## THE ROANOKE NEWS, THURSDAY OCTOBER 1, 1891.

#### SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

What are the sweetest things of earth-Lips that can praise a rival's worth; A fragrant rose that hides no thorn: Riches of gold untenched by scorn; A happy little child asleep; Eyes that can smile though they may weep; A brother's cheer; a father's praise; The minstrelsy of summer days. A heart where never anger burns; A gift that looks for no returns; Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release Dark footsteps guided into peace. The light of love in lover's eyes; Age that is young as well as wise; An honest hand that needs no ward A life with right in true accord. A hope-bud waxing into joy; A happiness without alloy; A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth-These are the sweetest things on earth. Emma C. Dowd, in Ladies Home Journal.

#### A TRANQUIL MAN.

SEANCE WITH A FRIEND.

There was a man walking up and down hear. in front of the Pavonia ferry house at the foot of Chambers street the other day with a parcel in his hand, and after a time a policeman, who thought he might need information, asked him what was wanted.

sky-blue color, but which had faded out to the hue of a November corn husk.

"Well?" queried the officer.

here four weeks ago!" hoarsely whispered the victim. "Give him a quarter. ple. But he had no time to escape. He warrented 'em not to run or fade. I two minits."

the officer.

"I should remark! I hadn't loaded deliberately lied, and I want a brief inter. | man." view with him!'

said the officer, as he returned the suspenders.

tranquilest man in our county. I'm jest | ed for the last train home that night and ner. I don't even breathe hard. Haven't seen the young feller around here to-day hev ye?"

"No. If you raise a row you will be run in.

"I shan't raise no row. I'll jest go along up the street and look for him. If I find him there won't be no scrimmage. | health to the debilitated system.

#### SHE SETTLED HIM.

#### A FEMININE LESSON THAT & YOUNG HUS-BAND WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER.

The other evening a fellow was waiting for the suburban gates at the Northwestern depot to open. He was a respectable married man from Irving Park, but he had always prided himself on his eye for female beauty. He wouldn't have anything to do with really fast women, and always thought of them with a species of disgust. But here, at the side of the baggage room door, was a demurc little woman, pretty as a peach and with a form fairly glorious. He had missed his regular train and would have nearly half an hour to wait. At another time he would have gone away and transacted some busines in the meantime, but here was an opportunity not often to be met. He would make a "mash." He walked past her two or three times and convinced himself she was willing to pick up a flirtation. As he walked past her one time his heart gave a great thump, for BUT HE WANTED TO HAVE A QUIET he thought she came just to the point of

speaking to him. Next time he came along he stopped a triffe behind her, and said, low, so that the baggageman could not

"Evening, little one."

His head was in a whirl. He had insulted many a woman with hiseyes, but bere was the first time he had attempted to complete the outrage. She turned about slowly, met his eyes without a tremor and waited. He didn't know what to do. The

"Look a-there!" replied the man as he muscles of his face refused to manufacture opened the parcel and displayed a pair of a smile. He was conscious of a twitching. suspenders which had once been of a an embarrassed look, a guilty blush. He struggled a moment under the cool challenge of that superb being and then he started to turn away, for a group of men and women had come clattering and laughing

"Bought 'em of a young feller right down the iron stairs, and he recognized some Irving Park and Des Plaines peo-

The pretty girl caught him and held want to see that young man for about him and nailed his shame upon him, and she did it without for an instant appear-"They have faded, I see." observed ing anything other than the lady she must have been:

"Hereafter when you don't want anythree loads of hay before they commenced thing, don't say anything. Married men to run, and the red went clear through sometimes think themselves irresistible to my hide! The young feller lied- because they once fooled one good wo-

The chattering, laughing group stopped "I would advise you to be tranquil," | at the foot of the iron stairway, caught the tableau, almost pitied him in the painful confusion and then permitted "Oh, I am a tranquil man. I'm the him to escape from the depot. He wait-

as cool and calm as an ox in a fence cor- never again attempted to pick up an acquaintance with a handsome woman .---Chicago Herald.

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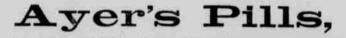
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"I was master of a sailing vessel for a Hersh, Judsonia. Ark, number of years, and never failed to pronumber of years, and never failed to pro-vide a good supply of Ayer's Fills, for the use of both officers and men. They are a safe and reliable cathartic, and always give satisfaction."-H. Robinson, 22 E. Pearl st. Fair Haven, Coan.

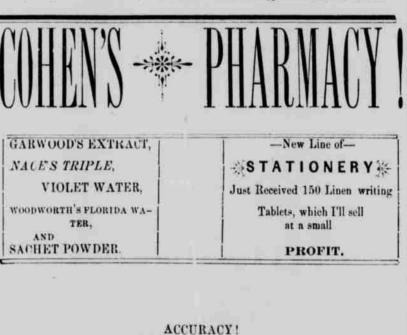
## **Bilious Attacks**

"During several months past I have been | in a short time; and I am sure my system subject to attacks of had headache, without | retains its tone longer after the use of these being able to remove the trouble by medical Pills, than has been the case with any other treatment. In looking through Ayer's Al-manae I read the statements of persons cured of similar attacks by the use of Ayer's Cathartie Pills, and was induced to give

that we rarely, if ever, have to call in a phy-sician."-H. Voulliemé, Hotel Voulliemé, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. edy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."-James Quinn, 19 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.



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ALL KINDS OF TRUCK.

I'll jest walk up to him and sorter reach out, and whoever finds the body will find these suspenders reposin, on his cold and dewy bosom. I'm a tranquil man and very tenderhearted, but I'll jest walk a long up the street and look for that liar. He won't holler and he won't suffer long-not more'n fifteen seconds.

He headed off up the river, looking very stern and solemn as he dodged among the vehicles, but as no report was made of any one being found dead he probably missed the suspender man --"M. Quad" in New York World.

#### LIVED OVER A CENTURY.

A MAINE WOMAN WHO ATTRIBUTES HER LONGEVITY TO A LACK OF COR-SETS.

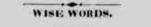
Mrs. Sarah Van Nostrand, who is now entering upon her 104th year, and is still hale and hearty, attributes her longevity and good physical condition to the fact that she never wore a corset. The hale old lady celebrated the anniversary of her 103d birthday the other day at her home in East Millstone, Me. She was conceded to be one of the "youngest" in the party, so lively and sociable was she. On that occasion she did not hesitate to make it known that her disobedience of fashionable decrees, and especially those that ordain the corset, was the cause of her hale old age.

"If our girls abandon the corset," said she, "they would live longer and be healthier. I always hated corsets and would never wear them."

She was married in 1810, and during her fifty-five years of married life she gave birth to eight children. The old lady says she thinks she will live to see her 125th.

"Just as Good,"

Say some dealers who try to sell as a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Repaillen. It is peculiar to itself.



The parlor is the matrimonial market place. Are you a man or woman, or are you

a part of the public ? Do not grow old; it is both unnecessary and inexcusable.

There is no perfume like a fresh-turned furrow in the spring. The trouble with the crank is that he will turn only one way.

The lark rehearses not and men do not catch the secret of his singing.

There is more good, common sense in the French duel than in any other kind. Children warm the world; there is a wintry landscape in a graybeard's face. Carving white pine goods hoxes with a pocket knife is a profession and not

trade.

There are two ways to forge a head, and young men are frequently getting them fixed.

He said, "Good-morrow, neighbor," and "I wish you well." And I said, "Canst lead me gold?" And he bade me good bye.

Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing; in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system in all you do and undertake.

Labor and pluck are the invincible heroes who win success, they strike out new paths, oreate, contrive, think, plan, originate, take all legitimate risks, toil to surmount obstacles, push forward and

win renown by success. The glorious galaxy of successful business men and illustrious authors have all been hard workers.

#### Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guar-anteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use member that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsa-Trial bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's drugstore. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.



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