

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

NO. 52

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ladies Who Visit



LIKE TO HAVE NICE VISITING CARDS. THE PLACE TO GET THEM IN THE LATEST STYLES IS AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Excelsior Printing Company

WELDON, N. C.

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

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

SOUTHERN,

PETERSBURG, VA. ELECTRIC LIGHTS, ELECTRIC BELLS, ACCOMMODATION 200.

SNODGRASS, Proprietor, late of Butler, Pa.

Only first class hotel in the city. Commercial rates, \$2. to 2.50 per day.



DR. H. O. HYATT'S SANATORIUM, KINSTON, N. C.

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND GENERAL SURGERY

FINE GROCERIES

Family Groceries, AP GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, CAND SEED.

come all, both large and small, stock, before buying at all, is complete and prices low, with the products of the farmers and friends for the patronage.

Mrs. H. A. Vick

lot of CANDY, raisins, mixed nuts, apples, bananas, and fancy cakes.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

to fly horses, wagons, ca's, dolls, dolls, chamber sets, bookish best authors, one box paper, cigars, snuff, tobacco and many fancy notions too numerous to mention.

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS.

111, 113 & 115 Bank St., Norfolk, Va.

Large stock of—

Monuments and Gravestones, etc. Ready for immediate shipment. Designs free.

1121y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WALKER & DANIEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

in the counties of Halifax and Northampton in the Supreme and Federal courts. Office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

DR. T. T. LOSS,

DENTIST,

Weldon, N. C.

Specialties: Rooting, filling, crown work, dentures, etc.

Office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

Office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

SPEAK, SWEETHEART.

Speak, I pray you, sweetheart—be your answer yes or no, Bid the sparkling gleams of love light from my dreaming pathway go, Or open the gates of love land—let hoping shed its light— Let the glow of sweet affection on my heart its blessing write!

Speak, I pray you, sweetheart—shall my soul forget the pain That doubt, in darkness brooding on its anxious lips has lain? Sing me a song of welcome, and let its sweetness flow A gracious benediction—speak, I pray you, yes or no!

Speak, I pray you, sweetheart—must this vision fade away, Shall the rays of dear contentment lose themselves in gloom, or stay? Will you have me linger, sweetheart, or to grieving go? Speak the word, I pray you, dearest—speak, I pray you, yes or no!

The Fatal Thirteen.

A STORY, WHICH MAY NOT BE TRUE, THAT WILL BE FOOD FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

Thirteen members of the Sprudle Fishing club of Buffalo defied the old superstition one sultry day last August, embarked in a yacht belonging to one of the party and made a day of it down the river. They visited some of the pleasure resorts on Grand Island, ate a fine lunch, drank much beer and returned to the city about 10 o'clock in the evening. As evidence of what they had done they sat before a photographer at Sour Spring Grove and had a group picture made. The photographer was ordered to strike off 13 copies one for each member, and then destroy the negative.

The Sprudles is a great social-political organization of Buffalo. It has nearly 1,000 members. Last winter it secured the big Beaulieu arsenal and gave a ball for charity, which was attended by 10,000 people. The 13 men who made the trip were all comparatively young men, not one over 42, and all robust and healthy. Within two months three of them had died suddenly. The first of the 13 to go was Michael North a wholesale cigar dealer. He caught cold in the early winter, had a hemorrhage of the lungs and died suddenly. He was 42 years old and a man of strong constitution. About two weeks later the Sprudles were shocked to learn of the sudden death of Albert Baetzhold. He went into the street while in a heated condition after a contest in a bowling alley, caught cold and was carried off by pneumonia in two days. He was 31 years old, nearly 6 feet high, weighed 150 pounds and had the red cheeks of a girl. The third to die was the man of all the members of the club whom an insurance company would pick out as the best risk. He was Herman H. Kamper, an amateur athlete, a man who never dissipated 6 feet tall, splendidly proportioned, and 30 years old. Pneumonia killed him in two days.

The rest of the 13 began to feel uncomfortable. One day while looking at the picture taken at Sour Spring Grove, it struck John Schwarzl as a remarkable fact that the three men who had died stood in the front row in the picture. He communicated his discovery to the others. When the picture was taken the men stood in a row with the thirteenth man in the rear.—Buffalo Dispatch in New York Sun.

STUBBENDS OF THOUGHT.

Gray hairs is an honor most men do not seek.

The man who talks love glibly doesn't know what it is.

A crust of bread paid for is better than pie on credit.

The thoroughly independent man is more respected than lord.

True Art is getting the beautiful out of Nature.

The evil men do lives after them, but it is not recorded on their tombstones.

Melody is the moonlight of music.

Cupid is treated as a guest until he becomes a member of the family.

Working for glory is ambitious egotism.

The flowers tell their story in fragrance as the birds tell theirs in song.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspapers miss more than they presume. Jonathan Kenison, of Bolan, Worth Co., Iowa, who had been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders, read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: "A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed and were over the top of the mountains. I had had a bottle of this medicine, and I told them to take it. They both were cured in a week."

ROLLING IN WEALTH.



—Texas Siftings.

HE BRACED RIGHT UP.



NOT VERY ENCOURAGING.

Bobby—Sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly; she's upstairs rehearsing.

Mr. Softly (who has come prepared)—What is she rehearsing, Bobby?

Bobby—I don't know, just that she's standing in front of the mirror and blushing and saying: "Oh, Mr. Softly—this is so sudden!"—Judge.

NOT VERY ENCOURAGING.



Did you take that valentine to Miss Swandown?

Yes, sir.

Well, what did she say?

She said it seemed such a waste of money.—Life.

NOT CONDUCIVE TO HAPPINESS.



A NATURAL ERROR.

"Say, Lizzie, put some differ'n't kind o' sleeves on to yourself de next time we has a meetin'." Dese rot yons has got on ain't intended for love makin'.—Life.



POSITIVE EVIDENCE.

Elsie—Oh, sister, see—quick—the poor man with his arm asleep.

Her sister—Oh no, dear, it isn't asleep. He has—

Elsie—Then why does he put in a hammock?—Harper's Bazar.



Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, Sore, 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.

Easter Bells.

Easter bells are ringing, loud to us they call, Come, true worship bringing, To the Lord of all. Easter bells, how sweet they ring! Mark the voices as they sing, Glory to the God above, Glory to the Christ we love!



Mrs. Josephine Currier.

ASLANGY CONGREGATION.

Little Flossie—The people at the Episcopal church are very slangy, don't you think, mamma?

Mamma—No, dear. What makes you think so?

Flossie—Well, every time the minister stopped reading they all said ah there.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

The constant drop of water Wears away the hardest stone; The constant gnaw of Tower Masticates the toughest bone. The constant cooling lover Carries off the blushing maid; And the constant advertiser Is the one who gets the trade. —Wahoo Wasp.



OVERHEARD ON THE MARKET.

First Egg—See here, this Easter business is getting to be a chestnut. I'm tired being dinned all up.

Second Egg—I don't like being pecked at myself.

THE MAN IN THE CASE.

She—One can judge the character of a man by his opinion of women.

He—Yes.

She—Yes. Now what kind of a man would you say always held women in the highest esteem?

He—A bachelor, I should think.

Borrowell—What would you do if you were me?

Huggins—Pay myself the \$10 you owe me.

LYING LOW.

Schoolmate—Why do you never touch your piano?

Miss Thumper—We're buying it on installments.

"What difference does that make?"

"I'm afraid if paw should hear me play he'd stop paying."

"Yes," said the true, "I suppose I'm ready, so far as my trunk goes; but I've decided not to leave until spring."



ONE OF THE TRIALS OF THE SEASON.

THE DATE FOR EASTER.

"Thirty days hath September," Every person can remember, But to know when Easter's come Puzzle even scholars some.

When March the twenty first is past, Just watch the silvery moon, And when you see it full and round, Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full, Then Easter will be here, The very Sunday after In each and every year.

And if it hap so Sunday The moon should reach its height, The Sunday following this event Will be the Easter night. —Boston Transcript.

DID YOU EVER SEE

A lazy man who had time? A young man who didn't know? An old man who didn't remember? A politician who wouldn't promise? A pretty girl who didn't look saucy? A town go forward rapidly when part of its people pull against the other part? Any kind of weather over which somebody did not grumble? A man who did not know exactly just how every other business ought to be run except his own? A mother who felt that her boy was to blame for anything? A candidate who did not think was THE man until after the el

Keep A Stiff Lower Lip.

IT IS THE TELLTALE ONE, AND THE UPPER LIP CAN TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.

"I can't understand," said a young lady of observation, "why you men, who see so much and know so much, persist in the phrase, 'Keep a stiff upper lip.' You use it as a sort of picturesque synonym for firmness of purpose and demeanor, but it has no value as such. The upper lip is not the weak member of the two. It is the under lip that wants stiffening. The upper lip is practically expressionless. It usually lies flat on the teeth, it is nearly always covered with a moustache—I refer, of course, to the male upper lip—and in conversation, especially in correctly languid conversation, it does not move at all. Like the Chinese jaw, it's a harmless creature and can be safely let alone.

"It is the nether lip that has to be watched and controlled. I can always tell when a man is going to propose to me by the way in which he wets his under lip and presses it against the upper for companionship and support, just the very things he is seeking for. And I can always tell if a man is lying by a peculiar fluctuation and pulsation in this same lower lip. He will look you right straight in the eye, grow fierce and drop his voice into his boots through the weight of his emotion, but if there is that twitch about the lower lip I don't believe him, and I've never been wrong yet. If a man feels deeply, I mean feels sorrow, not affects it, it is in the tremulousness of the under lip that he shows it. The sensitive man's lower lip is seldom still, and there is sometimes about it a positive pulsation that takes in the whole curve of the chin. The pout begins in the lower lip and is really confined to it, for the upper lip is only pushed out by pressure from below. You can't pout with your upper lip alone.

"In fact, you can't assume or affect any expression with the upper lip alone. Just try it. Hold the lower lip firm with the finger and look in the glass there. The mouth has become simply a hole in the face, you see, and so far as the expression of the character of the lip goes it is as if you had lost a feature.

"If you want to keep back a smile, it's the lower lip that you must look after. Weakness begins there, whether of character, health or age. It is not the weak upper lip that tells of down fall. It is the drooping, pendulous lower lip that shows it. And let me tell you something please, for the benefit of my sisters, who have not had the advantage I mean the experience that I have. Tell them that whenever they see the lower lip of their male companions turn out and over thick, that it's a danger signal. It's the red flag of mischief, and they had better say good by. Keep a stiff lower lip, young man."—New York Sun.

TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

"Opportunity! Under the arch of that splendid world let this multitude of my hearers pass into the pardon, and hope, and triumph of the gospel. Go by companies of a hundred each. Go by regiments of a thousand each. The aged leaning on the staff, the middle-aged throwing off their burdens as they pass; and the young to have their present joys augmented by more glorious satisfactions. Forward into the kingdom! As soon as you pass the dividing line there will be shouting all up and down the heavens. The crowned immortals will look down and cheer. Jesus of the many names will rejoice at the result of his earthly sacrifices. Departed saints will be gladdened that their prayers are answered. An order will be given for the spreading of a banquet at which you will be the honored guest. From the imperial gardens the wreaths will be twisted for your brow and from the halls of eternal music the harpers will bring their harps, and the trumpeters their trumpets, and all up and down the amethystine stairways of the castle, and in all the rooms of the house of many mansions it will be talked over with holy glee that this day, while one plain man stood on the platform of this vast building giving the gospel call, an assemblage made up from all parts of the earth and piled up in these galleries, chose Christ as their portion, and started for heaven as their everlasting home. Ring all the bells of heaven at the tidings! Strike all the cymbals at the joy! Wave all the palm branches at the triumph! Victory! Victory!"—Dr. Talmage.

"Bawn Too Soon."

A GOOD ONE OF JOHN ALLEN ON AN OFFICE-SEEKING COLORED FRIEND.

Louisville Courier-Journal. One of the stories credited to Congressman John Allen, of Mississippi, relates to an old negro who went to Washington to secure an office. He called Allen out of his house, and, upon explaining his mission, the Congressman thus turned loose on him:

"Do you know anything about physiology, meteorology, conchology or biology? Can you go back to the paleozoic age and demonstrate in technical terminology the anthropology, fauna or zoology of that epoch? Can you dissect the perodactyl or the ichthyosaurus or prepare a scientific report of one of the pachyderms of the glacial period? Can you reconstruct for the edification of a profound professor of buggology the bicuscular saurians that were seen by early navigators in the dim dawn of the brazen age?"

The old man fell back in dumb bewilderment.

"I say," went on Allen, "can you do these things off-hand on cross-examination, without drawing a breath or stopping to think? If not, go back to your district and pray for the return of another era of Democratic sovereignty, with a President pledged to the repeal of the civil service act."

When, after wiping the coming sweat from his brow, the dusky pilgrim from Mississippi finally regained the power of speech, he humbly stammered: "I reckon, sah, dem questions is intended for young culled persons what has got dey eddycation in college. I is jest a plain, et' day nigger. I reckon I wus bawn too soon."

THE BACKWARD CHILD.

The backward child may indeed be deficient in application, not in capacity. Should this be so, arouse him, not by a hail storm of nagging or a down pour of fault finding, but by a system of rewards lovingly adapted to his disposition and character. Suffer no discouragement to creep into your own heart concerning him, and do not allow him or her to feel that there is reason for any doubt about its reaching the top of the ladder in due season. The top, mind, not the middle rounds, any one can reach these. Set a definite aim before your child, cultivate a high and noble ideal, be willing to climb slowly. Haste is at the root of many a failure, haste and lack of thoroughness as one goes on.

With a tender regret for lost opportunities, who has not seen a mature woman timid, self-conscious, handicapped from youth to gray hairs simply because she was a "backward" child once, and there fore was snubbed and ridiculed, and pushed into the background, while her sisters and brothers bore off the honors and were the objects of universal estimation? A wrong for life was done to the little daughter, and her daughter may perhaps suffer from the same old mistake, for wrongs are far reaching. Be pitiful and just to the backward child in your home.—Margaret E. Sangster.

I recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. There is no better liniment made. I have sold over 100 bottles of it this year and all were pleased who used it. J. F. Pierson, druggist, South Chicago, Ill.

For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



A cream of tartar baking powder, lightest of all in leavening strength. Largest U. S. Government Food Report. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St.

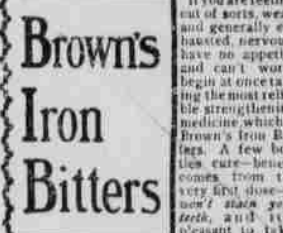
"I love you with a love that burns," He cried. Then said Maria: "It is a love that will get up Each morn and light the fire!"

"But," objected her father, "you are financially worthless, while my daughter is worth a fortune."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.



It cures Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women.

When in Need of anything in the GROCERY LINE please remember that I am still at C. L. Clark's old stand with a full and complete assortment and will be glad to see my many friends. Can save you money on all goods in my line. I am agent for

Ballard's "Obelisk" Flour which I guarantee to be the best on the market—Patapsco not excepted. Will make prices satisfactory. A full line of Fruits, Confectioneries, Cigars, Toba on hand at all times. Mr. J. D. Shearin is still with me and will be glad to see my many friends. Give me a call. Yours truly, P. E. L.

GET THE B... Most Popular... Light... NEW HOME... WRITE FOR CIRCULARS. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHAS. W. BENTLEY, MANUFACTURER, 112 N. W. 2nd St., Chicago, Ill. FOR SALE BY P. N. STAINBACK, AGENT FOR WELDON. Agents wanted everywhere. mar 7 6m.

GROVES... MAKES CHILDREN FAT AS PIGS... TASTELESS CHILL TONIC... IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 CTS.



Part Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Beware of cheap imitations. Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic and has great power over malarial fever. In all cases of malarial fever, it is the only medicine that will cure you. Your doctor will tell you.

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