

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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NO. 51.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Health Restored

ALL RUN DOWN
No Strength nor Energy

Miserable
IN THE
EXTREME
Hands
COVERED
—with—
SORES.
CURED BY USING

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 hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy, and my feet were miserable in the extreme. After I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it 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. Tombs, Proprietor, Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

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AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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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.

I thank my kind friends for the patronage of the past and assure them all I'll be true to the last. And guarantee them in every respect. The goods purchased from me they'll never regret.

Therefore come all, both large and small. You'll will deal honestly with you all. Do not delay, come right away. And make your purchases to day.

J. L. JUDKINS.
dec 13 1y.

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HALIFAX, N. C.

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ABOUT THE EYE.

Some Curious Facts and Fancies About the Ocular Optics.

The upturned eye is typical of devotion.

Wide open eyes are indicative of rashness.

The eye is really a self-adjustable telescope.

Side-glancing eyes are always to be distrusted.

The eyes should not be used in weakness or sickness.

Brown eyes are said by oculists to be the strongest.

Small eyes are commonly supposed to indicate cunning.

Near-sighted people almost always have prominent eyes.

The proper distance between the eyes is the width of one eye.

There are from four to six grains of aqueous humor in the eye.

The downcast eye has in all ages been typical of modesty.

Many eyes supposed to be black are only a deep orange brown.

Eyes in rapid and constant motion betoken anxiety, fear or care.

People of melancholic temperament rarely have blue eyes.

The eyes of fish and birds are round, with no angles at the corners.

The chameleon is almost the only reptile provided with an eyelid.

The deer rarely weeps, its eyes being provided with lacrymal glands.

Whenever blue occurs in the iris it is generally the predominant color.

Eyes with long, sharp corners, indicate great discernment and penetration.

Homer attributed a protruding eye to Juno. He called her the ox-eyed Juno.

In all nocturnal animals the eyes are placed to look forward, as in the case of man.

The eye of the octopus is said to be black, large and as vicious as that of the snake.

The white of the eye showing beneath the iris is indicative of nobility of character.

The eye of the serpent seems to have an expression of intense hatred and malignity.

It Does Not Pay.

It does not pay to hang one citizen because another citizen sells him liquor.

It does not pay to have one citizen confined in the county jail because another citizen sold him liquor.

It does not pay to have one citizen placed in the lunatic asylum because another citizen sold him liquor.

It does not pay to have 50 working men ragged in order to have one saloon keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush with money.

It does not pay to have ten smart, active, intelligent boys transformed into thieves in order to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling liquor to them.

It does not pay to have 50 working men and their families live on bone soup and half rations in order that one saloon keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

DISAPPOINTING.

Mrs. Gummy (with deep curiosity)—"Oh, Mrs. Glanders! do tell me about Mrs. Tomson's scandal, won't you?"

Mrs. Glanders—"My dear, it is not nearly so dreadful as you suppose—Judge—"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. PIERCE'S

Golden Medical
DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular) sputa, great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread 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 misrepresenting their art; great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

It is surprising in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty, cold, liver and its filthy "emissions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of wild cherry, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of these cured cases of consumption, leucorrhoea, lingering chronic nasal catarrhs and kidney troubles, have been authentically reproduced by a great Family Doctor book of 100 pages, giving names and addresses, and on receipt of address and ten cents in stamps to pay postage and wrapping cost.

Address for book, "Pierce's Dispensary Medical Association," WELDON, N. C.

SLYMPKINS' REVENGE.

He had Won Her Fairly and Poor Slympkins was Wild with Rage.

"Sam! Sam! Sam! Where the deuce is that fellow?"

I had rung the bell until I was tired and out of patience, and then called for him until I was out of breath, and still he did not come.

If you want to know who I am allow me to inform you that my name is George Boomerang, better known in Frazziona, where I reside, as Capt. Boomerang, late of the army. I am a man of considerable wealth, own the finest house in town and keep or did keep, a man by the name of Sam, whose duty it was to brush my clothes, hat and boots and adjust my leg.

I refer to the wooden leg. The original leg ran against a cannon ball during our late unpleasantness, and I have never seen it since.

Well, it was Sam's duty to take that wooden leg off at night and to be on hand in the morning to put it on before I got out of bed, and now you know why I was yelling, "Sam! Sam! Sam!"

And when I inform you that this was the morning of my wedding day perhaps you can imagine how anxious I was to get into my legs as soon as possible.

Yes, ma'am, I was the lucky fellow that had walked into the affections—on a wooden leg, too—of the handsomest girl in Frazziona, and was that day to lead her to the altar. But I must get my leg on first, and as Sam wouldn't or couldn't come, I rolled out of bed and went hopping around on one foot to find my leg.

Now, my dear reader, when the surgeon trimmed my stump after that little affair with the cannon ball, he sawed it off uncommonly short; so, perhaps you can faintly imagine my feelings when, after hopping around my room I found what I supposed to be my leg, but, upon attempting to adjust it, discovered that it was intended to go on below my knee.

"Do wooden legs shrink?"—that's just what I want to know," said I. And then I rang the bell and called "Sam!"

"Well, Samuel didn't come, but my housekeeper, Mrs. Bloom, did."

"Mrs. Bloom," I cried, "where is Sam?"

She answered me through the keyhole of the door. "He left last night about 11 o'clock—took his trunk with him, and he said he was going to leave town by the midnight train."

I couldn't understand it at first. I always used Sam well, paid him good wages, and he had seemed perfectly contented with his situation, and served me faithfully until now.

Suddenly an idea struck me and the whole cause of Sam's perfidy was revealed to me.

"By heavens, it is Slympkins!" I yelled. "Slympkins is the cause of all my woe. He bribed Sam to steal my leg on this, my wedding day, and leave this insufficient prop in place of it."

Jim Slympkins, or was, my rival. He is the only son of his father, who, by the way, is the most wealthy gentleman in Frazziona. Consequently, Jim doesn't do anything but smoke cigars, drive around town behind his splendid gray, and devote himself to the ladies generally.

I rather had the advantage of Slympkins. To be sure, Slympkins had, or was expecting to have, much more wealth than I could boast of, but hadn't my face, you know, or anything like it.

I was sorry for Slympkins, but hang it, my dear sir, what could I do? If he had chosen Miss Short, Miss Ginx, Miss Broad, or, in fact, any one but Miss Amelia Seymour, it would have been well. But it was really absurd for Slympkins to suppose that I would allow him or any other man to marry Amelia—at least, while I had a wooden leg.

I would have given Slympkins anything in reason, but it was truly ridiculous for him to think that I would give Amelia. I told her so, and then I folded her to my breast, and she folded me to her breast, and I allowed her to sip the honey from my ruby lips.

Yes, I had won her, and poor Slympkins was fairly wild with rage. He had sworn to be revenged, but I laughed at his threats.

They Disagreed.

Langley—"Don't you think Jack treats things altogether too seriously?"

Seab—"Not much! He took that \$3 bill I was kind enough to loan him last month and has treated it as a joke ever since."

"Papa, what is a 'walk in life'?"—It is that procession, my boy, in which everybody has to run like mad, or get left"—Chicago Record.

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 diphtheria. 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. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

BRINGING THE STARS TO EARTH.

We are Living in an Age of Wonders, and Hence we Really Wonder at Nothing That Happens.

Up to the present time it has been the exclusive privilege of astronomers, poets and dreamers to communicate with the stars. Even the astronomers have not been more than superficially successful. Poets and dreamers had almost a monopoly. Everybody knows about the rhymester who propounded the inquiry, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are," but there is no record of his having received a reply, and probably he is wondering yet unless he has passed from the mundane sphere and found out for himself. It appears however, that we, who shall be fortunate enough to see the twentieth century, shall wonder no longer as to the stars, but shall know the why and the wherefore, and hold converse with them even as we do with our friends in Europe or Asia, or Africa, or Australia. We are living in an age of wonders, and hence we really wonder at nothing that happens.

Our communication with the stars is not to be a psychological process, but something that the eye can behold and the hand grasp. So Nicola Tesla, says, that wonderful young wizard, who plays with electricity as a school boy does with a spray of water, who lets millions of volts of the subtle fluid pass through his body without being affected by the contact. He believes that electricity will ultimately solve the mystery of life and death itself, and that it is the key with which not only all the storehouses of knowledge will be unlocked, but which in all things, great and small, that go to increase the comfort and happiness of mankind, is to be our handmaid and helper.

Tesla is an enthusiast in his field of investigation, but no dreamer, no mere theorist. All his experimentation is conducted with a view to practical results. So, when he was asked recently if it were true that he is perfecting an instrument with which it will be possible to communicate with the planets, he admitted that such an appliance might be perfected in time, though not just at the present moment. "Perfection," he said, "may come in ten minutes, and perhaps not for years." The reply points to the probability of such terrestrial stellar communication. Tesla does not doubt the ultimate fact, he merely refuses to indicate the time.

Meanwhile, however, he labors with his oscillator, an instrument, the perfection of which will work a revolution in the whole field of electrical activity. Ever since men first began to experiment with electricity, their aim has been to cheapen its production, to generate it without heat; to make the "circumambient air" furnish the material. Instantaneous generation of electricity without the adventitious aid of secondary power is aimed at. That problem, Tesla declares, will be solved when his oscillator is perfected. When that moment arrives it will be possible, he says, to signal all parts of the earth simultaneously; in fact, there will be no limit to possibilities. Electric light and electric heat will be so cheap that they will be substituted for all other fuel and illuminants. A man will be able to take a handful of electricity out of the atmosphere and make it perform domestic duty.

Some people will smile at all this and shake their heads and say: "It cannot be." These doubting Thomases also repudiate the possibilities of the telegraph and the telephone, of electric light and electric heat, of phonograph and kinetoscope. But the marvelous strides which electrical invention has taken within even the brief space of a quarter of a century and the admitted fact that we are yet on the threshold of its storehouses of wonders make Tesla's assertion appear natural instead of fantastic. The twentieth century man and woman may see nothing so very strange in bringing the stars down to earth—Washington Times.

And He's Single, too.

"Why does such a clever, capable, excellent girl as Miss Proper remain unmarried?"

"Oh, the boys are all afraid to propose to her."

"Afraid she won't accept?"

"No. Afraid she will."

Just as Bad.

"I admit that Rogers is a meek little fellow, but he's not the kind of man I should like to meet five miles from home on a dark night."

"Pshaw! Why not?"

"He would insist upon you accompanying him home for protection."

Sure on one Point.

"Out late last night, eh? What time did the clock say when you got in?"

"I don't remember what the clock said, but I will never forget what my wife said!"

RURAL GEORGIA JOYS.

The Old Time Log Rollings and Corn Shuckings Are Things of the Past.

"The old time corn shuckings and log rollings have played out in the land of the south," remarked a Georgia farmer from Elbert county, the conversation turning to farm life and its joys. "Yes, one rarely ever sees the genuine old time Georgia corn shuckings these days. You see, for a number of years the farmers of this section of country did not grow enough corn to have a respectable corn shucking, and as for log rollings the farmers have not been in the humor of late years to clear up much new ground land, and for this reason there has been no occasion for log rolling."

A listener wanted to know what was a log rolling anyhow.

"Why, have you never heard of the log rollings we used to have in this country?" asked the farmer. "Then you've missed half your life. It was the greatest fun the darkeys on the farms had for years and years. The farmer who had cleared a new ground, when the trees had all been cut down and the brush clipped off and burned, wanted to get all the logs of the field before he could cultivate it. Therefore he would give what is called a log rolling, to which he would invite all the darkeys and laborers on the neighboring farms on some suitable day.

There was no compensation in it, for it was a picnic, though you would never think it for it was the hardest sort of work. The darkeys all would come in high glee, knowing that a great jug of whisky would be dished out to them, and that a big dinner would be given by the landlord who gave the log rolling. What is meant by rolling logs is putting a handstick under them, with a darkey at each end of the stick and lifting the logs from the ground and then conveying them to a pile here and there and there about the new ground, where they would be burned later.

"The fun came in with the rivalry among the darkeys to see who was the champion lifter of the day. They would have great straps of leather that went over their shoulders in a loop, and through this loop they would stick their handsticks, sometimes enabling them to lift with their hands and their whole bodies at the same time, throwing their strength against their opponent, who had hold of the other end of the handstick under the log. This strap of leather for some reason was called an 'Alabama.' It was great fun to see them straining their very lives away under the great, heavy logs here and there about the field. When night came on, the frolic would up with a great dance and 'hot supper,' as they called it, in the kitchen."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOWNS.

Men Never Praise the Gowns of Women they Dislike.

Lilian Bell declares "The Philosophy of Clothes" most interestingly in April Ladies' Home Journal. She declares that "there is a hollowess about having a man praise your gowns when you know he doesn't know what he is talking about. When a man praises your clothes he is always praising you in them. You never will hear a man praise even the good dressing of a woman whom he dislikes.

But girls who positively hate another girl often will add, "But she certainly does know how to dress."

"And so the experienced woman wears her expensive clothes for other women and produces her effects for men. She wears searlet on a cold or raw day, and the eyes of the men light up when they see her. It makes her look cheerful and bright and warm. She wears gray when she wants to look demure. Let a man beware of a woman in silvery gray. She looks so quiet and demure and gentle that she has disarmed him before she has spoken one word, and he will snuggle down beside her and let her turn his mind and his pocket wrong side out. A woman can't look besting in a light gray if she tries. He dotes upon the girl in pale blue. Pale blue naturally suggests to his mind the sort of girl who can wear it, which is generally a blonde with soft, fluffy hair, fair skin and blue eyes—appealing, trustful, baby-blue eyes."

The Empty House.

The ascetic apple tree that stands beside the black, decaying eaves. Once more has both her crooked hands and Half full of Maytime flowers and leaves, But the old gray house where the gold haired children

Blossomed out from window and door At the early kiss of the May sunshine— The old gray house will bloom no more.

In that old apple tree again Their loving nest the bluebirds fill; They warble to the mild spring rain. With music soft the mornings thrill, But the old gray house with her vacant windows,

Where never a rosy cheek is pressed, Where all is silence and void and shadow, No birds come back to her empty nest.

"Talk may be cheap," says the Manassus Philosopher, "but the man who writes a lawyer knows differently."—Philadelphia Record.

WHAT FIREMEN FIND.

They Pick Up Curious Articles Sometimes. A Touching Incident.

"Well, sir," said a stalwart looking fireman the other day, "we fellows don't have much time for looking about for funds when a house is burning and perhaps people's lives are at stake, yet we do come across things occasionally."

"A brother wearer of the brass helmet used to tell how he was once at a fire—and a big one, too—and in making his way through the house positively saw bank notes burning away like so many pipe lights. He picked up as many as he possibly could, stuffed them in his pockets and went on with his work. After the conflagration had ceased the man who was left in charge picked up among the embers an old fashioned pepper box—black and charred—filled with silver dollars, and a further search brought out a number of rare old silver spoons."

"I have myself found two or three checkbooks, and once a set of false teeth, which I popped in my pocket and soon after was able to return to the owner, who proved his right to possess them without a doubt. I once brought out a genuine Stradivarius—a violin worth several hundreds of dollars—while diamonds and other jewelry have been saved in plenty."

"Indeed there are a thousand and one things a fireman finds and saves, though perhaps that which gave me the greatest satisfaction was an old rag doll. It was a touching little incident and quite true."

"It happened at a big fire, and in the midst of the excitement—which I assure you few people realize—the word went forth that a little child was up stairs. I don't want to boast, but away I went. I found her on the second floor, asleep in her little crib, with this old dolly by her side. I caught the child in my arms and—she awoke. She looked up in my face and seemed to understand that I was saving her from the flames."

"Dolly! Dolly!" she cried.

"The next instant—aye, quicker than it takes to tell you—I had the old rag doll, and my pals told me that if any artist could only have painted us as we appeared—me with the youngster in my arms, and she cuddling up her treasure—why, there wouldn't have been another picture in the land to touch it!"—Boston Traveller.

No Statesman.

"You, sir," shouted the reformer, "you are no statesman."

"Statesman?" echoed the boss, laughing harshly. "I got statesman to sell."

Just now everybody is beginning to take a Spring Medicine. And it is a good thing to do provided you take Simmons Liver Regulator—the best Spring Medicine. It's a sluggish liver that clogs the system and makes bad blood. A dose a day of Simmons Liver Regulator will make a new man of you, and a new woman too. Look for the Red Z on the package. It is Simmons Liver Regulator you want.

NINE TIMES THREE.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Three things to fight for—honor, country and home.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMMONS

LIVER REGULATOR

THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE

is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. Don't forget to take it. Now is the time you need it most to wake up your Liver. A sluggish Liver brings on Malaria, Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, and many other ills which shatter the constitution and wreck health. Don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR you want. The word REGULATOR distinguishes it from all other remedies. And, besides this, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR is a Regulator of the Liver, keeps it properly at work, that your system may be kept in good condition.

FOR THE BLOOD take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best blood purifier and corrector. Try it and note the difference. Look for the RED Z on every package. You want find it on any other medicine, and there is no other Liver remedy like SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR—the King of Liver Remedies. Be sure you get it.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

MAGNETIC NERVE is sold with written guarantee to restore Lost Manhood. Cures weakness, Nervous Debility and all the evils from early or later excess, the results of overwork, worry, sickness, etc. Full strength, tone and development given to every organ or portion of the body. Improvement immediately seen from the first box. Thousands of letters of praise on file in our office. Can be earned in net pocket. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. One month's treatment in each box. Price \$1.00 per box, \$5.00 with written guarantee to refund money if not cured. Send to us for the Genuine. Circulars Free.

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