

# THE ROCKOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1894.

NO. 43.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

RESTORES

Color, Fullness, and Texture TO HAIR

Which has become Wiry, Thin, or Gray.



"Some five years ago, I was not a little alarmed to discover that my hair was falling out, threatening speedy baldness. AYER'S Hair Vigor being recommended, I procured a bottle and at once applied it to my hair and scalp, continuing to do so for several weeks, and was happily surprised to find my hair stopping falling and new hair came out full of life and vigor. AYER'S Hair Vigor does not only restore new hair, but gives new life and vigor to its growth, and is a blessing to all who use it."

Rev. D. J. Burr, Baptist Minister and Clerk of the Superior Court, Dawsonville, Ga.

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value. To make use of any other than the old standard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the Superior Blood-purifier—is simply to invite loss of time, money, and health. If you are afflicted with scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Humming Sores, Tumors, or any other blood disease, be assured that it pays to use AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER'S Hair Vigor. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can always be depended upon. It does not vary. It is always the same in quality, quantity, and effect. It is superior in combination, proportion, appearance, and in all that goes to build up the system weakened by disease and pain. It searches out all impurities in the blood and expels them by the natural channels.

### AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you

## COHEN'S PHARMACY

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

ACCURACY  
PURITY!

NEW DRUGS RECEIVED EVERY WEEK

Stag Brand Prepared Points. Pure White Lead & Lined 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. ZOLLICOFFER'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

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

### ON THE OLD-TIME PORCH.

We sat there yester eve beneath the lancing vines. Where still the morn'g glory above the doorway blooms. And the nightingales were singing just as they sang of yore. When first she said "I love you," but now she loves me more!

The same old place: the rocker in which she sat while I. Half fearful that the stars would hear the secret in the sky. Leaned her way just a little, and said: "I love you!" Sure, I meant it then, and loved her true, but now I love her more!

The old days seemed to come again while sitting side by side. Where first she said she'd be my wife—we didn't call it "bride"—I told her then: "How sweet you are!" an' 'fraid my pillow thrills. With all that sweetness close to me—but now she's sweeter still!

We talked it over, sitting there, near love's own happy lands. And once more felt the first sweet joy that comes of hold'g hands. She seemed to be my sweetheart still—'twas all just as before. But I'd changed each other closer, and we loved each other more!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

### JOY AT THE FAIR.

The Delightful Experience of a Hard-Working Family.

"Wall, when be we a-goin' to the fair, Alvir?"

"Hev you gone plan crazy, Eben Jenkins? The fair ain't for the likes of us. It's only for rich folks an' such! Don't you read ev'ry night 'bout the big don's an' the Mifflintin' times of the 'drectors, an' the farmers, an' the fixed-up women, gallowantin' roun' ev'rywhere? How'd we look, I'd like to know, attendin' to them recitations they're a-havin' of pink an' yellow an' all sorts of colors, to suit the skins, I s'pose, of all them natives from far-away countries?"

"It's no ways likely, Alvir, that we'd be obliged to fine these doins. I've ben a-workin' an' savin' for a hull year, jest to go to the fair a few days—you an' me an' the children. It seems like it would give us a taste of something we've need all our lives."

"I s'pose you'll hev your way, Eben Jenkins, you most always do. But I can't for the life of me tell how we're goin' to pay for the winter's coal, an' the flannels an' shoes, an' ev'rything that'll be comin' along soon enuff! Of course, if you go to the fair I'm bound to go, too, for I ain't promise to be your partner for better or for worse, and if it's to be the city of destruction, so long as I draw a breath you'll fin' me by your side!"

"Never mine that, Alvir! I know you for a savin' an' a helpin' wife, but as long as I've two good hands, an' it's the children'll never go hungry, an' it's 'cause of all this that I think we ought to go to the fair, an' I'm mos' sure the money we'll spend'll be made up to us some way."

"I hope it's not styin' in the face of Providence we are, Eben Jenkins, that's all I've got to say!"

"Next week the shop'll shut up a few days for repairs, an' then, Alvir, we'll all take a vacation an' see some of the wonders that the world has sent to Chicago."

Full, indeed, were the next few days for the members of the little household. There were two children, Hiram, a sturdy boy of twelve, whose fertile brain was hourly working with tremendous zeal upon half-digged impulses, and his little sister Ruth, who had quiet, dreamy ways. "For all the world jest like her father, Hiram an' his 'visionin', her mother said, "but sweet an' lovin' for all that!"

It was but a few hours' ride to Chicago, and then Eben Jenkins and his wife and children drifted into the great human current sweeping on in ceaseless course to the White City and its wonders.

It was a pleasant sight to watch this family of four within the gates. The father was thickset and strongly built, with an air of rugged strength and purpose. His garments were chosen more for wear than nicety of fit; his necktie was awry and his stiff boots creased, but there was something wholesome and helpful about him that rested all who saw him.

His wife was slim and spare and moved with nervous energy. Her clothing dated some seasons back, but this she did not mind. Fashion did not bother her. Hiram's jacket and trousers were of home manufacture, made from "father's," and large enough to "grow in."

The only bit of finery about the party was little Ruth's hat, with its pink ribbons and apple blossoms, no prettier than the childish face beneath them. The children carried between them a huge lunch basket woven of sweet-scented grasses, a family souvenir from "way down east."

Through the streets, and over bridges, and on and on until they were well into the city, they reached the Administration building. Scarcely had a word been spoken, the silence only being broken by the children's exclamations.

Suddenly Mrs. Jenkins stopped. She seemed strangely agitated. The reins upon her forehead were swollen, and her looks betrayed repressed emotion.

"What is it, Alvir? Is anything the matter? Are you feelin' sick?" "Feelin'?" Eben Jenkins, what ain't I feelin'? I might as well with it as I first as last! I'll give in, 'twas jest a tarrin' scheme of me opposin' you 'bout comin' to such a hev'ny place! Seems like I can't get over it, an' I ain't got no words to tell how sorry I am, nor how glad I am that you went right on so quiet like an' hev your own way. Why, it's worth livin' a full lifetime to leave the housework an' the drudgery, and forgit it, as if it never was! With all the whiteness, an' the music playin', an' the peaceful feelin' ev'rywhere, it's mos' like the fulfillin' of the blessed Promise!"

"It's paid already, Alvir, ben' its done you good," said her husband, in gentle tones, turning toward her a beaming face, with a kindly light in his honest eyes. "It is real helpin' an' upliftin' like. An' don't you notice, Alvir, how there's nothin' noisy, nor bolsterous 'mongst all the people. It's jest as if there was somethin' of a Sunday sacred feelin' in the grandness of it all!"

Frugal and hard working and industrious, Eben Jenkins and his wife had found little time for even the simple pleasures within their means. But now there had come to them a privilege passing beyond mere pleasure, and wakening to life the unworled delight of new thoughts and purposes and ideals.

The same earnestness that entered

into their daily duties ruled them; in their visits to the various buildings and exhibits. The children asked questions, and the parents answered them as best they could. Every moment of the few days they could spend at this marvelous world gathering, must mean something to all of them. Eben Jenkins was a machinist, and possessed, to a large degree, the inventive faculty. Many were the devices fashioned by his skill, and used by his employers with profit, but thus far they had brought him no financial gain, a never ceasing cause of regret to his wife, who often remonstrated with him, for "spendin' so much time evenin' at somethin' that didn't bring no pennies to their pockets." His answer always was, that he "didn't count as wasted what might do somebody good some time."

He was standing one day before an exhibit of a machine in which he was greatly interested, when his wife reminded him of the passing time. "I do declare, Eben, it seems like you was measurin' ev'ry inch, an' countin' ev'ry screw, an' calculatin' ev'ry thing 'bout that machine!"

"Don't grudge me a little time here, Alvir! This seems to clear up somethin' I've ben studyin' on for ever so long, an' as sure as I can make it work we'll none of us ever be sorry we come to the world's fair."

They had spent nearly a week at the fair, and had but one more day to stay. They had been to Maine's state building, "jest to see," they said, "if it would seem like home," and, sure enough, they fancied that the hills were nearer and that they could almost taste the salt sea breeze. The childhood days came back, and the village schoolhouse under the bending maples and the old-time memories were full upon them, as they sat down to rest and recall more vividly life's early scenes.

The children, Hiram and Ruth, had wandered a little distance and were talking to a man seated alone upon a bench. "And so your little folks have come to the world's fair?" he was saying to them. "Can't you tell me your names?"

"My name is Hiram Newton Jenkins," responded the boy, "an' my sister's name is Ruthie Newton Jenkins, an' our father an' mother's over there, an' we've all been in the Maine buildin' 'cos they used to live there when they was little, like us."

Suddenly the stranger rose, and calling to the children, hastened to the place where their parents sat.

"Alvir, have you forgotten me?" Mrs. Jenkins looked up at the bronzed face of the stranger man for an instant, and then cried out: "Brother Jacob, that we've mourned as dead for many years? For all the world, a miracle, an' nothin' else!"

Explanations quickly followed. Jacob Newton had left his home in Maine long years before for the far west. Sickness and lost letters and removals had followed, and so the brother and sister had drifted apart. This year he had been down to the old home in Maine, and was taking in the fair on his return trip. And still more news came. Mrs. Jenkins told the death of an old aunt who had left three thousand dollars to this brother and sister in case they could be found within two years, falling which, the sum was to revert to a certain charity.

Words cannot paint the blessedness of such reunions. Tenderness and joy and strength spring up like flowers and wreath the with beauty life's duties and its trials.

"Eben Jenkins," said his wife to him, in tones of unwonted gentleness, "don't you know the hull world seems different from what it ever did before? Sort of swimmin' roun' in smiles like! An' I'm so glad, it's all come 'bout through us goin' to the world's fair. I never shall feel a bit sherry 'bout your havin' your own way after this!"

"Sometimes, Alvir, I'm thinkin' it ain't our own way we're havin' so much as 'tis the Lord's way. Wan't it the Lord that put it into the minds of all the nations to come together an' bring their treasures an' show 'em to each other, an' how can it help ben' a blessing to all who go to seek the knowledge He's set out like a feast before 'em? It's sure enough like settin' down to our Hev'nly Father's table an' partakin' of His bounty!"—Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean.

"Eben Jenkins," answered David S. Jordan, "let me tell you a story. When I was in college at Cornell there came a bright young Russian to study by the name of Dabrocheff. This young man was of such perceptive powers, and deeply interested in the progressive practical sciences and questions. He studied very hard for four years, did much more work than any single term required, and graduated with the honors of his class. He removed to New York and entered into a successful practice of civil engineering. In Russia I made inquiries and there learned, to my astonishment and sorrow, that the student had been suspected of treason, tried and sentenced to Siberia, where he had died in fifth and chains!"

"First Beggar—"Are you blind by nature?" Second Beggar—"Not only by profession."—Drake's Magazine.

CATARH IN THE HEAD—Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or grip but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

It won't do for the man who claims to love the Lord on Sunday to be found selling goods with a short yard stick on Monday.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.



ALBERT S. WILLIS, U. S. Minister to Hawaii.

### A GHOST STORY.

A HAUNTED HOUSE AT WILMINGTON WITH ALL THE ACCESSORIES OF WEEPING WOMEN, CLANKING CHAINS AND MOVING OBJECTS.

Wilmington Review.

Did anybody know that we had right here in Wilmington a haunted house—a genuine, haunted house, with all of the accessories of weeping women, clanking chains and moving objects? Well, there is one here. It is on one of the downtown streets and not far removed from the heart of business. It is not an old house, either, as it was erected not many years ago. A lady resident rented this house some little time back and moved in there a few days later. Her grandson, a lad some 17 or 18 years of age, occupied a hall room on the top floor. He was awakened the first night by some movement of the bed, and looking up, saw a woman with long black hair streaming down her back, and with closed eyes and listless face, leaning over him. He was too frightened, to call out but buried his face among the bed clothes and remained there until morning. He was fearfully frightened but little attention was paid to his recital as it was thought that he had merely had "bad dreams." The next Tuesday a lady relative from another town arrived here on a short visit and was assigned to this room. She retired about 10 o'clock and soon after was asleep. She does not know how long she had slept when she was awakened by a violent shaking of the bed frame. She could not account for this, but soon after fell asleep again when she was again awakened by the shaking of the bedstead. She could see nothing but shortly after the bed clothes were violently agitated and wereshaken up and down so roughly that she became very cold. She turned over in the bed and a moment after distinctly felt a cold hand passed over her face. She did not swoon and although she is a woman of remarkable nerve she was so badly frightened that it was some time before she could recover sufficiently to leave the bed and seek refuge in another room. A gentleman in the family has also, it is said, had some experiences of a like nature.

These are the facts, as narrated to us this morning, and they came to us from a thoroughly reliable source. For obvious reasons, we do not mention here either the name of the family or the location of the house. The former, by the way, vacated the premises after the revolutions of the Tuesday night we have described above.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

LEADER OF THE ADVENTISTS EXPLAINS WHY THE EVENT IS CLOSE AT HAND.

Elder Smith, head of the Adventists has issued a statement showing why his followers believe the world is soon to come to an end. He says the Gospel was intended to do a specific work in the world—to gather out a people for the Lord, as stated in Acts, xv, 14.

"We believe," says Elder Smith, "the Gospel has nearly accomplished its work in the world and that a change of dispensation is at hand. We believe a change is also awaiting the physical world, and that change is described in Second Peter, iii: 7. We understand that this physical globe is to be renewed and will be the everlasting abode of the redeemed under the title of a 'new Heaven and a new earth,' Revelations xxi, 1. Then will be fulfilled Christ's words in Matthew v. 5."

The Mosaic law prescribed an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Paper is made from tobacco stalks.

Massachusetts has 200 button factories. There are a million more men than women in the United States.

### PERFECT FAITH.

WHEN THEY CAME IN THE MORNING THE BOY LAY DEAD, HIS HAND STILL HELD UP FOR JESUS.

A street boy in London had both his legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid nearby, picked up sick with the famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you'd never hunger any more, and have no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ax such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He would not stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that, if you ax him."

"How can I ax him, if I don't know where he lives? and how could I get there with both legs broke?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passed by. The teacher said that he goes around. How do you know but what he might come to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad! Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by."

They got the hand up; it dropped. They tried it again; it slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said, "I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand. Put yer elbow on my pillow; I can do without it."

So his hand was propped up. When they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.

You may search the world, and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to a mission school but once.—John B. Gough.

### A LITTLE SUBBEAM.

Railroad engineers and firemen, grimy and taciturn, lead a more dangerous life than any soldier; but their occupation is so, and few give them credit for heroism or the gentle feelings which make up the romantic side of human nature. Yet in their existence there sometimes falls a spark of light and a ray of sunshine that illuminates the smoky cab. The overland train had arrived at Oakland, Cal., and the great iron engine was throbbing and puffing after the long, sinuous trip over the mountain-sides and rocky defiles, lofty trestles and marshy stretches.

The din in the depot was deafening; but out of the chaos of sounds a sweet girlish voice was heard welcoming home her parents who had arrived on the train. She was a little golden haired beauty; scarcely seven years of age, with a quick, intelligent eye and a loving nature, to which she gave full vent in the radiant and impulsive way she welcomed her parents back. At last they took her by the hand, and proceeded toward the waiting ferry-boat.

As they passed by the engine attached to the train, the little one broke away, ran up to the big black machine, and dapped the driving wheels affectionately with her small, white hands. Then, looking up at the smoke stack, she said:

"You good, big old iron horse, you have brought back papa and mamma safe over the great mountains to their little girl, and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me because I am so little. And you, too," she continued, turning her face wistfully toward the grimy engineer and fireman, who were looking down at her—"I love you all." Then she kissed her hand to them, and was gone.

"Bill," said the engineer to his fireman "what was that?"

"Peared like an angel," said the fireman echoing the other's thought.

Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the Golden Gate came stealing through a chink in the cab. There was a strange look on his face for an instant, and when he turned his head there were two light spots on his dust begrimed cheeks.—Selected.

### 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.

42-EPYR PACKAGE HAS THE Z BRAND IN RED WRAPPING. J. H. KELLEY & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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