

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, OCTOBER 17, 1895

NO. 27.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSUMPTION

By the Physicians
SEVERE COUGH
At Night
Spitting Blood
Given Over by the Doctors!
LIFE SAVED BY
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is quite strong and healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life, I have not the least doubt."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

S. H. HAWES & CO.

Richmond - Va.

aug 13m.

FINE GROCERIES

Family Groceries
CHEAP GROCERIES.
FRUITS & CONFECTIONERIES.

COME AND SEE.

Come one, come all, both large and small. Examine my stock, before buying at all. For my stock is complete and prices low. To compete with the products the farmers grow.

I thank my kind friends for the patronage of the past. And assure them all I'll be true to the last. And guarantee them in every respect—The goods purchased from me they'll never regret.

Therefore come all, both large and small. For I will deal honestly with you all. Do not delay, come right away—And make your purchases to-day.

J. L. JUDKINS.
dec 131 y.

DR. H. O. HYATT'S SANATORIUM

KINSTON, N. C.

Diseases of Eye & General Surgery

Patients Boarded at \$1 per Day.
sep 121 y.

MULLEN & DANIEL

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. Special office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

DR. T. T. ROSS,
DENTIST
WELDON, N. C.

Office over Emory & Pierce's store.
10-19-1y.

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

Office over Harrison's Drug Store.
dec 30 1y.

TURN FROM WHAT YOU SEE.

Eyes, turn from what you see,
The brighter world to see;
The world that here might be
If man were true to man.

Prayers for a brother's wrong,
Tears for a brother's hate;
So shall the weak grow strong,
The strong be truly great.

Deeds are as stars that glow,
Or cinders of the earth,
Showing the high and low
Degree of human worth.

Dark clouds are overhead,
They hide the bright sun's crest,
But they will change to red
Ere low he sinks to rest.

Each has his goal to gain,
His living part to do;
False to the trust, the pain
Is not for me or you.

The wealth or death of soul
Is not of human will,
God sees the rounded whole,
He marks the good or ill.

Turn, then, from what you see,
O eyes that too close see!
And pray the time may be
When man is true to man.
—James Riley.

Moonlight Tryst.

POOR MAMMA, IF SHE SEES
ME FROM HEAVEN, SHE WILL
NOT BE PLEASED WITH ME.

The garden wall, illuminated by the moon, is white amid the dark green shrubbery, the night air with a savor of dampness stirs the cluster of white flowers, and the shower of star-shaped blossoms, falls silently like perfumed snow.

A curly dark head peeps over the top of the ladder, and a voice that wishes to be firm betrays a slight tremor, hesitating between the syllables: "Ma'ia!"

"I am here. But, for heaven's sake, speak low. There is still a light in papa's room. Oh, dear me, I'm so frightened! I haven't any blood in my veins!"

"Come farther this way. Don't be afraid! Come under the shadows of the branches; so—no, farther this way!"

She advanced with little uncertainty, short steps. Her slender white figure, still almost that of a child, flies along the gravel of the path. She crouches trembling at the foot of the low wall, among the branches of drooping ivy, and looks up toward the laughing eyes which shine through the leaves.

"Oh, Alfredo! And if you fall and hurt yourself?"

"The idea! My poor little dove! You are all like this, you women! I, instead, difficulties animate me! They spur me onward; they electrify me! For you I would be capable of much more. Maria, do you care for me?"

"Yes. Speak low. I hear a creaking."

"It is the wind. Do you care for me? Swear it!"

"I swear it! Don't joggle the ladder. Look—oh, the latter is tottering!"

"I need your love in order to struggle against life! A mass of blockheads, of scoundrels of idiots! But we will triumph over everything if you will only—"

"What?"

"Be strong and faithful. Be my man, and my poetry."

"But I am. Only, you know, papa is so strict, he would like to have me play dolls yet, and he says that you—"

"What? Speak! I am prepared for everything. What did he say? I am superior to those trifles. Tell me!"

"That you are a naughty boy; that you would do better to be at your lessons, and that if he catches you—"

Interruption. The wind laughs among the trees with a soft little murmur of irony.

"Are you weeping, treasure? I will avenge your tears one by one!"

"Yes!"

The sweet, musical little voice is low in a stammer of sobs.

"Your father is a barbarian, a tyrant like mine, but no matter. Love is light, is power; it crushes obstacles, levels difficulties—in a few years you will be mine."

"Yes, but if you do not pass the examination."

"I shall pass it! A thing of no account! The teacher has a dislike to me—imagine what a beast! Maria, I have brought you something. I have kissed it so much. Promise, darling, that you will keep it always, you know, even when it shall be withered. Take it. No, your hands—no, your apron."

She holds forth her ample child-like apron, and he throws down, as a flake, a large velvety panny, with thick, soft petals, dotted with gold, which seem like the ardent eyes of a living person.

She takes it into her trembling little hands and places it upon her lips with idolatrous fervor.

"Swear to me that you will not be false to me," insisted the fervid lover of 15 years of age. "By the memory of your mother promise me that you will not be another's!"

She swears a little more loudly.

"Poor mamma!"

"If she sees me from heaven!

Beat The Blackmailer.

A SCHEMING WOMAN NEATLY
FOILED AND BADLY PUNISHED.

An attempt to blackmail a well-known Newark lawyer a short time ago was frustrated by his firmness and promptness of action, and punished in a novel way.

A fine looking and somewhat notorious woman, who keeps a saloon in an adjoining village, called at his office and demanded \$500. He promptly refused to give her a cent, and she threatened to go and call upon his wife.

"Go along at once," he said not believing that she would carry out her threat. But thinking, after she had gone, that she might do so, he called up his home on the office telephone.

He has two big, stout and faithful German girls employed as servants, and when one of them responded to the call he gave her a description of the adventures and told her to be on the lookout for her.

"When she comes," he said, "you let her in and take her to the reception room. Don't call my wife, but get Lena, and then both of you pitch in and give her a licking. Take broomstick or anything else to her, and after you have pounded her throw her out. If my wife asks anything about it, tell her that it is by my orders. Give it to her good."

The two girls were eager for the fray when the visitor arrived half an hour later. They conducted her to the reception room, made sure that the description tallied and then walked into the woman. She is the heroine of many fights, with her husband and with other men, but the two German girls were too heavy for her. She made a stiff fight in the little room, but emerged in five minutes with both eyes nearly closed and with insupportable bruises on her arms and body.

How the lawyer explained the matter to his wife is entirely a private matter. The girls could tell her nothing when she came down stairs and saw them throwing the visitor out, except that it was done "by order of the boss."—New York World.

TOLD HIM TO FORGIVE HER

AN ANGRY FATHER DECIDES TO TAKE
THE ADVICE OF A SPIRIT.

The following is a dispatch from Portsmouth, Ohio:

Two weeks ago Miss Mary Adams, aged 17 years, daughter of Spencer Adams, of Argentine, eloped with Samuel Covert, a neighboring young farmer, and came to this city to be married. The father followed, but arrived too late to prevent the marriage. Finding that the ceremony had been performed, he fell in a fit and for three days was unconscious. Arriving home, another fit ensued, and for a week he lay in a trance-like condition. At times he was apparently dead, but the mirror test showed that there was still a little life remaining.

Tuesday night he awakened as from a deep slumber, and his first word was his daughter's name. The latter was summoned, with her husband, and the old gentleman gave her forgiveness, saying that a spirit had instructed him to do so while he was asleep. It was some time before he could be convinced that he had been to all appearances dead for over a week. Young Covert and his wife were in the city to day, purchasing a household outfit, which will be paid for by the old gentleman.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

All good men don't make good husbands.

What we know about yesterday doesn't seem to help us much with to-morrow.

The world contains many "tired women" who wouldn't rest if they had the opportunity.

A woman won't lie for her own sake nearly so easily as she will for the sake of somebody else.

Nobody is mistake-proof.

Most sentiment is liable to milder if not carefully looked after.

Cupid shows his arrow through a pocket-book when he doesn't take aim.

A woman can't be any more constant than a man, but she can keep it up much longer.

Cupid is represented as a child, because an adult Cupid would be chased out of the country for reckless shooting.

Education is an acquired habit.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teaching, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. 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.

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She called the family dog, a large creature, with a penchant for human remains, and no man ever climbed a tree quicker than did the erring husband.—Nebraska State Journal.

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"The process is not a difficult one," was the reply. "I have always found it easy to remember songs and poems by a certain rule or method that I adopted a long time ago. Take any popular song, 'The Last Rose of Summer,' for example. It is a good plan to read it over and get the sentiment of the verse, which comprehends the idea of loneliness, the fading away of beautiful things and the lack of sympathy in sadness. The rose is blooming alone. Its companions are faded and gone. No flower or kindred is nigh to share its pleasures or answer to its sighs. This is the groundwork—the skeleton, so to speak—of the verse. Impress this firmly on the mind and familiarize the thought with the sentiment. Imagine the garden with the one rose and faded leaves all around. Once this is fixed in the memory it is comparatively easy to fill in the remainder of the words. This is one of the simplest and surest ways of committing the words of a song to memory."

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"On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this."

"I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness and even more serious threatenings by simply going through a breathing exercise—pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken your sleeping room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."—Ran's Horn.

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"That's gospel truth," replied the pedestrian, who was in a hurry.

"And I reckon you don't care much," the mendicant went on, quickening his pace to keep up with his victim.

"You've struck it again."

"Well, I'm the inventor of a machine that's going to revolutionize modern industry, and I've written a book that'll improve modern civilization anywhere from one hundred to five hundred per cent."

"I haven't any capital to invest."

"I don't want to sell any of it. But I want to save you money. Some day you or your heirs'll be called on to subscribe for a monument to me acknowledging the indebtedness of the human race to my intellectual endeavors."

"Well, I'll help pay for your tombstone."

"Ah, there's the point; both as a modest man and a utilitarian, I hold this monument in contempt. But it'll be forced on me. A dollar would be as little as you could decently subscribe."

"I'd give it."

"I'm sure you would. But my proposition is that you withhold the dollar, then and give me fifty cents for cash. That's a discount of fifty per cent for now—which in my estimation, is almighty liberal."—Washington Star.

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What's In A Name.

THE MINISTER THOUGHT
THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL.

Just after the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, Dr. Savage, a strong union man, was at one of his appointments to baptize some children. There was a large crowd, and a Southern nation brought her four children to the altar.

"Name this child," said the union preacher, laying his hand on the child's head.

"Simon Bolivar Buckner," was the reply, which caused a smile to come over the congregation; but the brave preacher went on with his duty.

"Name this child," taking the next in order.

"Pierre Gustav Toutant Beuregard," and the smile grew into a snicker, while Dr. Savage became red in the face. He baptized the young namesake of the engineer soldier, and went on with the ceremony.

"Name this child," he gasped, reaching for the third.

"Albert Sidney Johnson," came the answer.

The smile became audible. Heaving a sigh of relief, he took the fourth a little girl, whose gender he fondly supposed would preclude a continuation of heroic reproductions, and said:

"Name this child."

"Mary Stonewall Jackson Lee," came the response, that set the congregation into a roar, while the union person thought he had held in his arms the whole southern confederacy.—Troy Times.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," says Mrs. Hattie Mason, of Chilton, Carter county, Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

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

The empire puff sleeve is becoming to narrow shoulders.

HOW TO BREATHE.

A gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn how to breathe, and darken your room completely, and you won't need any doctoring."

"Learn how to breathe! I thought that was one thing we learned before coming into the world so terribly full of other things to be learned," the insomniae said, ruefully.

"On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this."

"I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness and even more serious threatenings by simply going through a breathing exercise—pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken your sleeping room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."—Ran's Horn.

A FINANCIAL DEAL.

"My friend," he said, in that deeply confidential tone, "you don't know who I am."

"That's gospel truth," replied the pedestrian, who was in a hurry.

"And I reckon you don't care much," the mendicant went on, quickening his pace to keep up with his victim.

"You've struck it again."

"Well, I'm the inventor of a machine that's going to revolutionize modern industry, and I've written a book that'll improve modern civilization anywhere from one hundred to five hundred per cent."

"I haven't any capital to invest."

"I don't want to sell any of it. But I want to save you money. Some day you or your heirs'll be called on to subscribe for a monument to me acknowledging the indebtedness of the human race to my intellectual endeavors."

"Well, I'll help pay for your tombstone."

"Ah, there's the point; both as a modest man and a utilitarian, I hold this monument in contempt. But it'll be forced on me. A dollar would be as little as you could decently subscribe."

"I'd give it."

"I'm sure you would. But my proposition is that you withhold the dollar, then and give me fifty cents for cash. That's a discount of fifty per cent for now—which in my estimation, is almighty liberal."—Washington Star.

DIED IN HIS COFFIN.

It is seldom that a man dies in his coffin, but that is exactly what old Barney Frickers, of Alliance, Ohio, did when he finally gave up the ghost. For more than 20 years "Old Barney" had been haunted with the idea that he was on the verge of the grave. Every evening he declared that he would never again see the sun rise. He constantly brooded over his queer hallucination, and never allowed himself to go to sleep without being carefully prepared for death and burial. Every night he robed himself in his grave clothes and solemnly laid down in his coffin and passed the night firmly believing and probably hoping that for him the day would never dawn again. Finally death came, but grim and sly as he was, he did not find "Old Barney" unprepared. The coffin in which this queer old character had so often been disappointed was of his own make, and it is said to have been a curiosity in itself, being literally covered with all kinds of patterns and sizes of allegorical carvings.

"Many of the citizens of Rainville, Indiana are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it.

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