

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XXX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1895.

NO. 19.

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DR. W. J. WARD, Surgeon-Dentist, NEWFIELD, N. C.

A Mountain Tragedy.

ACCOMMODATING STRANGER WAS JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE.

I was traveling over the Cobequid mountains when hailed by a shabbily dressed woman standing in the doorway of a cabin.

"Halt, stranger," she said in the sharp nasal tones of the people of that district. "Air ye goin' to the store?"

"Ye can, show. I can't leave little Dave, an' he's cryin' for a pair of new shoes. Ain't never walked a step in his life, an' he's 6 years old this spring. Ain't never had no shoes, either, but he's spilin' clear through for a pair now. Here's the change to get 'em with an' something over for your trouble." And she turned out some loose change from a cup she held in her hand.

"I told her I would get the money when I brought the shoes, and she gave me a slip of paper which was just the length of little Dave's foot, and I rode off and was gone all day, going back in the shadow of the evening in an atmosphere of fresh spring odors. The cabin door was closed, but just outside sat a gaunt man with a rifle across his knee. He looked at me as if he saw me not.

"Good evening." "Evenin'." "Is the woman in?" "She air."

"I've brought little Dave's shoes." "Ye're plumb too late." "Is he—?" "Gone over the divide."

"Perhaps the little chap would like to wear them—now." He comprehended, but shook his head as he took them, and I rode away, hearing on the still night air the wailing cry of a woman and trying to conjure in my mind a picture of the little chap who had "never walked."—Detroit Free Press.

HE LEADETH ME.

When from life's woe this weary soul shrink, And deep despair in this sad heart be born, By the still waters of some river-brink, And through green pastures, smiling to the morn, He leadeth me.

Even through the valley of enshadowed death, When its cold terrors, thronging fast, appal, And groping near, would bear away my breath— Pointing to some bright dawning o'er it all, He leadeth me.

Then I will fear no evil, though the days Should hold no kindly promises to cheer, He who doth guide the universe's ways Will make my pathway clear. I will not fear— He leadeth me.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

They are telling a story at the expense of a young North Carolina girl. The girl is charming, but like a great many other charming people she is poor. She never has more than two evening gowns in a season, and the ruin of one of them is always a very serious matter to her. She went to a little dancing party last week, and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great, big, red faced perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well meaning but somewhat despondent, and thought of the immoderate back of her waist. She hesitated a minute, and then she said with a winning smile:

"Of course, I'll dance with you, but if you don't mind, won't you please wear your handkerchief? The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said, and blew his nose out his handkerchief and blew his soul.

THE NEW WOMAN.

She can wear our shoes and jackets, Our collars and vests, She can wear our trousers, And the latest styles of hats. Each mannish fad and fancy She copies, if she can. But she cannot raise a mustache Or grow whiskers like a man.

Dear Old Lady.

SHE WAS GOING TO ALBERT'S, AND REACHED THERE SAFE AND LY.

An old woman wearing a black bonnet, a warm shawl and a pair of gold eye-glasses was a passenger on one of the trains from Buffalo to New York recently. She had come through from the west, and the nervous way in which she gathered her bundles around her and the number of questions she asked all showed that she was not accustomed to traveling. When the train boy came through with his assortment of books she confided to him the fact that she was going to New York to see her son, and that she had not seen him for over a year. She grew talkative and said:

"My son Albert's a great preacher. He is a Methodist, and I am a Methodist. I taught him when he was a little bit of a boy what was right and what was wrong. He hasn't been back to see me for over a year. I live way out in Missouri, and he couldn't get away this summer, but he wanted to see me, and he sent for me to come on. He preaches in a big church there, and he has got a fine family growing up—"

So she prattled on. The trainboy listened to her attentively and succeeded in selling her a copy of "The Quick and the Dead," solemnly assuring her that it was a Methodist religious book. When he left her she began to read it, calmly at first, then nervously, until she grew tired. Then she began to nod, and finally the book slipped to the floor. The gray hair reposed on the cushion of the palace car seat, and its owner dozed peacefully.

The conductor came through to collect tickets, and seeing the peaceful sleep of his passenger, was loth to wake her. Finally he leaned over and shook her gently, and said:

"Where are you going, mother?" "To Albert's," was the quick reply as the eyes behind the glasses opened, and the old woman looked around her for a moment, still unable to tell where she was. The motherly response touched a sympathetic cord in the conductor's heart, and he carefully looked after her until the end of the trip and saw her rush into "Albert's" arms half laughing, half crying.—New York Times.

MAYBE I'LL KNOW.

Maybe I'll know, when God sees fit To touch these eyes and bid his sleep Smooth out the wrinkles of sad weariness— Bid rest, in its sweetness to creep, And heal all the aching—the sad, dreary pain— Maybe I'll know when why struggling was vain!

Maybe I'll know why the dreams I dreamed, When life seemed so bright, so new, Faded, e'er broke the first gleam of light, A vision of ashes—untrue! Maybe I'll know why thorns deck my way— Why shadows loom dark, where sun-beams should play!

Maybe I'll know why longing arms Are reached out in cold, empty space, While the warmth of the kist that baby gave me Still clings to my grief-stricken face! Maybe I'll know when he bids me to wait— Maybe I'll know—in that sweet after-while!

A GENIUS FOR HELPING.

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the look-out to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and to look after his affairs for him. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you will always see the children climbing into his wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does no good to meet him on the street."

"I was in hope your father would say a good word for me!" exclaimed the hapless lover.

"He did," replied the young woman. "When I asked him if he wanted you in the family he said: 'Gracious heaven!'"

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to my county official as to my reliability. Wm. Beach, J. P., Primary, Campbell County, Tenn.

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

From Cradle to Grave.

LIFE'S MOVING PANORAMA ILLUSTRATED IN A NEW YORK STREET SCENE.

A living picture of life's moving panoramas was presented at Broadway and Twenty-third street last week. It was a procession formed by chance, but the utmost deliberation could not have made it tell a plainer story of life.

First came a wagon piled high with baby carriages—frail little vehicles to carry frail "pieces of humanity" as they began the uncertain journey over the tortuous ways of this world.

Then followed a pony cart carrying two laughing boys advanced only far enough in the great high way of life to realize that there was roses in the path but not to know of the thorns.

Behind the boys in a dogcart drawn by a high stepping cob, were two youths on the threshold of manhood. One wore on the lapel of his coat a college pin on a bit of blue ribbon, the other a pin of different design on a yellow card of silk. They were engaged in earnest conversation, apparently suggested by a highly colored theater poster representing a young woman who was advertised to appear on some stage.

A clanging gong was close behind, and a cable car crowded with impatient business men was hurrying its load to their posts to make the daily start in the wild race for money.

Next a handsome pair of horses, a stylish carriage, coachman and footman on the box, and in the carriage a round, red-faced man, past middle age, and beside him a richly arrayed woman trying to appear to be on the sunny side of that middle line. Prosperity was written on every part of the equipage.

Then came an ash cart, and its dust, borne on the wind, reached and annoyed the occupants of the carriage. The driver walked at his horse's head, bowed, but not with years, and his face bore the marks of toil, that had extended over his life since early youth.

Close behind the ash cart, with black horses, black plumes and a solemn visaged driver, came a hearse.—New York Herald.

A SHORTHAND JOKE.

Lawley (expert shorthand reporter)—I say James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of the lecture. Is it finished?

James (a novice)—All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is.

Lawley—Oh, just put in "great applause" and let it go.

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading:—"Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great Applause.)"

AN URGENT LANDLADY.

An aged lady complained to a London magistrate that because she was a little behind with her rent her landlady followed her to church and asked for it there. The landlady came into the pew alongside her, and when she was joining in the responses whispering to her about the rent. When it came to the response:—"Incline our hearts," the landlady would add:—"To pay our rent." The magistrate said it was very annoying, but there was nothing illegal in it.

MARY'S LITTLE RING.

Mary had a little ring, 'Twas given her by her beau, And everywhere that Mary went That ring was sure to go. She took the ring with her one day Off to the seashore, where She might display it to the girls Who were all clustered there. And when the girls all saw that ring, They made a great ado, Exclaiming with one voice, "Has it Just got around to you?"

AGRICULTURAL JOYS.

Now the merry, merry farmer getteth up at four o'clock, And he goeth out a feeding and a watering his stock, And he fighteth grubs and insects all the bright and smiling morn, For the worm is in the cabbage and the bug is in the corn.

Daddy and Me.

NO USE TO HOLD OUT HOPE TO A MAN IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

(M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.) I stood leaning up against an awning post in Hester street, watching the poverty of a summer's evening—the poverty, despair and desperation of the east side as it surged back and forth of hundreds of men and women—when a little hand softly stole into mine, and I looked down to find a girl of 12 standing beside me. She was bare-headed, bare-footed, ragged and unkempt—a fair specimen of scores of children on the block. I smoked my cigar a long minute, and looked down at her before she said:

"Come up and see him." "Who?" I asked. "Daddy." "Where is he?" "Fifth floor up—over there," pointing to a tenement across the street.

"Is he sick?" "Awful bad." She did not let go of my hand as we crossed the street, nor yet as we pushed our way through the chattering men and women on the steps and dodged the crying children sprawled out in the hall. Up the steep flights of stairs we went, side by side, neither of us saying a word until we reached the fifth floor. I had to stop there for breath, and she clasped my hand more tightly as she said:

"Can you tell when a man's going to die?" "I guess so."

She opened the door to a single room, in which was a miserable old stove, a deal table, two chairs and a wretched bed. It was lighted by the cheapest of lamps, and a blind man could have told that the place was the abode of poverty and despair. On the bed lay a man, whose ghastly face, shining eyes and thin hands told the nature of the disease at a glance. He looked at me curiously as I turned up the flame of the lamp and sat down at his bedside.

"He's come to see you, daddy," said the little girl as she took one of his hands in both of hers.

"Doctor?" he queried. "No." "Charity?" "I shall be glad to help you."

"It's too late!" he whispered. "I've been ailing for months and months. I've been lying right here for weeks and weeks, hungering, starving and suffering. The end has finally come, and you are too late!"

"Has no one given you aid?" I asked. "I've had the crutches they throw to dogs!" he bitterly replied. "If they'd given me work six months ago I'd have been all right. I tramped up and down and across, in rain and storm, but there was no work for me. What's a man more or less in the world? Who in New York cares whether a man is ill or well?"

"I'll bring a doctor and then see if I can't get you into a hospital." "It's days too late!" he replied.

"We've been all right, daddy, if they'd given us a show, wouldn't we?" said the girl as she gave him water in a broken teacup.

"Ay! Meg," he replied in a stronger voice. "All we wanted was work—show to earn our bread—a chance to live with others! But we couldn't get it. We've been driven from spot to spot—oriental—threatened—ground into the mud of the streets. It was cold and storm and starvation which brought this on me, and the end will come in a day or two more."

"And are you two all alone?" I asked. "Just daddy and me," replied the girl. "The rest are dead, and I thank God for it!" whispered the man. "I wish Meg was going with me!"

"What will become of her?" "Don't you know?" he fairly shuddered as he lifted his eyes to get a better look at me. "She'll be thrown out to wander the streets—to find friends among the wicked and vicious. I could die in peace but for Meg—but for thinking what will become of her!"

"Don't fret, daddy—don't fret about me!" whispered the child as she patted his head. "I'll find a place to work. I shan't turn out bad. I'm going to grow up to be a good woman like mamma was."

I wanted to say encouraging words to her, but they would not come. Of what use to hold out hope to a man in the shadow of death? In the five years I had knooed about the east side I had seen a hundred just such cases of woe and wretchedness and despair. The girl went down to the street with me to bring back food. She said never a word to me as she took my hand and we descended the stairs. When we were in the street she asked:

"Will daddy get over it?" "No, dear, he may die any hour."

I filled a basket with food at the grocer's and accompanied her back to the door of the tenement.

"It's awful good of you!" she said as she received the basket.

BALKED.

She—George Peterson, if you kiss me again I'll scream out loud. George (kisses her)—Good! I have never heard you scream out loud.

She—George Peterson, I won't scream out loud now, just to spite you.

FISHING DAYS OVER.

"Is your daddy doing much fishing these days?" "No, he's paralyzed an' he can't lie like he use to."—Atlanta Constitution.

A FAVOR INDEED.

"So you like him?" "Yes. He did me the greatest favor one man can do another."

ACQUIESCENCE.

"Since silence gives consent," he said, "I'll kiss you thus, yum, yum." And afterwards the girl confessed She felt as if struck dumb.

NOT LIKELY.

"Will your father make any objections to my proposing?" "I should think not! I have six sisters."

In order to introduce Chamberlain's Cough Remedy here we sold several dozen bottles on strict guarantee and have found every bottle did good service. We have used it ourselves and think it superior to any other. W. I. Morrey, Jarvisville, W. Va.

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

"Well my dear, what did you do at the sewing circle today?" "Oh, nothing much. We tore up a few reputations and sowed a few seeds of discord in the congregation."

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found so equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. Barrett, manager Le Saucr Sentinel, Le Saucr, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism.

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

Sapphira—Truth is stranger than fiction. Ananias—Yes, but that is because we meet truth so rarely.

Edith—What! Mr. Worth asked you to be his wife? Everybody says he is a woman hater. Kate—Yes, but I don't seem to be the woman.

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