THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XXV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1894. NO. 6.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STOMACH TROUBLES

Liver Complaint, Constipation, and Biliousness

ARE SPEEDILY CURED

By the use of

AYER'S Cathartic Pills

A friend speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) *Register*, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of AYER'S Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me any relief until I was induced to try the old reliable AYER'S Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try AYER'S Pills. They will do good."

"For four years, I was afflicted with liver complaint. The best physicians in the country being unable to relieve me, I was advised to try AYER'S Pills. I did so, and believe my liver is now in a perfectly healthy condition."—M. LAURENT, Proprietor of Durrell's Hotel, High Point, Guilford Co., N. C.

"I have been the victim of dyspepsia and rheumatism for years, so bad that my hands are crippled, and I suffer periodically, from severe headaches. Until lately when these headaches came on, I was obliged to give up work. I have tried many medicines, but without any benefit, until about a year ago, I began taking AYER'S Cathartic Pills regularly, and now my digestion is greatly improved, the headaches virtually cured, and my general health better than for years."—Mrs. EMMA MCCARTY, Colon, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

"I was relieved of sick headache in a very short time after having taken AYER'S Cathartic Pills."—ERNEST GUILLOUD, 21 South street, San Antonio, Texas.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

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

Every Dose Effective

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.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.

PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,

FANCY ARTICLES. TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Remember that a hearty welcome always awaits you at

ZOLLICOFFER'S.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Secure is the soul in the midst of affliction,
Who sees in such sorrow the hand of his God,
And knowing all things for his good, work together,
Unquestioning bows 'neath each stroke of the rod;
Oh! blessed is that heart that when tossed by the tempest,
Can cling to this hope as a bird to its nest,
And say, with a faith by each trial made stronger,
"The dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

Each blossom of hope in our lives may be blighted,
Swept by adversity's pitiless blast;—
Clouds of misfortune o'ershadow our pathway,
"friends of a lifetime prove false at the last;—
The heart may be sad, and the way may be lonely,
And rough be the path by weary feet press'd,
Yet faith pleaded ever, Oh, fail not to trust Him,
"The dear Father knows—it is all for for the best."

The seed, that with weeping, we sowed for the Master,
Unquickened, may lie where it fell by the way,
Prayers that were wrung from our heart's deepest anguish,
Unanswered remain, though we cease not to pray;
The Father may hide for a moment His presence,
And the soul by its doubts, and its fears be distress'd,
But faith whispers low, "Though He slay thee, yet trust him,"
"The dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

These light afflictions, which but for a moment,
The Father hath sent us His promise to seal,
Are naught to the weight of the glory eternal,
And far more exceeding, which God shall reveal;
Some day we shall know why the crosses were given,
For the angels will summon us to our rest,
Where with faith lost in sight, and with vision grown clearer,
We shall see as God sees, and shall know it was best.

AT LONG RANGE.

A Duel that Didn't Happen Because of Judge Bibb's Wit.

From the Thomasville (Ga.,) Advertiser.

Everybody knows Squire Bill Bibb, and what a happy jolly temperament is his. Many are the good jokes they tell on the squire and among them is the following:

A few years ago a certain doctor, still a citizen of Thomasville, had a case in Squire Bibb's court.

After hearing all the evidence and carefully weighing the same the squire decided against the doctor, whereupon he became very much enraged and swore he was going to wipe up the floor with the squire. Marching up to the squire as he sat on his throne of justice, and shaking his fist in the squire's face, with an oath he exclaimed:

"I am going to whip you, sir. I'll do it if it is the last act of my life, but I will give you a chance for your life. I'll fight you like a man."

Says Squire Bibb, in that bold, dignified way characteristic of the squire. "I'll fight you certainly I'll fight you, but I claim the right to name the weapons and the distance."

"I'll grant you that," said the doctor.

"Name your weapons and the distance."

"All right," replied the squire, "pistols are the weapons."

"What's the distance?" inquired the doctor.

"You get in Tallahassee and I'll stay in Thomasville, and we'll crack away to our heart's content," said the squire.

"Pardon me," said the doctor "I've made a d—n fool of myself. Let's shake and I'll go off and crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after me."

IS NIGHT AIR INJURIOUS.

Is night air injurious? Since the day of creation, that air has been breathed with impunity by millions of different animals—tender, delicate creatures, some of them—fawns, lambs and young birds.

The moist air of the tropical forest is breathed with impunity by our next relatives, the anthropoid apies, the same apes that soon perish with consumption in the close though generally well warmed atmosphere found in our northern menageries.

Thousands of soldiers, hunters and lumber men sleep every night in tents and sheds without the least injurious consequences. Men in the last stage of consumption have recovered by adopting a semi savage mode of life and camping outdoors in all but the stormiest nights. Is it the draft you fear or the contrast of temperature? Blacksmiths and conductors seem to thrive under such influences.

Draft? Have you ever seen boys skating in the teeth of a snow storm at the rate of fifteen miles an hour? "They counteract the effect of the cold air by vigorous exercise." Is there no other way of keeping warm? Does the north wind damage the fine lady sitting motion less in her sleigh or the helmsman of a storm tossed vessel?

It cannot be the inclemency of the open air, for even in the sweltering summer nights the sweet south winds blessed by all creatures that draw the breath of life, bring no relief to the victim of aerophobia.

There is no doubt that families who have freed themselves from the course of that superstition can live out and out healthier in the heart of a great city than its slaves on the sirest highlands of the southern Apennines. Popular Science Monthly.

A SIGN IN THE HEAVENS.

The Great Soldier's Death.

In the May number of The Blue and The Gray Colonel William C. Elam gives the following interesting and rather remarkable war remiscence:

Every on Friday, May, 1, 1863, Woolfolk's battery broke camp and moved to the plank road running from Fredericksburg through the Wilderness. Up this road (and on each side of it, as best they could be) the guns were carried to meet a line of Federal infantry having one or more pieces of artillery. Grape-shot fell thick and fast mingled with bulets and to the men with Woolfolk's gun, on the road, the missiles on the planks sounded like a hail storm. This gun, unlimbered and ready to return the hostile fire, had not delivered a shot, when, suddenly, General "Stonewall" Jackson rode up an stopped at the side of it. At that moment No. 6 of the gun was still laboring in vain to loosen the jammed ammunition in his limber chest, and he clambered on top of the chest amidst a shower of balls, to make a more desperate tug—a tug which which was at last successful. It had seemed a very long time, however, to all present, before the ammunition was got out and served; but all the while "Stonewall" Jackson sat there on his horse, patient and he still sat there until the gun, firing shell and spherical case, had caused the Federals to fall back hurriedly, leaving a large pile of knapsacks, overcoats, and blankets at the roadside, together with some killed and wounded.

For the first last and only time the battery was then under the command of the famous soldier whom Lee esteemed as his "right hand"; and next day (Saturday, May 2 1863,) it accompanied him on his flank movement through the Wilderness, south of the plank road, to the point where he struck Hooker's unprepared and unsuspecting troops. The battery had completed the circuit and crossed to the north of the plank road, where it faced east, and was ordered to halt. The sun was just setting and the battle had not begun, although there were a few dropping shots as the Confederate infantry and artillery moved down both the river road road and the plank road. Behind Woolfolk's halted battery were "Stonewall" Jackson, his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, and others of his tariff, in a mounted, silent and expectant group. The artillerymen stood or lay upon the ground in silence. It was a curious and solemn moment, and the momentary stillness enhanced the awe of the occasion.

It was then that one of Woolfolk's men, stretched on his back, with his blanket and knapsack under his head, called attention to a striking spectacle in the sky. The northern half of the heavens seemed brilliantly lighted up; the southern half was overcast with gloom. An apparent, well-defined, straight line seemed to run directly East and West. For a few moments everybody gazed and wondered, until some one looked to the West and pointed out that the phenomenon was caused by a cloud, black as night, which, with a sharp and perpendicular edge, completely obscured the southern half of that luminary, leaving the northern northern half of all the more brilliant by contrast. With that explanation, followed speedily by orders to press forward into the movement that was already driving Hooker's surprised forces in confusion, the celestial vision was forgotten by most of its beholders, at least for a time.

That night, as they were still engaged in succoring the Federal wounded that lay thick upon the half-won field, Woolfolk's men heard a sudden rattle of musketry. Next day (Sunday), not "Stonewall" Jackson, but another general was in command when the battle was renewed, and then it was sadly spread abroad that the missing hero had been wounded in that midnight fusillade; and some days after, all wept to hear that he was dead. Then some recalled the scene in the skies and the fight began, and more than one survivor piously believes today that it was an omen of the great soldier's death.

DEATH OF A HUNTER.

Mr Wm Gray, better known as "Uncle Bill," the deer slayer, died at his home in Finley township Wednesday at 4 o'clock p. m, aged 88 years. Uncle Bill Gray has killed more deer than any other man in North Carolina in the last 70 years, and with the exception of "Big Tom Wilson," the Black Mountain guide, has killed and trapped more bears than any one. Mr Gray retained his eyesight to the last and more than two months ago he was in town and told your correspondent that he could kill a squirrell in the tip of the highest tree with a rifle, without glasses. He was a quiet peaceable citizen, but was a holy terror to bears, deer and other game. On his sick bed it was told him he could not recover, and he said; "The Lord's will be done, but I would like to kill another deer before I die."—Charlotte Observer.

A BISCUIT 65 YEARS OLD.

It is now in the Possession of a Durham County Lady.

Some time ago we read an account of a biscuit down in Georgia that was brought out of the last war and was still in a good state of preservation. That was the oldest piece of bread we had heard of up to this time; but Durham county can beat it by possibly 36 years.

In 1829 an uncle of J. H. Wood, of this city, Samuel Wood, then living in Orange county, had a very sick child, and to please the little sufferer, they baked for her an oblong biscuit, which she did not eat but used it as a plaything. In this way she made several indentions in it with her teeth. The child never recovered from this spell of sickness, and after her death the home made bread toy was preserved by her mother, and was always held sacred in the family as a memento of the departed one.

Mr. Samuel Woods and his family removed to Alabama and made their residence in that State. The family in after years became separated, and that biscuit is now in the possession of a relative of Samuel Woods, Mrs. Martha R Hall, who lives in the Flat River section in the northern part of this county.

The Biscuit is still well preserved and the teeth prints are still on it just as the child made them sixty-five years ago. Mr. J. H. Woods tells us that he first came into possession of these facts a short time ago, the incident, he having heard of in his younger days, had almost passed out of his memory until recalled by a relative.—Durham Sun.

PROF FALB'S PREDICTIONS.

Professor Falb, of Venice, made another hit when he predicted that Greece would have another earthquake last Saturday. A severe shock came, not on Saturday, but a few hours later, at 5 o'clock Sunday morning.

It will be recollected that the professor early in the year predicted that there would be a terrible earthquake in Greece on April 20th. The convulsion came on time, and 400 people were killed, while thousands were rendered homeless.

According to the New York Herald the new prophet is a scientist of high standing. His success in foretelling earthquakes will cause people to take a good deal of interest in his prediction of a tidal wave that will overwhelm New York in July or August. If such a calamity should occur it would have a far-reaching effect upon this country. The destruction of New York with its concentrated wealth would transfer the financial center elsewhere, and southern ports would doubtless leap into prominence in a very short time.

Of course, Professor Falb may have made two lucky guesses by accident, and New York may escape her threatened doom. Still, it is a well known fact that the coast of New Jersey has been gradually sinking for the past hundred years, that it will sooner or later be swallowed by the ocean. In that event, New York would probably go down at the same time. But it is not likely that the bulletins from Vienna will depress the price of metropolitan realestate or cause a wholesale exodus. The average New Yorker will have to be shaken up pretty roughly before he will abandon his property.—Atlanta Constitution.

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

SUNDAY REST.

What a hallowed quiet seems to pervade the atmosphere Sunday mornings. Tired nature seems to have arrayed herself for the occasion, and if you are anywhere within the limits of civilization, the distinctive characteristics of the day will impress themselves upon you more earnestly, perhaps, than anything else has done during the whole of the week through which you have passed. The blessing of Sunday rest and relaxation is inestimable. Through it both our physical and spiritual organisms are refreshed and renewed. Apart from its special purpose as a day devoted to religious service, one must admit the wise provising of such a periodical season of material rest for tired nature.

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 drug store.

SAW MRS. CLEVELAND.

A Curiosity Seeker's Chase After the President's Wife.

Women adopt all sorts of devices for getting a good look at Mrs. Cleveland. On fine days the mistress of the White House generally takes a ride in the family phaeton, accompanied by her babies and the nurses. In the afternoon, between 3 and 4, if the sun is shining, she goes out in the victoria, accompanied either by her husband or a friend. Women, young and old, have discovered this habit of Mrs. Cleveland's and are beginning to lie in wait for her to catch her as she comes out on the front portico to enter the carriage. There is no privacy for inmates of the White House and so when Mrs Cleveland goes riding she is obliged to walk through the public vestibule and across the public portico. A day or two ago a bevy of school girls joined the waiting group on the portico, and when Mrs. Cleveland came out she was obliged to run the gauntlet. When she returned, an hour or two later, a funny thing happened. A well dressed, good looking, middle aged woman, evidently a stranger in the city, was passing the street gate when a carriage turned into the circular drive of the White House grounds. The quick-witted sightseer instantly surmised that the occupants were Mrs. Cleveland and her babies. She had a chance to accomplish her long-felt desire of getting a good look at the President's wife, and she did not miss it. The race was a long one, and she knew she could not win it unless something happened to detain Mrs. Cleveland after she arrived under the porte cochere. Lifting her clothes in both hands she started up the circular pathway along the drive at a breakneck speed.

The passers-by and the spectators at the door applauded, and, perspiring and panting she reached the steps just in time, for Mrs. Cleveland had stopped to give an order to the coachman, and the energetic lady was enabled to plant herself where she stared the President's wife in the face for at least ten seconds and could also see the babies as they were lifted from the carriage by the nurses and carried into the house.

As Mrs. Cleveland disappeared in the vestibule, a gentleman standing by said admiringly, to the femal sprinter, "Well, you made it."

"Yes," she said, mopping her face, "folks from my part of the country generally do."

But she forgot to say what part of the country she came from.—Washington Star.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE OLD MAN'S EXPOSITION OF IT WAS AS PROFOUND AS IT WAS QUEE.

Pa and ma were sitting quietly near the fireplace. Pa was reading a paper and ma was knitting. Presently ma looked up over her glasses.

"Pa," she said, "I b'lieve our Henry is in love."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, he ain't et nothin for a week past to speak of."

Pa laid his paper down in his lap, folded his hands over it and gazed into the fire reflectively.

"It's kind'r queer 'bout heir in love," he said slowly. "When people is courtin', they never seem to keer for vietuals, but jest as soon as they git married vietuals is about the only thing they'll hustle for seven days in the week."

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

Let home stand first. No matter how high your ambition, no matter how far your talents or your influences may reach, before everything else build up a true home. Be not its minister. Let it not be enough that it swept and garnished that its silver is brilliant, that its food delicious, but feed the love in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man.

What honor can be greater than to found such a home? What dignity than to reign its honored mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform or the wisdom that can command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and preside over a true home? To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit in such a home is higher than an empire.

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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 Diarrhœa. 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

RINGING UP THE EARTH.

What Mean these Strange, Mysterious Noises?

Can we open up electric communication with the inhabitants of Mars? That is a question recently considered at a meeting of the Society of Arts in London, where Mr W. H. Preece, engineer to the Telegraph Department of the British Post-Office, read a paper on Electric Signalling Without Wires." Mr. Preece explained how he had recently demonstrated that wires were not at all necessary to establishing telephonic communication.

Under the supervision of a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into electric communication between the shore and light houses he had conducted a series of experiments which amply demonstrated this fact. There was no difficulty in speaking between the shore and Flat Holm, three miles distance from the place of experiment. Mr. Preece then went on to say that "strange, mysterious sounds" are heard on all long telephone lines when the earth is used as a return, especially in the calm stillness of the night. "Earth currents," said he, "are found in telegraph circuits, and the aurora borealis lights up our northern sky when the sun's photosphere is disturbed by spots. The sun's surface must at such times be violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations are set up and radiated through space in sympathy with those required to affect telephones, it is not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunder storm in the sun."

After further describing the mysterious sounds which had attracted his attention in the still watches of the night, Mr. Preece said: "If any of these planets is populated with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to and fro in telegraphic order, it would be possible for us to hold commune by telephone with the people of Mars."

These mysterious sounds which so puzzle Mr. Preece seem to correspond with those noticed by Thomas A. Edison, who has turned Ogden Mountain in New Jersey, into a great magnet and coiled miles of wire about it. At the time of the last opposition of Mars he noticed an increase of the seismic mutterings, which have recently been so violent. Mr. Edison and Mr. Preece are only two of the scientists who are now experimenting along these lines, and the whole scientific world is watching the progress being made. Neither Mr. Edison nor Mr. Preece has been so bold as to say that the strange sounds referred to are messages sent by the inhabitants of Mars to those of earth, but they have not otherwise explained them.

On the other hand, there are many scientists firm in the belief that the next few years will witness the opening up of communication between the people of the two planets. The conviction has been enormously strengthened by the strange lights seen at the Lick Observatory when Mars was under observation during its opposition a little over a year ago. The three lights were arranged in triangle. Nightly as the great red orb rose from her ocean bed to the vault of heaven the lights flashed out as soon as darkness had set in, and in the immense lens of the Lick telescope they glowed with steady and continued effulgence. Was this an effort of the inhabitants of Mars to attract the attention of those on earth?

Such had been the opinion of Flammarion, who had argued in favor of Earth signalling back with a triangle of lights thirty miles across. It was shown that the conditions of Mars were more nearly those of Earth than of any other planet. Both of the snow caps could be plainly seen, and may be seen now in any first class telescope, for Mars is now to be observed in the morning about thirty degrees west and fourteen degrees south from Venus in the constellation Capricorn. The well defined atmosphere of Mars is also plainly visible, and astronomers can tell by the increase or decrease of its snow caps and its position in regard to the sun the progress of its seasons and whether or not the Marsians are having a cold winter. The canal theory of Schiapparelli has likewise many believers, who assert that the strange straight lines on Mars are canals built by its highly civilized inhabitants.

Mr Preece says he has kept a record of the strange, mysterious sounds which have attracted his attention, while Edison has done likewise. These will require much study to decipher, if they are messages from Mars. The Preece discovery on the other hand puts it in the power of the people of Earth to send direct electrical currents to Mars, whose inhabitants are so much in advance of ourselves that they may be able to help us out in the work of opening up converse. A pantomimic electrical interchange will be necessary for some time, but what will be the emotions of the scientific world when the message is sent out that communication has been established?

There are those who firmly assert that this is an experience of the immediate future, that electricity is the universal force and the one whereby the planets will come into communication with each other if they ever do. The mystery of electricity is the strange fluctuations it undergoes: If it were an earth property solely it would be steady, as it would be were it common to all the universe and not interfered with. But its strange goings and comings, its apparent relations to the sun, and yet its known sympathy with other heavenly bodies, seem to show that somebody somewhere is fooling with the dynamo and cutting off and turning on the current.

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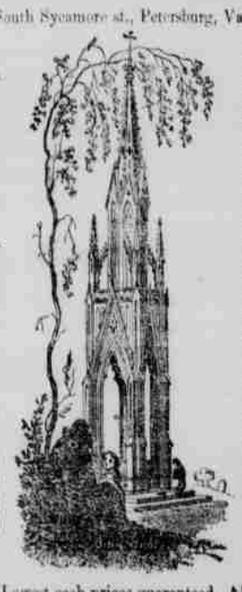

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oct. 19-1y.

WIS, N. C.