

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895.

NO. 23.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS IN YOUTH Ayer's Hair Vigor

CORDIALLY INDORSED.
RESTORES
Natural Growth
OF THE
HAIR
—WHEN—
ALL OTHER
Dressings
FAIL.

"I can cordially indorse Ayer's Hair Vigor, as one of the best preparations for the hair. When I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, all the front part of my head—about half of it—was bald. The use of only two bottles restored a natural growth, which still continues as in my youth. I tried several other dressings, but they all failed. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the best."—Mrs. J. C. FARRISER, CONVERSE, TEXAS.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

je 13 ly.

Sweet Dreams!



Is she dreaming of orange flowers?
Is she writing a poem on love?
Is she building Spanish towers?
In the midst of anxious hours,
The sweet little innocent dear
NO, this Sweet Child is dreaming of
the wonderfully low prices at which the

Excelsior Printing Company

WELDON, N. C.

Is turning out ARTISTIC PRINTING of Every Description.

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

Write for samples and prices.

E. L. HAYWARD, PROPRIETOR.

N. Y. WORLD:

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION!

THE Trice-A-Week edition of the New York World has been converted into the Trice-A-Week. It furnishes 3 papers of 6 pages apiece, or eighteen pages every week, at the old price of One Dollar a year. This gives 156 papers a year for one dollar and every paper has 6 pages eight columns in all. The Trice-A-Week World is not only much larger than any weekly or semi-weekly newspaper, but it furnishes the news with much greater frequency and promptness. In fact it combines all the crisp, fresh qualities of a daily with the attractive special features of a weekly.

The Trice-A-Week World and the Roanoke News, 208 papers, all for only \$2 a year.

Mrs. H. A. Vick

Has just received a fresh lot of CANDY, plain and fancy. Also salines, mixed nuts, chestnuts, cocoanuts, apples, bananas, Florida oranges, plain and fancy cakes. Large assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Blue fly horses, wagons, carts, dolls, clocks, chamber sets, books by best authors, fine box paper, cigars, snuff, tobacco and many fancy notions too numerous to mention. nov 1 ly.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST,

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Offices over Eury & Pierce's store. 10-19-ly.

DR. W. J. WARD,

Surgeon • Dentist,

ENFIELD, N. C.

Office over Harrison's Drug Store. des 30 ly.

THE SWEET BYE AND BYE.

A CONVICT'S DREAM OF THE PEARLY GATES AND ST. PETER.

From the Chicago Blade.

Your fine paper is a great benefit to us unfortunate boys, as it is the only weekly that keeps us posted as to the happenings in the outside world. Enclosed you will find a few poetic lines written by a long-term convict in the State prison at Waupun, Wis.

Last night as I lay in my prison cell, Dreaming of angels so bright in the sky, I thought that I asked old St. Peter, the saint, If a convict could reach the Sweet Bye and Bye.

He said, tho' the path to that mystic region Was lilly and rough and dark all the way, Still, he would open the gates for a convict Who, truly repentant, might happen that way.

He told me about a wonderful cell-house Where men and women and children would stand Trembling before the Great Warden of Judgment Who knows every victim of Berillon's brand.

He said there would be no keepers up there, Or sorrow-faced mortals in wined suits of gray, Nor would I hear guards loudly cursing at me Who are tramping in lock-step day after day.

Millions of souls, and happy ones, too, He said would soar to the Throne in the sky, And there they would answer the roll call of Heaven, Forevermore dwell in the Sweet Bye and Bye.

He said, "If your fate is that of a convict, Condemned to a prison, in a cell there to die, Seek to pass Heaven's Great Board of Control, And St. Peter will lead you to the Sweet Bye and Bye.

Napoleon.

WHAT COL. R. G. INGERSOLL SAYS OF THE GREAT WARRIOR.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man.

I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of that greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating Europe. I saw him at Toulon; I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand.

I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia when the infantry of the snow and cavalry of the wild blast assailed his legions like the winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back from Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake the empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, when chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of his former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with him his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad solemn sea.

I thought of the orphan and widow he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes.

I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amaranth-kisses of the autumn sun, my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knee, and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment Is unequalled for Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Nipples, Chapped Hands, Itching Piles, Burns, Frost Bites, Chronic Sore Eyes and Granulated Eye Lids. For sale by Druggists at 25 cents per box.

TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Gray's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

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

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she is too young to show much reflection.

She Rebels.

THE YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN WANTS A CLUB TO FLEE TO.

From the Chicago Blade.

A young married woman, with gawdie-like eyes, astonished the writer the other day by declaring that she was just tired and sick of the present matrimonial conditions, and though she had no desire to be a new woman, she would just like a few changes in the lives of women who have promised to love, honor and obey.

"Where would you begin this great reformation?" we queried.

"Where it is needed most. I would just make it a rule that a woman had quite as much right to slam the door and go out, even in the evening, after a quarrel, as her liege lord. At present a storm begins to brew and the first thing you know his majesty remarks: 'Well, I'm not going to stay here and be nagged to death,' and he delightedly picks up his hat and vanishes from the scene, to return hours later, after the poor little wife has cried herself to sleep imagining all sorts of horrible things, his liege lord, and ready to say 'forgive me when he returns, even though she was in the right all the time, yet so fearful is she that he will go out again that she is quite willing to eat humble pie, though she does not relish the flavor of it one bit.

"And what does he do when he goes out, does he weep a single tear or have a single tiny quail of remorse? Not a bit of it. If he is a clubman, he goes there, and meeting a lot of congenial friends he forgets all about the sobbing one at home. If he has no regular mecca of this sort, he selects a cafe, or hotel corridor or drops in to see an act or two at the theater. He isn't at a loss for entertainment, and if finally he brings home a few soft shell crabs or a box of ice cream he puts himself on the back for his forgiving disposition and feels much incensed, if his wife is not appeased by these delicacies, which are meant to make her forget the length of his absence.

"He often declares that he never quarrels, for he doesn't allow himself to get into argument with his wife, and in consequence is considered a man with an unusually good disposition. His wife, however, is regarded with suspicion, her red eyes and his frequent outings giving rise to the belief that she is a temptress. No, indeed, I am not in favor of such a one-sided privilege, and I believe there are dozens of wives who feel as I do, and would gladly go out and forget their woe if there were only some nice, respectable place sanctioned by society as an outlet for temper, a penitentiary for matrimonial squabbles."—Philadelphia Times.

JUST UP AND KISSED HIM.

A young lady in St. Joseph, Mo., met a young farmer on the street the other day and took him in her arms and kissed him before he knew what was going on. She said in relation to the affair:

"I never saw the young man before, and I know he was a stranger before I kissed him; but I couldn't help it. When I turned around my eyes met his, and he looked so good, so noble, and so true, that I wanted to kiss him. I didn't think; there wasn't time to think. I only knew that I had met a real man, and I wasn't sure that I would see another one."

If this is to be a fad with the new women, what are the innocent and good men to do? They will be afraid to walk the streets without some kind of a protection, and handsome married men will be kept in a perfect state of agitation.

A TEST OF LOVE.

This tale is told in the orient: A lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was, "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "Oh, you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there. You will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to the sister, but found she was very ugly, so he came back in an angry mood and asked the lady why she had told him a falsehood. She then answered, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The man was surprised at this accusation and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me. If that had been true, you would not have gone to make love to another woman."

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had had colds followed his example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly.

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

Guardian of Lee's Tomb.

"UNCLE TOM" HIS OLD SERVANT, WORSHIPS THE GREAT LEADER'S MEMORY.

From the Westminster Gazette.

This is from the Westminster Gazette. The ominous number 13, which is still the cause of so much anxious perturbation from end to end of Christendom, has been "divulged" by a happy providence," says the Fife Herald, in a village of the Hibernian. The brave mother of a family of 12 children found herself about to become the mother of a thirteenth. The new baby, whether boy or girl, was destined, beyond all doubt to a life of ill luck. The parents eagerly consulted all the wise persons in the neighborhood as to the possibility of averting the disasters of a "thirteenth child" from the expected new citizen of the world. They found miserable comforters in all their friends, so they were driven to the forlorn hope that the child might be stillborn, and thus escape this world, and go straight into the limbo infantum, when the mother suddenly gave birth to—twins. The joy of the parents in the possession of 14 children instead of the dread 13 was exuberant, and the happy father invited all his neighbors to a generous christening feast, where the family and the commune were both congratulated on their deliverance from the misfortune of possessing "Ein Dreizehnter."

"Nor is it an easy task to guard and preserve these venerated relics from the profane and desecrating hand of the relic hunting vandal. Yet with the sharp, brave heart and strong arm of the faithful sentinel there remains Uncle Tom, a worthy defender of those sacred things. 'May his tribe increase!'

"And now let me report to whom it may concern what Uncle Tom's imparted to me concerning his relationship with that mighty captain of the valorous Confederate hosts. He began by saying in his dialect that he had enjoyed the proud privilege and distinction of being close to the great general in camp life for four years, and that never once, in all that trying time, had he ever heard him utter a cross, impatient or improper word to man or beast. It must be admitted that a relationship of so long a period as this, indeed, close connection, and who would be a closer observer of the great man's character and daily demeanor than that untutored brother of color? No never errie is a man likely to have than his own valet, body servant or cook; or, at least, the foibles and shortcomings of the man of mark could have no greater or more perilous exposures than that to the scrutiny of his servant under conditions such as those in which Uncle Tom served his 'beloved master,' as he is wont to call the great general. 'He was a master and a father to me, too,' said Uncle Tom.

"On one occasion in showing the statue to a party of seventeen northern gentlemen he told them, as usual, that his old master was the greatest general in the world and the best man.

"What! Do you, a colored man, say this of this man here in our presence?" asked one of the number.

"Yes, I would say that before ten thousand men," said Uncle Tom, and added: "If you all had had him for your wooden boss over your log legs it was."

"Then one young man in the party said: 'Yes, he was a good man, uncle, but he was on the wrong side.'"

"Thereupon an old soldier, who was present replied: 'But how many are there to think to the contrary, and this great man conscientiously thought of his living and dying a hero in the hearts of his countrymen, with the respect and admiration, too, of the whole north and all the world.'"

"Thus reinforced Uncle Tom said he enjoyed the speech of that good old soldier, once a brave adversary on the field of blood and strife. Then the young man retorted:

"Well, he got whipped anyhow."

"'Whup! whup!' blurted Uncle Tom. 'Does you call it whup, sah, ef when like as you was a goin' walkin' from here to do hotel, a whole parcel of men would set upon you and bind you down? Now, dat's de way de general was whup, sah, and only dat way.'"

"Then Uncle Tom told me personally that on some occasions 'De yankees had two hundred to one.' In telling him that I was in the old Stonewall brigade, early and late, he became fervently eloquent in laudations, the loudest and most emphatic, of my invincible old comrade.

"So, taking him through and through, I think it would be hard to find a more devout love for the South and its institutions than that of Uncle Tom."—Baltimore Sun.

John G. Mauger, of the Sunbeam, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov 1882, while he was mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as simple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be in every household."

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It is the wife of a bridge builder who should be named Bridget.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50c bottles.

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HER 13TH CHILD.

PROVIDENCE INTERFERED AND KINDLY MADE IT TWINS.

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THEY KNEW EACH OTHER.

IT'S A WONDER TO ME," SAID THE DEAR OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY AS SHE STOOD WAITING ON THE CROSSING, "THAT THEM ELECTRIC CARS DON'T RUN OFF THE TRACK SOMETIMES."

"They do, ma'am," said the small boy at her elbow, who saw his opportunity.

"Merry me, child, and how do the people keep from being run over?"

"They don't, ma'am. When one of them cars goes whizz off the track, there ain't time for anybody to get out of the way."

"La, sakes, child! Let me get up on them steps. Now, are you telling me the truth?"

"Shope to die, ma'am! But you ain't any safer on them steps than in the streets. When they take a notion, them cars can just climb any steps in this town. Honest, Injun, ma'am!"

The old lady turned and looked at the boy. She saw a frank face, on the surface of which a few freckles floated, mild blue eyes filled with innocence and just a twinkle of mischief.

But she had seen boys before and knew the trade mark. Before she had time to apply her cladded umbrella, the archie was gyrating down the street.

He had seen that expression on a woman's face before, and he, too, knew the trade mark.—Chicago Times Herald.

GENIUS WAS REWARDED.

A molly looking wayfarer knocked at the back door of a humble dwelling in the suburbs the other morning and inquired of the woman who answered the knock:

"Do you want your piano tuned today, ma'am?"

"Land sakes!" she replied. "We haven't any piano."

"Perhaps the freezing in your parlor neck touching up a little," he suggested.

"There ain't any freezing in the parlor."

A look of deep melancholy settled on the face of the tourist.

"I am very sorry," he said. "By doing this kind of work for our best people I make my living. I was hoping I might be able by the exercise of one of my callings in your tasty cottage to earn my breakfast."

"Land love you, come right in!" cordially exclaimed the woman, opening the door wide. "You're a greasy tramp, and I know it, but you've got talent, and I admit talent wherever I meet it. How'll you have your eggs—hard or soft boiled?"

HE WAS POSTED.

In North Carolina the judges of the superior courts "rotate"—i. e., ride each circuit of the whole State in regular succession. When Judge Shipp of one of the mountain circuits in regular rotation came to ride a circuit on the seacoast, he was much pleased with elms, which were new to him. He had a clam supper, with the result that he had a most violent attack and could not hold court for two or three days. When able to sit on the bench, the first case tried was an affray in which one man used a pistol and the other knicked him down with a clam—the shell. Manly, appearing for the State, introduced a witness to prove that one clam so used was a deadly weapon. "Stop there, Manly," said the judge earnestly. "the court will hear evidence whether or not a pistol is a deadly weapon, but the court knows without further evidence that a clam is!"—Green Bag.

REMARKABLE DEVOTION.

"If you die, I will sleep by your grave all the rest of my life." This remarkable love was made fifteen years ago to his sick wife by Edwin L. Morrison, at that time chief clerk of the Pennsylvania freight department at Miami, Ohio. He built a rude hut at the side of his wife's grave in the cemetery. Now Edwin L. Morrison, once the handsome railroad man, is old, wrinkled and sagged, but still sits in his rude hut by the side of the grave of the woman he loved so well. For fifteen years he has kept up this solemn vigil. In rain or shine, summer or winter, he lingers around the little spot where his loved one lies. Day after day during so many years, he has spent amid the gloom of this old grave yard. No strife of the outer world mars his calm existence.

DONTS AND DO'S FOR THE BABY.

Do keep your baby clean.

Do give him pure air at all times.

Do let him have a few spoonfuls of water several times a day.

Do not let everyone kiss him.

Do not let anyone jostle and shake and tickle him.

Do not keep him so warm that he cannot sleep. Babies, as a rule, are bundled up too much.

Do not neglect him, and then, when he cries for some needed attention, say that he is a 'herd,' and be tempted into nuisance." A healthy baby seldom cries when his wants are properly filled, and a sickly one certainly has a perfect right to make life a burden to those who allowed it to be so.

HIS PRESERVER.

There are many varying ideas of what gratitude is and in what way it should be expressed. It is reported that a soldier in the civil war—it matters not whether he was of the north or the south—meeting his former commander, expressed gratitude to him.

"Don't you know me?" he asked eagerly.

"No, my friend," said the former officer.

"Why, sir, you once saved my life!" exclaimed the other.

"Ah, how was that?"

"Why, sir, I served under you at the battle of—, and when you ran away in the beginning of the fight I ran after you, else I might have been killed. I've always thought of you as my preserver—my benefactor—bless you!"—Youth's Companion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VIGOR OF MEN

Fastly, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

MAGNETIC NERVEINE is sold with warrant and all the profits from early or later recovery, the results of overwork, worry, sickness, etc. Full strength, however, is not regained until every organ or portion of the body is improved, and the vitality is restored. Thousands of letters of praise on this medicine. Can be carried in vest pocket. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. One month's trial, \$1.00 in advance. Price \$1.00, 6 boxes \$5.00, with other literature for free. Money refunded if not cured. Sent to us for the Genuine. Circulars Free. For sale by W. M. COLLEN, Druggist, 5-11-ly Weldon, N. C.

NEW GOODS!

I will