# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Should be Looked Into.

THOROUGH INVESTIGATION REQUESTED.

*A BOLD ASSERTION.*

Ever since Prof. Koch startled the world by promising to cure consumption with the Koch lymph and his complete failure to do so, the people have been looking for some discovery which would prove an absolute, certain cure for that dread disease. Over a quarter of a century ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, put in a claim for a medicine, which he had discovered and used, in his extensive practice, that would cure ninety eight per cent. of all cases of consumption when taken in all its early stages. Time has proved that his assertion was based on facts gained from experience. His "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured many thousand people in all parts of the world, and Dr. Pierce invites all interested to send to him for a free book which gives the names, addresses and photographs of many prominent people who have willingly testified to the marvelous curative properties of his "Golden Medical Discovery." He has also written a Book of 1000 pages, profusely illustrated, which treats of Throat, Bronchial and Lung diseases, also Asthma and Catarrh. Mailed FREE by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of twenty-one (21) cents in stamps, to pay postage and wrapping *only*.

Consumption, as most everybody knows, is not manifested by feeble vitality, loss of strength, emaciation; then local symptoms soon develop, as *cough*, difficult breathing, or bleeding from lungs, when investigation proves that tubercular deposits have formed in the lungs. It is earnestly advised that the "Discovery" be taken early and the latter stages of the disease can thereby be easily avoided.

To build up *solid flesh and strength* after the grip, pneumonia, "lung fever", exhausting fevers and other prostrating diseases, it has no equal. It does not make *fat* like cod liver oil and its nasty compounds, but, *solid, wholesome flesh*.

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GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1895.
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,
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## SPOKE FROM A FULL HEART

The Words Were a Tribute to a Wife's Faithful Companionship.

The Illinois Central train was half a hundred miles from Chicago, headed for the city, and at a little station an old farmer came aboard. He was a little, weasend man, with a sensitive mouth half concealed by an iron gray beard. His ill-fitting clothes were evidently his most uncomfortable best. He slid softly into a seat occupied by a grave stranger reading a newspaper. Two or three times the old man turned his face toward the brown flying landscape. The stranger was struck with the troubled expression and glanced wistfully at his companion.

The latter spoke at last with a strange huskiness in his voce.

"I am going to the city for the second time in my life," he said half startled at his own words.

"Yes."

"Thirty years come July I went there for a wedding suit and I am going back there to-day for a coffin and a shroud for the little woman that married me.

"You don't know what it is, mister, to live and work longside a woman for thirty years, day in and day out to find her always patient and willing and working, and then leave her laying dead and cold with her worn out hands crossed on her breast. It was just a little after the turn of the night, and nobody but me was watching, when Mar'gie kinder woke up.

"'David, says she, it's restful, so restful, and I am so tired.' And so she went to sleep again and waked up in eternity. You know, stranger, these words of hers has set me to thinking. Poor, tired soul I never knew how much she needed rest. We never thought of it while we were working and skimping and saving, trying to lay up something for the children. She never had any pleasure; she never took any holidays or visited the other women. She raised the children and slopped the pigs and milked the cows and churned and cooked for harvest hands. I never knew or thought how she did it all with those poor crossed hands of hers.

"Some folks say it won't do any good, mister, but I am going to see that she is put away in something rich. We wasn't skimping and saving for thirty years for this, but I'm going to have the best money can buy. She's earned it, God knows."—St. Louis Republic.

### INTRODUCTIONS.

"How shall I perform an introduction?" inquires a girl who likes to do things graceful, and who is entirely right in her notion that for most things there is a right way and also a wrong way.

Introducing people is neither difficult or occult and it requires no special training. There are a very few simple rules to be observed. You present a gentleman to a lady, and a younger to an older person. You are careful to speak clearly and distinctly, for nothing is more embarrassing than to have a stranger's name mumbled so that it remains unknown, thus defeating the end of the introduction. You do not say: "Mamma, let me present my classmate," leaving your mother to guess at the part of your speech which was really the most important, you say: "My classmate, Miss Leonard." And equally, when you are introducing Miss Leonard to your friend, you do not say: "Alice, may I introduce my cousin Sophie?" in which case neither young woman would have the least idea of more than the other's Christian name. If a person is a personage—a professor, or doctor, or clergyman, or in any way noted or famous—the tactful young girl makes the title a part of her introduction so that the people presented to him are aware that they are honored by the new acquaintance.

### HE SAW HIS DUTY

Mizzle—How did you happen to join the Independent rifles.

Fizzle—To avoid jury duty.

Mizzle—They tell me you resigned just as soon as there was a prospect of war.

Fizzle—That was because I felt convinced no good citizen should shirk the demands of the jury box.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT.—And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

When girls pass the gigling age, they reach a period when they talk furiously about an "affinity."

There is a good deal of satisfaction to be had from comparing other people's faults with our own virtues.


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## A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

His Profession Obliged to Be More or Less Experimenting.

"Is it true," asked the reporter coaxingly, "that, after all, you doctors don't know very much, but simply experiment with your drugs and your treatments and sometimes kill and sometimes cure by pure accident? Now wait"—as the doctor's eyebrows came together with a frown—"isn't it the great Dr. Marion Sims who tells us how, when he first hung out his shingle in a little country town, a baby was brought to him ill of some unknown disease? He was at his wits' end and gave the baby drug after drug, going through the A's of his pharmacopœia. The baby died. The next time he began at the Z's and went up. The baby died too. Several babies had died before the young doctor took down his shingle and fled, overcome with remorse and despair."

The doctor's eyes twinkled.

"Of course," said he, "occasionaly it is necessary to experiment, and the results often vary. I'll match your story with another, and then I must say good day.

"A Turkish physician, once called in to attend an upholster very ill with typhus fever, gave him up for lost, but passing the house next day found him still alive and on the mend. On inqury, he found that the patient, in his thirst, had swallowed a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Called in subsequently to attend a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs ill of the same disease, he prescribed at once the juice of pickled cabbage.

"The next day the man was dead, whereupon the doctor entered in his notebook the following memorandum:

"'While pickled cabbage juice is a very efficient remedy in cases of typhus, it is not to be used unless the patient be, by profession, an upholsterer.' Good day." And the doctor was once more off upon his rounds.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### "OUT OF ORDER.

At a club meeting where the members, through old men, wrangled like so many schoolboys this scene occurred, and the Louisville Commercial reports it:

A feeble old man whose yellow complexion indicated liver troubles offered a resolution. His opponent got up and excitedly exclaimed:

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman, the gentleman is out of order and therefore cannot offer the resolution.

The old man replied in an equally excited manner: "Mr. Chairman, the gentleman is right. I am out of order. The doctor told me this morning that my liver was all out of order. But, Mr. Chairman, I should like to see the clause in the constitution which says that if a man is sick he cannot present a resolution."

The old fellow is still wondering why his hearers laughed.

### THE NEEDED MAN.

"Sir, there is a man downstairs who wishes to see you," said the office boy.

The editor of the up-to-date magazine looked over his spectacles a moment.

"What sort of man is he?" he inquired.

"I don't know," said the boy. "He appears to act very strangely.

"Ah!" said the editor, becoming interested.

"His head appears to slopee immediately from the eyebrows to the crown."

"Very good," said the editor.

"And there appears to be no score in his remarks."

"Excellent!"

"To be brief, sir, I believe him to be a frivolling idiot."

"Splendid! Show him up at once. We can never have too much of such talent."

### THE OTHER WAY.

Julian—I notice that you don't allow the waiters to dress in the regulation swallow-tail.

Hotel Prop.—No, indeed. They and the swells looked too much alike.

Julian—Whose kick compelled you to make the change? The swells?

Prop.—No, indeed. The waiters.

### 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.

We'd be much more thankful for the things we have if there were not so many other things that we want.

Some people have mortal sentiment who have no mortal sense. There is a distinction and difference.

It is only the habitually silent man that can occasionally realize that he talks to much.


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## BRYAN'S FAITH.

An Incident Showing That He Had Confidence in God.

A gentleman who met Mr. Bryan in Knoxville and accompanied him through the State, relates a conversation had with him on the train one night.

Mr. Bryan was asked about his election—if he thought he would be successful, etc. He replied that he thought there was no doubt about it, giving figures and estimates.

He was so enthusiastic that the gentleman in question remarked after the whole matter was gone over:

"I hope, of course, that you are correct and believe that you are, but look here, with such a belief in you, should you be defeated it will kill you sure."

"Not at all," quickly replied Mr. Bryan. "We are all in the hands of the Almighty and what he does with us is wise and proper. Now if I am defeated it will be because He desires it and it will be either for my good or the good of the country. Our fate—the fate of every living being—is in His hands, and whatever He does is sure to be the right and proper thing. No amount of abuse, deception or trickery can defeat me unless it is His will and to this I humbly bow and accept whatever is in store for me, for I am sure it is for the best."

Here's faith for you and it was so impressed on the gentleman with whom he was conversing that he is convinced defeat will not leave a mark on him.

### SINCERITY WINS.

A brilliant speaker was once addressing a religious meeting in which there was a young man for whose conversion many had long prayed. The speaker was very effective that evening, and his audience was strangely stirred.

There was a brief testimony meeting at the close of the address, and when a call for converts was made, the young man mentioned came forward and knelt at the altar.

"It was Mr B.'s wonderful talk that brought you to take this step, wasn't it?" asked one of the young man's friends afterward.

"No; it was not," he replied.

"What was it, then?"

"It was what poor old Mrs. Crane said."

"Mrs. Crane?"

"Yes; I've known her for years. She has had poverty and sorrow all her life, and when she got up and said so quickly and simply, 'I love God, and I thank him for all His goodness and mercy to me,' I knew she meant every word of it. I don't know just how or why it was, but I suddenly had an overpowering conviction of my own sin and ingratitude—I, who have always been well, strong and happy. Something in poor old Mrs. Crane's simple words impressed me as I have never been impressed. It may have been because of their absolute sincerity, I longed for the love she spoke of. I believe I owe my conversion to her more than to any other earthly agency."—Selected.

### A DIFFICULTY.

"Young man," said the merchant to an applicant for employment, "do you know anything about the financial question?"

"No," was the reply, in a discouraged tone. "I did'nt know you were going to consider a knowledge of political economy essential."

"I don't. I'm looking for somebody who is wrapped up in ignorance of everything pertaining to currency, excepting how to make change—at least during business. We've had three bright salesmen, but everyone of them was liable at any moment to forget all about selling goods, and to go in to convince a customer that the country was going to ruin if it didn't adopt his ideas."—Washington Star.

### DIFFICULTY SURROUNDED.

She—No, Fred, I cannot be yours.

He—Won't you tell me why?

"I am a member of the Woman's Emancipation Club. But I'll tell you what—you can be mine if you wish to."—Fliegende Blatter.

### A SUBTITUTE.

"Don't you believe in having the dollar of your fathers, Brown?"

Brown (recently married)—I suppose so, but at present I'm getting along nicely on the dollars of my wife's father.—New York Press.

"I didn't intend to marry him, anyhow." "Then why do you sue him for breach of promise?" "The marble-hearted wretch might have allowed me to break the engagement."

"Papa," he began, "what's an optimist?" "It's a fool," replied the farther, whom everyone thinks a wise person." "And what's a pessimists?" "A wise person whom everyone thinks a fool.


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## FROLICS OF LONG AGO.

How Western Settlers Made Their Log Houses Merry.

OLD TIME SONGS AND CATCHES TO WHICH GALLANT SWAINS WOOED THEIR BLUSHING PARTNERS—WHERE ALL WERE ARISTOCRATS IN A TRUE SENSE.

Mankind must have recreation of some kind. All the house took part in the games and amusements of fifty years ago. There were no members of the early settlements of the west who were too elevated to attend the social parties held in the settler's log houses.

There was the quilting frolic and the frolic without the quilting, attended by the young folks in the evening. The sport opened by the play of "snap and catch 'em," with a rhyming catch, as

Come, Philander, let's be a marching,
Every one his true love searching.

These parties were called "bussing bees," because of the many kisses stolen during the play. The music was all vocal—songs or rhymes for the occasion. When the old folks had retired for the night, the fiddler made a few passes of his bow across the strings. This was a signal for the company to bow gracefully as they tripped to places in line across the room. Meanwhile,

In shirt of check and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in his bulrush chair
Like Moses' basket standing there
On the bank of the Father Nile.

The dignified maiden aunt would now and then be "snapped up" or judged to kiss or to be kissed by some young man. "Snapping up" was the snapping of the fingers by a player at another and was a challenge for the person to chase him or her. They chased each other around a ground standing in the center of the room. The young lady was always kissed. Sometimes an old settler "snapped up" his wife, or was "snapped up" by her, when there would be a race of an unusually amusing character.

The evening party continued in this way. A young man would ask a young lady to take his arm, and they would march around the room. Two and two, other couples followed about the floor chiming in the catch which the first couple sang:

We're all a marching to Quebec,
The drums are loudly beating.
The Americans have gained the day,
And the British are retreating.
The wars are o'ver, and we'll turn back
To the place from whence we started
So open the ring and choose a couple in
To relieve the broken hearted

Round and round the room went the song till they came to

Open the ring and choose a couple in,

when all joined hands, fell back and formed a large circle. Some one was then deputed to go into the ring and choose a partner from among those of the circle, all chimed in

Green grow the rushes, O!
Kiss her quick and let her go!
But don't you must her ruffle, O!

At another the frolickers march two by two around the room, a young man standing in the center of the floor. The promenaders sing:

The miller he lived close by the mill,
And the water went round without his will.
With a hand in the hopper and one in the bag,
As the wheel goes round, he cries out, Grab!

At the word "Grab" the young man in the ring seized hold of a young lady's arm while her partner caught the arm of the young lady ahead of him; thus it went round till they caught or stole each other's girls while hurriedly marching about the room. This made a very lively and amusing confusion.

A livelier game was called "hurly burly." Two went round and gave each one, secretly, something to do. This girl was to pull a young man's hair, another to tweak an ear or nose, or trip some one, etc. When all had been told what to do, the master of ceremonies cried out, "Hurly burly!" Every one sprang up and hastened to do as instructed. This created a scene of a ludicrous character and was properly named "hurly burly."

People lived by the maxim, "Earn what you get and pay as you go." All classes worked for a living and thrived. Aristocracy, the offspring of wealth, was not in those regions—yet in a true sense every settler was an aristocrat—one of the true nobility, who had earned his title in the noble school of labor.

The ox team carried the merry loads through the woods to the house of the settler who gave the party. It seems like nonsense to us now, but they were harmless recreations. There were no churches and no preaching, save an occasional sermon in a settler's house by some wandering minister; there were no newspapers few books, no public lectures on any public meetings for entertainment or instruction. All were neighbors and true friends—a community of first brotherhood. There were no purse proud families. They all lived in log houses and were bound together by bonds made strong by continued acts of neighborly kindness. The "$10 boots" and the "$100 bonnets" had not got into the new settlement; neither had Mrs. Struckile, with her "coach and four." At every single log cabin the latch string was always out. It was the fashion to live within your means, and the best suit of clothes one could afford to wear was the fashionable one. The pioneer made his own cloth out of his own raw material, made his own soap and dipped his own candles. A boy was never prouder of anything than a new suit woven by his own mother's hands and on her own loom. When butchered, they sent a piece of meat to their neighbors, and they in turn did the same. The shoemaker and tailor, with kit of tools, made their annual rounds to make winter shoes and winter coats.

People may boast of their fancy dishes gotten up on a morning glory stove, but give us corn bread baked before the cabin fire and the barbecued saddle of venison, pig or turkey, in preference to all the scientific cooking of the present day.—Philadelphia Times

### WHAT JACK DID.

Little Jack Hubbard went to the cupboard and "swiped" thence a big custard pie. His mother had said before going to bed "I can make pie-crust short when I try."

When morning came round Mrs. H. quickly found that Jack had been there on the sly, and instead of short crust, to her utmost disgust, she was short of the whole bloomin' pie.

Mother (instructing her little son's devotions)—"And now, Willie, pray for grandma's safety." Willie—"Does she want a bike, too?"


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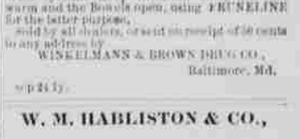

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