

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, NOVEMBER 19, 1896.

NO. 31.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Cotton.

With careful rotation of crops and liberal fertilizations, cotton lands will improve. The application of a proper fertilizer containing sufficient Potash often makes the difference between a profitable crop and failure. Use fertilizers containing not less than 3 to 4% Potash.

Actual Potash.

Kainit is a complete specific against "Rust."

Cucumber Pumps.

Chimney Pipe, Sash, Blinds and Doors, and a full line of

HARDWARE.

For sale by—
PLUMMER & WHEELER,
PETERSBURG, VA.

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS.

111, 113 & 115 Bank St., Norfolk, Va.
—Large stock of—
Monuments and Gravestones, etc.
Ready for immediate shipment. Desires free.

To Close Out!

We are anxious to close out our Spring and Summer stock of dry goods and notions by first of September.

Our store room is small and we want to put in a large stock of fancy dry goods and notions for the fall and winter.

Reduced Prices.

A great many goods at and below cost. If you want bargains come at once.

SPIERS & DAVIS,

Proprietors, N. Y. Jacket Store, Weldon, N. C.

P. N. Stainback,

WELDON, N. C.
—Dealer In—

General Merchandise

CLOTHING!

for MEN, YOUTH'S and CHILDREN.

Solid Walnut Caskets & Coffins.

Always on hand. Burial robes furnished for Ladies and Gentlemen also fitted injections given to dead bodies and disinfectants used to dead bodies.

A NICE HEARSE AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

Mr. T. H. Taylor, of Northampton county, is with me and will be pleased to see his friends.

THE KERN FURNITURE CO.,

14 Old Market Square, Norfolk, Va.

Baby Carriages, Refrigerators,

and full line of Furniture.

MARKET AND GREEN GROCIERIES.

To all my friends—
I have opened MARKET at the old "Delmonico" stand.

C. G. EVANS,

Weldon, N. C.
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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Union Street, NORFOLK, VA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLDEN DISCOVERY.

The invention of Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the New York and New Jersey Hospitals, is a discovery of the most important character. It is a medicine that will cure all the diseases of the blood, and all the ailments of the system. It is a medicine that will cure all the diseases of the blood, and all the ailments of the system. It is a medicine that will cure all the diseases of the blood, and all the ailments of the system.

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DAZZLING RED.

Appearance of the New Woman in Early Ohio Politics.

The business-like elections of today would have been regarded as tame and spiritless affairs a generation ago and even more so two generations ago. Elections are now regarded as a matter of public business, a duty of citizenship, and the majority of voters are glad when the duty is discharged. Our grandfathers regarded a campaign, particularly a presidential campaign, as a joyful privilege as well as an imperative duty.

Forty or fifty years ago the man who refused to get out and "holder for his man" was not worth considering in the light of patriotic citizenship. It was the era of the barbers, the public hair and the frequently the bell. Not a little of the enthusiastic display was the work of women and girls, and those often became more intensely bitter than the men. One case as far back as the campaign of 1844 shows the willingness of patriotic women to help the cause along.

In a southern Ohio county the "big meeting" so common to all campaigns was advertised to be held at the county seat. At these meetings it was usual to offer a prize for the largest delegation, or the most unique parade, or some other feature, in order to engender a rivalry in the township; hence the "40 horse team," or the great ox wagon, with its two dead "jokes," was usually somewhere in sight on the day of parade.

LEND A HAND.

Lend a hand to the fearful.
Lend a hand to the tempted.
Lend a hand to the doubting.
Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.
Lend a hand to the student at school.
Lend a hand to those who are often judged.
Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.
Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspoken loss.
Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.
Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to improve his mind.
Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.
Lend a hand to the warrior who is fighting his battles alone.
Lend a hand to those upon whose lives the sun seldom shines.
Lend a hand to the young people whose homes are cold and repelling.
Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest.
Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.
Lend a hand—on open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help—Silver Cross.

THE RIGHT STOCK.

She was small and frail, but sitting a few seats behind her I could not see her face. She was handsome, mainly young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody. At once, on seeing the lady I mentioned, he quickened his step, and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when he moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and hand-bag, seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need or comfort, and once he put his arm around her in such a lover-like way that I decided they were a newly married pair enjoying the honeymoon. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled. But when I heard him say "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the car and gently help her to the platform, banishing her highest anxiety and bearing her many packages, I knew there was no money nor romance behind the exhibition, but here was a young man that loved his mother.—Our Dumb Animals.

SYMPATHY.

God pities the poor sinner. Pity is what is given by the superior to the inferior. This is what comes from a lofty plane to the man on the low plane. It was not so with Jesus Christ. He did not simply pity the poor sinner while he remained in heaven, but he came down to earth and gave the sinner sympathy. It is what we give when we place ourselves in the place occupied by the one with whom we sympathize.—Rev. W. W. Landrum

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teaching, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. 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.

CASTORIA.

It is the best medicine for children.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

Buried So Deep That It Was Lost for Sixteen Centuries.

When one hears of a buried city, it is very difficult to realize what it can look like—still more so to realize how a city can be buried so deep as to be utterly lost and the place of it known to no more for 16 centuries. Yet this is what happened to Pompeii and Herculaneum, Stabiae and Retina and 13 other cities of the plain on the ninth day before the calends of September, in the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus. Thus it was when Pompeii was buried. When next the sun shone into her streets, George III was king of England. Sixteen years before the burial of the city an earthquake had done so much mischief that the ruin was not yet quite restored, but Mount Vesuvius had been quiet ever since. The 24th of August was a terribly hot day.

Most of the people were in the amphitheater at a wild beast fight when they saw a strange cloud rise from Vesuvius. It seemed like a pine tree. The trunk rose up high into the heavens and then spread out in branches—some white some dull and spotted—until, slowly detaching themselves from the parent trunk, they began to darken the sky. Pity, the elder, over at Misenum, was reading in his study when his sister came in to tell him of this strange omen. He ordered a light galley to be got ready, and as he was coming out with his tablets in his hand ready to note down all he saw the galleys belonging to the galleys at Retina came up to him to implore of him to go to their help.

By the time they got there with his galleys the waves were filling thicker every instant. Then came broken and blacked stones and pumices. Vast fragments were rolling down the mountain and the sea had suddenly retreated. The pilot was for putting back, but the undaunted old philosopher almiral would not go back. "Fortune," he said "favors the brave." Everybody knows something about the rest, and how the poor old gentleman, being weakly and asthmatic, was suffocated by a sudden outburst of flames and sulphur fumes. In that awful darkness, when the sudden rush of flames was the only light which pierced the dense smoke, the fields were full of terrified people fleeing they know not whither. It is true that the destruction was not instantaneous, and a great number of the inhabitants saved their lives, and even took away a good deal of their treasure, but it is estimated that at least 200,000 persons were entombed in Pompeii, Herculaneum and the other cities of the plain.

The overthrow of Pompeii, which began in 1750, and which is still going on, shows that there is little difference in the life of today and the life of 1,800 years ago. People wrote on walls and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They had stands for public vehicles, and the schoolmaster used a birch to the dances.—Spare Moments.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

In the hurry of our feverish age our ears fill of the din that warms us and makes us old, do we not more than ever need this calm and strength of God? Where else than in the thought of the Eternal shall we find it? The depth said, it is not in me, and the sea said it is not in me. Only in the Name that is changeless, the Fatherhood, the Faithfulness, the Love that ages have not wearied is adequate refuge. To some it may seem weakness, but there was one Son of Man who was not weak, who was the strength of every one who leaned on Him, who has taught the world the sublime powers that dwell in human souls. And He used to go, night after night, to mountain sides and lonely glens, to be lifted there into the infinite calm of the eternal spaces, and the unspakable peace of God. It was the thought of God that life of power, that clothed Him with majesty as He went to make His last futile appeal to slumbering souls in Jerusalem; that made the victory of Gethsemane and the grandeur of Calvary.

LOVE UGLY MEN.

The illustrious men in history who were distinguished as much for the fashion which they exercised over the fair sex as for their talents and ability were, as a rule, plain and insignificant in appearance. Julius Caesar was a very ill-favored man, and yet when a mere strippling, before his fame in Rome, girls of his own age sighed for him and mature women longed for his love. Among the most of later times who were renowned in like manner were Sir Philip Sidney, plain almost to ugliness; Voltaire, comically ugly, a cripple; Voltaire, unmistakably ugly, and Koussouss, whose features were so awkward as his face was plain, while John Wilkes, who had the power to subjugate any woman who spoke to him for five minutes, was admitted by his own showing to be the ugliest man in England in his time.

She—"John, will you get up and light the fire?" He—"Maria, don't keep making incendiary speeches."

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CHARACTER IN THE HAIR.

Color and Thickness Are Said to Indicate Mental Traits.

One of these pseudo scientists, says the St. Louis Republic, who are always figuring out infallible indications of the human character from the peculiarities of the ears, nose, eyes, hands, or feet, has furnished a set of rules by which character may be read in the hair.

Light hair in men indicates that they are smart and conceited, and if they do not marry until late in life they grow cross and selfish.

Men with fine brown hair, light or dark, make the best of husbands, being generous, considerate, affectionate and truthful. The darker the brown, however, the more likelihood that selfish traits will assert themselves.

If a man's hair turns gray prematurely it is a sign that he is a good fellow. Such men are always brave, sympathetic and very honorable. The hair turns white from being over-scrupulous in money matters and friendship shifter than it does through grieving or short-sightedness.

Red headed people, whether the hair be coarse or fine, are nearly always very smart, quick to learn, resourceful and tactful to the point of loss of temper, but when a red headed person is stupid he or she is a veritable clown.

Red hair in men often goes with brains and so many red headed men have been successful that "red headed and smart" has passed into a saying. Red hair, however, do not, as a rule, make tractable wives.

Women of pale, blonde hair of the colorless kind known as ash blonde, are affectionate, but impulsive and easily moved to needless jealousy and violent demonstrations, and prone to forging and forgetting. They are incomparable as companions as long as they are humored, but will not stick to a companion in adversity.

Dark brown hair on women is, in 999 cases out of 1,000, indicative of a loyalty to a worthy object that cannot be shaken by ill fortune.

The coarseness or fineness of hair is thought to be a sure index of the animal as well as intellectual development. Heavy hair, like horse hair, is found on blacksmiths and gladiators, while professional men have hair that is fine almost to silkiness.

Fine black hair in women shows a high string and sensitive disposition, while women with coarse black hair are nearly always mean.

All women with dark hair are more temperamental than those with light hair but are not as neat housekeepers as those of the fair hair. Dark haired women are rarely of a saving disposition.

The highest development of woman seems to be under chestnut hair, which is a compromise between the pronounced blonde and dark tones.

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CAST-AWAY BLOSSOMS.

A Little Romance of a Park and Some Children.

She was rather thin and a great toe peeped from a hole in one shoe. Her features were neither comely or ugly. Her eyes were blue and beautiful. She was probably ten years old.

The girl stood on one of the walks in a park on the eastern side of the city. She was gazing intently at something so intently that her eyes were a bit dimmed with tears, but they were tears of neither sadness nor joy. Occasionally she would take a faltering step in the direction in which she gazed.

The gardeners were digging up the flower beds and putting the roots and bulbs away for the winter. Many of the plants were still in bloom, and they lay about on the ground in huge bunches and piles.

Around the workmen six or seven little girls were standing and gathering the flowers into their arms and aprons as the gardeners saw fit to give them away. They were all nicely dressed children.

It was all this that the plain little girl was watching, as she was probably unconsciously to herself, drawing closer all the time.

Soon the other girls saw her. They drew away to the other side of the flower bed. Six or seven little noses showed a disposition to go up, and then the newcomer was forgotten, and the rest continued in their play.

"Please, sir, may I have a few flowers?" a small voice piped. One of the workmen looked up and saw the small figure. Without a word he leaned over and broke a few flowers from the heap and tossed them toward her.

A light flitted across her face, and she thanked the man profusely. The flowers were not such as the other girls had received, but the little newcomer did not seem to notice this. She turned to go, when another gardener looked up. He caught her eyes.

"Take some more," said he, as he reached over and gathered more flowers from the heap on the ground. These were finer, and the big, beautiful eyes gave him mute thanks. She was going to take the flowers home, she said in answer to his question. Her mother was sick. She had been in bed for months. She was growing worse day by day, and the doctor said she never would get well. How happy the flowers would make her. There had not been one in the house since she took sick. Flowers were far out of the question when doctor's bills had to be met.

The other girls had become interested and drawn near one by one. They all heard the story. When the plain little girl started to go, one of them stopped her.

"Here, you may take these along with you," she said, as she handed over her own bouquet. It was a signal for the rest, and the blossoms fairly smothered the child.

"Hear me, everyone of them," muttered an elderly man, who had been sitting on a nearby bench, and who saw the performance.

That is, he saw all that took place in the park. He did not know what followed. The mother grew worse, and the doctor said all toward that he really believed the flowers helped as much as the medicine to prolong her life until the next evening.

When she lay in a plain, cheap coffin in the humble parlor the flowers from the park sent a rich perfume through the room.—Washington Times

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"Here, you may take these along with you," she said, as she handed over her own bouquet. It was a signal for the rest, and the blossoms fairly smothered the child.

"Hear me, everyone of them," muttered an elderly man, who had been sitting on a nearby bench, and who saw the performance.

That is, he saw all that took place in the park. He did not know what followed. The mother grew worse, and the doctor said all toward that he really believed the flowers helped as much as the medicine to prolong her life until the next evening.

When she lay in a plain, cheap coffin in the humble parlor the flowers from the park sent a rich perfume through the room.—Washington Times

CAST-AWAY BLOSSOMS.

A Little Romance of a Park and Some Children.

She was rather thin and a great toe peeped from a hole in one shoe. Her features were neither comely or ugly. Her eyes were blue and beautiful. She was probably ten years old.

The girl stood on one of the walks in a park on the eastern side of the city. She was gazing intently at something so intently that her eyes were a bit dimmed with tears, but they were tears of neither sadness nor joy. Occasionally she would take a faltering step in the direction in which she gazed.

The gardeners were digging up the flower beds and putting the roots and bulbs away for the winter. Many of the plants were still in bloom, and they lay about on the ground in huge bunches and piles.

Around the workmen six or seven little girls were standing and gathering the flowers into their arms and aprons as the gardeners saw fit to give them away. They were all nicely dressed children.

It was all this that the plain little girl was watching, as she was probably unconsciously to herself, drawing closer all the time.

Soon the other girls saw her. They drew away to the other side of the flower bed. Six or seven little noses showed a disposition to go up, and then the newcomer was forgotten, and the rest continued in their play.

"Please, sir, may I have a few flowers?" a small voice piped. One of the workmen looked up and saw the small figure. Without a word he leaned over and broke a few flowers from the heap and tossed them toward her.

A light flitted across her face, and she thanked the man profusely. The flowers were not such as the other girls had received, but the little newcomer did not seem to notice this. She turned to go, when another gardener looked up. He caught her eyes.

"Take some more," said he, as he reached over and gathered more flowers from the heap on the ground. These were finer, and the big, beautiful eyes gave him mute thanks. She was going to take the flowers home, she said in answer to his question. Her mother was sick. She had been in bed for months. She was growing worse day by day, and the doctor said she never would get well. How happy the flowers would make her. There had not been one in the house since she took sick. Flowers were far out of the question when doctor's bills had to be met.

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