

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1896.

NO. 46.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. CONSUMPTION SO THROUGHDY By the Physicians SEVERE COUGH At Night Spitting Blood Given Over by the Doctors! LIFE SAVED BY AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

WILLIAM FREEMAN, PORTRAIT ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER and dealer in

FRAMES, EASELS, AMATEUR Supplies, etc.

OLD PICTURE COPYING A SPECIALTY First class work guaranteed.

GROVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 CTS.

Dr. A.S. Harrison, ENFIELD, N. C.

FINE GROCERIES. Family Groceries CHEAP GROCERIES.

FRUITS & CONFECTIONERIES. COME AND SEE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. HOWARD ALSTON, Attorney-at-Law HALIFAX, N. C.

DR. T. T. ROSS, DENTIST Weldon, N. C.

Little Things. ANYTHING THAT'S WORTH DOING IS WORTH DOING WELL. Young people are apt to be impatient forgetting that "trifles make up the sum of life," just as in building, single bricks did one at a time, one upon another, combine to make the towering and solid wall.

"I hope I may get a little practice," was the modest reply. "It will be very little," said the lawyer.

He carried out his determination. The little things will done brought larger ones and in time he became one of the most distinguished jurists of his State.

Again, a certain old bishop, who was fond of finding old characters in out-of-the-way places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came across a cross-roads settlement of a few houses.

Interested in the old sabbler, the bishop stopped for a chat. "My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay so well."

"Al," said the gentleman with him, "old Cato has the monopoly of shoemaking in this region. No one else gets a job."

"How is that, Cato?" asked the bishop. "Just so," replied Cato. "It is only little patches put on with little stitches or tiny pegs. But when I take a stitch it is a stitch, and when I drive a peg it holds."

DON'T THROW IT AWAY. "If the Lord be with us, why then is all this bother us?" (Judges 6:13)

Curling Eyelashes. THEY ARE AS GOOD AS A TALISMAN BECAUSE NOBODY CAN RESIST THEM. If wishes could only be answered and a girl had but one, other things being equal, I should advise her to plead for eyelashes—beautiful, long, curling ones.

There is nothing in the world so serviceable as a pair of effective eyelashes. They make any kind of an eye pretty. If one's orbs are not a pleasing color, all one has to do is to drop the curtains, look down not up; inward, not out. Let the eyelashes lie along the cheek, and if they are the right kind one looks charming.

"I now knock the barrels or boxes to pieces, and I find a mass of roots and sprouts and myriads of new potatoes. The numerous roots hold the whole mass together, and I load it on handbarrow and have two men carry it down the row while I break off a handful of the mass and drop it on the bank in the furrow already prepared, as stated. Count the little potatoes on the stems until you can form an idea of how much a handful you must break off. Your hand should not contain more than forty nor less than twenty."

"I plant in a water furrow, but leave a narrow bank in the bottom and upon this I drop the seed every eighteen inches. Part of the seed falls on one side of the bank and part on the other, so I have really a double hill. I cover with two furrows. The seed I use is generally the size of English peas, though they run from the size of a bird's eye, to that of a marble. Of these I drop from twenty to sixty in each hill, and if there is enough rain every one will make a fine potato. It never takes more than seventy-five potatoes grown in this way to make a bushel, and often sixty will do it; but it takes manure to grow them. After rains, I put on liquid manure already in the soil. The manure grows the yield."

It is claimed by the new method, potatoes can be grown in from four to six weeks, while the old requires from three to four months. By the new method, six crops can be raised annually. Of course the ground is heavily fertilized.—The Horticultural Gleaser.

YE SAY AND DO NOT. In the ancient cathedral of Lubek, in Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription: "Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us: Ye call me Master, and obey me not; Ye call me Light, and see me not; Ye call me Way, and walk me not; Ye call me Life, and desire me not; Ye call me Wise, and follow me not; Ye call me Fair, and love me not; Ye call me Rich, and ask me not; Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not; Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not; Ye call me Noble, and serve me not; Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not; Ye call me Just, and fear me not; If I condemn you, blame me not;"

A FEW TONGUE TWISTERS. Most of you probably are the possessors of a limber tongue; but if you want some good exercise for it just try to repeat these sentence rapidly several times in succession. You can also derive a great deal of fun getting your friends to do the same: Six little thistle sticks. Fresh of freshly fried fish. Two loads totally tired, tried to trot to Tealbury.

THE OTHER WAY ROUND. "I suppose," he said, "You are pretty good in getting round the men?" "No," replied the girl, as she glanced at her stylish like waist in the glass "But the men are pretty good in getting round me."

Quickly Grown Potatoes. A METHOD BY WHICH IT IS CLAIMED SIX CROPS OF POTATOES A YEAR CAN BE GROWN. The secret of the new method of potato growing is to grow the potatoes before planting and dig the potatoes planted.

Sprout the potatoes and raise little potatoes from the sprouts to plant. To obtain these results the discoverer of the new method constructed a sprouting house with double walls filled in with sawdust and sawdust overhead, and double doors. The seed potatoes are put into old barrels and small boxes to keep them warm and make them sprout. The room is kept warm by means of a charcoal fire in a bake oven. The potatoes will begin to grow, and in four to six weeks they will be the size of peas.

The discoverer tells how he plants in the following language. "I now knock the barrels or boxes to pieces, and I find a mass of roots and sprouts and myriads of new potatoes. The numerous roots hold the whole mass together, and I load it on handbarrow and have two men carry it down the row while I break off a handful of the mass and drop it on the bank in the furrow already prepared, as stated. Count the little potatoes on the stems until you can form an idea of how much a handful you must break off. Your hand should not contain more than forty nor less than twenty."

"I plant in a water furrow, but leave a narrow bank in the bottom and upon this I drop the seed every eighteen inches. Part of the seed falls on one side of the bank and part on the other, so I have really a double hill. I cover with two furrows. The seed I use is generally the size of English peas, though they run from the size of a bird's eye, to that of a marble. Of these I drop from twenty to sixty in each hill, and if there is enough rain every one will make a fine potato. It never takes more than seventy-five potatoes grown in this way to make a bushel, and often sixty will do it; but it takes manure to grow them. After rains, I put on liquid manure already in the soil. The manure grows the yield."

IT IS CLAIMED BY THE NEW METHOD, potatoes can be grown in from four to six weeks, while the old requires from three to four months. By the new method, six crops can be raised annually. Of course the ground is heavily fertilized.—The Horticultural Gleaser.

HE WAS EXPERIENCED. AND HAD LEARNED THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING STRICTLY NON-COMMITTAL. From The Detroit Free Press. "Pretty cold, isn't it?" he said as he swung himself aboard a Michigan avenue car and got a rest for his back against the railing of the platform.

The remark was addressed to a man who had boarded the car two blocks above, and who didn't seem to hear it. The other made no reply. "Is this cold enough for you?" shouted the man after a half minute, and evidently believing the other to be deaf.

Still there was no reply. The car sped along for a block and then the man who had spoken determined to secure a response. He pulled at the other's arm and raised his voice still higher and yelled. "I say, it's a cold morning!" "Speaking to me?" quietly asked the silent man as he slowly turned. "Yes, of course."

"Well, I'm not deaf." "Oh, I thought you were. I said it was a cold morning." "Yes." "And you didn't answer." "I never do."

HE UNDERSTOOD HIM. "I tell you my brethren," cried the pastor, "the devil does not stay at home, he's at work—he is abroad!" "I know what's coming," whispered the head warden to his wife. "He's going to put in a bid to be allowed to go abroad with him."

A CLOSE FATHER. She—You must ask father for his consent. He—He won't give it to me. She—Why not? He—He's too close. He never gave anything to anybody in his life.—Detroit Free Press.

A PREDICAMENT. "She's to let me know at the end of a week if she would accept me." "It must be a terrible suspense." "Rather! I don't know whether to break off my other engagements or not."

DOOMED. "Emily, if William today asks you to marry him, you must tell him to speak to me." "Yes, mamma. But if he does not?" "Then tell him I want to speak to him."

MISUNDERSTOOD. Dallas Merchant—I have no time to talk to you. I have 40 things running through my head. Drummer—You have? Let me show you some samples of our new finetooth combs.

SAME THING. "We don't speak any more." "Did you have a falling out?" "No; but our wives did."

Teacher—"What was Joan of Arc maid of?" "Bright pupil—"Made of dust." Willie—"I know you were coming tonight." Castleton—"Why, Willie." "Sister has been asleep all the afternoon." "Have another cigar, uncle." "No, thank you, dear." "There are plenty of them." "Yes; but there's only one of me."

Elsie—My husband is very hard to please. Lonnie—He must have changed considerably since he married you. Will you be my wife, Franklin Pauls, and make me happy? I am sorry, doctor, but I should not be happy myself.

Dr. Pills—Who was the most successful of all the girls who were studying medicine with you? Dr. Squills—Miss Ketchem; she got married. Willie—I know sister would be glad to go skating with you. Ringway—What makes you think so? She says she has been dying all winter to have you break the ice.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR. IT CANNOT BRING PEACE TO THE MIND, AND A SOLACE TO THE BOSOM.

What a despot, what a tyrant, what an idol. People are swayed by it, ruled by it, and are made to bow down to it in fondest and most willing worship. And, as the Orange Observer says, it makes people mean and corrupt and dishonest. It makes them cheat and lie and swindle and steal and rob and murder. It de-strays the noblest impulses of the human heart, and plants in their place the noxious weeds of that deadly avarice that endangers the soul and threatens it with everlasting ruin and destruction.

It turns sister against brother, father against son, wife against husband. It sows seeds of discord and bribes of estrangement where flowers of concord and kindest feelings once bloomed in richest luxuriance and sweetest beauty. And yet with all of its power and with all of its influence it cannot bring peace to the mind, and a solace to the bosom; and neither can it purchase the blessed hope of blissful immortality.

When death comes and the grave opens its sodden arms to receive into its pulseless embrace the lifeless form, then its power is all gone, and its memory becomes a curse to those who once had been its worshippers. It will be a curse, for its false glitter and useless value have so ruined the heart, that it will shut out those richer and grander and sublimer scenes which will burst upon the enraptured vision of those who have purchased by faith and obedience a birth-right to the fadeless crown of eternal glory so gloriously and so radiantly studded with jewels of everlasting peace and rest.

HOW TO BREATHE. Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit were universal, there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one half. An English physician calls attention to this fact, that deep and forced respirations will keep the entire body in the glow of the coldest weather, no matter how thin one may be clad. He was himself half frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes.

THEY MET. Miss Sawyer, who is poor, was introduced at a lunch party to Miss Taylor, who is rich, and was coldly received. Miss Sawyer is bright and knows her antecedents and Miss Taylor's also. She was unabashed, and spoke cheerily: I am so glad to meet you. My name is Sawyer and my grandfather was a tailor and your name is Taylor and your grandfather was a sawyer. Mine used to make clothes for yours, and yours used to saw wood for mine."

SOME NEW SAWS. Gossip is the social mosquito.—Judge. Horse sense is never found going toward a racetrack.—Puck. The next truth requires no dressing Yonkers Statesman. Great minds run in the same channel in considering themselves great.—The Jury. Life is a tiresome journey, and when a man arrives at the end he is all out of breath. When a man sets out to pay all others in their own coin he mustn't overlook the devil.—To Date. The little trouble in the world that is not due to love, seems to be due to friendship.—Archieon Globe. It's not the coat that makes the man, but it's the necktie that makes the gentleman.—Boston Home Journal. The man who takes a middle course is pretty sure to get the substantial part of the dinner of life.—Truth. The man that is born to be hanged will never be drowned, but it is best not to venture too far beyond your depth, young man, for all that.

RICHES AND HAPPINESS. WISE OBSERVATIONS OF THE RAM'S BURN CONCERNING THEM. No man can be made rich whose happiness depends on money. What a mistake to think we can become rich by keeping all we get. Bowing down to a golden calf would soon transform an angel into a beast. It was Job's faith in God that made him rich, not his sheep and cattle. If some men would give up more and lay up less, how soon they would be rich. The man who seeks first the kingdom of God will not have to have a big income to be happy. If piling up dollars is all that a man lives for, his soul shrinks with every dollar he makes. It is not what we give to God, but what we keep from him that keeps us from becoming rich. No greater mistake can be made than to make the accumulation of riches the first business of life. Job was richer without his possessions than with them, because the loss of them brought him nearer to God.

ADVERTISEMENTS. THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE. SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. PIGEON MILK. Cures in 1 to 4 days. Peterburg Directory. COLD WEATHER COMING. SASH, BLINDS, and DOORS. CHIMNEY PIPE. For sale at BOTTOM PRICES BY PLUMBER & WHEELER. FINE CLOTHING. Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Etc. W. E. ARMSTRONG & CO. DRUGGISTS. 225 Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va. E. H. PRITCHETT & CO. BOOK STORE. STANDARD PATTERNS, FASHION SHEETS FREE. ALLIANCE EXCHANGE. Sells on commission Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Peanuts, Hogs, Poultry, and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, and keep on hand General Merchandise. PETER SMITH & CO. ENGLISH KITCHEN. LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DINING ROOM. ALL MEALS 25 CENTS. SUBPASSING COFFEE A SPECIALTY. J. R. HUDSON, Proprietor. PETER SMITH & CO. DRY GOODS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.

POULTRY AND GARDEN FENCE. And make a special. Hens, Cattle and Hog Fences. Cast-iron and Wire Mesh Fencing a Specialty. We pay the freight. Catalogue Free. E. L. HELLWEGER, ATLANTA, GA.