

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.



Fifty Years Ago.

This is the way it was bound to look when grandfather had his "peter" look. These were the shadows cast before the coming of Cousin Augustus. And his art, like a girl in a picture, some day to bloom to a goddess fair. Men certainly were not as black, we know as they pictured them, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla began to make new men, just as the new pictures of men began to be made. Thousands of people fringed the camera with alkalis made clean from blotch and blemish, because they had purified the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is as powerful now as then. Its record proves it. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record.

50 Years of Cures.



No. 8 Solid Oak Freestone Table, polished like a gem—has six massive legs. The four outside legs are connected, traced and finely ornamented. It measures 4 1/2 inches high, 24 inches wide and 60 inches long when spread. Special Price, \$3.95 (Orders promptly filled.)

The above is but one of many 100 varieties to be found in our new catalogue. It contains all kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Drapes, Curtains, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Sashes, Iron Beds, etc. You are paying local dealers double our prices. Drop a postal for our great money saving catalogue, which we mail free of all charges. Deal with the manufacturers and you will make the big profits you are now leaving your local dealers.

Julius Nines & 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 large.

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

GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERIES

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

S. Meyer, Ag't.
ENFIELD, N. C.

SPRING OPENING

Special Display of

HATS & BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

Be sure to attend.

MRS. W. R. HART,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

P. SALE, WM. LINN,
Proprietor, Manager

MANSSION HOUSE.

BOTH OF AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.
Union Street, NORFOLK, VA.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

It Is A Beautiful Sight to See An Old Man Loved And Revered By His Children And Grandchildren.

It is always charming to see children manifest tender affection toward their parents, and this is still more pleasing when the "children" are themselves men and women.

The writer remembers being on a railroad train several years ago when directly in front of him sat a kindly looking, snuffy-haired old man, evidently unaccustomed to traveling, and as manifestly in his "second childhood." He was very talkative, and he told me all about the journey he was taking.

"I'm going out to Iowa to see my son Jimmy and my daughter Nelly. Just think! I ain't seen either of them children for most six years, and if they ain't tickled to see me I'll be mistaken. An' this train seems to fairly drag. I get so impatient every time it stops at a station! Wish it'd keep right on an' never stop out to give me a K—, that's where Jimmy and Nelly live."

He began gathering up his few belongings when we were still an hour's ride from his destination.

"I want to be all ready to get right off when we stop," he said. "Jimmy and Nelly'll both be at the depot to meet me, although they live nine miles out in the country, and there ain't need of both of them comin'." But they'll be there—you see if they ain't.

When we reached K—the excited old man started to leave the car in eager haste. But the train had not yet come to a standstill when a great bearded giant of a man, fully fifty years of age, hurried into the car.

"Jimmy!" called out the old man eagerly. "Here I am, Jimmy!"

"Father!" cried the old man, and he took the little old man right into his arms and hugged him, while tears stood in the eyes of both.

A stout, plumply clad, middle-aged woman appeared at the car door, and cried out, "father!"

Then she turned and called to someone on the platform, "Here he is! Here's father!"

"Nelly, my girl!" said the old man.

The son and daughter both had an arm around the father as he left the car. On the platform were seven or eight grandchildren of from 5 to 20 years of age.

"Here's your grandpa!" said Nelly joyfully, and a great hugging and kissing time ensued.

Of course the passengers in the car and the bystanders on the platform smiled, but I think that most of them agreed with a lady on the car who said:

"It is a beautiful sight to see an old man loved and revered by his children and grandchildren, and I only wish that such exhibitions of affection were more common!"—Unidentified.

HIS LIMITED INFORMATION.

A countryman who had lost his wife asked an editor to write her obituary.

"Gentle and lovable, was she?" asked the editor.

"Well, talkable—certainly when she was riled."

"What was her age?"

"She never did tell it. All I know is, she was party lively for her age!"

OVERHEAD.

"Mama, pa's a brave man, ain't he?"

"I hope so, my son."

"Why, I know he is! I heard somebody say yesterday that he run a blind tiger."

Nature's Detectives.

When a crime is committed no matter in what corner of the earth the criminal tries to hide, he knows that Nature's detectives are somewhere or other on the look out to detect him.

When any disease attacks the human system, no matter how obscure or complicated the disease may be, Nature among her great forces of detection is sure to find it.

They change and rearrange and dodge about the system under numberless disguises. They are almost always complicated with liver or stomach troubles, nervousness, neuralgia, or "general debility."

The best detective remedy which Nature has provided to search out and arrest these perplexing ailments is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It lays an arresting hand directly upon the poisonous, paralyzing elements hiding in the liver and digestive organs.

It gives the blood-making glands power to manufacture an abundant supply of pure, red, highly vitalized blood which reinforces the lungs with healthy tissue; feeds the nerve-centres with power, and builds up solid muscular flesh and active energy.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, nasal catarrh, bronchitis, severe coughs, asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest cough it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

THE CHANGED LIFE.

When Christ Has The First Place In Your Heart You Are Going To Get Victory.

A lady came to me once and said: "Mr. Moody, tell me how I can become a Christian." The tears were rolling down her cheeks, and she was in a very favorable mood; "but," she said, "I don't want to be one of your kind."

"Well," I asked, "have I got any peculiar kind?" What is the matter with my Christianity?"

"Well," she said, "my father was a doctor, and had a large practice, and he used to take us to the theater. There was a large family of girls, and we had tickets for the theater three or four times a week. I suppose we were there a good deal oftener than we were in church. I was married to a lawyer, and he has a large practice. He takes us out to the theater," and she said, "I am far better acquainted with the theater and theater people than with the church and church people, and don't want to give up the theater."

"Well," I said, "did you ever hear me say anything about theaters? There have been reporters here every day for all the different papers, and they are giving my sermons verbatim in one paper. Have you ever seen anything in the sermons against the theaters?"

She said, "No."

"Well," I said, "I have seen you in the audience every afternoon for several weeks and have you heard me say anything against theaters?"

No, she hadn't.

"Well," I said, "what made you bring them up?"

"Why, I supposed you didn't believe in theaters."

"What made you think that?"

"Why," she said, "do you ever go?"

"No."

"Why don't you go?"

"Because I have got something better. I would sooner go out into the street and get dirt than do some of the things I used to do before I became a Christian."

"Why," she said, "I don't understand."

"Never mind," I said, "when Jesus Christ has the pre-eminence, you will understand it all. He didn't come down here to say that we shouldn't go there, and shouldn't go here, and lay down a lot of rules, but he laid down great principles. Now, he says if you love him, you will take delight in pleasing him. And I began to preach Christ to her. The tears started again. She said:

"I tell you, Mr. Moody, that sermon on the indwelling Christ yesterday afternoon just broke my heart. I admire him and want to be a Christian, but I don't want to give up the theaters."

I said, "please don't mention them again. I don't want to talk about theaters. I want to talk to you about Christ."

So I took my Bible and read to her about Christ.

But she said again, "Mr. Moody, (can I go to the theater if I become a Christian?)"

"Yes," I said you can go to the theater just as much as you like if you are a real, true Christian, and can go with his blessing."

"Well," she said, "I am glad you are not so narrow minded as some."

She felt quite relieved to think that she could go to the theaters and be a Christian. But I said:

"If you can go to the theater for the glory of God, keep on going, only be sure that you go for the glory of God, if you are a Christian, you will be glad to do whatever will please him."

I really think she became a Christian that day. The burden had gone there was joy, but just as she was leaving me at the door, she said:

"I am not going to give up the theater."

In a few days she came back to me and said: "Mr. Moody, I understand all about that theater business now. I went the other night. There was a large party at our house, and my husband wanted us to go, and so we went; but when the curtain lifted, everything looked so different. I said to my husband, this is no place for me; this is horrible. I am not going to stay here, I am going home." He said, "don't make a fool of yourself. Every one has heard that you have been converted into it will be all through fashionable society. I beg of you don't make a fool of yourself by getting up and going out. But I said, 'I have been making a fool of myself all of my life.'"

Now, the theater hadn't changed, but she had got something better and she was going to overcome the world. "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit."

When Christ has the first place in your heart you are going to get victory. Just do whatever you know will please him. The great objection I have to these things is that they get the mastery, and become a hindrance to spiritual growth.—Extract from The Overcoming Life.

BURDETTE AND THE BICYCLE.

He Says He Can Ride, But Not That He Likes It.

A report got in circulation to the effect that Bob Burdette was dead. The Burlington Hawkeye, with which the humorist was formerly associated, denied the rumor, and Bob confirms the denial in the following letter to the editor:

Bryn Mawr, Pa., June 14, 1897.—Mr. Dear Waiter: Like the true friend and loyal comrade you ever were, you do right to protest against my burial prior to the autopsy.

I am indeed very much alive—Not only so, I haven't been dead even a little bit. Not one. Could have been, had I wanted to be. Could be yet. But I don't want. May be I ought to be, even now. But, as we make weekly confession—“we have left undone these things which we ought to have done.”

Possibly the rumor that I have gone dead grew out of the fact that I have learned. Not “am learning.” Learned in one lesson. All by myself.

When out in the moonlight last Friday night to learn, having first looked my family in the house and forbade them to look out of the windows. Led my bicycle out on the turnpike—the Bryn Mawr pike are broader than the way to destruction, twice as smooth, and much cleaner. It's a young bicycle—a colt, foaled in '97. Would give the name but for the fact that I had to pay for the wheel. Will only say, therefore, in accordance with the ethics of my profession, that it is sor the wheel anybody says it is.

I held him by the withers right in the middle of the road, and mounted without assistance.

I dismounted in the same independent manner.

Got on again and proceeded to break him to saddle.

Did I ride the first time?

Well, say!

People had told me—lars of all ages and both sexes—that I couldn't fall if, when I felt that I was falling, I would stick out my foot.

I stuck out both feet and both hands and fell on my head.

I fell on one side of that diabolical wheel and then on the other. I fell on both sides at once, I fell on top of it and underneath it, and made “dog falls” with it. I fell between the wheels. I fell behind the hind wheel and before the front one at the same time and don't know yet how I did it. I fell and thrust both my legs through the spokes of one wheel. I was a terrified man in a buggy and drove him clear off the pike through Wheeler's hedge, and I don't think he has come back yet. Everytime I fell I slapped the palms of my raw, swollen, throbbing hands on the hard “inelastic” pike, except the time I fell on my head. I fell harder and with a greater variety of landing than any man could fall unless he dropped out of a balloon and lit in a load of furniture. I lost my confidence, my patience, my temper, my clamps, lamp, bill, and reputation. I broke one pedal, the saddle, and the ordnance against last, busterous and abusive language at night. I ran into everything in sight except the middle of the road. I sat down on everything in the township, except in the saddle. I scoured in a circuit not 15 feet in circumference until you could smell brimstone. I made more revolutions than a South American republic, and didn't get 10 feet away from where I started. I haven't been so mauled and abraded, so thumped and beaten, so trampled upon and pounded, so bruised and scratched since I left the army. But I can ride.

I don't say that I do. But I can.

Do I consider biking good for the health?

For the health of some people, I do. I don't see how a physician can bring up his family unless his children have something to eat.

But in my own case, I reserve my decision. I will wait until I know whether I am going to die or get well. And do you tell Brother Davis to keep his shuttary on the standing gully until he hears from “Slug Nino.” I don't believe I've got “99” yet. Although friends who have called to see me break down when they say “good-bye” and walk out of the room on tiptoes. But I would not mind that if I knew what became of my shoulder blades the time I ran under the hay wag.

Cheerfully yours,
ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

STANDS AT THE HEAD.

Aug. J. Bogal, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: “Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have.” J. E. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: “Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits.” Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and to-day stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Advice On Love, Courtship And Marriage Given Fifty Years Ago.

"The Mystery of Love, Courtship and Marriage" is the title of a book which published 50 years ago contains much advice that is as sensible now as it was then. "Platney," says the author, whose sex is not revealed by the title page and is not easy to guess from internal evidence, "is a powerful weapon in the art of making love. Never lived there yet man or woman but that in some way or other could be flattered. The great point is to know in what way to use it. A young lady will feel flattered if you get a chance, young man, to tell her mother about the good qualities of her daughter. Never fear but the daughter will hear of it." The author dwells at some length on the subtle flattery conveyed in applying what is ordinarily termed a "pet name" to the object of one's affection and repeats with emphasis the admonition that "faint heart never won fair lady."

Then the author fits the shoe to the other foot. "There is no impropriety," he or she says, "in a lady's taking any reasonable measures to induce her beau to make his proposal when he is either backward, slow or bashful." The advice of old Weller to "heaven of widows" is indorsed in only a half-hearted way. In making love to a widow, our author says, "you have nothing to do but to answer her questions and to return her caresses. In making love to a widow, then, you must first be sure that you want her for a wife, as it will not be safe to trust yourself within the pale of her influence if you expect ever to get off heart whole." She will certainly catch you in her toils, if she pleases. She, of course, does not give you much chance to exhibit those romantic profusions of attachment which young girls delight in, but will discuss the marriage ceremony and plans for the future with the same coolness and deliberation as if she were selecting her furniture and household goods. Considering all her peculiarities, the courtship of a widow is a more formal matter of business. Any man with sufficient nerve to use his own judgment in the purchase of a horse may court a widow without trouble and without advice.

Twenty ways of popping the question are advanced, and the author concludes the advice for water and I waded with the following axiom: "As a general rule a gentleman need never be refused. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, can easily discourage a man that she does not intend to marry before matters come to the point of declaration. It is very true that some men are woefully blinded in this thing of love-making and do not get their eyes open until they are 'kicked.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

LETTER, 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 its use. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chubbins, 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.

TROUBLESOME LANGUAGE.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked his uncle. "You look bothered."

"I am," said Jack. "This English language is too much for me. Ma told me to stop in at Mrs. Perkins' as I went by and leave this letter. Now, if I go by I can't stop in, and if I stop in, why don't you see, I ain't really go by."—Harper's Bazar.

HIS MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD.

"My work is very trying," he replied, in answer to a question as to his occupation.

"You are a judge, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I am a land reclaimer."

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.

The 25 and 50c sizes.

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

WANTED TO DIE DECENTLY.

He Wanted to Hear A Few Tunes On The Old Violin Once More.

For weeks and weeks Tom Sheppard had been a sick man at our mining camp at Black Bear valley, says The Louisville Courier-Journal. Everybody felt sorry for him, and yet a sick man in a mining camp was a great inconvenience and a burden. One day Judge Watkins went up to see him, and after finding him no better and no worse than he had been for many weeks, he said:

"Tom, I don't want to see you laid out about this thing, but the boys are beginning to wonder why you don't die or get well."

"Yes, reckon they are," replied Tom, "and you can tell 'em I'm going to die."

"Do you feel it for the best, Tom?"

"I do, I ain't got much to live for, and might as well peg out now as any other time. I've been waitin' for a week or two."

"Waitin' for what?"

"For to die decently. I'm no duke or lord, but I want things fixed up in good shape. I want to be washed up, shaved, her my hair out, and git into some decent duds and I want to die till I do."

The judge told the boys what was required, and that afternoon two or three of 'em knocked off work and fixed Tom up. A shirt was borrowed of one, a coat of another, a vest of another, and by and by the sick man was rigged out in the best the camp afforded. When all this had been done, he said:

"Now, then, I feel more like dyin', but there's one thing more I want. I want Joe Billings to come up with his fiddle and play me a few tunes."

Joe was sent for, and after considerable kicking he got his fiddle and went up to Tom's shanty. Tom was propped up in bed and waiting and Joe sat down and gave him "The Old Oak Bucket," "Old Fells at Home," "Nellie Gray," and half a dozen other well-known airs. He had been playing for an hour, his eyes on the hills opposite when Judge Watkins looked in and said:

"Cut it off, Joe, Tom's dead."

As he was, and when the boys came to observe the pleased and contented look on his face they were agreed that he had died decently and been given a fair start on his way.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

Your personal affairs are of mighty little concern to the world, unless you have been doing something that you oughtn't to.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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

"See how white the empire is getting!"

"Yes, the bleachers are after him."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the finest quality of bread and all forms of pastry. Sold by the cheap dealers.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST

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