

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1894.

NO. 41.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Broken Down Man

Restored to Perfect Health

By the use of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla



For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from indigestion, kidney trouble, and impurities of the blood, so that my constitution was broken down. I was induced to try AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such excellent results that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition and, in all their functions, as regular as clock-work. At the time I began taking AYER'S Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 120 pounds, I now can bring 150 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me before and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I swear by AYER'S and believe this preparation to be the best in the market today.—S. P. SMITH, 312 Poplar St., Towanda, Pa.

"I cannot forbear to express my joy at the relief I have obtained from the use of AYER'S Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with kidney troubles for about six months, suffering greatly with pains in the small of my back. In addition to this my body was covered with a pimply eruption. The remedies prescribed for me by the doctors did me no good. I then began to take AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and after using two bottles, I felt like a different man—the pains ceased and the pimples have disappeared. I advise every young man and woman, in any case of sickness resulting from impure blood, no matter how long standing, to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—H. LOUIS JARMANN, Janitor, 23 William St., New York City.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Has cured others, will cure you

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

BY ALFRED ELLISON.

Miss Miller, on a Summer day,
Mounted her wheel and rode away.
But when she looked to the far-off town
Her steps went up and her feet went down.

And her speed increased till the dust arose
And filled her hair and throat and nose.

This road estate she had hardly known
She carried away and called her own.

The Judge walked slowly down the lane,
Swinging his great, gold-headed cane.

And looked at the grass, and flowers and trees,
The singing birds and the humming bees.

And watched the swallows skim and dip,
Till the bicycle struck him amidship.

Then he stopped where the spring bubbled up,
A little disfigured and doubled up.

And when he came too he wondered whether,
Lightning had struck him in such fair weather.

Hiscothes were torn and his brand new cane
He held his shin while he danced a reel,
In a mazy whirl with the maiden's wheel.

And something he said about he'd be blowed
If he didn't wish she'd staid out of the road.

He spoke of the things which the preachers say
Are the sinners doom on the judgment day.

And Maud forgot her meek town name
And her promised trip to the 'r off town.

And listened, while a sad surprise
Looked out from her beautiful hazel eyes.

At last, like one who couldn't stay,
She mounted her wheel to ride away.

But alas for maiden! Alas for Judge!
She found the bicycle wouldn't budge.

Her wheel in vain to spin it she turned
While her cheeks like a tallow candle burned.

For the tire was off and the chain was broke,
One treadle was wound around a spoke.

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill
And saw Maud Miller standing still.

The proud man sighed with a secret pain
For fear the thing would hit him again.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
To see him so sadly out of tune.

For they could not tell by a mile or so
The pictures he saw come and go.

And when the maiden drew her draft
For damages done, the Judge he laughed,
And drew his check and not his rein,
Saying: "Far worse it might have been."

But it filled his heart and soul with awe
When he tried to explain to his mother-in-law.

And when she spoke of the squandered gold
He grew hot and she grew cold.

Ah, well for us that a husband's lies
Are as good as the truth in a wool's eye,
And in the hereafter angels may
Quit riding bicycles on the highway.

ONLY A WAITRESS.

"Roland," said his sister, "if you have no respect for your own position, you should hesitate to jeopardize that of this young person by taking her riding in your boat. Remember that she is only a waitress, and people will talk. The result will be her expulsion from the hotel."

"But you don't understand the situation," he began.

"Excuse me," she interrupted; "no circumstances would justify your action."

"Well, Nellie, I saw Miss Forrester on a rock, and about to be engulfed by the incoming tide, yet you tell me that the circumstances did not justify me bringing her to the land! Oh, woman, woman!" he added, so dolefully that Eleanor laughed in spite of herself.

"Well, Roland," she said, good naturedly, "you were wright again, and I was wrong. I will explain the affair among our set, but whatever you do, don't force her upon us."

The Summer passed rapidly away. Each day served to show Roland Martin the superiority of this girl who was "only a waitress" over those whom his fond sister would have chosen for his companions. Several times he had spoken to Annie in passing, but each time she had simply returned his salutation, and he had too much respect for her to force his attentions upon her.

One sultry afternoon, when nearly every one in the hotel was dining, Annie had again sought her pace by the seashore. Sadder still were her thoughts. A new, indelible feeling had sprung up in her heart. She wished to leave the hotel, and yet there was a certain pleasure in being near Roland Martin. Why had it been so fated that he had been the only one to offer her assistance? Despite the disparity of their positions, she felt that she would be miserable if even this slight acquaintance were terminated.

"George was right. I should never have come here," she sighed.

Just then a childish shriek arose in the distance. About a quarter of a mile away was a small boat drifting fast toward the rapids, through which the falling tide was causing whirlpools and eddies. Three little childish faces, white with terror, were turned toward Annie. Nellie Kenilworth and two smaller companions had been playing in one of the rowboats, which, breaking adrift, had gradually floated down, unknown as first to those, and unheeded afterward, until the hoarse

voice of the rapids had stricken them with terror.

Without thought of herself Annie sprang into the water. She was not an expert swimmer, but fortunately the boat was drifting near the shore, and panting with exertion she managed at last to drag herself into it. Seizing the oars, she began pulling for dear life against the swift, out-running tide.

To her consternation she saw the boat was gradually filling with water. Her added weight was causing it to fill faster. Hard as she might row, she was now just barely stemming the current, and she knew that it was only a question of a short time when her strength would be exhausted, and then the frail boat and its occupants would go whirling down the rapids and be dashed to pieces upon the rocks.

She breathed a short prayer to heaven. It was hard to die, but would it not be better for her to die here, trying to save those little children, than to live only to cherish a hopeless love?

As if in answer to her thought, a voice came, clear and sharp, across the water: "Pull hard, my brave girl!"

It was Roland Martin, who, having heard the shrieks, had managed to reach the farther shore. Springing into the water, he rapidly neared the boat, shouting words of encouragement as he came. As quickly as possible he gained the boat, and in another moment had grasped the oars.

"The plug is out," he remarked, pointing to where the incoming water baled up.

With the increased weight of Roland the boat must soon have gone down had it not been for Annie's ready wit. Hurriedly taking off her large straw hat, and placing her foot over the hole in the bottom of the boat, soon, by rapid bailing, it was lightened so that Roland could make some progress away from the dangerous rapids.

In a few minutes they reached the friendly shore, where, by this time, quite a crowd had collected. Mrs. Kenilworth was hysterical.

"My child! Where is she?" she cried.

"Here," answered Roland. "You must thank Miss Forrester for saving her life, Nellie."

As he spoke he turned to Annie, who stood near, looking very pretty despite her wet dress, her golden hair hanging in tangled masses over her shoulders.

"God bless you for what you have done, Miss Forrester!" said Eleanor.

"Mind what ground you meet her on, Nellie. She may presume upon what you say," whispered Roland.

"Roland Martin, don't dare to remind me of my folly at such a time. Miss Forrester, I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay. I am Mrs. Kenilworth, Roland's sister, and for the present, at least, you must be my guest."

"Indeed!" began Annie hurriedly.

"For my sake, please consent," whispered Roland, and the girl's objections never found further voice.

In Eleanor Kenilworth Annie found a true woman, despite the conventionalities of fashion, and when, three weeks later, at the old farmhouse, George Matthews and Annie were discussing the trousseau, which Eleanor insisted upon presenting, George remarked:

"Annie, I told you you were too pretty to go as a waitress."

"I am glad for Roland's sake, if that is the case, George, but it was all through my being 'only a waitress' that I met him, and I can never regard that as a mistake which has brought me such happiness."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their 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. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. May 25 1y

TOO MUCH FOR NOTHING.

An Iowa editor hits it about right in this way: "The press endures the affliction of deadheadism from the stage, society, individuals and corporations. It is expected to give strength to the weak, eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked, bread to the hungry, etc. It is asked to cover up infirmities, hide weakness, wink at quack and flatter the vain. It is in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for any reward it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no other interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society without pay or thanks as the press."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, Sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or is a good remedy. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Wm. Cohen.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE HEAVENLY MANSION.

There is an Indian legend of a king who resolved to build the most beautiful palace ever created on this earth. To this end he employed Jakob, the builder, giving him a great sum of money and sending him away among the Himalayas, there to erect the wonderful palace.

When Jakob came to the place he found the people there suffering from sore famine and many of them dying. He took the king's money and all of his own, and provided food for the starving multitude thereby saving many lives. By and by the king came to see his palace, but found nothing done toward it. He sent for Jakob, and learned why he had not obeyed his command. He was very angry, and cast him into the prison, saying that on the morrow he must die. That night the king had a dream. He was taken to Heaven, and saw there a wonderful place, more wonderful than any he had ever beheld on earth. He asked what palace it was, and was told that it was built for him by Jakob, the builder. In spending the king's money for the suffering ones on the earth, he had razed this palace inside of heaven's gates. The king awoke, and sending for the builder, told him his dream, and pardoned him.

FAITH.

A public man must be a great reader of human nature. He must perforce know men and take things "cum grano," with not too offensive belief in everything he hears. The faith of the little boy at Asbury Park in his mother was no doubt beautiful, but it might not work all too successfully were he to become a famous man later.

"I am afraid to sleep alone in the dark, mamma."

"Go to bed, my darling; nothing will hurt you at Asbury Park, and besides God's angels will take care of you."

"What's the matter, Johnny?" as the boy screamed ten minutes later.

"One of God's angels just done bit me, mamma." And the jerry mosquito had done his work.—Marshall P. Wilder.

WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM.

About a mile from Calera, Ala., we came to a place where the railroad track crossed the public highway, and struck on the track was a mule hitched to a rickety old wagon loaded with wood. The front wheels had stepped at the rail, and the mule was fair across the metals. He stood there with his head down and his ears lazily working, and lying on the grass near by was an old negro smoking a pipe.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as we drew up.

"Dat mule has dun giggered back," he replied.

"Do you mean he won't pull his load over the track?"

"Zactly, sah—zactly. He kin do it if he wants ter, but he jest won't. He's de obstinate enter in dis hull stat."

One of our party got down and took the animal by the bit and tried to start him up, but he hung back until he almost sat down.

"It hain't no use tryin'," said the owner, as he came forward. "He's one of dem breed of mews who gits sot once in a while, an' when dat fit strikes him he's bound to stay right dar."

"But if you don't get him off he'll be struck by the approaching train."

"Can't help it, sah. He's bin wantin' to see dat train far a long time, an' now I've gwine to let him."

It was a heavy freight train coming on a down grade. The engineer tooted as he rounded the curve, but the mule never his head. Instead of trying to stop, more steam was put on, and the next moment that mule went twenty feet high, while it rained wagon wheels and pine knots all over the township. As the train passed on we found the mule in the bushes thirty feet from the track. He was all there, but dead as a door-nail. The negro came slowly up, took a long look, and then shook his fist at the dead animal, and said:

"I dun tute yo' dat bulgine was alive, but yo' wouldn't believe it! I hopes yo' feel better now! Yo' has went an' got yo' self killed off, de wagon busted up, an' left me to go to de poorhouse. But meh-be de next mew I gits will hev some sense in his head!"—Detroit Herald.

A side show attached to a circus which showed in a country town in West Virginia had a big sign: "Only 10 cents to see the most wonderful things in the world." Persons curious enough to pay the dime found a man sitting on a chair inside whittling a piece of wood. As he cut away with an outward sweep of his knife, he remarked: "Gentlemen always whittle like this, and you will be in no danger of cutting yourselves." This was the whole show. People who had been duped went out and advised their friends to go in, and it is claimed that the side show did more business than the circus.

The man "whose word can always be relied upon" never went fishing.

A thief has little social standing, though he strives to pick his company always.

JUST LIKE HER.

Mrs. Tawker—"I was at the theatre last evening. It was an awfully sad play about a man being thrown out of work and his family dying from starvation. I couldn't keep from crying to save my life. I don't know when I have been so affected."

Enter Servant—"Mum, there's a woman at the door as wants some cold victuals. She do say her children haven't had no sup for two days."

Mrs. Tawker—"Tell her to go away; that we don't give anything to beggars. As I was saying, Mrs. Brown, it was a very sad play. Mr. Tawker says I ought not to witness such performances; they take hold of me so. He says I am all heart."—Boston Transcript.

THE MOTHER GROWN OLD.

The mother grown old is sometimes sorrowfully clear-sighted and freed from the blessed illusions of youth. When her children were little things playing about the door and tucked into bed at night all safe and sweet and rosy, she had her dreams of their future. There was nothing too bright, too brave, too beautiful for her imagination and her hope as she looked at her darlings, sleeping or waking. As they grew older, went to school and college, or into the shop and counting room, the mother still dreamed and planned, still wove her enchanted stories, in the centre of which she saw her children heroes, professors, scholars, benefactors, champions of the weak, defenders of the helpless, ornaments of the age and renowned to be. Her Frank her Charles, her Sydney, whatever others might do, they're bound to excel, to stand in the van, to reap the rewards, to scale the heights, to discover the long hidden secrets. But there dawns a day upon the mother when, grown old, as wrinkles and gray hair testify, she renews the wonderful keenness and acuteness of childhood; she sees the dropping of many masks; she comprehends things as they are. Past the hour of dreaming and castle-building, past the clouds and the mirage, her vision is like that of one of God's angels.—Harper's Bazar.

EXTRACT OF FACT.

The making of chinaware is the oldest industry.

The Shah of Persia is the proud father of 18 children.

There are about 44 yards of sewing on a lady's kid glove.

One third of all the landed property of Russia is mortgaged.

Corsets have been found on the waists of Egyptian mummies.

Of the population of Spain one-fifteenth are said to be nobles.

A fever thermometer is now made in chateleine form for the use of trained nurses.

Naturalists assert that the hippopotamus will become extinct within the next 20 years.

A rude species of mariner's compass was known to the Chinese as early as B. C. 1115.

THE ADVERTISING—Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsement which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

A facetious dandy who danced with a couple of clumsy girls at a party recently remarked that although he liked rings on his fingers, he couldn't stand belles on his toes.

IF YOUR LIVER IS SICKEN, or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is generally debility. **TRY HOOO'S LIVER PILLS.** It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Ada—"If you want to get her, don't be so abjectly devoted. You simply cheapen yourself in her eyes." Frank—"Then she will take me. Jeanie never could resist a bargain!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Royal Baking Powder

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 166 Wall St., N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons' Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

EVERY PACKAGE has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEHLIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Commence your strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Patent American, and these are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper is issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building, 615 Broadway, New York. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in color, and description of new inventions, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address: MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 615 BROADWAY.

Chas. M. Walsh,

South Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVES, TABLETS.

Lowest cash prices guaranteed. All work warranted satisfactory.

CHARLES M. WALSH, oct 11 ly.

Have you written your will? Do you have an insurance policy? Do you have a life policy? Do you have a fire policy? Do you have a life insurance policy? Do you have a fire insurance policy? Do you have a life insurance policy? Do you have a fire insurance policy?

TEACH \$3000 A YEAR

YOU LEARN

Grand Display at—

TILLERY'S.

FALL DRESS GOODS.

(with trimmings to match.)

In Black and Colors, Fancy weaves and Novelties. Full line of CLOTHING.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

If you can't get a fit in stock we can have them made to order. It takes only 5 days to make a suit.

A big line of HATS. All the latest noblest styles.

BOOTS and SHOES of every description for everybody.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

In endless variety. I am always glad to show goods and guarantee lowest prices.

W. B. TILLERY,

The Reliable House, Weldon, N. C.

Old Dominion Pants

MANUFACTURING CO.

J. COHEN & SON, Proprietors.

Cor. Sycamore and Bollingbrook streets, Petersburg, Va.

Solicits trade of Eastern Carolina.

We make pants in all grades.

oct 11 ly.

New Millinery.

FALL And WINTER

Millinery.

is arriving, and I will display the finest line of goods ever shown in this town. Come and see the

NEW STYLES.

COME AND SELECT THE NEWEST NOVELTIES.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS,

oct 4 ly Weldon, N. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Groceries!

I. K. T. B.

I now occupy the Brick St. to between

H. C. SPERS and C. L. CLARK'S.

I am receiving and opening a full line of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

I will keep hand a selected stock of

Groceries, Fruits, Confectioneries, Cigars,

Tobacco, Snuff, Wooden and Willow

Ware, Crockery, Glass, Tin

Ware, etc., etc.

I will sell at the

Lowest

Prices.

I also return my sincere thanks to my

many friends and acquaintances for their

kind, liberal patronage in the past and

solicit a continuance of the same, with

guarantee to please.

Very Respectfully,

J. L. JUDKINS,

Weldon, N. C.

oct 10 1893

THE Weldon

Racket

Store,