

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GOOD USES OF SALT.

It is the Readiest and Cheapest of Remedies for Many Things.

Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious.

A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures sick headache.

Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath.

Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water.

Weak ankles should be rubbed with solution of salt, water and alcohol.

Rose colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt, like snuff.

Dyspepsia, heart burn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted.

Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when, hurt, if brandy or other remedies are not at hand.

Hemorrhage from tooth-pulling is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water.

Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt.

Public speakers and many need singers use a wash of salt and water before and after using the voice, as it strengthens the organs of the throat.

Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water in washing prevents the hair falling out.

Faithers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over fire in which salt has been thrown.

Salt always should be eaten with nuts, and a dessert fruit salt used should be specially made.

If twenty pounds of salt and ten pounds of muriate of ammonia be dissolved in seven gallons of water and bottled, many fires may be prevented.

By splashing and spraying the burning articles the fire is soon extinguished. An incombustible coating is immediately formed.

Add salt to the water in which black and white cotton goods are washed.

Flat irons may be made smooth if rubbed over salt.

Copper and glass may be quickly cleaned by dipping half a lemon in fine salt, then rubbing them over stained objects.

Lemons and salt also remove stains from the fingers. Do not use soap afterward.

If a small teaspoonful of fine salt be added to a quart of milk it will be preserved sweet and pure for several days.

Eggs packed in salt can be kept for several months.

A pinch of salt added to mustard prevents it souring.

A smouldering or dull fire may be cleared by broiling by a handful of salt.

Salt thrown on any burning substance will stop the smoke and blaze.

Bread insufficiently salted becomes acid, dry and crumbly.

Bread made with salt water is said to be good in some cases of consumption.

When cabbage, onions or strong smelling vegetables have been boiled in salt, prevent odors clinging to them, place some salt on the stove and turn the pails bottom up over the salt. In a few minutes the pails will smell sweet.

All salads should be soaked in salt and water to destroy animalcules or small worms.

Make a strong brine and water garden walks to kill weeds. A moderate quantity of salt stimulates their growth.

Salt and camphor in cold water form an excellent disinfectant in bedrooms.

Housewifery should pour salt water after using it, down the drain pipes.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet room basins.

Water for laying dyes is more effective when salt is added. Sea water is generally used in England coast towns for this purpose.

Rattan, bamboo and basket work furniture may be thoroughly cleaned by scrubbing with brush and salt water.

Japanese and plain straw matting should be washed with salt and water and rubbed dry. This keeps them soft and prevents brittle cracking when traffic is heavy.

Brooms soaked in hot salt water wear better and do not break.

BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD!!!
To be healthy the blood must be kept pure as it is "the life of the flesh." If you know any one that has a cancerous sore, Syphilis, Scrofula, old sores, Boils, Pimples, or impure blood recommend to them Dr. David's Iodo Ferrated Sarsaparilla, the best blood medicine known. Sufferers with rheumatism will be cured if they rub well with Iodo Ferrated Sarsaparilla. It is the best alternative tonic known. It cures that "fired feeling" and makes you healthy and strong.

She—"Am I the first you ever kissed?" He (surprised)—"Why, no! I have three sisters."

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

His Boy's Answer to the Water Woke Him Up.

If all fathers could feel that the little lives that God entrusts to them are following in their footsteps, trustingly and closely, as in the case herein narrated, how often their plan of life and action would be entirely changed.

It is related of a young man who had never been out in the world a great deal and had never attended a banquet, and who was invited with his father to attend a very fashionable one in a certain city.

Many kinds of wines and liquors were served, as is customary at such places.

Seated at the table by the side of his father, the waiter approached the young man with liquors and wines, and asked him what he would have. Somewhat embarrassed, and not knowing what to say, he thought awhile, looked around, and at last said to the waiter: "I'll take what father does."

The waiter passed on to the father. He had heard the answer of his boy. Up to this time he had been a moderate drinker, and was not a Prohibitionist. His boy's answer to the waiter woke him to the fearful responsibility upon him to face with a question, upon the decision of which depended largely the future moral welfare of his son.

What should he do? "What would he take?"

Aroused fully to his responsible position, more than he had ever before he said with emphasis: "I'll take water."

The battle was fought, the victory won, and the destiny of his boy as a man of temperate habits fixed so far as he had the power to do it by his example. The father became a total abstainer, and was ever afterward a strong Prohibitionist, and his son was saved to a sober life.—Selected.

WAS JEALOUS.

But Only Because She Did Not Read the Letter Right.

"The horrid, mean thing! I wonder who she was!" exclaimed a little woman, as she was standing with a lady companion on G street yesterday, and reading a letter from her home in Philadelphia.

"Some men can be trusted alone for a day—they will do something to disgrace themselves." And she stamped her little foot on the sidewalk, while a look of indignation spread over her pretty face.

"Why, what has gone wrong with home?" questioned the other lady, as she turned to the little one with a sympathetic manner.

"Oh, John has gone crazy, I think," and her voice choked, while a moisture crept into her eyes. "They were having a fair and festival in the town hall for the benefit of the church, and the big chamberlain, but, hurrying several people. After the accident, when the excitement had quieted down, John went home with an ugly cut on his arm, and—"

"But the little thing broke down and sobbed as though her heart were breaking." "Here," she said, handing the letter to her friend, and pointing to a paragraph, "read that, and you will understand what I mean."

The lady took the letter and commenced reading aloud at the place indicated. "After the accident, when the excitement had quieted down, John went home with an ugly cut on his arm, and—"

"What?" interrupted the little one, as she turned with a startling look toward the other.

"Went home," continued her companion, reading again, "with an ugly cut—"

The little lady snatched the letter out of the other's hand, with a hysterical sob, and commenced crowding it into the envelope, while her face took on the face of carmine.

"Do you know," she giggled, as she pushed the letter down deep in her pocket. "I read that paragraph over three different times and each time I spelled that word e-a-t!"

INTERESTED IN HEAVEN.
A minister who had lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came, and told how he lived on one side of a river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other, until his daughter was married and went over there to live and, then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river, and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there. "Now," said said he, "I think that as this child has crossed the river, heaven will be much dearer than ever it has been before."

TRANSVAAL COURTING.

Very Little Talking, But the Boers Make Careful Observation.

The Boers marry very young. On attaining the age of twenty a youth begins to look out for a partner in life.

Ball and similar opportunities of introduction are unknown in the country, the young peasant accordingly mounts his horse and rides from farm to farm to select a bride from the daughters of the land.

You tell from a distance what he is after. His woolsen shirt is adorned with a clean collar, perhaps a necktie as well. His boots of untanned leather have been polished with particular care, his broad-brimmed felt hat is trimmed with a new band of pale blue silk, and a new bright-colored rug is placed under his saddle.

Away he gallops to the next farm, where he dismounts, drinks a few litres of coffee, smokes a dozen pipes, takes three meals with the family, devours the daughters with his eyes, and talks as little as possible.

After sundown, when the lights have been brought into the room and the family are preparing to retire to rest, he plucks up courage, and asks the mother to allow Minnie, or whatever the selected one's name is, to stay up with him a little longer.

Permission is at once granted; Minnie bashfully re-enters the parlor, puts a lighted candle on the table, sits down in one corner and says nothing.

Our suitor sits in another corner, smokes, exclaims and says not a word. Nevertheless, Minnie, sly as she is, has contrived to let her admirer know whether she likes him or not by the size of the candle. The longer it is, the longer they may sit up together.

Next morning the Boer saddles his horse and rides off to another farm, where the same process is gone through, and so on till he has made up his mind which of the girls he will have. Whereupon he rides back to her farm, again sits up half the night, and without saying many words, makes her another offer which is very seldom rejected. The wedding is celebrated on the following Sunday.

END OF THE WORLD.

In these latter days there is nothing so extraordinary as the recrudescence of old superstitions in skeptical France. What with appearing archangels and Madonnas and disappearing devils, and Gallic intellect has been kept in a ferment of excitement. And now comes a new disturbing element in the shape of two prophecies, foretelling the end of the world in 1899. In these prophecies religion and science go hand in hand. One was made over three centuries ago by Frere Philippe Olivarius, of the Abbey of Cîteaux, who had in his day, so we are told, "a great reputation for perspicacity." He began by the general prediction that in the year 1896 Paris would be blotted out, never to reappear; that many great cities would be burned, and that the end of all things would be three years later.

The other prophecy is by Professor Fab, of Vienna, who has achieved a reputation throughout Europe throughout his successful foretellings of the earthquakes of 1893, in Zante, and in Southern Hungary. He now asserts that on November 13, 1899, that heavenly wanderer known as the comet of 1896 will appear and collide with the earth, smashing into atoms. It would seem therefore, that now is the time to order early your accession robe if you wish to be early and avoid the rush.—New York Herald.

PAT AND THE BULL.

HIS FAITH IN THE CHARMS OF MUSIC LOST BY A TOSS-UP.

A festive Hibernian, taking his way beneath the light of the setting sun, decided to facilitate his progress by taking a path through a meadow, which decreased the distance of the road by half a mile.

About the center of the field he remembered that a particularly savage bull was "grazed" there; but to turn back was impossible, as the uncertain light rendered the whereabouts of the animal a mystery.

"Be jabers!" exclaimed Pat, after scratching his head a moment, "one of them poet fellows had said that music can larny the savage beast. Here goes for old Ireland," and he struck up, with more zeal than melody, "Erin Go Bragh."

In a moment a hoarse bellow announced that the bull was listening.

"They both reached the style together, and there was a toss up as to who should be over first, in which Pat was aided by the bull.

When he recovered, and lay watching the bull endeavoring to climb the fence, he muttered:

"By gum, either that poet feller's a liar or I've sung the wrong tune."

Sorrows are like thunder clouds; in the distance they look black, over our heads, hardly grey.

WHAT WHISKEY WILL DO.

A Thrilling Story by John B. Gough.

A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling stories I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep, clapping his hands, exclaiming:

"Papa's come home!"

He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered and fell in the hall. The minister said to me:

"I could give you his name, if necessary. I spent the night in the house. I went out, barefoot and with the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked down the hill. There was his child—dead! There was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep!"

A man but thirty years of age, asleep with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and wife upon the brink of the grave!

"Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain until he woke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed: 'What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy?'"

"You cannot see him!"

"Stand out of the way! I will see my boy!"

"To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek: 'Oh, my child!'"

That minister said further to me: "One year after he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended the funeral."

The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is today a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston!

Now tell me what rum won't do. It will debas, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and God-like in a human being. There is nothing that drink will do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. We are united, comrades, we will not, to fight this monster, rum, till the day of our death!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Heaven help the man who thinks he can doge enemies by trying to please everybody.

A married woman's description of an ideal man is a picture of the kind she didn't get.

Adversity shows a true man, as the night brings out the stars obscured while the sun is shining.

Poverty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impoverished, the colder the blows.

Grief or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue.

The second baby may weigh three pounds more than the first without causing half as much excitement.

It takes a girl about four hours longer to clean the front windows of a house than it does the back ones.

SUNSHINE OF RELIGION.

We Seem to Fancy that God Made Our Eyes for Tears.

Our Lord when on earth was not a friend only for dark days. He could stand by the grave of Lazarus and weep with the sorrowful sisters, but He could also be present at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, an honored and welcomed guest.

In our deep realization of the solemn mission of our Lord to this sinful world, we are too apt to forget that He came as an image and expression and embodiment of the God of love. The morose Christian is not likely to be bidden to the feast where his presence is only a gloomy shadow, and his countenance as a threatening cloud. We may be sure that even in His holy party this was not the impression made by Him whose "compassions are new every morning." There was sunshine about Him, or the mothers would not have thronged around Him with their little ones; the despised sufferers would not have looked trustfully to Him for help; the outcast sinner would not have turned to Him for pardon. We seem to fancy that God made our eyes for tears, and that from some other power came their glad twinkle of merriment or their expression of innocent joy in the midst of social converse. Who wreathed the mouth with smiles that answer to smiles? Who made the dimples in the baby's face? Who lit the glad, loving light in its eyes as it begins to be aware of the tender care of its mother? Why will we not remember that joy is as much the gift of God as sorrow, and to be as freely accepted in His presence?

SWEET JASMINE.

How This Fragrant Flower Became the Symbol of Marriage.

Long before orange blossoms became associated with weddings the fragrant jasmine was commonly used for the decoration of a bride. A very pretty legend of ancient Tuscany tells how this little blossom became the symbol of love.

A traveler, returning from the warm countries of Asia, brought home with him a rare tropical plant—the jasmine—which was unknown in Tuscany. He gave a small slip to a certain duke, who set it among his most treasured plants, where it rooted and thrived under the care of the gardener and soon grew to be a good sized plant.

The duke was a good young man, and he would have been faithful to his charge had he not happened to fall in love with the sweetest peasant maid in all Tuscany. The maid was poor and her lover was not much richer, so they were unable to marry. On the birthday of the peasant the gardener, having nothing else to give the maid of his choice, presented her with a bouquet of flowers, and among the other clippings in the bunch there was one from the duke's cherished jasmine bush. Nothing could be too good for the gardener's maiden, so in this one instance he relaxed his care of the shrub. The girl, admiring the fresh buds of the sprig, wished to preserve it, and so placed it in the ground, where it rooted, and remained fresh and green all winter, thus symbolizing her love for the gardener, and in following spring it grew and was covered with blossoms. The little bush flourished and the flowers multiplied so under the maiden's care that she was able to sell many of the sprigs for a considerable sum, thus spreading the unknown flower abroad, and in a short time, with a spray of the precious love token on her breast she was wedded to the happy gardener.

To this day the Tuscan girls preserve the remembrance of the gardener's gift by their sweet heart on their wedding day, and they have a proverb which says a young girl wearing such a sprig is rich enough to make the fortune of a poor husband.—Philadelphia Press.

IO-FY YOURSELF.

Against disease by keeping the liver in a healthy condition. Dr. David's Liver Pills will cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion, and all stomach, bowel and liver troubles. A single box of Dr. David's Liver Pills will cure the worst case of constipation known and stimulate the liver to healthy action. It cures sick headache, and prevents its return. Remember the kind Dr. David's Liver Pills 25c. for 25 pills.

Owens & Minor Drug Co., Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Gazzan—"Why is the ringing of a bell made obligatory upon the bicycle riders?" Mr. Gazzan—"It gives their victims time to make an ejaculatory prayer."

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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 Diarrhoea. 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.

TRIED BY A MONSTER BOAR.

Wild Hogs of California's Bottom Lands Are Very Ferocious.

Hob. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York is fond of talking about his experiences in California, and during one of these narrations he said:

"The most exciting and risky hunting on the Pacific coast today is among the wild hogs, down on the bottom lands of the Colorado river, fifty or sixty miles south of the old town of Yuma. A party of us was down there last year, and I believe we had adventures enough to thrill our sportsmen friends for a full generation."

A great many hunters in California endorse every word of Commissioner Roosevelt's opinion, and no hunting ground for big game is probably becoming more popular than this in the winter time, when the climate along the lazy muddy Colorado river is like that of July in the eastern states.

Two years ago an experienced sportsman from Southern Illinois was spending the winter in Yuma. He had a pair of very fine, large staghounds, which the owner claimed could run down and kill any wild hog along the Colorado river.

One day he took the dogs and rifle and went down the river for a nice little bear, just right for the oven. He had not gone thirty miles, and landing before he found a band of hogs and little pigs, and turned his dogs loose on them when out of the tules nearly jumped an enormous bear, a monster, who, with mouth wide open, paying no attention to the dogs, made for the hunter. The latter drew up his rifle and fired, but on came the bear, the dogs nipping him at every jump.

The hunter fired a second shot, but on came the bear. The hunter turned and ran for a mesquite tree a few yards distant, the hog close to his heels. He dropped his gun for life, grasping a limb of the tree, just as the hog grabbed his pants, and tore one-half of them from him, but he was safe, just out of reach. The dogs all this while ran grabbing the hog by the hind legs, to which the bear paid no attention. The mad bear seized the bark of the tree to his great tasks and tore it into shreds. Finally he turned upon the dogs, instantly killed one, wounded the other so that it died soon after. Then he turned his attention to the tree where the hunter sat. He guarded him until it was dark. Twice did the man get down and try to get rifle, but his foe was on guard and drove him back up the tree. During the night the bear left. Daylight came, and so did help. The men had hardly reached the river and got in their boat when down came the old hog after them, in vain pursuit.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BIG FISHING.

HE ONLY CAUGHT THREE IN A DAY, BUT IT WAS A GOOD DAY.

They were telling fish stories. The usual yards were spun and every one tried to outdo the others, except one old man, who took no part.

"Didn't you ever fish?" asked one.

"Was raised on the Kennebec river, up in Maine, and never did much but fish," was the quiet reply.

"What was the most fish you ever caught in a day?"

"Three."

"Three? Oh, you are joking."

"No, I ain't. It was near the mouth of the Kennebec river. There was a storm at sea, and the fish were driven into the river. Then the water went down and they couldn't get back, and I got some log chains, hitched moles to them and dragged them out."

"What kind of fish were they?"

"Whales." And the old man shifted his tobacco to the other cheek and looked truthful.—Washington Star.

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