

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, JULY 12, 1894.

NO. 14

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Old Dominion Pants

MANUFACTURING CO.

J. COHEN & SON, Proprietors,

Cor. Sycamore and Bollingbrook streets, Petersburg, Va.

Solicits trade of Eastern Carolina.

Make pants in all grades.

Oct. 19, 19.

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, Picket Heads,
- Bill Heads, Envelopes,
- Statements, Hand Bills,
- Programmes, Tickets, 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.

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, [S. O. DANIEL, J. C. HARRISON, Weldon, N. C., Littleton, N. C., Weldon, N. C.]

DAY, DANIEL & HARRISON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Practices in the courts of Halifax and Warren counties, and wherever their services are needed.

One of the firm will be in Halifax on each Monday. 18-19.

W. J. WARD,

WELDON, N. C.

SURGEON :: DENTIST,

Office over McWigan's store. 12-13.

JAMES M. MULLER, WALTER H. DANIEL

MULLER & 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. Jan 19

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST,

Weldon, N. C.

Office over Emory & Pierce's store. 10-19-19.

T. W. HARRIS, D. D. S.,

Teeth Extracted without pain. 4-3-94.

LITTLETON, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Good Blood

IS ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.

You cannot hope to be well if your blood is IMPURE.

If you are troubled with BOILS, ULCERS OR PIMPLES, SORES

your blood is bad. A few bottles of S. S. S. will thoroughly cleanse the system, remove all impurities and build you up. All manner of blood diseases are

CLEARED AWAY

They will be cured by S. S. S. It is the best blood remedy on earth. It is a natural blood purifier and a certain cure for all blood diseases. It is a natural blood purifier and a certain cure for all blood diseases. It is a natural blood purifier and a certain cure for all blood diseases.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. Stainback,

(J. T. Gosch's old stand)

WELDON, N. C.

General

MERCHANDISE.

Just received full line Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Furniture, Cooking Stoves, Buggies, Wagons, Road Carts, New Home and Domestic Sewing Machines.

Specialties:

Ziegler's and Bay State Shoes for ladies, Men and Children. These celebrated shoes are always reliable and I guarantee every pair to GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION. I invite inspection of my stock, feeling assured I can please both in

QUALITY AND PRICES

No trouble to show goods. Look at our Stock before buying.

WOODEN AND METALLIC COFFINS AND CASKETS

Peter W. Squire, of Northampton county and Harry L. Hines, of Halifax county are with me and will be pleased to see and serve their many friends.

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am yours to command,

P. N. STAINBACK,

—DEALER IN—

COOKING & HEATING STOVES

Manufactured by

RICHMOND STOVE CO.

We invite particular attention to the improved NEW LEE and NEW PATRON. They are the best made. Call on or address all orders to

P. N. STAINBACK, Weldon, N. C.

IN MY MANSION.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you."

From the pearl crowned windows, flashing through the starlit calm of night, Breathing sweet contentment as it downward takes its flight,

A gleam of love light mingles with dear memory's clinging glow, And I know my mansion's waiting, or He would have told me so.

The beam of baby's smiling, at the window waiting me, Flings fragrance from my dwelling—in the land that is to be—

For my coming home, the fingers of affection holy love Are preparing, now, my mansion—in the Father's house above.

They are waiting for the blushing of the dawn to appear, And the heaven sparkles brighter as the end of night draws near, And the kisses waiting in rapture from the outstretched finger-tips, Draw me closer to my mansion—to my baby's smiling lips.

A STRANGE STORY.

How a Celebrated Violinist Gained and Lost His Marvelous Skill in an Instant.

As I strolled down the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, one evening last Winter arm in arm with my friend, Signor Fonetti, the celebrated violinist I paid him a small compliment as to his marvelous skill in handling the violin.

"You Americans do great honor to a poor Italian novice who scarcely knows one string from another," he said in return, shrugging his shoulders.

"Signor, while I believe you to be a truthful man your remarks makes me incredulous," I replied.

"But it is the truth. The music I read with ease, but the handling of the instrument is a mystery to me. My hearers applaud my performance; they cry out: 'Bravo! So I know they are pleased. But, my friend, I have never taken but one lesson on the violin.'

"I see you believe me not," he continued, noting the look of surprise, which I could not conceal, that passed over my face, "but I speak the truth, and if you care to hear the story through I will tell it to you."

I signified my desire to hear his experience, and after lighting a cigar he began, "Twenty years ago, in my own sweet Italian home, I was considered a promising singer, possessed of a rich baritone voice. No festival or merry-making was complete unless I was present to please those of my neighbors and friends who were so proud of me by rendering half a dozen or so of my selections. I was accompanied in all my efforts by Marie Maroni, a sweet maiden whom I loved dearly and would have one day made my wife but for the events that happened, which I shall relate. Ambition, the god of destruction of so much human happiness, seized me; the flattery of my neighbors aroused a demon of unrest in my heart, and even the smiles and caresses of sweet little Marie failed to compensate me for my lack of worldly success. I was carried away by the visions of honors which I felt belonged to me, and after an unusually successful performance determined to leave the country for Rome. Ah, even yet that name thrills my soul! You will imagine the feelings of my heart 20 years ago. My sweet Marie protested, but in vain she pleaded, but my heart was fixed I bade her farewell, and was soon in Rome. Oh, those happy days in Rome! The tears forced their way out and down his cheeks. In my heart I was sorry for the great Signor Fonetti, whose ability was such that he could draw tears from the multitude or cause an ocean of applause to break for at his pleasure. "Pardon the emotion," he said, then continued, "My love for Rome was my ruin. I forgot the little farm in the provinces, the sweet Marie and her loving ways—all were forgotten—and Rome and my profession were my mistress. At last the victory came, and Signor Fonetti was to sign the leads at the carnival festival. Never shall I forget the tremor of my applause. Never has greatness seemed so near as at that moment, when, my effort was completed, my success apparently assured, I was welcomed in every corner and hailed as a prince of singers. Alas, that those joys and hopes should perish with the hour! That night I retired in my old quarters on one of the more quiet boulevards and soon was lost in slumber. Oh, the happy, happy dreams! I was awakened by a voice at my side, and in the faint light of the waning moon I beheld a tall, lean, wiry individual dressed in black. Under his arm he carried a violin and bow.

"Hail Prince of vocalists!" he cried in musical tones.

"But thy laurels are insignificant to what they shall be. I have spoken, Fonetti. From this hour thy power of song shall be paralyzed. Never more shall the enraptured populace hear thee

A KANSAS CYCLONE.

The Awful Sight Witnessed by a Bicyclist.

Being an enthusiastic wheelman, writes John M. Steele, in St. Nicholas, I frequently take long rides into the country. The evening of June 21 found me on the road from Topeka to Lawrence. The heat of the noonday sun had given way to a slightly cooler temperature, and the blue dome was dotted here and there with floating white clouds. There was scarcely breeze enough to move the wilting foliage of the lofty trees on the bluff north of the road. The whole world seemed at peace. I could hear in the distance the peculiar cry of the farm-hand calling the pigs to the evening feeding. The milkmaid was busy with the cows.

As I moved slowly along, delighting in the glorious beauty of the landscape, and in its peaceful activity, I noticed that the air felt so close and sultry that I found exertion difficult; and this, with a rustling in the trees and the veiling of the sun's face, prompted me to turn to the west, where it seemed that a thunder storm was gathering. It moved along rapidly—only a summer shower. To the left, along the bluff, the gentle drops of rain were falling with lullaby-like patter on the thickly clustered trees of the hillside forest. I had dismounted from my wheel, and was watching the progress of the storm that, passing so near me, had not touched me.

But, all at once, with a mighty, roar like the rending of the heavens, a dark greenish cloud with tints of yellow and black, its massive folds emitting in and out like serpents at battle, emitting vivid flashes of lightning, came over the bluff a quarter of a mile east of me. It swept like a huge top, its irregularly formed upper half revolving rapidly while the lower end swept the earth along a path a quarter of a mile wide.

Started as I was I could not take my eyes from this awful messenger of destruction. The crash of the buildings first struck filled the air with flying debris, in which fragments of houses, furniture, trees, farming implements, haystacks and telegraph poles—all were propelled by a wonderful, irresistible current of ruin and disaster.

Eighty rods wide the death-dealing cyclone swept along, skirting the bluff, where it stripped foliage and bark from the trees, and now and swooping down on some farm. So suddenly did the storm burst that many had to flee with all speed to their cyclone cellars, the only safe refuge from these fearful storms.

After a course of half a mile along the bluff, the funnel-shaped monster swerved to the right. It swept through huge wheat fields, where it snatched off the drooping heads of the almost ripened grain, and then tore on through the little village of Williamstown, transforming what was the moment before "a lovely village of the plain" into a scene of devastation. Houses, barns and other buildings were destroyed, and human beings carried through space as if they were but feathers.

Many lives were lost, and many homes literally swept from the face of the earth. There were many miraculous escapes. A baby, six months old, was discovered by the roadside several hundred yards away from the house, asleep and uninjured. An old lady sixty years old was carried a mile from her home and lodged safely in the wide spreading branches of an oak tree, unhurt. A family of six sought refuge in a small space under the stairs, house was carried away with the sole exception of that portion, and the family escaped injury. A house was completely swept away, but the family cat and her kittens under the porch were not disturbed.

ANARCHISTS' DOOM.

As God Wrote it in the Bible Four Thousand Years Ago.

Rev. Dr. W. G. Starr, pastor of the Washington Street Methodist church, of Petersburg, Va., during a recent discourse made use of the following remarkable language:

"What is an Anarchist? He is an individual whose purpose it is to fill this earth with violence. He is not only the sworn enemy of civil government, but as a reckless destructionist he goes still further. It is his publicly declared determination to destroy the marriage tie, abolish the Sabbath, cancel the right to hold property, and drive out of the school-room and the sanctuary every vestige of belief in God! Away with law, judge, jury! Every man shall be a law unto himself in cities, counties, Commonwealths! Down with the existing order—no matter what it may be in a monarchy or a republic! The change shall come. Not by the slow process of safe and well-measured evolution, from sheer experience to the wisest method, but by disruption and catastrophe.

ANNIHILATION.

"The result would be disloyalty to God; annihilation of every form of government, social impurity, murder at will upon the highway, and the transformation of settled communities into wandering tribes of thirteenth-century savages—caper not only to tear down castles, but to rob the poor man as well of his little 'cottage under the hill.' Such an upheaval could not be consummated without a black record of rapine and slaughter—a terrible substitute of violence for those conditions of peace which ought to prevail in every land.

"What says that God who never closes His eyes to what is going on upon the little globe? In the sixth chapter of Genesis we have the statement of a divine purpose to flood the world with an overwhelming deluge—a mighty catastrophe to destroy life. Why? Read the eleventh and thirteenth verses. Notice the fact that God twice gives the reason for this fearful visitation of Supreme Justice. It was not because earthquakes or wild animals had wrought havoc, but because the children of men had filled the earth with violence.

THEIR PURPOSE.

"This is the exact purpose of the Anarchist it is the exact outcome of Anarchy—to fill the earth with violence." What did God do with people of that stripe 4,000 years ago? He swept them out of existence. The Supreme Being cannot do wrong. Shall we, as men, accept his standard of justice in dealing with men? We take the Ten Commandments without controversy. Why do we copy the Divine administration of justice to the antediluvians and decree death to every author of 'violence' who has foisted his right to live? To the mind of God wholesale destruction seemed to be the only alternative. Toleration is not a virtue when dealing with mad-dogs. A ferocious lunatic, with a knife in his hand, is not a suitable person to be entrusted with the reins of government. We have reached an era where sentimental mercy to human brutes is to be regarded as an act antagonistic to the will of God. Let us halt a moment and read the aim of Jehovah in the wreck of a world destroyed because of the sins of those who filled the earth with 'violence' and forfeited their right to live."

WOMAN'S NEW TYRANNY.

THE GIRL ON A BICYCLE MAKES MAN MORE HELPLESS STILL.

There is a new terror in town, says the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It goeth forth like a lion, seeking whom it may run down.

It is more dreaded than a cur of Juggernaut, because it can speed around the square while Juggernaut is turning the corner.

It is more terrible than an army with banners; yea, than an army of nurses with baby buggies.

It is—what need to say?—the woman on a bicycle.

Podostriana have some slight protection against the man on a bicycle when he goes on a rampage. They can scurry out into the gutter and kick mad at him. They can scramble upon the fence and hurl hard hunk of language at him. They can subsidize a teamster and sick a coal cart on him. They can lug around baseball-bat-walking canes and knock him out on the fly now and then. They can even carry their guns at half cock and bring him down on the wing, if quick enough on trigger. But the woman on a bicycle is another thing altogether. The public has long since recognized the fact that it is at the mercy of a woman on a pavement, especially if she walk double or triple file, and more especially if she carry an umbrella. Put her on a bicycle and she is simply devastation on wheels. With faces set as grim as fate's, with eyes as unseeing as the sphinx's with pedals as relentless as the jaws which clamp her tola, she swoops down the street, and when she does let the beasts hunt their holes, the fowls their roosts, and men and children hurry to the second story, if second story be in reach.

Huckler's Armetraire.

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 sores required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Wm. Cohen.

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TO REMEMBER HIS MOTHER.

This was a Piece of Her Dress and it is All I have to Remember Her By.

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the west. Just before the starting the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The Superintendent stepped up to him and found he was cutting a small piece of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress and it is all I have to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that mother's love, and of the sad death scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

Many an eye moistened at the story of this orphan boy has been told; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child. Will our little readers, whose parents are still spared to them, always show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing that this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the boys especially, always be affectionate and kind to their mothers? Will you keep in mind that if you some day have to look upon the face of a "dear dead mother" no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness and disobedience?

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed and no less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs, and colds.—If you have never used this great cough medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottle free at Wm. Cohen's drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Variety alone gives joy; the sweetest meats the soonest cloy.—Prior.

The truest eloquence is that which holds too us mute for applause.—Bulwer.

Idea are like boards—men do not have them until they grow up.—Voltaire.

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"Please sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress and it is all I have to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that mother's love, and of the sad death scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

Many an eye moistened at the story of this orphan boy has been told; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child. Will our little readers, whose parents are still spared to them, always show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing that this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the boys especially, always be affectionate and kind to their mothers? Will you keep in mind that if you some day have to look upon the face of a "dear dead mother" no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness and disobedience?

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