

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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NO. 33.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Manifold Disorders

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

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

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice, A creature wan and wild, In form too small for a woman, In features too old for a child; For a look so worn and pathetic Was stamped on her pale, young face, It seemed long years of suffering Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge, as he eyed her

With a kindly look, yet keen. "Is Mary McGuire, please, sir?"

"And your age?"—"I am turned 15."

"Well, Mary," and then from a paper He slowly and gravely read, "You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—

With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an offender, And I hope that you can show The charge to be false. Now, tell me, Are you guilty of this, or no?"

A passionate burst of weeping, But she dried her eyes in an instant, And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you how it was, sir— My father and mother are dead, And my little brother and sisters, Were hungry, and asked me for bread. At first I earned it for them, By working hard all day, But somehow times were hard, sir, And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment; The weather was bitter cold; The little ones cried and shivered— Little Johnny's but four years old— So what was I to do, sir? I am guilty, but do not condemn, I took—oh, was it stealing? The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court room— Gray beard and thoughtless youth— Knew, as he looked upon her, That the prisoner spoke the truth; Out from their pockets came handkerchiefs, Out from their eyes sprang tears, And out from old faded wallets, Came treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was astudy— The strangest you ever saw— As he cleared his throat and murmured Something about the law. For one so learned in such matters, So wise in dealing with men, He seemed on a simple question Surely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered, When at last these words he heard, "The sentence of this young prisoner Is for the present deferred."

And no one blamed him or wondered, When he went to her and smiled, And tenderly led from the court room Himself the "guilty" child.

THROWING OUT HINTS.

I GUESS WE MOVED ON THEM TOO SOON, DAD.

When a Georgia farmer found out that his son John was sparking a certain farmer's daughter for a year or more without settling any question, he called him out behind the stack and said to him:

"John, do you love Susan Tinker?"

"I guess I do, dad."

"And does she love you?"

"That's what I dunno, and I'm 'fraid to ask her."

"Well, you'd better throw out a few hints tonight and find out. It's no use wearing out boot leather unless you are going to marry her."

That night at 10 o'clock John was a wreck. His face was all scratched up, his hair was bleeding, his hat was gone and his back was covered with mud.

"John! John! What on airth is the matter?" exclaimed the old man laying down his paper.

"Bin over to Tinker's," was the reply.

"And—and—"

"And I threw out a few hints to Susan."

"What kind o' hints?"

"Why, I told her I'd been hoofin' in two miles four nights out a week for the last year to set up with her while she chased gum and sung through her nose, and now I reckoned it was time for her to brush her teeth and darn her stockings, cure the bile on her chin and tell the old folks that we're engaged."

"And her father bounced you?"

"No, dad, he, that's where I'm consoled. It took the whole gated family, including Susan, two hired men and three dogs, and then I wasn't more'n half licked. I guess we moved on 'em too soon, dad—I guess it wasn't quite time to throw out hints."

"I am tired of seeing all the flowers at weddings and funerals; we need a few in between. Maybe a few flowers put into the hand when it was warm, instead of when icy cold; might have kept the hands warm a little longer. Anyway, it would have made the heart that has ceased to beat, a little lighter."—Mrs. Bottomo.

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.

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AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.



In the good days of old, Two gentlemen bold, With pistols a duel did fight, But their bullets collided. In fact, coincided! So they bowed—whisky was very polite.

HE SAID THE RIGHT THING.

Miss Westend (impudently)—How is it, Mr. Lenox, you and Mr. Lakewood were such friends and now you act so strangely? What has come between you?

Charley Lenox (eagerly)—The sweetest woman in the world! (Three days later Lakewood was told she could only be a sister to him.)—Truth.

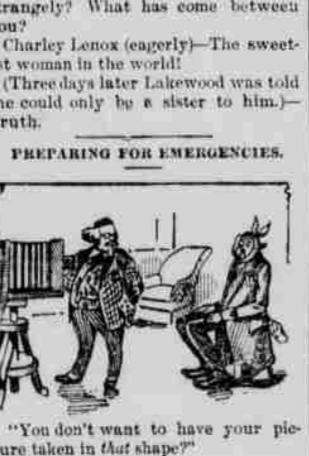
PREPARING FOR EMERGENCIES.

"You don't want to have your picture taken in that shape?"

"Yes, I do."

"Wouldn't you rather wait until the swelling in your face has gone down?"

"No, indeed; if I did the picture wouldn't be of any use to me. I am going for a divorce and need some proof to show how the old lady has used me up."—Flogende Blactter.



THE DRUMMER WILTED.

A \$1,000 ANTE IN A SENATORIAL GAME WAS TOO RICH FOR HIS BLOOD.

A group of millionaires were playing what was the stiffest game of poker ever played in the United States. It was at Chamberlain's, in Washington, in the winter of 1889 and 1890. The exact list of the players will never be known, but Sen. Wolcott of Colorado and ex-Governor Hauser of Montana were in it, and Senator Farwell, of Chicago, was in the room.

About midnight a swell drummer for a Chicago dry goods firm sent up his card to Senator Farwell. The senator went down to see him and brought him up to the room where the game was going on. He introduced him to the other players.

"Have you any objection to my playing?" asked the drummer.

"Well," said Senator Wolcott, "I have no objection, but—well, you see, the game is pretty steep."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the drummer. "That is the kind of a game I like."

Ex-Governor Hauser remarked that if he could stand it the rest of the crowd had no objection. With a wink at Senator Farwell, the drummer sat down, pulled out a "wad," pooled off a \$1,000 bill and said to Governor Hauser, who was dealing:

"Give me some chips!"

"Then he looked around the table, as much as to say:

"No flies on me, eh?"

"Give the gentleman one white chip," said Senator Wolcott. Governor Hauser passed over the chip without a smile and remarked:

"Jack pot for \$5,000. Put up your money."

The drummer sat aghast for an instant, then he picked up his money and said:

"Too rich for my blood!"

It is currently reported that one man won over \$100,000 that night.—Chicago Times.



OUR GRANDMA.

GOD BLESS OUR OLD GRANDMOTHERS, THEY ARE GREAT INSTITUTIONS.

Not half enough has ever been written or said in praise of grandmothers. All the sweet, tender income offered to the name of mother can be duplicated upon the altar of grandmotherhood, for are not the grandmothers just mothers after all—mother's of their own children and their children's children, their hearts getting larger and larger with love as the new generation of babies come along, their eyes brightening with bliss of an extra motherhood and their arms even more ready than in the days gone by to carry the little restless human burden, their hands more willing to bind up briar-scratched fingers and their lips more anxious to kiss away the tears and smooth out the frowns.

Is it the memory of mistakes in their own child-raising that makes them doubly tender with the little one who now lispes their name? Is it because their little child that nestles in their arms today brings back in memory those days when another baby lay there—a baby who today answers to the name of mother? Who can solve the problem of the great love that causes them to forget the weight of their years and make them willing to work and endure with all the ardor of youth? Every day we see it exemplified, and the children are the first to recognize and profit by it. What father and mother refuse, grandmas will be almost certain to grant. When little feet stumble, grandmas' ready hands are there to steady the faltering steps; when little hearts grieve grandmas' caress heals the wound.

How many youthful mothers are saved a world of sorrowful responsibility by being able to call upon an older head for advice, in being reassured by a loving yet experienced woman, who has raised a family herself and who knows how to cope with every ailment, from whooping cough to colic caused by tickling the red point off a woolen monkey. How safe the feet to leave baby in those hands, knowing full well no harm will come as grandma's little curly head so long as grandmas is by. Grandmothers are great institutions, bless them! and what a loss it is to have a child who has never known what it is to be loved, soiled and spoiled by its mother's mother.



FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic, and is the best remedy for all the ailments. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.



WILHEMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND. Reproduced from the latest photograph of the girl ruler of the Netherlands, who was 14 years of age on August 21.



EXECUTION OF A CHINESE SOLDIER. When Japan declared war against China, the emperor of the latter country found an eager making desertion from the army a capital offense. Our illustration shows the peculiar manner in which one of the offenders was punished for showing the white feather.

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LOVE YOUR MOTHERS.

NO TRULY GREAT MAN EVER FORGETS HIS DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Young men, love your mothers. I have often been impressed with what is related of an Indian. He was asked if he was rowing his wife and mother in the same boat across a dangerous stream, and one had to be lost, which one he would save? "My mother, for," said he, "a man can have another wife, but he can never have but one mother."

Hannah, the mother of the prophet Samuel, not only had a son serving God in his house, but she lived to see that son become one of the most illustrious men the last and best judge of Israel for twenty years, the most honored of the prophets, and the maker of kings. He became a great author, having composed the Book of Ruth, one of the most charming productions of the ages; and while thousands of earth's population have been honored with his name, and have delighted to wear it, Hannah was also blessed in that she had other sons and daughters to cheer her old age. When at the pinnacle of greatness, Samuel never forgot his mother. No truly great man ever does. Many of us know how James A. Garfield made his way from a log cabin to the White House. In his boyhood he was supported and encouraged by the manual labor of his dear old mother. When inaugurated President of the United States, the dear old mother sat by his side, and after delivering his inaugural address and taking the oath of office, forgetting all else and turning aside from ex-presidents, judges of the Supreme Court, senators and the representatives of foreign courts and for the moment even forgetful of his wife, he, first of all, embraced his mother and imprinted a kiss of affection upon her wrinkled cheek, for he had known the worth of a mother. How many of us would give a world for a glimpse of our mothers as we saw them in our childhood, and with Elizabeth Akers Allen, exclaim:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight; Make me a child again just for to night, Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take me to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair, Over my slumbers your loving watch keep— Rook me to sleep, mother, rook me to sleep."

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TWICE MARRIED.

ONCE TO PLEASE THEMSELVES AND LATER TO PLEASE THEIR FRIENDS.

"Very funny are some of the experiences of a minister," said the Rev. Philip Graff recently to a Tacoma Ledger man.

"A little while ago a worthy young man, well known in this town, accompanied by a very sedate young lady, called at my house with a marriage license, and asked me to perform the ceremony."

"I knew them both, and was naturally very much surprised at their hurry. I was also curious to know how they would explain their haste to their friends and relatives."

"But that was no business of mine, Everything was in order, and I committed the deed. I was enjoined to secrecy, and so was my wife, and I have never yet breathed a word of that ceremony."

"But now comes the story. A short time after the marriage in my little parlor I met the young husband, and, greatly to my surprise, he told me that his wedding was fixed for a certain date, about two weeks ahead, and that he expected me to perform the ceremony."

"I thought he was wandering in his mind, and reminded him that he was already tied up as tight as the ordinances of God and the laws of California could tie him. He only laughed, and said that the other little affair was all right, so far as it went, but it did not go far enough."

"All the young lady's relatives had been looking to the event, and it would never do to disappoint them, so the first wedding had been kept a secret, and only the four of us knew anything about it."

"So on the appointed day, I went to the house of the bride, and in the presence of the guests, married the husband and wife the second time. Everything went smoothly, the groom looked unusually distressed, and the bride assumed the regulation blush, notwithstanding the fact that several weeks had elapsed since they were made one."

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