

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1889.

NO. 19.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### 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.

### PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT

Stands unrivalled. Of a rich, Creamy Color, it makes a Bread that will suit the Fastidious.

Patapsco Superlative Patent, Rolando Choice Patent,  
Patapsco Family Patent, Orange Grove Extra,  
Baldwin Family, Mapleton Family,  
C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,  
214 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

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### ESTABLISHED 1868.

## JOHN N. BROWN, HALIFAX, N. C.

### DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST.

DEALER IN

PURE MEDICINES, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, DRUGS, CHEMICALS, CIGARS & CHEWING TOBACCO.

Patent Medicines, Trusses and Shoulder Braces, Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass, Furnishes and Dye-Stuffs, Lamp Oils and Lamp Chimneys, Garden and Field Seeds.

### HUGHSON & SULLIVAN'S SURREY BUGGY.



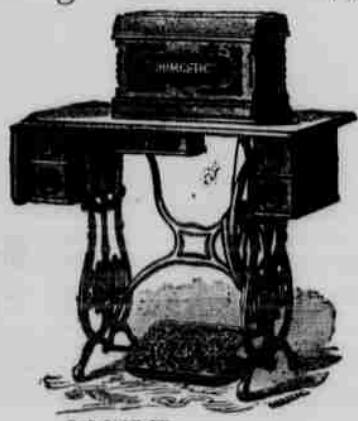
No. 65.

The Surrey Buggy is fast taking the place of the Truck, as it is much lighter and nearer in appearance and just as easy to get in and out of.

Write for Prices and Catalogue on our full line of best building, Wagon, Carriage, Carts and Coffers.

HUGHSON & SULLIVAN,  
ROCKFORD, N. Y.

## Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine



FOR SALE BY  
P. N. STAINBACK & CO.

Oct 14 ly

### THE PLACE TO GET

## DRUGS & MEDICINES,

—AT THE—

## LOWEST PRICES,

IS AT

### DR. A. R. ZOLICOFFER'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.

SOAPERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,

FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

These hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLICOFFER'S.

### SHE WAS THE BELLE.

A LITTLE COMPULSION FORCED THE FISH'S THE KISSING BEE.

Back in the North Carolina mountains the student of customs may still find material for research. The most unique are the kissing games, which still cling to the soil. A lot of big-limbed, powerful young men and apple-cheeked, buxom girls gather and select one of their number as master of ceremonies. He takes his station in the center of the room, while the rest pair off and parade around him. Suddenly, one young woman will throw up her hands and say:

"I'm a pinin'!"

The master of ceremonies takes it up and the following dialogue and interjection takes place:

"Miss Arabella Jane Aphthor says she's a pinin'." What is Miss Arabella Jane Aphthor a pinin' for?"

"I'm a pinin' for a sweet kiss,"

"Miss Arabella Jane Aphthor say she's a pinin' for a sweet kiss. Who is Miss Arabella Jane Aphthor a pinin' for a sweet kiss from?"

"I'm a pinin' for a very sweet kiss from Mr. Hugh Waddle." (Blushes, convulsive giggles, and confusion on the part of Miss Arabella Jane Aphthor at this forced confession.) Mr. Hugh Waddle walks up manfully and relieves the fair Arabella's pinin' by a smack which sounds like a three year old steer drawing his hoof out of the mud.

Then a young man will be taken with a sudden and unaccountable pinin', which after the usual exchange of questions and volunteered information, reveals the name of the maiden who causes the gnawin' and pinin'. She coyly retreats outdoors only to be chased, overtaken, captured, and forcibly compelled to relieve her captor's distress.

At one of these entertainments which it was the narrator's fortune to attend there was a remarkably beautiful young woman, who had been married about a month. Her husband was present, a huge, beetle-browed, black-eyed young mountaineer, with a fist like ham. The boys fought shy of the bride for fear of incurring the anger of her bulking spouse. The game went on for some time, when symptoms of irritation developed in the giant. Striding into the middle of the room, he said:

"My wife is ez pooty, 'n' ez nice, 'n' sweet ez any gyrl hyah. You uns has knowen her all her life. This game hez been a goin' on half an hour an' nobody has pined fur her onest. Ef some one doesn't pine fur her pooty soon thar will be trouble."

She was the bell of the ball's ter that. Everybody pine for her.

### MAXIMS OF MERIT

Let none wish for unearned gold. Be honest and then be generous. To-morrow may never come to us. Mockery never degrades the just. One fib is oft the cause of ten more. The poorest are the most charitable. The post of honor is the post of duty. It is not parsimonious to become economical.

Wealth or power can ennoble the mean. To-day is all the time we absolutely have. It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings. A single fact is worth a folio of argument. The worth of a thing depends upon the want of it.

Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning. Small profits little risk, large profits great risk. Something wrong when a man is afraid of himself. Whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted. Conscience dead as a stone is a heavy thing to carry. Employ no one to do what you can easily do yourself. A true man never frets about his place in this world. Better to die at the post of duty than to live elsewhere. Leave your business unduly and your business will leave you.

WITHIN SIXTY YEARS.—Within sixty years the world has seen: The discovery of the electric telegraph. The discovery of photography. The laying of Transatlantic cables. The discovery of the telephone. The emancipation of slaves in the United States and Russia. The establishment of ocean steam navigation. The unification of Germany. The discovery of the sources of the Nile.

GUARD AGAINST THE STRIKE. And always have a bottle of Acker's English Remedy in the house. You cannot tell how soon Croup may strike your little one, or a cold or cough may fasten itself upon you. One dose is a preventive and a few doses a positive cure. All Throat and Lung troubles yield to its treatment. A simple bottle is given you free and the Remedy guaranteed by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

### VERY INDIGNANT.

HE THOUGHT HE COULD CONVEY THE WHOLE TOWN IN A SHORT WHILE.

New York Graphic.

The Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, who is well known in this city and Baltimore, tells of an amusing episode of his first pastorate, which, by the way, was in a town on Long Island. "I was full of enthusiasm in those days," he says in telling the story, "and came nearer to believing myself a great preacher than I ever have since. This Long Island town to which I was assigned was considered ungodly, but with the optimism of youth I believed that my eloquence would soon reduce it to a state of innocuous virtue. Well, the day for my maiden sermon came around, and the church was well filled. I was never more eloquent than I was that day, and before I got half way through my sermon I felt quite confident of converting the whole town in short. Just then I saw a tardy brother enter the church and weave uncertainly up the middle aisle. It required no second glance to see that, full as the church was that morning, he was still fuller. I was in hopes that he would quietly drop into one of the seats near the door, but my hopes were in vain.

"By walking up both sides of the aisle he gradually got to the front pews, right under the pulpit. It then occurred to me that I might prevent an unpleasant scene by addressing a soothing and pleasant remark to my bachelorian brother. So I said in sympathetic tones, 'I perceive that the brother is sick. Perhaps if he were to allow the sexton to accompany him to the door he would speedily recover in the open air. I felt like congratulating myself on my diplomacy, but the sick brother seemed to misunderstand my good intentions. Bracing himself uncertainly against a pew, and gazing at me with a look of pained and indignant surprise, he remarked in thick but audible tones: 'It's a wonder to me that that thick (hic) bad presher' doesn't (hic) make 'em all sick.' This untidy repartee made everybody laugh, and when I left the pulpit I had given up all thoughts of converting the town by my eloquent preaching."

### JOGGING HIS MEMORY.

A clergyman in Iowa relates the following anecdote, and, as he says, ought to be a hint to all couples who are going to be married: A lady called upon him and announced her name as Mrs. M—a widow living in a distant part of the State. Her husband had been killed in the Civil War, and she had applied for a pension. But it was necessary for her to prove her marriage. This she had not been able to do, as her marriage certificate was lost and all the witnesses, except the minister himself, were dead.

She had come a long distance to get the minister's evidence, insisting upon it that he was the person who had performed the ceremony.

But I do not remember anything about it, madam," said the minister, after listening carefully to the woman's story. "I have married hundreds of people in the last twenty years, and I cannot recall your case at all."

"Why, you must remember that evening. I wore a traveling suit, and my husband was a tall man with black whiskers."

"But don't you remember, we came in while you were at supper, and you asked us to wait in the parlor a few minutes?"

"I don't remember it."

"Don't you recall how my husband was very much embarrassed, and during the ceremony knocked a vase off the table near which we were standing? And then he apologized right in the middle of the service, and we all laughed about it afterward?"

"I don't remember even that. Other things like it have happened since. Can't you name something else?"

Other little things were mentioned, and the clergyman hunted up all his old letters and journals in hope of discovering something that would recall the ceremony, and enable him truthfully to identify the widow. But all in vain.

Finally, the lady, with some hesitation and confusion, said: There is one thing that I am sure you cannot have forgotten. My husband had driven over from the next town. In his absent-mindedness he had left every cent of money at home.

"Now don't you remember that after the ceremony he came up to you as if to hand you the regular fee, and then, instead of doing that, he stammered and blushed, and finally asked you to lend him five dollars with which to pay his hotel bill, promising to return the money the next day? Surely you must remember that!"

"Ah, yes, indeed, I remember that very well!" exclaimed the minister. And he could not help adding, "I haven't seen the widow yet."

The widow received her pension shortly afterward and not long after that, the minister received a ten dollar bill, with the words: "Payment for a good memory."

A small stock of gents' handsome low shoes at a sacrifice. M. F. Hart.

### JEFFERSON DAVIS'S HOME.

A VISIT TO IT JUST BEFORE THE EX-PRESIDENT'S FORTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

New York Morning Journal.

Nothing could be quieter than the life led by ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland in their summer home at Marion, Mass. They occupy a long, low cottage, of beautiful design, on Little Hill, between the upper and lower villages, and about a mile from the railroad depot. Aside from the interest attaching to it through its present occupants, the cottage itself is interesting, having been designed by the famous architect, Richardson, of Boston, who during his lifetime, ranked unquestionably the greatest in the country.

It is the property of the Rev. Percy Browne, of Roxbury, Mass., a personal friend of the great architect, who was at the same time a parishioner of his, and induced him to construct this, the only small house designed by him.

The cottage is a two story dwelling, with a re-entering porch that opens into a hallway with the parlor on the right hand a charming little dining room on the left. A stoop on the extreme right of the building admits one to the parlor at that end, after ascending a few steps, which adds much interest to the architectural effect. Every body about the house and the parlor, the dining room and the hall are seen great bunches of wild flowers from the fields, and more luxuriant though not the more beautiful from the florists.

Mrs. Cleveland is a great walker, and may often be seen strolling along the high roads, accompanied by some of her neighbors, or driving into the woods on either hand in search of wild flowers to decorate her home.

Upstairs are the sleeping apartments, with sloping ceilings, and great dormer windows opening out upon the lawn or admitting the fresh, salt breezes from Buzzard's Bay.

Sited in a large wicker chair within the porch, a great St. Bernard dog curled up at her feet, Mrs. Cleveland spends a great part of the morning, when the weather is fair, reading the daily papers or the latest novel, and then strolls leisurely over to the studio back of her neighbor's house to chat with Mrs. Gilder while at her art work or to have a romp with the fair artist's lovely children.

The Clevelands have taken the house for the months of June and July, and selected that quiet New England village on Buzzard's Bay for the purpose of enjoying absolute rest for a little while. Mr. Cleveland goes up every Friday night by the Fall River Line and returns Monday night.

While in Marion the ex-President leads a very quiet life. Occasionally he goes sailing or fishing on the bay and is sometimes seen walking or driving about the village, accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland. On Sundays they attend services in the little village Congregational Church. Mr. Cleveland's weekly journey to and from Marion at-racks a great deal of attention on the roads, though he tries in every way to avoid it. People come up to him all the time and it is usually all he can do to prevent the greetings of his friends and the attention of those who desire to make his acquaintance taking the character of a public reception. As soon as he reaches the steamer he hastens to his state-room as quickly as possible, but can scarcely escape the well-intended importunity of his admirers.

### THE BELLE OF THE HILL.

MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND'S PRETTY SUMMER HOME AT MARION, MASS.

New York Herald.

It is reported—but we have no doubts—that a genuine Fountain of Youth has been found in Nevada.

If it proves true, that State is likely to become very thickly populated in a marvellously short time.

The number of people who are anxious not to leave this "weary vale of tears" and are quite willing to live awhile longer is remarkably large.

The preacher tells them every Sunday that the other world is incomparably better than this one, and that they will be freed at death from all the burdens and cares which have bowed them down with grief, but for some reason they are not ready to make the experiment, and would gladly pay half their income for a dozen bottles of water warranted to smooth the crows' feet from their eyes and give them a few years more in which to groan and suffer.

An old negro, more than seventy years of age, drank large draughts of this Ponce de Leon spring, and at the end of a month the gray hair was changed to black, the tottering step assumed the elasticity of youth, the old eyes, dimmed by years of toil, were flashing and bright, and he became almost as much a new man as though he had been born again.

We wait for corroboration, with the fear that an accident may happen to it before it gets here.

The philosophers of the Middle Ages believed that the wear and tear of tissue could either be checked altogether or so minimized that a man might live several hundred years.

Somehow they have always died before the precious concoction could be distilled.

The secret has never been discovered, though physicians find themselves at a loss to answer the question, Why must a man wear out?

The Nevada spring may be a very good thing in its way, but we should like to have a talk with that old negro and then take a good drink of the miraculous water ourselves before expressing a decided opinion of its merits.

Mr. Ralph Elkins lives at Marionville, Mo., and is a successful farmer. He says that he has been a great sufferer from impurities of the blood, which made his limbs stiff and gave him pain in the lungs, but that he took Swift's Specific, and it soon relieved him entirely.

We have sold Swift's Specific for six years in quantity lots, and the goods have been entirely satisfactory, and without a complaint from a single customer. HUTCHINSON & ELLIOTT, Paris, Texas.

Swift's Specific has a brisk and constant sale with us, and the universal verdict is, that as a blood medicine it has no rival. LANKFORD & TOYMAN, Druggists, Sherman, Texas.

Mr. Jas. J. McClellan, of Monet, Mo., says he had dyspepsia for eight years, which made him a wreck, sick and suffering during the whole time. After trying all the remedies, including all the doctors, in reach, he discarded everything and took Swift's Specific. He increased from 114 to 138 pounds, and was soon a sound and healthy man.

Some men so often stoop to contemptible deeds that it is a wonder they do not become round shouldered.

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 gratis to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.  
Oct 25 1 y. 181 Pearl St. New York.

### ETERNALLY YOUNG.

THE POOL OF YOUTH IS FOUND AT LAST—BRIEF AND LIVE FOREVER.

New York Herald.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS

### H. C. SPIERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—DEALER IN—

Toys, Fruits, Cakes, Crackers, Suits and Confectioneries of every description. Think I can truthfully say that I have, and keep on hand the best stock of Toys, Fruits, Confectioneries, that is kept in this part of

### NORTH CAROLINA.

I keep on hand a large and well selected stock of Groceries, Crackers, Hardware, Tinware, Woodware, Stationery, Stove Pipe and Elbows of all sizes.

Have on hand lots of Calf and other goods too numerous to mention. Call at the Brick Store in the Bottom and see

### FOR YOURSELF.

Orders by mail will have my personal attention. Return many thanks to the good people in this and the surrounding counties for past favors, and trust and hope they will allow me to serve them in the future.

Very truly,  
H. C. SPIERS, Weldon, N. C.

CHARLES MILLER WALKER,  
CORKADE MARBLE WORKS,

SOUTH SYCAMORE STREET,

PETERSBURG, VA.

Monuments,  
Headstones,  
Tombs,  
Tablets, &c.

Lowest cash prices guaranteed. All work warranted satisfactory.

Send a beautiful calendar for 1889 sent to any address on receipt of stamp for postage.

CHARLES M. WALSH,  
Oct 11 ly.

### Dobbins' Electric Soap

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP

—IN THE WORLD.

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid \$5,000 twenty years ago, has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago. It contains nothing that can injure the most delicate skin. It brightens and cleanses white, washes blemishes and blanches so as to make soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving it soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE

THERE is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric, where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions. It will pay you to make that trial. Like all best things, it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take cheap imitations. Dobbins' Electric Soap is made in the United States. It is pure and clean, and is safe for all uses. It will save clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

Dobbins' Electric Soap

in all quantities. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If your grocer is not all or far from his nearest wholesale grocer, ask him to order it for you. It is sold in all quantities, and is sold in all quantities.

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