

# THE ROANOKE NEWS

W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS

Vol. XXIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

### 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 in a few days I began taking it. Then 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, S. D.

"From my own experience, I take pleasure in voluntarily stating that of all the medicines I ever used for Croup 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. Pike, Colby, Ky.

"For two years, I suffered from a most distressing cough, which, at last, became of a consumptive character, and was 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 SIMONS, Augusta, Ga.

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

## COHEN'S PHARMACY

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

ACCURACY  
PURITY!  
NEW DRUGS RECEIVED EVERY WEEK.

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

### ASHES OF ROSES.

NELLIE LABARDE.

Each life has its visions of hopes that are dead,  
Of blossoms that blossomed in life's morn,  
And sweetened the years with their smiles and their tears,  
Till their summer to winter was worn.

And each one thinks on the roses he lost,  
And some with eyes dewy-wet,  
In fullest despair are living the prayer  
"Oh, God, could I only forget!"

My life has its gardens of roses and hopes,  
And its beautiful, beautiful daisies;  
And its violets too, of heavenly blue,  
And pansies in different phases.

But God sent the frost when winter had come,  
And my flowers, my loved flowers, perished;  
And I muttered no moan, though my roses alone,  
Were left to be faded and cherished.

I kept them warm in the love of my heart,  
Till the frost king's season had fled,  
And summer began, but there burned the sun,  
Till my roses, too, were dead.

All scorched and burned, and withered away,  
Dead are all my posies;  
But I'll smile through the tears of life's weary years  
And cherish my ashes of roses.

### HEAVEN ON EARTH.

GOS HIM, MESSIAH OF NATURE PROPOSES TO REMODEL ALL CREATION.

Gus Hun, a Mississippi river boatman, has started a new "Heaven on Earth" as he calls it.

He has located this fin de siècle paradise at Boat Yard Hollow, across the river.

Gus, who is styled the "Messiah of Nature," claims to have received his temporal and spiritual authority from his mother, who, he says, came to him in a vision while he was at work. He was seared, but finally faced the apparition and asked what was wanted. He said the spirit exhorted him to forsake his evil ways, purify himself and conquer the world by reforming all creation. The frightened boatman paid but little attention to the first visit, but when he was commanded a second and a third time he resolved to obey.

In a book which he calls "Heaven on Earth" Gus says he will begin his crusade by undermining Catholics and Sages and Vanderbilts. He will not make special war upon the Irish, though he is very bitter against them. He declares that they will soon have Home Rule and then they will exterminate themselves.

After these "enemies of mankind," as he calls them, have been disposed of, he says he will establish the centre of the universe on the Wisconsin shore of the Mississippi, and there have the people construct for him the grandest temple on earth.

That Hun is not devoid of some little financial instinct is plain. He has had a badge made for his "Order of Freedom," which will be mailed for \$2. This insignia is surmounted with what he calls a picture of the "Sun" looking for enlightenment. The "illustration" reveals the fact the "Sun wears" burnside whiskers and in general physiognomy resembles a faro comedy policeman. He has not secured any converts yet, but claims to have many on probation. Revolution are all who may join the Ohio reformer and take charge of his Washington campaign.

### WHY HE SUFFERED.

The man with the cork legs was in a bad humor because he couldn't go skating, and he growled when he handed his fare to the street car conductor.

"Well, it is pretty hard," admitted the conductor, "but you have one advantage."

"I'd like to know what it is?"

"You are never troubled with corked feet."

"Perhaps not in the daytime," he admitted in a grudging way, "but I am at night."

"Oh, come off," protested the conductor.

"It's true, I tell you," he said sharply.

"Get out. You haven't any feet to be corked."

"Possibly not, but my wife has."

And the conductor rang up seven fares before he recovered from the shock.

### La Grippe.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troubles some after effects of the malady. This is due to the fact that this peculiar power seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all cases of Throat, Chest and Lung, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free trial bottles at M. Cohen's drugstore.



WALTER Q. GRESHAM, U. S. Secretary of State.

### GEN. POLK.

IF BLANK IS HERE, I KNOW IT MUST BE TRUE.

A good story is told of Bishop (then Lieutenant General) Polk of the Confederate army, and another General, whom we will call "Blank," who now resides in Alabama.

During the Georgia campaign, and not long before General Polk was killed at Pine Mountain, he requested General Blank to accompany him to a hill in front of the line which commanded an excellent view of the position of the opposing Federal forces. The figures of the two officers outlined upon the sky as they stood upon this eminence, offered a tempting mark for some Federal gunners, and in a few moments both lay on the ground stunned and senseless from the effect of Federal shells. The fortunes of war had brought together a most distinguished churchman and one of the bravest and most trusted of Forrest's officers. The latter, however, was not at the time noted for extreme piety, but was rather given to the use of vigorous language and forcible expletives, which fact the good Bishop knew and regretted; he also knew that his present companion was one of the very best and bravest men in the Confederate service.

The two officers lay sunned for several minutes, General Blank was the first to recover. Looking about him in a dazed way, he soon discovered the burly form of his companion, who was breathing heavily but evidently coming around all right. In a few moments he heard General Polk mutter: "Oh, Lord! where am I?" General Blank, keenly alive to a sense of grim humor, whispered gently: "In hell, General." "Impossible!" murmured the semi-conscious Polk. "Who is it that tells me so?" "It is I—General Blank," solemnly responded that practical joker, "Oh, Lord," groaned the good Bishop, "have mercy on me! If Blank is here, I know it must be true!"

"That's all right," said the other, "and I know it must be true!"

A young lady was asked to parse a kiss, and after repeated efforts did so correctly as follows: "Kiss" is a conjunction because it connects. It's a verb because it signifies to act and to be acted upon. It's a preposition because it shows that the person kissed is in no relation like one) and is a pronoun, because it stands for noun. It is also a noun, because it is the name of an oscillatory action—both common and proper, second person, plural number because there are always more than one. In gender it is masculine and feminine mixed. Frequently the kiss is greeted by circumstances and light, according to rule one: "If he smite you on one cheek, turn the other also." It should always begin with a capital letter, be often repeated and continued as long as possible, and ended with a period. Kiss might be conjugated but it should never be declined.

### 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.

### THE RESURRECTION.

TO-DAY WE VISIT OUR GRAVES, BUT TO-MORROW WE SHALL GO TO HEAVEN AND THERE DISCOVER OUR DEAR ONES.

New York Herald.

And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day.

There is no single incident in the history of the human race which sends the blood in such rushing torrents through our veins as this one does. If it had not occurred Christianity would long ago have been numbered among the many religions which have lived their little day and then died. The Master would have taken His place in the group of great souls who, like flashes of lightning, have illuminated our human life for an instant and then left us to grope in the old, uncertain way.

That incident has changed our entire outlook, taught us that the horizon line is not the limit of our journey, and that there are other horizons when this one has been reached. It has given such buoyancy to our thoughts that they are no longer satisfied with earth, but take an eagle's flight toward heaven. It has furnished us with a series of impelling motives which make it almost easy to bear the ills which lie in ambush, since we are making ready not to say "Good night" and then fall into sleep, but to say "Good morning" when another dawn shall gild the hilltops beyond the cemetery.

If the Roman soldiers had leaned against the door of that tomb so heavily that the angels could not have opened it, the words of Christ might have been gathered by admiring scholarship and published as a new philosophy, but they would never have taken the shape of a new religion. The Preacher in homespun who was followed by multitudes about the shores of Galilee and hailed by the self-seekers of Jerusalem might have left the impress of his personality on His generation, but He would not have become the founder of a kingdom which has outlived the embattled turmoil of twenty centuries.

Others have bravely defied all circumstances and wrung a hard earned victory from fate, but to "the last enemy" they have surrendered without conditions, deeming Death too strong a foe for successful attack. But Christ disdainful of the lesser conflict, and assured His disciples that he who conquers Death will by that act conquer life also. While these words were still ringing in the ears of the haughty officials of the Temple and the wondering and astonished peasantry, He disappeared in the darkness, and on the third day came forth, bringing both life and immortality into light.

Have you watched by the bedside of a father, whose increasing feebleness gave you a sharp pang day by day? With slippers feet have you ministered to his comfort, dreading the hour when the "silver cord shall be loosed" and "the golden bowl be broken?" Have you felt that when this flickering flame shall be extinguished a part of your own life will go out with it and that your lips will sing no more songs? Would you make any sacrifice if you could bring back the old light into those eyes, roll the years away and fill the cheeks with ruddy health once more? And do you tremble when you think of the parting which is so near at hand?

Listen, then, for through the ages comes a voice saying "I am the resurrection." It does not falter or waver, but is clear and strong. If that voice is true stand at the threshold of widowhood, for new corner. He who goes on this journey will add one more to the number who in good time will await your coming with the same warm welcome.

Or perhaps a child has left your fireplace, a youth with bright hopes and fair prospects, upon whose strong arm you hoped to lean when the twilight of your day shall predict approaching night. No affliction is harder to bear than that, for the young seem to have a right to many years. When they are suddenly summoned we are half convinced that a kind of wrong has been committed. The heart rebels, and it is next to impossible to submit with resignation.

But if truth be told, no one has any claim. God's providence takes no note of years. The rose may demand to live as long as the oak; but it is neither for oak nor rose to protest, for what is best is best, and if we differ in judgment from the Almighty and plead to have our way the answered prayer might work us greater harm than the affliction we deplore. God's will is the only will, and behind that will is a beneficent purpose.

We may not understand the purpose, but faith commands us to accept the will in place of our own. We are not God and do not know as He knows, but we are children and can accept the de-

His wisdom.

So and prof. in the

Above these troubles, sorrows, bereavements which fill the world with murmurings and regrets is the still small voice of Him who said, "I go to prepare a place for you."

To-day may be tempestuous, to-morrow will be calm and bright. To day we visit our graves, but to-morrow we shall go to heaven and there discover our dear ones. We can be quiet, for though life is hard the reunion will give us back all whom we have lost.

### A ROBBER'S CAVE.

RUMORS OF HIDDEN TREASURE IN THE SOUTH MOUNTAINS.

The last issue of the Morganton Herald tells the following interesting story:

Esquire Brit Hawkins says there is a tradition among the South Mountain people that during the Revolutionary war a Tory robber named John Brown plied his trade in the upper valleys of Jacob's and Henry's forks of the Catawba river in this county. At the big schools on the Lower Fork near the foot of Ben's Knob and in one of the widest bits of the South Mountains there is a cave which is still known as Brown's Rock House. The story goes that Brown lived in this cave with an old negro, going out alone on his robbing expeditions and returning to his wild retreat laden with his ill-gotten booty. Tradition has it that the old negro stated that Brown hid many thousands of pounds sterling in gold and silver at some point on the river near the Rock House, always going up the river with his bag of treasure always coming back from down the river. Brown was shot just after the battle on King's Mountain, by a citizen of this county who encountered him on one of his predatory excursions, and the secret of the hidden treasure was never discovered. The people who live in the vicinity of Brown's ancient abode still believe that the treasure is concealed somewhere near the Rock House. Strange noises, they say, are heard in and near the cave at night, the rattle of chains and the clinking of silver and gold, counted out piece by piece by an unseen hand, being distinctly heard in the cave. Whether this is so or not we do not presume to say, but that there was a robber named Brown who lived in the cave and that he was killed by a Burk county Whig are too well authenticated to admit of a doubt.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c, at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

### NEW MODE OF SWEARING.

Albemarle News.

We see it stated in the papers that the jurors drawn to serve the first week of Buncombe Superior court were sworn on the Methodist Discipline instead of the Bible, and that Judge McIver had them sworn again in regular form after discovering the mistake. We assisted in the trial of a case of perjury at Troy a few years ago in which the jurors and witnesses were sworn on a history of the United States, and the mistake was not discovered until after the trial had ended. The accused was acquitted.

Pippsworth News.

Known remedies, by a peculiar action, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparation fail.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

It is more easy to evade the trouble which heaven sends us than that which we bring upon ourselves.

Without shoveling the snow from their own doorsteps some people are ever gazing at the caves of others.

If the mind is clear, even in a dark room there will be radiance; if the thought is dark, at noonday there will be demons.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Price 50c. per bottle. Sent  
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