THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Cry in the Night

A MOTHER

Wakes to Find Her Little One Strangling.

She Saves its Life by the Prompt Use of

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of AYER'S Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously awaited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that AYER'S Cherry Pectoral saved her life."—C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, Wortham, Tex.

"I wish to express my high appreciation of AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, having had occasion to use it in many cases, two of which, W. F. Owen and Jos. Johnson, were abscess of the lungs, involving almost the entire organ. The patients were treated by several physicians, and were pronounced to be in the last stages of consumption. Being placed in my hands, the main part of the treatment was AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. This was about eight years ago, and both men are now, to all appearance, in perfectly sound health. I have used this remedy in a number of other cases with like favorable results."—JOHN A. RITTER, M. D., West Baden, Ind.

"When my children had the whooping cough, AYER'S Cherry Pectoral did them more good than any other medicine."—Mrs. M. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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

Prompt to act, sure to cure

COHEN'S PHARMACY

GARWOOD'S EXTRACT,
NACE'S TRIPLE,
VIOLET WATER,
WOODWORTH'S FLORIDA WATER,
AND
SACHET POWDER.

—New Line of—
STATIONERY
Just Received 150 Linen writing Tablets, which I'll sell at a small
PROFIT.

MY PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT is under the charge of a Graduate of Pharmacy.

ACCURACY

PURITY!

NEW DRUGS RECEIVED EVERY WEEK.

Stag Brand Prepared Paints.
Pure White Lead & Linseed oil.
I'll sell paints at a very small margin.

A Large —Stock of—
LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED.

THE PLACE TO GET

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

—AT THE—

LOWEST PRICES,

IS AT

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'S,

WEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVE. OPPOSITE R. R. SHED.

WELDON, N. C.

STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.
TION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL.
'S COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.
IONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Y ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

SEEKING A DIVORCE.

BUT THE LAWYER DID NOT HOLD OUT DAZZLING HOPES OF SUCCESS.

He came into the office of one of our leading attorneys and plunged dejectedly down into a chair, says the Syracuse Journal.

"Say," he began, "are you a tiptop lawyer? Never fail in a case?" "I try to be," was the lawyer's modest reply.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a divorce."

"Have you sufficient reason for separation?"

"You just bet I have"

"Well, kindly tell me your troubles, and I will let you have my opinion."

"Five years ago I married a country girl because I thought I'd get a sensible one. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, things went nicely for two years, then came the rub."

"Yes."

"The first thing she did was to go buy a lot of love-sick novels to find out how Society in London was carried on."

"Yes."

"I didn't mind that, but after she had nosed around a bit she began to get her highfalutin' ideas."

"Yes."

"Well she commenced with makin' me get two servants. Then she made us have breakfast off the mantelpiece—that is, get up an' help yourself."

"Yes."

"Then she made me belong to three or four clubs, an' made it hot for me if I came home earlier than one o'clock. Got that?"

"Yes."

"Next, she made the servants call her milady. But she capped the climax by sayin' one day that she was sufferin' from ennwe. I went to a doctor an' asked him what the deuce that was, an' he told me it was French for that tired feeling. That settled it. From that time on it was ennwe, an' enter nong, an' bullyoung, an' soloong, an' parley voo, an'—well, then she went in for music. She called Wagner 'Vogner,' Liszt 'Loest,' and ended the whole business by calling me her charmangie. Say, don't you think you could fix it up right off, before she takes to runnin' around with Italian singers an' runnin' for school commissioner?"

The lawyer smiled a sad smile.

"I'm afraid you can't get't a divorce on these things. Will you pay your ten dollars for my opinion now, or shall I send in my bill?"

And the other took out ten silver circles and went over to the police station and asked for a night's lodging.

HIS CLIENT'S GRATITUDE.

From the Utica Observer.

A good story about a lawyer is going the rounds. The occurrence took place so long ago that it is not within the recollection of any but the older disciples of Blackstone, so it will pass muster, even though it is a chestnut.

It seems that a tramp was indicted for stealing a watch. He was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. Having no counsel and being without funds and a total stranger, the Court assigned his defence to the attorney in question. The tramp was as guilty as a man ever was, but as the attorney was young in practice and desirous of grinding off some of his wire edges against the District Attorney he accepted the task at his command. He had absolutely no defence. His client practically admitted the theft, and sat through the trial in an attitude of dejection and despair.

Nothing daunted, the young attorney rose before the jury to sum up his case. Providence had endowed him with a tongue capable of almost anything. He had his address at his tongue's end, and the manner in which he reeled it off established his name in the community in characters as ineffaceable, as the rock-ribs of old Gibraltar. He held the "twelve men tried and true" spell bound. They gazed at him in open mouthed wonder. Alternately they laughed and cried, and people in the audience followed their example. He pleaded the hopeless cause of the guilty tramp with all the eloquence of a Burke, and when he had finished the enthusiasm of the spectators seemed to know no bounds. It is said that it took the jury just eight minutes to whitewash the tramp and provide him with wings and a halo. The verdict was for acquittal.

The tramp—so thoroughly surprised and overcome with emotion that he could hardly speak—rose from his seat, the tears streaming down his cheeks. There was stillness in the court room. "Mister lawyer," he exclaimed brokenly, "you don't know me—an' I don't know you. I-I-want to thank you. I-I ain't got no money but—but—here's that watch."

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 no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Wm. Cohen.

WILLIAM C. OATES,
Representative in Congress from the Third District of Alabama.

TO MY MOTHER.

Never weary, always toiling
Upward, onward, toward the goal;
Walking not alone, but leading
Many faint and weary souls.

Sweetest mission, heavenly given,
Angels o'er her work may smile;
Patient pilgrim, loved and loving,
Ours she is a little while.

How we love her, how we cherish
Every tender word she speaks,
Always soothing, always finding
Words of strength when we are weak.

Angels guard her, Heaven bless her,
Spare her to us many years;
Well we shall know her crown is ready,
But its cost would be our tears!

Let us twine our brightest garlands,
Let us shower our kisses sweet;
Mother's love and mother's watching,
Life without is incomplete.

O forgive us all our errings,
All our wrongs, sweet mother, dear;
We have caused thee many heartache,
Many softly falling tear.

But we love thee—yea, we honor
Every silvered hair that's thine;
Earth, without thy love, would darken
To a sunless, songless clime.

SEEKING A CORRECTION.

MISTAKE OF THE TERROR OF THE BAD LANDS IN THE SANCTUM.

"Do I look like a dead man?"

This question was shot at the editor of the Bad Lands Bazoo by a man of ferocious aspect who entered the sanctum in a great hurry.

"My friend, I have no time to answer conundrums," replied the editor, mildly.

"I want to know if I look like a dead man?" persisted the visitor in a louder voice. "It ain't no conundrum, either"

"I don't know that I'm bound to answer the questions of every excited individual who happens to come in. If you'll tell me the object of your call I'll give the subject some consideration."

"Well, sir, your paper announced me dead, and I want to know whether I look like a dead man."

"Why didn't you say so? No, you don't look like a dead man."

"The paper seems to have been misinformed, if you are the man referred to. I allow no man to say it lied."

"Well, I'm the man it referred to, I reckon. There ain't but one Alkali Ike in these diggin's. I'm the terror of the Bad Lands. I'm a varmint from the Wicked Desert, and when I'm mad I can lick the entire press of the United States. You hear me?"

"I have never been accused of deafness.

"I could chew you up at one mouthful. See?"

"I'm not blind."

"If you don't make that paragraph right I'll jab yer in yer own press and print an impression of yer paper on yer carcass. Twig?"

The editor twigged.

"Will yer make that item right?"

"I will," replied the editor, rising slowly from his chair, with a seven-shooter in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. "Yes, I'll make the paragraph true. You'll look like a dead man exactly in five seconds. What's your choice, lead or steel?"

But Alkali Ike, the Varmint from the Wicked Desert, did not remain long enough to choose. He darted out of the door and across the country at a ten-mile-an hour pace, and the item hasn't been corrected yet.—Ex.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS—Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

MARRIED THEM ALL.

SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE OF A PENNSYLVANIA MAN—FOUR SISTERS SUCCUMB TO THE WOOER'S CHARMS—A DIVORCE FOLLOWS EACH OF THE FIRST THREE, BUT HAPPINESS CROWNS HIS LAST VENTURE.

Living in the mountains of this county is a family with a singular history in a matrimonial way.

The father owns a little farm and four daughters, or did own the latter. A man named Phillips about fifteen years ago married the eldest of these daughters, and after a few years of married life the lady ran away with the husband's sworn enemy. He procured a divorce from her and wooed the second sister and took her home; but the next day the woman turned up at home and said she wouldn't live with Phillips, and after a time succeeded in getting legally free from him.

Then the third sister, undaunted by what had gone before, married the husband of her two sisters. Soon after this the fellow was sent to the penitentiary for an offense that kept him three years, and when he came out he found that his wife's fickle fancy had strayed while he was absent and had fixed itself upon a neighbor, John Callahan. By law she was entitled to a divorce from her husband, as he was a convicted felon, so, getting it, she married her lover.

In the meantime the first wife had found that the man with whom she had eloped would not marry her after Phillips had divorced her and returned home. Then Mrs. Callahan wandered back to her father, for her husband number two would not support her. So in this way the old man had once more his four daughters on his hands and Phillips was still free.

The youngest daughter was now about eighteen, and she also fell a victim to the fascination the man Phillips appears to have exerted over them all at first, and becoming infatuated with him, consented to marry him. Phillips went to the father for the fourth time to ask for a daughter's hand and was told that he might have her on condition that he kept her.

Phillips promised and the ceremony was to take place the following night, when the ex-wives, growing jealous, armed themselves and swore that the marriage should never take place; so Phillips rode to town and swore out a warrant against the sisters, telling of their threats. The women were sworn then to keep the peace, but Phillips thought it prudent, however, to run away with his bride to Kentucky and marry her there. This time his venture seems to have terminated happily, for he has three children and is prospering.—Philadelphia Times.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of the same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

After a fashion—Women.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. Wm. Cohen's drugstore.

MAN'S LITTLENESS AND GREATNESS.

LIFE GIVEN THAT HE MAY LEARN TO LIVE.

N. Y. Herald.

"What is man, that thou shouldst set thine heart upon him?—Job vii., 17.

The most thrilling, discouraging and appalling thought that ever walks with crushing heels through the mind of a studious man is the thought of his own insignificance in the universe.

He comes, he goes. Today he is a part of the world, his pulse beating with life; tomorrow he will not be here, and neither eye nor telescope can penetrate the shadows into which he will disappear. The time allotted to him is so short that he no sooner becomes conscious of the opportunities by which he is surrounded and of his own ability to use them than the trumpet blast summons him and he bids the world farewell.

The earth swings in its orbit without him as well as with him, and is quite unconcerned whether he is here or elsewhere or nowhere. The sun blazes for him if he is present and blazes for some one else if he is absent. The sky is blue, the clouds float overhead the rivers run, the ocean roars, the dawn comes, the twilight gathers without any reference to him whatever. He may stay or depart—it is a matter of small consequence to the changing seasons which as willingly revolve over his grave as over his cradle.

If we compare the life of a man to the life of our solar system, with an estimated duration of twenty million years since it broke its fiery mass into planets, and a phrophesied duration of ten million years more before it will be shattered in some celestial catastrophe, we are amazed at the pin's point of space which we occupy and the comparatively few minutes we are allowed to occupy it. A human life, we are told, is a thread in the great fabric, but a thousand such threads may be wafted from the loom of God without injury to the fabric itself. If ours is one of those threads we must needs walk in the valley of humiliation, or something less than nothing.

And yet there is another side to the picture. The mysterious atom called man, so microscopic in proportions, is the greatest marvel and puzzle of the age. Science tells us that he is the last and best product of natural law. Religion adds that since he cannot accomplish his mission here, but always leaves his task unfinished, the law which produced him must provide a place where his mission can be completed. Else the universe has a seam of lead in its bulk of gold; else the plan which prevails everywhere has been invaded by unwisdom; else a cruel injustice is done in that we are created to perform a given work and then robbed of the opportunity to finish it.

Every arrangement has been made for our continuous development, and every experience, if rightly used, will contribute to our education. Nothing can happen, from the most volatile joy to the profoundest grief, which a man may not appropriate to his advantage. His seventy years are God's University, in which toil and pain, laughter and tears, success and defeat, poverty and wealth, are the text books which he cannot diligently study without exceeding profit.

Life is given that we may learn how to live. Adversities accost us as knights of old rode against each other in the tournament, and we are either unhorsed because we have not steeled our muscles to meet the foe, or are victors because we can trust our good right arms. We can grow so strong and hold, if we are rightly trained, that no calamity can bear us down, and he alone has reached the highest type of manhood who can force the loss of fortune or a great bereavement to add to the beauty, the serenity and the symmetry of his character.

Do we graduate from this God's University to make no use of what we have learned? Do we go through a long course of preparation for something only to be told that there is nothing to do? Do we painfully and wearily and with great labor and sacrifice get ready to discover that there is nothing to get ready for? Then is our period of suffering a delusion, a hallucination, and we have developed all the finer qualities of our character for no purpose whatever. We have not been permitted to enjoy this life, because we have been sternly at work in the struggle to make everything that has happened fit us for a life which our own interior natures have led us to expect and anticipate. What a strange disappointment then, what a useless and stunning disappointment to be informed that all our discipline and labor have been for naught.

On the other hand, what a zest, what martyr like enthusiasm we get from the promise that every hour of wretchedness and misery, every embattled year, every victorious contest with passion, every period of quiet endurance and calm resignation is a stepping stone in that spiral staircase that leads to the realms of the invisible, that upper world into which we are ushered when we graduate with honor from this University, where griefs are the professors and sorrows the tutors.

If religion were only a dream it would still be a dream worth dreaming, for of such a dream comes true nobility, while those who dream no dream, but have what they call the truth, live in license and die in weariness.

But if it is not a dream, it is a truth backed by the plan and laws of the universe, if there is a God and a Cross behind it, then are we cheered in our toil because the setting of the sun on today is the rising of the sun on the morrow, and the twilight of this life is the rosy dawn of the life that is to be.

IS THIS TRUE?

Charles B. Farwell, one of Chicago's successful men, is quoted as saying: "There's nothing in glory—and friends! Friends! I can count my friends on my hands, and they are members of my own family. There's not such a thing as friendship in the world. What you call friends are butterflies. They hover around you in the sunshine, and when the shadows come they disappear. If a man is successful and perfectly independent of everybody, they fawn, smile, today, and insist on doing something to help you. If he gets a tumble they immediately lend their assistance to keep him rolling to the bottom of the hill. When you really need them, they desert you and have no faith in you. And I can prove it to you every day of your life. Friendship is all theory. If I myself want to make a first class enemy all I have to do is to help a man who is in deep trouble. Will he be grateful? He will hate me in the end because I am in a better position to be of service to him, and have placed him under such obligation. I believe, after the fifty years of real experience, I am what you would call a pessimist. Better say nothing about it. It sounds bad."

SIGNS AND WONDERS IN IRDELL.

Statesville Landmark.

A number of the colored people of Statesville have become impressed with the belief that the end of the world is near. Some of them have seen unusual signs in the heavens recently and many other incidents that tend to confirm this belief. As a result many of them are continuing long at prayer and have their lamps trimmed and burning, awaiting the summons. One colored sister, who is very devout on all occasions, asseverates that she rose up early one morning recently in order to have a season prayer before beginning the day's duties, and that while engaged in her devotions she distinctly heard the word "Prepare." This she firmly believes was a warning from the other world.

Perhaps the colored brethren are right in getting themselves in shipshape. With hens over in Lincoln county laying eggs with "Prepare Ye, the End is Near" and "Hell is near" printed on them, and a pilgrim down at Greensboro seeing a scrool with the ten commandments on it (some skeptics have intimated that the pilgrim was drunk but they can't charge that on the hens) it may be that "sompin's gwyne ter happen."

THE RIGHT KIND.

The merchant had arrived at his office as early as 7 o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxly looking, bright faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke,

"Excuse me, sir, he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday evening to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so and I'll skip. The only place where I can stop long is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster. "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he want's it.—Detroit Free Press.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

The Old Friend

And best friend, that never fails we call Simmons Liver Regulator, the Red Z—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people often find it 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. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SPEEDY and LASTING RESULTS. FAT PEOPLE. You can get thin. You can stay thin. No inconvenience. Simple, sure. ABSOLUTELY FREE from any injurious substance. LARGE ABDOMENS REDUCED. We GUARANTEE a CURE or refund your money. Price $3.00 per bottle. Send 4c. for treatise. FREMONT MEDICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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Lowest cash prices guaranteed, work warranted satisfactory. CHARLES M. W[illegible]

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