

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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P. H. FORD

Quachita City, La.

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## PEACE OF YOUTH.

There is no Peace, whether in Youth or Age, Save in Living Righteously.

It is not customary to consider youth as a period distinguishing by that quietude of soul and restfulness of mind which we commonly associate with the word peace. It is more apt to be regarded as a restless, unsatisfied, ever-changing, ever-striving season of life, full of alternate raptures and disappointments, but little marked by that uniform, deep content which is reckoned the heritage of age. But as one advances in years, he cannot help feeling the injustice and mistakeness of this common conception. He looks back upon his youth with a wistful sense of its unruled happiness, its freedom from heavy responsibility and care, its innocence of the sin and sorrow of life, its bright, dreamlike days and sweet forgetful nights. Then if ever, he knows that his soul was at peace. Age may restore to him some measure of that quietude, but the peace of age can never be quite so perfect, so utter, so untroubled and deeply sweet, as the peace of youth. Who does not recall the days when he was basked in the sun, as a child, and seemed to float away into a golden sea of hope and joy and rest? Who can forget the softness of the pillow of youth, the rosy dreams and rosy waking, crowned with that delicious physical sense of perfect recuperation and unimpeded vigor? Truly, youth is a time of peace—peace deep and sweet and memorable, such as we may never know again until we are born into the new childhood of heaven. But the heart of youth is glad and content only when it is in its natural state—a state of perfect harmony with nature and with God. How quickly the infringement of divine law robs the young spirit of all this bloom of peace and delight. The soul rest has disappeared, the brightness is gone, out of the sky, and the fleeciness out of the summer clouds, when a boy or girl has entered upon a course of evil doing. Conscience has a keen and really stinging time has called it, and the youth cannot break the least of God's law without suffering for it most intensely. The condition of peace in youth, then, is a condition of perpetual obedience to law, restitude of thought, word and deed, holiness unto the Lord, consecration to what is pure and good and ennobling. Let no young person think that the mere exuberance of his youth will keep him in the sunshine of life, if he gives himself over to the things which hurt the soul. There is no peace, whether in youth or age, save in living righteously and fulfilling the noble impulses of one's being. But to the young person who lives rightly shall come such a benison of peace as shall seem to bring down to him something of heaven itself, filling him with a sense of the Divine Presence, and bringing him into harmony with everything that is good and true in the universe.

A MATRIMONIAL OFFER.

She was a blonde, and her hair was gradually coming out of curl. He was a brunette, and wore a wide-brimmed hat, and an expression of great emotion. They were enjoying the free ozone of the Oak Cliff park, and were thinking each other's thoughts. Johnnie Chaffin came along.

"Mister have you a watch?" he inquired.

"Not quite. I'm trying my best to make one," was the brunette's calm reply.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time.

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

Assist Nature. A little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less freckles, post-paid, on receipt of name and address, or postal card.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

## WHAT THE MAJORITY WEAR.

A Vast Majority of Women Now on Earth wear Trousers.

Amid the unending arguments respecting bloomers, knickerbockers and other portions of feminine wearing apparel, no one seems to have noticed the fact that the vast majority of women upon the earth at the present time actually wear trousers.

The women of China, with its giant population of 400,000,000, wear plain straight up-and-down trousers, which are simplicity itself. The women of Korea wear enormous trousers, containing enough material to make an entire suit. The women of Mongolia, Manchuria, Thibet, the Shan states, Macao and Tonkin wear the same style of trousers as the Chinese. The women of Siberia wear heavy trousers made of sheepskin, goats' skin and other cheap furs or fur-lined or cotton padded cloth. The so-called Turkish trousers or zouave trousers which is worn in below the knee or at the ankle, is given in Turkey, Arabia, Syria the Barbary states, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Nubia, Persia, Armenia, Tartary and by the 60,000,000 Mahomedans of India.

The riding costumes of all civilized women have cloth trousers, as have the riding costumes of the women of Hawaii, Mexico and all of the Central and South American republics. Over thirty different tribes in Russia employ the same garment for their women.

The Eskimo, Kamosehatdale, Alaskan, Lap and many of the Finnish women use fur trousers. In other words, over half of all the women on the globe wear trousers. The most advanced wheelwoman is setting no new example or doing anything out of the ordinary run when she dons her knickerbockers or her bloomers.

The novelty is our own race. Up to the time of the Norman conquest the attire of the masses in England and Europe was rather scant.

A relic of those days is found in the barbedine peasant women of Scotland, Ireland and half of Europe. Men only began to wear trousers in the last century, and even then there was a very bitter fight made against their use by the supporters of knee breeches. Europe is simply following in the footsteps of Asia, with the distance between them of 2,000 years.

Blacktown Aphorisms.

A lazy niggah don't like to hear roostahs crow.

Man wid de itch don't mind bein' scratched.

De sewer rat don't fancy de grocer's eat.

Niggah dat talks to himself talks to a fool.

De moon don't mind de bulldogs barkin'.

De shirt tail man's got no breeches to lead.

It don't cost nuffin to ask for a nickel.

Black beans taste like white beans in de dark.

De stumicks not 'ticular when its hungry.

Much washin' don't make a niggah whiter.

De higher de coon climbs de moah he show his tail.

When de wolf's prechin' look out for de lambs.

Man wid a honey tongue got a persimmon heart.

Weeds don't mind much how dey's planted.

Long as de cabin door's low the niggah don't stoop.

De fox is in de jury box when de goose am tried.

Why Not?

A foreigner, who has not been long in this country, and is learning our language, thus liberates his puzzled soul in verse:

If a lot of little mouse

Are a lot of little mice,

Why are not a lot of houses

Called a lot of little hiee?

If a lot of little geese

Are a lot of little geese,

Why are not a lot of mooses

Called a lot of little meese?

How to Become Beautiful.

Eat fruit for breakfast.

Eat fruit for luncheon.

Avoid pastry.

Shun muffins and crumpets.

And buttered toast.

Eat whole meal bread.

Refuse rice puddings.

Decline potatoes if they are served more than once a day.

Do not drink too much tea or coffee.

Wash the face every night in warm water.

Sleep eight hours a night.

## OLD MEMORIES AWAKENED.

The Little Book Made Him Thoughtful for One Night.

It was only an ordinarily bound, small-sized Bible, and would not attract more than a passing glance from any one of the hurrying hundreds who passed the little table in front of the second-hand book store everyday. Perhaps it had been there for years unnoticed until one day last week, when its former owner found it. He was ambling along, surrounded by several boon companions—a man of about 36 years, from his general appearance, but one whose eyes looked like those of an old man—the kind of eyes one sees in the sockets about the gambling houses. He was the jolliest of the crowd, and in a boisterous way was joking his fellows. As his eyes shifted restlessly he happened to catch sight of that little leather-covered Bible as it lay on the dirty table in front of the old second hand store. In an instant he stopped as if petrified and forgetting his companions stood riveted to the spot. Then he walked quickly into the store and asked the old woman to come outside.

"How much for this book?" he asked, picking it up.

"Thirty-five cents," was the reply.

The man handed her a silver dollar, and, picking up the book, left the store.

"What on earth do you want with that book?" exclaimed one of the 'gang,' who did not see the title. But the man paid no attention to the question. Instead he opened the book, and there on the fly-leaf saw the inscription: "To my boy," and underneath the date, "July 5, 1880." As he read the words two tears came into his eyes and one of them plashed down upon the book. His companions had by this time passed on and had entered a saloon, but he did not think of them. His thoughts were of that twenty-first birthday, fifteen years ago, when his mother had given the little book to him on the eve of his departure for the city. In a minute he had lived over all those evil fifteen years that had elapsed since then, and unmindful of the passersby stood in the middle of the crowded street the book still open in his hand. His companions had by this time missed him and came back.

"Hurry up, old boy, the drinks are ordered, and there's a good game going on upstairs," cried one, but the man only shook his head and quietly said: "I don't think I'll play today. Good bye, boys, I'm going home on the 5 o'clock train."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE ART OF CROSS-EXAMINING.

How a Shrewd, Inquisitive Lawyer Can Get a Witness in a Confused State.

"You say you know Mr. Sharp?" asks the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"You swear you know him?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean that you are acquainted with Mr. Sharp?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't know him; you are merely acquainted with him. Remember that you are on an oath, sir. Now be careful. You don't mean to tell the court that you know all about Mr. Sharp, and everything he ever did?"

"I suppose."

"Never mind what you suppose; please answer my question. Do you or do you not know everything that Mr. Sharp did?"

"No."

"That'll do, sir. No, you do not. Very good. So you are not acquainted with all his acts?"

"Of course."

"Stop there. Are you or are you not?"

"No."

"That is to say, you are not so well acquainted with him as you thought you were?"

"Possibly not."

"Just so. Now we begin to understand each other. If you don't know anything about Mr. Sharp's acts when you are not with him, you can't swear that you know him, can you?"

"If you put it that way—"

"Come, sir, don't speak to evade my question. I will put it to you again. When you say you know Mr. Sharp, you don't mean to say you know everything he does?"

"No, sir; of course not."

"Just so; of course not. Then you were not quite correct, were you, when you said you knew Mr. Sharp?"

"No, sir."

"In point of fact, you don't know Mr. Sharp at all?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, I thought so. That'll do. Stand down."

She Had Forgotten.

Ethel—If you stand on a chair, and I sit on the piano, perhaps the mouse can't reach us?

Edith—Oh, it can! You forget that this is leap year.

## A HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

It is a Great Thing for a Child to grow up within the hearing of a Babbling Brook.

It takes a good deal to make a good home. It needs something even besides father and mother, an open fire, and the out on the hearth. The first element in the house itself, which needs to be distinctly different from any other house in sight. Then there needs to be some real homely. It gives play room for the eyes as well as the feet. A wide range of woods will do more for a child in a week than yellow bricks and dirty paving will do for him in a year or ever do for him. It is a great thing for a child to grow up within earshot of a babbling brook. There is a kind of musicalness of spirit that will become his in that he will never be able to acquire from a piano teacher or a fiddling master. This wide range of prospect will also companion him with the bright and more earnest moods of the great mother earth on whose bosom he is being nourished. He will have opportunity to see the days brighten in the east in the morning, and his soul will unconsciously absorb some of the glory of the setting sun. Children in the city hardly ever see the sun come or go down. It simply grows light about the time they have to get up, and grows dark a dozen or so later. To a child in the country there is likewise an opportunity for him to see it rain. There is a great difference between rain and falling water. Rain in the city is only wetness broken loose, and is calculated only in terms of street cleaning and aqueduct supply, a square mile of rain or a dozen square miles is a different matter, and is unconsciously constructed by the child as being a mood of nature's mind rather than a hydropathic unworking. Still more impressive upon the child's mind are the strange communications made to him by the lightning flashes above him across a hundred miles of country sky, and the weird aurora and the swift and blazing track of "falling stars," that sweep him feel how solemnly close to him is the great wonderful world above the clouds.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unrepentant.

Wine opens the damper to let all the fires of hell in a man burn.

God sends danger only where he has first sent courage.

To love an enemy is a sure way to please Christ.

A brewer's horse fares better than a drunkard's child.

Bridget starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol.

The man who does not look ahead will soon have to fall back.

There is no sin that a man inflamed with drink may not commit.

Every moderate drinker is leading an army of boys toward the pit.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.

The easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken.

The sparkling in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

It is when we are most helpless that Christ is most willing to help us.

If we will not hear God to day, he may refuse to hear us to-morrow.

It is a long step toward heaven to be born in a home where Christ is loved.

Many a man puts his family in the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

One of the hardest things for some men to forgive is a difference in creed.

The man who screws the devil has to begin his day's work before breakfast.

Many a man has started out to reform the world, and stopped at the first house.

The devil has gained his point when he convinces us that little sins work no ill.

No man can grind down another without first placing his own soul under the millstone.

The man who begins by drinking some time may end by having to drink all the time.

If you would teach children to hate drink, give them the first lesson before they leave the cradle.

The Christian should never complain of his hard fortune while he knows that Christ is his friend.

When a man gets up early in the morning to drink, he is apt to spend the day in doing nothing else.

Our money is not doing us the good God would have it do us, if it is not doing anybody else any good.

The man who has not decided that he will never drink, has more than half decided that he will drink.

If you are in the habit of going to sleep in church, you do not help the preacher any by occupying a front seat.

## CAN PICK OUT A WIFE.

New W. C. T. U. Plan to Give All Unmarried Girls a Chance.

And now everybody is going to have a chance.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Portsmouth will shortly organize a unique society, to be known as the "Naples Matrimonial Society." They think similar societies will be formed by the W. C. T. U. throughout the country and that they will eventually take the place of the various matrimonial bureaus in certain cities.

Naples girls, 14 years and over, assemble once every year in one of the churches, and the unmarried men who so desire go there and choose wives. The proposed society will carry out a similar arrangement, except that the girls who desire to assemble in a church to be thus chosen will have to register with the society three months ahead of the date, so that the society may satisfy itself that they are girls of moral character, and the men who are to apply at the church to select brides will be required to register three months prior to the date of choosing, so that the society may investigate their characters, to ascertain if they are industrious and temperate. Only men who have these qualities will be allowed to choose a wife.

Those who register will be informed fifteen days in advance of their standing. Men will be required to pay a registration fee of \$1, but girls will be allowed to register free. The intended brides will probably be required to wear white, instead of black, as in Naples. The principal object of the society is to afford girls who desire to marry an opportunity to secure temperate and industrious husbands.

The question of the date will soon be fixed on, and it is probable that directly after Lent, when, after due deliberation, society men and girls have the "common sense" acquired by a season of frivolous experience will be chosen.

There will be two sets of "eligibles," of course, the "experimental volunteers" and the "taught on the rebounders."

Let the good work go on.—Washington Times.

THE KIND SHE ADMIRER.

He—Are you an admirer of Longfellow?

She—No; I prefer those short fellows that you can reach when you want to pull their hair!

SENSITIVE.

"Miss Prettyface is very sensitive."

"In what way?"

"When J. K. rakes compared her feet to little mice at the dance she fainted."

CONSOLING THOUGHT.

The Wife—When you proposed to me, John, did you think I would accept you?

The Husband—Not the first time.

"The second?"

"I wasn't going to propose but once."

READY TO BE TRIED.

She (cargery)—What would you do if you were called to bear arms?

He (promptly)—I should fly to them with the greatest of pleasure.

She—Would you, really, and without any hesitation?

He—Just try me and see!—Town Topics.

WHERE