

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. VOL. XXXII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1897. NO. 9.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim
As the swift years steal away,
Beautiful, without forms or shadow,
Leave fairness with every day,
But she still is queen and bath, charm to
Who wears youth's crown—beautiful
hair.

Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth.
"A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.



No. 8 Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a mirror—has six massive legs. It contains a kitchen, a dining room, a parlor and a study. It is made of the finest material and is guaranteed to last for a long time. Price, \$3.95.

HERE IS A SNAP.

The only kind— You know the rest.

MEYER IS

Opening a large lot of simple STRAW HATS, and SHOES which he is not

GIVING AWAY

but is selling at half of first selling price

STRAW HATS.

by the thousand. Everybody able to have a nice hat at small price. Also line

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Silks, Cheviots, Table Damask, Curtains, Ribbons, Dress Trimmings, or anything you ask for. Full line

GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERIES

at prices lower than ever. Come in and examine my stock.

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Special Display of

HATS & BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

Be sure to attend.

MRS. W. R. HART,

157 1/2
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

WM. LINN, Manager

MANSION HOUSE.

--- BOTH ON ---

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Union Street, NORFOLK, VA.

No Telephone In Heaven.

"Now I can wait on baby," the smiling merchant said. As he bowed politely to the golden, only child. "I want you to tell up mamma," came the answer full and free. "Will you telephone an' me, her when she is returning back to me?" "Tell her 'tis impossible at I don't know what to do." An' papa cries so much I dese he must be lonesome, too. Tell her to write to me, 'cause at night I do so 'tired. Will nobody care for me when the light begins to fade.

THE RED TERROR.

This story I can only tell as it was told to me by the son of a man who took an active part in the French revolution. Incredible as the narrative may seem to the average reader, the old gentleman who related the incident to me firmly believed it, and a few experts in electricity have admitted that such things are possible. When the revolution was at its height in Paris during 1792, a young doctor named Gaspard met a horrible fate under very singular circumstances. The doctor was devoted to science. He had mastered many of the secrets of electricity, and there is good reason to believe that if he had lived in our generation he would have been far in advance of our leading electricians.

Dr. Gaspard lived serene and happy in a quiet life in his own particular field. One night Dumont was arrested and carried before the revolutionary tribunal. He was tried and convicted of treason before midnight and was sentenced to die at an early hour the next morning. In this case, so hurriedly disposed of, the prosecutor was Gaspard. He made the affidavit which caused the arrest, and he was the only witness against the prisoner.

The square where the execution took place was crowded at sunrise, for there were 50 persons to suffer the death penalty. Dumont was a young man of athletic size. He was very tall, with a massive frame, and his head towered far above his fellow-prisoners. He had nothing to say, but his roving eyes scanned the ranks of the spectators until they finally rested upon one face—the face of his false friend, Gaspard.

With a mighty effort the prisoner burst his bonds. "Villain," he shouted in a ringing voice as he pointed to the man who had betrayed him, "my death will be avenged. Your hour of doom is near at hand!" He was ugly, scowling. His senses were bound again, and the booming of the drums drowned his voice. Gaspard hid himself in the crowd and waited.

He did not have to wait long. His enemy was the first victim, the gallant had fairly covered the head before the remains were placed on a stretcher and carried to the doctor's laboratory close at hand. Gaspard locked his doors at once. He had everything ready for his experiment. A few stitches restored the head to the body and the doctor went to work with his electrical appliances. Just what occurred in the laboratory will never be known. There were still ten persons to be executed, when the people around the guillotine were struck dumb with terror by a spectacle more shocking than the scene which they had just witnessed on the scaffold.

NEW SUPERSTITION.

The Great New York Millionaire—MAGNIBUILDING MILLIONAIRE.

Since Cornelius Vanderbilt's costly city dwelling upon Fifth avenue, just south of the plaza, was completed no proposition for costly and conspicuous private mansions have been offered to the architect. There is a reluctance, due in part to a superstition not frankly acknowledged, to spend great sums in building city homes or country residences. K. C. Bennett's \$1,000,000 country seat, erected upon the site of Tawell's American club house, is conspicuous as an exception.

There are melancholy considerations that may in part explain this superstition. On lower Fifth avenue the costly mansions erected not many years ago by August Belmont and Marshall O. Roberts and Edward Pierpont and James Gordon Bennett are deserted and are to be delivered over to ruin. The elder Bennett had a beautiful country place at the farther northern point of Manhattan Island, but had not many years' enjoyment on it, nor did Charles O'Connor, who was his neighbor in this then country retreat, find that he had bought much more than his health, which drove him to Nantucket Island to pass his declining years.

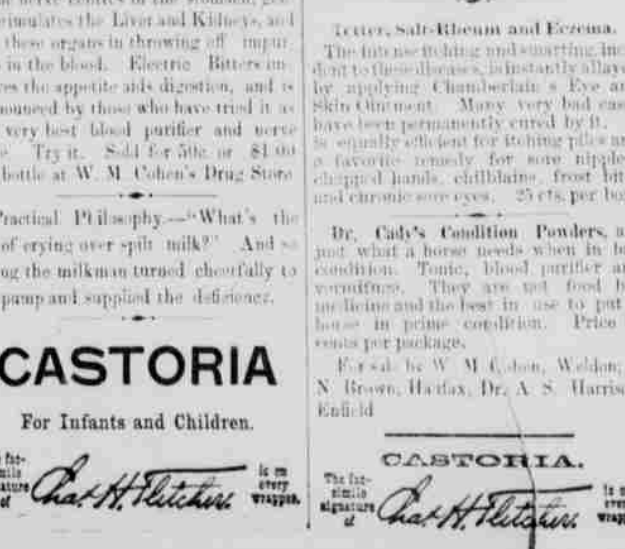
C. P. Huntington is said to have a superstition that if fortune will attend him if he occupies the grand mansion he built upon Fifth avenue, nearly opposite the Vanderbilt house. Yet it may be that he is merely calling to mind the experience of some of his friends. Charles J. Oshorn, the banker, built a costly home just out of the city, only to die in it, and the neighboring mansion of the millionaire Flagler was closed in mourning soon after he occupied it. J. B. Bostwick's charming place at Mamaroneck was his to enjoy not very long. Asphyxiated with indigestion soon after he built his famous place at Tarrytown, and not long after William Rockefeller enlarged and improved it his son was brought almost to death's door. Elliot F. Shepard died even before the great mansion he was building at Tarrytown was completed, and A. T. Stewart was hardly settled in the marble palace which he built on Fifth avenue when death called him.

William H. Vanderbilt's first stroke of paralysis came soon after his new home on Fifth avenue was completed, and there a few years later, came with the suddenness of the lightning's stroke the fatal attack. The marble house in which William K. Vanderbilt expected to maintain conspicuous social festivity because of such gloomy associations because of domestic troubles that he abandoned it, while Cornelius Vanderbilt had been in all only a few months in his new mansion when his active powers were shattered, and so the list could be extended. There is no need to do that to show that Mr. Huntington's fear may be due to a pardonable superstition, or that there are other reasons than a reluctance to spend money that explain why it is that the building of costly private mansions is the only investment in real estate from which the greater capitalists seem to shrink—New York Letter in Philadelphia Press.

A. H. Patter, with R. O. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I have never before given a testimonial in my life. But I will say that for three years we have never been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, and my wife would as soon think of being without flour as a bottle of this Remedy in the summer season. We have used it with all three of our children and it has never failed to cure—no simply stop pain, but cure absolutely. It is all right, and anyone who tries it will find it so."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.



It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired-out nervous system to a healthy state is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This medicine is purely vegetable, safe by giving food to the nerve centers in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric batteries improve the appetite and digestion, and are pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 30c or \$1.00 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

HIS BETTER HALF.

A Kentucky Editor's Lucid Article of His Wife's Writings.

Many of my friends have asked me, and a few strangers had the curiosity to write and inquire: "Why is it that you always speak of your wife as your better half?" In this article I will endeavor to explain, and I use the personal pronoun that the readers of the Herald Green Herald will be better understood. In Christian fortitude she is a fortress capable of withstanding any foe I had a rifle pit, with many unguarded eyes, in comparison. Her faith is that of a healthy tree in full foliage and fruit, mine like a tree-bled, with an occasional spot that leads back to fruit but so frail that the first cold wave of despondency deadens and withers it. As a neighbor she embodies those qualities expressed in the words of the master: "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you." I am content to do by her as well as she has done by me, and so frequently fall short of that standard. As home she is a sister of labor, reared in the garden of Gethsemane in a nursery of Sorrel, shedding sweet sunshine through the sick room, I feel important and trustful. Endowed with almost superhuman energy she is a living type of the best. I, not so enriched, am too frequently a drone of disappointment. The day is never so dark but the bright light beyond beckons her on a beam of hope, despondency darkens my vision and obscures from view everything favorable the future might show. This in all the milder tribulations of life she towers above me as the first pine above the stunted fig bush. During a continuous companionship of over twenty years I have been enabled to those superior qualities, and I have always been loath enough to say so. She combines characteristics quite unique in spousity, and in her affections assumes the place of mother, wife, sister, friend. All in all she is the apple of my eye, my lifeblood, in whom I am well pleased. Such is my wife as I see her and have known her all these years. She endures my faults, bids excuses for my errors, sympathizes with me in sorrow and strengthens me in adversity. Hence, I say, "our better halves," such she should ever be to me.

KNEW HUMAN NATURE.

The Two Black Vasaals Turned Their Knowledge to Good Account.

Nearness of the gates at the Union station as the long train from Chicago rolled in stood an old colored man. He was bent under a heavy burden, and it was easy to imagine that he was one of those relics of the south, one of those picturesque characters of old plantation life, that now live only in the memory. The great engine was putting after its long run, and amid the bustle and confusion of the station the old man seemed bewildered. Then as the passengers came through the gate they saw a little act of kindness that touched a tender chord of sympathy in more than one heart.

Another colored man, who looked as if he might be a parrot shipped a quarter in the old man's hand. Then he quickly made his way off again, looking half ashamed at his action. The old man stood looking at the quarter, and the next man passed another silver piece in his hand. The other passengers followed suit, and the old man had to come off to hold the shiner of coin. Just then the policeman on duty at the station saw the old fellow and started toward him, but with more celerity than he would have given him credit for the old man ran in among the crowd and was lost. Five minutes later the men were sitting in a station in Savannah street. They were standing over a pile of small coins.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

For Over Fifty Years

She Doubted.

"I have been told," said she, "that you are in a shady corner of the market, that you have rather a striking disposition."

"You don't suppose so, do you?" he asked.

"Dear me, no, I have never seen you exhibit the least sign of patching on."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Weldon Market & Ice Co.

WELDON, N. C.

FRESH MEATS, SAUSAGE, ETC.

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

French Candies

Crystalline Fruits, Cream Almond and Marshmallows.

Agents for Philadelphia's compressed yeast.

M. L. MABRY, Manager.

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 1848.)

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Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

And it can be easily told by their TRADE MARK—THE RED Z.

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Fat men!
Tall men!
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Gents' Furnishings, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Etc.

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All Colors and all styles for men, ladies and children.

Just as good as a bicycle you would pay \$100 for elsewhere. Sample wheel on exhibition at J. L. Judkins' Grocery. H. L. GRANT, Agent.

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HYDRAULIC ROSENDALE CEMENT.

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WELDON, N. C.

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