

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### SAW HIS DEAD FRIEND'S FORM.

A Ghostly Story of Judge Phillips, Of The Illinois Supreme Court.

Justice J. Phillips, one of the Judges of the Illinois state supreme court, re-elected recently, told a strange story not long ago of his experiences with a "spook." It was told at Hillsboro, Ill., his home for many years, and which is situated not far from the unquiet place where the spirit from the other world appeared. Many years ago he had a friend who was to him as Jonathan to David. Together they discussed almost every theme of science, philosophy and ethics. They paid one another frequent visits. Their homes were in towns several miles distant. On one of these visits the judge noticed that his friend seemed to be in unusually robust health, and he remarked about it. He was much surprised to see his friend grow suddenly serious and say, "I shall look you in the face again before I die." "Nonsense!" replied the judge. "don't talk of dying! You are good for a dozen years yet. I'm more likely to die than you are." His friend smiled and began a more cheerful subject of conversation, but as the time came to say goodbye he repeated his remark, "Remember," he said, "I have promised I will look you in the face again before I die."

Days and weeks passed on, and Judge Phillips soon forgot the speech, for he was not a man who placed much faith in warnings, signs and the like. One summer day his thoughts were far away from death or ghosts. He was riding with a friend over the smooth country roads of Montgomery county. They talked of the beautiful landscape, of golden wheat, green waving oats and forest trees beyond. The judge was driving. His companion was in the midst of a remark when suddenly the judge dropped the reins.

"Look!" he whispered. "There, over the dashboard!" he said. "I see nothing," said his companion. "What do you mean?" Judge Phillips sat as if spellbound, though his companion was unable to see anything but the empty air. Before him, for several minutes, there stood the image of his old friend who had said, "I shall look you in the face again before I die." He was there, life size, face, arms and shoulders, as if he were standing on air, just in front of the dashboard.

Judge Phillips does not often tell the story, but when he does he says, "I never saw a human being more plainly than I saw him standing there before me, and looking in my face." How long the vision lasted he could not tell, but at last it seemed to melt into air, and the judge picked up the reins and drove on. His friend was inclined to laugh at him, and he himself made no attempt to account for the strange happening. But early next morning he received a telegram announcing that on the day before, at the very time when he was taking his drive, his friend had died suddenly.

Was it a warning? Did his friend have a premonition when he said, "I shall look you in the face again?" Judge Phillips cannot explain the story. Its narration affects him deeply, and he probably has not told it to more than half a dozen persons, though it occurred years ago. He is not a Spiritualist, and no one would be ready to believe the disconcerting cheap delusions which are sometimes called Spiritualism. The only delusion which he admits having drawn from the weird incident is a negative one which he states in his habitually careful manner. "I am not prepared to say," is his conclusion, "that the dead under some circumstances may not revisit this world."—From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Blind-fold. A woman has no right to go blind-fold. It is not a matter of life and death. She has no right to shut her eyes to the plain facts of her physical being and the consequences of neglect. She has no right to be wretched and ill when she might be happy and free from pain. Women who drag through life weighed down by some torturing, dragging weight, or disease of their sex are not doing their full duty to themselves. They are not taking the means which enlightened science affords them of being well and strong and capable.

These special complaints from which so many women suffer are not necessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively cures even the most severe and obstinate cases. It is not a hazardous medicine. It is not a "cure-all." It is a scientific remedy devised by an educated and experienced specialist for the one purpose of curing the special diseases of women. Tens of thousands of women have been restored to perfect health by this wonderful "Prescription." In many instances they were actually given up as hopeless by physicians and family doctors. I have taken both your Golden Medical Discovery and your Favorite Prescription for chronic inflammation of the uterus and bladder," writes Mrs. M. A. Scott of Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn. "I also had stomach trouble which was terribly distressing. I have been cured of all. I had suffered untold misery for four years previous to taking your treatment, but began to feel the good effect at once."

Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," contains information of priceless value to women. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps.

### THEY WERE MARRIED.

The Old Lady Wanted The Notice Changed A Little.

The square-jawed woman with pinkish hair laid her umbrella on the editor's desk and took her seat on a pile of damp proofs. "Did a man," she said, "a man with a grayish goatee and a snaking manner hand in a marriage notice this mornin' for publication?" "He did," said the editor, "here it is. Mr. Samson Peters to Mrs. Haidah Hoskins. Is that right?" "The names is all right. It says Mr. Peters led Mrs. Hoskins to the hymeneal altar, don't it?" "It does."

"I thought so. I'm Mrs. Hoskins. That is, I was last night. I s'pose I'll have to be Mrs. Peters now. I want the style of that marriage notice changed. 'In what?' asked the editor. "I'll give you my reasons first. You see I've got some money and own a farm and two cotton gins. Anybody can see I don't need no husband. That Samson Peters is ridin' lazy, and no account generally. He ain't worth shucks. He ain't no more fit to take care of himself than a babe. He'll be a dead expense on my hands, for he'll never pay for his salt, and he owes me'n eighty dollars that I'll have to pay. But I don't keer how no 'bout a man gits, some woman or other's bound to try and git him. That sassy widow Albright been on his trail for four months, and one of the Simpson gals has been makin' eyes at him every Wednesday night at prayer meetin'." He's a mighty pore, humble kind of a covey to take in, but I knows my duty when it comes before me. That widow and the Simpson gal can't never git to crow over me. You just scratch out where it says Mr. Peters led Mrs. Hoskins to the hymeneal altar and say that Mrs. Haidah Hoskins annexed Samson Peters last night at 9 o'clock. p. m."

"THE END OF SORROW."

God has promised that a period shall be put to the reign of sorrow. "God will wipe away tears from all faces." (Isa. 25:8). Can we wipe away our own tears? Never. If any man dry his own tears, he shall weep again; but if God dry our tears our eyes shall never see the light. It falls therefore, to a consideration of this solemn question: What shall put an end to this sorrow? Shall we by frivolity drown our sorrows? Shall we banish our griefs by pre-empting our memory with things that die in their using? Or shall we say, "Thou living God of all joy, thou only givest an end to human woe. Make my heart glad, and then my face will shine; take the guilt away from my conscience and my nature, and then my tears will cease to flow?" This is interior work; this is a spiritual miracle; this belongs to the reign of God and the ministry of grace. We resign ourselves not passively and murmuring, but actively and thankfully to God, that He may make us glad with his own joy. The Lord awaits our consent to the drying of our tears.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

A colored Mrs. Partington lives in Georgia, and she talks interestingly. She is about seventy years old, and makes a great show of reading the Bible—though it is well known she cannot read a line.

The other morning she was seated on her front porch with a large family Bible open on her lap. Some one was passing, and saluted her.

"Good morning, Aunt Caroline." "Mawin', sub,—mawin'! It's right previous weather, sub." "Yes, rather previous." "De clouds hang so low, but look like dey 'bout ter have a colligation wid de air."

"Yes, it does look so." "Well, de Lawd! take keer on us, D. Bible say He dis-temper de wind ter de born lauds." "Is that the Bible you're reading?" "Oh, yes, sub!" "Why—it's upside down!" "Look here, mawin'!" said the old woman, indignantly, "d'at's you 'spose I knowed it? What difference do it make? De Bible is so plain, you kin dis read in any way!"—Constitution.

### HENRY CLAY.

All Who Heard His Pathetic Farewell To The Senate Were Moved To Tears.

John F. Coyle writes of Henry Clay's farewell to the Senate in the September Ladies' Home Journal, regarding it as the most dramatic event witnessed in the United States Senate. Almost from the opening words of the famous valedictory the vast assemblage of people were in tears, and the "Great Commoner" was frequently interrupted by the sobs of his auditors. "The scene was indeed impressive as Mr. Clay pronounced the concluding words of his farewell to public life," says Mr. Coyle. "He stood for a moment after in reverential attitude, while all about him strong men, swayed by the magnetic power of the great orator, wept in silence. The hushed surprise of intense feeling and attention pervaded the crowded assemblage, as the famous statesman, with lowering eyes, resumed his seat. For several moments the silence was unbroken; Senators sat as if in the shadow of some impending calamity; men of all parties seemed equally overcome by the pathos and majesty of the great statesman's farewell."

"As Mr. Clay rose to leave the chamber after adjournment, which discreetly followed his address, and after he had said farewell to all the other Senators, he encountered Mr. Calhoun. The eyes of the whole assemblage were fixed on these two old friends and old political antagonists. There was a pause in the demonstration which awaited Mr. Clay—the moment of suspended anticipation was almost painful. For five years they had been estranged, and the only words which had passed between them had been those harshly spoken in debate. But now, as they met the old time came over them. They remembered only the political companionship of twenty years' standing. The intervening differences which had chilled their hearts toward each other were forgotten. The tears sprang to their eyes. They shook each other cordially by the hand, interchanged a 'God bless you,' and parted. The released suspense which awaited this fearful scene found vent in shouts and cheers, which were taken up by the crowds outside the Senate chamber, expecting Mr. Clay's appearance. He was surrounded by the waiting thousands on his way to his carriage, and throngs followed him even to his hotel."

A WARNING.

"William, dear," a Washington woman, whose husband is prone to oversleep himself, "it is time to get up."

The only response was a yawn. "William, dear, you'll have to get up if you don't want to be late in getting down town."

"Yes." She left him a little while, and, coming back found that he had relapsed into slumber again. Shaking him, she said, "William!"

"What is it?" "If you don't get up this minute, you'll be so rushed getting away that you won't have time to find fault with the breakfast,"—Washington Star.

DIFFERENT.

"I suppose your daughter is just like mine—rather ride a wheel than eat." "Not exactly, but she would rather ride a wheel than cook."

### WOMAN.

Reflections Of A Bachelor.

Some women wear corsets on their brains. No woman can be sick very long without getting religious. The only really happy animal is a goat. He can eat anything. You can always judge a girl by the number of rings she doesn't wear. If women looked like fashion plates, the men would all commit suicide. A man is known by the company he keeps and a woman by her relatives. It is probable that none of the man sions in heaven will ever smell of soap suds. The older a child gets the less sure its mother is what it is going to be when it grows up. If the devil knows his business he won't burn them all; he will nag at the worst ones. There is only one thing worse than a man who whistles, and that is a woman who hums. A girl can never decide which she enjoys most—taking a baby out walking or having a good cry. When a man is short he admits it, but a girl makes the stripes on her skirt run the other way. It's the same feeling that makes a man bet on a horse race that makes a woman go to an auction. After she has spent a certain amount of time with a man a girl always considers it wasted unless he has proposed to her. When a woman gets to thinking how it would be if her husband had married some other woman, she always feels so sorry for him. Most every bachelor will admit to himself that he would once have married a girl if he had been sure he wouldn't have to marry her family. A baby can keep a man awake all night and it's all right; but if a man keeps the baby awake ten minutes all the women folks in the house call him a brute.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption.

This is the best medicine in the world for all forms of Coughs and Colds and for Consumption. Every bottle is guaranteed. It will cure and not disappoint. It has no equal for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Cold in the Head and for Consumption. It is safe for all ages, pleasant to take, and, above all, a sure cure. It is always well to take Dr. King's New Life Pills in connection with Dr. King's New Discovery, as they regulate and tone the stomach and bowels. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or return money. Free trial bottles at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

WHAT PLEASURES A WOMAN.

It pleases her to be called a sensible little woman. It pleases her to be called a well-dressed woman. It pleases her to be told that she is fascinating. It pleases her to be told that she improves a man by her companionship. It pleases her to depend on some man and pretend she is ruling him. It pleases her to be treated courteously and with respect and to be talked to reasonably. It pleases her to be treated sensibly and honestly, to be consulted and questioned, and not to be treated as a butterfly with no head or heart. It pleases her to be loved and admired by a man who is strong enough to rule and subdue her and make his way her way, to lead her and take care of her.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind., "Sun," writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Kleenex. Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation and Sick Headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down could not eat nor digest food, had a headache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed her strength. Price: fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

The diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of high moment both to character and opinion.—Hawson.

The youth who starts out by being afraid to speak what he thinks will usually end by being afraid to think what he wishes.—Mardon.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—Pope.

Labor rises us of three evils—itch-someness, vice and poverty.—Voltaire.

In business three things are necessary—knowledge, temper and time.—Feltham.

Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens.—Daniel Webster.

Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—Washington.

### "A COLLISION."

A Bull and a Train Have a Tussle—No One Hurt.

Near a station on the Southern between here and Raleigh, an excursion train Thursday had a collision with a bull, a cart and a negro man, in which, however, no one was hurt. The train was going into the station and had blown for a crossing just above the place. Just as the engineer rounded a curve leading to it he saw the obstruction on the track. He put on his airbrake, but could not stop. The whole lay out was knocked some twenty feet or more, but by the time passengers reached the spot the little speckled bull was up and grating grass, while the old negro man was scratching his head and trying to restore his thinking eye to its normal condition. A gentleman from Greensboro was the first to reach him. Asked as to how he came to be on the track, did he hear the train, he said: "Yes, boss, I heard de bell and de whistle, I heard it plain."

"Then why did you not stop—what made you go on the track?" "Well, you see boss, it's dis way. Dis here little bull I wuz a driven is a queer bull, he is. Ef you pulls him or fools wid him, tryin' to stop him, he is just apt to go on stop, or as apt to stop as to go on. I knowed dis and de truth is I wuz afoard to do anything, so I jist let him alon, and I dun played de fool too."

A prominent railroad man was standing by and heard the conversation. "You say you heard the bell and the whistle of the engine?" he asked. "Yes, sir, boss—I did dat." "And you let the bull go right ahead onto the track?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you remember this, old man, and if you ever come into a court house and swear differently the devil will sure get you."

"Cum party nigh gettin' me dis time, 'pears to me," said the old fellow.—Greensboro Record.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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

GOOD BY.

"I find it impossible to express myself," stammered the swell youth from the city. "Never mind the express. An accommodation train leaves in twenty minutes," answered the fair country maiden.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, 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 at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

CLEAR REPLY.

"How did you make out in that last speculation of yours, Blowzy?" "None of your business."

"Sorry that you lost, old man."

A Cure For Bilious Colic.

Resource, Soreen Co., Ga.—I have been subject to attacks of bilious colic for several years. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the only relief. It acts like a charm. One dose of it gives relief when all other remedies fail.—G. D. Sharp.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Edinboro.

AN OLD MAN'S NOTION.

"It's a woman, not a man, you see in the moon," shouted the female orator. "I guess she's 'bout right," interrupted a patrician in the back part of the hall, "what's the reason the blamed thing's so changeable?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim. As the swift years steal away. Beautiful, willowy forms so slim. Love fairness with every day. But she still is queen and bath charms to spare. Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

### Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

### Ayer's Hair Vigor.



No A. Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a mirror, 12 ft. in length. The four outside corners connected, and fixed and firmly unmovable. It measures 4 x 42 inches when closed and 6 feet long when opened. Special Price,

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The early bird—You know the rest.

### MEYER IS

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