

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1893.

NO. 38.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### A Cry in the Night A MOTHER Wakes to Find Her Little One Strangling.



She Saves Her Life by the Prompt Use of

### AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of AYER'S Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously awaited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well today, and I do not hesitate to say that AYER'S Cherry Pectoral saved her life."—J. WOODRUM, Wortham, Tex.

"I wish to express my high appreciation of AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, having had occasion to use it in many cases, two of which, W. F. Owen and Jos. Johnson, were cases of the lungs, involving almost the entire organ. The patients were treated by several physicians, and were pronounced to be in the last stages of consumption. Being placed in my hands, the main part of the treatment was AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. This was about eight years ago, and both men are now, to all appearance, in perfectly sound health. I have used this remedy in a number of other cases with like favorable results."—JOHN A. RITTER, M. D., West Baden, Ind.

"When my children had the whooping cough, AYER'S Cherry Pectoral did them more good than any other medicine."—Mrs. M. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Prompt to act, sure to cure

## COHEN'S PHARMACY

—New Line of—  
**STATIONERY**  
Just Received 150 Lined writing Tablets, which I'll sell at a small PROFIT.

Garwood's Extract, NACE'S TRIPLE, VIOLET WATER, WOODWORTH'S FLORIDA WATER, AND SACHET POWDER.



ACCURACY  
PURITY!

MY PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT is under the charge of a Graduate of Pharmacy.

Stag Brand Prepared Paints, Pure White Lead & Linseed oil. I'll sell paints at a very small margin.

A Large Stock of—  
**LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED.**

### THE PLACE TO GET

### DRUGS AND MEDICINES

—AT THE—  
**LOWEST PRICES,**

IS AT

**DR. A. R. ZOLICOFFER'S,**

WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVE. OPPOSITE R. 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

**ZOLICOFFER'S.**

## SYMPATHY.

As light as the stirring of angel's wings, As soft as the clouds in a summer sky, As sweet as the sound of a bird that sings, Beautiful, wonderful sympathy.

The link between heaven and earth it seems The ache of the heart for another's cry, The solace for loss of our fairest dreams, Beautiful, wonderful sympathy.

Hearts that throbb with life's pain and woe, Bow'd with a sorrow that ever is nigh, For thy dear presence shall heavenly grow, Beautiful, wonderful sympathy.

### A VIAL OF WRATH.

BY OPIE READ.

#### CHAPTER I.

In a northeastern region of Georgia, there is a community where, it is said, a man's honor is worth more than his gold. Of course this is not true unless—as possibly might have been the case—a man must have had a small amount of gold and an enormous degree of honor. But it is a fact in this community a man placed a very high estimate upon his own word. And it may naturally be inferred that the code flourished as a fever that followed the chilly observance of ritual though rigid rules of social conduct. The code did flourish, and it flourished so luxuriantly that every man in the community became so expert a shot that a duel meant almost certain death for both parties.

In this community there lived two young men who had grown up in rivalry not in the nature of a love affair, but had early learned to despise each other's good points. Billings acknowledged one day that he really did not know why he hated Podesley. "But do you really hate him?" some one asked.

"Hate him! Why, hydrophobia never hated pure blood as I hate that fellow." He hesitated a moment and then added: "Rather an odd comparison, gentlemen, I admit, but when I think of that man I have a mania—a feeling that I have been bitten by a mad dog. And yet, I stand ready to commend him, acknowledging him to be a man of good manners, of good family and good graces. But I hate him and he hates me."

"It's strange that you've never come together," a man remarked.

"Yes, it is rather strange, and yet not so strange either, when you consider the fact that neither of us has ever given the other cause to take active offense. I hated him at school and I have hated him everywhere, and what is strange to me is that instead of my hate wearing out as the years of judgment come on, it seems to become deeper, as the roots of a poisonous vine that push their way further and further into the earth. I suppose we'll come together some day."

Billings had been waiting for the blacksmith to shoe his horse, and as the work was now done he mounted and rode away. He had not been gone long when Podesley rode up. He did dismount, but turning sideways in his easy and half-drawing way to harangue the party of men sitting about the door. "I have just seen the new circuit rider," said he, "and he told me that he expected to do a great work in this neighborhood. I informed him that there was plenty of material lying around, and that as soon as I get through with my own particular harvest I would help him with his. Oh, I think that I can swing a cradle in the tangled wheat and tares of sin. But I don't think that the preacher took my offer in good part. He asked me if I were a professor, and I had to tell him that there is still remained several degrees of sanctity that I had not taken. Thereupon, fellow citizens, he rebuked me."

"And he serred you right," said the blacksmith, who stood in the door, wiping his hands on his sheep skin apron.

"I suppose you're right, Tobe," Podesley replied, "but it does rather chafe me to see a young fellow just from school, just from an ambitious examination into which his earthly pride urged him by promising him a prize—I say it chafes me to hear that young fellow talk to older men about the sin of the world and of the great work which he himself is expected to perform. And yet, if it had not been for a certain man in this community I suppose that I should have been a preacher. It was my mother's prayer and my own intention, but as the time drew near I found that my heart was too full of hate to preach the gospel of love."

"But couldn't you let the love for the many overcome the hate of the one?" the blacksmith asked.

"No, I threw personal inclination and a mother's yearning on the side of love of the many, but there stood the hate, defying everything."

"We all know who the object of hate is," said the blacksmith.

"Oh, I suppose you do, for there has never been any concealment of it. All his friends and all my friends know it. And yet, to tell you the truth, I don't know why I hate him. It has been a mystery to me nearly all my life. But I remember that about the first bull I thought I ever had was the idea that he had been born merely to annoy me. His

sympathy, though, was always of a passive kind. I have never been able to call him to account for anything that he has said or done. And this makes me hate him still more. Well, boys, take care of yourselves."

He rode away, turned to the right and galloped down the country road. He had not gone far when he saw, a short distance ahead, a man sitting on a horse, talking to a girl who had brought a gourd of water from a house near by. Podesley knew the man and he rode past him, without turning his head, but the girl must have seen that he cast a hard look for she drew back from the fence and said something in an undertone. Podesley rode on. Billings' horse soon came castering after him. The road abruptly dipped down and crossed a small stream. Podesley halted to let the horse drink. Billings rode into the stream and halted.

"Bright weather we're having," said Billings.

"Yes, rather. But I don't think that a little rain would do any harm."

"No, except to some weakling who might chance to get wet."

"That's a fact," Podesley rejoined; "and by the way, there are weaklings in this neighborhood."

"Yes, I know of one."

"And I know of one."

"Then there must be two."

"I know of but one."

They rode out of the stream, rode side by side. "Billings," said Podesley, "I hate every hair on your head."

Podesley, "I loathe every bone in your body."

"Ah, ha! but bones are stronger than hair."

"Yes, but Samson's strength was in his hair."

"That's so? How different from you. Your strength seems to be in your tongue."

They halted, faced about and looked at each other. "Billings," said Podesley, "it does seem to me that we have lived in hate of each other long enough to come to some sort of sensible agreement. I know what you feel by contemplating what I feel myself. So long as we both live there is no real happiness for either of us. Why this neither of us can tell but it is a fact. And now can't we come to some sort of agreement?"

Billings was slowly stroking his horse's mane. "I should think so," he answered. "I am more than willing to risk my life to kill you, but I don't desire that you should kill me. We might fight a duel with guns or pistols—real gentlemen don't fight with knives—but that would mean sure death for us both. And I insist that there is no need of but one of us dying."

"That's true," Podesley agreed. "And, to show you the interest I take in the matter, I would much rather that you would be the one to die."

"That is natural, and is therefore commendable," said Billings. "At any rate this thing can't go on much longer, and we must in consequence, fix up some sort of scheme. Now let me make a suggestion! We will draw lots to see which one shall shoot the other. No, that would have too much the appearance of murder. Let me see. We'll draw lots to determine which one shall take poison. And the man who draws the poison lot shall write a statement to the effect that he has committed suicide. The poison shall be handed him by the winner. What do you say?"

"It's unique, and is therefore agreeable to me. Meet me here to-morrow at twelve o'clock. Let each man bring a written confession and a dose of poison."

"I'll be here," said Billings.

#### CHAPTER II.

At twelve o'clock the next day they met in the road. They came about. "Before we enter into this little competition," said Podesley, "we stake our honor as gentlemen to carry every detail of this contract, and to do so without carping or grumbling. If I win, you take the poison as soon as I give it to you; if you win I shall do the same."

"I agree. My honor, which is worth more than my life, is at stake."

"Here, flip this coin."

Podesley won. They are now standing in the woods. Billings took out his confession. "I will be found holding this in my hand," said he. "I have left a copy of it at home so that there will be no question about its genuineness."

He broke a vial against a tree and said: "Give me that." Podesley was holding a vial in his hand. "I say give me that and let's have this thing over. Why don't you give it to me?"

"I will in my own good time. Mind you, your life belongs to me. When I call for it, you must, without a word in objection, yield it up. I will see you again. Good day."

and a friend who happened to look into his room one night saw him holding a small bottle in his clasped hands, bonding over and laughing. One day Podesley met Billings in the road. They halted and Podesley took out the vial. Billings took out the confession.

"You are mine."

"Yes, do you want me now?"

"I can't surrender my great victory so suddenly. I must play with you awhile longer. I didn't know that I was so full of fun." He laughed.

"And I didn't know you were so full of the devil."

Podesley laughed again. "I am going away," he said, "and when I come back I want you. Good by for a time."

Two years passed. It was rumored that Podesley had been killed in the Black Hills. There was no cause to doubt the rumor. An old man from the far west said that he had seen him die. This was three months after he had left home. Billings was free. He married the girl who had once brought him a gourd of water.

It was Christmas morning. Billings was sitting by his fire. His wife was hanging evergreens about the room. Some one shouted at the gate. Billings went out.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" his wife asked. She had seen him stagger when he stepped out. A man on horseback was at the gate. Podesley had returned.

"I thought you were dead," said Billings, "or this would not have happened." He waved his hand toward the house. His wife was standing in the door. She could not hear him.

"But you see that I'm not dead," Podesley answered. "Two weeks ago I started back here to claim my own." He took out the vial.

"You have but to claim it."

Podesley smiled. "I say that I started back to claim my own."

"I understood what you said."

"And do you know what I would claim?"

"My life."

"No, your prayers. My mother is dead and her prayer has been answered. There is no hate in my heart. I will now attempt to teach men to live better lives, and I begin by making you a Christmas present. Your life is your own—and God's." He snatched the vial on a stone, bowed to the woman who stood in the door and galloped away.

### THE SUFFERING EDITOR.

HE HAS A LIVELY INTERVIEW WITH A MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

Chicago Tribune.

"Cap'n are you the editor of this paper?" The speaker was a tall, raw-boned, middle-aged man with faded reddish hair and a hand like a smoked ham.

"I am sir," replied the editor of the Peaville Bugle. "What can I do for you?"

"You had a piece in your paper this week about a marryin' at Hopkin's Run last Thursday, didn't ye?"

"Yes sir, I believe I did."

"The marryin' was at Phil Crumpet's wasn't it?"

"I think it was."

"His oldest gal was married to Clum Harkins. That right?"

"That is right."

"You wrote the piece, did ye?"

"Of course I—I wrote it, but—"

"Stop right there! You wrote it, hey?"

"The—the facts were given to me by somebody from that neighborhood and—"

"The facts!" howled the raw-boned stranger, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang that jarred the editor in his chair.

"They war'n't facts! You said the weddin' passed off quietly?"

## REMEMBER THE CHILDREN.

LET THE DOMESTIC SPIRIT OF THE CHRISTMAS TIME PERVADE THE WHOLE YEAR.

Christmas is preeminently a day of domestic pleasure. And it is to be regretted that the cheerfulness, good will and domesticity of Christmas do not pervade the entire year. Christmas is about the only season when busy American fathers take time to realize that children are the poetry of the world, the fountains of love, the flowers of home, the incarnations of the smile of God and benefactors from Heaven.

A father who usually left home before the children had gone to bed coming out of his house one morning found his little boy playing in the gutter and boxed his ears. When his mother asked him what was the matter he replied: "A man hit me." "What man?" "The man that stays here Sundays." The busiest man should find at least a few moments every day to give to his children. A father never seems so interesting as when during the Christmas he becomes a boy again and helps the children in their sports and games. Your children have the inalienable right to expect happiness at your hands. Weave yourself with the memories of your children. Make the days of childhood happy. Richer than millions is the heritage that parents give of a happy childhood, with tender memories of father and mother. If we could send the Christmas domestic love in all its purifying power through the year it would bind all hearts into one bundle of life, breathe music into the voice, take the sting from disappointment, put brightness into the frown, make home the place of which we could never tire, and be to us a sweet taste of the eternal Christmas day in Heaven when there will be a family reunion without a son or daughter absent and when our Heavenly Father shall have all His children with him in glory.—Madison C. Peters, in Chicago Mail.

EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE Z STAMP IN RED WRAPPER. J. H. ZELDEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Scientific American  
PATENTS  
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

Chas. M. Walsh,  
South Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

There now make brandy from potatoes. The King of Siam's hat weighs 27 pounds.

There are 1,500 miles of railroad in Japan.

London is to have a tower 1,150 feet high.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia.

There are 512,500 telephones in this country.

Some gold veins in Australia are 150 feet wide.

A German clock is warranted to run 9,000 years.

The Rocky Mountain ranges are 300 miles wide.

In a month Great Britain uses 200,000,000 hanks.

The first cable railway was laid in San Francisco in 1873.

Last year's gold product amounted to 6,010,000 ounces.

Snakes' eggs are considered a luxury by Dakota Indians.

Broken limbs are more frequent in winter than in summer.

Women can wear trousers in France by paying a tax of \$10.

An adult perspires twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Harrison is the only living ex-president of the United States.

A seat in the New York stock exchange recently sold for \$17,000.

A man has just died in New York State by the name of Constant Agony.

The tenement houses in New York city accommodate 276,585 families.

The rubber pencil tip is said to have brought \$100,000 to its inventor.

Paris gets its water supply from six springs, through 83 miles of aqueduct.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and thing to be proud of. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamp and let you keep the book. Address H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Alaska has four newspapers, while New York has 916, and the United States 29,224.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Royal Baking Powder  
Absolutely Pure  
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,  
106 Wall St., N. Y.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.



### The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons' Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do. It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE Z STAMP IN RED WRAPPER. J. H. ZELDEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Scientific American  
PATENTS  
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

Chas. M. Walsh,  
South Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

There now make brandy from potatoes. The King of Siam's hat weighs 27 pounds.

There are 1,500 miles of railroad in Japan.

London is to have a tower 1,150 feet high.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia.

There are 512,500 telephones in this country.

Some gold veins in Australia are 150 feet wide.

A German clock is warranted to run 9,000 years.

The Rocky Mountain ranges are 300 miles wide.

In a month Great Britain uses 200,000,000 hanks.

The first cable railway was laid in San Francisco in 1873.

Last year's gold product amounted to 6,010,000 ounces.

Snakes' eggs are considered a luxury by Dakota Indians.

Broken limbs are more frequent in winter than in summer.

Women can wear trousers in France by paying a tax of \$10.

An adult perspires twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Harrison is the only living ex-president of the United States.

A seat in the New York stock exchange recently sold for \$17,000.

A man has just died in New York State by the name of Constant Agony.

The tenement houses in New York city accommodate 276,585 families.

The rubber pencil tip is said to have brought \$100,000 to its inventor.

Paris gets its water supply from six springs, through 83 miles of aqueduct.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and thing to be proud of. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamp and let you keep the book. Address H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Alaska has four newspapers, while New York has 916, and the United States 29,224.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Royal Baking Powder  
Absolutely Pure  
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,  
106 Wall St., N. Y.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Groceries!

I. K. T. B.

I now occupy the brick store between H. C. STUBBS and C. L. CLARK'S.

I am receiving and opening a full line of STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

I will keep hand a selected stock of Groceries, Fruits, Confectioneries, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Woaden and Willow Ware, Crockery, Glass, Tin Ware, etc., etc.

I will sell at the

Lowest Prices.

I also return my sincere thanks to my many friends and acquaintances for their kind, liberal patronage in the past and solicit a continuance of the same, with gratitude to please.

Very Respectfully,  
J. L. JUDKINS,  
Weldon, N. C.

THE Weldon Racket Store,

GOOD GOODS at LOWEST PRICES.

Call early and avoid the rush.

H. C. STUBBS, Manager.

FALL GOODS!

Grand Display at—

TILLERY'S.

FALL DRESS GOODS.

(with trimmings to match.)

In Black and Colors. Fancy weaves and Novelities. Full line of CLOTHING.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

If you can't get a fit in stock we can have them made to order. It takes only 5 days to make a suit.