THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

After....

Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into molehills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

No. 8. Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a piano, heavy massive legs. This four extension table is worth $5. Based on this price we connect with it Furniture, Carpets, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Parlor Suites, Bedding, Sewing Machines, etc. You are paying here a profit on these prices. Drop a postal and get our money saving catalogue, which we mail free of all charges. Deal with the manufacturers and save the big profits you are now paying your local dealers.

Julius Hines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

HERE IS A SNAP.

The early bird—— You know the rest.

MEYER IS

Opening a large lot of sample 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 fine line

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

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

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

S. Meyer, Ag't.

ENFIELD, N. C.

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—Special Display of—

HATS & BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

—Be sure to attend.—

MRS. W. R. HART,
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B. P. SALE, Proprietor. WM. LINN, Manager

MANSION HOUSE.

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Union Street, NORFOLK, VA.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

A Pretty Sketch From The Pen of One Who Passed Through the Trying Times of the Civil War.

I noticed with pleasure in your issue extracts from a speech delivered before a Sunday School in Worcester, Massachusetts, by Prof. A. Crowell Ellis, of Clark University.

It was my very great though sad pleasure to attend the reunion of Confederate veterans held in Richmond last year and I stood in one spot on the corner of Franklin street for four hours and watched the grand procession as it passed. As I looked at the worn and disabled veterans and the tattered banners cherished and carried so lovingly by them, and listened to the cheering strains of old familiar tunes heard in the long ago my heart was filled with memories of that by gone time. It was only since reading this article, however, that I am inclined to write a few lines for your columns. Knowing full well there are many others who could do this far better than I can, I would not attempt it but for the desire that those who worked, suffered and died should not be forgotten by their children's children. Hoping by this humble means to contribute to this end, I wish to offer a word of commendation to the author of those words and perhaps add a few instances of personal knowledge of those times. It seems to me he has struck the key-note of this matter in bringing the subject before schools and informing the rising generation of the real facts as they were. While we may question his prudence, if a desire to please may be considered, we can but admire his timerity in carrying the war into the enemy's country in making this address before a gathering of S. S. children in Massachusetts, the birthplace of the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and many others who were loudest in denouncing the South and its institutions, and even perhaps some of the descendants of the congregation of Plymouth Church itself.

From some cause this has been neglected with us, our children know almost as much about the late war, its causes, extent, the individual part taken in it by those, many of whom are living but whose ranks are fast being thinned by the hand of time, as they do of the war of the revolution, and perhaps not so much. There seemed to be an idea that the South was conquered, its banners furled, and the best thing to do was to let the dead past bury its dead, feeling a kind of shame or humiliation that we were so terribly outnumbered and that to be thoroughly reconstructed was to let that period pass as a blank in history.

In my opinion this is not the right view to take. Let us teach our children as the Israelites of old were commanded to do, not only that they must fear God and keep his commandments but that their fathers fought a noble fight in defence of home and loved ones and that their mothers bore well their part in the struggle for what they thought right.

I am glad to see that attention is being called all over our land to this truth. While there may not be much good in spending thousands of dollars in erecting splendid monuments of stone to their memory there are many ways by which the women of the South may be honored and their memory perpetuated. One way is to keep it before the rising generation, not neglecting to inform them as to the individual part taken by each of us who were living then. Judging from my own feelings and experience, the Spartan mothers of old were not more true to their beloved city than were the women of the South to American rights and American independence prior to the war of the rebellion, so called. From my earliest childhood I had loved and studied the history of my own country. From the battle of Lexington to Valley Forge and on to the surrender of Yorktown, I had followed the patriots of those times who became and continued, clothed with a halo that has not dimmed with age heroes of my childish mind. My very birth was surrounded by the stirring scenes of the Mexican war and the names of its heroes were household words in my home. My father was one who entered heart and soul into such things and the horses, oxen, and even part of the farm were named in honor of his favorites in military and political life. It was nothing to hear him direct the farm hands to go over to Buena Vista, or to Monterey to plant a certain field of corn or to saddle Gen. Taylor or Millard Fillmore for him to ride. Surrounded by such influences was it any wonder that I should have loved the Union and the Star Spangled Banner?

I remember well the sadness which oppressed me, school girl though I was, when living in Wilmington, N. C., I listened all day to the booming of artillery fired as a salute in honor of South Carolina's secession, and to see flying from the mast head of the steamer which brought the news from Charleston. The dear old flag with a circle drawn around one of the galaxy of stars in its field of blue, indicating her withdrawal from the union of States. Rebels, indeed! Sad is the case when a mother so unjustly asserts her authority that her children are forced to defend themselves from her assaults. Only a stern sense of wrongs attempted could have caused such loyal children to have reached the point that they could do this. When the decision was reached, however, and North Carolina as well as other States had joined in the assertion of State rights the very principles which had controlled them before, compelled her children to stand by the old commonwealth in her time of need and never did mother have nobler sons and truer daughters than she gave to the Southern Confederacy. I am glad that even at this late day one of her younger sons has the courage to tell of the trials endured, the sacrifices made and of the heroic fortitude of the noble women who gave their husbands and sons to the front while they remained with the aged men at home to control and plan for the millions of souls left in their care. I want to add my testimony as a living witness of the truthfulness of the picture he draws.

I read a book sometime ago in which the writer charged the South with cruelty in many ways to prisoners at Libby, Salisbury and Andersonville, as I read I covered the margin of the book with explanations and retalations of statements made, determined no one else should read that book as it was written.

How could we give prisoners quinine when we drank sage and beneset tea to break our fevers? How could we give them healthy food when even the salt in our bread was doled out to us at the court house on certain days of the week, so many pounds in the year to each member of a family, and no more to be had at any price? I remember well on a certain occasion we had butchered a number of fat porkers depending on this expected supply when even this failed and how anxious we were lest the year's supply of bacon should be lost.

How could we give them clothing when our every energy was bent to provide clothing for loved ones in the army and helpless ones at home. Dainty hands that had not known toil bent to the task of accomplishing this and many were the sacrifices of time, labor and everything that could add to their comfort in hospital, in tent or on the field.

In the summer of 1862 I was visiting in an adjoining county and I called with a friend one day on a poor widow whose only son was in the army of the Peninsula, she with the son's wife, a bride of a few months were left with no support but the labor of their own hands. These were good Christian people but very poor. The brother of the wife was at home on a furlough and expecting him to return next day, they showed me a box they had prepared for him to take to their loved one, in which was homemade underclothing and socks, coarse made of sorghum, a ham, chickens and every dainty they could possibly get. This, too, when they worked in the field to cultivate the crops and had for their dinner Irish potatoes and greens, from the garden they had made, cooked with a piece of bacon so small there was no fear of either of them being overfed had they eaten the whole. Coupled with this, too, was the fear that after all they might be too late in preparing this welcome treat and their boy might even then have fallen a victim to the fortunes of war. For each day was passed in dread of the next, not knowing what an hour might bring forth.

Many are the recollections revived by reading this paper of how we spun, and wove, sewed and knit and the devices and methods used to provide clothing in those troublous time. It was the fashion to wear homespun, and I remember especially two beautiful belles from a city whom I saw at a public gathering clad in plaid checks made in Alamance county. Weddings were infrequent in those days but I attended one high in social circles at which many of the guests were dressed in cloth spun and wove at home. To make these of a better order much pains and time was spent. For instance an old silk dress that was worn out would be cut into small bits and patiently picked into threads then carded with wool or cotton and spun into thread for my lady's hose or after prolonged effort enough would be prepared to be woven into her best dress. This would be trimmed with wooden buttons covered with bits of silk or velvet saved from a more prosperous time and which would not do service in remodelling a hat or bonnet to be worn with this same dress on state occasions. I know a comely matron of today who spends much of her time in the Northern cities and in Europe who about this time made her debut as the first grand daughter into a wealthy and aristocratic home, whose dainty layette was fashioned by loving hands from fine linen and cambric saved perhaps from the lady's mother's wedding trousseau and whose swaddling clothes were spun and knit of fine lamb's wool prepared at home. These are some of them homely but by no means exceptional cases and I cite them to show to what extremes our ingenuity was often taxed.

With what loving patience was all this done, what devotion to our cause and country, what cheerful obedience to those in authority. One pleasing memory of those days is when I meet a well known gallant and efficient Brigadier General of that time who has since risen high in the councils of this restored nation and has made himself a name as her representative in a foreign land to recall the loving care he had for his men and the almost fatherly regard in which he was held by them. For him to command was for them to obey, knowing that even as a father pitied his children so he pitied them. I remember a gallant Major in one of his regiments who was opposed to eating plain corn bread, who on being told by the colored cook that the orders were for officers and men to fare alike and that was all they had, replied, "Well, for goodness sake serve it in various ways so that I can eat it."

This same General to whose brigade the noble 56th N. C. Regiment belonged and who in that fearful charge at the second Palaklava of Gettysburg shouted to a portion of his command, "Come on my gallant ——th, and 1st instead of sent them to the thickest of the fray, is now spending his declining years at his quiet home in our midst. Long may he live to enjoy the honors he has so nobly won, but to me the greatest glory of his life is the watchful care he bestowed on those committed to his charge during that fearful struggle of the war between the States.

I remember going into a home on one of those dark days in May 1863 and finding the ladies of the household all bathed in tears. Not having heard the direful news I asked what could be the cause of their grief, I was told with sobs and in a choking voice that Stonewall Jackson was dead, and then how we all wept together, feeling that God had turned His face against us in allowing this great grief to come upon us.

In view of this, Mr. Editor, I think the crowning piece of irony I have seen is the statement read in your paper a short time since that some of our young people at a public exhibition of pictures of prominent men mistook the face of old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, for that of Jefferson Davis. It is time we are waking up to the true condition of things, and as I said, do all we can to teach our children of what stuff their fathers were made.

There is a reason for them, too, in the fact, that could they but practice a small part of the self-denial and economy used by the people of the Southern Confederacy there would be more prosperous homes. The cry of hard times would be less often heard and money, both gold and silver more plentiful in our midst. That this should be learned is of far more importance than blossomed epitaphs and costly monuments is the opinion of

ONE OF THE WOMEN.

When an innocent man is jailed by mistake he prefers to come out the same way he went in. He may break jail and be caught and put back again. He'd rather have the door unlocked and walk out and stay out.

A sick man is a prisoner in the jail of disease; he has gone in by some door of carelessness or neglect or irregular living, and he must unlock this same door by careful, sensible habits if he wants to be a free man again.

If dyspepsia and biliousness or constipation is the way he got into disease, he has got to overcome just those troubles before he can get out.

The majority of diseases begin with some trouble of the digestive organs or of the liver, which prevents the supply of proper nourishment to the system. The best remedy for these troubles is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, because it gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to assimilate food and transform it into pure, nourishing blood, vitalized with an abundance of red corpuscles.

It acts directly upon the liver and gives it capacity to filter all bilious impurities out of the circulation. It builds up solid, muscular flesh and healthy nerve-force.

In obstinate constipation the "Discovery" should be used in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the most natural and thoroughly scientific laxative ever devised. The "Pellets" regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One is a gentle laxative; two act as a mild cathartic.

"My wife had suffered for seven years with dyspepsia, sick headache and costiveness," writes Mr. Alonzo D. Jameson, of Dunbarton, Merrimack Co., N. H., "we tried many doctors and many kinds of medicine, but all were of no avail. We purchased six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which together with the 'Pleasant Pellets' has entirely restored my wife's health, and we cannot say enough in thanks to you for these valuable medicines."

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Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is the Best.

1 Because it affords almost instant relief in cases of pain in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus.

2 Because it is the only remedy that never fails in the most severe cases of dysentery and diarrhœa.

3 Because it is the only remedy that will cure chronic diarrhœa.

4 Because it is the only remedy that will prevent bilious colic.

5 Because it is the only remedy that will cure epidemical dysentery.

6 Because it is the only remedy that can always be depended upon in cases of cholera infantum.

7 Because it is the most prompt and most reliable medicine in use for bowel complaints.

8 Because it produces no bad results.

9 Because it is pleasant and safe to take.

10 Because it has saved the lives of more people than any other medicine of the world.

The 25 and 50c sizes.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

LOCKED OUT.

How It Feels To Be Locked Out With Nothing On But Your Night Shirt.

He is a sensative man and lives in one of the picturesque rows uptown on the west side, in which no two houses are alike. On Monday his wife and daughter went up to Newburg on a visit, and when evening came, the cook went out to call on another cook, and the waitress took a spin on the tandem on the Boulevard. He was left alone, and, the night being quite warm, he shut himself in his room and stripped down to his underclothes and stockings, feeling sure that he would not be disturbed during the evening.

A little before 10 o'clock he heard a dog whine, and remembered that his daughter's Skye was out doors. Feeling certain that the dog was on the front stoop, he hurried down stairs in undress and opened the front door far enough to admit a dog. There was no dog in the vestibule, and, as it was quite dark there he stepped out to look on the stoop beyond the outer door. As he did so a gust of wind from somewhere slammed the door shut, and he realized that he was locked out. He said, in telling the story to a friend.

"I did not know my utter helplessness until I reached for my waistcoat pocket except my latchkey. Then I began to think hard, and the more I thought the less I liked my predicament. The cook and housemaid would come home in time, but I couldn't see that their arrival held out any promise. I didn't want to see them a little bit, and I knew that they wouldn't care to see me. They had keys to the basement door, and would go in that way. Then I thought of a way of getting out of my dilemma. I have a friend in the third house west of mine. In fact, he is the only man I know in the whole street. I felt that if I could reach his house I could at least get some clothes and be in a condition to meet the servants on their return.

"The street was apparently deserted, and I thought I would make a dash for the shelter of Jim's doorway, but just as I stepped out of the door a man and a woman turned the corner and walked slowly by, while I cowered behind the door. Another start was interrupted by a couple of girls coming up the street, and a carriage drove by just as I was getting ready to make the third break. Then the frowsy little cur that caused my trouble came trotting up the steps and I could not resist the temptation. I kicked him off the stoop. He howled as he went bumping down to the sidewalk, and it was evident that he did not recognize me, for, putting his front paws on the bottom step he began barking. He kept at it until I thought he would have the whole neighborhood alarmed, and I tried persuasion to get him to the vestibule. He seemed to recognize my voice, and, putting his tail between his legs, crept down the area steps. I thought I had been locked out for at least an hour and mechanically felt for my watch. Then the 10 o'clock bells rang and I knew that I had not been more than fifteen minutes in my predicament. It occurred to me then that it would not be long before a policeman came and I would send him to Jim's for the clothes. No only come along but ordinary men and women, however, and I think that the street was considerably livelier that night than I ever knew it to be before. I fretted myself warm in spite of the fact that the open air was rather chilly for my light attire.

"At last when the coast seemed clear, and I was about to make a dash, for Jim's I thought of the fact that I had not latched either of the parlor windows, and I wondered if I could reach them. To my great joy I discovered that from a treacherous footing on the ledge which ran across the front of the house I could cling with one hand to the side strip of the window frame. The windows are heavy, one pane affairs, and there was no way of raising them except by pressing the pain of the hand against the glass and pushing inward and upward until I could get my fingers under the sash. It was sometime before I succeeded, and I was thanking my stars that the street was clear when I heard a shout and sound of hurrying feet toward the corner. I had doubted until that moment that I would have strength enough left to crawl into the window, but that shout settled it. I flung myself in and fell on the floor, exhausted and panting for breath, as the runner stopped in front of the house and commanded me to come out and surrender. I recognized that it was a policeman and, sitting up so that my head was above the sill, I began to explain. Just then a female voice floated across the street saying: 'Officer, you ought to lock that lunatic up. I've been watching his vulgar actions for half an hour, and its a disgrace to the whole neighborhood.'

"I went to the front door and called the policeman into the vestibule, where I fully satisfied him that I was the tenant of the house and then fired a boil or two into him."

"What? Shot him?"

"Oh, no, He wasn't even half shot when he left me. They were balls out of the decanter on the sideboard? I just managed to get him out and skip to my room when I heard the cook come in quickly, followed by the household, and as I was dressing to go down-stairs and look up the parlor I heard them talking about the open window and speculating about burglars being in the house. They seemed to think that the dog was acting strangely just because he was still grieving over his first kick.—New York Sun.

"Er am usually de passon dat am innocent as de lamb," says Brother Watkins, "dat lose de wool pulled over his eyes."

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

Something To Depend On.

Mr. Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., is speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

There has been discovered in lower California the remains of a race with immense jawbones.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and $1.00 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

The woman lawyer is a free lance.

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For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Blobbs—"Why does Bostem call his board bills hardtack?" Slobbs—"He thinks they are only good to be jumped."

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

No, Maude, dear, the fellow who rides in the bottom bunk is not necessarily a man of low birth.

CASTORIA.

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Low spirits—five cent whisky.

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