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, FEBRUARY 10, 1898. NO. 41.

Fifty Years Ago.

No theory of germs to chill
Affection's budding blisses;
When ardent lovers took their fill,
No microbes on their kisses.
How happy they were not to know
The germ-fad—50 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is the standard family remedy of the world for colds, coughs and lung diseases. It is not a palliative, and is not therefore put up in small cheap bottles. It is put up in large bottles for the household. They cost more but cure more.

Fads come and go but no theory or fad can overthrow the fact, that the greatest cure for all colds, coughs and throat and lung diseases, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

50 Years of Cures.

No. 293. This quarter-sawed oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a drop-answer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.

$3.95 is our special price for this $10 desk.

(Mail orders filled promptly.)

We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112 page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Dry-goods, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our lithographed Carpet Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 5c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-savers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Baltimore, Md.
Please mention this paper.

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 so adapted to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

PROF JAS HARVEY,
425 Church St (New No.)
je 17 1y. Norfolk, Va.

W. T. PARKER,

—DEALER IN—

Heavy and Fancy Groceries

Farm Implements.

224 POUND SACKS OF SALT FOR $1.10 PER SACK.

Correct prices and polite attention to all. aug 1 1y.

W. M. HABLISTON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Furniture,

CARPETS, STOVES,

and Mattresses, etc.

IMMENSE STOCK AND LOW PRICES

W. M. HABLISTON & CO.,

No. 30 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.
10 96 1y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES N. MULLEN. WALTER E. DANIEL.
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. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday. jan 7 1y

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST

Weldon, N. C.

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

It isn't much trouble for a really healthy man to be good humored. Infinity and exhuberant health are a proverbial combination. The hearty man who is always laughing doesn't have any trouble with his digestion. It has been said that laughing makes people healthy. The truth is that health makes people laugh.

It is impossible to estimate the tremendous influence of health upon human character. A man with a headache will not be in a happy, contented frame of mind. A man who suffers from a weak stomach and an impaired digestion will sit and grumble through the best meal ever prepared. A bilious man who is not a boor, is deserving of a place in a museum. A nervous man who is not petulent and fault finding is a curiosity. All these conditions lead to grave diseases, when the victim becomes not only disagreeable, but dependent as well. A wise wife will realize that while the old saying that a "man's heart is in his stomach," is not literally true, it is a fact that his stomach sweetens or sours his character according as it is healthy or unhealthy. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of medicines for the conditions described. It makes the weak stomach strong, the impaired digestion perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood and tones the nerves. It tears down half-dead, inert tissues and replaces them with the firm muscular tissues of health. It builds new and healthy nerve fibres and brain cells. It dissipates nervousness and melancholy and imparts mental elasticity and courage. It is the best of all known medicines for nervous disorders.

"Through your skillful treatment I am once more a well man," writes J. N. Arnold, Esq., of Gandy, Logan Co., Nebr. "I suffered for years and could not find relief until I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I suffered with constipation and torpidity of liver which resulted in irritation of the prostate and inflammation of the bladder. I had only taken one bottle when I found great relief. The medicine has effected a permanent cure."

G. Gump & Sons,

GORDON Baltimore Rye

AND

G. P. R. Maryland Rye

"A Gentleman's Drink."

W. W. KAY,

Sole Agent,

Weldon, N. C.

dec 2 3m

Advice To Boys.

LEARN TO BE HONEST AND UPRIGHT

Always Take the Bible for Your Guide and You Will Never Go Astray.

Boys, go to school as long as you can, and remember that every hour spent in study in youth will be worth money to you in after life.

Read good books. Make yourself acquainted with history. Study the progress of nations and the careers of men who have made nations great. Do not waste your time reading trashy books.

Learn to be truthful. Truth, my boy, is the only foundation upon which manhood can be based.

Make good use of your time, and put off nothing for to-morrow that ought to be done today. Whatever you do, do it with a will, as anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Keep good company or none. Learn to read well and all the good books that time will permit. There is something elevating in good books.

Learn to be honest, upright and straightforward in all things. Blessed is he that walketh uprightly, for he walketh surely.

Make yourself useful in whatever situation you may be placed.

Have a will and determination of your own. Be just, generous and persevering, and never give up anything until you have thoroughly tried it.

Keep your conscience clean, and be assured that a clean conscience and a good name will be worth more to you than all the riches of the world.

Stand upon the edge of this world ready to take wings and fly to that beautiful and happy home beyond the river. Let all of your actions be based upon the great principle of right, and never venture into any action unless you have God with you.

Always take the Bible for your guide, and you are sure not to go astray. Dr. Buchanan says that he who puts the Bible into the hands of a child gives him more than a kingdom, for it gives him a key to the Kingdom of Heaven.—E. B. L.

A Pathetic Story.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER'S LAST CALL

Aroused the Noblest Feeling in the Heart of One Who Was His Enemy.

A pathetic story of the civil war was related by the corporal of an Illinois regiment who was captured by the Confederates at the battle of Wilson's Creek, and is repeated in "Women of the War."

The day before this regiment was ordered by General Lyons to march toward Springfield, the drummer of the company fell ill. There were no one to take his place, and while the captain wondering how he should supply the lack a pale, care-stricken woman appeared at his tent door, begging an interview. She brought with her a little boy of twelve or thirteen years, whom she wished to place in the regiment as drummer boy.

"Captain," she said, after the boy had accepted, "he won't be in much danger, will he?"

"No, I think not," replied the officer. "We shall be disbanded in a few weeks. I am confident."

The new drummer soon became a favorite, and there was never a feast of fruit or other hardly procured dainties that "Eddie" did not get his share first. The soldiers were stirred by the child's enthusiastic devotion, and declared that his drumming was different from that of all the other drummers in the army!

After the engagement at Wilson's Creek, where the Federals were defeated Corporal B——, who had been thrown from his horse, found himself lying concealed from view near a clump of trees. As he lay there with his ear to the ground, he heard the sound of a drum, distinct but rather faint. In a moment he recognized the stroke of Eddie, the boy drummer, and hastened toward the spot whence the sound proceeded. In a clump of bushes, propped against a tree he found the boy. His drum was hanging from a shrub within reach, and his face was deadly pale.

"Oh, corporal," said he, "I am so glad you come! Won't you give me a drink of water, please?"

The corporal ran to a little stream close by, and brought the child a draught. Just at this moment there came an order for the retreat, and the corporal turned to go.

"Don't leave me," said the little drummer, "I can't walk. See!" and he pointed to his feet.

The corporal saw with horror that both feet had been shot off by a cannon ball.

"He said the doctors could cure them," continued the boy, pointing to the dead body of a Confederate soldier who lay beside. "He was shot all to pieces, but he crawled over and—tied—my legs up—so they—would—wouldn't bleed so!" And Eddie closed his eyes wearily.

The corporal's eyes were blinded by a mist of tears as he looked down. The Confederate soldier, shot to death, and in the agonies of the last struggle, had managed to take off his suspenders and bind the boy's legs above the knees!

As the corporal bent down to raise the child, a body of Confederate troops came up and he was a prisoner. With a sob in his voice, he told the story, and the Southern soldier tenderly lifted the wounded drummer on to his own horse, swinging the drum before him. When the little cavalcade reached camp Eddie was dead, but the little drummer's last call had aroused the noblest feeling in the heart of one who was his foe, one whose last act was an effort to save and succor the boy enemy who was faithful to his duty.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters, and to my great joy and surprise the, the first bottle made decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

THE SILENT TONGUE.

Mary had a little tongue
That never spoke a word.
And as Mary was quite talkative
This statement seems absurd
To school one day she took it,
Within a sandwhich white;
And all the children did exclaim:
"Oh, say, give us a bite!"

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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

He Got The Milk.

KINDNESS OF A GREAT MAN.

A Story Showing The Sympathy And Simplicity of Professor Child.

Twenty years ago the writer, with her young child, was on her way to Washington in midwinter. Instead of reaching that beautiful city early in the morning, as was expected, the train was stalled in the night by a terrible blizzard. After the height of the storm was over it took hours to dig away the heavy snow that buried, not only the rails, but the whole world apparently. Slowly and laboriously the locomotive crept on, and we were still 200 miles from Washington when the church clock struck 8 in a village where we halted. Men jumped up to see if there were time to get a cup of coffee; nervous and anxious women clamored for tea, and I cried with the rest, "Oh, if only I could get a glass of milk for my little girl!" "Impossible," said the brakeman, who was passing through the car; "we shan't be here but a minute."

Paying no heed to his words, a gentleman of striking appearance, whose fine face and head I had been silently studying, hurriedly left the car and disappeared upon the snowy platform. "He'll get left," sneered the brakeman.

The train moved on feeling its way through the huge white banks on both sides. The gentleman had evidently been traveling alone, for no one seemed anxious because he did not come back. The cars were hardly in full swing, however, when he jumped aboard a little out of breath, dusted with snow, but self possessed and calm, holding carefully a tall glass of milk, which he gave to the wee girl beside me. My stammered thanks for such unexpected kindness from an unknown traveler he brushed away with a wave of his hand. "But the glass?" I insisted, knowing it could not be returned, as we were now thundering onward. "Is yours, madam," he replied, settling himself into his seat, paying no more attention to us. But later in the course of the dreary forenoon he motioned to the little lass to come to him, which she willingly did. He lifted her to his side, and with his arm round her she cuddled up against him, and for two hours he whispered stories into her ear, so low that no one else could hear, but the delight of which was reflected in her dancing eyes and smiling lips.

At Baltimore the stranger disappeared, and a gentleman across the passage from us leaned over and said, "Do you know who has been entertaining your child so charmingly, as indeed only he could?" "I haven't the faintest idea." "Professor Francis J. Child."

So many years have flown since then that the little lass herself writes stories now—perhaps faraway echoes of those she heard that wintry day when Professor Child made summer in her heart but the tall, thick depot tumbler still stands on the high shelf of the cupboard, too sacred for any use, save as a memento of the kindly chivalry of a great man to a little child.—Atlantic's Contributors' Club.

The Discovery of the Day.

Aug. J. Bagel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and today stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

PRAYER.

Prayer is a key to open the gate of heaven, and let grace out, and prayer is a lock to fasten our hearts, and keep grace in. Prayer is a messenger to fetch that holy seed out of the garner above; and prayer is the former and latter rain to make it grow beneath. Prayer waters it to come, and prayer wins it to tary. Prayer is the invitation of that noble guest to our house, and prayer provides for the entertainment of it. Prayer presents it a being in us and prayer supplies it with a blessing. There are pray continually, if thou wouldst grow continually.—Adams.

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. Cady'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.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A Mother-Made Man.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TALK.

His Mother Brought Out The Good That Was In Him.

A wealthy business man not long ago paid a visit to his native town, a thriving place, and while there was asked to address a Sunday School on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring if you would tell the story of your life," said the Superintendent. "Are you not self-made man.

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles. You went into Mr. Wilson's office when you were only ten"—

"So I did, so I did. But my mother got me the place. While I was there she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and, when I got discouraged told me to cheer up and remember that tears were for babies."

"While you were there you educated yourself"—

"Oh, no, not all! My mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she did her work. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing book, ugly with pot-hooks and hangers, into the fire and she burnt her hands in pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that, as soon as you saved a little money, you bought some fruit and began to sell it at the railway station?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollections.

"Yes," he said, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sundayschool good. The second lot of apples I bought for sale were specked and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. That night, after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down to the cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"They look well on the outside,' I thought, 'and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them; and as soon as they are gone I'll get some sound ones.'

"Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"'Ned,' she said, in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those speckled apples?'

"'Sell them,' stammered I, ashamed to advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat and I shall be ashamed to call you my son,' she cried promptly. 'Oh, to think that you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!' Then she cried; and I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you would remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers care more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that their mothers may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity that they have won for their children, for mine didn't."—Episcopal Recorder.

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.

DON'T LIE.

"James," said the milkman to his new boy, "d'ye see what I'm a-doin' of?"

"Yes, sir," replied James, "you're a-pourin' water into the milk."

"No I'm not. James, I'm a-pourin' milk into the water. So if anybody asks you if I put water into the milk, you can tell 'em no. Ailers stick to the truth, James. Cheatin' is bad 'nough but lyin' is wuss."—Pick-Me-up.

Mr. Ward L. Smith, of Fredericstown, Mo., was troubled with chronic diarrhœa for over thirty years. He had become fully satisfied that it was only a question of a short time until he would have to give up. He had been treated by some of the best physicians in Europe and America but got no permanent relief. One day he picked up a newspaper and chanced to read an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. He got a bottle of it, the first dose helped him and its continued use cured him.

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

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

The Little Ones.

DON'T REPROVE AT BED TIME.

Send Them To Bed With a Sweet Kiss On Their Lips.

To send the children happy to bed should be one of the mother's most ordinary tasks. No little one should dread the bed-time hour, nor fear the dark, nor be allowed to go to rest under a sense of disgrace or alienation from household love. Whatever the child's day time naughtiness may have been, at night he should go to rest with mother's kiss on his lips, and her tender voice in his ears.

Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime. The mother does well to be a little blind at some things, remembering that a good deal of childish culpability is superficial only, and washes off almost as easily as does the dirt which the evening bath removes from the skin.

The main thing with children is to have them well started with good principles, which they will carry through life. Obedience, truth, unselfishness, purity, are essentials, and these can be lovingly cultivated, and will flourish in the right home atmosphere.

When the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low, the room quiet for the mother, or nurse, or the kind auntie, who is still found in some fortunate houses, should have a little fund of stories on which to draw for the small listeners' pleasure before they embark on the train for dreamland.

Imagination is very active in little children, and occasionally one meets a mother who does not understand the child's world, having forgotten her own early days and their illusions, or who is afraid that fancies and imagenes will lead her child into deceit. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practised in our dealings with children, and they themselves should be taught to shun equivocation and every form of lying, still we need not fear to let imagination give them pleasure.

They early learn to discriminate between the false and the true—or perhaps it would be better to say they learn to find the truth wrapped in the husk of the story. The same stories with variations, have in all ages and climes, been taught to children, and they have their origin in the needs and heart of the race. Children thrive on stories, and are the better able to grasp other literature if early fed on these.—Philadelphia Times.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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

ON HIS KNEES.

A member of the house tells a story on Senator Mason concerning a lady who keeps a local boarding house. The senator boarded there for a while, as did the representative. The lady belongs to one of the well known churches here and is very punctual in her attendance on morning services. For this reason she insists that her boarders must be down early for breakfast Sunday morning. The senator was not aware of this regulation, and on his first Sunday in the house came down rather late.

"You are not on time this morning, senator," said the lady gently, but rather reprovingly.

"No, madam. I spent a half hour on my knees this morning."

"That was very praiseworthy of you," spoke up the boarding mistress.

"Hunting for a collar button that rolled upon the floor and under the bureau," declared the senator, concluding his sentence.—Washington Post.

The horseless carriage is a novelty but the cowless milk wagon is a chestnut.

The hotel clerk who puts on a brilliant front is not the only pebble. A great many newspaper men use paste too.—Chicago News.

The man who goes to church because he has nothing else to do is an idle worshiper.

The woman who runs after a husband until she gets one seldom brags of her catch.

It is useless for a self made man to waste money in taking out a patent on his creation.

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 Patapsco Flour. jan 13 3m.

The Early Bird Never gets Left

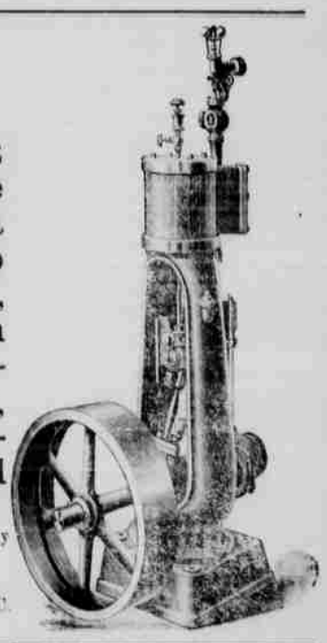
Meyer, the Hustler, is in the SWIM all the year round---early and late.

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. TEEACY, Superintendent.

Grand Display

—OF—

—FALL AND WINTER—

MILLINERY.

FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES.

Butterick's Patterns.

R. & G. CORSETS,

Misses at 50c., Ladies 75c. to $1.

Prices will be made to suit the times. Hats and bonnets made and trimmed to order.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon, N. C.

FOR SALE

—BY—

Swift Creek Dairy and Stock Farm

One hundred head of gilt edge bred registered Jersey Cows, Heifers and young bulls blended blood of the noted Stoke Pogis, St. Lambert, Commassie and other strains. Heifers $20.00 to $50.00; Bulls $15.00 to $30.00. Males kept only from my best cows. Remember the bull is half the herd so buy and breed up. Poland China swine always on hand. Write for what you want. T. P. BRASWELL,
je 24 1y Battleboro, N. C.