THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIX. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1889. NO. 48.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PATAPSCO 196 SUPERLATIVE PATENT C.A.GAMBRILL Mfg. Co. BALTIMORE.

THE Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS. ESTABLISHED--1774.

OUR PATENT ROLLER FLOURS

are manufactured from the CHOICEST WHEAT OBTAINABLE for which Baltimore as a market stands pre-eminent. Their superiority for UNIFORMITY, STRENGTH and UNAPPROACHABLE FLAVOR has long been acknowledged. The

PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT

Stands unrivalled. Of a rich, Creamy Color, it makes a Bread that will suit the Fastidious. ☞Ask your Grocer for it.

Patapsco Superlative Patent, Rolando Choice Patent,
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C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 214 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

aug 12 1y.

THE SPRING MEDICINE YOU WANT

Paine's Celery Compound

Purifies the Blood,
Strengthens the Nerves,
Stimulates the Liver,
Regulates the Kidneys and Bowels,
Gives Life and Vigor to every organ.

There's nothing like it.

☞Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I procured some of Paine's Celery Compound. The use of two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine, I do not know its equal. W. J. GREENSLAF, Brigadier General U. N. G., Burlington, Vt. $1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

Use It Now!

☞Having used your Paine's Celery Compound this spring, I can safely recommend it as the most powerful and at the same time most gentle regulator. It is a splendid nerve tonic, and since taking it I have felt like a new man. H. E. KNOX, Watertown, Dakota.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Props. Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Dye Fast and Fadeless. Easy, Elegant, Economical. LACTATED FOOD Infants thriving at every age. Nourishing, Wholesome, Delicious.

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Are now prepared to furnish

SUPPLIES AND CASH

To any one who will furnish good security, on reasonable terms.

Any arrangements can be made with ☞W. W. LONG, Littleton, N. C. sep 6 6m

Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine

FOR SALE BY P. N. STAINBACK & CO.

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Seeds and Plants Specially Adapted to the South.

Clover Seeds, Grass Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Seed Grain,

JAPAN CLOVER.

Garden Seeds, Vegetable and Flowering Plants, Etc.

Carefully selected Seeds of the best quality. Write for Prices and Descriptive Catalogue.

CATALOGUE of tested Seeds, Novelties, etc., and containing valuable information Mailed Free.

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Jan-10 2m

THE PLACE TO GET

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

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LOWEST PRICES,

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DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'S,

WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVE, 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.

GOD KNOWS.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

It droops and dies in morning light—
The rose that yesterday was whole;
"Ah, whither, on the wind of night,
Is borne the fragrance of my soul?"

It sinks upon the ocean zone—
The wind that smote the tender rose;
"Ah, whither has the fragrance flown,
And what shall give my soul repose?"

It breaks upon the rocky shore—
The vast, tumultuous, grieving sea;
"Ah, never, never, never more
Can love and peace come back to me!"

It sobs far up the lonely sky,
It faints in regions of the blest—
That endless, bitter human cry—
And only God can tell the rest.

IN THE CLUTCH.

BY M. QUAD.

It is a mid-Winter day, clear and sunshiny, and the two or three inches of snow under foot is slowly melting. Two or three more such days as this and the little hillocks would show the short grass which has been hidden so long.

A traveler on horseback is jogging slowly homeward over the trail which stretches out across the broad prairie like a never ending serpent. He whistles and sings and has no fear. Why should he? A dozen miles away, just where the snow capped plain has a faint fringe of green, is his home. It is a plain trail, and there is no one to molest him. The sound of his voice, as he hums an old familiar air, is still, faintly sounding in our ears when a shiver seems to pass through the air. It is a magnetic touch that chills you for the moment. There are a dozen rabbits in sight, and each one is making for the timber-fringed creek eight or nine miles away. They run as if greatly alarmed, and yet no one has frightened them. There is a second shiver, and we instinctively turn to the west. You may ride fifty miles in that direction and not meet with tree or bush or fence. Two or three miles away is a stray horse. A moment ago he was staring at us as if he had never seen human beings before. That second shiver started him off for the timber at a wild gallop. He looks back as he runs, as if he feared that wolves were on his trail.

So! As if coming out of the snow covered ground, a black cloud has caught the Western sky and is climbing up. At first sight it was no larger than a blanket, in twenty seconds it was a mile long. It is hardly a minute by the watch before the whole West is a gray-black, and the cloud is driving faster than a locomotive runs.

The traveler still whistles and sings. The sun is warm upon him and the black cloud has yet sent out no sign. Of a sudden the sun goes out of sight, as if a funeral pall had been drawn over its face and the horse wheels and faces the West. There is no need of signal now. There is an icy breath rushing along which crisps the melting snow as it touches, and the whole West is white with snowflakes. The horse holds his head high and snorts in alarm. The rider utters an exclamation of surprise—a groan of despair and then the race begins. Race? No! The blizzard is tearing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Instinct warns the horse to push for shelter. Wife and children and cabin on the rock are calling for the rider.

No man is brave who will not struggle against fate. But how useless! Mid-day has been turned to night. The clear atmosphere is so oppressed with whirling snow that one must breathe by gasps. The wind howls, raves, shrieks, envelops. The breath of the new-born blizzard cuts, stabs, thrusts, withers. The trail is blotted out in an instant. Instinct is baffled by cold and hurricane.

The horse has not run two miles before he is bewildered. After that he can run no more on account of the depth of snow. He stops, turns his head from the biting blasts, and says by his attitude: "I can do no more." The rider leans forward on his saddle and feels his blood chilling and his limbs growing useless. There is a fiercer, more exultant shriek to the blast, but the traveler smiles at it. He is growing warmer now. The wind doesn't slash and cut as it did. The blizzard will soon pass, and the sun will shine again. He will sleep for a quarter of an hour—ten minutes—five. He must sleep.

And days after, when the wails and tears of widows and orphans have given place to grief which lasts through a lifetime, the soft south winds will melt the drift and reveal horse and rider frozen stiff and stark. There will be words of regret to-day—scarcely a remembrance to-morrow. The prairies of the West are as the great lakes of the East. The awful storms of Winter claim their victims on the one; the roaring gales of Summer demand their pound of flesh on the other.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C. 181 Pearl st. New York.

oct 25 1 yr.

REV. L. J. HOLDEN.

THE REV. L. J. HOLDEN.

THE REV. L. J. HOLDEN was born in Orange county, North Carolina, on the 20th day of December, 1843. The year after his birth his father removed to Milton, N. C., where he died in August, 1851. The subject of this sketch was educated by the Rev. Dr. Henson (an eminent Baptist Divine, now of Philadelphia); McClean's Classical and Mathematical School, Milton; Col. Rogers, Leasburg, N. C., and Mr. Joe Speed, of South Lowell, now President of a College in Alabama. He was prepared for College at the age of 17, but the war broke out and he entered the Confederate army before he was 18 years old. He served through the war, and at its close he began life as a drummer and was engaged in this business for about two years, but was compelled to stop travelling on account of rheumatism contracted from exposure while in the army. He then settled in Orange county and engaged in farming. During this period he was happily married to Miss Josephine Lick on November 2nd, 1870.

Mr. Holden was converted under the ministry of the Rev. L. W. Crawford (now of New Bern) in September, 1871 and joined the North Carolina Conference at Goldsboro in December, 1873, and is still a respected and honored member of that reverend body. He was stationed at Rocky Mount in 1874 and '75, on Rolesville circuit three years, Henderson four years, Warrenton four years, Roanoke circuit at Littleton two years, and is now in his first year on Littleton and Weldon station.

At the last session of the North Carolina Conference at New Bern, in November, Mr. Holden was counsel for the Rev. Dr. J. B. Babbitt who was tried on charges preferred against him and acquitted. In the management of this case Mr. Holden made considerable reputation as a church lawyer, exhibiting a quickness and skill which would have done credit to any member of the bar.

Mr. Holden is a hard working, earnest minister of the Gospel and withal a man of fine executive ability, a quality which is so desirable and yet not always found in the ministry. He is a close observer of men and understands human nature to a very great degree. He is an impressive speaker and commands attention whenever he discusses any subject, whether in the pulpit or out of it. He is strong in his convictions and yet kindly to all; possessing that charity which suffereth long and is kind. 3,000 souls have been converted under his ministry, and of these, five have entered the ministry—the Rev. J. R. Tillery, of the Virginia Conference, stationed at Charles City; the Rev. R. C. Beamon, now pastor of the 5th Street Church, Wilmington; the Rev. R. W. Bailey and the Rev. Mr. Eure, of the North Carolina Conference; and the Rev. Joe Arrington, the sweet spirited boy preacher who died on Beaufort station several years ago.

Mr. Holden is yet in the prime of life and will accomplish still more for the cause of the Master, for he worketh while it is yet day.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

One phase in business life which is not an uncommon one, and which shows that the world wags not as badly as it is said to do, is the returning to the merchants of "conscience money." It very often comes under our notice. The last occasion I observed was the other day at Barr's, when a well known Catholic clergyman came up to Mr. Franklin, by whom I was standing, and handed him $10, which a penitent of his had asked him to restore to Barr's. Whether the amount the repentant creature returned had been taken in money or goods of course no one knew, and equally so of course only the priest knew the name of the person making restitution. Not very long ago a widow who had been very wealthy, but had been robbed of everything, was surprised by a visit of a gentleman who had formerly known her husband. He handed her $200, which he said had just come to him directed to his care to be delivered to her, simply labeled "Conscience money." You have heard the story of the man who sent $20 anonymously to a shop keeper, with this laconic note: "Here is $20 of money, which I stole from you. I send it because my conscience 'naws,' when it 'naws' again I will send the other $20." This philosophic, if illiterate, penitent is a fair sample of the kind we run across.

LUCK IN NUMBERS.

To see nine magpies is extremely unlucky.

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a marcou.

Virgil tells us in the eighth eclogue that the gods esteemed odd numbers.

The seven days of creation led to a septenary division of time to all ages.

There were seven wise men in antiquity and seven wonders of the world.

Nine grains of wheat laid on a four-leaved clover enables one to see the fairies.

It is an ancient belief that a change in the body of a man occurs every seventh year.

Falstaff says: "They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either by nativity, chance or death."

The number 3 was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning, middle and end.

In the Faroe islands there is a superstition that seals cast off their skins every ninth month and assume the human shape.

Miraculous powers are supposed to be possessed by the seventh daughter, but, as usual in the case of women, it has an occult power.

When a servant maid finds nine green peas in one pod she lays it on the window sill, and the first man who enters will be her "beau."

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even, and the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 belong to heaven, while the digits are of the earth, earthy.

There is a well-known superstition, current since the days of Ovid, that particular virtue, strength or danger lies in the ninth wave of a series.

The ancients not only noted the importance of seven as an astronomical period, but also connected with the seven planets the seven metals then known.

The second digit acquires an especially evil reputation among the early Christians, because the second day hell was created along with heaven and earth.

The number 9, besides being regarded as a lucky one, is possessed of mysterious properties, intensified from its being the product of three times three.

The Siamese have a regard for odd numbers of doors, windows and rooms in their houses, and that all staircases must have an odd number of steps.

"ANNIE LAURIE."

The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed, says a writer in the Chicago *Herald*, is a mystery to the author. I was raised on the next farm to James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father, and was personally acquainted with her and her father, and also with the author of the song. Knowing these facts I have been requested by my friends to give the public the benefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and was about seventeen years old when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father, was a farmer, who lived and owned a very large farm called Tragleston, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help, and among those that he employed was a man by the name of Wallace to act as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwelton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there, and the next morning, when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedside and waited on him until he died, and on his death bed he composed the song entitled "Annie Laurie."

All heavy goods at cost for cash to make room for spring stock. P. N. Stainback & Co.

Everything in clothing and dress goods at wholesale cost. M. F. HART.

Clearing out sale of jackets and cloaks at M. F. Hart's.

UNDER THE GUILLOTINE.

HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE ONE'S HEAD CUT OFF—A DOCTOR'S OBSERVATION.

Dr. Loye gives this detailed and very interesting account of an execution which took place three years ago at Troyes, and at which the author, together with another French medical man, was present:

"Both of us believed that our wide experience of bloody vivisection would have hardened us sufficiently to go through the spectacle without very great emotion. The condemned man had nothing by which he could attract any great interest or pity. He was a professional malefactor who, in his last exploit, had murdered my companion's aunt and cousin. We had, therefore, no reason to regard such a criminal with compassion. However, when the fellow arrived in front of the guillotine we could not help a feeling of painful emotion creeping over us, and by which no doubt we partly lost that mental neutrality which is necessary for all scientific investigations. As a proof of this fact I may say that the perception of time, of duration, was immediately disturbed with both of us.

"The carriage stopped near the guillotine. A policeman stepped out, a warden, the executioner's assistant and another policeman; they all seemed to move very, very slowly. At last the condemned man got out, accompanied by the chaplain, an executioner's assistant and a third policeman. He stood beside the vehicle with a pale face, eyes and mouth open, his flurried look fixed abstinately on the enormous knife which glittered at the distance of a few steps.

They arrived in front of the guillotine, the assistants threw the patient down and his head was fastened. When the upper part of the boards between which the man lay was fastened, it appeared to us as if he were already beheaded. Alas! I shall not soon forget the man's face. It was turned downward to the box into which his head would fall; he looked at this box with an expression of fear and terror such as I have never seen on any other face. His mouth was wide open, his forehead contracted, and the eyes seemed starting out of their sockets. It was a horrible sight.

At last the knife came down. We could follow it as it descended; we saw it slacken its speed as it neared the neck of the criminal; we saw the head cut inch by inch from before the board; the face being drawn into a terrible grimace, and making in its fall a kind of a bow. All this seemed to last an eternity. A dozen times I was on the point of calling out to the executioner to make haste and shorten our own and the patient's agony. I looked at my watch—and it appeared that only fifteen seconds had passed since the condemned man arrived under the guillotine. During these fifteen seconds I had seen every detail of the execution; I had seen the slow descent of the knife which falls in a third of a second, and I had seen the head slowly severed from the body.

My companion had felt the same widening out of time, and he was as surprised as I when he heard what was the exact time of the operation.

Our Baby.

Our baby, when two months old, was attacked with Scrofula, which for a long time destroyed her eyesight entirely, and caused us to despair of her life. The doctors failed to relieve her, and we gave Swift's Specific, which soon cured her entirely, and she is now hale and hearty.

E. V. DECK, Will's Point, Tex.

Scrofula developed on my daughter—swelling and lumps on her neck. We gave her Swift's Specific, and the result was wonderful and the cure prompt.

S. A. DEARMAND, Cleveland, Tenn.

Poison Oak.

In surveying I accidentally handled a poison oak vine, and in a few hours the usual eruption and swelling appeared. My face was swollen and disfigured, and my hands and arms seriously affected. I took Swift's Specific and it promptly cured me, and I have had no return of it—though this was five years ago. S. S. S. cured my son also of the same poison.

E. A. BELL, Anderson, S.C., Oct. 15, 1888.

Bruised Leg.

For several years I had Scrofulous sores on my leg, the result of a bruise I had received. Less than two bottles of S. S. S. cured them up, and there has been no return or sign of return. S. S. S. is a splendid tonic also. A. M. HILL, Abbeville, S. C., Oct. 20th, 1888.

Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Large stock cheap Furniture for sale cheap. P. N. Stainback & Co.

Overcoats and clothing must go. Examine prices. M. F. Hart.

"HUG HIM, TOMMY!"

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in his stable, which the seller accordingly did. Now, it happened that very day, that a man with a grinding organ and dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time, the organ man entered the farm-house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging. The farmer replied, he could give the man lodging but that he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable, which was done.

Now, the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it one morning; and the farmer and his guest were, in the night, awakened by a fearful yelling from the out building. Both got up, and taking a lantern, entered the stable, when the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him tremendously, for he could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer instantly understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstance to the owner of brain, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear:

"Hug him, Tommy," which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life, while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains Corns and all skin eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists at Weldon, Brown & Carraway, Halifax, Dr. J. A. McGwigan, Enfield.

Just received handsome walnut sets of furniture, dressing case and washstand marble top. P. N. Stainback & Co.

Call and see our parlor sets of furniture at $45.00. Seven pieces. P. N. Stainback & Co.

We have put the knife into our clothing and will close out all winter goods at low prices. P. N. Stainback & Co.

The boy who said he could sneeze just when he had a mind to, was told to verify his statement, but instead of sneezing replied that he hadn't got a mind to just then.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A RUINED HOME.

Our house is on fire! Our home is burning up!! What cry is piercing to the soul? Fire, indeed, is terrible when it destroys inanimate things we love, but how much more terrible when it destroys the living temple of the soul! Fire in the blood, how cruel its effect! Covering the fair skin with spots and blemishes. Twinging the limbs and joints with aches and pains, creating ulcers and running sores. Stinging the very roots of the hair and causing it to fall incessantly away. Cramping the functions of the liver and kidneys with internal swellings and sores. Disfiguring form and feature. Thank Heaven, in the midst of such fearful contemplation a QUICK CURE and sure and QUICK in its effect, comes to mind. It is Botanic Blood Balm, made in the beautiful city of Atlanta, Ga. An illustrated "Book of Wonders" sent free by the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., is filled with most convincing proof of its remarkable merit.

☞Robert Ward, Macon, Ga., writes: "For twelve or fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from a terrible form of blood poison. My head, face and shoulders became almost a mass of corruption, and finally the disease commenced eating away my small bones. I became so horrible in appearance that for three years I absolutely refused to let people see me. I used large quantities of most noted blood remedies and applied to nearly all physicians near me, but my condition continued to grow worse, and all said that I must surely die. My bones became the seat of excruciating aches and pains, my nights were passed in misery, I was reduced in flesh and strength, my kidneys were terribly deranged, and life became a burden to me. I resolved to use an advertisement of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) and when eight or ten bottles had been used I was pronounced sound and well. Hundreds of scars can now be seen on me, looking like a man who had been burned and then restored. My case was well known in this county."

BAD BLOOD

Lew Johnson, Belmont Station, Miss., writes: "My entire body was covered with sores and all my hair came out. I lost my appetite and became a mere skeleton. I am now taking B. B. B., and the sores are going away and my strength is coming back." (13)

CHAS. COCKADE MARBLE WORKS.

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Monuments,
Headstones,
Tombs,
Tablets, &c.

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☞A beautiful calendar for 1889 sent to any address on receipt of stamp for postage

CHARLES M. WALSH

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COME AND SELECT THE NEWEST NOVELTIES.

☞Butterick's patterns ordered with Fashion plate forwarded to any one on receipt of 2 cents for postage.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS, Weldon

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READ carefully the inside of each package. Be careful in following the directions on each package. You will be surprised at the results. Try it and you will never be without it.

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