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, MARCH 10, 1898. NO. 45.

Picking up Knowledge

Is easy enough if you look for it in the right place. This is the right place to learn just what to do for that debilitating condition which Spring always brings. Do you want to be cured of that languid feeling, get back your appetite, sleep soundly, and feel like a new man?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will do it. It has done it for thousands. It has been doing it for 50 years. Try it.

Send for the "Curebook," 100 pages free. J. C. Ayer Co. Lowell, Mass.

No. 203. Thoroughly-seasoned oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer 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, Dravery, 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, also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 5c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should not your local dealer 50 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-saver.

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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 $1.10 PER SACK.

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

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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DENTIST

Weldon, N. C.

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

They Toil Not.

NEITHER DO THEY SPIN.

But The Choir Did Both In Their Arrangement of the Beautiful Anthem.

THE choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lillies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo:

They toi-toi-oil not,
They toil not,
Ny-y-y ther do they spin

She paused and the tenor took up the strain:

Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin.

The tenor ceased, and the basso, a solemn, red-haired young man, with a somewhat worldly-looking eye and a voice like a fog-horn, broke in:

Nay-ay-ayther do they spin
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in semi-chorus:

Ny-y-ther
Neee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-ay-ay-ther
do they spin.
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Ny-y-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-ay-ay-ther
do they spin.

"Brethren," said the gray-haired, old fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, "we will begin the morning service by singing the familiar hymn, 'And Am I Yet Alive?'"—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Goodnong— "Now, Johnnie, won't you sit down and tell me why your papa whipped you?" Johnnie—"No, man; I'd rather stand and say nothin'."

The Song of the Cradle.

By Joe Hopper was high
The moon was high in the sky
As it looked upon the baby
A dear little one that is coming to you
Two soft white hands that will toil and cover
A tiny little soul wrapping down from above
A darling to love, a joy to have, a baby to love

In the days when Eve sinned it was with the fruit of the tree of knowledge that sorrow and pain and sorrow came into the world. But this curse upon our race has been lightened many times and more as mankind have learned to rise superior to many of their sins and mistakes.

One of the grandest agencies which enlightened Science has discovered to relieve motherhood from excessive suffering is the "Favorite Prescription" devised by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. This wonderful "Prescription" imbues the entire nervous system with natural, healthy vitality, gives elastic vigor to the delicate organism specially concerned in motherhood, renders the prospective mother strong and cheerful and makes the coming of baby entirely free from danger and almost free from pain. The delighted gratitude of Mrs. Pearl Walton, of Alvo, Cass Co., Neb., will find an echo in the heart of every expectant mother.

"Previous to the birth of my child," writes Mrs. Walton, "I had no appetite, was sick at my stomach, had headache, could not rest at night, was completely worn out in every way. I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and began to improve right away. I used two bottles of this great medicine and felt like a new person. At the time of confinement I was in labor but a little while, and I owe it all to that great remedy—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

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

Did You Ever?

THE GIRLS FLED.

Young Man Has Fun In The Whispering Gallery.

IT is amusing to people familiar with the capitol to watch strangers examine it, and nowhere are these strangers so amusing as when they are in Saturday hall where there are dozen or more "echo" stones, each of which creates a different sort of an echo owing to the peculiarities of the acoustics created by the formation of the ceiling. Men and women, old and young, frequently afford the most amusing spectacles when the solemn gentle exhibits the wonders of these "echo" stones. There are also two pillars, one on either side of the room, which are called the telephone columns, and a person speaking in a very low tone near may be distinctly heard by any one standing near the opposite pillar. Yesterday a member's secretary was leaning against the pillar on the south side of the hall, when he heard a voice say:

"Oh dear, what shall I do? My skirt is falling off, and I haven't got a pin!"

The young fellow glanced around, saw no one near him, but observed two young women near the telephone pillar opposite. Instantly grasping the the situation he gruffly said in a low voice:

"Sew it on or use a hot pin."

He heard a slight scream, saw two young women look about the hall in a startled fashion, and observing that no one was near, the one in distress exclaimed:

"Did you ever!"

"No, I never," replied the secretary as gruffly as before. "I use buttons."

This was too much for the young women and they precipitately fled.—Washington Times.

BEAT HIM INTO GRACE.

A Good camp meeting brother whose religious zeal knew no bounds, had a not unfamiliar habit, when praying, of "beating the air"—his heavy hands flying out and coming down in all directions.

During a revival meeting the brother succeeded in getting one of the toughest characters in town to go forward for prayer. Then he knelt beside him and began to pray for him, and every few seconds, in the energy of his effort, the brother brought his hand down on the man's head and back.

The fellow stood it calmly for a while but the blows continuing to fall heavily, he got to dodging them and wobbled out of reach on his knees.

The man who was doing the praying had his eyes closed, but, missing his man, he wobbled after him, and continued to emphasize his periods on the sinner's back.

Finally, winding up his rather long petition for grace, he asked:

"How do you feel now, brother?"

"Plum knocked out!" was the reply. "If you had anything agin me, why did you come no up here to take it out o me? Why don't you come outside, like a man, an' give me a fair show? You've knocked the devil out o me—you has!"

"Thank the Lord for that!" exclaimed the praying brother, "that's exactly what I started out to do. The Lord be praised!"

TWO FATAL HYPOTHESES.

The Trembling Suitor—I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand—but stay! Let me assure you that I am not a fortune-hunter. If you did not have a penny in the world I would love her just the same.

Old Billyons—Young man, you are either a liar or a fool, and in either case I wouldn't want you to have my daughter. Get out!

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.

He—"Did she say why she left her last place?" She—"Why, the woman she lived with sneered at the wheel she rides."

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use of suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For Sale at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store, only 50 cents per bottle.

CASTORIA.

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

R. W. BROWN.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of a Gentleman Well Known to Most of Our Readers.

(WRITTEN FOR THE ROANOKE NEWS.)

I have read with very great interest the sketches that have appeared in your paper lately of persons who have lived in this county, but who have now passed away and are now participants in the realities of another world. Having been intimately associated with each one of them during a large portion of their lives and knowing that their lives justified the kind things that were written about them, I desire to personally thank the writers of those articles for what they have written and also thank you for publishing the same.

I believe that much good may be effected by such articles, in stimulating many of our young people so to live, that when they shall have passed away, they may feel assured that they deserve to have the same kindly things said and written about them. But I am not one of those who would reserve all the kindly thoughts and words until after death. I like your idea of publishing sketches of the deserving living. It is calculated to inspire and encourage them to deeds of usefulness, as well as stimulate others to follow their example, and as I have a friend and neighbor who for several years past, has been prominent in the management of our county affairs I have concluded to send you a brief sketch of his life.

R. W. Brown was born in Virginia, in 1838. Attended neighborhood schools till fifteen years of age, then Holly Grove Academy.

At eighteen years of age he engaged in teaching school in Dinwiddie county, Va., where he remained until 1860. Was married in 1859 to Miss Josephine P. Poole, by whom there were three children. The first and second of whom died in infancy, the third is now Mrs. George Field, living at West Point, Va. When our late war commenced he joined a company of cavalry, (company I) of the 3rd Va. Regiment. It was the first to leave the county. He served on the Peninsular, near Yorktown, was wounded on the retreat of the army from that place to Richmond, and was sent to a hospital in Richmond, from there to Petersburg and from there home on furlough. On his return to the army he was pronounced unfit for field duty and detailed as assistant in the hospital at Hanover Junction. While there, was appointed enrolling officer for Dinwiddie county, Va., and served in that capacity for nearly a year. Tiring of which, he returned to his company, then in the Valley of Virginia. In the battle of Cedar Creek he was again severely wounded and this ended his military service. In 1865 he became a citizen of this State, secured a school in Nash county, where he taught for two years with success. When Mrs. Brown's health became bad he returned to Virginia. She died in 1866. He spent the year 1867 in Virginia, farming.

In 1868 his brother, Mr. John N. Brown, of Halifax, was elected Register of Deeds for the county and wrote him to come out and take charge of the office, which he did, managing for two years. At the expiration of this term of office, at the suggestion of friends, he announced himself an independent candidate for the office. Just before the election the Democrats nominated a ticket and his name was placed on it for the office and he was defeated by John Judge (as was the whole ticket) but ran four hundred votes ahead of the ticket. Judge was the Republican candidate for that office. Soon afterwards he opened a drug store in Weldon, where he made and still has many warm friends. About this time he was elected Treasurer of the Roanoke and Tar River Agricultural Association, a position which he held for about seventeen years, being by its members annually re-elected, on account of the great satisfaction he gave and his evident fitness for the position. To some this may appear to have been a place of little importance, but at that time this association was, no doubt, one of the most successful of its kind in the South. In fact for a long time it was the only one in North Carolina or Virginia. Some days, during its fairs, the crowds were estimated at seven or eight thousand persons. The Treasurer had to collect and disburse all the money of this association, it being then a matter of thousands of dollars, and he was thereby brought into contact with all classes of people, from the most refined lady exhibitor to the lowest "skin" that ever tried to cheat the public on a fair ground. If I were to undertake to describe the great difficulties, both serious and amusing that he had while holding the position, it might be interesting reading to many of your readers, but it would take several columns of your paper, but through it all, his strict integrity, his firmness of purpose, to do what he believed was right, caused his re-election year after year, with no thought of officers or members to offer any other name as more suitable to the position than that of R. W. Brown. It was in this position that he illustrated and developed those qualities that caused the business men of our county to look to him as a proper man to elect Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the county, that he might guard the resources of the treasury and have the offices of the county properly managed. He was three times elected Chairman of the Board, having held the position from the time of his first election until the Democrats were defeated. He is a staunch Democrat and voted for Wm. Jennings Bryan in the last election and hopes to live to vote for him in the next Presidential election.

Mr. Brown was for eight years a member of the Board of Education, has for many years been a magistrate, his term having expired he was turned down by the Rep-Pop Legislature, but a vacancy having occurred he was appointed by Governor Carr. He was also appointed by Governor Carr a member of the Board of Directors of the N. C. Insane Asylum, which he declined being at that time Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, and his friends being unwilling for him to give up the place. Having moved from his farm to the rapidly growing town of Roanoke Rapids, he has, since his residence there, been elected one of the Town Commissioners and Chairman of the Board. In 1873 he married Mrs. Susan E. Simmons, daughter-in-law of Capt. James Simmons and sister of Capt. R. E. Moseley. Two children were born to them, Richard Moseley and Laura E. Brown. Mrs. Brown died in 1876. In 1878 he married Mrs. M. Augusta Brickell. They now reside at Roanoke Rapids, where they are living happily and contented.

How She Saved Him.

SHE HAD BEEN HIS ANGEL.

Jenny Lind And The Dissipated Musician.

Woman's Work.

THE only person I ever met who knew Jenny Lind in her childhood was Max Bronzleu, an old musician. I asked him to tell me of her, and the old man's furrowed face became radiant with a smile.

"Remember her," said he "she has been the angel of my life; the memory of her voice was my salvation. She and I were once alike poor. We were young and happy. Hand in hand we used to wander in the fields and on the hills of old Sweden.

Years passed, and she became the idol of princes and kings, and from afar I worshiped her, as I worship a star in yonder heaven. I tried to keep pace with her but failed. I became a victim of strong drink, and with that vile passion ambition was buried. In 1849 I was passing Her Majesty's Theatre in London I was sober enough to recognize the clear ringing thrill that thrilled me in my boyhood days. I was penniless, but determined to enter and hear that voice once more. I watched my chance. A crowd of ermine-clad men and women were passing in. I rushed into the throng, evaded the ticket agent and gained entrance. In a shadowed recess I crouched and listened. Lucia di Lummermoor was the opera, and she was Lucia. I saw her appear in the first scene, joyous and happy. Every part of the character she portrayed with heart-searching truth. Then came the climax of her powers, her ultimate madness, the crushing of the heart and mind which produced the death scene in the last act. For a moment there was thrilling silence, then a tempest of applause made the house tremble. It was then I forgot that I was a debased vagabond—forgot the throng and the lights, and all, save that I saw the little barefoot girl of my boyhood's idolatry a queen among men. I rushed forward and cried:

"Jenny, my little Jenny! I told you so! I said that you would one day rule he world with that voice! Speak to me and tell me that you remember!"

"Put him out! put him out!" shouted the multitude. "He is mad—away with him!"

"A strong arm seized me, and I would have been hurled out into the darkness, but a sweet voice cried:

"Spare him, and let me hear him! What is it, my poor man?"

"I looked up and like an angel of light she stood above me."

"'Forgive me madam,' I cried; 'I was passing and heard your voice. I stole my way in. It seemed I had a right to listen. Once the birds and I were your auditors; and you, when I told you one day, you would be great, you seemed glad at my praise, though I was only Max, the blacksmith's son.'

"Bending over me, she cried, 'Max Bronzleu, my first and truest friend! Stand, and let this vast throng look upon you. It was he,' said she, 'who first created ambition in my heart to become great. My stage was a linden-covered forest log, and he showered upon me wild flowers I prized more than I now prize the jewels and rare gifts that are emblems of my triumph this night. Rise my friend,' said she to me, 'and be worthy of the trust and confidence that I will ever give you in all the future years. I have struggled and conquered all difficulties. It is not too late. Be no longer a vagabond, as you say you are, but be a man worthy of her friendship.'

"I could scarcely speak," said he aloud, "but hoarsely I uttered, With God's help I will!"

"The house had been silent as death, then it suddenly burst into tumultuous applause and the the curtain fell. I left this place a new man, with new aspirations and courage, and in all the years since that night, nearly half a century ago, I have been a hero and a conqueror of sin—I have lived true to my words!"

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption, our Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trail, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and am a well and healthy woman." Trial bottle free at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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

His Champion.

HANNER WAS READY FOR THEM.

The Little Man Had An Ally And Was Not Afraid.

THERE was a crowd on the depot platform, and in it a little man who was tumbling over himself to hunt up boxes and parcels. He finally ran against a man who turned on him with:

"Now, don't you do that again or you'll hear from me."

"I've got to find about 14 different things," explained the little man as he looked around.

"Well, you'll find my foot if you bump against me like that again."

"Who talks of footing me?"

"I do."

"But I don't allow any one to talk to me that way!"

"Don't give me any sass!"

"I'll sass you all I want to."

"See here, baby," said the man who had been bumped. "You close that mouth of yours and get away from me or I'll drop you off the platform!"

"You daren't do it!" shouted the little man.

"I'll show you that I dare!"

"I'm no fighter, but if you want a row I'll bring some one along to give it to you!"

"Oh, you will! Well, just trot out your champion and I'll cook his goose for him!"

While the little man skipped for the waiting room the other took off his coat and made ready. He was spitting on his hands, back came the little man, but accompained by a woman who seemed to be about 7 feet tall and weigh 500 pounds. She had a hand on her as red as a lobster and as big as ham, and there was business in her eye as she walked up to the coatless man and said.

"I'm his wife, and my name's Hanner. Is there a row on hand?"

"I—I haven't heard of any," stammered the surprised belligerent as he backed away.

"Nor I either," she continued as she pushed up her sleeves. "But if one takes place you just count me in. I knocked a horse down last week, and my hands are a little sore yet, but if anybody starts to drop Joshua off the platform I think his Hanner can make 'em wish they had never been born—I think she can!"

The crowd applauded, the man put on his coat and walked away, and after a triumphant look around Hanner returned to the twin boys waiting for her and peace was restored all around.—New York Sunday Journal.

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.

EVER THUS.

Stutterly — M-M-iss Da-a-tely G-g-g-race, aw, I-I-I w-won't you b-e m-m-my—

Miss Dately (shyly)—What did you say, Mr. Stutterly?

Stutterly—W-w-w-on't y-you be-ee my wu-wu-wu-wife, I-I-I-I, s-s-s-said.

Miss Dately—Oh, George, this is so sudden!—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

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.

No good comes of blaming others for the misfortunes we bring on ourselves.

A good guide will not be rejected because he is howlegged.

It is, or, should be, the highest aim of every merchant to please his customers; and that the wide-awake drug firm of Meyers & Eshleman, Sterling, Ill., is doing so, is proven by the following, from Mr. Eshleman: "In my sixteen years' experience in the drug business I have never seen or sold or tried a medicine that gave as good satisfaction as Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy."

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

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or name, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes or ever has made Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

We ask you to look for yourselves, and see that Simmons Liver Regulator, which you can readily distinguish by the Red Z on wrapper, and by our name, is the only medicine called Simmons Liver Regulator.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

TAKE
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

W. W. KAY,

—Dealer In—

Liquors, Wines,

CROCERIES AND CIGARS.

Why not call on W. W. Kay, as he is open both night and day. Keep the following brands of well known whiskies:

"Old Oscar Pepper,"
Gump's G. P. R. Rye,
Stamp Straight,
"Gordon Baltimore Rye"
and other brands.

I sell Garrett & Co's pure Chocokotte wines.

I keep the best of every thing in my line. Prompt attention to all at Kay's, west side R. R. Shed.
may 24 1y

Monuments and Tombstones.

DESIGNS SENT FREE.

In writing give some limit as to price and state age of deceased.

LARGEST STOCK in the South to select from.

We have no branch yards, and parties doing business under a similar firm name have no connection with us in any way whatever.

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS.
Established 1848.
159 to 163 Bank st., Norfolk Va
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FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES.

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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,
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We sell them from $2 to $40. Our coffins and caskets will compare favorably in workmanship and finish with those of any factory in the United States and prices guaranteed to be the lowest.

All orders filled at short notice.
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