

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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NO. 37.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Health Restored

ALL RUN DOWN
No Strength nor Energy

Miserable
IS THE
EXTREME
HANDS
COVERED
WITH
SORES.



Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My limbs were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy, and my feet were swollen to the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned, and with a renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, till I had used six bottles, and my health was restored. —A. A. TOWNS, Prop., Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Admitted
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Prepared by
J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For sale by
J. R. Tillery

Weldon, N. C.

REAL ESTATE

AGENT

For the sale of lands in Halifax, Warren, Franklin, Nash, Edgecombe, Northampton, Bertie and Martin counties.

Having become real estate people of the West, I am now prepared to negotiate sales of lands in the above named counties to western farmers and fruit growers.

Parties having lands for sale will please notify me.

je 27 6m.

FINE GROCERIES

Family Groceries

CHEAP GROCERIES.

FRUITS & CONFECTIONERIES.

COME AND SEE.

Come one, come all, both large and small. Examine my stock, before buying at all. For my stock is complete and prices low. To compete with the products the farmers grow.

Therefore come all, both large and small. Do not delay, come right away. And make your purchases to-day.

J. L. JUDKINS.

See 131 y.

DR. H. O. HYATT'S SANATORIUM.

KINSTON, N. C.

Diseases of Eye & General Surgery

Patients boarded at \$1 per Day.

See 131 y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

EDWARD ALSTON,

Attorney-at-Law

WELDON, N. C.

JAMES MULLINS, WALTER E. DANIEL

MULLINS & DANIEL,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Office in the corner of Halifax and Northampton streets in the Supreme and Federal courts. Consultation made in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

DR. F. T. KOSS,

DENTIST

Weldon, N. C.

Office over Emery & Pierce's store.

DR. W. J. WARD,

Surgeon-Dentist

WELDON, N. C.

Office over Harrison's Drug Store.

See 131 y.

What Will the New Year Bring?

BY FRANK B. WELCH.

The old year fades into the past
With all its joys and sorrows,
With all its barren yesterdays,
And all the bright to-morrows,
Some hearts regret its hasty flight,
Some gladly speed the parting
Which banishes the sad old year,
So joyful at its starting.

We bid the dying year good by
And turn, with hope reviving,
To greet the New Year coming in
With promises enticing;
And as we lay aside the past
In gladness or in sorrow,
We reach out to the time to come
And of the future borrow.

What will the New Year bring to us—
Is weal or woe awaiting?
Will fortune smile in kindly way
Or will she nee'd baring?
Could we not read the veil of time
And see beyond the present,
What would our longing eyes behold,
A prospect dark or pleasant?

Ah, it were well would we but take
The days as they are given,
And make each one a stepping stone
To raise us up to Heaven;
Instead we waste the precious hours
In blind and fruitless hoping,
While the while we in an endless way
For sordid gain are groping.

The coming year will surely bring
Us what we'er we merit,
So if we'd but reap success
We'd better reap our merit.
For what we sow that shall we reap,
Such is the law of God,
Which rules from day to day—
Beginning unto ending.

I'M SORRY.

There is much that makes me sorry as I
journey 's down earth's way.
And I seem to see more paths in my
human lives each day.

I'm sorry for the strong, brave men who
shield the weak from harm,
But who in their own troubled hour find
no protecting arm.

I'm sorry for the victors who have earned
success, to stand
As targets for the arrows shot by envious
fate's hand.

I'm sorry for the generous hearts who
freely shared their wine,
And I'm sorry for the conquering ones
who know not sin's defeat,
But daily tread down fierce desire 'neath
scurched and bleeding feet.

I'm sorry for the anguished hearts that
break with passion's strain,
But I'm sorer for the poor, starved
soul's that never know love's pain
Who hunger on through barren years,
Not tasting joys they crave,
For sadder far is such a lot than weeping
over a grave.

I'm sorry for the souls that come unwept
out into birth,
I'm sorry for the unloved old who
cumber up the earth;
I'm sorry for the suffering poor in life's
great unmelodious hurled—
In truth I'm sorry for them all who
make this toiling world.

But underneath whatever seems sad
and is not understood,
I know there lies hid from our sight,
a mighty germ of good;
And this belief stands close by me,
my sermon, motto, text—
The sorriest thing in this life will seem
grandest in the next.

An early intimation—"Johnny,"
said the boy's father, "I suppose
you are going to hang up your stocking
next Christmas." "No, I'm not,"
was the reply after some thought. "Why
not?" "Because," he answered, looking
his father straight in the eye, "you
couldn't put a bicycle in my stocking!"
—Washington Star.

TAKE STEPS
In time, if you are afflicted with
fever from that scourge of
humanity known as
consumption, and you
can be cured. There is
evidence of hundreds
of living witnesses to
the fact that in all
its early stages, con-
sumption is a curable
disease. Not
every case, but a
large percentage of
cases, and we believe,
fully of per cent, are
cured by Dr. F. R. S.
Golden Medical Dis-
covery, even after the disease has pro-
gressed so far as to induce repeated bleed-
ings from the lungs, severe lingering cough
with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and ex-
treme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases
reported to us as cured by "Golden Medi-
cal Discovery," are genuine cases of that
deadly and fatal disease? You need not take
our word for it. They have, in nearly every
instance, been so pronounced by the best
and most experienced home physicians,
who have no interest whatever in mis-
representing them, and who were often
strongly prejudiced and advised against
a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery,"
but who have been forced to confess that
it surpasses in curative power over this
fatal malady, all other medicines with
which they are acquainted. "Nasty con-
diments," had been tried in nearly all these
cases and had either utterly failed to bene-
fit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for
a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey,
and various preparations of the hypo-
phosphites had also been faithfully tried
in vain.

The photographs of a large number of
those cured of consumption, bronchitis,
catarrh and kindred maladies, have been
skillfully reproduced in our great Doctor Book
of 100 pages, profusely illustrated, which
will be mailed to you, on receipt of address
and twenty-cent (20c) stamps. You can
then tell every one who has been cured
and profit by their experience. The
"Address for Book," WORLD'S DISPENSARY
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"No, I might forgive him that. It
was when he led me to believe that he
was worth saving for breach of promise
that he showed the full depth of his
depravity. I tell you, Mabel, it was a
shock to me to learn that judgment
against him wouldn't be worth any-
thing." —Chicago Post.

Would Be A Woman.

ELIPERKINS GIVES REASONS
WHY HE WOULD PREFER
TO BE A WOMAN.

Do you ask why I should like to be
a woman?
It is because I could make some noble
man happy. I would be a ministering
"angel."

How? you ask.
Well, when I heard of a good for
nothing fellow, dissipated and without
sense or character enough to make a liv-
ing, I'd marry him, take him home to
father, support him, and make my angel
happy.

When my darling husband neglected
me, and flirted with all the girls in town,
gambled and always dined at the club, I
would look happy, and when he staggered
home, I'd greet my beloved with a
kiss.

I would always give my husband lib-
erty and love. When, after a week's
debauch, he came home I'd wipe his
dirt, beared eyes, put my arms around
him, and after our tears had dropped
over into the cradle and pattered down
on the baby's face I'd take him in the
arms of love and leave him at the Kooley
cure.

After I had nursed my noble husband
through a spell of sickness, and I looked
languid and worn with anxiety, I would
smile when he told me I had grown
plain looking. Then when the noble
fellow scolded me and made love to
the maid, I'd put my arms around his
neck and kiss him through my tears.

Then when my darling came home
drunk once or twice a week and emptied
the coal skuttle into the piano and pour-
ed the kerosene lamp over my Saratoga
clothes and into the baby's cradle, and
then twitted me about the high (hie) so-
cial position of his own (hie) family—
why, then, I'd smile and try to make
him happy.

When weary and sick and heartbroken
I would not ask for a separation. When
he finally got a divorce himself, denied
the paternity of our own children, and
sent me back in sorrow to my father,
I'd creep up to him and put my arms
around his neck and try and make him
happy.

After my darling had used my last
money in dissipation, and brought my
father's gray hairs down in sorrow to
the grave, I would pray for him and
ask God to bring joy to his noble heart.

When I was utterly crushed in spirit,
tried in the crucible of adversity, and
the news came that my idol had died
with the delirium tremens, I would go
into mourning, and, with my last money,
build a monument to the sweet angel who
had crushed my bleeding heart.

MR. CHANDLER'S BILL.

The silver bill introduced by Mr.
Chandler, of New Hampshire, is creating
considerable comment. Mr. Chandler's
bill provides for unlimited coinage of gold
and silver in connection with other
actions, and establish the ratio of 15 to 1
to 1. After providing for coinage of gold
and silver and the issuing of silver and gold
certificates, the third section of the bill
provides that the law shall take effect
and become operative when similar laws
shall have been adopted by the govern-
ments of England, France and Germany,
"which two shall in substance provide
for the purchase of gold and silver by
limit without limit, and shall make legal
the gold and principal silver coins and
any certificate representing them, the
ratio between the gold and silver to be
the same provided for in this act; and
when such laws have been passed by the
government aforesaid the president, shall
make proclamation accordingly, and this
law shall then take effect and be in force.

A POINT IN LAW.

A dusky client button-holed an Elber-
ton lawyer recently.
"Bos, I want to insult you on a pint
of law."
The lawyer, like the "war horse scen-
ting the battle from afar," and anticipat-
ing a healthy retainer, smiled affably
upon the Afro American, and, with great
dignity, replied:
"Please state your case."
"Well, boss," said the client, "if I set
my trap on my own lot and one of my
neighbor's chickens goes peekin' around,
an' like er fool goes inter dat trap, is dat
nigger when he goes to git dat chicken
got er right to take my trap?"—Cleve-
land Plain-Dealer.

A REJECTED SUIT.

"No, it can never. I like you
as a friend—I respect you—I admire
you; but that is not love, you know, and
I cannot be your wife. But do not do
anything rash; try to bear up under it,
for I am sure there are others more
worthy of you than I am."
"Very pleasant weather we are
having."
"Yes, very."
"I am glad of it, too; and hope it will
continue. You see, my friend Jack's
little sister is coming to the city to-
morrow to stay some time, and he wants
me to show her the sights. She's a dear
little child with golden hair and heavenly
blue eyes, and the sweetest little face
imaginable. I never saw such a perfect
little angel as she was the last time I
saw her."
"How—how long is it since—since
you saw her?"
"About 10 years, I think. She was
just 8 years old then."
"Eight and ten are—Horrors! If
you dare go near that girl, I'll—I'll
kill myself! So there!"

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.

A Gold Bottomed Lake.

STORY OF A REMARKABLE
DISCOVERY OF LOOSE
WEALTH IN ALASKA.

Returning miners and prospectors from
Alaska tell different stories of their hunt
for gold. Some have been successful.
Some have failed. There is one man,
however, who came down on the last trip
of the steamer Topka who thinks he
has found such a fortune that he is
almost afraid to talk about it, for, as he
says, "people could not believe it."

Hans Christian Pande, an old sea cap-
tain and a former resident of Tacoma, is
the man who believes he has found a
treasure. He, with seven others, has
taken up 158 acres about eighteen miles
from Sitka, and it is called "Pande's
basin plain claim." Within the limits of
the claim is a lake 1,000 yards long, 400
yards wide and 150 feet deep. The lake
is fed by water from a glacier above, and
its outlet is only two feet deep, a little
stream that hurries at lightning speed
down the canon below. The action of
the glacier, which has been going on for
centuries, probably has brought down
from the mountains above large deposits
of flour gold, and this has, of necessity,
been held within the boundaries of the
little body of water.

The action of the glacier, the deep-
ness of the lake, and the shallowness of
the outlet are the combination which,
Mr. Pande thinks, has covered the bot-
tom of the lake with millions of dollars
in flour gold.

Assays of sand from the shores of the
lake, made by J. A. Becker, an assayer
at Sitka, show that it will produce the
almost unbelievable result of \$8 to \$10 a
cubic yard. The statement that half a
cent a cubic yard will allow a man to
make \$10,000 a year will illustrate the
size of Mr. Pande's find. He says that
he cannot, of course, believe or hope
that these assays will be borne out by
future development, but if he can get
only a comparatively small part of that
amount he will be satisfied. What Mr.
Pande and his associates want to do is to
tap the rock wall of the lake on the
lower side, so that the water can be
almost entirely drained out. Then, Mr.
Pande thinks, a field of flour gold will
lie before him.

Mr. Pande's golden Mecca is reached
only by the greatest hardship and danger
and he and two companions, he claims,
are the only persons who have ever come
back alive from the little lake. The
outlet stream, while only two feet deep,
has such a swift current that when the
discoverers were crossing it the icy waters
swept up over their heads, and it was
only by clinging with tenacious grip to a
rock that had been caught on the other
side that they were saved from destruc-
tion.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

SAVING MONEY.

"Talking about saving money," said a
veteran millionaire last night, "it is 100
times harder now to keep cash in your
pockets than it was when I was a young
fellow and didn't spend a cent. I tell
you it's hard for them to save in these
times. Every young man wants a bicy-
cle, and it's mighty hard to stand on the
street and see your friends spinning by
on wheels and not invest yourselves.
Again it's a great privation for a young
fellow not to be well dressed. The dis-
tinction between good clothes and poor is
so sharp nowadays that it is galling to be
conspicuous by cheap attire. Again,
there is the theater, the excursion boat,
the races and a score of other inducements
to spend money which hardly existed
in my day, and I'm glad they didn't,
for if they had I honestly think I
would have been a poor man now."—
Buffalo Enquirer.

EASILY SWINDLED.

I was sitting in a railway depot in
Buffalo, says a writer in the Detroit Free
Press, waiting for a train when a stran-
ger approached me and said:
"It's kinder queer how hard up the
best of us will get some times, eh?"
"How do you mean?" I asked.
"Well, I just met the governor of New
York out here—Levi P. Morton, and he
asked me for the loan of two dollars."
"You don't say!"
"That's what's the matter. Had his
pockets picked and wanted to use two
dollars right away. He didn't know
what to do about it till he saw me."
"You know him then?"
"Never sat eyes on him afore today.
He just picked me outer the crowd for a
man who'd do him a favor. He only
wanted two dollars but I made him take
three. He'll send it back in a day or
two. Ever meet the governor?"
"I've seen him several times."
"Are you going to give any Christmas
presents?" asked a friend of Spicer.
"Well," said Seth, thoughtfully, "I
should like to give the man next door,
who is learning the flute, six months in
the house of correction."—Boston Bul-
letin.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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
colic, and is the best remedy for
Diarrhea. 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. Win-
sow's Soothing Syrup," and take no oth-
er kind.

Real Estate Was Cheap.

THIS MAN COULD NOT DIS-
POSE OF HIS HOLDINGS

I had agreed to go out with the found-
er of the town of Clover Blossom and
look at his bargains in real estate, but it
began raining and a stop was put to our
excursion. He came around to the hotel
after a bit, however, and said:
"I'll tell you what I'll do with you.
I'll give you your pick of lots out there
for \$10 apiece. They are worth \$50,
but I want to make a sale."
"Too high," I told him in reply.
"Well, take fifty at \$5 apiece."
"Too high."
"Suppose you take this map and select
fifty at \$2 apiece," he said after rubbing
his chin awhile.

I told him I had changed my mind
about investing, and he spread out the
map and said:
"I'll let the few first lots go very
cheap. You can have fifty at a dollar
apiece."
"I really don't care to invest."
"Well, take 'em at fifty cents."
"Really, now, but I—"
"Look here!" he said, as he grew
more and more excited, "I have 10,000
lots out there, and they have to be sold.
Give me a hundred dollars and take half
the town!"
"I shall still have to say no," I replied.
"Give me a hundred and take it all!"
"No."
"Fifty."
"No."
"Stranger, will you give me \$25 for
the whole blamed town of Clover Blossom?"
"Not to day."
The man looked awfully downhearted
for several minutes, and then he bright-
ened up and said:
"Have you a gun?"
"Yes, but it's old and rusty and won't
shoot."
"Makes no difference to me! Hand me
the gun and take the whole town of
Clover Blossom and the east half of
Woodchuck county to boot!"
I handed over the weapon and we
were to make out the papers after dinner.
Before the hour arrived, however, I
jumped the business and the town was
well, having been notified by the tax
collector that the taxes on the 10,000
city lots amounted to \$12,284.52, and
that I was expected to pay at once.

WHEN I'M WITH HER.

The sky is arched with deeper blue,
The flowers are decked in richer hue,
And glad fields seem to smile in snow
When I'm with her.

When I'm with her,
More gentle is the murmur of the brook,
More sweet the songs from dell and nook,
And ever glad is life's old story-book
When I'm with her.

When I'm with her,
The sunset paints a brighter sky,
The distant ships quiet at anchor lie,
And hours like moments hurry by
When I'm with her.

When I'm with her,
The moonbeams fall in softer light,
The bright stars laugh upon a perfect
night,
And all the world is filled with truth
and right,
When I'm with her.

When I'm with her,
My wayward heart seems nearer pure,
Of God and future then I'm almost sure,
And naught from right can me allure
When I'm with her.

When I'm with her,
The sunset paints a brighter sky,
The distant ships quiet at anchor lie,
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The Sweet By And By.

ITS AUTHOR TELLS AN IN-
TERESTING STORY OF ITS
COMPOSITION.

In Richmond, a little town of less than
1,000 inhabitants, almost on the southern
boundary line of Illinois, lives the author
of "In the Sweet By and By." He is a
practicing physician, and is under sixty
years of age. The immortal hymn was
written when he was only thirty-one,
and is the single song of his life.

During the civil war a wave of moral
elevation and intellectual activity passed
over the country. In this grand
awakening of the conscience there was a
flood of music—martial, religious,
domestic. Geo. F. Root and Stephen J.
Foster were both writing songs that
lived, and Sunday school hymns passed
of the driving period into one of
elevated simplicity.

Just at this time Samuel Fillmore
Bennett was graduated from Ann Arbor,
Mich., and began a newspaper career at
Elkhorn, Wis., on the independent J. P.
Webster, the musical composer, was
living in the same town, and it was only
a few months before the editor and the
musician were collaborating. The war
intervened, and Lieutenant Bennett, of
the Fortieth Wisconsin Volunteers, re-
turned to Elkhorn to open a drugstore
and resume his verse-writing. He and
Mr. Webster began in 1867 to work on
a Sunday-school song book, called "The
Signal Ring," which was afterward pub-
lished.

This period of his life is the most pre-
cious of all his experiences to Dr. Ben-
nett. Not long ago he told the whole
story to an interested group of listeners,
his eyes filling with tears as he vindicated
his friend from calumnies.

"Curry has been given to the
shameful story that Mr. Webster was
drunk when he wrote the music, and
another account has it that we were both
drunk. I am thankful to do justice to
one of the noblest men that ever lived—
a fine, sensitive soul, with the true,
artistic feeling. Again, it has been said
that we were both infidels, and the song
the ribald jest of a carouse. As to my
religion, that is my own affair; but the
hope and longing of every immortal soul
as expressed in that song was the faith
of both of us. To both creation would
have seemed a farce if infinite love and
immortality had not overshadowed us
and promised a life of bliss beyond the
grave.

"Mr. Webster, like many musicians,
was of an exceedingly nervous and sensi-
tive nature, and subject to fits of depres-
sion. I knew his peculiarities well, and
when I found him given up to blue
devils, I just gave him a cheerful song to
work no. One morning he came into
the store and walked to the stove without
speaking.
"What's up now, Webster?" I asked.
"It's no matter. It will be all right
by and by."
"The idea of the hymn came to me
like a flash of sunshine. 'The Sweet By
and By.' Everything will be all right
then. Why wouldn't that make a good
hymn?"
"Maybe it would," he replied,
gloomily. Turning to the desk, I wrote
as rapidly as I could. In less than half
an hour I think, the song as it stands to-
day was written. Here it is:
There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore—
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessings of
To our beautiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessing that hallow our days.
Chorus.
In the mean time, two friends, N. H.
Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in.
I handed the verses to Mr. Webster, a
little tremulous with emotion. As he
read it, his eyes kindled. Stepping to
the desk, he began to jot down the notes.
He picked up his violin and tried them.
In ten minutes we four gentlemen were
singing that song. Mr. R. R. Crosby
came in, and with tears in his eyes, said:
"Gentlemen, that hymn is immortal."
We were all excited, elated. Within
two weeks the children of the town were
singing it on the streets.
"In 1868 the 'Signal Ring' was pub-
lished, the publisher distributing cir-
culars to advertise it, and on the sheets
was 'The Sweet By and By.' On the
strength of that one song, nearly a
quarter of a million copies of the book
were sold. The song was afterwards
brought out in sheet music, and it has
been translated into a number of foreign
languages.

"Webster, Crosby, and Carswell are
all dead. S. E. Bright, of Fort Atkin-
son, Wis., and myself, are the only living
witnesses to the origin of the song."
—Louisville Post.

Courtship and Marriage.

SOME NEW LIGHT ON THE
SUBJECT BY AN ENGLISH
WRITER.

An English writer has recently been
giving what he calls "new light on
love, courtship and marriage," that is
worth considering. Anybody, he says,
who has not yet fallen in love can readily
raise the vision of the subsequent dear
one by looking at himself in the glass.
If he be stout, the girl will probably be
thin; if he have a snub nose, his love
will center about the Roman one; if he
be dark, ten to one a blond ultimately
captures him. Thus nature corrects
defects and strives to realize her ideal.
The same holds good in a measure of
the mental qualities. A fool should
make it his business to fall in love with
a clever woman, and, conversely, a wise
man should marry a fool if he has any
respect for nature. Note, further, that
girls with Roman noses are, as a rule,
good house managers, but against this
amiable quality must be set the fact that
your Roman nose is essentially managing
in every direction and is not content
with domestic duties alone.