THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXXI. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896. NO. 2.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS IN YOUTH

Ayer's Hair Vigor

CORDIALLY INDORSED.

RESTORES Natural Growth OF THE HAIR —WHEN— ALL OTHER Dressings FAIL.

"I can cordially indorse Ayer's Hair Vigor as one of the best preparations for the hair. When I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, all the front part of my head—about half of it—was bald. The use of only two bottles restored a natural growth, which still continues as in my youth. I tried several other dressings, but they all failed. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the best."—MRS. J. C. PREUSSER, Converse, Texas.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

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WILLIAM FREEMAN,

PORTRAIT ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER and dealer in

FRAMES, EASELS, AMATEUR

Supplies, etc.

OLD PICTURE COPYING A SPECIALTY

Fitst class work guaranteed.

oct 10 1y. 176 Main st., Norfolk Va.

GROVES

TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.
Parts Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,
ARNEY, CARR & CO.

—SOLD AND WARRANTED BY—

Dr. A. S. Harrison,

ENFIELD, N. C.

Judkin's Grocery

WELDON, N. C.

For fine groceries, it will pay to call
On J. L. Judkins, leader of them all,
The finest goods in Weldon you will see
At Judkin's Grocery.

Imported and domestic goods hete you will find,
Canned goods and delicacies of every kind
It matters not what your needs may be
Visit Judkins' Grocery.

For choice teas and coffee Judkins is renowned
None finer in the country can be found
Try their special brands of blended tea
At Judkins' Grocery.

None in Weldon with Judkins can compete
Or show a stock of fine goods as complete.
The great one price you may see
At Judkins' Grocery.

At Judkins' store do not forget
Full weights and measures you can always get
And your town orders delivered free
From Judkins' Grocery.

dec 13 1y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HOWARD ALSTON,

Attorney-at-Law

HALIFAX, N. C.

oct 24 1y.

JAMES M. MULLEN, WALTER E. DANIEL.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

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Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday. jan 7 1y

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST

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Office over Emry & Pierce's store.
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DR. W. J. WARD,

Surgeon • Dentist,

ENFIELD, N. C.

Office over Harrison's Drug Store.
dec 20 1y.

TYRE YORK IN "DE ATE."

The Way Being Cleared for York to Canvass His District on Bull-Back.

The eighth congressional district of North Carolina begins to hum with a cheerful anticipation. The lower projecting branches of trees, and the impertinent underbush along the road and pathways and cow tracks have been lopped off with an unsparing hand. The ruts are filled in as rapidly as the weather admits. The Hon. Tyre York is about to begin his unique canvass for the Republican nomination for Congressman. He has saddled and bridled his bull. Fire shoots from its nostrils and most of its feet are usually in the air. It is a bull full of spirit, impetuous, pawing the ground, leaping into the air, waving its tail in defiance of the Democracy, and of the Hon. Tyre York's competitor for the nomination.

The Hon. Tyre York's competitor, [Hon. Romulus Z. Linney, who it is proposed shall canvass the district on mule back] palpably unable to meet Col. York in that noble arena which he has made his own, has devised many sinister expedients. He has directed his henchmen along the route of Col. York's trumphal progress to bandage the trees at various intervals with red bandannas. The colored Republicans who are unwise enough to oppose Col. York's aspirations have been directed to wave widly the reddest of their red shirts beside the way.

But Col. Tyre York's bull, violent as he seems, is a good, sensible, solid, respectable, quiet, order loving, conservative Republican animal. Besides, Col. York will put blinders on him. With five or six pairs of blue and black glasses plastered upon his burning eyes, this ingenious animal, who confers honor upon his name of Taurus Tyricus Eboracensis, will be unable to resent the indignities of his master's foes. Wherever he goes he will attract attention by his beauty and his seeming docility. Thousands will assemble to meet and greet him on his way and to give him the glad pat. When Col. Tyre York, after riding through the principal streets of the town on bullback, arises in his anchored bamboo chair in the palanquin, and begs leave to offer to his Republican friends a few thoughts upon the present condition of public affairs, not even the most malignant enemy of his hopes, not even the most mischievous urchin among all the Tar Heel boys, will dare to prod that almost scared beast.

Scared indeed! The sunbeams will smile upon his glossy coat in the day time; at night the flames of pitch, tar and turpentine will illuminate his glorious path. The Hon. Tyre York is carving for himself with a sharp chisel and a steady hand an enduring name upon the tablets of American history; but don't forget the bull.—New York Sun.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

The Employers' Liability Question—Employe—Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary; I have got married lately.

Manager of works—Very sorry, my friend, I can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to our men when off duty!

THE ACME OF CRUELTY.

"What was Nero's great act of cruelty?" asked the teacher of the class in history.

"Playin' the fiddle," was the prompt response. And the teacher let it go at that.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., compounded this medicine of vegetable ingredients which had an especial effect upon the stomach and liver, rousing the organs to healthful activity as well as purifying and enriching the blood. By such means the stomach and the nerves are supplied with *pure blood;* they will not do duty without it any more than a locomotive can run without coal. You can not get a lasting cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by taking artificially digested foods or pepsin—the stomach must do its own work in its own way. Do not put your nerves to sleep with so-called celery mixtures, it is better to go to the seat of the difficulty and feed the nerve cells on the food they require. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Nervous Affections, such as sleeplessness and weak, nervous feelings are completely *cured* by the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the whole system.

MRS. K. HENKE, of *No. 846 North Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.,* writes: "I regard my improvement as simply wonderful. Since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in connection with his 'Pleasant Pellets' I have gained in every respect, particularly in flesh and strength. My liver was dreadfully enlarged and I suffered greatly from dyspepsia. No physician could give relief.

Now, after two months I am entirely relieved of my disease. My appetite is excellent; food well digested; bowels regular and sleep much improved."

MRS. HENKE.

CUPID AND BICYCLES.

A Government Officer Captured by a Moonshiner's Daughter.

A remarkable story has just come to light in which figure moonshiners, a revenue officer, a beautiful mountain maid, Cupid and bicycles.

In the summer a suspicion which the revenue department had long entertained ripened into certainty that there was an illicit distillery somewhere in this vicinity which was producing large quantities of "Mountain Dew." The local officials being well known to the inhabitants, the department sent here a young man from New York, one Jack Dickson by name whose instructions were to ferret out such information as he could get, while apparently occupied solely in fishing, hunting and otherwise passing a month's vacation.

The programme was duly carried out. Dickson hunted and fished and kept his eyes open, but not even a whiff could he get of the forbidden liquor. One day nearly two weeks after his arrival, he took his fishing rod and journeyed in a direction not hitherto taken. Trying many mountain streams, he caught a few fish, but his spying efforts were as vain as heretofore.

Evening came on, and not knowing his whereabouts, he was delighted to succeed in getting out of the underbrush on to a good wagon road. Undecided which direction to take, he paused by the roadside a moment, when an apparition darted around the bend of the road and fairly took away his breath. A bicycle in this wilderness, and what is more, ridden by a most attractive girl! She saw him, of course, and as he admitted himself to be lost, she directed him how to reach her father's farmhouse, extending a cordial invitation to stop, with all the free good fellowship for which our girls hereabouts are noted. Then mounting her wheel, she sped away, while Dickson hurried behind.

The farmer insisted upon his staying all night, and he did so. It was a case of love at first sight. Dickson being an expert wheelman himself, was captivated by the beautiful mountain rider. Moonshiners were forgotten in the next few days. Within a week he had his own wheel sent hither by express, and was more than pleased to comply with Sallie Newman's laughing orders that it must be kept at the farm. Every day they went out together, starting from the farm in the afternoon and riding through the leafy byways, frequently stopping at the residence of Sallie's aunt in the village for supper, and then going home in the moonlight.

Weeks sped away, until one day Dickson was rudely awakened from his dream of bliss by a peremptory order from Washington to return home, his mission having proven fruitless. Sadly he started out with Sallie for a final ride. All unconscious of his woes, Sallie twitted him upon his strange silence, and then challenged him to a race. Away she sped, and he was sorely tried to keep at her side. Neither noticed the fragments of a pane of window glass, dropped on the road by some unlucky farmer, until too late.

"Hold on, our tires are punctured," shouted Dickson, jumping from his wheel; "by the horn spoon, what's that," he added gazing with amazement at a tiny stream of liquor spurting from both front and rear tires. A moment later the whole situation fell upon him. "Oh, you little moonshiner," he murmured, and then he let his wheel fall, and sprang to catch Sallie, who had swooned.

For six weeks the valiant Dickson had been assisting unawares the moonshiners by carrying whiskey in his pneumatic tires, inserted at the farmhouse and deftly removed by Aunt Jane in the village.

Did he arrest the guilty maid? Not much. He resigned his position and married her, and the happy pair now live in Philadelphia, where they are often seen on a tandem in the park.

It is scarcely necessary to add the tires are now inflated solely with air.—Philadelphia Times.

A WOMAN'S SMILE.

A woman's smile is thus described in a Hawaiian romance: "Her rich red lips parted, and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened wider and wider, deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks; brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until stray ray, darting through the foliage of an overhanging bough, illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back part of her head. Then, seeing us gazing intently upon her, she shuts her mouth, and darkness fell upon the scene."

THE BETTER TEST.

Mamma — Johnie, you have been fighting. I can tell it by the look in your eye.

Johnnie—Yes; but ma, you should see the look in the other boy's eye.

The difference between a somnambulist and a messenger boy is trifling: One walks in his sleep, and the other sleeps in his walk."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Luckyman was Innocent, but Could He Have Proved It?

"As an illustration of how easy it is to become the victim of circumstances and how the strongest kind of proof may be established against a person entirely innocent of criminal intent merely through false appearances, I wish to narrate an incident in my own experience," said a gentleman to a reporter of the Washington Star.

"Some years ago I occupied a house on ———street in this city, and as there was more room than the family needed the third floor was rented, the occupants thereof being a newly wedded couple. The husband's work kept him from home at night, though sometimes, when work was slack, he would get in before daylight. My sleeping room was immediately beneath that occupied by the tenants.

"At the time I speak of there was also another lodger in the house, not confined to any particular floor, but having the run of the whole premises. This was a pet cat, a great favorite with all of us. This special cat came very near getting me into serious trouble. On one occasion she took a week's leave of absence. We never ascertained where or how she spent the time, and no trace of her could be found. But the cat came back."

"One night I was aroused from a deep sleep to hear a piteous mewing at the upper door. I hastily arose and without taking the time to even put on my slippers I hurried down and admitted the wanderer. Then I started upstairs to my room, but by some mental aberration I seemed to forget its location, passed it by and went on up to the third floor.

"The only way in which I can explain my mistake is this: There was a basement to the house and I usually entered that way. To reach my chamber in such event I was, of course, compelled to ascend two flights of stairs, and the habit thus formed may, in my sleepy state, have led to the error. The first thing I knew I was standing, clad only in one very much abbreviated garment, inside the tenant's room. The door was unlocked, and I had opened it and stepped in without disturbing the sole occupant, the young wife. There before me, by the light streaming through an open window, I could plainly see madame wrapt in slumber, unconscious of the proximity of a stray man, calmly, yet not quietly, snoozing away.

"For a moment I was completely upset and failed to realize the situation. Then, recovering my senses, I softly stole out, without attempting to close the door. I had been in my room less than five minutes when there was a rattle at the front door as the key was inserted and in walked Mr. Younghusband. Quietly he sped upstairs, and soon after I heard a somewhat animated discussion in which the fact of the room door being open seemed to cut quite a figure. I didn't go up and explain the matter. In fact, I was so impressed with the narrow escape that I had made that I was compelled to resort to the contents of a small bottle to steady my nerves. What a wonderful difference a few minutes may make in the affairs of mankind. I was never before so struck with the value of time.

"Now, suppose I had been discovered by the young wife as I came out! What construction would have been put on the situation? Would my explanation have availed? Hardly. Suppose, as is most likely, a row had occurred, and the matter had gone into the courts. What would a jury have thought of my apparently all to diaphanous story? I hate to think of what the consequences might have been, both to myself and to others.

"It is true, my character was, and still is, fairly good, and the cat was there to testify in my behalf, but I fear that would not have helped me much. But supposed me exonerated by a jury. Would not 'suspicion, strong as proof of Holy Writ,' have damned me in public estimation?

"I haven't the least doubt of it.

"The experience of that, to me, eventful night taught me a powerful lesson. I have since been exceedingly careful in passing judgment upon others when the evidence is based on appearances only, no matter how convincing these may seem.

"I sometimes meet my former tenants, now pater and mater families, but I never do so without experiencing an uncomfortable feeling.

"I may say, in conclusion, that I am also mighty particular how I travel about at night, especially when garbed only in rectitude and a very short robe de nuit."—Washington Star.

Don't let anyone persuade you to take anything else instead of Simmons Liver Regulator. Some merchants will try to do this but not for your good. They do it to make a little more profit on something which is of an inferior quality, though you must pay just as much for the bad as for the good. Be sure to take Simmons Liver Regulator, and nothing else. Look for the Red Z on every package.

A CONGRESSMAN'S JOKE.

Gratifying a Constituent's Whims May Be Diplomatic, But Is Expensive.

One member of the House is in a regular stew just now. To a reporter he tells this story of himself:

"I was slightly surprised a few days ago to receive a letter from a constituent, as follows:

"'Dear Judge—Tim Dooley says that the Government gives away fish to those who apply. I don't know if this is so or not; but if so I wish you would send me some. The only kind we get here are in half pound packages, called boneless cod and they are no account, and then they make you thirsty. If they give away the fish hooks I wish you would send me some, for the Major, Ransom Brown, Judge Kaufman and I have planned to go fishing as soon as the weather opens up. You know they all worked well for you the last time.'

"For the sake of the joke I dropped into a sporting goods store, and bought a tin box of hooks for $1.50, and sent it to my friend with a note saying I was very glad that I had some fish hooks still left from my quota, though there had been a great demand for them and the horse hook. The supply of fish had run out, and the President had been so occupied with bonds, and had Congress on his hands so long that our supply was exhausted. I regretted also that the ducks have been wild, or could maybe have got some, but last trip Grover only got 13, and he needed most of those himself.

"The results was fourteen requests for fish hooks within a week, and they are still coming. It is no use to say that Uncle Sam does not handle fish hooks, as here are the hooks and there is my letter, and if I don't send them every last man that I refuse will sharpen a knife for me next campaign, and if I do I will go broke. Don't fool with the granger."—Washington Times.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

WARNING NOTES CALLING THE WICKED TO REPENTANCE.

Turn a thinker loose, and you shake the world.

Old men are drunkards because young men drink.

We rob God when we give our neighbor light weight.

The man who is not a friend, will often need one.

When the church is awake the devil is afraid to sleep.

The sin we have no mercy on, will soon have no mercy on us.

A golden opportunity never knocks at the same door twice.

The hardest wound to heal is the one inflicted by a friend.

This world is a bad world only for those who have bad hearts.

Treasures laid up in heaven, always enriches somebody on earth.

The devil is the only gainer when a boy is whipped to make him go to church.

A TOUCHING SIGHT.

In the western part of Massachusetts a man had a fine stock farm.

But a few weeks ago fire broke out in the barn and burned not only the building and the hay, but most of the animals also. After the fire the owner walked over the ruins.

It was a sad sight to see the charred bodies of the fine Jersey cows and his high spirited horses.

But at the end of the barn he saw a sight which touched him more than the rest. There sat an old black hen.

He wondered that she did not move her head and look at him as he came near, but he thought she must be asleep.

He poked her with his cane, and to his surprise the wing he touched fell into ashes.

Then he knew that she had burned to death.

But out from under her wing came a faint peep, and pushing her aside with cane the man found—what do you think?—ten little live yellow chickens. The poor hen had sacrificed her own life to save them.

The sight touched the man more than anything else.

THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

The true secret of health and long life lies in very simple things:

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction. "Work like a man; but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

AN OFFER.

The Queer Proposal Addressed to the Mother of his Lady Lover.

A quiant offer of marriage, written more than one hundred years ago, is carefully preserved in the family of the young wooer's descendants. It was addressed not to the young woman herself, but most respectfully and decorously to her parents. The father of the "Betsy" referred to had ten daughters, and as he was a clergyman for fifty years in a small New England town, it may be surmised that his affirmative answer to spare his "seventh" was as quickly assenting as it was final. The wooer was also a clergyman, and he and his Betsy passed their entire married lives in the same pastorate, ministers of those days living and dying with their flocks. Here is the lover's plea:

Both reverend sir and worthy maiden,
Soft wedlock's bands first was talked in heaven;
When happy man in Eden dwelt alone,
The smiling God, a spouse did form of bone
That friendship might their joyful souls inspire
And knit their hearts in a seraphic fire.
With wedlock chain I wish myself to bind,
If from your lips the answer should prove;
Betsy, your seventh, I wish you to impart
That we may join our hands as well as hearts,
And live in love and share each other's cares.
While fleeting time whirls on with rolling years
Till grizzly death dissolves the silken chain
That we may rise and mingle souls again.
—Indianapolis Sentinel.

ALL ABOUT A TELEGRAM.

"What is it, Sarah?"

"It's a boy, mum, with a telegraft."

"A telegram! Oh, ask if James is killed!"

"He says he don't know, mum."

"Ask him what he knows about it."

"He says that all he knows about it is that there is the telegraft, and he wants his money."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do? Here, Sarah, here's the purse. Pay him—pay him whatever he asks. Oh, my poor James! I just knew something would happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home in an ambulance, Sarah?"

"I s'pose so, mum. Maybe you'd better read the telegraft."

"I can't, I can't. Oh! it serves me right for not kissing him but three times when he left. And we've been married such a short time, too!"

"Why don't you open the telegraft, mum?"

"Well, I suppose I must; but, oh, I can't tell you how I dread it," (Reads telegram.)

"Will bring friend home to dinner. James."—Exchange.

LEARN TO LAUGH.

A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and may be a nuisance as well.—Pennyslvania School Journal.

PROVED.

Husband—I don't see why it was necessary to call the doctor when the baby had only a trifling cough.

Wife—Well, dear, I asked the doctor and he said I did quite right.

WHAT IS A SMILE.

Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes! I know," said the child, "It's the whisper of a laugh."

NO CHICKEN.

Mrs. Taddells—Let's see! Susie Dimling is about 20 years old, isn't she?

Mrs. Wiffles—Susie Dimling 20! Susie Dimling will never see 20 again if she lives to be eighty.

FOUND HER ON THE STEPS.

Lushington—My dear why do you stay up so late out here for me?

Mrs. L. (sardonically)—I like the novelty of seeing from this side of your efforts to find the keyhole!

Poetry Fed—She (sentimentally)—"What poetry there is in fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."

THE GARTER IS A THING OF BEAUTY.

Fastened Above the Knee it is so Pretty with its Buckles and Ribbon Bows No Woman Can Resist It.

The garter has become a thing of beauty, but it remains a hygienic abomination, according to the doctors. This refers to the round garter, which compresses the muscles, retards the circulation, and numbs the nerves.

And it is this instrument of torture upon which the manufacturers have lavished their attention, until it has become so pretty an affair, with its filagree buckles and its ribbon bows, that only Spartan women can resist it.

FASTENED ABOVE THE KNEE.

The round garter, fastened above the knee, is not considered by physicians quite so deadly as the tightly-drawn corset. There are no ribs in the leg to be compressed, and the vital organs of the body are not located in the neighborhood of the knee. But, next to the injurious compression of the waist, bust, and abdomen by stays, the hygienists place the compression of the leg by elastic garters. The india-rubber bands which encircle the flesh just above the knee are dangerous, because of their effect upon the muscles and upon the circulation. The veins are contracted, and the blood of necessity is retarded in its flow. The result is not merely local injury, but harm to the whole system, which is affected by the sluggishness of the circulation.

But the danger does not merely lie in an impaired circulation, but is also muscular. In walking, the muscles just above and below the knee are brought more into play than any others. The compression of the muscles at this point is therefore, something to be avoided, for it means additional effort at every step and consequent weariness. Often this fatigue produces muscular rheumatism, and doctor's bills are the direct result of the frivolous bit of silk elastic ribbon and silver which shopkeepers call a garter.

If the exigencies of tidiness absolutely demand the round garter it is much better that it should be worn below the knee than above.

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 wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. 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.

NOT IN THE RIGHT HOUSE.

Sleepy citizen—What do you want in my house?

Burglar (presenting gun)—I want money.

Sleepy Citizen—Good Lord, give us your hand; so do I.—Texas Siftings.

The Smile of a Little Child.

There is nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is divine
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light of the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn is breaking through.

Ignorance, bliss; knowledge, blister.—She—"When you married me you said you were well off." He—"I was; but I did not know it."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

POULTRY AND GARDEN FENCE

And make a special Horse, Cattle and Hog Fence Yard, Cemetery, and Grave Lot Fencing a Specialty. We Pay the Freight. Catalogue Free.
K. I. SHELLABERGER, ATLANTA, GA.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

MAGNETIC NERVINE is sold with written ten guarantee to restore Lost Manhood. Cures weaknesses, Nervous Debility and all the evils from early or later excesses, 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 carried in vest pocket. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. One month's treatment in each box. Price $1.00, 6 boxes, $5.00, with Written Guarantee to refund money if not cured. Send to us for the Genuine. Circulars Free.

For sale by W. M. COHEN, Druggist,
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HARDWARE,

SASH, BLINDS, and DOORS.

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DRUGGISTS,

225 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

All mail orders receive prompt personal attention. my 23 1y.

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