

**GOOD AS GOLD.**

A GOLDBUG IN DETROIT FREE PRESS.

Little men in Congress,  
Little men outside,  
Make the mighty nation  
Something to deride.

Little slugs of silver,  
Piled on Uncle Sam,  
Get so dreadful heavy  
All of us say "D—n."

Bigger men in Congress,  
Bigger men outside,  
Then we'll have a nation  
Worthy of our pride.

**HIS PLAINTIVE PLEA.**

He had loved her tenderly and for a long time, but she had scorned him.

He was no worm, either, for he would have turned when trod upon, but she recked not of this.

It was enough for her that she did not care for him.

This is usually enough for any woman. Also for any man, when the boot is on the other foot.

For of such is the kingdom of Cupid.

His condition had at last become unbearable to him, and he resolved to win all or lose all.

It was late one evening when the fateful moment came.

"Will you marry me?" he asked her in plain, untrifling English, for he could trust himself to nothing in the oriental line.

She spurned him scornfully.

"No!" she replied with sarcastic, hateful, cruel emphasis: "no!"

The word pierced his heart in his bosom. His lips quivered, and at first he could not speak.

"Have you no more to say?" he asked at last, plaintively.

"No, sir," she replied: "What more could I say?"

Again he shrank at the cruel thrust.

"I didn't know," he murmured, tremulously, "but I think you might have said 'No I thank you.'"

Then he fled away, so weary with his disasters trigged with fortune, that he would set his life on any chance to mend it or be rid of it.

F. H. Hickey, 1208 Main street, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I was broke out all over with sores, and my hair was falling out. After using a few bottles of Botanic Blood Balm my hair quit falling out and all the sores got well."

**TEMPERANCE TALK.**

The following "short talks" from the Ram's Horn contains many thoughts worth treasuring up:

A moderate drinker is worth more to the devil than a drunkard.

A thirst has often been started with a teaspoon that barrels could not quench.

The man who has temperance principles should not keep them in the dark.

The man who is not against the saloon is not against the devil.

Every drunkard used to boast that he could drink or let it alone.

The man who forms good habits helps God.

You can sometimes tell where a man stands by his breath.

Nine drunkards out of ten are so today because they did not resolve in youth to lead a sober life.

The man who is not against the liquor traffic with all his weight, is in favor of giving the devil a license to do business on earth.

There are people who claim not to believe in a hell who live in plain sight of a drunkard's home.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is the devil's way of saying that he is ashamed of himself.

Whenever you see a drunken man it ought to remind you that every boy in the world is in danger.

When a man takes a drink of whiskey he bids God good-bye.

**Deserving Praise.**

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These medicines have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Wm. Cohen drugists.

Indigestion, and stomach disorders, use **BIOW'S IRON BITTERS.**

All dealers keep it in 31 cent bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

# THE ROANOKE NEWS

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WELDON, N. C.

**WHEN SHE'S CASHED.**

O, the good times—they are coming to the country and the town;  
You can hear the kettle humming, and the bread is baking brown;  
And no matter what they tell you, still the country won't be smashed,  
When your clearing-house certificate is Cashed!

Cashed!  
Cashed!

O, the good times—they are coming, you can hear 'em far away,  
Where the congressmen are spouting for the money every day;  
And although the weather's stormy, soon soon the rainbows will be flashed—  
When your clearing-house certificate is Cashed!

Cashed!  
Cashed!

Then, let us sing together—for we're sure to get there soon:  
"On the other side of Jordan"—everybody raise the tune!—  
There'll be rest for all the weary—if the steamer isn't smashed,  
When your clearing-house certificate is Cashed!

Cashed!  
Cashed!

**FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.**

Nothing is old but the mind.

Thought is the fertilizer of speech.

Vehemence without feeling is but rant.

Justice to one is mercy to thousands.

A woman's judgment is usually cut bias.

We forget in labor what troubles us in rest.

Happiness is not the end of life; character is.

The test of civilization is the estimate of woman.

The mountains of youth are the mole-hills of age.

The beautiful is beauty seen with the eye of the soul.

Life is a mission to serve; to most it is a submission.

Soap and water don't make an honest hand any less attractive.

When people once begin to deviate they do not know where to stop.

No padlock, bolts or bars can secure a maiden as well as her own reserve.

The poets judged like philosophers when they feigned love to be blind.

A man does more toward making fate than fate does toward making him.

If all men had that which they desire many would not have that which is now theirs.

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes, and feel for what their duty bids them do.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes, for they were easiest for his feet.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

Good advice is one of those injuries which a good man ought, if possible, to forgive, but at all events to forget at once.

If we could see in ourselves that which we see in others, as others can see in us that which they do not see in themselves, where would we be at?

**GOLD IN GRAVEYARDS.**

DENTAL PRACTICE HAS ABSORBED MOST OF \$1,500,000,000 IN 100 YEARS.

Graveyards as an element in the money question has not been given much consideration by financial wisecracks, but the fact comes out in connection with a Treasury statement that of the \$1,500,000,000 worth of gold used in the arts throughout the world in the past 100 years the greater portion is now buried in coffins. The practice of dentistry absorbs a large per cent., of the yearly production of the precious metal.

The statement shows that the world's production of gold and silver from 1792 to 1892 aggregated \$10,738,869,000, of \$5,633,908,000 was gold and \$5,104,961,000 silver. Of the gold produced, \$3,582,605,000 has been coined as money and the balance has been used in the arts. Of the silver produced, \$4,042,700,000 has been coined as money and the balance used in the arts.

It is well that Col. Ingernall has little hair. It would all stand on when he learned of our 10,000 chuches.