

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 26.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOUSEKEEPERS who are delicate, run-down, or overworked, and suffering from backache, headache, nervousness, indigestion, and many other symptoms of derangement of the female functions can find renewed strength and health by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the pains and aches, the periods of melancholy and sleeplessness—nothing can do you so much permanent good as this vegetable compound. You save the doctor's fee, as well as your money, by purchasing this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce. For a great many years Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician and specialist to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., made a specialty of the diseases of women, and from his large experience he was able to compound a "Prescription" which acted directly upon the special internal parts of women. When in doubt as to your ailment write him, it will cost you nothing. A great book of 200 pages, published by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., interests all women. Mailed rank on receipt of 21 cts. in stamps to cover postage and wrapping only.

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Office over Emory & Pierce's store.
10-19-17.

DR. W. J. WARD,
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THE FARMER GOT EVEN.

With a Carpet Bag of Horrors. He Was Equal to the Bunco.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)
There are four men in Chicago who will never forget Silas Tatman's visit to the city. It will be many days before those same men will be able to show up again at the depots to prey on the confidence of rural strangers.

When Silas came to town Saturday he came with the avowed intention of re-venting himself on a smooth spoken young man who had met him on a former visit and had relieved him of a carpet sack containing the visitor's money and a return ticket. He did not expect to encounter the same idiom, but made up his mind to administer to the first man who claimed to know him the warmest reception the scoundrel had ever met with.

Tatman came in from Bunkum. Bunkum is not on the map, and one could go to the place with a repeating rifle and shoot all the inhabitants without reloading. But small as it is, it can boast of a citizen who outwitted four of the cleverest "oon" men in Chicago.

Bunkum is also renowned for its large hornet's nest and the warlike and "grinchy" disposition of their occupants in Tatman's log hut hung one of these nests from the limb of a locust tree. It was a gigantic specimen and the terror of the neighborhood.

The morning Silas left for Chicago he went out in the hog lot early, before the hornet's were astir. He took with him an old green carpet bag, and this he opened and slipped carefully around the oblong nest, closing the clasp quickly with out losing a hornet. When he took the train later in the day he smiled with delight as he thought of the harrowing scene that would take place when the carpet bag was opened.

When Silas arrived at the depot, instead of going to the hotel, he sat down in the smoking room and waited. His mission was similar to that of a confidence man. He was in quest of a stranger who would cultivate his acquaintance only to rob him of his horns and regret it to his dying day. Occasionally Tatman would look down at the carpet bag. As he did he shook with glee.

The Bunkum farmer had not been seated five minutes when he was approached by a fellow with a sharp insipid nose and a checked suit. "Ah, ha!" thought Tatman, as the stranger extended his hand, "I've got you."

"I believe I know you," said the sharp nosed individual. "Let me see you are from—"

"Bunkum," replied Tatman.
"To be sure, Bunkum. And your name is—"

"Tatman."
"Why, of course. How are you Mr. Tatman?"

"Tolerable," and Tatman looked down at his horrets and chuckled.
My name's Cunningham," went on the stranger, grasping one of Silas' hands in both his own. "You remember, I was visiting in Bunkum a few years ago with Banker—"

"Oh, I never can remember names. You know who I mean though. He's the principle banker in your town."

"There never was a banker within twenty miles of Bunkum, but Farmer Tatman was playing a hand, so he said, 'Know 'em? Well, I should say I do. You mean old Squire Jones.'"

"Jones, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Strange I couldn't remember the name."
"Ha, ha, ha! 'Was kinder funny,' and Silas fairly danced with joy. 'I reckon that ain't a nice quiet little place somewhere where a fellow can talk with a friend what he ain't seen for nigh on to two years.' This was just what Cunningham wanted."

"Oh, yes," said he in his softest tones. "I know just the place. It's not over a block from here."
"Then, I reckon we might as well go if you're sure it's safe walking through the streets with as much money as I've got in this here satchel."
At the word money Silas detected an expression of eagerness and pleasure on the scoundrel's face, and the fellow's fingers seemed to itch as the two walked along.

MA HAD HER WAY.

And Pa and the Down-Trodden Boy Took a Day Off to Celebrate.

(Judge.)
"Me and pa," bragged little Clarence Hennyneck to his chum, of another village, "have been having ah—of a time."

"You bet I have got a lot of money in that 'ere old carpet-bag. I was kinder thinkin' of 'speculatin' with it."
"Perhaps you would like to have me invest in what. I think you could make a big stake."
"I'm kinder 'fraid of losin' it."
"Oh, not at all, not if it's well invested. People only lose their money through carelessness. But of course some one has to lose money to keep the stuff properly in circulation."

"Well, I ain't got much money to lose, and I'm 'fraid if I was to open that 'ere bag that mine would go to circulate, and you bet it would circulate mighty dern fast."
"Well, if you did lose it it would stick to some one's fingers."
"You bet your blame life she would, and she'd stick party gold darned fast."
"So you don't want me to invest in for you?"

"I'm a little bit seary 'bout putting it in what."
"No risk whatever," said Bloomfield. "Why, I tell you, Mr. Tatman, a good speculator can pick money off the trees here in Chicago."
Bloomfield's expression tickled Tatman. He laughed uproariously, and said:

"You can pick it off the trees in Bunkum, too, but you can't do it long, 'cause it circulates too dern fast."
By this time the men were growing impatient, Tatman noticed that they looked more frequently and longer at the carpet-bag. He thought it about time to take his revenge, so he said:

"Well, gentlemen, I reckon I'd better be goin', and I'd like to leave that 'ere money with you, so as it'll be safe when I hunt up a stoppin' place."
The men were perfectly willing to accommodate Farmer Tatman. They assured him that the carpet-bag and its contents would be perfectly safe, and that they would be willing to wait until he came back.

"Much obliged, gentlemen," and Tatman arose. "Tisn't very often that a fellow meets such kind friends as you are in a strange city, and it's kinder soothing to know that a fellow's leavin' his money with honest people. I reckon I'll be back in about an hour." And Tatman once more thanked his friends as he passed out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Tatman did not leave the saloon, as the men expected. By a clever dodge he managed to slip the key of the door in his pocket before he left the room. He remained on the outside long enough to silently turn the bolt in the lock, after which he slipped into the adjoining room. He did not wait long before he heard one of the men say:

"Well, that was the easiest snap I ever saw." Silas recognized the voice as that of Cunningham. Then Bloomfield answered:

"Easy! Why, you could rob that fool before his eyes and he wouldn't know it. Hand up the granger's gripsack."
Tatman heard the sound of the gripsack striking the top of the table. Then he heard them prying at the locks. Presently he heard the clasp give, and in another instant a piercing yelp rent the air. Whack! Crash! Bang! The chairs were upturned and the table was tumbled over in the mad scramble for the door.

Then he heard some one say, "Great heavens! They're hornets and the door is locked."
The howls and yelps which followed brought the bartender and the proprietor to the scene. The Bunkum farmer seized the opportunity to slip out of the saloon, and as he was passing into the street he heard the door crash in as one of the men on the inside dealt it a blow with a chair. Over his shoulder he saw a stream of hornets sail after the bartender.

Twenty minutes later, from his retreat in the alley across the street, Tatman saw his five friends limping out of the saloon to the ambulance, which had been called to the curbstone.

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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.

DOING HER A KINDNESS.
"I did not send for you to tune my piano," said Mrs. Sally to the man who called for that purpose.
"No, madam, but your next door neighbor sent me."

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A SEVENTH DAUGHTER.

She Had Second Sight, but She Could Not Find Her Bag.

A lawyer who was engaged in setting up the affairs of an estate was somewhat worried over the loss of certain letters and papers, says The Chicago Record.

The deceased had been a careless person and he had mislaid several documents that were of importance to his heirs. Having been called away from this earth on a hasty summons, he had not given the lawyer any instructions before hand.

The lawyer had a hopeful friend who believed in clairvoyance and second sight. This friend went to a woman who was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and who could read the stars at sight, and told her of the lawyer's search for the papers.

The clairvoyant or fortune teller or whatever she may have been went to see the lawyer.

"The lawyer was skeptical. 'I really believe I can find those papers for you,' said she. 'If you care to employ me I shall at least endeavor to find them. A few weeks ago I found a lost will for a family on the north side.'"

"You really think you can find those papers?"
"I am quite sure of it."
"Go on ahead and find them and I'll pay you liberally."
"But I must receive every assistance from you and the relatives of the departed. I must be taken to his home and put in sympathy with his former surroundings."
"Not much. I'll not go to all that trouble. I think you're a fraud."
The woman gave him a stony stare and swept out of the room.

About five minutes later she re-entered the office. She appeared to be agitated. "Excuse me for coming back," she said, "but did I leave a small black bag in here? I wouldn't lose it for the world."
"I haven't seen it. You don't remember where you left it?"
"I can't imagine."
"That hadn't ought to worry you. If you can find papers that have been missing for months you hadn't ought to have any difficulty in finding a hand bag that was lost ten minutes ago."
"You are positively insulting," said the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, and then she left him forever.

FAIRY-LIKE IN ITS BEAUTY
Beautiful beyond description is the Yildiz palace of the Sultan in Constantinople. In treating of it an English writer says: Yildiz stands on the summit of the highest hill of the capital, and here before us lay a large lake or artificial river, covered with caiques and boats of all shapes, an electric launch among others. The gardens sloped to the lake on all sides, the lawns as green, the turf as well kept as in the best English gardens. Exquisite shrubs and palms were planted in every direction, while the flower beds were a blaze of color. The air was almost heavy with the scent of orange blossom, and gardeners were busy at every turn sprinkling the turf, even the crisp gravel walks with water. The barren wall, now on our right, rose no longer bare, but covered to the very top with yellow and white Banksia roses, heliotrope, sweet verbena, passion flowers, etc. Thousands of white or silvery grey pigeons—the prophet's bird—flew in and out of a huge pigeon house, built against the walls, half hidden by the creepers, and the whole scene was lighted up by the brilliant eastern sunlight, in which every object stands out so clearly that one's sense of distance is almost lost. At the end of the lake is a duck decoy, where the Sultan often amuses himself with shooting, and far beyond this we could catch glimpses of the park sloping away toward the Bosphorus.

Beyond the pigeon house we entered a building consisting of one long room, filled with treasures. This is the Sultan's private museum. Here are collected and beautifully arranged all the presents that he has received, as well as innumerable valuable objects that belonged to some of his predecessors.

Suddenly the young man kissed her. "Pardon me, Miss Julia," he cried in a tone of penitence. "I am very sorry."
The beautiful girl threw up her head with a haughty air and her eyeglasses trembled visibly.

"I could forgive the theft of a kiss, Mr. Hankinson," she said coldly, "but when you tell me you are sorry for it, then you forfeit every degree of respect I might have entertained for you."
Thus one by one the young man is taught the great lessons of life.

The best remedy is the one that knows how to forget judiciously.

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THIS PECULIAR CAMPAIGN.

One of Its Funny Incidents Related and Vouched for by a Kansas Paper.

The following is a true story, illustrative of the peculiar political changes going on:
Down at Coldwater there is a banker who has been a lifelong Democrat. At Wichita he has a lifelong chum that has been a lifelong Republican.

They visited each other two or three times a year, and most of their time was spent in trying to convince each other that they were wrong politically.

The Wichita man met the Coldwater man last winter, and he appealed to him strongly to come over to the Republican side and find satisfaction and that peace of mind that it brings. The Coldwater man could not be persuaded.

Finally the Democratic convention was held in Chicago, with results familiar to everybody.

The Coldwater man changed his politics and became a Republican. He felt good, as every Democrat does who sees the error of his ways. He could not keep his joy to himself, so he took the train and came post haste to Wichita, and went direct to the home of his friend.

"Well, Ed," said he, reaching out his hand, "I feel good and could not help coming up to tell you about it."
"That's it—another boy?"
"Guess again."
"Struck a gold mine?"
"It's better than that."
"Rich uncle died, eh?"
"Still better."
"What has your mother-in-law left you?"
"Well, it's nearly as good that."
"What is it, for goodness sake?"
"I have seen the error of my ways. I have turned Republican and am hurrahing for McKinley. Shake on that, old boy."
He didn't shake, but hung his head.

"Why, Ed, old boy, what's the matter with you? Why don't you shake and welcome me into your ranks?"
"If you want to be with me politically, said Ed, "you'll have to change back again."
"What do you mean?"
"I mean simply that I have changed myself. I am hurrahing for Bryan and free silver.—Wichita Eagle

"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world." "So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"—Truth.

Willie—"Are you the nearest relative I've got, mamma?" Mother—"Yes, love, and your pa is the closest relative you've got."

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