THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Teeth Extracted without pain.

4-30-6m.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

He—Why is the cook leaving us?

She—Because, she said, "she could make more money lecturing on Woman Suffrage."—Illustrated American.

KNOCKED OUT IN ONE ROUND.

Setter—Hello, Bully, what's the matter? Toothache?

Bulldog—Naw. Tried to bite a Chicago drummer's cheek.—Judge.

ANNOYING MISCALCULATION.

"Here I've told Amy under the seal of the strictest confidence that Charles has proposed to me, and the mean thing has really told no one about it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY.

"Many happy return of the day, grandpa; and mamma says if you give us each fifty cents, we mustn't lose it!"—Brooklyn Life.

ALWAYS PRACTICAL.

How Mr. Wellfed helped himself when he couldn't find his shaving brush.—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

"Jim told me to give him some signal if father was in the house; this ought to satisfy him. I guess he knows what this means."—Life.

HER EYES FELL.

—Life.

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.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

Or Why Hercules P. Smith was Up a Tree in More Ways than One.

It was during the progress of the picnic given in Jurnigan's Grove by the Methodist Sabbath school of Hawville, Okla.

Alkali Ike, who sings bass in the choir, and Miss Lillie Cusack, the soprano, had wandered a short distance from the scene of the festivities and seated themselves on a moss covered log which lay at the foot of a tall tree.

The gallant's arm had strayed around the maiden's slender waist and lingered there, apparently to the profound satisfaction of both persons, and Isaac had asked, for the sixteenth time:

"Does oo love me, Lillie?"

"Course I do!" replied the maid, snugging closer to him. "I love you gooder than any—Oh, mercy! I do believe there is some kind of a horrid animal up in this tree!"

"We'll soon see!" remarked Ike grimly, at the same time drawing his revolver and firing a few shot into the foliage above. "I'll stir the varmint up a little, anyhow."

At that instant a reproachful voice was heard proceeding from the canopy of leaves above their heads:

"How long, oh, Lord? How long?

"What the dev——; that is, who are you?" demanded Ike.

"All that remains of Hercules P. Smith," was the reply. "I was in swimming before the picknickers came, and a cow ate up the most of my clothes before I noticed her. I chased her through a blackberry tangle, and then a stray dog, that appeared to be mad, chased me back again. Then the coming of the Sabbath school drove me up this tree, and here I have been ever since, with a hornets' nest on one bough and a snake on another. And now you are trying to finish the job by assassinating me."

"Why didn't you come down before?"

"Well, you see, I happen to be engaged myself to Miss Cusack, whom you are hugging."

MAKING HIS POINT.

When the court on an extremely Western circuit was convened and the business was about to begin, says the Detroit Free Press, it was discovered that there were neither pens, ink nor paper for the use of the Bench or the Bar.

"How is this, Mr. Clerk?" inquired the Judge.

"There is no money allowed for it by the county, sir, and we can't get the articles without money."

The Judge made several remarks not at all complimentary to the county.

"I've been in a good many courts," put in a pompous and pedantic lawyer from the East temporarily to try a case, "but this is the worst I ever saw."

The Judge jumped him on the spot.

"You are fined $10 for contempt, sir," he thundered. "Hand the fine to the clerk, sir."

Mr. Lawyer kicked, but he had to hand over the money or go to jail, and the Judge wouldn't have it any other way.

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, when the fine had been handed him, "go out and get all the pens, ink and paper necessary for the use of this court and give the gentleman back his change," and the clerk did as he was ordered and the visiting attorney maintained a discreet silence.

"BE QUIET."

An excellent story was told at a London charity dinner the other night. Mr Sydney Holland, the chairman of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents, is reported as follows:

"One day a man was brought in who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said, "He is dead," but the man raised his head and said, "No, I am not dead yet," whereupon his wife admonished him, saying: "Be quiet, the doctor ought to know best."—Detroit Free Press.

Angry parent—"Young man, what were you doing a moment ago with my daughter?" Edward—"Nothing, sir. I assure you." "And what were you doing, Helen?" Helen—"I was telling him that he must stop right off or I would scream. Indeed I was, papa."—Truth.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drugstore.

A BLUNDER ALL ROUND.

WIFE (looking over bill)—"Do you remember, my dear, how many trout you caught when fishing last Saturday?"

HUSBAND—"There were just twelve of 'em—all beauties! Why?"

WIFE—"The fishmonger has made a mistake. He only charges for half a dozen."

MATHEMATICAL.

SCHNAPSER (school commissioner)—"Uf I buy meinselluf dree kegs of beer effery day vat vill I haf at der endt of one year?

SCHOLAR—"De kegs.

TO A WILD ROSE.

Wild rose at night,
When sets the sun, thy petals sink to rest,
Folded as though in prayer across thy breast
In sweet delight.

Then shadows creep
Across the moss grown moor, and with a sigh
The wind comes dreaming from a cloudless sky,
Upon thy sleep.

Tell me thou art
The perfect model of transient joy;
The first fair love that charms the growing boy,
And stirs his heart.

I would forget
The long ago when first I saw thy face,
Upturned and lovely with a perfumed grace
That haunts me yet.

It mirrored then
A thousand thoughts, each from a placid calm
Which threw its image with throbbing charm
That glowed again.

Those hopes are dead,
As in their last embrace thy red leaves close—
It is the hidden, not the perfect rose,
That bares its head.

And in the past
The dreams that were are wrapt within the cloud
Of riper thought; and that to which we bowed
Is gone at last.

TRAVELLERS.

We shall lodge at the Sign of the Grave, you say!
Yet the road is a long one we trudge, my friend,
So why should we grieve at the break of the day?
Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let us play,
We can keep our sighs for the journey's end.
We shall lodge at the Sign of the Grave, you say!
Well, since we are nearing the journey's end,
Our hearts must be merry while yet they may;
Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let us play,
For perchance, it's a comfortless inn, my friend.

—Percy Addleshaw in the Athenaeum.

AN ARMOR OF DEFENSE.

None So Invincible as the Gracious Manner of Good Breeding.

Did you ever think how invincible is the armor of defense afforded by perfect politeness? asks Harper's Bazar. Neither man, woman nor child can resist it. The quick tempered Irish maid who loses her hold on her tongue so readily and answers back with a hot retort is abashed when her mistress meets her with quiet courtesy. The angry person, off guard and saying what he really does not mean, is foiled by the self control of his interlocutor, who has not for an instant forgotten the gracious manner good breeding.

Politeness is perhaps instinctive with some, but with the majority it is a matter of training, of the slow and careful discipline of voice and eye and carriage. It is partly derived from association, no doubt, for every one recalls the grand bearing and dignified manners of certain old servants, notably the negro servants of the old regime, men and women who had caught the very air and inflections of their masters and mistresses. But it is very much more than this. It descends to many a small detail. It rises to the height of conscientious attention to the rights of others, almost to religion indeed, for religion is brotherly love and charity, and politeness epitomizes these.

Very sensitive people who suffer acutely from fancied slights can save themselves many wounds by always being as scrupulous in giving as they are in exacting courtesy. To suffer in oneself a rudeness is to lay oneself open to the same. In nothing should we be less economical than in politeness. It should lead us to prompt and generous acknowledgment of every kindness, to responsive thanks when a gift, however small, is brought to our door. It should oblige us to listen with patient attention even to the person whose conversation is not entertaining, to sit apparently absorbed when in public we are seated at a concert or a lecture. This defensive armor, so smooth, so polished, so easily worn, will make our intercourse with society agreeable.

On the streets a shapely ankle
Glances to itself doth bring,
Which at the seashore in the summer
Are quite above that sort of thing.

OUR HOMES.

No Mortal Can have a Better Starting Point than a Pious Home.

N. Y. Herald.

And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there.—Matthew xxi., 17.

After a day of continuous harassment in Jerusalem Jesus needed the repose which only confiding friendship could furnish. By the light of the stars he found his way to the little village of Bethany, two miles distant, and enjoyed the hospitality of a household consisting of Martha, Mary and Lazarus.

It is left to the imagination to picture that group of four, for history has only given us broad outlines and is neglectful of details. What comfort came to that tired heart, what subjects were discussed, what hopes or fears were indulged in during the evening's conversation, we shall never know. But we may venture to say that this Son of God found rest and strength within the walls of that happy Hebrew home. It was like a strain of soft music to the traveller who has sought his couch, and He sank into dreamless sleep under its soothing influence.

The home is our asylum, and the love of dear ones is our defence. In the plan of divine Providence the home occupies a position of conspicuous importance. A happy home is the prophecy of a useful life for every child reared under its benignant watchfulness; a home in which discord prevails sends its boys and girls into the world with handicapped aspirations.

The child who carries sweet memories with him carries also a shield of protection, but he who bears embittered memories falls easier prey to the evils which will attack. A happy home in the background throws a radiance on each succeeding day, even though the day be stormy and tempestuous.

The good father lives in the life of the boy long after that father had crossed the threshold of a cemetery, and the good mother still speaks to the daughter when that daughter has children of her own.

No mortal can have a better starting point than a pious and soul satisfying home. It is a thousand times better to have an honest father and a true hearted mother than to inherit riches or social position. An empty wallet and a father's blessing, a gingham gown and a mother's love are a safer equipment for the attainment of happiness than millions of money without the blessing and the love.

We are making some serious mistakes on this subject, and they will cost us many a heartache by and by. We are too ambitious for our children in the direction of social prominence and too neglectful of them in the direction of character.

Daughters are brought up to believe that the chief end of life is to marry a bank account and an equipage rather than a man. When the surplus becomes a deficit, however, as it sometimes does, and the equipage is sold under the hammer, the poor girl wakes up to discover that she has had an establishment for a few years, but not a home. The logic of events is relentless, and mutual affection, which is the only thing worth living for, since it sweetens and deepens with adversity, is found to be wanting. A love that depends for its continuance on good fortune has very small value, and yet marriage vows are taken every day which have their origin in avarice, and will certainly be broken unless the avarice continues to be satisfied.

There is no further foundation for a true home than the union of two souls by the bonds of holy affection. Other experiments have been tried, but no substitute for that affection has been found, nor is it likely that it will be.

The end to be sought is happiness, and if you fail in that you fail in everything. A wounded heart is not healed by costly medicament, and riches never yet suppressed a sigh. Grief over withered hopes cannot be assauged by diamonds and splendor, and many a woman has been driven to desperation and wrong doing because, in spite of her credit at the bankers', she found it impossible to live on indifference and neglect.

We must throw our financial theories to the winds and be brave enough to obey natural law. A man is a man, and a woman is a woman. Whatever else he needs, the man needs love most of all, for this is a hard life and love alone keeps him in trim for the contest. If he cannot have it he takes excitement instead and then the end is not far off. Whatever else the woman craves, it is all subordinate, whether she knows it or not, to the confiding affection of a manly man, and if that is denied her her nature becomes volcanic and irrepressible.

Without the restraining influence of love we all become more or less demoniac. But if we have it we can part with everything besides and still be content. That is the verdict of the generations, and it cannot be reversed.

In your home, therefore, and regarding your children, you should teach the boys and girls that they will develop independence of character and moral principle. What the world may say should influence them very little, but what they themselves think is right should influence them a great deal. Plain and solid common sense is worth more than anything else. Of two lovers a good poor man is better than a bad rich man. Pictures and furniture and rugs and footmen are desirable in their way, but you cannot afford to give a human heart for them. It may be unpleasant to live in a side street, but a side street with peace is better than the avenue with misery. Your acquaintances may shrug their shoulders—it is their privilege to do so if they choose—but if the home is bright and cheerful what care you?

If fathers and mothers would see to it that their homes are made happy, and have no other desire than that their children should make happy homes for themselves, this barter and sale which enters so largely into our views of marriage would cease and the millenium would come this way.

What this old world needs is sterling and unwavering moral principle, and the independence to stand by it. These grand qualities of character must be taught in the home by parents who believe in them and exemplify them in their own lives, or they will never be acquired at all.

After that you can trust both sons and daughters to reach a safe conclusion when they are called upon to leave the hearthstone of their childhood and make a new home for themselves.

They will have already learned that though riches and happiness sometimes go together, it is better to depend on happiness rather than riches for a safe journey through life.

NOTHING STRANGE.—Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla vitalizes the blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

SHE PUT HIM TO A TEST!

"Yes, darling," he said in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah," sighed the gentle maiden, "that is what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart."

"Put me to the proof," he said in wild, passionate tones, "put me to the proof. Test me and see if I fail. Set me any test within the bounds of possibility, and it shall be performed."

"Ah," she murmured, "if I could only believe you!"

"Put me to the test. Say to me, 'Do this or that,' and it shall be done."

"Yes," she murmured slowly, "there is one thing I should like you to do, if"—

"Oh, tell me, and let me do it! Now you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the circumference of my love for you," he cried, exultantly. The maiden dropped her lashes, a smile dimpled the corners of her mouth as she gently murmured, "Marry some other girl."—London Tit Bits.

DRUNK AND LAUGHED

WHEN PRAYED FOR, NEXT DAY HIS MULE RAN AWAY AND KILLED HIM.

Greensboro Record: A correspondent at Franklinsville sends us an account of a most distressing accident near that place.

Mr. D. D. Short, a white man whose home is in Franklinsville, left here yesterday morning on his cart, and his mule ran away, killing him instantly. His body was mangled by being dragged for some distance. He was about fifty years old and leaves a wife and several children.

A revival meeting is in progress at the Methodist church here. The deceased was at church drunk Wednesday night and special prayer was offered for him and he sat up and laughed while the prayer was being offered. He had a young daughter at the altar seeking salvation at the time. He was drinking heavily when he left home.

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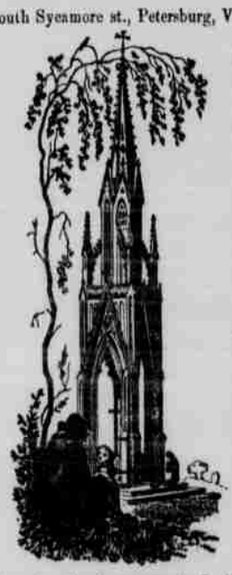

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