

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1897.

NO. 31.



Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the terrier here. Wieldon carried the story far and wide. It was a well-known fact that the entire city of Wieldon had the same type name and his own initials that all now know. This was just beginning the life of time. With its curves of go 30 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
is the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy, they can't imitate the record!

50 Years of Cures.

No. 22. The square oak writing desk is polished black. It has a Finch bevelled glass top and a deep drawer. Attached are French leather upholstered armchairs. \$3.95 is our special price for this desk.

We will mail anyone free of all charges, our new 12-page Special Catalogue containing Furniture, Draperies, Linen, Household Goods, Stationery, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriers, etc. It is the most complete catalog ever published. Price 10c postpaid. All postage. One lithographed carpet is shown. Many others in colors, sizes, and shapes. We have many articles never wanted, mail us in samples. There is no reason why you might not buy your furniture from us. Send money when you can pay by mail. Drop a line now to the money-savers.

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PROF JAMES HARVEY,

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all Chronic Diseases.

All who are suffering with any BLOOD TROUBLE, would be wise to call on or address by mail. Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

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224 POUND SACKS OF SALT FOR

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Correct prices and polite attention to all.

W. M. HABLISTON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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10-96-14.

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Yesterdays in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Actions made in all parts of North Carolina.

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DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST.

Weldon, N. C.

Office over Eason & Bierce's store.

10-18-14.

HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD

Bob Bartlett Tells Why People Don't Go to Church.

Bartlett hits many a nail on the head. How like human excuses are the following:

"So you are not going to church this morning, my son?"

"Ah, yes! I see. The music is not good; that's a pity. That's what you go to church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay the better music we demand."

"And the pews are not comfortable. That's too bad—the Sabbath is a day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week the more rest we claim for on the Sabbath."

"The church is so far away; it is far to walk, and you detest riding in a street car, and they're always crowded on the Sabbath." This is, indeed, distressing sometimes I think how much farther away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description. I wonder how some of us are going to get there."

"And the sermon is so long, always. All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street car, with hundred other men, breathing an intense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, hang on a strap by your eyelids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the sermon scratch hand will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into your ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the dandiest game, you ever saw played on that ground."

"Ah, my boy! You see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sabbath morning. My son if you didn't think you ought to go you wouldn't make any excuse for not going. No man apologizes for doing right."

"Yours too hot to go to church," was the decided examination of Mrs. Doolittle, the other Sabbath. "Oh, but she went up town on Monday to attend a fire sale of goods, and, indeed, the crowd was great and the weather so hot that several ladies well-dressed before they could get relief Mrs. Doolittle crowded in and stood for two hours, waiting to get a chance to buy two smoked-up handkerchiefs at five cents a piece which formerly were sold for fifteen cents, and, indeed, she came home and made three calls among her neighbors to tell them how cheap things were selling up at the fire sale—Christian World."

"WHO COULD MOVE IT?"

The good people of the town of E. are talking of moving their meeting-house to a more agreeable locality. Among the advocates for the movement were more earnest than old Deacon A., who, by the way, had an uncontrollable habit of sleeping in church. No matter how interesting the discourse, the old deacon was sure to drop off about such a time. On the Sabbath preceding the day appointed for moving the house, the pastor preached an interesting sermon on "The Rock of Ages." Growing eloquent in his remarks, the minister finally added, with great emphasis: "Who can move it?"

The deacon, having been asleep as usual, woke up just in time to catch the query, and thinking the pastor referred to the meeting-house, rose up in his seat and exclaimed: "I'll bring over my yoke of steers, and they'll jerk it along the whole distance, so that you will plenty of hard wood rollers under it." The deacon never slept in meeting after that.

EASTERN DAILY PRESS.

EVERY BOY IS A PRINCE.

It is our firm conviction that if we can properly implant in the mind of every boy the fact that he is born a prince we will make him possess of a truth, that will be a mighty force in helping him to build, adorn and defend a noble character.

She demanded to be told what he came of them, and the professor explained that, as they had made a good deal of noise, he had put them to bed without waiting for or calling a maid.

"I hope they gave you no trouble," she said.

"No," replied the professor, "with the exception of the one in the ear-hole. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

The wife went to inspect the ear.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Johnny Green, from next door!"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

EVERY BOY IS A PRINCE.

It is our firm conviction that if we can properly implant in the mind of every boy the fact that he is born a prince we will make him possess of a truth, that will be a mighty force in helping him to build, adorn and defend a noble character.

This truth opens the way for high ideals and noble aspirations. The boy may not reason but he will dream. And what human visions this truth will hold before him! All he reads and hears of primeval characters will take deep hold upon him and from such dreams awakening he will set his ideal aims in splendor and last them on in patient endurance.

History reveals the fact that boyhood's dreams are often fulfilled in manhood's reality; it is the one perfect and positive specific for every deranging of man's special organism. It is a scientific and permanent cure for those chronic, complicated cases which doctors usually consider hopeless. It is the only medicine of his kind devised by an educated and skilled physician.

Mrs. Sarah E. Raines of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "In a letter to me she says: 'It was in the fall of 1881 that my sufferings commenced. It was close to my time of confinement. I took the grip, and suffered dreadfully, and when I gave birth to my little boy I kept getting worse. I suffered dreadfully, and when I gave birth to my little boy I kept getting worse. I was advised by a lady to try your medicine, and I paid a sum of money for it. I took it, and it cured me of my disease. I had taken of the Golden Medical Discovery. I had taken two-thirds of the medicine when it first came, and it was very good, and still continues to get better. In a short time I felt like another woman. I gained weight, and am now in full possession of my vigor. This is true, and I thank you for my medicine that saved my life.'

Dr. Pierce's 100-page illustrated book, "The People's Medical Adviser," sent postpaid, free for the cost of mailing, and at one-cent stamp on cloth-bound 31 stamps. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CASTORIA.

The first-class signature

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The first-class signature

DIFFICULTIES

All Men Were Created For A Grand And Noble Purpose.

The man who has no difficulties to encounter in life never has much of a hand in the battles of life. The greatest trouble about difficulties is not the difficulties themselves but the proper way to overcome them. No life is smooth all the way through. Even the little tot at his mother's knee often has difficulties to encounter. The young man with energy and perseverance often has severe struggles before he accomplishes anything.

Honey is sweet, and, to many, very valuable, but often the painful sting of the busy bee is felt before it can be obtained. It is very difficult to ascend a high mountain, but when you have reached the summit nature places before your vision the magnitude of God's handwork and you behold with awe and admiration. You have a great work before you and in order to accomplish that work properly you have many difficulties to encounter; and it may require years of hard labor and study to surmount them, but you must make an honest effort to get up the hill. All men were created for a grand purpose, but that purpose is often hidden by the alluring devices of the devil.

It is strange that men should fight against all good natural impulses and choose to do the very things that are hurtful to them for time and eternity, and yet this is the case. Men will go to political speakings and stand on or sit upon the ground for hours and listen to political abuse and vulgar slang, but when at church, if the preacher speaks more than a half or three-fourths of an hour, they are much fatigued and promise themselves not to sit so long again. There is but one reason that can be given for this and that is that they do not like good substantial truths. Every preacher has difficulties of this nature to contend with, but this is not all. His flock persist in doing those things which the discipline of the church positively forbids; they solemnly vowed when they joined the church to keep, observe all the rules. One of the great difficulties about church membership is the opposition without the possession of religion. It may not be a very difficult matter to present a good face to your fellows, but the day is coming when you shall be sick at wheat, and then your days of leisure will cease.

One side of the little chap's head was already shorn of his long locks, and the tailing tonsorial artist held another ear at full length. "Slop" went the shears. The little woman gasped, and a big tear rolled down her cheek. She ducked it off, but another followed it. She didn't look away again, but the barbers' task was nearly finished before she turned herself to speak.

Then she swallowed hard, tried to smile and said in a strained, wobbly voice:

"They're almost gone now, baby."

"Yes," responded the youngster, with a smiling countenance at his reflection in the mirror. "I guess Dick won't call for a little girl any more."—Detroit News.

THE LOVE LETTER.

The other evening a Detroit joker slipped a little pink love letter into the pocket of a stout old citizen, as they were riding along in the street car. Of course, the citizen's wife made a dive for his overcoat pocket as she passed through the hall, and when she had digested the love letter she determined to commit suicide. When going up stairs after her husband she gasped and changed her mind. Walking into where he sat before a cheerful fire she exclaimed:

"Loves you better than her own self eh?"

"Who—what?" he inquired.

"And wants to know how that bald-headed wife of yours gets along, eh?"

"And wants \$900 to buy her a set of fur, does she?"

"Why, Mary—what are you talking about?"

"Oh! It's come out—I've got the proofs she shouted, making a dash for his hair.

The worthy old man has sworn the most solemn oaths of his innocence, offered to employ a detective to shadow him, accounted for every hour of his absence last year, and furnished fifty theories in regard to the letter, and yet the wife coldly remarks that she is staying there solely on the children's account.

Doing two things at a time is not so difficult a feat as is sometimes supposed. When people slip up, don't they go down?

BUCKLIN'S ARMY SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corus, and all Skin Erptions and poisons. It cures Fissiles, or no man's land, and positively cures Ulcers, or no man's land, and positively cures Fissiles, or no man's land.

It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at W. M. Clark's Drug Store.

HER ADVANTAGE.

Your daughter has an angelic disposition."

Yes; we always let her have her way about everything."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, white teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves 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.

CASTORIA.

The first-class signature

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THE SACRIFICE.

It Made Mamma Sad, But the Baby Glared And Was Glad.

She was a sweet little woman, with big brown eyes and a pretty air of determination and hardly summoned fortitude as she led a 4-year-old boy into an up-town barber shop. She took off his hat and dashed lovingly for a moment with his long yellow curl. Then she spoke to the man in the first chair, but her voice faltered and fell, and no one else could hear what she said.

In a minute the little chap was perched atop of a hassock placed in the chair, a big apron was around his neck, and the barber with comb and shears in hand was preparing to begin his work.

The little woman stated herself resolutely with her face to the street and gazed straight out at the stream of teams and carriages that fills Woodward Avenue just before noon, but she didn't seem to see anything of the long procession.

"Stop, stop, stop," went the shears, and still she looked straight ahead before her. Then her hand began to turn slowly, but before the fatal clair came in view she had recovered her nerve and straightened herself with a little shiver, fixing her gaze once more on the opposite side of the street.

But that couldn't last long. Her hands were beating nervously on the arms of the chair, and a great strain was evident. "Stop, stop, stop," went