

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, JANUARY 20, 1898.

NO. 38.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. Did you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's. It cures.



No. 203. This elegant oak writing desk in polished mahogany finish. It has a large level top, a deep drawer below, and a deep drawer below. French legs, finished in mahogany. \$3.95 is our special price for this desk.

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md.

PROF. JAMES HARVEY,

is a SPECIALIST and AUTHORITY on 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.

PROF. JAS. HARVEY, 425 Church St. (New No.) Norfolk, Va.

W. T. PARKER,

DEALER IN Heavy Groceries and Fancy Farm Implements. 224 POUND SACKS OF SALT FOR \$1.10 PER SACK. Correct prices and polite attention to all.

W. M. HABLSTON & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, and Mattresses, etc.

IMMENSE STOCK AND LOW PRICES. W. M. HABLSTON & CO., No. 20 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va. 10-19-17.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES H. MULLEN, WALTER E. DANIEL, MULLEN & DANIEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. Special office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday. Jan 7-17

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

Office over Eury & Piers' store, 10-19-17.

In The Beginning.

"GO WORK FOR YOUR LIBIN"

De Divil Tempted Eke, and Eke in Adam a Bite.

"My text, landerens and siteren, will be found in de first chapter ob Genesis, and de twenty-seben verse: 'So de Lor' make man jus' like Hese!'"

Now, my braderen, you see dat in de beginning ob de world de Lor' mak Adam. I tald you how he mak him: He mak him out ob clay, an' he sot him on a board, an' he look at him, an' he say 'First rate,' and when he get dry, he breathe in him de breath ob life. He put him in de garden ob Eden, and he sot him in one corner ob de orchard, an' he tald him to eat all de apples 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for winter apples.

Byne-by Adam he got lonesome. So de Lor' mak Ebe. I tald you how he mak her. He gib Adam ledlum, till he gib sound sleep; den he bouge a rib out of de side and make Ebe; and he sot Ebe in de corner of de garden, an' he tald her to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem de winter apples.

One day de Lor' go out a 'visitin', de devil come along, he dress himself in de skin ob de snake, and he find Ebe; an' he tald her: 'Ebe, why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard?' Ebe say, 'Dem de Lor's winter apples.' But de devil say: 'I tald you for to eat dem, case dey's de best apples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple an' gib Adam a bite, an' de devil go away.

Byne-by de Lor' come home, an' he missed de winter apples; an' he call: 'Adam! you Adam!' Adam he say: 'So de Lor' call again: 'You Adam!' Adam say: 'Hea, Lor' an' de Lor' say: 'Who stole de winter apples?' Adam tald him he don't know—Ebe he expect. So de Lor' called: 'Ebe! Ebe say how den de Lor' call again: 'You Ebe!' Ebe say: 'Hea, Lor'. De Lor' say: 'Who stole de winter apples?' Ebe tald her she don't know—Adam she expect.

No de Lor' catch 'em bill, and he grow dem over de fence, an' he tald 'em, 'Go work for your libin!'

"Down Brakes, and Reverse!"

When a train is discovered rushing on to a frightful collision, it is a thrilling incident in the engineer's whistles.

brakes and reverse this lever. Brakes alone are not enough; the whole propelling power of the engine must be reversed and made to work in the opposite direction. That is how it is sometimes with disease.

There are times when the system is fighting along the track of disease as sure a frightful pace that no ordinary methods will prevent disaster. There are plenty of medicines which act merely as brakes to "slow up" the disease and put off disaster for a little while; but that isn't enough. What is needed is a medicine that will instantly reverse the entire wasting, degenerating process.

When people are losing flesh and strength and vitality, with the life ebbing out of them day after day, they need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which acts directly upon the vital forces, completely transforms the entire nutritive organism and totally reverses the wasting, debilitating process which is at the root of all diseases.

Removes the digestive and blood-making organs to supply the circulation with an abundance of pure, healthy, red blood. It stops the wasting of tissue, builds up solid muscular flesh and healthy nerve-force.

Miss Mary Whitman of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "For nearly ten months I have had a bad cough, and instead of getting better, it grew worse, until I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I hesitated at first, but it seemed to me nothing would give relief until I had tried it. I had never seen a bottle, and I was sure to have consumption. I tried one medicine and before I had taken it twice, there was great change. When the second bottle was empty I had no cough and was a great deal stronger."

Don't think because a soft answer turns away wrath that it will turn away sick peddlers.

Don't imagine you are a veritable Samson and try to accomplish too much with a jaywhebe.

Don't think for a moment that the office ever has to seek the man on pay day.

Don't forget that it is always better to swallow insult and bitter pills without showing.

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.

A Mother's Plight.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Pathetic Christmas Incident Where Poverty Was King.

One of the big dry goods stores in Milwaukee was thronged with buyers on Christmas eve when a forlorn looking woman was noticed in the act of concealing a few cheap toys under her ragged shawl. A policeman was called and covered with shame over her disgrace, the unfortunate creature was taken to the nearest police station. The sergeant in charge happened to have a heart in his bosom, and doubtless inspired by the spirit of the hour, he made some inquiries before looking the arrest and sending the prisoner to a cheerless cell. The woman told her story, her voice broken by frequent sobs. She was a widow with three children and earned a mere living by washing. Her earnings for the week had not been sufficient to allow her to buy any Christmas tokens for the expectant little ones, and, desperate at the thought of breaking their little hearts by coming home empty-handed, she had gone into the crowded store and stolen a few little trinkets to take to them. Of course, she was a self-confessed thief, but the police sergeant had children of his own, and he thought a bit before putting her name on the disgraceful record book. Then he told the woman to go home and sent an officer with her to verify her story. It was all too true. The three little ones were found in a humble cottage, hovered around a little stove with the last remnants of fuel in it, hungry and so cold that their bare feet were cuddled in the oven of the stove. The facts were made known to the manager of the big dry goods store and his heart also beat in unison with the generous Christmas spirit, which had actuated the police sergeant. Not only did he refuse to prosecute the charge but he ordered a package of toys, and a big basket of provisions sent to that humble little cottage, and the unfortunate mother's grief and humiliation were changed to surging raptures while three little children joyed a Christmas the like of which had not even entered their wildest dreams.

Who shall say that this touching incident is not a perfect realization of the true Christian spirit, which had its birth in a manger in Bethlehem 2000 years ago—Minneapolis Tribune

"DON'T."

Don't imagine that the hotel runner runs the hotel.

Don't argue with a way; it always carries its point.

Don't invest in an alligator hide pocketbook. It's a skin.

Don't condemn a bridge until it has been tried by its piers.

Don't run into debt as long as you can find anything else to run into.

Don't believe the man who vows he likes you, nor the girl who says she doesn't.

Don't imagine a hamlet is a little ham just because a streamlet is a little stream.

Don't give your best girl a pair of skates for Christmas if your rival skates better than you do.

Don't forget the men who marry widows never make mis-takes.

Don't judge men by their looks. Past-looking men are often slow pay.

Don't meet trouble half way. It is capable of making the entire journey.

Don't bother yourself as to a man's meaning when he tells you he has a boss wife.

Don't think because a soft answer turns away wrath that it will turn away sick peddlers.

Don't imagine you are a veritable Samson and try to accomplish too much with a jaywhebe.

Don't think for a moment that the office ever has to seek the man on pay day.

Don't forget that it is always better to swallow insult and bitter pills without showing.

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.

The Tomb of Abraham.

NEARLY FORTY CENTURIES OLD.

He Was Buried In The Cave of Macpelah and the Mohammedans Are Keeping All Heretics Out.

But of far greater interest than the pool of Hebron is an object now enclosed by the massive walls of a Moslem mosque. The Christian traveler may survey their exterior at a respectful distance, but if he places the slightest value on his life he should not try to enter the inclosure. Beneath the mosque, which these high battlements surround, there is a cave. It is the cavern of Macpelah, which Abraham, on the death of his wife, Sarah, purchased as a family burial place, nearly 4000 years ago. Here he himself was also buried; and later on, within this cave were laid to rest Isaac and Jacob, with their wives—Jacob's body having, at the patriarch's request, been brought from Egypt to be placed there by the side of his wife, Leah. Moreover, since it was embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians, his features probably remain well-preserved to-day.

It is humiliating to admit that neither Jew nor Christian can today stand beside the tombs in which repose the founders of the Hebrew nation. But this is the fact, for the Mohammedans guard with jealous reverence the tomb of Abraham for whom their name is "The Friend of God." It is a singular coincidence that such a title should be given him by Moslems, for in the epistle of St. James we read: "Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness; and he was called the Friend of God." Of course no illustrations of the tombs themselves can be obtained so long as such restrictions exist; but one may view at least the entrance to the patriarch's sepulchre, guarded by solid masonry and iron bars. By a special firman from Constantinople in 1862, the Prince of Wales was admitted here, attended by Dean Stanley. In 1865 a similar favor was accorded to the Marquis of Bute, and three years after to the crown prince of Prussia, the late Emperor Frederick. One can imagine, therefore, what chance is there for ordinary tourists to enter.

According to the accounts of those who came here with these princely visitors, the tombs of Abraham, Sarah, Jacob and Leah are in separate apartments lined with marble and approached through silver gates. The place of honor, in the centre, is occupied by the tomb of Isaac. Between the tombs of Abraham and Isaac is a circular opening; and it appears probable that the structures which are seen are merely modern enclosures, the actual sepulchres being in a subterranean cavern at a still lower depth. The floor of the inclosure is covered to some depth with pieces of paper, which represent the accumulation of centuries. They are written petitions to Abraham, which pious Moslems have dropped through an aperture above.

"Is this the real cave of Macpelah?" we inquired. "Can this be the actual tomb which Abraham acquired forty centuries ago, with all the formality and care revealed in the description given of that bargain in the book of Genesis?" It seems at first incredible, but there are many arguments in favor of its genuineness.—John L. Stoddard.

The Greatest Discovery Yet.

W. M. Reple, editor Takilwa, Ill., "Chief," says, "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experienced with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is ideal to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

"Does your wife object to your staying out so late at night?" "A little; but what really raises her wrath is for me to come home so quietly that she doesn't know when I get in."

The progressive ladies of Westfield, Ind., issued a "Woman's Edition" of the Westfield News, bearing date of April 3, 1896. The paper is filled with matter of interest to women, and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to the sex: "The best remedy for croup, colds and bronchitis that I have been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles.

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

An Uncertain Disease.

There is no disease more uncertain in its nature than dyspepsia. Physicians say that the symptoms of no two cases agree. It is therefore most difficult to make a correct diagnosis. No matter how severe, or under what disguised dyspepsia attacks you, Brown's Iron Bitters will cure it. Invaluable in all diseases of the stomach, blood and nerves. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

The Death of Beethoven.

"I MUST HAVE HAD SOME TALENT."

Pathetic Story of The Last Time He Ever Played.

[New York Mail and Express.] Beethoven had been deaf for twenty-five years, when, in 1827, a letter reached him at Baden from his nephew, the being dearest to him on earth. The young man wrote from Vienna, whence he looked to his uncle to extricate him. Beethoven set out at once, but his funds were so low that he was obliged to make the greater part of his journey on foot.

He had gone most of the way, and was only a few leagues from the capital, when his strength failed. He was forced to beg hospitality of a poor and mean-looking house on the evening. The inhabitants received the ill-tempered-looking, dark, gruff-voiced stranger, with the utmost cordiality, shared their meagre supper with him, and then gave him a comfortable seat near the fire. The meal was hardly cleared away before the head of the family opened an old piano, while the sons each brought forth some instrument the women, meantime, beginning to mend the linen. There was a general taping up and then the music began. As it proceeded the players, the women, all alike, were more and more deeply moved. Tears stole down the old man's cheeks. His wife watched him with moist eyes, and a pathetic, faraway smile on her lips. She dropped her needlework, and her managing daughter forgot to find fault. She was listening, too.

The sweet sounds left only one person unmoved. The deaf guest looked on at this scene with yearning melancholy. When the concert was over he stretched out his hands for a sheet of the music they had used. "I could not hear, friends," he exclaimed in hoarse tones of apology, "but I would like to know who wrote this piece which has so moved you all." The piano player put before him the Allegretto in Beethoven's symphony in A. Tears now stole down the visitor's cheeks. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I wrote it; I am Beethoven. Come and let us finish the piece." He went himself to the piano and the evening passed in a true delirium of pleasure and pride for the dwellers of that humble musical home. When the concerted music was over, he improvised lovely songs and sacred hymns for the delighted family, who remained up far into the night listening to his playing.

It was the last time he ever touched an instrument. When he took possession of the humble room and couch allotted to him he could not sleep or rest. His pulse beat with fever. He could not breathe. He stole out of doors in search of refreshment, and returned to bed in the early morning, chilled to the heart. His friends in Vienna were communicated with and a physician summoned, but his end was at hand. Hummel stood disconsolate beside his dying bed. Beethoven was, or seemed to be, unconscious. Just before the end, however, he raised himself and caught the watcher's hand in both of his own. "After all," Hummel, "I must have had some talent," he murmured, and then he died.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50¢ a bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

"The trouble with your wife, Mr. Spudds," said the physician, "is lack of exercise." "What can I do for it?" "I would put in a telephone, and then she will be kept busy delivering messages for the neighborhood."

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema. The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cad's Condition Powders are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

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

CASTORIA.

For Infants and Children.

Castoria is a safe and reliable medicine for infants and children. It is a mild laxative and purgative, and is equally effective in all cases of constipation, colic, and other ailments of the digestive system. It is a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

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

Your Boy.

GOOD ADVICE TO FATHERS.

No One Can Tell What Is In a Boy—Never Despair.

You do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed, clothe him, love him. He is a boy, and most boys are bad. You think him so light hearted, and fear he is light-headed as well. Remember, he calls you father. When he played in your lap you fondly hoped he would be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger, and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport, and makes him impatient of serious things, rattling, playful, thoughtless, you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish, and make him feel you are disappointed in him. He is your boy, and you are to live with him. He bears your name and is to send it on down the stream of time. He inherits your fortune and fame, and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It may be difficult to govern him, but be patient. He may seem averse to everything useful and good, but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger his mental and moral nature may extend and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in that way is money spent in vain. There is nothing in him, he has no pride, no ambition. You don't know. No one can tell what is in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindled spark, and unfanned flame, a smouldering fire, a latent energy, which the teacher's may stir, the association of books may arouse, develop, and direct, and thus start your boy going with such energy, that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost round in the ladder of fame.

If you cannot educate him, let him educate himself. That will make him strong, a giant with whom none dare interfere. Such are the best men in the world. The greatest benefactors of the race have stooped their shoulders to bear burdens, have carried hands hardened with labor, have endured the fatigue of toil. Many such are in our minds now. Labor conquers all things. The old Roman was right. We see it in a thousand instances. Labor makes the man. No boy ever came to be a man, the noblest work of God, without labor. This is God's great law; there is a divine philosophy in it. Let your boy work; if he will not work, make him work. There is no progress, no development, no outcome, no true manhood without it. We must work.

Father, be kind to your boy. We know what a mother will do. Thank God! A mother's love, a mother's prayers follow us still; and the memory of her anxious tears shall never fade out during the succession of years.

Finally, but not least, pray for your boy. God hears prayer. Do the best you can. Commit all you cannot do to God and hope. Never despair, for no one knows what is in a boy.—Southern Farm.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all kinds of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man ever respects a woman who does not respect herself.

The hen is a good example of perseverance, but an example you can't always see.

In olden times people multiplied upon the face of the earth. Now they use slates.

It is said that matrimony ends a woman's existence, but the man who acts as a mother for a baby carriage is still in the push.

It's the custom of advertising that brings customers.

The man with the most sand is the one who gets the girl with the rocks.

Talk is cheap—especially when you make us of your neighbor's telephone.

CASTORIA.

For Infants and Children.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

And it can be easily told by their TRADE MARK—

THE RED Z.

WOOD'S SEEDS TESTED AND TRUE. WOOD'S SEEDS are specially grown and selected to meet the needs and requirements of Southern Growers. Wood's Descriptive Catalogue is most valuable and helpful in giving cultural directions and valuable information about all seeds specially adapted to the South. VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, Grass and Clover Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Seed Oats and all Garden and Farm Seeds. Write for Descriptive Catalogue. Mailed free. T. W. WOOD & SONS, SEEDSMEN, - - RICHMOND, VA. THE LARGEST SEED HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.

C. SODARO, Weldon, N. C.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic FRUITS!

Of Every Description. Jamaica Bananas, Pine Apples, California and Florida Oranges, Lemons, Malaga Grapes, also Patapas Flour. Jan 13-3m.

The Early Bird Never gets Left

Meyer, the Hustler, is in the SWIM all

the year round—early and late.

1898 PRICES

Make things hum. Too many goods left over. They MUST go. Call early and get the pick.

S. MEYER, Ag't., - - Enfield, N. C.

This Design

of Engine is best adapted where you have but a limited space to set it. We can, however furnish you with a horizontal engine, plain or Automatic - should you prefer.

Write us if you even think you may need an Engine or Boiler.

THE R. R. MACHINE SHOPS, Roanoke Rapids, N. C. F. H. TREACY, Superintendent.

COOPER'S WAREHOUSE,

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

Is Still In The Lead.

We secure the HIGHEST PRICES, for all grades of TOBACCO.

TOBACCO.

Every customer's wants are met, if possible, and every needed attention and courtesy rendered. Good prices obtained every day. Bring us your tobacco and we will send you home happy.

C. C. COOPER,

Rocky Mount, N. C.

sep 30 4t.