THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898. NO. 48.

Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair,
While in Lowell was invented Ayer,
Then were boys born to win world-wide fame
Too in inventing medicines to be
Ready to prevent every ill
Sometimes despite each invention
Yet Polk took Ayer's Pills I know
For he died, 25 years ago.

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were designed to supply a mild purgative to people who had long suffered themselves with constipation. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the needs of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.

No. 298. This superb roll top desk is polished like a piano. It has a much curved plate glass interposed a deep raised bevel below. Artistic French legs, also polished mahogany.

$3.95 is our special price for this desk.

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Weldon, N. C.

☞ Office over Emry & Pierce's store.
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A New York Girl's Way.

THE DIARY ACT.

The Page She Adopted to Mislead Her Mamma.

I.—EVENTS AS RECORDED BY HER.

Sunday.—That tiresome Dick Rashleigh was here last night. I thought he never would go. I was awfully bored.

Tuesday.—Dick Rashleigh was here again last night. I wonder why he persists in persecuting me with his attentions. He's dreadfully stupid and as poor as a church mouse, mamma says.

Thursday.—Dick Rashleigh called, and though I didn't want to see him the least bit, I went down. He attempted to make love to me, and I sat on him good and hard. As if I would look at him! Why, mamma says I'm sure to make a brilliant match, and if Dick thinks—pshaw, how stupid he is!

Sunday.—Dick tried to kiss me last night, and I threatened to tell mamma if he ever attempted to do such a thing again. I never was so indignant in my life. I could have boxed his ears. I never saw the like of his impudence. I just hate him, and I wish I would never see him again.

Tuesday.—Dick proposed to me last night and I rejected him with scorn. I told him that dear mamma would never consent to our marriage, and that anyway I detested him and won'd not marry him if he were the last man on earth. He said I was cruel and was breaking his heart, and I said I didn't care, that it was a silly presumption on his part to think for one minute that I could consider him when mamma objected to him. I told him to never dare to speak to me of love again.

II.—WHAT WAS REALLY HAPPENING.

"It's all right. Mamma's up stairs reading my diary as usual, and now we can enjoy ourselves. Yes, dear, old boy! I'll be constant to you! Let me rest my head on your lap for—with your arm around me and my head on your shoulder. Oh, Dick, I love you! And isn't that diary scheme great?"—N. Y. Journal.

A man who manages himself, may die old at 30 or young at 80.

The imbecility of some men is always inviting the embrace of death. It is the delight of such men to boast of what "tough fellows" they are, and tell how they overwork themselves and how they neglect little ailments and little illnesses that put other people on their backs.

It may not sound nice to say so, but it is a fact that the average man is just that kind of a boastful, cheerful idiot. If his head aches, it isn't worth paying any attention to; if he feels dull and drowsy during the day, it isn't worth serious consideration; if he is troubled with sleeplessness at night, he doses himself with opiates. When he suffers from nervousness, he walks into the nearest drug store and orders powerful medicines that even a physician prescribes with care. He is a very knowing fellow, but without knowing it, he is imaging death. There is a wonderful restorative tonic and health builder that will keep the hardest working man in good working shape; it is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is made of pure native roots and barks. It contains no minerals, no narcotics and no opiates. It simply aids nature in the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It tones up the stomach and facilitates the flow of digestive juices. It makes a man "hungry as a horse" and then sees to it that the life giving elements of the food he takes are assimilated into the blood. It invigorates the liver. It drives out all impurities and disease germs from the system. It is the great blood maker and flesh builder. It is the best of all nerve tonics. It cures bronchial, throat and lung affections as well.

"I had indigestion and a torpid liver," writes Mrs. A. J. Tibbs of Mineral Springs, Logan County, Ky., "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me."

If constipation is also present, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken. They never fail; they never gripe. Druggists sell both medicines.

Old Jacob Grovers'

Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

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Sole agents for the Distiller, Richmond, Va.

MR. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C. is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey.

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A Ridiculous Scene.

YANKEES AND PICKANNIES.

An Amusing Incident In General Wm. B. Taliaferro's Career.

While reading the very interesting sketch of the life of that distinguished soldier, statesman, and jurist, General William B. Taliaferro, in the Dispatch last week, the writer was reminded of an amusing and characteristic incident connected with his campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the winter of 1861-62, which was related to me by my brother, Chaplain P. C. Merton, then with the Twenty-third Virginia Regiment, which Taliaferro commanded at that time.

While his command was in the lower valley, endeavoring to protect that section it was reported that a detachment of the enemy had made a raid upon some of the large plantations and carried off a quantity of stock, quite a number of negro women, and children, the men having probably been run out of the way into a place of safety, as it was not thought likely the enemy would molest the women and children slaves.

Colonel Taliaferro decided at once to recapture this valuable property, and with a detachment of his troops pursued the retreating enemy, who were endeavoring to escape with their booty to their lines, and overtaking them, after quite a little fight, recaptured the stock and negroes, with a number of the Yankee force. As the main body of the enemy was not many miles distant, he feared that as soon as his movements became known a cavalry force would be sent after him and again endanger the safety of his convoy. He therefore hurried the stock on ahead up the pike, and placing a heavy guard in charge of his capture, with directions to the officer in command to proceed up the Valley as rapidly as possible, he rode back with a force to protect his rear. It was not long before Colonel Taliaferro discovered that his charge was moving very slowly, and becoming impatient and apprehensive, he galloped forward and demanded of the officer the cause of his tardy progress. Said he: "Colonel, these women can't get along any faster on account of their babies. The little niggers can't walk, and the women are tired out toting them."

The Colonel was puzzled a moment, then his face brightening, he said, quickly: "March these women who have babies to the front make them stand in line facing to the centre of the road, with their babies in their arms, and count them." This movement was rapidly executed, and the officer reported "forty women with babies." "Now," said Colonel Taliaferro, "march up forty of those Yankees and place them opposite the negroes." This was also done, every one wondering what the Colonel was "up to." "Now," said the Colonel, "you prisoners take a baby, every one of you, and carry it." My informant relates that a peal of laughter from the Confederates and the negro women greeted this order, but the Yankees kicked and began to swear they "were soldiers, not nigger nurses, and did not intend to touch the d——n babies." Colonel Taliaferro said quietly that he would "see about that," and ordered a Confederate to take his position with fixed bayonet behind each Yankee. Then, repeating the order for them to take the babies, and they refusing, he commanded the guards to prick the Yankees with their bayonets till they obeyed his order.

The scene that followed was extremely ludicrous. One job with the point of the bayonet was sufficient for the most obstreperous Yankees, and the others followed their example in quick order seizing the babies with oaths, while they yelled with fear of their new and inexperienced nurses. The Colonel said to the women: "Now you aunties watch these Yankees, and if they pinch or ill treat your babies, report them to the guard, and you guard-stick 'em if they do. Now, all of you Forward! March!" The whole cavalcade then moved rapidly up the road, Taliaferro and his staff, in front, and a funnier spectacle, it is said, was never seen on the old pike. The Confederates were roaring with laughter, the women giggling, the babies crying, and the Yankees swearing and howling with impotent rage, while the author of the harmless and happy expedient rode quietly in advance, congratulating himself on the good time his force was now making, and which he finally succeeded in bringing off in safety.

General Taliaferro, in relating the incident afterwards, said he was much amused by the comments of an old negro body-servant of the Twenty-third, who was plodding along the road when the unusual cavalcade approached. He knew old "Richmond's" dislike of "dem Yankees," and drew up his horse to hear what he would say. Presently the old darky's ear caught the unusual sounds, and stopping, he turned 'round to see what it was. "Hi," said he, "what sort 'o company is dat comin' up de road? I nebber see any thing like dat befo'—Yankees cussin, babies cryin,' wimen laffin,' and our folks a shoutin'. I gwine see what dis." So he stepped into the fence corner and waited. As they passed him, he "caught on," and leaning against the fence laughed till he cried. "Hi! you Yankees," he said, "y'all come for a nigger; you got nigger, I hope you pleased.

"Give it to them old man," said the Colonel, "they deserve it; give it to them," and he joined in the merriment of the old darky's hearty laugh, and then rode on.—T. C. M. Richmond Dispatch.

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 at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

MR. W. T. WHITFIELD,

Sketch of a Busy and Useful Life—The Writer Also Incidentally Turns a Leaf From the Past and Gives a Pen Picture of the Old Homestead.

WRITTEN FOR THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A writer in a recent issue of a prominent State paper has said that, "our forefathers were more concerned about making than writing history and in consequence their descendants have suffered in public estimation, both at home and abroad. This is not as it should be. The cause of right, truth and humanity would be better served if they had their rightful place in history. However, it is a fact that a different spirit has come over the present generation. We are getting anxious to know what our fathers did and to have the world know it, and, above all, to have justice done to those whose virtues were heroic and whose lives were a benediction to their race. To this end historical societies are being organized in all parts of the South and many well equipped men are devoting much time in search of facts hitherto unpublished."

Being anxious to assist, though in a small degree, in this good work, is the only apology I have for again seeking a place in your columns in which to give a few facts in connection with the birth place and life of one of our best known citizens.

It was my purpose, at first, to give in this connection an extensive description of the old homestead which was this birthplace and around which cluster memories dear, though sad to recall. Perhaps, however, it is best not to attempt this. While, no doubt, many a chord, long silent, would vibrate with the echoes of other days and other hearts might sigh for the childhood's home, now, alas! no more, still, perhaps, it is best not to dwell on this theme. Though I see again the old house at the end of a long lane, shut in by the grove of silvery aspens and giant elms, with its high gabled roof and low porch opening into a yard of surpassing beauty in its green velvety smoothness, with kitchen and work-room at a short distance, reached by white walks or paths, intersecting this verdant lawn, and remember the garden with its beautiful old-fashioned flowers, yellow jasmine and fragrant lilac, sweet betsys and many colored hollyhocks, great beds of snowy pinks and tall damask roses, while at the intersection of the walks a linden tree grew in which the mocking birds built their nests and from them sing their sweet songs. Then, too, the well, large open-mouthed and stone-curbed, with the water trickling from the mossy sides to the gravelly bottom to be brought up in the bucket attached to a tall sweep and conveyed to the trough at which stood the mild-eyed cattle drinking in its cooling freshness, with their close-scented breath, at the close of a summer's day, while in the distance might be heard the cry of the whippoorwill and the turtle dove's call. How they would revel in this luxurious coolness, till at a forward movement from "old pigeon," the bell cow and leader, off they would go to the barnyard to give down their creamy milk, be fed and quartered for the night.

Or perhaps there comes an echo from the voices of happy school boys as they met and cheered each other on their way to the neighboring schools, or mingled their shouts with the cries of the dogs, "Brutus" and "Cyrus," as they scented the track of the luckless hare in the dawn of a winter's day, when on the way to the rabbit gum, set at "a gnaw in the fence," on the edge of the road, or chased each other through the orchard to where the long-stemmed "streaked" June apples began to blush in the early summer sunshine, for the fruit which might be within their reach. I see again the loved ones who gathered at the old home tree as long as "grandmother" lived to receive anew her loving greeting and mingle in the glad reunions held beneath its kindly roof. But, years have passed. Of those loved ones only a few remain. My thoughts turn to a sunny slope, within a stone's throw of the old house, all overgrown with cedars, where the wild-rose vine holds luxuriant sway, for here sleeps many who were once familiar figures in those scenes. Many busy hands have been folded to rest, many loving hearts are still. The house has been changed, the kitchen has fallen to ruin, the giant elms still spread their leafy shade over the green turfed yard and the well by means of a "pump" gives up the clear, cold water, but the once beautiful garden can only be traced by the topling summer house and the borders of box-wood grown to an abnormal size, for "king cotton" reigns where once the roses bloomed. One by one the chords have been severed making weaker the ties which bind us to this life, but as they are gathered by the eye of faith and centered in a Father's love, they form a cable which binds us to our home above. Still, there are some connecting links and in writing this sketch of a son of this old home, it is but meet that it should have a passing notice.

I have before me, at this writing, some papers, old, yellowed, and bearing date of a period long before Weldon was a town, or railroads had run their mazy lengths over our fair land, in fact, before State or Nation was formed and when North Carolina was a province of Great Britain. Of these, with many capitals, strangely italicised and printed with f for s, in many places, one reads as follows:

"Know ye that we for and in consideration of the sum of four pounds for every hundred acres granted payed into our treasury by Marmaduke Kimbro, have given and granted unto the said Marmaduke Kimbro a tract of land lying and being in the province of North Carolina, bounded, &c., provided the said Marmaduke Kimbro shall within the space of three years settle same with one white person and likewise clear and cultivate according to the proportion of three acres for every hundred acres herein granted. In testimony whereof we have caused the great seal of said province to be affixed. Witness our truly and well beloved Gabriel Johnston, Esq., our Captain General and Governor-in-chief at Newbern, this sixth day of May, in the fifteenth year of our reign, Anno Domini, one thousand, seven hundred and forty-two." Another dated 1792, showing that Joshua Jones having come in possession of this tract of land is granted another piece of one hundred and thirty-nine acres and signed by Alex Martin as Governor of the then State of North Carolina. Still another dated 1805 being the last will and testament of Wm. Whitfield, Sr., beginning with the salutation: "By the grace of God, Amen," in which after declaring himself to be, though indisposed of body, of sound mind and memory and commending his soul to the God who gave it him and his body to Christian burial, he proceeds to dispose of his worldly goods by directing that first of all, his honest debts shall be paid. Then each of his daughters shall have five shillings to them and their heirs forever. Then directing that his estate, consisting of negroes, land, stock, growing crops, and personal property shall be divided between his two sons, John and Wm. Whitfield, Jr., which division to be made by his two friends, Wm. Gary and Daniel Weldon. These lands were described as lying north of Little Quankey creek and South of Holland's branch and adjoining the lands of Joshua Jones, Daniel Weldon, and two other men named, respectively, Day and Knight. The Daniel Weldon mentioned was the owner at that time of the site of the town of Weldon, which as many know was for a long time called "Weldon's orchard."

May 25th, 1809, Wm. Whitfield married Tempe, daughter of Joshua Jones, thus uniting these two tracts of land, a part of which remains in possession of their descendants without deed or transfer except from parent to child until the present day.

These two who began their married life at the old home, situated on the piece of land granted to Joshua Jones belonged to a class which prefers death to dishonor, and lived at a time when honest toil was not considered ignoble. So here they lived for thirty-seven years, fearing God and loving their neighbors, making for themselves characters which have not been assailed by the hand of time. During all their long married life never changing their place of residence or suffering any serious affliction. After instilling into the minds of their children principles which fitted them for filling, as they have done successfully, positions of honor and trust, they died within a few years of each other at a ripe old age, leaving to these children that greatest heritage of all, an untarnished name. Of these children, there were six, of whom one daughter died in infancy, two grew to maturity, married and spent their lives at and near the old home. The three sons grew up, received a good practical education at schools taught in the neighborhood, first by a man named Stephen Burroughs and later by Thomas Marshal. The eldest son, Travis, in 1835, left the State, going first to Tennessee, afterwards to Illinois, where he died soon after the war. The youngest son, Mr. James Whitfield, is now living in Monroe, N. C. In a private letter he says of those schools, that of perhaps fifty boys who were schoolmates there, only he and his brother Thomas are living. Dr. A. B. Pierce and Mr. James L. Bass, who recently died here, were of these boys.

The second son, Mr. William Thomas Whitfield, was born April 26th, 1819. At the age of fourteen he left the old home, came to the then new town of Weldon and began life in the store of T. T. Wyatt & Co. There were few houses here then. The Roanoke Navigation Company had just opened their canal to Weldon. A brick warehouse, a few stores, and, perhaps, a building used as a hotel had been erected. Mr. Whitfield spent several years in the store of Mr. Wyatt, which was the building on corner of 1st and Sycamore streets, not long since removed. From 1839 to 1845 he was engaged in the office of the Portsmouth and Seaboard railroad, at this place. Then for three years he ran as conductor on the W. & W. railroad. In December, 1847, he began to keep a hotel in a building which stood just where the A. C. L. hotel now stands. This house was burnt, as was the first railroad shed, a narrow structure, just wide enough for two tracks, about the year 1851. In 1852 Mr. Whitfield built the house now owned by Major T. L. Emry and Dr. A. B. Zollicoffer, which he occupied as a hotel until 1857. Not making a success as a hotelist in Weldon, though his house was noted far and wide for its good cheer and kind hospitality, in June of that year he removed to Beaufort, N. C. where he engaged in the same business, remaining there until December, 1858. He then returned to Weldon and with the exception of these few months, has been a resident of this place for sixty years. Just prior to and during the war he was employed in the offices of the W. & W. railroad, Adams and Southern Express Companies. In 1865 he was appointed agent for this latter company which office he has filled without any intermission, successfully and satisfactorily ever since. Through many changes of officials and subordinates, he has stood at his post of duty, ever ready to sacrifice personal comfort or conveniences that he might further the interest of those by whom he is employed, and filling so well this responsible position that he commands the respect of all.

Mr. Whitfield was first married in 1841 and again in 1883. His first wife, Mrs. Mary Squiggins, was a widow with several children, but a lady of most excellent character. Energetic, hospitable, kind and loving in her nature she did much to make his home attractive and help him in his financial enterprises while he proved a father to her children, making them as his own, of which three were born to them. These are Mrs. J. B. Timberlake, of Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. T. F. Anderson, of Weldon, and Mr. C. T. Whitfield, of Richmond, Va. This Mrs. Whitfield was one of seven persons who organized the first church (Methodist) ever formed in Weldon, and the only one here till after the war. His second wife we all know, and recognize her many virtues, not the least of which is the tender solicitude with which she regards her devoted husband, his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Mr. Whitfield's is a Christian home. His family, most of them, have been Methodists of the straightest sect. He was converted at a camp meeting held at Pierce's camp ground, by Rev. John N. Andrews, R. O. Burton and others, in September 1856. Through his wife's influence he had joined with his sister in erecting a large wooden tent, one of many built for the accommodation of the crowds which flocked to these meetings at which there were over one hundred conversions, among them many of the most prominent people in the surrounding country. He immediately connected himself with the church here, which was part of Roanoke circuit, of which Revs. John N. Andrews and M. J. Hunt, were pastors, and has been an honored member ever since. He has held the office of steward and then trustee for many years and when it is possible for him to be at the service of the church, his pew is never vacant. For fifty years his house has been the preacher's home and many itinerants other than those of his own church have shared his genial hospitality.

Mr. Whitfield was born on the day and year that the order of I. O. O. F., was established in the United States, was a charter member of the first Lodge established in North Carolina, that being No. 1 Lodge, established in Weldon April 1840. In 1844, this Lodge surrendering its charter, he received membership with Old Dominion Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F., and has been and is now a member of that Lodge. He has for years been a mason of high standing, being much beloved and honored by the members of the order of this place. That this is true was evidenced when only a few months ago they presented to the lodge a handsome picture, beautifully framed, of this good man.

Mr. Whitfield's life has not been without shadow and the storm-clouds have often darkened his pathway, but his sweet, placid, genial nature, combined with a childlike trust in a Father's love, has calmly borne him over these rough places and helped to bind him to the hearts of many who will enjoy reading this record of his long and useful life. Though having nearly reached the age fourscore years, he is still active, attending regularly to his office work. Long may he live to cheer us by his happy smile, his cordial grasp of the hand and the example he sets us of a contented, Christian life. Perhaps I might add many incidents of interest but I have already made this paper too long. Though in laying this tribute at his feet, while living, I have turned a leaf from the past and tried to show that both he and his forefathers have filled no mean place in Halifax as a county and Weldon as a town.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

No gentleman will either use filthy language, or, if he can help it, listen to it when used by another.

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WHERE THEY DIFFER.

"People who are married get to look alike, they say."

"Yes; but the queer thing is they never get to think alike."

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes, or ever has made Simmons Liver Regular, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

We ask you to look for yourselves, and see that Simmons Liver Regulator, which you can readily distinguish by the Red Z on wrapper, and by our name, is the only medicine called Simmons Liver Regulator.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

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"Gordon Baltimore Rye"
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