

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 22, 1897.

NO. 52.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRUNELINE

THE IDEAL LAXATIVE

And Cure for—

CONSTITUTION

As pleasant as honey and sure cure for—

Billiousness, Headache, Fevers, Stomach Troubles, Bowel Derangements, Liver Diseases, Sick Stomach, Irregularity, Kidney Troubles, Skin and Blood Disorders.

and very in any other disease and complications due to the inactive state of the bowels.

PRUNELINE is the safest and most cathartic and aperient ever used. It thoroughly cleanses without griping, purifies the blood and restores all organs from the system. It does away with **CASTOR OIL SALTS** like Meas and all other poisonous purgatives. It tones and energizes all the organs of the system. Keep the bowels open, using PRUNELINE for the latter purpose.

Sold by all dealers, or sent on receipt of 50 cents in any addition by—

WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.
Baltimore, Md.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

HUDSON'S

ENGLISH KITCHEN,

187 Main St., Norfolk, Va.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S DINING ROOM.

ALL MEALS 25 CENTS.

SURPASSING COFFEE A SPECIALTY.

J. R. HUDSON, Proprietor.

The Best of Everything in Season Oct 10 17.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

C. H. HALE,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Carries full line—

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots

SHOES, GROCERIES, Etc.

Agent for STANDARD SEWING MACHINES. Can furnish any part of any kind of machine at short notice. Send postal card for slip illustrating parts to machine you have and will name price for piece needed.

I carry a full line.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Twin City

BAKERY,

WELDON, N. C.

Full line FANCY GROCERIES, FRUITS, and Confectioneries.

Nice line of California Dried Fruits, Prunes, Peaches, etc., etc. Full line of

French Candies

Crystalized Fruits, Cream Almonds and Marshmallows.

Agents for Fleischman's compressed yeast.

BUSTER PURNELL, Manager, Oct 15 17.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. T. PARKER,

DEALER IN

Heavy Groceries

AND Fancy Farm Implements.

22 1/2 POUND SACKS OF SALT FOR \$1.10 PER SACK.

Correct prices and polite attention to all.

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TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & CO.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Object secured for securing patent in America. We have a Washington office. Patent taken through Munn & Co. Positive special notice in this

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, 10 cents a year. 100 extra copies, 50 cents extra. Send for PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

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Professor Jas. Harvey's

UNEXCELLED

Liver, Kidney & Blood

TONIC.

Has no equal. It is the only strictly pure vegetable blood medicine on the market. It regulates and cleanses the liver, strengthens and heals diseased kidneys, assists the vital organs in a wonderful manner, cures chronic and fever, restores its first stages, ulcers, sores of long standing, aids digestion, creates appetite, strengthens the weak and languid, gives tone and vigor to the whole system. No one should be without it.

Office and Laboratory, 2777 Church Street, Norfolk, Va. PRICE 50 CENTS. See 11 17.

W. M. HABILSTON & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Furniture,

CARPETS, STOVES, and Mattresses, etc.

IMMENSE STOCK AND LOW PRICES.

W. M. HABILSTON & CO.,
No. 20 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va. 10 24 17.

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S. MEYER

The Hustler!

who Sells the

CHEAPEST and BEST

Dry Goods, GROCERIES,

Or Anything You Want.

HE'S GOT IT.

MEYER'S BARGAIN HOUSE,

Roanoke, N. C.

Cucumber Pumps,

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

HARDWARE,

For sale by

WHEELER,
and ice formed in an inch thick. It is for the fruit has been destroyed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

The View From a Woman's Standpoint The Difference With Men.

The great incident in a woman's life, and therefore an inevitable one in the woman of fiction, is love. The most constant element in woman's love, in reality or in fiction, is doubt.

Even with utmost confidence in the sincerity of the love she has engaged few women do not at times harass themselves with the thought that perhaps the man only fancies that he loves her; that in the depth of his heart is buried some other love that may be quickened, that his love, now so ardent, may soon grow dim and gradually fade away.

They never permit such questioning to test the merit of the love they give.

To the lover these doubts are never well defined. They come only in the unexpected moods that so perplex all lovers.

She is unhappy, and she does not know why. She is despondent, but cannot define her reason for hopelessness. She is wounded, but is unconscious of what hurt her. She feels that her soul has gone out to her lover; that she must have it back, but that if it is given back she must die. She is so happy, and she is so sad. She feels that she and her lover are all in all to each other, except that she may not be all in all to him. She is devoted to him, but he is devoted to her?

And the man, having no understanding of her consciousness, simply berates himself for having at some time, somewhere, in some manner, done something to wound the sensitive nature of this dear girl, or not being able to find any solution of the trouble, he early comes to resolving every shade of difference through the broad, general principle that all women have their moods; that such moods do not really betoken diminution of affection, and that annoyances of this sort are part of the penalty that man has to pay for the happiness of love.

In the matter of love men and women seem to be essentially different. Man always shows an abounding joy in being loved. It is never perfect happiness to woman unless she can mingle at times with the assurance a sweet, gentle melancholy, springing from doubts which, if called to answer, she would indignantly scorn and deny.

So it seems ever to have been, and probably it will ever be, so long as this sweet influence, love impels men and softens women.

Perhaps this enhances the pleasure of love. John Keats, with everything of beauty that was to have been to him a joy forever fast fading from his vision and his fleeting breath almost ready to leave his dying body, left nearly as his last word, that his dearest hope of love was a "sweet unrest."—Philadelphia Times.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Under the Weather.

That is the common Spring complaint. You feel "logy," dull. Your appetite is poor. Nothing tastes good. You don't sleep well. Work drags. You cross every bridge before you come to it. There's lots of people have felt like you until they toned up the system by taking the great spring remedy

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It's been curing such cases for 60 years. Try it yourself.

Send for the "Curebook," 100 pages free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Monuments and Tombstones.

DESIGNS SENT FREE.

In writing give some limit as to price and state age of deceased.

LARGEST STOCK in the South to select from.

COUPER MARBLE WORKS.
(Established 1845.)
159 to 163 Bank St., Norfolk, Va. nov 2 17.

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French Candies

Crystalized Fruits, Cream Almonds and Marshmallows.

Agents for Fleischman's compressed yeast.

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In a late number of the Kicker we referred to the inhabitants of Blue Hill City as a "congregation of lop shouldered, slabsided, cross-eyed ascenders from the laws of other States" and to the town itself as a "sinkhole of iniquity founded by robbers." We didn't mean anything serious by this. We were just slinging metaphor that day on our editorial page, and it struck us that a little metaphor wouldn't be a bad thing for Blue Hill. We had no idea that any one was displeased until we rode over to that town the other day to make up a list of subscribers. We felt that our welcome was rather chilly, but mistrusting nothing until we saw a man with a rope. Then we climbed back into the saddle, and just as we got there a crowd of about 200 people made a rush for us. Our male put his ears back and lay down to it, and, though a portion of the mob followed us for five miles, we got safely away. There is no question in our mind that we just missed being strung up, and we can't exactly make out why the Blue Hillers wanted to do it. Ever since the days of Adam one has had a right to use metaphor, and even in this country the man whom you call a liar always gives you a chance to explain in what sense you use the term. When Mayor Harding has a day to spare, we hope he'll come over and explain.

Mr. Thomas Dorland, proprietor of the Big Elk saloon and poker parlors, called at The Kicker office the other day convinced us that we were in error in publishing the statement that he had murdered three men in Wyoming, and had the heart of a butcher. He killed a Chinaman in California for attempting robbery, and a half breed in Utah for calling him a liar. In neither of these cases was he actuated by malice or did he exceed his rights. As to his having the heart of a butcher, he soon satisfied us that he was naturally tender hearted and full of sympathy and pity, and we cheerfully make this correction in justice to a good man and an enterprising citizen. Up to the present time Mr. Dorland has strongly objected to advertising in The Kicker, having no faith in it as a medium, but he has changed his mind and will run a quarter of a column with us during the next year.

Wednesday afternoon last, while the mayor of this town (who is himself) was in his office in the city hall, word was brought to him that there was trouble at the postoffice. The postmaster (who is also himself) at once left the Mayor's office for the scene. On arriving there he found a stranger standing at the general delivery window with a gun in either hand. He had come in an hour before and asked for mail for Joe Barnes. There was none, but he had declared his intention to wait until some arrived. While he waited he shot away two lamp chimneys and sent half a dozen bullets into as many mail boxes. At every shot he would utter a warwhoop, and at every whoop more of a crowd gathered. The stranger was having lots of fun when Mr. Jim Helbo (who is himself) arrived on the scene. Although we have a postal graveyard back of the postoffice for the reception of just such critters and have already planted two in it, our instructions from Washington are not to shoot until pacific measures have been exhausted. We therefore went for Mr. Barnes in a pacific way. He got one shot at us but it went wild. Then we got through mopping him around he had two broken ribs and his knecaps were a long way out of plumb. When he came to and had time to think the matter over, he said he didn't blame us a bit. The game he played used to be a favorite around here, and the player always had lots of fun. But things have changed. There are certain rules governing this postoffice, and the critter who attempts to walk on them is certain to find something drop.—M. Quad.

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KILLED HIS LITTLE BOY.

A Thrilling Story By J. B. Gough.

A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents 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 his 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, hared my brow that 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 a wife upon the brink of the grave!

"Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain till he awoke, 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. 'O 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 to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston!

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

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