

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXXIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1898.

NO. 1.

## THINK OF IT!

There isn't a weak point anywhere about the

# STIEFF PIANOS

They are a perfect example of Piano building, and the prices are right. STANDARD ORGANS, TUNING AND REPAIRING. Pianos for Rent—Terms to Suit. CHAS. M. STIEFF, 9 N. Liberty st., Baltimore, Washington, 521 Eleventh st., N. W. Md. Norfolk, Va., 416 Main street. Charlotte, 273 N. Tryon st. Oct 31 '97.

## Old Jacob Groves' Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO., Sole agents for the Distiller, Richmond, Va. MR. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C. is the sole distributing agent at that point for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey. DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO. mar 31 '97.

## FOR SALE

### 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, Foggs, St. Lambert, Commack and other strains. Heifers \$30.00 to \$50.00, Bulls \$15.00 to \$30.00. Males kept only from the 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 ly. Battlemore, N. C.

## Musical Wonder

Is the result of every PIANO Prof. W. H. Robinson, of Esfeld, N. C., puts in order.

### Repairing and Tuning a Specialty.

at prices to suit the times. Will visit any house upon request.

References—The business men of Esfeld, H. S. Harrison, Medoc, C. A. Williams, Brinkleyville.

Watchmaking and Repairing is my local occupation. Correspondence solicited. W. H. ROBINSON, Jeweler, 317 6th Esfeld, N. C.

## J. L. JUDKINS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine—

## Staple and Fancy Groceries,

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES.

Crockery, Glass Tin, and wooden and willowware. Also Pratt's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Grove's Tasterless Chili Tonic, Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS, No. 21 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C. Dec 13 '97.

## WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY

and active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in North Carolina. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position at study. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. R, Chicago.



## Your Measure. MEN AND WOMEN.

The Correct Weight And Proportions As Measured by Artistic Standards.

It would seem an easy matter to give these, but it is not so, as there are so many things to be taken into consideration. The measurements differ with the different races and the different classes as well. The artistic standards are given. The head is taken as the standard of measurement. The height should be eight times the length of the head, the length of the head taken to mean the distance from the top of it to the lowest point of the chin. The trunk should be four heads in length. The distance from the trunk to the knees two heads and from the knees to the feet two heads. The arms should be a head and a half from the shoulder to the elbow and the same from the elbow to the hand. The length of the face should be the same as the length of the hand from the tip of the middle finger to the wrist. These are the proportions for the adult. They differ according to the years of growth with children and are different also between girls and boys and men and women. The trunk of women is said to be longer in proportion than that of men.



Dr. Sargent of Harvard prepared for the Chicago World's fair two clay models founded on the measurements of several thousand students. The average height of the young men was 5 feet 8 inches, the average net weight, 138 pounds, chest measurements, 34 to 37 inches inflated. It is said that in height, weight and strength this far exceeds the average of any other nation, even England. The average for the young women was height 5 feet 3 inches, the weight 114 pounds and the chest measurements but 29 inches. The measurements were not as good for the women as for the men and do not represent as well the development of the American woman. While girls are pretty and round, with the roundness of youth at 16, they nevertheless do not show so perfect a development of form as when 24 or more.

Women have a tendency to put on too much flesh and should beware of it, as it destroys the proportions and the looks as well as the pleasure of moving about. A short woman cannot weigh much over 130 pounds and preserve the proper proportion while the woman who measures 5 feet 6 inches or more looks well when she weighs 150.—Harper's Bazar.

**FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS** Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teaching, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays 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.

## NOT MUCH OF A CLUE.

"Say, Sergeant," exclaimed a woman as she came into the Denver police station half of breath. Then she hesitated.

"What is it, ma'am?"

"I don't like to tell you."

"Proceed. Have you been burglarized?"

"No, but some one stole a lot of clothes from off my line last night."

"Just give me the dearest of a list of the stuff stolen."

"I couldn't do that, for they took two pairs of—"

"Go ahead!"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that, but, Mr. Policeman, if you see anybody wearing them, arrest them."

With this brief explanation she departed, and the police have no clue.—From The Denver Times.

## W. M. HABLINGTON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

## Furniture,

CARPETS, STOVES, and Mattresses, etc.

IMMENSE STOCK AND LOW PRICES.

W. M. HABLINGTON & CO.,

No. 20 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va. 10 08 '97

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES M. HULLER, 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. Offices made in Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

## DR. T. T. ROSS,



DENTIST

## The Prodigal Son.

### WAIT TILL I GET THE ALBUM.

He May Some Day Put Across William Who Left Without Saying the Word.

"Once," remarked the hobo who saved the brewer's life and has since quit tramping, "I struck a house down in Ohio worth looking like a good graft; big 'an' roomy 'an' no derg. I put on me mournful look 'an' screwed me freight around to the rear 'an' gave de prodigal son knock on de kitchen door."

"Land's sake!" cried the ole woman who opened de door, "land's sake!" 'an' she leaned kinder faint like again de door, 'you—you look like William?"

"Me name's William, num," said I, "but folks call me Bill!"

"'It can't be!' she gasped, 'it can't be! William has been gone twenty years!"

"Twenty years, gum, num," said I. "I left me home 'an' me good ole mudder."

"Wait," she gasped again, 'wait 'till I get the album!"

"Aw, say, I t'ot dat I waz in clever, 'an' wuz wonderin' whether ter strike de ole gal fer pie or chicken for supper when she arrived on the scene again 'an' I found me self lookin' in ter de barrel of a big musket."

"'An' your name is William?" she asked kinder dorelike.

"Yes, num," said I, "but me heart warn't in it."

"'An' you left home twenty years ago?"

"Yes, num," said I, "a wonderin' what she wuz goin' ter do next."

"'An' you have come back, William?" she cooed.

"Yes, num," said I—"cause der warn't anything else ter say."

"William," she said, "we will adjourn to the wood pile and you may finish up the job that you were told to do twenty years ago."

"Aw, say, de ole gal marched me around to de wood pile 'an' me saw wood fer tree blessed hours while she stood watch over me with de ole musket. 'An' den she told me ter git 'an' I got. But say, you never caught me playin' de prodigal son racket agin'! 'An' I ain't got but one hope in de life, and dat is dat some time I may run across William who left home twenty years ago without sayin' dat word."—From The Detroit Free Press.

## Read This, Mother.

### A SENATOR'S LAST WORDS

Do You Stand With Your Boy As The Embodiment of a Living Honor?

The New York Evangelist tells a story of the late Senator, Pratt, of Indiana, which has a meaning both for boys and for mothers.

One summer morning, ten years ago, he sat on the porch of his house overlooking the Ohio river, dieting the history of his early life to his daughter.

One reminiscence moved the old man greatly. It was the account of a journey which he had made on horseback, when a very young man, from Indianapolis to Cincinnati.

Some business men asked him to carry a large amount of money in bank notes and deposit it for them in Cincinnati. He gave no security, so absolute was their faith in his honesty.

When he reached the bluff overlooking the Ohio, a large steambot, bound for New Orleans, suddenly came round the bend. The thought rushed into his mind, "Why not board that boat? It would be years before he could earn a sum such as that which he carried. He could change his name and be lost in the South."

Success—fortune waited for him.

But, with the thought, a sudden scene flashed before his mind. An old gray farm house in New England, and his white haired mother sitting on the porch reading her Bible.

Something rose in his throat choking him. He turned his horse away from the river.

The old man suddenly paused here, and after a moment said to his daughter: "I will finish this story another time."

"She sat in silence watching beside him. His head dropped on his breast, and she waited long for him to awaken, but when she spoke to him he did not answer. He never awakened from that sleep. The last words of the old Senator, whose wisdom and integrity were known to the whole nation, were the story of the first temptation of his youth from which the mere memory of his mother had saved him.

We copy the story that we may ask the young mother who reads it: "Do you stand with your boy as the embodiment of a living Honor and Truth and Goodness, so the mere remembrance of your face would drive him back from sin and ruin?"

You can do it if you will.—The House-hold.

## An Adonis Of Egypt.

### NENKHEFTA THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.

His Mummy Found In A Cemetery Near The City of El Kah.—The Sun Smiled Upon Him.—But He Died Like Other Mortals—Wife And Son In Tomb With Him.

The Adonis of Egypt 5,400 years ago is again among men. Not as he was when women bowed before him and his every gesture was looked upon almost as if it were that of a god, but swarthy in the habiliments of the regulation mummy centuries before imperial Cleopatra died and turned to clay this man ruled the dwellers on 250,000 acres with a rod of iron. The women adored him for his beauty. The men feared and respected him for his wisdom.

Near the city of El Kah, which is situated 75 miles north of the present site of Cairo, there lies an ancient cemetery so old that even the men to whom the papyrus scrolls are as familiar as the waters of the Nile are unable to say when it was first devoted to the purpose of housing the mortal tenements of the old Egyptians. The archaeologist has long found it a fruitful field for research, and many a mummy that today is gazed on in the museums with round-eyed wonder was undisturbed here for thousands of years.

It is supposed that a short time ago persons prospecting for new fields in a hill in the cemetery described discovered a little pit which apparently had never been made the subject of investigation. Excavation brought to light the fact that it was not only something new, but from the archaeologist's standpoint one of the most important finds in a very long time. The pit was the entrance to a subterranean chamber containing a number of stone coffins or sarcophagi. Besides these there lay upon the floor of the chamber a number of statues. Examination of the various contents showed that one of the sarcophagi contained the mummy of Nenkefta, and the roll of papyrus and the inscriptions on the sarcophagus both gave the information that these were the mortal remains of "the most beautiful man in Egypt and probably the world."

When the wrappings of the mummy of this ancient Adonis were unrolled, there was nothing to indicate that the remains were those of a man of any beauty whatsoever. The grinning skeleton looked exactly like those of today. The only odd fact was that the shape of the skull, the hands and the feet were, while unmistakably Egyptian, of more classic mold than those of most mummies. The formation of the skull also indicated that its owner when alive possessed great mental development, thus justifying the pleasant things which were said about him in the perfectly preserved roll of ancient manuscript which recited his history.

Some of the archaeologists here were at first inclined to doubt the accuracy of the claims made regarding this find, but investigation showed that there was no cause for doubt whatever. It would have been impossible to perpetuate a fraud of this sort. The papyrus roll, which told the history of Nenkefta, set forth that his domain extended over 42 miles of the banks of the Nile. His residence was termed Nesheka, which is supposed to mean that the village where he lived bore that title. "Great were his flocks, oh ruler of rulers," says the manuscript. "None was so wise. None so beloved. The sun smiled on him when he journeyed abroad, and when he looked with displeasure a sorrow as if death came upon him, who had caused it. He was to his people what the waters of the Nile are to Egypt. Great is his name. No man who lives was as beautiful. There is none to take his place."

## Two Diverse Opinions.

### A MATRIMONIAL SNAG.

One That Very Often Brings Trouble to Husbands And Wife.

There is a matrimonial snag, because the matrimonial bond is always going to pieces on it. It also makes for other things, interferences with the smooth current of unimpeachable friendship and many many a close intimacy. But it is to the bark in which a man and his wife have been launched together that it does the greatest harm.

Now this snag in question is a familiar affair. It is based upon simply of two diverse opinions about resting, yet no jaded red-legs more dangerous, and all those who cannot stand over it must inevitably be wrecked on it.

A man, for instance, has worked all day out of doors—in the fields maybe. He has had the air and the sun and converse with men of his kind. Resting to him means eating, lying, stretching out his limbs and brooding in domestic peace.

The woman, however, has been in all day, without the air and without the sun—laughing, sweeping, cooking, sewing, disciplining children, seeing no one, talking to no one, meeting no one with whom sudden could be interchanged, or from whom a new direction for her thoughts could be gained. When night comes, her greatest rest would seem to lie in a change of scene, the bringing in of outside interests or a more sympathetic and enlivening intercourse with her husband.

He, however, cannot understand this. "You are restless," he says to her "discontented. But you cannot find anything better than this, wherever you go. Take my word for it: I have seen them all. And he folds his hands and puffs at his pipe and looks in the quiet contentment of a soul that has been satisfied.

It is the same thing when a man goes down town all day and leaves the woman at home. His idea of resting is a cheerful fire in a night, a soft as bright, as cozy and responsive as when she received to her mother's home and all care was spared her. "I'm satisfied I would like to go to sleep with the children at my side," says a wife to her husband, "but it's just the time my husband likes me to be at my best. If he'd like me to have the best of him, he should have different ideas of resting from mine."

Dances, on the other hand, may have called the woman out of doors all day, and shoes may have kept the man in an office. Then it may feel him to go out at night. He may crave amusement and diversion, some entertainment for the mind. These distract his thoughts and rest his brain and make him fresher for the morrow's work.

But the thousand demands of the day, the obligations and requirements of some position she must fill, have used the woman up. The thought of new excitements and diversions only worries her. The efforts she makes to respond to her husband's wishes seem spiritless, and no pleasure is given or felt. He cannot understand why he does not see. He grows discontented, she dissatisfied. The need of another kind of sympathy is suggested. Interests begin to diverge, and two paths are made, growing every day wider apart.—Harper's Bazar.

## THE DREADED CONSUMPTION

Nothing would be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the offer of T. A. Sisson, M. D., of 193 Pearl Street, New York City. Confident that he has discovered an all-sure cure for consumptive and pulmonary complaints, and to make his great merits known, he will send, free, three bottles of medicine, to any reader of the Roanoke News who is suffering from chest, bronchial, throat and lung troubles or consumption.

Already this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases. The doctor considers it his religious duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

Offered freely, enough to command it, and more so in the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the proposition. He has proved the dreaded consumption to be a curable disease, beyond any doubt. There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking. The generous profferer, Dr. Sisson, M. D., in his American and European laboratories, test-monies of experience from those cured, in all parts of the world.

Don't delay until it is too late. Address: T. A. Sisson, M. D., 193 Pearl Street, New York, and send your name, Dr. Sisson, please express and postoffice address and mention reading this article in the Roanoke News.

## W. W. KAY,

Dealer In—

## Liquors, Wines,

GROCERIES AND CIGARS.

Why not call on W. W. Kay, at his open both night and day. Keep the following brands of well-known whiskies:

"Old Sour Peppermint,"

"Camp & P. R. Rye,"

"Garden Bellini,"

"Gordon Bellini,"

"Gordon Bellini,"

"Gordon Bellini,"

Keep the best of everything in my place. Call, please attention to call at Kay's, west side R. R. Shed, my 24 ly.

## Monuments and Tombstones.

DESIGNS NEXT FILE.

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 1851. 109 to 121 Bank st., Norfolk, Va. Nov 2 '97.

## Grand Display

—OF—

## MILLINERY.

FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES. Batterick's Patterns.

R. & G. CORSETS, in Sizes at 30c., 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.

## Emry & Driscoll,

ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

## CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

—Furnishers of—

## Building Materials,

—Manufacturers of—

## Coffins and Caskets

—and dealers in—

## UNDERTAKER'S SUPPLIES,

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. DEL. All orders filled at short notice. Dec 9 '97.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

Love is a bird that sings in the heart of a woman.—Alphonse Karr.

What woman desires is written in Heaven.—Michael Angelo de la Chaux.

Men would be wiser if they loved God as they love women.—Saint Thomas.

A girl of 16 accepts love, a woman of 20 rejects it.—Antoine Rivard.

A widow is like a frigate of which the first captain has been shipwrecked.—Alphonse Karr.

Friendship that begins between a man and a woman will soon change its name.—Anonymous.

Woman is the highest, holiest, most precious gift to man. Her mission and throne is the family.—John Todd.

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.—Washington Irving.

"Mr. Penn," asked the managing editor, "do you think you could do editorial work?" "Ah—I don't know," answered the poet and essayist. "Do you think, for example, that you are sufficiently misinformed to write an able article on the contrary question?"

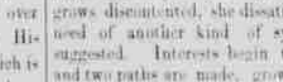
## THESE GIRLS.

Minnie—You don't really mean for me to believe that he kissed you unperceingly?

Mamie—Indeed I do. I was not looking for anything of the kind for half an hour yet.—From The Indianapolis Journal.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought



Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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