

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1894.

NO. 24.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Skin Eruptions

and similar annoyances are caused by an impure blood, which will result in a more dreaded disease. Unless removed, slight impurities will develop into Scrofula, Eczema, Salt Rheum and other serious results of

Bad Blood

I have for some time been suffering from a severe skin trouble, for which I took many remedies that did me no good. I have now taken four bottles of **SWIFT SPECIFIC** and with the most wonderful results. I am enjoying the best health I ever knew, and my friends say they never saw me so well. I am feeling quite like a new man.

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WHEN LOVELY WOMAN VOTES.



Miss Maudbanks—Vote for that horrid man! Why, how can you, when he has such a big, ugly red beard?—Judge.

EXPOSED IN A JIFFY.



"I assure you, sir, I cannot live without your daughter."

"Oh, you overestimate me,"—Filibustero Blaceter.

THE WAY IT WORKS.



Here—How did you fall in love with Mr. Clinker so suddenly?

Corn—Father forbade him to come to the house.—Brooklyn Life.

"A SAFE BURGLAR."



—Brooklyn Life.

A HOT WEATHER IDYL.



Two dratins upon a single bolt. Two streams that flow as one.

FOOLING THE HANGING COMMITTEE.



Mr. E. Durne Timber (who has long been badly treated by the hanging committee)—There, confound 'em, they can't sly that—Scribner's Magazine.

Huckler's Arnica.

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.

THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

We were Made for Eternity, and the Great Ambitions which Throb in our Souls cannot be Stilled by Death.

N. Y. Herald.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.—I. Corinthians, xv., 19.

If a man lives in the conviction that there is nothing for him in the future he has very little to complain of when the time comes for him to be annihilated because he has had all he expected to get. If, however, a man is promised another life on what he deems good authority and makes great sacrifices in order to fit himself for it, but is told when nearing the end that the promise cannot be kept, he is "of all men most miserable." St. Paul was quite right in declaring that such a disappointment overtops all other kinds.

How brief is the span of human life! It is at best only an "ithmus" 'twixt two boundless seas, the past, the future—two eternities. Our days and months go by so noiselessly that we scarcely note the footfalls of their coming or their going. Childhood passes into youth in the twinkling of an eye. A little laughter, an hour's play with a few toys, and the time arrives when childish things must be put away. Youth, exuberant youth, shortly sojourns into manhood. A dream or two, a few castles in the air, a fleeting vision of divine possibilities, then the shoulders broaden to bear heavier burdens, and the heart recognizes the graver responsibilities of life. Manhood changes to old age like a flash of lightning in a summer cloud. Some hard work, some short years of earnest toil, some days of bitter disappointment, some nights of weary weeping, and then the nerves grow dull, the sight becomes dim, the snows of winter are scattered over the head, the hope of earlier days have ripened or withered. The sun sets, we linger in the twilight for a few moments and then the night comes down, in which we can neither walk nor work.

You cannot hold on to your years, however strong your grasp may be. They will slip away from you in spite of entreaty or menace. When you have stood on the seashore you have perhaps tried to hold a handful of sand. What a useless task it is! It falls between your fingers in spite of your utmost endeavor, and after awhile, when you open your hand, only a few silvery or golden grains are left. So life escapes, and every day becomes a yesterday. The clock ticks the time away whether you are hungry or well fed, and the pendulum swings relentlessly whether you are rich or poor. "And the same thing," says Solomon, "happeth to us all."

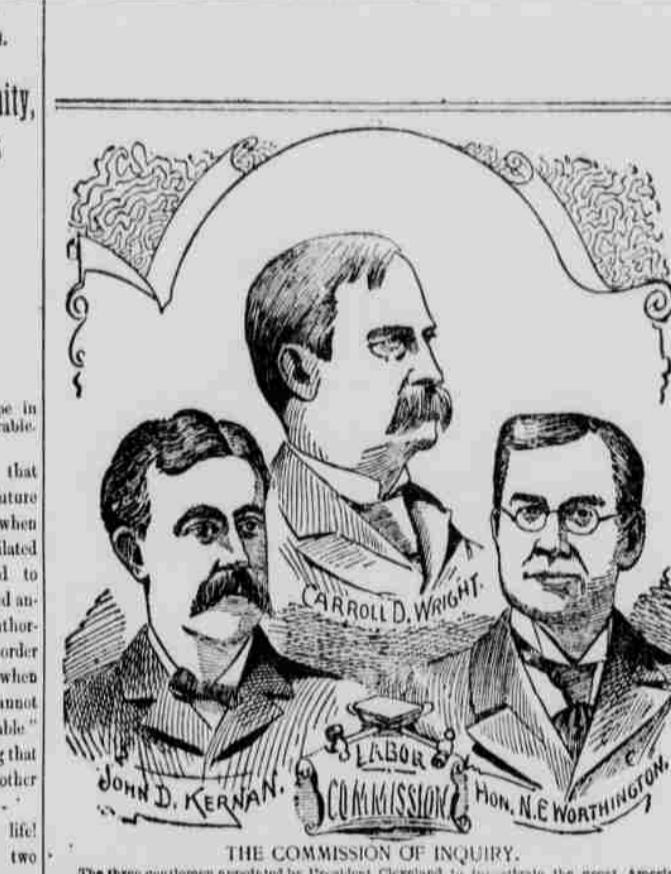
Now here is a curious fact. The elm by the roadside outlives us. The rusty sword that hangs on your library wall, telling you of the heroic deeds of a former generation, will be received by your children's children after you have been laid in your resting place. The pebble which you kick off the sidewalk, if it had a tongue, would tell you the story of this earth when it was in its infancy, more years ago than your imagination can conceive.

The elm, the rusty sword, the worthless pebble have a kind of eternal life, but you must die. What a marvellous statement! How incredible it seems! Is it not stranger than words can express that say thoughtful man should as a fact that the soul is fixed in by death, and that the soul has travelled outside at the grave? The body may be satisfied with seventy years, but not the mind. The soul's best appetite is just whetted to eat. Bodies are easily sated, but by the time they are ready to drop the soul within them has just begun to learn how to live. Why then should both die at the same moment?

Why was the soul made so large, if this life is all? If you were told that Niagara was made to drive the farmer's gristmill for a single day and nothing more, you could not believe it. If you were told that a Copless engine was invented to move the machinery which makes a single pin and after that is of no further use, what would you say? Can it then be true that the soul of man will live just long enough to find out that it can do something and then be told that it shall never have an opportunity to do this something?

So odd an anomaly is beyond our credence. There is a pitiless irony in the statement that we no sooner gather our aspirations together and set ourselves sternly to some noble task than our day's work is over, and we must lay aside the tool and materials with which we know we can build.

Let us give an illustration. Younder is a vessel about to be launched. The plan has been carefully drawn by the archi-



THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.

The three gentlemen appointed by President Cleveland to investigate the great American Railway union and Pullman strikes enjoy the confidence of both parties to the controversy. Carroll D. Wright, Chairman of the commission, is United States Commissioner of Labor, John D. Kernan, of New York, is a lawyer of high integrity, and Judge Nicholas E. Worthington, of Iowa, is regarded as one of the ablest lawyers of Illinois.



A HIGH-TONED COLORED BAWL.

test, and the contractor has chosen his timber from a dozen forests. Now she stands complete, and the workmen with their sledge loosen the wedges, and she slips down the ways and for the first time embraces the mighty dew which is to be her home. How gracefully she floats, a thing of life and beauty! How promising is her future! She is able to bear a thousand tons burden across a wintry ocean, in spite of mountains, waves and northern gale. She will laugh at the tempest, for she is brave and strong.

We heard her for a trial trip. Her white sails wait up by the forts and through the Narrows and around the lightship. Then she comes back in some convenient place. Suppose we tell you that her whole mission is accomplished and there is nothing more for her to do. You ask in wonder, "Why build her, then? Is it not folly to take so much pains for a trial trip, and then to leave her at her anchorage to rot and sink?"

The same may be said of the soul. This brief life is only the trial trip. We pass by a few buoys in the harbor of eternal life, we stem the ebb or flood tide for a few hours, we just get a glimpse of the ocean that spreads beyond our vision, and, then what we call death intervenes. With the great Atlantic of immortality ahead of us shall we come to anchor in the grave?

It cannot be true. We were made for eternity, and the great conditions which throbs in our souls cannot be stilled by death. The funeral procession leaves us at the mouth of the harbor, and when our friends return to their homes we spread invisible canvas and sail on and on toward the Throne of God.

The earliest method of spinning was by bunching a few fibres and rolling them into a thread with the hand.

The first building erected in the United States for the Federal government was the United States Mint in Philadelphia.

Near Sedalia, Mo., recently, two colored women were seen ploughing. One acted as horse and the other held the plough handles.

Bees are said to have such an antipathy to dark colored objects that black chickens have been stung to death while white ones of the same brood were left untouched.

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TRUE MANHOOD.

It is not always the coat that tells, Nor the collar your friend may wear; It is not always the shine of the shoe, Nor the finished touch of his hair.

It is not all in a silken hat, Nor the fitting neat of his gloves; It is not merely his cultured air, Nor the circle in which he moves.

It is not his temper, his pride nor smile, Nor yet his worshipful mien; It is not even the name he bears In a world that is shallow and mean.

Ah, no, after all, 'tis the man himself, As he stands with his God alone, 'Tis the heart that beats beneath the coat, The life that points to the throne.

The eye that cheers with its kindly glance, 'Tis the arm 'round a brother cast; The hand that points to a hope beyond, 'Tis a hope that endures to the last.

A TREE WITH A TEMPER. It grows in Arizona with another that Gives Light Like an Electric Lamp.

"There are more queer things to be seen in Arizona than in any other part of this wide land," said Colonel Bruce Dion of Houck's Tank, Apache country, "and, according to my idea, and I know pretty near what queer things are, the queerest thing in all Arizona is the tree that has a temper worse than a blond comic opera prima donna's and gets its dander up with just as small provocation. They tell me out there that this tree belongs to the coniferous species. It grows to be something like 25 feet high and then stops. Its leaves are long, slender and pointed, like porcupine quills. When this tree is in a good humor, these leaves lie close to the branches, and it spreads a pleasant aromatic odor all around. But when it is angry every leaf on the tree rises up on end, and the aspect of that particular piece of timber is about as fierce and threatening as anything you would care to look at. The pleasant resinous odor the tree sent forth in its peaceful mood gives way to an odor that will put wings on your feet to place as much distance as you can between the offensive tree and yourself.

"This tree is very touchy on the subject of dogs, and the coming of a canine anywhere near it will instantly make it furious. Yet a wolf, a grizzly bear or a mountain lion never ruffles the temper of this tree if those animals do not presume on too great familiarity with it. They may lie around it as long as they care to, but if one of them so far forgets itself as to rub or scratch the trunk of the tree the hot tempered thing will fly into one of its tantrums instantly, and the way Mr. Bear, Wolf or Lion will make himself scarce in those parts is a whole circus to see. Nothing will work this tree up to concert pitch, though, so quick and effectively as throwing stones at it. Then it will actually spit and tear, and no living thing would think of going within gunshot of it. Some folks out at Houck's Tank call this tree the porcupine tree, and some say its right name is skunk tree. I call it the holy terror tree. But, no matter what you call it, it is a queer job of nature, and Arizona claims it as her own.

"While this tree is the only real, genuine vegetable kingdom crank we've got in Arizona, we point with some more pride to another tree that only Arizona soil has the talent to produce. This one is the electric light tree. This tree is not as abundant as the holy terror tree and is a dwarf, seldom having the courage to get more than 12 feet high. Its foliage is very dense, and at night it gleams like an arc light. The light that shines from this tree is so strong that one may sit 25 feet away and read print. The queerest part of this tree is that its light begins to grow dim with the coming of the new moon and steadily loses brilliancy until the moon is full. Then the tree is as dark as a mine. When the moon begins to wane, the tree's brilliancy is gradually renewed, and by the time the moon has disappeared the tree is shining again as brightly as ever. Some times the light on this queer tree becomes faint even in the dark of the moon. Then we have to do a queer thing to restore it. We drench it with a bucketful or two of water, and instantly the effulgent glow will return in all its brilliancy."—New York Sun.

Now Try This. It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from a grape found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Wm. Cohen's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.00

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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.

OUT AT LAST.

But he had to Use a Railroad Wreck.

"At one time in my early practice in a country town," said a dentist the other day, "there came to me a very nervous woman to have a tooth extracted. She carried on so that I could scarcely get her into the chair, and as soon as I put the forceps near her mouth she screamed and bounced about so that I couldn't do anything with her.

"After two or three visits, each worse than the other, I suggested that I should take her to the nearest large town, where a dentist administered gas. Well, the tooth hurt so, that at last she consented, and I took her there, about twenty-five miles by rail.

"I went armed with a pair of forceps as a matter of habit, and when we got to the place and she saw the gas bag and other appliances, she had the fidgets again, worse than before, and I had to give it up and take her back home. I was thoroughly provoked, and much annoyed, but she had money, and was paying for foolishness, so I tried to restrain my feelings.

"About ten miles out of town, and as the train was going along about twenty miles an hour, and she was holding her jaw, and I was holding mine in the seat beside her, we came into collision with something on the line, and the last thing I knew we were rolling down an embankment, and being piled up in a very promiscuous fashion.

"I don't know how it came about, but I wasn't hurt much, and when my senses were fully restored I dragged my patient out through a window, and laid her on a bank near by.

"She was pretty badly bruised, and had been knocked senseless, and, as I was endeavoring to restore her, a brilliant thought occurred to me.

"The next moment I had out my my forceps, and the next I had out the confounded tooth. Two hours later one of the physicians who had been summoned had restored her to consciousness, and, as she opened her mouth and saw me standing by her side, she clapped her hand to her jaw, and exclaimed:

"Oh, doctor, I knew it would be terrible, but I didn't think it would be so bad as that. However, though, it's out at last."

"Then she went to sleep, and it was a week before she knew the real facts of the case."

"Did she pay you anything extra?" asked the writer.

"No," smiled the dentist, "but the railway company did—twenty-five hundred dollars—and I got half."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTHER'S FRIEND LESSENS PAIN—INSURES SAFETY TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

My wife, after having used Mother's Friend, passed through the ordeal with little pain, was stronger in one hour than in a week after the birth of her former child. J. J. McGee, Jr., Bears Sta., Tenn.

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY. Buchanan Bros., 112 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va. Oct 19 1y.

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