

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 48.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHEN YOU SNEEZE



Cough, Choke, and Gasp
for Breath,
BEWARE!

It May be a Serious Symptom
THE SPECIFIC
For all Throat and Lung Complaints
is
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Rev. JOHN K. CHASE, of South Hampton, N. H., says: "The best remedy for La Grippe that I know of is AYER'S Cherry Pectoral."

"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, N. D.

"From my own experience, I take pleasure in voluntarily stating that of all the medicines I ever used for fresh colds and La Grippe, AYER'S Cherry Pectoral is, pre-eminently, the most potent remedy. Ordinarily, the most virulent fresh cold in the head and chest vanishes in a night, as if by magic. Just follow the directions, and AYER'S Cherry Pectoral will do the rest."—GEO. H. PEKE, Crook City, N. D.

"For two years, I suffered from a most distressing cough, which, at last, became of a consumptive character, and very alarming to my friends. After trying various remedies, without success, I began to take AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, and was very soon relieved. Two bottles cured me."—CELESTINE SIDDS, Augusta, Me.

The best remedy for colds, coughs, and the common disorders of the throat and lungs, AYER'S Cherry Pectoral is universally recommended by the profession.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

DAWNING OF MORNING.

When the clouds shall roll fore
From the everlasting hills,
When fruition of endeavor
All the useless loquing fills,
When our feet shall ever wand
Where the shadows only stay,
In the dawning of the morning
When the clouds shall flee away.

When our hands have ceased forever
Gathering what is not ours,
When our hearts are weary never
Through mistaking them for flowers,
Then no more the darkening shadows
O'er our happy lives shall play
In the dawning of the morning
When the clouds shall flee away.

Hitherto our eyes were blinded,
Hitherto our hearts were sad,
Then shall come the endless sunshine
Then our hearts be always glad,
Nevermore shall storm clouds gather,
Shadows intercept our day,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the clouds shall flee away.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

It's a cold day when you can't find
sunshine somewhere in this world.
It makes your burden twice as heavy
to think about it.

If the flowers were as dissatisfied as
human beings are, we would have to use
disinfectants on them.

A poem without a soul cannot hope
for immortality.

The man who takes a smile away from
his family to give it to somebody else,
ought to be lynched.

Beauty speaks the same language to all
people.

Love is the molasses on the bread of
marriage—somebody must provide the
bread.

Hope is a necessity, realization a
luxury.

More women stop thinking to talk,
than stop talking to think.

A million persons need one dollar to
one person who needs a million dollars.

To marry for love and miss it hurts
more than to marry for money and miss
it.

Sensitiveness is emotional inflammation.

People have been known to die for
those they love, but not for those who
love them.

That labor is sweet is no sign that rest
is bitter.

Sunshine is sugar on the bread of
nature.

Fear never banishes a soul to Heaven.

A little baby babbleth the whole lump.

Every man's cash is a hostage to his
credit.

Men may acquire reputation, but
character is inherited.

MOLLIE'S LITTLE RAM.

Mollie had a little ram as black as a
rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie
went he emigrated too. He went with
her to church one day, the folks hil-
larious grow, to see him walk demurely
into Deacon Allen's pew. The worthy
deacon quickly let his angry passions rise
and gave it an unchristian kick between
the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the
deacon followed fast, and raised his foot
again, and that first kick was his last.
For Mr. Sheep, walked slowly back, about
a rod 's side, and ere the deacon could
retreat, he stood him on his head.

The congregation all arose and went
for that 'ere sheep; several well-directed
butts just placed them in a heap. Then
rushed they straight away for the door,
with curses long and loud, while rammy
struck the hindmost man, and shoved
him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that
kindness would subdue the fiercest beast.
"Aha," he said, "I'll try that game on
you." And so he kindly, gently called:
"Come rammy, rammy, ram, to see the
folks abuse you so I grieved and sorry am."

The ram quite dropped his humble air,
and dropped from off his feet, and when
the parson landed he was in the hindmost
seat. And as he shot out of the door
and closed it with a slam he named a
California town, I think 'twas "Yuba
Dam."

"In the center of a family," sighed the
poor man who had married a widow with
nine children, "I seem to have bitten off
more than I can chew."

She—I'll have to get a new dress for
Easter.

He—Your mind runs on nothing but
dresses. Have you no thought for some-
thing higher?

She—Yes, I'm thinking of an Easter
hat.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric
Bitters has gained rapidly in popular
favor, until now it is clearly in the lead
among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives
—containing nothing which per-
mits its use as a leverage or intoxicant,
it is recognized as the best and purest med-
icine for all ailments of stomach, liver,
or kidneys.—It will cure sick headache,
indigestion constipation, and drive Ma-
laria from the system. Satisfaction
guaranteed with each bottle or the money
will be refunded. Price only 50c. per
bottle. Sold by Wm. Cohen.



U. S. SENATOR WM. LINDSAY, of Kentucky.

POINTERS ON THE GRIP.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE DISEASE BY
ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

Ever had the grip? I will give you
a few pointers. You will imagine you
have a bad cold, and you can wear it out,
but you need not try it. The grip has
fastened his fangs into you and will not
let go. You have to give up go home
and go to bed. In a short time you will
realize Beecher's dreams of hell. You
will think your head has been removed
and old beehive with the empty comb
left in its place. Your mouth will taste
like a pail of sauerkraut.

The doctor comes, looks you over, puts
his thermometer in your mouth, finds
your temperature 104 degrees in the
shade, your pulse going at the rate of
two miles and three laps to the second.
He orders you to stay in bed and gives
you medicine that is so strong and sour
that simply setting the bottle on the
clock shelf stopped the clock. He will
tell you wife that she may give you
warm drinks and try to get you to sweat
and take his leave. Now, all wives are
family doctors by right of their position
in the house, and as you have gone to
sleep, delirious and exhausted, she begins
her treatment by putting a belladonna
plaster across your lungs, a flaxseed
poultice on one side and a mustard
poultice on the other, a hot flannel and
a jug of hot water to your feet and a sack
of boiled corn in the ear, piping hot, to
your back. You sleep and dream of be-
ing away to the far north in search of the
north pole or out in the center of some
beautiful sheet of water, like Lake
Superior or the lawn tennis skating rink,
helpless and alone, with the ice breaking
all around you and you slowly sinking.
You finally awake, burned, blistered, and
baked. The doctor calls, finds your
temperature about 80 degrees at the north
side of the house and your pulse normal,
not needing a peacemaker. He pro-
nounces you better, convalescing; orders
beef tea, chicken soup, gruel and toast
as a diet. You take the big rocking
chair exhausted, tired and discouraged
and ugly, you feel like licking your wife,
kicking the dog and breaking up the
furniture, but you won't do anything but
sit there day after day weak helpless and
tired.—Winona, (Minn.) Herald.

NO NEW THING.

He loved the girl.

That was plain to the most casual ob-
server.

He sent her flowers.

He wanted her to go with him where-
ever he went.

Every spare moment he devoted to her.
When he was beside her he was a willing
slave of her every wish.

Did she want a glass of water he flew
to fetch it.

Did she drop her fan he was first to
pick it up.

Did she want an easier chair he moved
all the furniture in the room in order to
gratify her.

Did she ask this or that, he was only
too glad to be of service.

Theatre tickets and drives and candy
and books and all manner of pretty
little souvenirs were for her alone.

Where she was there was his treasure
also.

His voice was a flute note for her always;
and his days were spent in thoughts for
her.

But that was years ago.

How different now.

He married her.

LIFE IS MISERY.—To many people
who have the taint of scrofula in their
blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful
running sores and other manifestations of
this disease are beyond description. There
is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sa-
parilla for scrofula, salt rheum and
every form of blood disease. It is re-
sponsibly sure to benefit all who give it a
fair trial.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

COTTON.

COMMENT ON PRESENT AND FUTURE
PRICES AND SIZE OF THE CROP—SOME
PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE
COMING CROP.

The New Orleans Pinyune has the
following interesting article on cotton:
For some time past the price of cotton
has been gradually declining, until now
middling is worth but a slight fraction
more than 7 cents per pound. The cause
of this low price cannot be ascribed to
any excess of production this year, as
it now seems reasonably certain that the
crop will prove to be somewhere between
seven and a quarter and seven and a half
million bales, a supply which, under or-
dinary trade conditions, would not prove
either excessive or unusually ample.

It is true that, added to the crop of
this year, there is the surplus carried
over from the two heavy crops prior to
that of last season, which even the small
crop of 1892-93 failed to materially
diminish; but even with that added, the
available supply this year would not have
been burdensome had trade been all that
it should have been. It is true that
Europe enjoyed a fairly prosperous busi-
ness in cotton goods this year until re-
cently, but this prosperity has been, in a
very great measure, offset by the de-
pression which has prevailed in the cotton
goods trade of the United States. Amer-
ican spinners have taken 250,000 bales
less cotton this year than last, and this
decrease is expected to widen weekly for
the rest of the season.

The recent decline in silver has put a
serious check upon the hitherto satisfac-
tory European trade. The uncertainty
created by the silver situation has induced
foreign spinners to limit their taking to
the smallest proportions, hence the cot-
ton growing interests are now confronted
with bad trade both at home and abroad.
With these conditions apparent, it is
not surprising that the price of cotton
has declined of late, but the decline has
been so rapid and continuous that there
is reason to hope that the effects of bad
trade have now been discounted, and that
from this on a steadier range of prices
will prevail, even should there not be a
gradual improvement.

The lesson of the existing depression
of cotton for producers is that a large
crop is not wanted next season. As
soon as it is apparent that producers
have profited by recent experience and
have planted less cotton, there will prob-
ably be an advancement in price. This
would, therefore, appear to be a good
season for cotton farmers to put a prac-
tical test the system of diversified farming.
Let them plant more grain and give
greater attention to live stock, hogs and
miscellaneous farm products, and less to
cotton, and it is generally believed that
the season's results would prove decidedly
more satisfactory, while the cotton mar-
kets would be given an opportunity of
working off the immense accumulated
surplus of raw material.

WAS AN INFIDEL.

The editor of the Ram's Horn is a
convert of Mr. Moody. Mr. Brown was
a successful editor but an infidel. He
built him a fine house and had Bob In-
gersoll's portrait hung in the main hall,
and called him his pastor. He went to
hear Moody, "a fat man with a short
neck" as he called him in derision. The
subject was the Prodigal Son, in Luke
fifteenth. An account says:

"Describing with great pathos the
father's welcome, Moody suddenly point-
ed straight at Mr. Brown in the gallery,
and exclaimed with impassioned earnest-
ness, 'Sinner, that Father is your God!'
Startled, as if addressed by name,
Brown dropped pencil and tablet, and
turning to a man sitting beside him, said,
'Is that so?'

"Yes, it's all true," was the reply, and
the convicted unbeliever was prevailed
upon to enter the inquiry room, where he
yielded his heart and life as a returning
prodigal to the Father of Spirits."

He joined the Methodist church, and
afterwards entered the ministry and had
work as a travelling preacher, leaving his
editorial gifts asserted themselves and he
felt that with his pen "he could best
serve the Master." So he started out
for some years has edited the most unique
and pointed religious weekly in the world.
He was the inventor of "the patent out-
side" and by it made a great fortune
"God works in a mysterious way his
wonders to perform."

CAMPHORATED OIL.

During grip days camphorated oil
does much good. It will often entirely
dissipate symptoms of an influenza cold,
to which persons who have had grip
seem peculiarly liable. Rub across the
forehead and between the eyes.
It is a relief, too for the pains in the legs,
which remains long after the attack is
over. Rub with it around the muscles
and knee joints, over and under. For
this trouble, or for an exhausted condition
following overwork, take one-half bay
rum, one-fourth water and the rest
spirits of ammonia, and rub the body well
all over, particularly the legs and feet,
and arms and hands.—New York Times.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist
to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for
consumption, coughs and colds, upon
this condition. If you are afflicted with
a cough, cold or any lung, throat or
chest trouble, and will use this remedy
as directed, giving it a fair trial, and
experience no benefit, you may return
the bottle and have your money refunded.
We would not make this offer did we not
know that Dr. King's New Discovery
could be relied on. It never disappoints.
Trial bottles free at Wm. Cohen's drug
store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

For Malaria, Liver Trou-
ble, or Indigestion, use
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

A FARMER'S PHILOSOPHY.

There is being too much said in the
country about hard times and the scarci-
ty of money, and as everybody has a
cause and knows a remedy, I thought I
would write to tell your readers what I
think is the cause.

We buy more than we produce.

There is too much flour and bacon
shipped here every year. The things we
ought to make at home we are buying.

We let our timber rot and lay our
plough stocks, singletrees, axe handles,
hoe handles and fencing.

We throw away our ashes and buy
soap and axle grease.

We give away our beef hides and buy
hamstrings.

We waste our manure and buy guano.

We buy garden seed in the spring and
cabbage in the winter.

We let our lands grow up in weeds
and buy our trowels.

We waste the wax out of our pine
and gum trees and buy chewing gum for
our children.

We build school houses and hire teach-
ers and send our children out to be edu-
cated.

We land a five-cent fish with a four
dollar fishing rod.

We send a fifteen-cent boy off with
a twenty-dollar gun and a four-dollar
dog to kill birds.

We raise dogs and buy wool.

And about the only things in this
country that there is over production of
are politics and dog ticks.—American
Times.

SHE WAS READY.

He—"Are you ready, dear?"

She (briskly)—"Yes, all ready."

He—"Good enough! Then I may
turn the gas out?"

She—"One moment! Is my bonnet
on straight? I don't believe my hair
looks fit to be seen."

He—"Oh, yes, very nice. Have you
got everything?"

She (decidedly)—"Everything. Wait;
don't put the light out. Let me see—
what did I do with—oh, here it is. That
is all."

He—"Well, then—"

She—"Harry, these are the wrong
gloves; they're the old ones as sent me.
Just think, if I had not discovered the
mistake! The right pair were in my
pocket. Now, if you'll pin this veil and
take my wrap over your arm—don't lose
it."

He—"We can go, I suppose."

She—"Yes; now we can. By the
way, I would better take my smelling
salts. No telling what may happen."

He—"Shall I turn the—"

She—"Turn it off. Oh-h-h, do wait
an instant. My sandals! I almost for-
got and it is so damp. Will you get
them out of the closet—left corner on
the shelf—and you'll have to put them
on for me. I hate to ask you to kneel
in—thanks, dear, you're so good."

He—"Well we're off."

She—"At last. But stop! I haven't
locked my desk and that strange, nurse-
girl—"

He (desperately)—"Oh, come on.
The curtain will go up."

She (reproachfully)—"I've been ready
these twenty minutes."

He—"You're not ready now."

She—"Why, I'm waiting for you."

He (in amazement)—"For me?"

She (patiently)—"I'm waiting for
you to put the gas out. We can't go
and leave it burning to the ceiling."

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 Diarrhea. 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. any 25 ly

CLOSED, BUT NOT 'BUSTED.'

A closed bank in Arizona has issued
the following notice: "This bank is not
busted; it owes the people \$30,000; the
people owe it \$55,000; it is the people
who are busted; when they pay we'll
pay."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Millinery
—MY STOCK OF—
FALL And WINT
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 NEW
EST NOVELTIES.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon, N. C.

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

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

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

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

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YOU LEARN

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