

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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NO. 13.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim
As the soft years steal away,
Beautiful, soft eyes form a slim
Love fairness with every day,
But she still is queen and bath charms to
spare
Who wears youth's coronal—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 pine—has six massive
legs. The four outside legs are
tapered, and they are decorated. It
measures 4 feet 6 inches when closed and
6 feet 6 inches when open. Special Price,
\$3.95
(Orders promptly filled.)

The above is but one of over 100
articles to be found in our new massive
catalogue. It contains all kinds of Furni-
ture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Re-
frigerators, Stoves, Electric Lamps,
Heating, Sewing, Ironing, etc. You
are paying local dealers a good price.
Drop a postal for our great
money saving catalogue, which we
mail free of charge. Deal with the
manufacturer and you will make the
big profits you are now paying your
local dealers.

Julius Nines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

HERE IS A SNAP.

The early bird—
You know the rest.

MEYER IS GIVING AWAY

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,
oct 15 ly
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

P. SALE, WM. LINN,
Proprietor, Manager

MANSION HOUSE.

— BOTH ON —
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.
Union Street, NORFOLK, VA.

CAUDLE UP TO DATE.

What Douglass Jerrod Would Have Written Had He Lived Today.

"So it's you, at last, Mrs. Neverhome, is it? Oh, I heard you for all that detestable lurch key, you slipping upstairs in your stockings! I haven't closed my eyes yet and the clock just gone half-past 12. What's that you say? Only half-past 11 and I was snoring?"

"Snoring indeed! Let me tell you there's a limit to everything, Fanny Neverhome. I've borne your neglect and seen your love grow cold and stood it meekly, but when it comes to downright slander like that—well, I shall leave you, madam, and while I take care of your children then, I'd like to know, with their unnatural mother gadding off night after night, heaven knows where."

"It was the club and there was so much business—"

"So you say Mrs. Neverhome. The theatre and the Zinkard afterwards with that respectable Mrs. Lightwater, more likely! Before I'd let my wife carry on as her poor blind husband permits her to do—I'd set my foot down, Fanny Neverhome, I would indeed!"

"And where did you put the baby's cough medicine? Don't go blundering around now to find it and wake that blessed angel up, after the hours I've spent walking her to sleep, and you off to a club. It's right on the shelf where you always set it? Nonsense, madam, as if I didn't see you just put it there! Oh, my eyes are good enough yet, in spite of the long hours of sewing I've spent for your children, Fanny Neverhome, and the longer hours I've stood at home and listened for your lingering footsteps."

"Do come to bed and let a person have some peace. I'm so tired and lagged out I could sleep a week if I had a chance! Why don't I then? Well, of all cross wives you beat the deck, I declare. I hardly ever see you in daylight except Sunday, and even then you go off on your wheel or hunting or fishing—anywhere away from your poor husband and children. They hardly know you by sight any more, and as to the neighbors, well, I dread to have them come in, they are all so horrified at your eternal gadding about! And, now, when I want to tell you something really important, you don't listen! What is it, for heaven's sake?"

"Oh, never mind, never mind, now, madam. What I have to say isn't really of the slightest interest to you, anyway! Now, if it were Mrs. Lightwater talking you'd listen all day or all night, as you have been doing tonight. Don't tell me you weren't with her. I know by the style of your conversation, madam, that she has been telling you wives were born to rule and husbands to obey and all that 'rommy rot.' Putting fresh ideas of your importance into your head, as sure as I'm a suffering sinner!"

"Don't be a fool, you say? Thank you, Mrs. Neverhome! I was a darning sweet ducky once, you used to tell me. But you are right. A fool I must have been or I would never have listened to you, my dear. Look at me now and the day you married me, Fanny Neverhome! Then you were all devotion, my lightest word was law, you could not bear me out of sight, and, now—now, you hearken creature, you renege—and I—"

But here sleep, the all powerful, awakened even this injured husband's tongue and quiet reigned, broken only by the baby's occasional plaintive wail of "papa, papa."—San Francisco Town Talk.

EXAGGERATING.

Be Careful How You Talk, Or You Will Get In The Habit of Lying Unconsciously.

"I'm almost dead! It is as hot as fire! I've been more than a dozen miles after that colt!"

Andrew threw himself at full length on the lounge and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Where did you go?" asked his father.

"I went over to Briggs' corner and back by the bridge."

"That is less than a mile and a half. Is it so very warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here."

"No, not so dreadful, I don't suppose, if I'd taken it moderate, but I ran like lightning and got heated up."

"You started about five o'clock, my son, and now it lacks a quarter of six," said his father, consulting his watch.

"Yes, sir, just three-quarters of an hour," answered Andrew, innocently.

"Does it take lighting forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?"

"I didn't exactly mean that, father, but I ran all the way, because I expected the whole town would be here to night to see my new velocipede," explained Andrew, reluctantly.

"Whom did you expect, Andy? I wasn't aware such a crowd was to be here. What will we do with them all?"

"Jim, Eddy and Tom told me that they'd be around after school, and I wouldn't wonder if he came too, that's all."

"The population of the town is five thousand, and you expect three of them, well, as you are very sick, I'm glad no more are coming. You could not play with them all."

"Sick!" cried Andrew, springing to his feet, "who says I am sick?"

"Why, Andrew, you said you were almost dead, doesn't that mean very sick?"

"You're so particular, father about my talking. I don't mean exactly what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead, to be sure, but I did some tall running, you bet! There was more than fifty dogs after me and I don't go much on dogs."

"Quite a band of them? Where did they all come from?"

"There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep dog, and Bush's store dog, and two or three more, and they made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could."

"Five at the most are not fifty, Andy."

"There looked to be fifty, anyway," replied Andy, somewhat impatiently.

"Car's ten are lot less full of dogs just making for me, and I guess you'd have thought there were fifty if it had been you."

"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousands, have you an idea how many?"

Andrew did not like to calculate, for it occurred to him that a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping, and ten acres of dogs would be just calculation.

"But," his father continued, "I know of no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration than to tell the children the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs, which would be hundreds of thousands, traveled more than a dozen miles to get one and a half miles in a straight line, and expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede, and when you reached home was nearly dead."

"Please, don't, father, the boys and girls will all laugh themselves to death, and I won't exaggerate again if I live to be so old as Methuselah."

"Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this? I hope not. But it will rather tend to watching their own manner of telling stories, so as to be sure they don't grossly overstate things. Habit, my son, grows with years and becomes in time, so deeply rooted that it is impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts, unless you check the foolish habit you indulge in every day of stretching simple incidents into the most marvelous tales."—Christian Neighbor.

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

A colored exhorter who was holding a revival meeting in a Georgia town was approached by a member of his congregation, who said:

"Ber Williams, dey didn't las' yo' sarment las' night."

"Dey didn't?"

"No, sah—dey didn't!"

"Why—what be de matter with it?"

"Well, sah, you took and said dey was folks in dat congregation dat would be in hell for sump!"

"Did I say dat?"

"Dee' what you did!"

"Well, I declare 'er goodness!" exclaimed the parson, "my intention was ter 'low 'em ten days!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"My good man, you do something to bring light and purity into the homes of your fellow men? Do you distribute tracts?"

"No, I clean windows and beat carpets."

"TO HELL LIKE A MAN."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore's Advice to a Wounded Soldier Terrified by an Evangelist.

I asked Mrs. Livermore if she had ever seen any one afraid of death, or that which would follow death, at the actual hour of dying.

"Never but once," she replied, "and then it was the fault of an evangelist. It was after the fight at Fort Donelson. Eighty mortally wounded men had been brought into my ward at the St. Louis Hospital, among them a soldier with both legs and an arm shot off. This man was lying in that stupor that usually precedes death, when an evangelist entered, and bending over the bed, said: 'Have you made your peace with God? If not, you will be in hell in less than an hour.' 'Instantly the man's stupor was replaced by the most horrible fright. 'Pray for me,' he groaned. 'I cannot stop,' was the reply, as the speaker hurried on to give his gruesome message to other sufferers. 'You must pray for yourself.' Delirious with pain and wholly possessed by this new and terrible idea, the soldier sent out shriek after shriek of agony. 'I cannot die! I have been a wicked man!' was his repeated wail. His cries aroused and excited the other men, and the ward became a pandemonium of groans and screams and beseechings. In vain I urged and the surgeon commanded quiet. I directed the doctor to send the evangelist out of the ward, and I got upon the bed of the man who had first been aroused. Taking him by the shoulders and looking straight into his eyes, I said: 'Stop this screaming at once! 'But I am going to hell!' he cried. 'Well, if you must go to hell, go like a man!' I replied. 'But why must you go? What is Christ for if a man like you who has stood up to be ridiculed and torn and killed for his country, is going to hell? It is a libel upon God!'

"I had dispatched a messenger for a chaplain. When he came I said, 'Don't say a word, but sing,' and gradually peace settled over the ward, while the poor fellow listened to 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' There'd be No More Sorrow There.' 'Rank of Ages,' and many other comforting hymns. I kept my place on the bed, softly repeating prayers and reassuring passages of Scripture till my patient whispered 'I do believe Jesus will save me.' He died that night."

"The overzealous evangelist received summary treatment at the hands of Mother Rickerdyke. When he began to question her 'boys' she approached him with the words: 'Look here, you leave this ward quiet or I'll take you by the nape of the neck and pitch you out.'"

REASON WHY

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

- 1 Because it affords almost instant relief in case 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 diarrhoea.
- 3 Because it is the only remedy that will cure chronic diarrhoea.
- 4 Because it is the only remedy that will prevent bilious colic.
- 5 Because it is the only remedy that will cure epidemic 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 result.
- 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.
- 11 Because it is 25 and 50c sizes.

FOR SALE BY W. M. COHEN, WELDON, N. C.

Dr. A. S. Harrison, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Norfolk.

ON THE MARKET.

"Karnel, sin' dey gwine have another election soon?"

"Well, they're talking about it."

"Yes, sah, on does you know what votes will be gwine at?"

"Vates?"

"Yes, sah—what dey gwine to give for 'em?"

"Why really—I don't know."

"I sorry fer dat, sah, kase las' year dey was running mighty low, on kome talk you right now: Ef dey don't do better den what they has been doin', look out! De best thing of three votes for one dollar is the rimation of de called race!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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. Cadys' 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, Norfolk.

PUTTING UP A PORTIERE.

The Experience of A Southern Woman That Often Has Been Duplicated.

She—I had the worst time this morning. I hung a portiere in my room. I wouldn't let the upholsterer do it, and I wouldn't let anybody help me, because I wanted it in a particular way.

He—I didn't know you knew about—

She—I don't, but I was bound I'd do it. Well, I'd asked them where I bought the pole to have it sawed off the right length and they hadn't done it, and I had to get a saw and do it myself. I couldn't see it even and I got all out of patience saying "good gracious" till Aunt Mary looked at me over her glasses, she doesn't approve of expletives for young women.

He—You are sure it was "good gracious?"

She—It was—at that stage. I got the brackets up all right, but I drove a nail part way into an end of the pole to start a place to screw in the fancy end and when I tried to pull it out I broke it square off and I couldn't pull the piece out. I was so provoked.

He—What did you say then?

She—I said "Plague take it!" There was nothing to do but saw off an inch or so to get a fresh end. I had a fearful time doing it. It looked as if somebody had chewed it off, and I sawed my fingers.

He—And you said—

She—I said "Confound it!" right out loud and Aunt Mary went out of the room. I got the pole up finally and stretched my arms till they were lame and got both ends screwed on and then I found I'd forgotten to put the rings on. I was perfectly desperate. My neck ached, and my back, pained and my head was getting dizzy—

He—And you continued your remarks?

She—I—I said "Damn it!" I couldn't help it. I unscrewed one of the ends and got the rings on and screwed it back again, and then I hung the curtain, and goodness knows how long I was at it. I had it all up once. I found I'd turned it wrong side to, and hung it four times altogether, and my hair was all tumbled down and every bone in my body ached and my fingers bled where I'd sawed them—

He—And may I inquire what—

She—Yes, you may! And I don't care a snap if I did, either. An angel from heaven couldn't say anything else. But as well as that Aunt Mary had gone out of the room—Memphis Scimitar.

HER CONSOLATION.

She Was Bound To Have That Beautiful Tea Gaffy.

"George," exclaimed Mr. Lawson, according to the Cleveland Leader, "let me see that paper a minute. There's something in Fugleman's advertisement on the past page, about giving something away to every customer."

Mr. Lawson handed the paper over to his sweet little wife, and went on eating his breakfast.

"I hope they won't all be gone," she said aloud, as she read the announcement "before I can get there."

"What are they going to give away?" her husband asked.

"A beautiful tea caddy to every purchaser of a dollar's worth of goods or more," she excitedly returned. "I wouldn't miss getting one of them for anything."

"What do you intend to buy?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't know yet. But there are lots of things I can find to make up the dollar's worth. A tea caddy's the very thing I've been wanting this long time, and I wouldn't miss the chance for a good deal."

He kissed her and went away, but when he got home again, at night, he found in place of the happy wife he had left that morning a little woman who was the picture of woe.

"What's the matter?" George Lawson asked.

He had forgotten about the tea caddy, and feared that had news of some kind had preceded him.

"I shall never buy another cent's worth of anything in Fugleman's store as long as I live," his darling replied.

"Oh," he said, remembering the advertisement in the morning paper "didn't they give you a tea caddy after all?"

"Yes," she replied in scornful tones, "they gave one but look at it!"

Then she handed out a little earthen jar with a nick in it, that if it had been perfect, might have been worth 8 or 10 cents.

"Why didn't you make them give you a good one?" he asked patting her cheek, and trying to make her believe that he sympathized with her.

"I did ask for a good one," she sobbed "but what do you think the impudent clerk said?"

"I haven't any idea. If it was anything disrespectful I'll go lick him."

"He asked me if I wanted the earth," the weeping woman declared.

"Oh he did, did he?"

"Yes and there I'd just bought a dollar's worth of goods that I don't suppose I'll ever need!"

"The wretch!" hissed George Lawson, then he told her not to care and kissed her, and made her believe that he didn't object to squandering a dollar at all, and at length her gloom disappeared.

As they sat down to tea she suddenly said, with a glad look upon her face:

"I'd feel awfully bad about it, dear if I hadn't seen some of the caddies that some of the other women got. They were all cracked, or damaged in some way."

But her husband made no reply. He was thinking.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The public has decided that the living picture business is a dead failure.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Celebrated for the great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against staling and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

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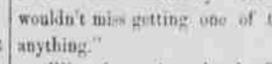
Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

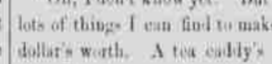
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LITTLETON FEMALE COLLEGE!

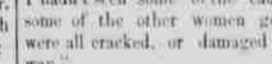
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