Chronic Diarrhos, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, et of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEANED LIVER,
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the
pain is left under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for
Rhesmanism; general loss of appetite; Bowels
generally contine, sometimes alternating with lar;
the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy
wish considerable loss of memory, accompanied
with a polarid consution of leaving undene something
which cought to have been dene; a slight, dry cough
and membed face is sometimen an attendant, often
mistaken for consumption; the patient complains
of weeriness and debitity; nervous, easily atariled;
foot said or himning, sometimen a prickly sensation
of the skin axistis; spirits are low and despondent,
and, although satisfied that exercise would be benficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to
my la-in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several
or six above symptoms attend the disease, but cases
have soccured when but few of them existed, yet
memination after death has shown the Liver to
have been carkenively deranged.

It should be useed by all poysons, old and

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Un-healthy Loonlittes, by taking a dose occasion-sity is keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid a Mataria, Illitons attacks, Dirriness, Nau-Downiess, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigents like a glass of wine, but is no in-teriorating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of eigestion, or fed heavy after meals, or sleep-ces at night, take a dose and you will be relieved. me and Doctors' Bills will be saved

by always keeping the Regulator
in the House!
For, whatever the aliment may be, a thoroughly
sak purgative, alterative and tonic can
meet be out of place. The remedy is harmless
and does not interfere with business or
aleasure.

TT IS PURELY VEGETABLE, has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or line, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Gevernor's Testimony.

moss Liver Regulator has been in use in my
r for some time, and I am satisfied it is a
ble addition to the medical science.

J. Gell Shorter, Governor of Ala. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga..: Have derived some benefit from the use of some Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a er trial.

arther trial.

"The only Thing that never falls to relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspels. Liver Affection and Debility, but never are found anything to benefit me to the extent amons. Liver Regulator has, I sent from Minsocia to Georgia for it, and would send further for reck a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only hing that never fulls to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn. Dr. M. Markey, Minneapolis, Minn. Dr. M. Markey, Minneapolis, Minn.

. 2. W. Moson says: From actual ex-ments in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in gractice I have been and am satisfied to use prescribe it as a purgative medicine. Take only the Genuine, which always as en the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark of Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

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elation, Lynchburg, Va. with great benefit in Malaria and Dipthe

ssfully used in dyspepsia, chronic diar and scrofula .- Prof. Jackson, M. D., Uni uable as a nervous tonic. Hon. I. C.

r, Tenn. s'-D, R. Fairex, M. D., N. C. res debilitated systems to health .- T. C M. D., Ind.

ted in chronic diarrhoea, scrofula, an sia.-Geo. T. Harrison, M. D., N. Y. saful in diptheria and neuralgia. J. M. D., N. C.

ellent for certa dia cases peculiar to wo npt in relieving headache, sick and ner Rev, E. C. Dodson.

with great benefit in dyspepsia. J. Mc., M. D., Pa. ed to broughitis and diseases of digestive

. J. F. Boughton, M. D. Ala. valuable remedy known for female dis Juo. P. Metteaur. M. D., LLD. curative virtue. Thos. F. Rumbold

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apetizer and blood purifier. H. Fisher beneficial in improving a reduced system Beckwith, of Ga. ids here find welcome and health. Key

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phlets free, upon application r, 84 a caso. Mass and Pills, 25, 50, 75 cts st-paid everywhere.

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also a Livery Stable, where horses attended to, vehicles hired out a terms to parties wishing them. in Poland?"

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

NO. 7.

OUR DAYS.

Co-morrow-what matters the storm of to-day, We shall find the Island of peace at last. ro-day is stormy but bye and bye The tempest and ruin will all be past.

The yesterday was a mocking dream That left us sorrowful, full of pain; But the fair to-morrow waits for us. We shall build up the broken hopes again

lime touches our eyes with tears that burn. And plants the gray, mid the locks of gold ; And robs the cheeks of the tint of youth, And we say, "To-morrow we shall be old."

And we think of the fair land further on, Where life shall never know blight or frost, Where love dies not at the touch or change, And we find again the youth we have lost.

Nothing is done, from birth to death ; Our hope, our love, and life's sad day is only a sample at the best Of all that will come in the far away

Phon why do our tours so stendily full When the perfect life shall soon have sway, When the bright to morrows and yesterdays Shall merge themselves in a glad to-day?

THE VIOLIN'S VOICE. THE PATHETIC STORY OF A MUSICIAN AND A DYING

The dark angel of death was standng outside the musician's door, for ittle Annita, Maestro Narditti's child, was fading away; no tears, no prayers could avail, not even Carissima's lovev voice.

Carissima's voice was hushed now; the maestro had no heart to take up his dearly loved violin and play to soothe his sorrow, as he had done many years ago, when his wife died and left this little one behind.

Child was born 1723. Henry Shaw died in 1775, a year after the birth of his great grandson, Thos. Porter, of Mount Potter, county Down. * * An instance and left this little one behind.

Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius and had bidden him call aloud to the world. So Carissima and he had played together through siekness and sorrow and success, and bride was six years of age and the bridegroom through all the changing scenes of life hey had been faithful friends.

They had just come back from the crowded hall; the people said that never before had the maestro played so beautifully and that never before had the violin's voice sounded so mournful and pathetic.

Well, you see, they did not know the reason; but we do, for both were hinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful or the outward expression of those thoughts be anything but mournful?

The father was weeping by his child's bed-side. But she said: "Do not weep-sing to me-sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father, and the evening has been so long without thee."

Then he rose and played to her, and she closed her eyes and listened happily to Carissima's voice. It sang a song without words—the music alone told the tale—of a pure young life, too pure for earth, and, therefore, to be taken away to that fair land where only the good and pure and true dwell. Yet it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind and to know that they would be desolate, and here the violin's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody became sadder and softer, as if describing the very parting which was soon to take place, then the lingering notes died away, and the maestro's hand was still.

"Is that all?" murmured the child

'oh, play again." Once more he raised his bow on high and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph-the same melody, but no longer soft or sad, for the gates of the fair land were opened wide, and amid the jubilant strain the child had passed away with the angel of death.

THE BEAUTY OF WORDS.

Words are the flowers that blossom on the bush of wisdom and spring from the fountain of thought. With them the artist paints a livelier fancy than the man of brush and colors. The lines clear cut and fine, surpass the richest creation on the dull, lifeless canvas. In this line of art Robert Ingersoll is probably the most skilled of all living men. Here is what he says in a letter of regret to the Clover

"I regret that it is impossible for me to be in 'clover' with you to-morrow. A wonderful thing is clover! say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in the per-tumed fields, and at the cottage gate Old Bos, the bountiful, serenely chewing satisfaction's cud in that blessed twilight pause that like a benediction falls between toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs and books and violets, and all there is of a stainless joy in peaceful human life A wonderful word is clover. Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'r' and you have the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'r' alone and there remains a warm, deceitful bud that sweetens the breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom, in Shakspeare, was right: 'Good hay,' sweet hay, bath no fellow.'"

"Did you know," said an Englishman to Jew, "that they hang Jews and asses together

"Indeed!" replied the Jew. "Then it is fortunate that you and I are not there."

EARLY MARRIAGES.

[From Notes and Queries.] Not only in the days of good Qeen Bess and earlier, but very much later in our history early marriages were allowed. To make an instance in the Georgian period, this entry is in "The Chronological diary" appended to the "Historical Registry, volume six, for the year 1727, June 8: "Charles Camarthen, Esq., of about il years of age, marry'd to a daughter of Sir Thomas Powell, of Broadway, Bart., deceased, aged about 14." The young lady's only brother had just died on March 21 preceding. Often did a guardian having control of a wealthy ward find it convenients not to delay the promotion of a marriage of the ward with one of his own kith and kin, though not always by any means was it considered necessary that there should exist between the couple the sentiments that induced Chas. Dickens' "young

gentlemen not eight years old to run away with a young woman of seven." * * I may mention a similar instance which occurred nearly 130 years later than the marriage to which H. refers, in a family which my mother now represents; viz: the Shaws of Ballytweely, county Antrim. Henry Shaw (son of John Shaw, of Ballytweedy, and grandson of Captain Shaw, High Sheriff for county Antrim, 1693, who was attained by Kings James' Parliament) was married in the year 1721 to his cousin Mary (only child of Patrick Shaw, of Brittas, county Antrim) when "neither of them was yet fifteen years old;" and the old documents from which I am quoting go on to say that the father of this equally precoclous bridegroom "continued to manage for the young couple, and had not long survived their coming of age." Their eldest Child was born 1723. Henry Shaw died in 1775,

of early marriage even more curious than that mentioned by H. is the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Clifford, of Skipten castle, in the fifteenth century, to Sir Robert Plumpton of Plumpton castle. The not much more. The husband died three years after marriage, and the "widow" was united to his brother William when she had gained the age of twelve years. Dodsworth preserved for us the document from which the above information is given in Whittaker's "History of Craven."

GAVE HIM UP.

Dr. Ike was called to see old Ned's son and after several visits the doctor said to the anx-

"Ned, I doan wanter distress yer, but dat boy can't git well. De conglomeration ob de membrens hab dun sot in."

"Wall, I reckon dat will kill him," Ned re plied. "I doan see how a chile wid his weak constitution an' convention can get ober such a oneeascuess ob de flesh So you gins him up doctor ?"

"Yans, I issues my decrement right heah. Dat boy can't live five hours." About two weeks after Ned met the doctor and said :

"I thought you gin that boy up "I did. Ain't he dead yit!"

"Dead," repeated Ned, contemptously. he's choppin' wood his mornin'."

The doctor reflected for a soment, and said. 'Dat's a nice way to fool wid medical science How does yer expeck folks to hab confidence n de advancement ob medical diskiveries

when a boy acks dat way. Dat boy, sah, lifts hisself up to dispute de 'stablished rule ob de school ob physicians. I'se done wid him." "Pse glad ob it, sah, but yo'self must hab made a mistake."

'No I didn't, case I understan's my bus

ness. "I mean dat ver mout hab left too soon yer's stayed dar awhile longer yer might hab established de proof eb yer preclamation. Look heab, Ned, yer'd better let me go and

see dat boy agin.

No, I'se much oblegged ter yer. I'se got a
heap ob work ter do an' I need de chile. Go off somewhur and pizen a cat.-Arkansaw

A WICKED HORSE.

HOW BILL HOGGLES STRUCK A STREAK OF LUCK-

William Henry Hoggles, familiarly called Laughing Bill Hoggles," to distinguish him from several other Bill Hoggles' in his native county, recently met with a streak of good luck in a horse-trade, which will keep him jolly for a year. Bill was driving along the country road wondering how he would ever succeed in getting rid of the wind-blown trotter he then owned, when upon turning into woods-road he pulled up sharply in the rear of a gentleman whose horse had declined to cross a bridge which spanned a small stream. "Hello, neighbor! what's the matter?" said

"My horse has baulked, Sir," replied the gentleman "By thunder, stranger!" said Bill, "I know

that animal-have you caused him yet ?" "No, Sir !" with indignation-"I am a leter. Sir. and do not swear."

"Can't help that. You won't git that beas over any bridge until you give him a good It means honey and cream; that is to cussin. He was trained that way. I know the man who raised and trained him to the trick ! "If this is true I am sorry, for he seems a good horse and I should like to keep him. But hard, I shall not curse him, if he never goes over a

> bridge." "How in the thunder have you managed to git him over bridges then ?" "I have never driven him over a bridge. bought him in the town back there of a drover

this morning, and this is the first bridge I have tried to cross with him." "Well, neighbor, I don't mind doin' you good turn. So hold on to your ribbons and

I'll do the cussin ?" "Go long there, you blank-blank-blank fool!"

"Mr. Editor," said Bill, as he related the ineident in our office, with tears of mirth ruuming down his cheeks, "there was an astonished preacher in that carriage. For the hors went over all right as soon as he was cussed." "Howsumever, the prescher couldn't use sich a hoss, and he proposed a trade. I didn't very obese parson. On the way home he re want to trade, of course, but let him have marked: mine for his'n as a matter of accommodation. "What The hoss is a splendid animal, and worth every cent of \$300, while the hoss I let the preacher that joke." have aint worth \$50."

The drover played that hoss as a trump card all over the country. His plan was to trade or sell him to some plous man-the nag is really trained as I have stated-and the charge a but little here below." '-New Orleans Timespretty little bonus to take him back sgain."

THAT BAD BOY. HIS PA GETS RELIGION HE GOES TO SUNDAY

ANTS IN PA'S LIVER PAD.

"Well, that beats the devil" said the gro eery man, as he stood in front of his grocery and saw the bad boy coming along, on the way home from Sunday school, with a clean shirt on, and a testament and some dime novels under his arm. "What has got into you, and what has come over your Pa. You haven't

maul me so my skin wouldn't hold water. You see, Ma said Pa had got to be on trial for consisted of organ pieces by Professix months before he could get in church, and if he could get along without awearing and doing anything bad, he was all right, and we must try him and see if we could cause him to swear. She said she thought a person, when they was on a prowbation, ought to be a martyr, try and overcome all temtation to do evil, and if I'a could go through aix months of our home life, and not cuss the hinges off the the door, he was sure of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. She said it wouldn't be wrong for me to continue to play innocent jokes on Pa, and if he took it all right he wa a Christian, but if he got a hot box, and flow around mad, he was better out of church than in it. There he comes now," said the boy as he got behind a sign, "and he is pretty hot for a Christian. He is looking for me. You had ought to have seen him in the church this morning. You see, I commenced the exercises at home after breakfast by putting a piece of ice in each of Pa's boots, and when he pulled on the boots he velled that his feet were on fire, and we told him that it was nothing but symptoms of goat, so he left the ice in his boots to melt and he said this morning that he felt as though he he had sweat his boots full. But that was not the worst. You know, Pa wears a liver-pad. Well, on Saturday my chum and me was out on the lake shore and we found a nest of ants, these little red ants, and I got a pop bottle half full of the ants and took them home. This morning, when Pa. was dressing for church I saw his liver-pad on on a chair, and noticed a hole in it, and I thought what a good place it would be for the ants. I don't know what possessed me, but I took the liver-pad into my room, and opened the bottle, and put the hole over the mouth of the bottle and I guess the ants thought there was something to cat in the liver-pad, cause they all went into it and they crawled around

it, and I took it back to ps, and he pat it on under his shirt, and dressed himself, and we went to church. Pa squirmed a little when the minister was praying and I guess some of the ants had come out to view the landscape o'er. When we got up to sing the hymn Pa I like to died when I saw some of the ants come out of his shirt bosom and go racing around his white vest. Pa tried to look plons. and resigned, but he couldn't keep his leg still, and he sweat mor'n a pail full. When the minister preached about "the worm that never dieth," Pa reached into his vest and scrutched his ribs, and he looked as though he would give ten dollars if the minister would get through. Ma looked at pa as though she would blte his head off, but pa he squirmed, and acted as though his soul was on fire. Say does ants bits, or just crawls around? Well, when the minister said amen, and prayed the second round, and then said a brother who was missionary to the heathen would like to make a few remarks about the missionaries is Bengal, and take up collection, Pa told Me they would have to excuse him, and he lit out

for home, slapping himself on the legs and or the arms and on the back, and he acted crazy. Ma and me went home, after the heathen got through, and found Pa in his bed room, with part of his clothes off, and the liver-pad was on the floor, and Pa was standing on it with

his boots, and talking offul. "What is the matter," says Ma. "Don't your religion agree with you?" "Religion be dashed," says Pa, as he kicked his liver pad. "I would give ten dollars to cnow how a pint of red ants got into my liverpad. Religion is one thing, and a million ants walking all over a man, playing tag is an-

other. I didn't know the liver-pad was loaded. How in Gehenna did they get in there ?" and pa scowled at Ma as though he would kill her. "Don't swear dear," says Ma, as she throw down her hymn book, and took off her bonnet. "You should be patient. Remember

Job was patient, and he was afflicted with "I don't care," said Pa as he chased theants out of his drawers," "Job never had auts in his liver-pad. If he had he would have swore the shingles off a barn. Here you," says pa, speaking to me, "you head off them ants run ning under the bureau. If the truth was known I believe you would be responsible for

this outrage." And Pa looked at me kind of "O, pa," says I, with tears in my eyes, "Do you think your little Sunday school boy would catch ants in a pop bottle on the lake shore, and bring them home, and put them in the hole of your liver-pad just before you put it on to go to church? You are too bad. And I shed some tears. I can shed tears now any time I want to, but it didn't do any good this time. Pa knew it was me, and while he was looking for the shawl trap I went to Sunday school, and now I guess he is after me, and I will go and take a walk down to Bay

The boy moved off as his pa turned the corner, and the grocery man said, "Well, that boy beats all that I ever saw. If he was mine I would give him sway.

Little Johny had been to church and heard "What a norful stomach that preacher had!

"What joke?" interposed his father. "Why, don't you know," returned Johnny, where he put his hands down on the pat | here!" where his vest stuck out, and said, 'Man wants

SOLOMON'S SONDS.

TALMAGE OBJECTS TO CRITICS OF THE EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF HON PRESENT AGE CALLING THEM IMMODEST.

A white dove with outstretched wings surmounting a floral cross was perched over Dr. Talmage's head as he sat amid a profusion of flowers on the platform of the Brooklyn Taber- sis-come with me to the chamber converted him have you?"

"No, Pa has not got religion enough to hurt yet, but he has got the symtoms. He has got the symtoms. He has crosses, festoons, and baskets; flowers in pots and bunches made the wasting fever or fatal croup the battle

did, and he has got me to promise to go to bed of spices and sweet flowers," was alities of life have no place here, and the text. The special Easter music sor A. J. Powell, cornet solos by Prcfessor Peter Ali, and quartet music by Messrs. Arady, Stanwood, Hill, and Smith. Many even of those who went early were unable to get into

the building, and thousands were turned away. Dr. Talmage said: "Solomon's songs are considered by many as fit only for the moonstruck sentimentalists, written by a man crazed for a fair maiden, a book unfit for family reading and for churches. We must admit that for a long time Solomon had several hundred more wives than he was entitled to but he afterward repented of his sin, and God chose him to write some of the sweetest things about Jesus Christ that were ever written. Let me say that this modern criticism which we bear as to the immodesty of the Bible comes with a very bad grace from an age in which some of the worst French novels have reached their fiftieth edition, and when on the parlor tables of respectable people there are books abominable. For every pure minded man and woman Solomon's description of Jesus Christ is a mental enchantment. Why should we all the time hover about a few violets in the word of God when there are so many azalias, rhodoendrons, fuchias, evening primroses, crocusses, passion flowers, and morning glories? Why are these flowers symbolic of Jesus Christ? First because of their fragrance. No sooner had you opened flowers.

"How shall I describe to you the fragrance of Christ? The name of Caesar means power; Alexander, conquest; Demosthenes, eloquence; Phidias, sculpture; Benjamin West, paintname of Christ sat down and wept in joyful emotion. John Knox, a man of independent nature, whose righteous indignation made the Queen shiver with agitation, yielded to the story of a Savior's love. Solomon surrendered ais whole palatial splendor to Him. "Flowers are symbolic of Christ also because of their brightness

Everything about Christ is bright and radiant. Look at that melancholy man over there. You think you are better than I because of your luguoriousness. You can't cheat me, you old hypocrite; I know you. There is just as much religion in a wedding as in a burial. Religion is love and joy. To-lay they have planted a palm at this end of the platform which seems to say 'Hosanna!' and one at the other end which seems to say Hosama !"

WHAT THE BOY KNEW.

Before the schools dismissed for a holidawon February 22 the teachers had something to say about George Washington, and some of them felt it their duty to see if the pupils were posted on the record of the great man. One teacher selected a boy about 14 years of age and inquired:

"William, who made this country what it "Vanderbilt and Jay Gould," was the

prompt reply. "Didn't you ever hear of George Washing

"Yea'm, and I've heard of Captain Kidd." "Don't you know that Washington was on first president ?" "Course I do, but they had to have compone

didn't they y" "Why was Washington called the Father of his Country ?" "To save the country from paying up hi

back salary." "Why do we honor the 22d of February ?" "Because we can get out of school and go skating or hitch on."

"I guess you don't know much about Wash

ington.' "No'm, and I don't want to. My father car take a clock all to pieces and grease her up and make her run, and I don't believe Washington could."

She made one more effort to get out of I without loss of dignity, by asking : "What has this country done to hono Washington ?" "Named a lot of saloons, ferryboats, third-

class hotels and fire engines after him, and there's a pie called the Washington pie. There's a city called Washington. It is the Capital. Everybody who does'nt keep boarders tries to deat-beat everybody who does, and and that't ail I know about the continental army or anybody else."

An honorable member proposed, inview of the fact that there was a considerable surplus Didn't seem right, though, for him to get off in the treasury, that an appropriation be made for the construction of a bridge.

"Of a bridge?" echoed another honorable member, scornfully. "Wby, there is no river "Never mind that," cried the proposer of the

motion; "let us get the bridge first, and then

we can appropriate the money to get a river."

A. M. KEILEY BEFORE THE MEDICAL

A DEATH PICTURE.

COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA "Come with me, you who believe that there is nothing in this human entity save the gases and fluids and earth which respond to chemical analyjoined the church on prowbation, and is trying to be good so he can get in the church for keeps. He said it was hell living the way he out of the gloom of night into that deeper gloom of swift coming death, softly step. How loud the tick of the clock! How spectral the light! Scattered about the floor are the toys with which a mother's love sought to wean the baby's thought from the pain that racks its tiny frame—all useless fan 12 ly now, for the gilded sands are hastening to their end. Look down into when measured by the painter's stand ard or the sculptor's, but radiant through all its anguish with a divine loveliness which the chisel of Phidias or Raphael's brush would vainly seek forever. Watch her, as with yearning love, whose mute eloquence shames all the witchery of words, he answers the sad appeal of those fast dimming eyes-turning to her in pathetic wonder, wonder why that tender mother, who failed it never before in trouble or suffering, helps not now Look down through those brimming eyes, whose gushing tide she stays for baby's sake, into that riven heart bursting with the thought that the fragile threads are breaking-swiftly breaking-that soon those eyes, whose ra-diance outsparkles all the gems of

earth, will be dim, dim, forever dimthat soon the prattle which to her fond ear was sweeter than hymns of choiring seraphs will soon be forever hushed-that soon the little pattering feet, that only yesterday made sweet melody throughout the house, will move no more; and a silence which is akin to no other silence known on the door of our church to-day than earth will east its pall upon that smitin the brand and condition powders inside of you perceived the fragrance of these ten habitation. Hush! the end has come. Let us wait until the first burst of nature's grief is over-past. Measured by reason's standard we should now only expect rage or vengeance or fear to find expression here; kept kicking, as though he was nervous, and he felt down his neck and looked sort of wild, the way he did when he had the jum-jams. When we sat down Pa couldn't keep still, and When we sat down Pa couldn't keep still, and Jonathan Edwards, a man of argument, who was never charged with this awful scene, Calm-eyed Faith sentimentalism, at the mention of the stands there gazing down the ages with look serene, and from Hope's white wings supernal light floods all the darkness, and Resignation with steadfast front, and Fortitude with outstretched arm, bearing up this bruised heart; and you feel it is not the grim skeleton with scythe and hour glass, nor Atrapos in robe of black who sits despairing at this couch of death, but an angel with tearful eyes and compassion limitless, whose

hand has soothed even while it smote." If you should happen to want your ears piere ed, just pinch the baby.

An exchange says the best thing to give a enemy is kindness; but that depends on the en-

ADVERTISEMENTS. A COMMON SENSE REMEDY

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