

**MUST HAVE THEM.**

THOUGH LADY COLIN CAMPBELL SAYS  
KISSING INJURES THE COMPLEXION.

The Boston girl arises,  
Transcendentially sodate,  
And taking off her glasses,  
Says: "I guess I'll osculate."

The comme il faut New Yorker,  
With a radiant high bred smile  
And blush says: "My complexion's  
Got to stand it for a while."

The Philadelphia maiden,  
With a Quaker quibbling coo  
Prepares her lips to pucker  
In the quiet drab, "Oo, oo."

The regal Baltimorean  
Stoops to conquer with her wit:  
"Just look at my complexion—  
It isn't spoiled a bit."

The Washingtonian damsel,  
The dear cosmopolite,  
With a blush, remarks: "The lady  
Isn't altogether right."

The Richmond girl, in whispers  
Like some dreamy music, low,  
States firmly: "My complexion  
Isn't everything, you know."

The bright Atlanta maiden,  
With a pretty, harmless flirt,  
Is sure that her complexion  
Isn't quite so easily hurt.

The famed Kentucky beauty,  
In a voice as soft and clear  
As the blue grass skies are, murmurs:  
"It's my complexion, dear."

The young Chicago woman,  
Titters in her fond delight:  
"I want a good complexion,  
But the price is out of sight."

The coy St. Louis maiden,  
Who's as cute as she is fair,  
Announces: "My complexion  
Isn't in it. See? So there!"

The Denver dear delightful  
Inquires: "Where am at?  
You can bet that Lady Colin  
Is conversing through her hat."

The sweet Weldon angel  
Says that she would like to say,  
She loves a nice complexion  
If it isn't built that way.

And thus in every city—  
Who shall say it isn't so?  
Complexions are not in it  
If the kisses have to go.

**AN INTRODUCTION.**

He was a bashful man, was Trotter. He loved Miss Budd so ardently that he was afraid to tell her so, lest his dream be resolved to ashes and smoke, and yet he was certain that at the critical moment she would say "yes." So it went on, and Trotter kept adding to his stock of courage until he had accumulated almost enough to brave the inevitable.

About that time Trotter escorted his lady love to a public reception given in honor of one of the royalties who came to America to visit the World's Fair. They were ushered into the crowded room, and awaited their presentation. Finally the time came, and Trotter whispered to the man who did the announcing "Miss Budd and Mr. Trotter."

But the first last of the whisper was lost in the noise, and, to the horror of Trotter, he and Miss Budd were presented as Mr. and Mrs. Trotter. For a moment he was overcome; then his stock of courage asserted itself, and forgetting all about the personage before whom he stood, he turned to his fair companion, and "Doesn't that go?" he asked.

They never noticed royalty. They were hurried on in the crowd. But Trotter didn't care, for he heard beside him a gentle voice say "yes."

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**PUT GEESE TO ROOST.**

THE AMUSING EXPERIENCE OF AN AMATEUR FARMER.

"Don't talk of agriculture to a farmer," was Daniel Webster's advice to a farmer. "Discuss any other subject with him—literature, political economy, finance—never farming; for if you once launch forth on that he will find you at fault on some particular and conclude that ignorant in one thing you are ignorant in all."

This advice was recalled by a gentleman of this city recently upon hearing the experiences of an amateur farmer, friend of his, who, after a long and arduous career, in which he had achieved fame and fortune, relinquished an extensive practice of law for bucolic over an estate not a hundred miles from New York.

Shortly after he assumed the management of his farm the lawyer, received a visit from one of his neighbors, a shrewd old farmer who had never been a hundred miles away from his home. Various matters were discussed, as together they walked about the farmyard inspecting the new windmill, improved water troughs, cattle sheds and other "new fangled things."

Naturally the amateur betrayed his gross ignorance to his more practical and experienced companion. The latter was something of a wit at last, in visiting the poultry yard, ventured a suggestion: "This is all very fine," he said, as he glanced about, "but where do your ducks and geese roost at night?"

"I never thought of that," replied the amateur. "I've seen them 'squatting' around at night and thought they liked that. I'll have it attended to at once. Low roosts I suppose would be the best."

The farmer thought they would. "Place them about two feet from the ground," he remarked, and then, smiling in his sleeves, unhitched his old mare and drove away home.

Not a moment was lost by the former New Yorker. He erected his duck roosts, and at nightfall visited his poultry yard to observe how the fowls enjoyed the innovation. To his chagrin they appeared to ignore the roosting place and were squatting as before on the ground.

"Poor things, I've neglected them too long," thought the human amateur. "They don't realize the change." With that he began to grab at ducks and drakes and geese and ganders and deposit them one by one on the roosts. There was a terrible commotion among the fowls which attracted all the farm hands with shotguns to the poultry yard. When they arrived there they saw their employer, perspiring red in the face, trying to balance the web footed creatures on the roosts, from which fell with terrible "quack, quacks," the moment his back was turned. It was not long before the truth dawned upon him that ducks and geese were intended by nature to "squat," not to roost.

He returned to his house deeply ashamed of his ignorance and speedily became the laughing stock of the country round. The illustration of Webster's advice came in the form of an entire disregard thereafter of any opinions expressed by the man. In New York his utterances had been regarded as words of wisdom upon no matter what subject addressed, but in the country they were greeted with: "Oh, pshaw, he don't know nothing. He puts geese to roost."—N. Y. Herald.

**BUSINESS APHORISMS.**

They always talk who never think.  
Mark your natural tendencies and apply them.  
A husband at home is worth two in a saloon.

Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody.  
To succeed work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.  
Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor does the body.

Study people for the knowledge they can impart to you.  
There are many echoes in the world, and but few voices.

An investment in knowledge always pay the best interest.  
The luxury of doing good surpasses every other enjoyment.

Strive to obtain every kernel of knowledge within your reach.

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