

The ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XXII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.

NO. 25.

END OF THE WORLD.

A NOTED DIVINE PREDICTS A GRAND CLIMACTERIC WITHIN TEN YEARS.

Great interest has been occasioned by an announcement by the Rev. Dr. Joseph S. Jenckes, rector of St. Paul's Church, Indianapolis, Ind., that the end of the world is close at hand. Dr. Jenckes gave up a lucrative law practice in 1864 at Louisville, and entered the Christian ministry under a very strong conviction that the end of this age and the inauguration of the reign for a thousand years of the Saviour would occur in about 135 years. For several years this was the central fact of his preaching, but circumstances tended some years since to check his ardor of conviction, and he found himself drifting toward a looseness of views respecting this important subject. He has recently had a thorough awakening through the influence of a discovery and a publication. The discovery was that an error in the accepted system of chronology has been lately found, which has made the time of the judges as governors of Israel 350 instead of 420 years. "This correction, together with the twenty-seven years that have elapsed since 1864," says Dr. Jenckes, "bring this astounding crisis within less than ten years of the present time." The publication is a series of "studies," as he modestly calls them, by Lieut. O. A. Totten, of the United States Army, now detailed upon professional duty at Yale University, Connecticut. The series comprises four small volumes, three of which have already appeared and the fourth is in the printer's hands. In these the author proves the position above stated to his own satisfaction by a fund of exhaustive researches derived from history, secular and profane, chronology, astronomy, and revelation.

Convinced by the cogent and conclusive reasoning of Prof. Totten and of a number of English and some American writers that these things are true, Dr. Jenckes arrays himself positively and unequivocally with the earnest advocates thereof. He earnestly and affectionately warns all persons, whoever they may be to put themselves in line of believers of the Lord Jesus Christ, unless they would, within less than ten years, become ashes under the soles of the feet of the righteous.

To-morrow morning the doctor will deliver one of a series of sermons on this topic. He is a conservative, thoughtful divine, with nothing of the crank or sensation monger in his makeup.

TEN EYESIGHT DON'T'S.

- 1 Do not allow light to fall upon the face of a sleeping infant.
- 2 Do not allow babies to gaze at a bright light.
- 3 Do not send children to school before the age of 10.
- 4 Do not allow children to keep their eyes too long on a near object at any one time.
- 5 Do not allow them to study much by artificial light.
- 6 Do not allow them to use books with small type.
- 7 Do not allow them to read in a railway carriage.
- 8 Do not allow boys to smoke tobacco especially cigarettes.
- 9 Do not necessarily ascribe headaches to indigestion, the eyes may be the exciting cause.
- 10 Do not allow the itinerant spectacle vender to prescribe glasses.

To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its bleaching and falling out, and where it is gray, to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

We are over stocked in shoes and will give low prices to reduce stock. P. N. Staiback & Bro.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, try the famous **DR. J. C. HARRIS' KIDNEY PILLS.** It will cure you, restore your liver, and give you a good appetite.

OUR LITTLE BOY.

I LOOK UP AT THE WINDOW WHERE HIS BLUE EYES SPARKLED AT MY COMING, BUT HE IS NOT THERE.

The following pathetic lines are from the pen of Robert J. Burdette and will strike a tender chord with any parent who has laid away in the grave a little son:

"I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old bureau this evening and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings cannot buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remembered each article: There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with a part of the brim gone, some stockings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving."

"Sometimes we sit alone on an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child will call out in the streets as our dear boy used to do, and we will both start with beating heart and wild hope, only to find darkness more of a burden than ever. It is still and quiet now. I look up to the window where his blue eyes sparkled at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, but there is no sound. There is no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents and I never find the chairs turned over, the brooms down, ropes tied to the door knobs; I want some one to tease me for my knife, to ride on my shoulders, to lose my ax, to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come to call 'good night' from the little bed now empty."

"And wife, she misses him still more. There are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pains of a hurt toe, and she would give her own life almost to awaken at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be. So we preserve our relics and when we are dead we hope strangers will handle them tenderly even if they shed no tears over them."

ALLIANCE IN CONGRESS.

STRENGTH CLAIMED AND MEASURES CONTEMPLATED BY THE ORDER.

At the Farmers' Alliance headquarters in Washington city it is stated that the Alliance will have fifty-five men in the next house who will vote with it on all measures that it may see fit to bring forward. In the Senate the party claims four senators—Peffer, Kyle, Irby and Vance. At the next session the Sub-Treasury bill as it was introduced in the last Congress will not make its appearance. That measure has been repudiated by both houses of Congress and will, for that reason, not be resurrected. A bill constructed, however, upon lines similar to it, and embodying the same principles, and pushed to a vote. The Stanford land loan bill will not be touched by the Alliance, but a bill bearing upon the same subject will be introduced. Another measure which the Alliance will demand is a free coinage bill. These three measures are the ones in which the party take the most interest, but other measures will be introduced and efforts to pass them will be made.

As a general rule, it is best not to correct constipancy by the use of saline or drastic medicines. When a purgative is needed, the most prompt, effective and beneficial is Ayer's Pills. Their tendency acts restorative and not weaken, the normal action of the bowels.

FUN A PEDDLER HAD.

DOWN IN HARNETT—A STOP ALL NIGHT—SOME WILD ONES.

"Now," I says to the old woman, "if you will tell me what you want made out of some of that white cloth I'll make it for you."

"Well, Polly Ann wants a pretty coat—but how's yu'uns goin' ter make it with that thar thing?"

"Oh, I can make it easy enough. Let me get the measure of her waist so I'll know how much cloth to cut." I took measure out of my pocket and commenced to pull out the tape, when here went the brats back under the bed again. Finally I got Polly Ann to come out and be measured. Every time I'd press my hand on her person she'd give a little grunt and exclaim:

"Oh, quit that man. You tick-ah."

"Where are your scissors?" I asked. "Didn't have any; dad allers out usses cloth with the ax. Got my knife out and cut off what I wanted and went to work. I soon had the machine running and the kids fiddin' out it wouldn't catch 'em came from under the bed again. The 'pettycoat' was soon made, and when I held it up for them to look at dad opened his mouth so wide in astonishment that it got out of socket. I went to work to get it back again when those dad blasted young ones began to howl, Polly Ann howled, the old woman howled. That made the dogs howl. They thought I had 'eunjered' dad and was going to kill him. But it came together again with a report like a pistol. Everything got quiet again. I asked Miss Polly Ann if she could sing. Not much. 'Yes she can,' said her mother. 'Polly Ann can beat anybody singin' that goes to Black Jack singin' school over 'cross the creek.'

"Hold on," I said, "and I'll give you some music," and I went to my wagon and got an accordion out of the trunk. I never made any fuss with it until I got in the house and sat down. When all the kids got pretty well around me, I quietly opened the box and took it out. How they looked in amazement at it. What was it? they would ask. Would it bite? Could it—Just then I pulled the accordion open and made all the fuss I could with it. Selah, Swish! Like a bird they were gone to the woods. I went to the door and listened. They were gone.

About two hours afterwards I heard a voice calling as if it was from away down under the ground. It was the old man calling me from the woods. "Mister man! Oh, Mister man! is that thar thing gone? Say, Mister man! Did that thar thing bite yu'uns? Oh, Lordy! I speek hit's got Polly Ann. I've got the younguns an' the old 'ooman here. Reckin' hit'll git me if I come up thar? The gullenappers is powful bad out here."

I felt sorry for the poor old man and told him to come in. After much persuasion they came in—one at a time—each looking like they had been buried three months. Not long after Polly Ann came in. All of her freckles were gone, and so was the wart on her nose. If Bill Sikes could see her now she'd soon be Mrs. Sikes—she's so pretty.

About 1 o'clock Polly Ann went up into the loft and went to bed, the old woman put "we" children on the floor to sleep and a few moments after all was quiet inside. Outside the owls were hooting their lonely hoot, and the whip-poor-wills playing with their beautiful lute; the bullfrogs sang their songs in the swamp out of sight, and "muskeeters" made hideous noise, while I lay and snoozed till morning.—Raleigh Visitor.

IT WORKS WONDERS.

The tonic and alterative properties of S. S. S. are now widely known, and it enjoys wonderful popularity as a spring medicine. It is as perfectly adapted to the delicate system of a little child as it is to that of the adult. It works wonders on those who use it as a tonic, as an alterative, and as a blood purifier. It gives health, strength and heartiness to the sick and the feeble. It is adapted to the very young and the very old. It revives, renews and builds up the feeble or the broken-down system.

A FINISHED PRAYER.

LIFT ME UP, SAID THE DYING CHILD IN A FULL CLEAR VOICE; "HOLD ME, PAPA, WHILE I SAY MY PRAYERS."

The sick room was very still; the night lamp burned low, and the watchers made fantastic shadows on the wall, but no one moved or spoke. The doctor said this was the turning point of the disease, and there was nothing to do but to wait—wait.

The boy slept and his father kept his eyes fixed upon the thin, wasted features, and watched for what he hoped would prove a new lease and rest. The nurse sat near and dozed. At last the sick child suddenly opened his large bright eyes and said in a clear voice:

"Papa."

"What, dear boy!" answered the father softly.

"Is it near morning?"

"Yes, dear boy."

"And will I be well in the morning?"

"I—I hope so," sobbed the poor father, faintly.

There was a long silence, then the sick child moved restlessly on his pillows.

"I want to say my prayers," he murmured.

The father beckoned to the nurse and she brought the mother, who stole softly in and knelt on the other side of the bed.

"Lift me up," said the dying child in a full clear voice; "hold me, papa, while I say my prayers."

He clasped his little hands together and repeated like one who was dreaming.

"Our—Father—which art in Heaven—hallowed—be—Thy—name—Thy kingdom—come—Thy kingdom—come—"

"Papa, I can't remember! I can't remember!"

"No matter, dear boy, you can finish it in the morning."

Again he lay among the pillows like a pale lily, and his eyes were open wide.

"I can't see you, papa," he murmured.

"Will it soon be morning?"

"Yes, dear boy."

"And will I be well then?"

The poor father could not answer. No one spoke, and a faint light soon stole into the room that drowned the flickering rays of the night lamp and shone rosy on the wall. Then suddenly a little voice filled the room. It was so sweet and clear that it sounded like a strain of music from celestial spheres. It was the dying boy finishing his prayer! When he came to the last clause he seemed groping in doubt.

"Forever and ever—forever and ever—"

and with the words on his lips he drifted off to sleep again.

The rising sun shone into the room and lighted up its dim obscurity. It lay in golden bars on the white pillows, and touched the little face with a mocking glow of health and strength. Perhaps it awakened him, but in the valley of the shadow of death he could not discern, and with wide open eyes that saw not, he murmured plaintively:

"Is it nearly morning, papa?"

"It is morning now, dear boy."

A smile trembled on the closed lips—there was a flutter of breath that came and went as the child clasped his thin hands together:

"Forever and ever—Amen!"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper—W. A. Hayes, 624 1/2 West Block, Rochester, N. Y., Apr 30 1y.

A GOOD REFERENCE.

B. F. NEWBERRY, IN THE "MORNING STAR"

John was fifteen, and wanted a desirable place in the office of a well known lawyer, who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, "but I'll try and appear as well as I can, for that may help."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand, and a smile on his face.

The keen eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well brushed hair and clean looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance showed the finger nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last! John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I haven't any," he said slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter.

"My dear John,—I want to remind you that whenever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go!"

"You have been a good son to me. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without references."

John has been with him five years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

Syphilis, Scrofula, Blood Poison and Rheumatism are cured by P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium).

If you feel weak and badly take P. P. P., and you will regain your flesh and strength.

For Rheumatism, Malaria and Syphilis, P. P. P. is the best known remedy.

For females in delicate health, for Indigestion and dyspepsia, take only P. P. P. It is the best Spring Medicine in the world.

W. H. Wilder, Mayor of Albany, Ga., says he has suffered with rheumatism for fifteen years, and in that time he tried all the so called specifics but to no purpose. His grandson, who was on the B. & W. Railroad, finally got him a bottle of P. P. P. showed it remarkable effects, and after using a short time the rheumatism disappeared, and he writes he feels like a new man, and takes pleasure in recommending it to rheumatic sufferers.

For sale at W. M. Cohen's drugstore, Weldon, N. C.

COL. HARRY SKINNER.

A REPUBLICAN PREDICTS THAT HE WILL BE NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR.

Mr. Claudius Bernard, who was the Republican nominee for Congress, has been talking politics to a Post reporter. Among other things he is quoted as saying:

"I have no doubt the Alliance will capture the Democratic State Convention next year and nominate Col. Harry Skinner, of Greenville, for Governor. Col. Skinner is but thirty-five years old, but has gained State fame through his campaigning with Polk and the other Alliance leaders. He is a brother to ex-Congressman Thomas G. Skinner, and the law partner of ex-Congressman Lewis C. Latham, both of whom oppose the Alliance ideas. Though not a member of the Alliance, being precluded by his profession, he is in full sympathy with the movement and the father of the Sub-Treasury plan. The scheme first saw the light through an article written by Colonel Skinner for Frank Leslie's in 1887.

"The ulterior object of the Alliance is to send Col. Skinner to the United States Senate in place of Mr. Ransom in 1894. He has been given to understand that his election to the governorship will mean his elevation to the Senate. The Alliance is in absolute control of the politics of the State, and can, in my opinion, accomplish anything it undertakes."

A PLEA FOR RAILROADS.

SAM JONES SAYS WARFARE ON RAILROADS DOES HARM.

In a trenchant letter to the Atlanta Constitution Georgia's queer genius and popular evangelist, Rev. Sam P. Jones, protests against the universal outcry against railroad and other corporate consolidation. In reference to the opposition to railroad consolidation he says:

The Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania Railroads combine a network of railroads stretching almost over half the United States, give the best equipped lines, the fastest trains, the most reasonable rates of any railroads in the world. What the South needs is not the dismemberment of railroads and the bankruptcy of her corporations, but such friendly consideration and wise legislation as will conserve their interest and develop their resources until the Southern States shall have as magnificent railroads as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois.

I may not have eyes to see rightly nor ears to hear wisely, but surely I have had opportunity to see and hear, as I have covered most of the ground from Maine to California and Canada to the Gulf. I am candid when I say that this warfare on our railroads and corporations have done us infinitely more harm than all other things combined, for when you depress and hammer down Southern securities to the point where our bankers cannot hypothecate them in New York to get money to move our cotton crop, then it's time to call a halt. Central Railroad stock 125 one month and 86 the next, not because Wall street is on the rampage, but because of home warfare on combines.

The greatest prosperity I have seen in America is along the line of the prosperous and well-managed railroads. The two are interdependent. If you will show me one prospering without the other then you will show me a sight I have not looked upon in my peregrinations. I know it is unwise to push this battle further against railroads, and if those in authority shall think and act differently, time can and will demonstrate who was wise and who was foolish.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.