

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, JUNE 28, 1894.

NO. 12.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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 19 17.

Business Men!
—SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR—
JOB PRINTING
—TO THE—
EXCELSIOR
PRINTING
COMPANY,
WELDON, N. C.

THE EXCELSIOR EXCELS all other printing houses in GOOD WORK, BEST MATERIAL, and
LOWEST PRICES
ALL KINDS BLANK DEEDS ON HAND
Letter Heads, Packet Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Statements, Hand Bills, Programmes, Tickets, Etc., Etc., Etc.
Write for samples and prices.
E. L. HAYWARD, PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE.
All of the real estate of J. L. Fryar in the town of Weldon. **FOUR TERMS** apply to
ED. T. CLARK,
Real Estate Agent,
Weldon, N. C.

DAVIS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
No. 42 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

TOBACCOES.
Our special brands of Flour:
GOLD MEDAL FANCY PATENT,
DIXIE PATENT,
GEM PATENT,
HARVEST QUEEN,
SNOW DROP.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
W. H. DAY, J. G. DANIEL, T. C. HARRISON
Weldon, N. C. Littleton, N. C. Weldon, N. C.
HAY, DANIEL & HARRISON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Practicing in the courts of Halifax and Northampton counties, and wherever their services are needed.
One of the firm will be in Halifax on each Monday. 18-17.

W. J. WARD,
FARFIELD, N. C.
SURGEON :: DENTIST,
Office over McGowan's store.
11-17.

MULLEN & DANIEL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton counties and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina.
Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.
DR. T. T. ROSS,
DENTIST,
Office over Emory & Pierce's store.
10-19-17.

T. W. HARRIS, D. D. S.,
LITTLETON, N. C.
Teeth Extracted without pain,
4-30-6a.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

The Old Woman in the Queer Dress Under an Oak Tree.

SHE ALWAYS APPEARED TO ANNOUNCE AN APPROACHING DEATH IN THE FAMILY—SHE WAS PROBABLY A SERVANT WHO HAD BEEN FOULLY DEALT WITH IN ANCIENT DAYS.

"Everybody laughs in these days at the old story of the Irish banshee," said a gentleman of national reputation lately as he chatted with a friend or two in the office of the Continental, "and I am not saying that it was but a superstition after all, though there is a little thing connected with my family that is a strange coincidence, to call it even that.

"Once, when I was a boy, I woke up during the night weeping bitterly, and when my mother came to my bedside I told her that I had dreamed that a queer dressed old woman had come to me under a large oak tree and had warned me that my brother Leonard, who was my senior by several years, was going to die very soon. I noticed then that instead of calming my fears my mother listened to me without saying a word, and presently I saw that she, too, was crying as hard as I was. I asked what was the matter, and though she put me off I did not forget the strange effect on her that my dream had produced.

"It could not have been a week after that my brother came in one afternoon from school and said he was going to join a party of young people in a sleighing excursion to the next town. My mother was very unwilling for him to go and confessed to all sorts of nervous fears, very unlike her usual calm and self-reliant self, but my brother insisted and at last went off, followed by my mother's anxious eyes. Within three hours we received a telegram saying that he had been killed by the horses attached to the sleigh becoming frightened, and, running away near a railroad track had thrown my poor brother under the wheels of a train.

"When his mangled body came home, my mother met it, saying to her sister, who was visiting at our house for the day: 'I knew it, Fanny. H., here saw her the other night,' and for a long time I wondered who the 'her' referred to could be. I was nearly grown when I again saw the old woman of my boyhood dream. I was about to graduate at our home university and was studying hard for the final examinations was sitting up late one night reading over some questions in mental philosophy when I dropped off to sleep in my chair.

"Then I dreamed of standing once more under a large oak tree, which was particularly marked about the bark by a ring about three feet above the ground. Here I was, facing an old woman in a servant's dress of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, I should judge, and this old woman was telling me that I would see my father no more in life. I was a good deal worried over this dream, remembering my former one and its tragic sequence, but had ceased to think of it in the hurry and anxiety of the examinations, when one day old Professor B., called to me as I was passing from one classroom to another and asked, 'H., isn't your father in Switzerland?'

"I replied that he was, for his health had failed so alarmingly for months past that he had been ordered abroad and had been rapidly getting well in the mountains of Switzerland. He had recently joined the English party in an expedition to Mont Blanc and had written in fine spirits regarding the trip. Professor B. said no more, but I came across in a few minutes a newspaper containing an account of an American who had been killed by falling down a crevasse in the Swiss Alps.

"No particulars were known or given by the paper, but I knew—oh, yes, I knew—that the American was my father, and so it proved. I told my widowed mother of the strange coincidence of my second dream, and she replied that the warning would never fail; that it had gone with her through her life, and that her mother had told her that this strange phantom had also given her warning of every disaster she had experienced. The old woman, whoever she was, was always accompanied in her missions of woe by the oak tree marked as I have said. The whole thing is a mystery to us, but it is true, every word of it.

"If the thing is something supernatural, none of us has any idea who the woman could have been or why she came like a bird of ill omen to prophesy evil to a plain American family, sans caste, sans legends, sans romance. And I, for one, am particularly interested in why the oak tree should have come down to us in connection with the ghost. I would somehow hate to think that some doughy ancestor of mine had, after the playful little manner of the good old times, put some faithful servant to death in a way in which an oak tree took a prominent part, but I should not be surprised if he did; indeed I have a sneaking belief that that is the true explanation of the whole thing, though I am sorry that same servant is so unforgetting as to take it out on me by bringing me bad news, which, if she'd only wait long enough, would reach me with proverbial rapidity."—Philadelphia Times.

WHEN WE COME AND WHEN WE GO.

When we Come Into the World We Brought a Great Possibility; when we leave it we Shall Carry the Record of what we Have Done.

N. Y. Herald.

For we have brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.—I. Timothy, vi., 7.

If this statement concerning the two "nothings," one at the cradle and the other at the grave, were isolated from the context we should boldly assert that St. Paul was mistaken. It is entirely clear that we bring a deal into this world and that we carry a great deal out of it. Unless we bring something we have no tools with which to accomplish the task that the Almighty has set us; unless we take something with us it would be manifestly unfair either to reward or condemn, for the condemnation and the reward must depend on what we have in our possession when we stand at the bar of judgment.

St. Paul, however, explains himself when he refers with great severity of rhetoric to a class of people who are under the delusion that "gain is godliness," and his injunction, "from such withdraw thyself," is a warning not to spend too much time in gathering what you must leave behind and too little in acquiring what you may take with you when you depart.

In other words, the object of revelation is to teach a man the difference between the riches which he must leave to his heirs and assigns and the wealth of character which is his inalienable possession, an integral part of himself both here and hereafter.

Death makes every man financially bankrupt. The moment he dies he becomes poor. There is nothing in the B-yond which he can purchase with cash. No shroud, therefore, has a pocket. The gold from no mine, the money from no mint passes current in heaven. The angels carry no purses, and the jingle of coin is never heard. You will not get what you want by paying for it, neither will you lack what you need because you have no money. What you have and what you lack will depend wholly on your deserving.

It is very interesting, then, to discuss the two questions. What did we bring into this world? and what can we carry out of it? for the answer enables us to formulate that policy of action which will produce the best results.

The wise man will spend his greatest efforts in acquiring what he can keep, and it is folly to exhaust yourself in working for what Death will disdainfully tell you cannot be transported.

The purpose of religion is to inspire you with sound and broad ideas on this subject, to restrain you from wasting your efforts of little moment. Religion and common sense, therefore, or, to put it still more forcibly, religion and the highest philosophy, are one and the same thing.

First—We brought our bodies into this world. This is of no special consequence, because we need them only while we are here and shall leave them in the grave when we go hence. The Church has an old theory that we shall take them with us, but it is to be hoped that this is an error. It is certainly a very undesirable thing to look forward to. By the time we get through with them they will be pretty well worn out. The body is only the soul's raiment, and when we reach heaven we shall need a change. Second—We came into this world a bundle of undeveloped faculties. A child is a fagot of possibilities. Not what he is, but what he may become, gives him interest and value. We do not care so much for his environment as for what he will make out of it. His natural qualities are simply an opened chest of tools, and the experiences through which he will pass are the material out of which he is to make something.

He may be born in a palace, or he may be born in a hovel; there are mere accidents or incidents. With our false notions of good and ill fortune we exaggerate the importance of surroundings, but the eternal is that surroundings are of very little consequence.

A daily laborer can make as much out of his soul as his employer can make out of his. Neither riches nor poverty impede spiritual progress. One can be as noble in two humble rooms as in the costly mansion, for whether you are in the one or in the other the same events happen to you, and they must be controlled by the same qualities of character.

Sorrow is sorrow wherever you find it, and no bank account can purchase immunity. A grave is a grave, whether there is a costly monument above it or only a headstone of marble. When you reckon with actual experiences you dis-



MR. THOMAS SPURGEON.
Who has recently decided to accept the invitation which had been extended to him to fill the pulpit in Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, which for so many years has been associated with the name of his father, the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.



A MAN AFTER HIS OWN HEART.

cover they are independent of wealth or poverty and come to all alike, and when you look at the hearts of men you find the same measure of human nature in them all.

Now, when we take our departure, what shall we carry with us?

Death is a terrible democrat. When he comes he takes no note of where or how you have lived. He ignores all class distinctions with a kind of contempt. He does not care whether your body is clothed in linen or rags. He has been sent for your soul, your naked soul, pure or impure, and that alone will be taken with him. He strips your environment from you as you would throw aside a tattered garment. The only thing he will allow you to carry—absolutely the only thing—is your character.

When you reach heaven you are what you are, neither more nor less; and your surroundings in this life are of no account whatever. If you have done well then you will have reason to be satisfied, if you have done ill, you will see that you have made a mistake. That is the stern and relentless truth of the case.

When we came into the world we brought a great possibility. When we leave it we shall carry the record of what we have done, and whether that is to be little or much depends entirely upon ourselves.

GREAT MEN'S NAMESAKES.

Benjamin Franklin was lately whipped for stealing chickens, Thomas Jefferson sent up for vagrancy, James Madison fined for getting drunk, Aaron Burr had his eye gouged out in a fight, Zerk Taylor robbed a widow of her spoons, John Wesley was caught breaking into a store, George Washington is on trial for attempted outrage, Andrew Jackson was shot in a negro barroom, Martin Luther hung himself on the garden pailings, while stealing a basket of vegetables, and Napoleon Bonaparte is breaking rock for a \$1 fine in New Orleans. What's the matter with the old boys?

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.

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 trouble, some after effects of the trouble. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, 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 W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

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.

REPORTED WRONG.



Groom—Dese yere papers nuber gits things right.
Bride—How so?
Groom—Why, it says we was married at Hymen's altar—an' it was at ole Palsen Johnson's; that's how—Judge.

PLENTY OF REASONS.



Chicago Girl—Under the circumstances, what would you do if you were in my shoes?
St. Louis Girl—Get lost.—Hallo.

NO DISLOYALTY ALLOWED.



"Is Mabel jealous of her husband?"
"Jealous? I should think so! Why, on their wedding trip she wouldn't even let him admire the scenery!"—Truth.

SPARE RIBS AND CABRAGE.



DEFEATING THE TOOTH OF TIME.



Old Coquette (making her toilet)—Another hour's toil, and I will be twenty years younger.—Fiezzette Bhaetter.

IMPROVED NINE-FIF ALLEY.



UNNECESSARY ADVICE.



FADED JACKET OF GRAY.

A Poem in Prose that Touches the Heart.

The following poem in prose was written by Smith Clayton, of Georgia, and dedicated to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Atlanta:

"The neigh of the iron horse and the song of the spindle mingle merrily, and on eagle wing, the new South sweeps to a great and glorious future; while in her weeds, with sad face and lowered heart, the old South bends lovingly over the sacred ruins of a brave but bitter past. But the South is still the South, and the grief of the old shall never be forgotten in the grandeur of the new, for between the two lies a sweet memorial which binds our hearts to the past, even while our hands build the future.

"The Faded Jacket of Gray! The violet breath is not sweeter than the memories by which it is hallowed—the shimmering stars are not more splendid than the glory amid which it was folded! Bring it forth today. With gentle hands smooth out these precious folds! A thing inanimate, it yet speaks with most eloquent tongue. Its solid front tells of the dust of righteous battle, and its ragged edges voice the cruel scars of vanquished veterans. It tells the solemn but grand story of thousands of bright swords which sprang from their scabbards at the call of duty. It tells of the fiery charge—the stubborn fight—the bleeding hero—the dead patriot—the adroit retreat—the muffled drum—the sable plume nodding above these Godlike men who gave, and gladly gave, all that is best in life (safe honor) and life itself, for liberty! Every button has its memory, both dark and bright; every seam images some patriot's daring deed; its very silence is the pathos of the honored dead!

"In this land of the South the Faded Jacket of Gray, is a common heritage freighted with a common weal. It hangs alike in the hut on the hillside and in the mansion of the city. In many, alas! how many homes, is it hung upon the vacant chair, never more to grace the form which long ago filled a Southern soldier's grave! Its rustle is the orphan's plaintive cry, and o'er its blessings and its blight is breathed the widow's prayer!

"Faded and worn! Yes, but the gaudiest hue which tints the arch of Heaven is not more bright than this same dim shade which dims our eyes today, and the tooth of Time but makes nearer and dearer the good and true which its richness proudly decked.

"Old and threadbare! What matter? Honor wore it, love folded it away, grief stands sentinel! Sad, sweet symbol—old, but still young, worn and yet new—you live in the glory of a grand principle immortal as the white-winged seraphs which circle the great white throne!

"Look at it, and the majestic form of Jackson rises to view; look at it, and the calm, noble face of Lee peeps kindly upon you from among the buttons and the braid; mother, look at it, and the pale face of your dear son comes back from a soldier's grave; son, gaze upon it, and the honored form of your dead father seems to rise from the earth; wife, look upon it, and the fond husband who exchanged it for a shroud is once more before you; sister, look upon it, and once again you seem to see the gentle face of your loved and long-lost brother! Oh, murdered Hope! Oh, blessed Memory! Be they living or dead, all honor to the men who wore the Faded Jacket of Gray. Palsied be the hand that would strike a single star from the crown of their ever brightening fame!

"Nor braver bleed for a brighter land, Nor brighter land had a cause more grand, Nor cause a chief like Lee!"

ONE LEGGED ROOSTER.

Toney Perry, of Rockland, Vt., had a game rooster that being a great fighter was the pride of his heart. It came to pass his rooster lost a leg, and to see him hopping around on one leg moved Toney's heart to pity and his hand to making a wooden leg which the bird soon learned to use with great proficiency. He is once more in the "pit" brandishing a spur on either leg, and ready to defend his title of the "champion one-legged rooster" of the world.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHILD BIRTH... MADE EASY!

"Morrison's Patent" is a scientifically prepared Linctament, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

WILL DO all that is claimed for HANDBORE, R. Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "M. Friends" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Send to express receipt of price \$1.00 per bottle
BROADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SPEDDY and LASTING RESULTS. FAT PEOPLE.

You can get this. No more suffering. Simply from any infirmity. We GUARANTEE a CURE or refund your money. Price \$3.00 per bottle. Send 4c. for treatise. ELEMONT MEDICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

THE SOUTHERN,

PETERSBURG, VA.
ELECTRIC LIGHTS, ELECTRIC BELLS, ACCOMMODATION 300.
H. C. LASHLEY, Proprietor, late of Everett, Pa.
The only first class hotel in the city. Commercial rates, \$2.50 per day.
O. W. HOLLINGSWORTH, Chief Clerk.

PATENTS

CAUTION! For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had thirty years' experience in the Patent Office. Communications strictly confidential. 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 Office, and there are brought widely before the public without cost. In the Patent Office, Munn & Co. issue weekly, elegant illustrations, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$1 a year. Sample copies sent free. Building up your business. Every number contains beautiful plates in color, and descriptions of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest styles in home construction. Address: MUNN & CO., New York, 361 Broadway.

Grand Display

SPRING MILLINERY,

FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES.
Butterick's Patterns.
R. & G. CORSETS,
Misses at 50c., Ladies 75c. to \$1.
Prices will be made to suit the times. Hats and bonnets made and trimmed to order.
MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon, N. C.

Chas. M. Walsh,

South Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

Hard Times Fertilizers.

To meet the present Hard Times on Farms, we will sell our Fertilizers at a low price. Best Fertilizers at the Lowest Wholesale Price. For Corn, Oats and Potatoes at \$13.00 per Ton. For Wheat and Clover at \$14.00 per Ton. Also, Tobacco and Fruit at \$2.00 per Ton. Also, Mixture of Potash, Kainit, Sulphate Potash, Bone Phosphate, Nitrate Soda, in large and small quantities. Send two 2c. stamps for circulars. Wm. M. POWELL & CO., Fertilizer Manufacturers, Baltimore, Md.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

—Go to—
Buchanan Bros.,
the Jewelers, and they will tell you just how they do it, and remember, you can do it, too. When you are in their store don't fail to look around at their beautiful stock of WATCHES, CLOCKS, WEDDING and ENGAGEMENT RINGS, etc. etc.
Then if your eyes get tired and need some glasses, remember you can get fitted right there, without extra charge by a practical optician.
BUCHANAN BROS.,
113 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.
Oct. 19 17.



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.