

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, OCTOBER 18, 1894.

NO. 28.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. Heals **SSS** Running Sores. Cures **S.** the Serpent's Sting. **S.**

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON In all its stages completely eradicated by S. S. S. Obsolete cures and others yield to the healing power of S. S. S. It removes the poison and builds up the system. A quick relief on the disease and its treatment. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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 17.

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SEND WHERE THEY KNOW HOW TO DO IT.

EXCELSIOR PRINTING CO., WELDON, N. C.

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THE EXCELSIOR EXCELS all other printing houses in GOOD WORK, BEST MATERIAL, and LOWEST PRICES.

Letter Heads, Packet Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Statements, Hand Bills, Programmes, Tickets, Etc., Etc.

Write for samples and prices. E. L. HAYWARD, PROPRIETOR.

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.

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. 118-17.

JAMES M. SULLER, WALTER R. DANIEL

MULLER & DANIEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collects made in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday. Jan 17

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST,

Weldon, N. C.

Office over Emery & Pierce's store. 10-19-17.

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

LITTLETON, N. C.

Tooth Extracted without pain. 4-30-6m.

NOT DEAD—BUT LIVING.

A Card from the Famous Old Clown, John Lowlow.

Sometimes ago the Atlanta Constitution published a feeling obituary notice of the death of the famous clown, John Lowlow. Some days later it received the following card from Mr. Lowlow, which will be read with interest and pleasure by our people, who will no doubt be glad to learn that this funniest of all the funny clowns still lives:

Editor Constitution—It was with mingled pleasure and pride, after almost a half century of strife and troubles, sorrows and joys, after having been turbulently tossed on the sea of adversity and finally being cast upon the bosom of a happy family in a pleasant home in the suburbs of Cincinnati, that I read an editorial article in your valuable journal in which it is stated that I have crossed the great divide, where there are no more troubles, where the familiar crack of the whip and just of the clown are wholly unknown. It is, indeed, with pride my bosom swells when I again live over the happy past, which a kind Providence enables me to do, though "Time which steals our years away, and half our pleasures, too, The memory of the past will stay, and half our joys renew."

For years and years joy was all mine when I was the cause of merriment to thousands upon thousands of my Southern brethren.

Born in dear old Georgia, in the city of Savannah, away back in 1841, where the wiregrass grows and the goosepeas never die, where we have many a time made the welkin ring with our "Hurrah for Yamacraw," is it not pardonable that I feel a just pride in the glowing tribute paid to the old time circus and of veterans whose names are household words throughout our sunny land, and to me so great a tribute that tears of joy spring to my eyes and my heart beats high with pride to think that in dear old Georgia's greatest journal I should live to read so glowing a eulogy—so proud an epitaph. My one ambition is to again visit my beloved state as I was wont to do in years gone by dressed in the motley garb of the fool in the favorite one ring circus with the ringsmaster, the rider and the clown when once more, I can repeat my original expression, "Bring in another boss," which served more than anything else to couple my name with the words which resounded ever and anon in the halls of Congress and in every conceivable place in broad America where our beautiful tongue is spoken, and which will always be identified with me until a merciful Creator shall have called me to His home and the green curtain of earth shall have hid forever from the public gaze your obedient servant, JOHN LOWLOW, The Old "Georgian Cracker."

Liswood, Hamilton county, Ohio.

RUBBING IT IN.

CYCLONES AND GRASSHOPPERS DIDN'T FILL THE HILL.

The farmer with hemp whiskers was talking to the drummer on an accommodation train which was bagging along over an Ohio railroad.

"I used to live out west," he was saying.

"How long ago?" inquired the drummer.

"Ten years or so."

"How did you like it?"

"Not nuthin'."

"What was the matter?"

"Cyclones and grasshoppers and things."

"I should think if you had cyclones and grasshoppers together they would offer each other."

"You mean, I reckon, that the cyclones would blow the grasshoppers away?"

"Yes," and the drummer smiled.

"Well, they did some. You see, when I first got there I was always scared of cyclones till the hoppers came; then I wanted a cyclone, but I never had much luck now and I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it, but by hokey it come, a tenner."

"Did it blow the hoppers away?"

"Yes, but it blowed the farm along with them and landed me and the hoppers and the farm all over in the next county. It shook the hoppers up a great deal and I thought I was havin' fair luck, when I found out that the taxes hadn't been paid in that county for ten years, and when they came around to me for back taxes I began to think it was kind of rubbin' it in, so I said, says I: 'Dern Kaussas, and I came straight back to Ohio.'—Detroit Free Press.

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.

"SWEET MARIE."

The Writer Tells How He Wrote the Beautiful Song.

The sun had just gone down behind the hoary hills flooding the June twilight with its gold and glory. Having finished my dinner, I had strolled out to take a turn beneath the maple trees that line the walk about the courthouse. Honey laden, homeward bound, belated bees droned in the trees, and all the world seemed filled with the sound and scent of summer.

Here would I walk and watch out the dying day, and breathe the pure air fresh from the snowfields of the north. Here, too, I hoped to find a good night smile, for this way she was to pass to the theater—with another man. I was turning the corner when she came. Face to face we met, and such a smile! there was a world of tenderness in it, and with a man's conceit, I fancied there was something back of it.

I wondered, too, if she had guessed my secret; and while the sound of her carriage wheels were still in my ears I said, half aloud:

I've a secret in my heart,
Sweet Marie,
A tale I would impart,
Love to thee."

And then as a man having been drunk with wine imagines that everybody knows it, I felt that my secret was out, and I had gone less than a dozen yards when I finished the half stanza:

"Every daisy in the dell
Knows my secret—knows it well,
And yet I dared not tell, Sweet Marie."
Then the whole song came rushing upon me like a mountain stream after a cloud burst. Like a gleam of glory in a gob of gloom it came fast and flooded my soul and filled me with lustre joy. On I walked—sang my new song and gloried in it as a happy mother glories in the first faint smile of a new born babe.

When more people and the stars came out, and there was no longer room for the wide wings of my muse, I boarded a cable car and went out to the shadows of the hill. Then the white moon came up from the plains, making one of those matchless moonlit nights that invariably follow a perfect day in Denver. The tired lawn mower that had struggled all day against a vigorous brass band at last laid down and the mellow notes of the tuba came faint and far away.

Far into the night I sat there saying it over and over till every line was registered in my memory.

The following summer I gave the poem to General David S. Stanley; he submitted it to Mr. Dana; it was accepted, and on the following Sunday received some editorial mention, and I rejoiced anew.

I think it was ex-Congressman Belford, the "rod-headed rooster of the Rockies," as he was known in the house, who first advised me to have the verses set to music.

Rayman Moore was in Denver at the time, and I persuaded him to call at my office. When I read the song to him he snapped his fingers—tears of enthusiasm stood in his eyes as he declared that it would make "the sweetest song ever sung."

Out of the third stanza, which begun originally:

Not the sun-glits in your hair
Sweet Marie,
Nor because your face is fair,
Love, to see;

I made a chorus, had my stenographer copy it, then holding the revised copy in his hand he began to hum. "Something sweet and slow," he said, "like this; and then he sang exactly as a million mouths have sung since:

"Come to me, Sweet Marie,
Sweet Marie, come to me."

I repeated and remembered the notes he sang, and when a year later Will T. Carlton came to the footlights in the Broadway theater and sang the song, I was glad to note that Mr. Moore had not varied a shadow from his first inspiration.

It happened that about the time the first faint echoes of the song reached the Rocky Mountains we started east and listened with eager ears to hear it sung.

The black boy on the Burlington looked up his pillow and hummed that tune. At Chicago we heard it after. At Cleveland a man pounded the wheels with a hammer and sang softly, as to himself.

As we sat at dinner in the Imperial in New York the orchestra played it, and where we stopped the girls sang it, and even as we exchanged congratulatory smiles a wild-toned street piano played "Sweet Marie" in the street.

At Manhattan Beach we had the great joy of hearing Sousa's band play it; heard Rayman sing it in a theater in town; then Mr. Moore and I went over to see the Manhattan Publishing Company. From there we went to No. 8 Broad street, where each received a check for more money, we thought, than there was in the world.

"How'll you have it?" asked a cheery voice, as we faced the paying teller in a Nassau street bank.



M. CASIMIR-PERIER, President of France.

The new head of the French Republic was a member of the chamber of deputies for many years. A few months ago he was at the head of the ministry. He served with distinction during the Franco-German war, receiving the decoration of the Legion of Honor for his bravery. He is 67 years of age.



UP TO DATE.

"Mary, you want to get the parlors into shape for to night, I expect a surprise party."

"Big pieces," said I. "And you?"

"Two one thousand, two five hundred and the rest in ones," said Rayman. And as the money man began to slide out the notes, he said, "I've a secret in my heart." But that was as far as he got, for we both laughed—not at him, of course, but it was time to laugh. CY. WARMAN.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"No, no," she cried, with cheeks aflame, Unto his plea for care; But still he kissed her just the same, And told her he was not to blame, For double negatives meant "yes."

Abashed she stood; he could not tell Would she repel him, or relent. One more, he pled; her cheek aglow He kissed, and said, "Don't scold, you know."

My dear, that "silence gives consent."

I don't know how they fixed it up, For they themselves will not explain. Still, reason the conclusion draws That everything was right—because She told him he might call again.

A TRAIN WRECKED.

IT RUSHES DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND JUMPS THE TRACK.

A special from Asheville tells of a most disastrous wreck on the Asheville and Spartanburg railroad which occurred last week near Melrose, a station at the foot of Saluda mountain.

At midnight a freight train, with four teen loaded cars, left Asheville, bound south, and struck the Saluda grade at 5 o'clock. The first half mile of the grade was made safely, but suddenly the train shot forward and got beyond control of the crew. It then began a wild run away down the mountain. Most of the crew stayed with the flying train till it reached the foot of the mountain, nearly four miles from where it started. The train went through Melrose like a flash, but when it reached the deep cut a short distance beyond the engine left the track, plunged into the side cut and twelve cars were heaped upon it. Fireman S. J. York was caught under the cars and killed. Neal Ewing of Asheville a stone cutter who was stealing a ride was also killed. Conductor Will Patton was badly injured and one leg had to be amputated. Brakeman John Miller jumped off the engine and was only slightly hurt.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These medicines have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Wm. Cohen & Co.,

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

We May not be Able to Do Large Things, But We Can All Do Something.

N. Y. Herald.

She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv, 8.

Mary, the sister of Lazarus and Martha, whose home was in Bethany, offered to Jesus a token of her personal affection and confidence. It was a small thing to do, and yet the Master seems to have regarded it as of some importance.

She had an alabaster box of costly ointment made from the roots of the East Indian nard, and according to the usage in Oriental lands she poured it on the head of Jesus. Its perfume filled the house, and some of the disciples were indignant at what they called the waste of a precious substance which might have been sold for three hundred pence for the benefit of the poor.

Jesus rebuked their complaints by saying that Mary had "done what she could." It was not within her power to assist Him in any great way, but she improved her narrow opportunity and extended to Him a most gracious courtesy.

The lesson is very significant. We may not be able to do large things, but we can all do something. Not every life can be conspicuous, but every life can be beautiful. We are working for the approval of God, not for the praise or applause of men, and though the world takes no note of our little acts of beneficence He sees them, and that should be satisfaction enough. No man ever lived in so small a sphere that he could not be helpful to somebody at some time either by word or deed, and these scattered words and deeds are the seed corn whence springs the heavenly harvest.

Great men and women are doubtless needed to the progress of society, but not more so than little men and women who perform their humble tasks with serene faith and unswerving fidelity. A general directs the battle, and when the strategy of his genius has wrought a victory we place his statue in our parks, but after we have given him all due credit we must not forget that the victory was really won by the courage of the common soldiers whose names are never mentioned.

When we travel over the country road we look with awe-struck wonder at the range of hills on the horizon line, their tops empurpled by the setting sun. The clouds rest on their brows like crowns filled with diamonds, whose facets flash with myriad colored lights. But need we be unamiable of the graceful ferns, the thousand wild flowers which Nature has woven into a carpet for our feet? While admiring the one shall we ignore the other? The same creative force which lifted the hills from the valley has fashioned also the pimpernel which peeps from the sod to give us cheer. What are hills without verdure? Every tree and bramble, every weed and blossoming bud, serves to make the picture perfect; and who is rash enough to say that the moss on a fallen trunk has not a mission as well as the stately pine, the pride and glory of the forest?

We need not be discouraged because we live near the ground rather than near the sky. Our prime duty is to recognize our limitations, and not fret ourselves into restlessness through envy of those who can do easily what we cannot do at all. Aspiration and ambition are well enough in their way, and we should always be prepared for a larger opportunity when it presents itself; but it is a fatal mistake not to do the little things of today because we expect to do great things tomorrow. The logic of the happiness teaches us to be content with what we have and to make the most of ourselves in our present surroundings. Then, if wider chance happens to come our way, we shall be equipped to make good use of it.

It is a great pity that the popular theology should dampen our ardor to do what we can. It has wrested the saying of the prophet Isaiah, that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," from its proper interpretation and hidden its belief that, however honest our motives and however self-sacrificing our daily lives, they count for nothing in the sight of God, unless we accept a long array of dogmas which no ordinary mind can comprehend and about which theologians themselves differ.

We are wounded "past all surgery" by such a statement. It is utterly incredible that God should reject the man who believes a little and lives according to that belief, refusing to allow him to enter heaven because he cannot accept everything which the Church teaches as truth. Besides, it is false; it is unreasonable. It does not commend itself to the common sense of mankind. A good deed done with a pure motive will never, under any circumstances, be disapproved on high. No matter how long or how short your creed may be, if you love your fellow men and preserve your personal integrity amid temptation and hardship, the dear

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God who is our Father will not regard you as clothed in filthy rags, but on the contrary will say, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things."

Do what good you may, therefore, and trust to the love of God rather than the caprice of men. If you live in a narrow circle, fill it full of holy thoughts and noble actions. No day will pass that shall not give you the opportunity to lend a helping hand to some forlorn soul. Men and women need encouragement, for our years are filled with trouble. So far as lies in your power do good by word or deed, or both, and when you wake from the last sleep the angels will lead you into the presence of One who will give you a kindly welcome.

ROBERT E. LEE'S CHARGER.

Description of the Famous Animal by the General.

Few people in this broad land do not know that the late General Robert E. Lee's warhorse Traveler gained almost as much fame as did the celebrated Confederate commander himself. After the war an artist wrote to General Lee asking for a description of Traveler, which General Lee wrote for him. This is what the general wrote about his favorite horse: "If I was an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest, short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eyes, small feet and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat and cold, the dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection and his invariable response to any wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist and can therefore only say he was a Confederate gray."

"I purchased him in the autumn of 1861 in the mountains of Virginia, and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battle, around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign, in 1864, at Orange, till its close around Pittsburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and across the James river. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-5 on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final day at Appomattox Courthouse. You know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, and one from the city of Richmond, but I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis. "Of all his companions in toil, Richmond, Brown, Roan, Ajax and Quiet Lucy Long, he is the only one that retained his vigor to the last. The first two expired under their onerous burdens, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

This ends the description, signed with the name of the famous General Robert E. Lee, Lexington, Va., the summer before he died.—St. Louis Republic.

Ruth—Harry told me I was the first girl he ever told he loved.

Kitty—When did he tell you that?

Ruth—Monday night.

Kitty—Oh, nothing; only he must have been lying to me Tuesday night.—Detroit Free Press.

"Can you read my thoughts?"

They were near the cold, gray ocean with its eternal pulsations.

His ardent glance rested upon her glorious face.

"No," she answered quietly, "I do not care for light reading."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Young Wives

Who are for the first time to undergo woman's severest trial we offer

"Mothers Friend"

A remedy which, if used as directed a few weeks before confinement, robs it of its PAIN HORROR AND RISK TO LIFE of both mother and child, as thousands who have used it testify.

"I used two bottles of Mothers Friend with marvellous results, and with every one who has to pass through the ordeal of childbirth to know if they will use Mothers Friend for a few weeks will be the recipient of ease and comfort, and save every 1/10 of misery and child."

Ask Sam H. Williams, Manufacturing Agent, Boston, for names, charges, and receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Look to Mothers Friend Co., Atlanta, Ga.

WHEELER & WHEELER Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Grand Display

—OF—

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MILLINERY,

FANCY GOODS AND NOVELTIES.

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Misses at 50c, Ladies 75c to \$1.

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MRS. P. A. LEWIS,

Weldon, N. C.

Chas. M. Walsh,

South Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

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Lowest cash prices guaranteed. All work warranted satisfactory.

CHARLES M. WALSH.

Oct 11 17.

Hard Times Fertilizers.

3000 lbs. Super Phosphate, 1000 lbs. Nitrate Soda, 1000 lbs. Potash, 1000 lbs. Bone Meal, 1000 lbs. Sulphate Potash, 1000 lbs. Nitrate Soda, 1000 lbs. Potash, 1000 lbs. Bone Meal, 1000 lbs. Sulphate Potash, 1000 lbs. Nitrate Soda, 1000 lbs. Potash, 1000 lbs. Bone Meal, 1000 lbs. Sulphate Potash.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Largest U. S. Government Food Report. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 166 Wall St., N. Y.

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.,

118 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va. Oct. 10 17.