THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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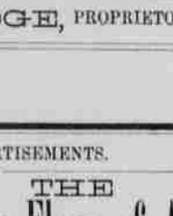

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Shipments of cotton and other produce solicited. Highest cash prices obtained and prompt returns made.

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

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FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

REMEMBER that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

THORNS.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."
The heart that awakens to love's highest powers
Is always the first that in bitterness mourns.

Cold hearts that to passion can never awaken
Escape all the ills disappointment can bring,
They gather no roses—the leaves they have taken—
And never a thorn for them leaves a sting.

The acme of bliss, and the vale of true sorrow,
Are known but to hearts refined to excess.
The sunlight of love some shadow must borrow,
And tear drops oft follow love's fondest caress.

Yet who would forego the thorns of our sorrow,
When roses may scatter their petals of love?
If grief comes to-day, joy waits for the morrow
And sadness on earth ends in gladness above.

BABY'S STOCKING.

A QUEER BIT OF CHARACTER FROM THE RECORDS OF A POLICE COURT.

From the Detroit Free Press.

If you were a sergeant at the desk of the Central Station you, too, would seem grim and hard-hearted to an outsider. They see so much crime—they see so many phases of it—they hear the same excuses over and over until they seem to lose all faith in and all hope for those who sin. Their hearts grow hardened, the well-springs of mercy dry up, and you see no pity in their glances. And yet it needs but a sentiment to break through the crust.

The other night a woman was brought in staggering drunk. She had a face that was pinched and drawn, and it was plain that worry and hunger made her look years older than she was. You and I would have looked into her face and said that she had some excuse for temporarily seeking to forget her identity. The grim old Sergeant only saw an infraction of the law, and he frowned upon her as she stood clutching the desk.

Here was a living book which recorded twenty years of worry, suffering, heartaches, poverty, woe and want, but he refused to turn the pages. He had no curiosity; he had no pity.

"Name!" he sharply demanded.

She gave it.

"What have you got in that parcel?"

"I'll never give it up!" she exclaimed.

It was something wrapped in an old handkerchief, and she clung to it the tighter. You and I would have wondered if it wasn't a bit of money she had there, but the Sergeant thought of poison or some other danger and ordered it handed up. It took two men to release her grasp, and when the parcel was undone, what do you suppose they found in it? A wee little stocking, such as a child a couple of years old might wear. The big toe of the wearer had made a hole, and the heel had been worn thin, and the bright red color had faded away as the glow fades from the summer sky when the twilight comes down.

The Sergeant help it up—not in mockery and ridicule—but as if it were a tender thing. The grimness went out of his face, a softness replaced the frown, and, as the woman bent her head and sobbed, he said:

"It is the relic of her dead child! Poor, unfortunate mother!"

"You won't take it from me?" she gasped.

"Not for the world! Can you go home?"

"I—I guess so. I feel stronger."

"Then go, and may all men and women be merciful to you."

The spring of mercy had been touched. As the grim old Sergeant held up that faded stocking he remembered that he had relics at home—relics of children who had danced on his knee in the sunshine of the past, but who now moldered in the dust. Not for all the money in the world would he have brought one more burden to that soul.

STILL A MAN.

Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon and the village bells of Brienne? He was riding late one day over a battle field, gazing, stern and unmoved, on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly "those evening bells" struck up a merry peal. The emperor paused to listen; his heart had softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school boy at Brienne; and, dismounting from his horse he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and burst into tears. The rock was smitten, and living waters came gushing from it.

Man is a violin, and it is only when the last chord is broken that he becomes a piece of wood.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

EXTRACT FORM REV. DR. TALMAGE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

"Oh, heaven, heaven, heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mist of years, through the fog that rises from the clod Jordan, through the wide open door of solid pearl, to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me, I am going to take all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in manger and cross I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy strategem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature—physical, mental, spiritual and immortal—I am going to compel you to go in. I like you so well I want to spend eternity with you!

Some of your children have already gone. Some time ago I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crape on the doorbell may have said: "It is only a child," yet when the broken hearted father came to solicit my service he said: "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only fifteen months old we loved her so much." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you!

They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and palid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

Steer this way, father, steer straight for me,
Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee.

Oh! those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door. All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way and hallelujahs marching that way.

What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it, you and I would have stuck to the raft mid ocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven.

Oh! I have heard the Commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the Captain two questions: "Who art Thou? and whence?" and He says: "I am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh! bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreath all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations.

Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearl of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship.

A TOUCH RAT STORY.

A naval officer says: I have always felt some regard for a rat since my cruise in the Constellation. We were fitting for sea at Norfolk, and taking in water and provisions; a plank was resting on the sill of one of the ports which communicated with the wharf. On a bright moonlight evening we discovered two rats on the plank coming into the ship. The foremost was leading the other by a straw, one end of which each held in his mouth. We managed to capture them both, and found, to our surprise, that the one led by the other was stone blind. His faithful friend was trying to get him on board where he would have comfortable quarters during a three years' cruise. We felt no disposition to kill either, and landed them on the wharf. How many there are in this world to whom he fidelity of that rat readeth a lesson!

A GEM OF ORATORY.

At a social party given to the members of the bench and bar, at Jackson, Tenn., during a session of the Supreme Court, Col. Landon C. Haynes uttered the following gem of oratory. During the evening Gen. N. B. Forrest arose and said:

Gentlemen.—I propose the health of the eloquent gentleman from East Tennessee, a country sometimes called the "God forsaken."

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—I plead guilty to the 'soft impeachment.' I was born in East Tennessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular, means 'beautiful river,' and beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood and looked down through its glassy waters and have seen a heaven below, and then looked up and beheld a heaven above reflecting, like two mirrors, each in the other, its moons and planets and trembling stars. Away from its banks of rock and cliff, hemlock and laurel, pine and cedar, stretches a vale back to the distant mountains as beautiful and exquisite as any in Italy or Switzerland. There stand the great Unaka, the great Roan, the great Black, and the great Smoky Mountains, among the loftiest in America, on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord even on the brightest day.

"There I have seen the great spirit of the storm, after noontide, go and take his evening nap in his pavilion of darkness and of clouds. I have seen him aroused at midnight as a giant, refreshed by slumber, and cover the heavens with gloom and darkness; have seen him awake the tempest, let loose the red lightnings that ran along the mountain tops for a thousand miles, swifter than an eagle's flight in heaven. Then I have seen them stand up and dance like angels of light in the clouds, to the music of that grand organ of nature, whose keys seemed to have been touched by the fingers of the Divinity in the hall of eternity, that responded in notes of thunder, that resounded through the universe. Then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the horizon, and the moon get up from her saffron bed like a queen, put on her robes of light, come forth from her palace in the sun, and stand tiptoe on the misty mountain top, and while night fled from before her glorious face to his bed chamber at the pole, she lighted the green vale and beautiful river, where I was born and played in childhood, with a smile of sunshine.

"O! beautiful land of mountains, with thy sun painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee?"

Gen. Forrest stood stupefied while Col. Haynes pronounced these marvelous sentences, and said he would not have been more amazed if he had been struck by the lightning's flash from the summit of Smoky Mountain.

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM.

It is true that in those earlier ages men died for faith, principle, ideas; but so do they die for them in this age. Every day throughout the world men are taking flying leaps to death because of their fidelity to ideas. The poor switchman that last week leaped on the railroad track in front of the rapidly moving train and flung two little children from it, but met his own death under the murderous wheels of the ponderous machine, died because of his idea of duty. It was not his duty to fling away his own life for that of others, but he thought it was, and he did it. Self sacrifice, unselfishness of the highest and noblest sort, is not of any particular age, but of all ages. The spirit of compromise is the spirit of selfishness, and it is not an exclusive growth of the present time.

Indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any other period of the world's history in which the spirit of charity, of good will toward men, was more sentient or active than it is to-day. It is not only in this country, but in all countries, that benevolence flows in a steady stream from the rich to the poor. The land is thick with great charities. We need but look about any great city like this to recognize how strong and broad and deep the stream of charity flows. It is epitomized in scores of institutions kept alive at a most enormous cost for the helping of those who need help; there are hospitals, homes, asylums, refuges, schools numberless, which all represent the world's unselfishness, its liberality and charity. This age is not worse but better, than those which went before it, because there is ever a potent spirit abroad in it helping and improving it. Religion, education, social usages, are all employed in shaping the world to better ends, and they are doing it effectually.—Philadelphia *Telegraph.*

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

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oct 25 1 yr.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

A QUICK AND INEXPENSIVE WAY TO UTILIZE RAMIE.

A discovery which promises to be of the utmost importance to the southern States has been made by Dr. C. F. Panknin, of Charleston. It is not practicable at this time to give the details, but sufficient can be said to show the nature of the discovery and its value.

At different times many experiments looking to the cultivation of ramie have been made in the south, and the plant, it has been found, can be grown without difficulty. It will grow anywhere that cotton grows, at no expense whatever for cultivation. It grows like a weed, and is not subject to the ravages of worms, nor is it liable to any of the other maladies to which the more tender cotton is subject. Ramie, then, can be grown without difficulty. The trouble hitherto has been to find a quick and inexpensive way in which the bark of the ramie plant could be prepared for manufacture without injury to the peculiar quality and value of the fibre. It is such a process as that which has been so long sought which Dr. Panknin has discovered.

Without any mechanical process of consequence, and by a simple chemical treatment, occupying in all from 48 to 60 hours, the bark of the ramie is brought into condition to be carded and spun, so that in this condition it is available for all the various uses for the different textile materials, such as the finest cotton and silk. Dr. Panknin has been engaged on his experiment for a considerable time, and has now brought it to a satisfactory conclusion.

The process is of the simplest possible character. Ramie is cultivated and manufactured for use in fine domestic goods, linens and similar cloths, but the process is kept secret, and the right to make use of it is not sold. The specimens of the ramie stock subjected to treatment by Dr. Panknin show the utter destruction of the skin or bark of the plant, and of viscous or glutinous matter which holds the fibres together. The fibre is ready for spinning. The cost of preparing the plant is said to be trifling.

A QUEEN'S THOUCHTS.

Carmen Sylva

Study well the human body, the mind is not far off.

Beware of a man who seems to doubt your married happiness.

If we are created after the image of God, we must in our turn be creators.

Contradiction animates conversation; that is why Courts are generally monotonous.

One needs a knowledge of mankind before one can be simply and wholly oneself.

Some people can defend themselves with the horns of a bull, others have but snails' horns.

A prince has, in reality, need but of eyes and ears; his mouth only serves him for smiling.

When we wish to affirm anything it is easy to call on God as a witness, for He never contradicts.

Man's honor wears armor, and carries a mace—woman's honor has only soft breezes and perfumes.

Animals are free in their own element; does our slavery arise from our being so rarely in our element?

Princes are brought up to live with all the world—all the world ought to be brought up to live with princes.

To have received many wounds will make you a hero in the eyes of some, while others will regard you as an invalid.

Many persons criticise in order not to seem ignorant; they do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture.

Man is an enigma from his birth to his death; one thinks to understand him by dissection—a child breaks his toy to see what is inside.

An assemblage of men is an accumulation of Æolian harps, whose notes are discordant or harmonious according to the way the wind blows.

These words of the Bible are often quoted, "Put not your trust in princes," but the end of the sentence is forgotten—"for they are but men."

One must be either pious or philosophical, and either say, "Lord, Thy will be done," or "Nature, I accept thy laws, even though they crush me."

To be the friend of a sovereign one must be without passion, without ambition, without selfishness—foreseeing and clear seeing—in short, not a man.

To all mortals is given a tongue, and sometimes a pen, with which to defend themselves. Sovereigns alone are expected to be like God, and allow themselves to be spoken ill of without making a reply.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

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Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) has cured hundreds of cases of Scrofula, Eczema and other contagious blood diseases, after other treatment had been tried and failed. You do yourself and family great injustice unless you give this excellent remedy a trial. Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for illustrated "Book of Wonders" filled with letters from persons cured by B. B. B.

Mr. M. J. ROSAMAN, Greensboro, Ga., writes: "I have a lady friend who has been entirely cured

SCROFULA of an ugly scrofulous breaking out of the skin, and the use of two bottles of B. B. B. effected a complete cure. I know of several cases of blood disease cured quickly by the use of B. B. B."

E. G. TIMLEY, [illegible] used B. B. B. for [illegible] and received more benefit

SORE THROAT from its use than all other remedies they ever used.

A. H. NICHOLS, 10 Gray St., Atlanta, Ga., writes: "My wife for several years has been suffering with what physicians term Eczema, affecting her whole body, limbs and scalp. It appeared first for her whole skin would dried up in scales about once a week, leaving the surface red and tender, and sometimes cracked open. Her general health failed, and for a while it was thought she would die, as several doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give

ECZEMA any relief. My brother-in-law, Mr. J. B. Cummings, was selling the B.B.B. and insisted that I should try it on my wife. I did so, and to our utter astonishment she commenced improving at once, and three bottles, costing only $1 effected an entire cure. It is wonderfully quick in action."

D. M. MCRAE, Waynesboro, Miss., writes: "My sister was afflicted with boils which sadly

BOILS impaired her health, and she lost flesh and strength each day. One bottle of B. B. B. acted like magic and produced a complete cure." (9)

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It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid $50,000 *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 finest fabric.** It brightens colors and bleaches whites.

IT washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

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