some people pretend to say that advertising doesn't pay; it does.

WINE, BEER, SODA.

CANNED GOODS.
EVERY DRINK IN SEASON.
C. Smith at Evans' old stand Washington avenue, Weldon, N. C. dec 14 1y

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 1y

WOODEN COFFINS.

which I will sell cheap, and which can be had at any hour, day or night.
Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention and cases shipped by first train.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
E. A. CUTHRELL,
First Street, Weldon, N. C.
sep 15 3m

WANTED TO FIND THE EDITOR.

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"Come to Ohio won't be back for six months."
"Where's the foreman?"
"He's gone to Washington with an invitation to the President. What do you back before cold weather. When do you want to paralyze 'em?"
"No, no, I owe \$1 and thought I'd pay up."
"That so? hold on a second, perhaps the editor hasn't started yet."
He whistled a long, dark form crawled out of the wood box and the editor was ready for business.

BEEN THERE BEFORE.

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"Hello! Come back! There is no coffee over there," exclaimed the philanthropist.
"There ain't, eh? That's all you know about it. There is coffee and cloves in a saucer on the bar. I've been there before, old bossy!"

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The proprietor has for many years visited the leading Nurseries North and West and corresponded with those of foreign countries, gathering every fruit that was cultivated to the South, both native and foreign. The reputation of Pomona Hill Nurseries is such that many agents are employed to sell the fruit in all sections of the South.
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Tramp—Please, sir, give a poor man a few cents to buy a cup of coffee.
Philanthropist—You look as if you needed coffee.
"I do indeed, sir, I'm feeling very weak and miserable."
"Here is a dime. Now, go into that coffee-house and get yourself a good, strong cup of coffee."
Tramp takes the money, and, without thanking the benevolent gentleman, starts across the street in the direction of the saloon.
"Hello! Come back! There is no coffee over there," exclaimed the philanthropist.
"There ain't, eh? That's all you know about it. There is coffee and cloves in a saucer on the bar. I've been there before, old bossy!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

POMONA HILL NURSERIES,
POMONA, N. C.
Two and a half miles west of Greensboro, N. C. The main line of the R. & D. R. R. passes through the grounds and within 100 feet of the office. Salem trains make regular stops twice daily each way. Those interested in Fruit and Fruit growing are cordially invited to inspect this the largest nursery in the State and one among the largest in the South.
The proprietor has for many years visited the leading Nurseries North and West and corresponded with those of foreign countries, gathering every fruit that was cultivated to the South, both native and foreign. The reputation of Pomona Hill Nurseries is such that many agents are employed to sell the fruit in all sections of the South.
I have in stock growing in the open air—
Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Grape, Japanese Prunum, Japanese Plum, Apricot, Nectarine, Russian Apricot, etc., etc.
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WOODEN COFFINS.

which I will sell cheap, and which can be had at any hour, day or night.
Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention and cases shipped by first train.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
E. A. CUTHRELL,
First Street, Weldon, N. C.
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SEE HIS LIQUORS,
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WANTED TO FIND THE EDITOR.

A sullen looking man with a horse-whip, entered a Nebraska newspaper office and asked the boy where the editor was. The boy "sized him up" and answered:
"Come to Ohio won't be back for six months."
"Where's the foreman?"
"He's gone to Washington with an invitation to the President. What do you back before cold weather. When do you want to paralyze 'em?"
"No, no, I owe \$1 and thought I'd pay up."
"That so? hold on a second, perhaps the editor hasn't started yet."
He whistled a long, dark form crawled out of the wood box and the editor was ready for business.

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