

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, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

NO. 33.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tobacco.

No crop varies more in quality according to grade of fertilizers used than tobacco. Potash is its most important requirement, producing a large yield of finest grade leaf. Use only fertilizers containing at least 10% actual

Potash.

in form of sulphate. To insure a clean burning leaf, avoid fertilizers containing chlorine.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 25 Nassau St., New York.

Cotton States

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, Atlanta, Ga., via the

SEABOARD AIR LINE.

Leave Washington, D. C., daily, at 8:40 P. M. ...

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Run Down With DYSPEPSIA

STOMACH LIVER AND HEART AFFECTED. Almost in Despair But Finally CURED By Taking

AYER'S PILLS

"For fifteen years, I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst form. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew weaker and sicker, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest. My stomach, liver, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Ayer's Pills and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible suffering of dyspepsia as Ayer's Pills."—JOHN C. PATTERSON, Boston, Warren Co., N. C.

Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

AYER'S PILLS

Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

J. R. TILLERY

Weldon, N. C.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

For the sale of lands in Halifax, Warren, Franklin, Nash, Edgecombe, Northampton, Bertie and Martin counties.

Having become associated with prominent real estate people of the West, I am now prepared to negotiate sales of lands in the above named counties to western farmers and fruit growers.

Parties having lands for sale will please notify me.

je 27 6m.

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 13 1 y.

DR. H. O. HYATT'S SANATORIUM

KINSTON, N. C. Diseases of Eye & General Surgery. Patients Boarded at \$1 per Day. sep 12 1 y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HOWARD ALSTON, Attorney-at-Law

HALIFAX, N. C. sep 12 1 y.

DR. T. T. ROSS, DENTIST

Weldon, N. C. Office over Emory & Pierce's store. 10-19-1 y.

DR. W. J. WARD, Surgeon & Dentist

ENFIELD, N. C. Office over Harrison's Drug Store. dec 30 1 y.

A HOME ABOVE.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH W. HOLDEN.

MR. EDITOR:—I consider this touching little poem written by Joseph W. Holden, son of Governor Holden, the sweetest gem which has found its way to the public for many years. The sad end of the author and the pathetic story of his life makes it more impressive to those who knew this wonderful genius. The victim of "women and wine," he barely missed being great. Let us hope that forgiveness came with penitence and that he found a home.

"Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky,"

Oh, is there no home for the wounded and weary,

The heart that is broken, the eye that is teary,

The mind that is soiled and the soul that is dreary?

Oh, is there no home in some planet so high,

'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky?

Yes, God hath provided, a mansion above

Whose timbers were grown in the garden of lore;

Whose walls are as bright as the slices of the snow—

As the sheen of the shield of the sun in its glow,

He hath built me a home in some planet on high,

'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky.

He gave to my father a home on this earth,

But sin has discovered the ties of my birth,

And life is a shadow—a mist of the morning—

That fades from the hills with the light of the dawn;

Yet still there's a home in some planet on high,

'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky.

I know not the orb that will be my abode,

But I know it was formed by the hand of God,

That my mansion is empty and I must await

Till he shall command me to enter the gate—

Till the angel of death in mercy shall come,

To bear me to dwell in some planet on high,

'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky.

—News & Observer.

A Story of Franklin Pierce.

HOW HE GOT SPIRITUAL HELP AND AIDED AN UNEMPLOYED PREACHER.

Speaking of Franklin Pierce reminds me of a strange story I heard the other day. During the war a Presbyterian preacher in Missouri, who, by the way, was afterward in a Chicago pulpit, fell under the suspicion of the Federal authorities and was arrested as a spy. His name was Painter. Despite his protestations he was bundled off to Fort Warren, Boston. After being kept in confinement some months he was released, but in a pitiable plight. His clothing was worn out; he had no money, and, to make matters worse, his family had just arrived in Boston from the west, having been sent on by the military authorities. The poor man knew not what to do, but had recourse to prayer, in which he was joined by his good wife. They had no other place than the street in which to offer up their supplications, but this circumstance turned out to be in their favor, for their sad story was written up in one of the Boston papers, and a hotel keeper came forward with an offer to keep the minister and his family until they were able to find employment. Accordingly, Rev. Mr. Painter took up his residence with the hotel man and began looking for work. For some weeks he continued the search for employment and with such poor success that he was greatly discouraged.

When the outlook was at its darkest, a strange thing occurred. Rev. Mr. Painter was one day surprised to hear that a gentleman wished to see him. A very handsome dignified old man made his appearance and thus explained the purpose of his call:

"I have come to seek for spiritual advice and comfort. As you see, I am well along in years, and failing health reminds me I am not long for this world. My home is in New Hampshire, some distance from here, but there are good reasons why I do not wish to visit the ministers of the gospel in my own neighborhood. They would say I had been an unbeliever all my life and had turned to religion only from fear of death. It is not my wish to give them the satisfaction and reading in one of the papers an account of your experience I resolved to come to you. Will you pray for me?"

The two men instantly knelt, and Rev. Mr. Painter asked the mercy of God for his visitor. The old gentleman was visibly affected. Then two or three chapters of Scripture were read, and a general talk about the stranger's doubts and fears followed. Rev. Mr. Painter giving him much comfort. Next day the old gentleman called again, and this time himself asked the grace of God. After thanking the minister for taking an interest in his case he placed in Rev. Mr. Painter's hand an envelope, saying, "Do not open that until tomorrow." He then went away. Next day the envelope was opened, and in it were found two \$100 bills and a card on which was inscribed the name of Franklin Pierce, ex-president of the United States.—Walter Wellman in Chicago Times-Herald.

Croup is a terror to young mothers. To post them concerning the first symptoms, and treatment is the object of this item. The first indication of croup is hoarseness. In a child who is subject to croup it may be taken as a sure sign of the approaching of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles.

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

QUITE EXCUSABLE.

An exchange reports that the teacher of a city school received the following ample apology from the mother of an absentee:

"Dear mam: Please excuse Willy. He didn't have but one pair of pants and I kept him home to wash them and Mrs. O'Toole's great come and get them off the line and that set to be egg-cuse cumf, goodness nose. Yours with respect, Mrs. B."

How happy it would make us, No needful thing we'd lack, If we could but look forward As easily as back.

Henry Wilson, the postmaster at Weldon, Florida, says he cured a case of diarrhoea of long standing in six hours, with one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. What a pleasant surprise that must have been to the sufferer. Such cures are not unusual with this remedy. In many instances only one or two doses are required to give permanent relief. It can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take.

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

Southern Bells.

MORE NUMEROUS THERE BECAUSE SOUTHERNERS ARE POLITER.

Did you ever happen to remark how large a proportion of Southern ladies are belles? Our Northern idea of a belle is of a being in petticoats of such exquisite loveliness and grace that she shines conspicuous among her sisters and excites more than her reasonable share of masculine admiration. There are belles in the North. A ball may have its belle; a season may have its belle.

Charming young women who are special favorites in society are often spoken of as belles even in the north-west of Mason and Dixon's line. But whereas with us the title is ephemeral, the expression of a passing sentiment, and carries no very momentous weight, among our Southern neighbors it seems to represent an achievement of solid value and permanence.

In Kentucky or Virginia or Georgia once a belle seems to be always a belle. The title clings to its possessor, and long after the gayety of her youth has given place to sober charms and demeanor she is still described as that erstwhile belle who so dazzled her contemporaries.

Does the reader remember that he ever heard of a Kentucky girl who was not a great belle, or read an obituary of a Kentucky matron who was not described as "a great belle in her youth"? There must be more belles in Kentucky than in all the Middle States, though not more perhaps than in Virginia or Georgia.

Diagnose abundance in lovely women, but even her abundant possession of the raw material out of which belles are made seems hardly to account for this disproportionate development.

There must be some other reason for it, and there are grounds for the belief that such a reason exists in certain characteristics of the Southern man. It is asserted by women of experience who have been out in society in the South that, socially speaking, the Southern man is as different from the Northern man as men are from women, or fish from flesh.

The Northern man is polite (when he is polite), but the Southern man's politeness runs into gallantry. A Northern woman who has been the object of masculine attention in a Southern city is apt to remember it all her life, and to recall it with regret.

The Southern woman are belles because the Southern men make them so. That seems to be the secret of it. Northern men may smile at it, but Northern women will take it more seriously, and also, not improbably, that it happened so wish to them.

WOULDN'T HAVE TO.

"And you think," she murmured, "that we could be happy on your present income?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "I am sure of it."

"And you will not ask papa for money?"

"No. Your father and I played pool's last night. Unless he changes his ideas of the game I won't have to ask him for money."

GREAT MEMORY.

Schelsdorf, who had been telling the story of David, ended it with:

"And all this happened over three thousand years."

A little cherub, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought:

"Oh, my, what a memory you've got!"

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. A feller must feel thankful one time a year at least, No matter if it's 'possum 'stead of turkey at the feast; Be thankful that he's livin' 'neath a bendin' sky o' blue, That the good Lord is forgivin', an' perhaps'll see him through!

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.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A girl don't have to be athletic to throw a fellow over.

Sticking To Truth.

ADDITIONAL PROOF GOING TO SHOW THAT IT PAYS TO BE HONEST.

"Gentlemen," said the street fakir as he arranged his bottles on the table before him, "I did not come here to lie and deceive and rob you of your hard earned dollars. I have struck to the truth all my life, and though that is the reason I am a poor man I shall continue to speak the truth to the end of my days."

The crowd had been coldly surveying his preparations, but began to warm up a little over his address.

"I could tell you that this compound would cure Bright's disease, and in ten minutes every bottle would be sold, but could I sleep to-night with the weight of so much deception on my conscience? It will not cure Bright's disease. It would even hasten the end of a victim of that baleful complaint."

There were now a hundred men in front of the fakir, and at least half of them had their hands in their pockets in search of money.

"I could say that it was a pain killer," continued the man as he brought out more bottles from an old satchel, "but an accusing voice would be whispering in my ear forevermore. You might rub a barrel of it on you, and it would not effect a pain. I miss the sales of at least 50 bottles because I tell you the truth, but it must be so."

"Gimme a bottle!" shouted a dozen men in chorus as they held up their dollar bills.

"No, gentlemen, not yet. I will neither deceive you nor allow you to deceive yourselves. You are an honest, confiding people, and I might tell you that this discovery would stop a headache in five minutes, and you would believe me and hand up your money. It will not cure a headache. I even declare that it would make one ten times worse."

The number of men who now wanted a bottle was at least 20, but the fakir waved them aside and said:

Wait a minute. This discovery will not cure consumption after one lung is gone. It will not cure catarrh after the disease has a firm hold on the bronchial tubes. After both kidneys have wasted away it is no use to take it. It simply purifies the blood and thus—

"Gimme a bottle! Gimme a bottle!" yelled 50 men as they pressed forward, and in less than ten minutes the last one had been sold, and the fakir had the money in his pocket.

"As we went down on the train to Nashville that afternoon together I asked:

"After you have mixed water, molasses and alcohol together do you add anything else?"

"Yes—cayenne pepper to make it bite and the solemn truth to make it sell," he solemnly replied as he took out his wad of bills and spread them on his knee and started out to find the sum total.—Detroit Free Press

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Is unequalled for Eczema, Tetter, Salt-Heum, 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. Colly's Condition Powder. 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 by J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

SHORT ON TIME.

The electric car was running to the exposition grounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and was about fifteen minutes behind time, when a man appeared in the middle of the track, waving a red handkerchief excitedly.

The frightened woman brought the car to a sudden halt and yelled:

"What is thunder in the matter?"

"Nothin' tall," said the man—who was from the rural districts, and had decided to walk to the fair grounds—"I jest wanted to know the time o' day, an' how long it'll take me to git to wher' the show is!"

The motorman, the conductor and seven crazed passengers were about to demolish him, but voices from a dozen blockaded cars in the rear yelled: "Move on!" and the man from the country stepped aside, muttering:

"This is the darndest town I ever did see! Git mad as creation of you jest as 'em the time o' day!"—Continued.

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing so good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having a gripe he was himself troubled with a severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and then concluded to try the children's medicine and to his delight it soon effected a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles.

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

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST

In my heart there lies a casket, Filled by a hand of gold, And this casket holds a treasure, For its wealth could not be told. Long ago I hushed the sighing, Of this being, slumbering fast; Would you know the prisoned sleeper? 'Tis the Memory of the Past.

Love's fond prayer can wake it never, Snow white lids are closed for aye, And the lyre the trembling fingers Used to touch is hushed away, In oblivion deep and vast, And no hand shall break the fetters From the Memory of the Past.

Once the lyre, now hushed forever, In the silent, painless hands, Thrilled my heart with keening anguish Tilled I forged the golden band, Once my heart was bruised and leaten, As a rod before the blast, But its sorrows sleep forever, With the Memory of the Past.

Reasonable Request.

HOW A LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY COULD HAVE PROFITABLY INVESTED TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

A man with a red nose which looked chronic and had the air of being legitimately acquired called at the office of a life insurance company, and addressing the first official he happened to meet said:

"Sir, I am insured for five thousand dollars in your company."

"Well?"

"The policy, strange to say, is made out in the name of my wife. She has possession of it."

"Not strange at all, but eminently proper," said the official.

"And if I could get hold of the policy I would look it," continued the man with the red nose, "but she keeps it hid. I am here, however, for the purpose of making a proposition to you, and the whereabouts of the policy is neither here nor there. Are you open to a deal?"

"We are," answered the official coldly.

"Well, here is my plan. Since I can not raise any on that policy I spring upon you the following situation: 'Before tonight I shall be a dead man, and you will have to pony up that five thousand dollars.'"

"How do you make that out?" demanded the official, in tones of surprise.

"Simply because I can not get a drink," replied the policy holder. "If whisky is not forthcoming I perish. I simply lie down and stiffen out and you lose your money. A quarter of a dollar, however, will save my life and save you five thousand bones. Twenty-five cents fixes me and I live. Without it I breathe my last and prove a dead loss to you. If I survive, however, my wife will go on paying premiums, and who knows but what I may become a centurion?"

He looked anxiously at the official, but the latter seemed to be frozen solid.

"Do I get the quarter?" he demanded, after a pause.

"You do not," was the reply, in icy tones.

"That settles it. Make out your death claims and things. Fill up the check payable to the order of my weeping widow. Charge me to profit and loss." He walked heavily out.—Louisville Times.

BY THE DOCTOR.

The man who says that "talk is cheap" Perchance forgets the price That he has often to pay For medical advice.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest U. S. Government Food Report. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

STEEL WIRE FENCE BOARD.

A Barbless Horse and Cattle Fence; Rabbit Fence and Garden Fence; Rabbit Wire and Hog Fence; Yard, Cemetery and Grave Lot Fencing; an Old-Fashioned and Reliable Specialty. We Pay the Freight, Catalogue and Testimonials Free.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIGEON MILK

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. Cows in 1 to 14 days, immediately in effect; quick to cure. Can be carried in most pockets, all complete in tin small package. Sent by mail, prepaid, please send no money. For sale by W. M. COHEN, Druggist, 5-9-1 y. Weldon, N. C.

PETERSBURG DIRECTORY

COLD WEATHER COMING. SASH, BLINDS, and DOORS. CHIMNEY PIPE. For sale at BOTTOM PRICES BY PLUMBER & WHEELER, PETERSBURG, VA. sep 12 1 y.

CURRIER & UNDERHILL

BOSTON ONE PRICE