THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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"There is so much trouble coming into the world," said Lord Bolingbroke, "and so much more in going out of it, that it is hardly worth while to be here at all." If a man and a philosopher comes to this conclusion, what must be the natural conclusion of the thousands of suffering women who undergo untold torture in bringing their babes into the world?

Philosophy of this kind is based upon gross ignorance. The fact is that there is no necessity for the severe pangs undergone by the average woman. If a woman is strong and healthy in a woman's way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the majority of women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can always be remedied. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, alike and elastic. It banishes the undispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good."

"I suffered fourteen years," writes Mrs. Mary J. Stewart, of Box 97, Summit, Santa Clara Co., Cal., with female weakness, prostration and general debility. I tried everything to no avail. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

The names, addresses and photographs of hundreds of women cured by Dr. Pierce's medicines are printed by permission in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It's free. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one cent stamps. Address *World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.* French cloth binding 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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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.

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

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MR. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C. is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey.
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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 Tasteless Chill Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

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The Bible.

ENSHRINE IT IN POWER.

Precious Memories of Home Where the Bible Was A Reverenced And Studied Book.

Give the Bible the place it ought to occupy in your homes. Enshrine it in power. Let not the daily newspaper, nor the popular magazine, nor the most eminent standard author come between you and the daily reading of God's word. Some of you, I doubt not, have precious memories of home where the Bible was a reverenced and studied book. You can hear the tones of the father's voice as he read in the morning, and recall the awfulness with which the old prophetic periods were clothed, or the delight with which the precious promises fell upon your ear. You can see a beloved mother garnering strength and courage and consolation day by day from the Psalms and beatitudes. You know the words which were taught you then have clung to your memory, and will be part and parcel of you through all eternity. Now, by all that is sacred in these recollections, by all the love you bear your little ones, by all the terrors of the judgment before which we must all appear and meet the record of our lives, I beseech you to be faithful in your own homes, faithful to God and to those whom God has committed to your care. It will soon be too late. When those children have grown up and gone into their life work, let it not be theirs to say: "I might have been made familiar with the Bible and its blessed teachings and through the influences of truths thus learned might perhaps have been led into an assured hope of eternal life in Christ; but my parents were not faithful, and the Book divine had no honored place in my early home."

You may not be able to give your children wealth or the inheritance of a great name, or eminent social advantages; but you can leave them the results of fidelity and precious memories of devotion to the holy task of trying to make them know what God says to us in the Old and New Testaments, and what he wants us to believe and to do and to be.—Frederick Noble, D. D., in The divine Life of Man.

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, Browns' Iron Bitters will cure it. Invaluable in all diseases of the stomach, blood and nerves. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

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.
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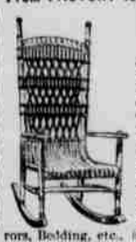

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DENTIST

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

A Slight Mistake.

SHE MISSED IT.

Because What the Congressman Said Did Not Apply to Her.

"I know what I am talking about," remarked a member of congress, "when I say that a congressman has troubles of his own. It's a fine thing to be a statesman and show up in the national parade of greatness at the capital, but there's a good deal more to it than that. And one of the things that is hardest to bear is what they say about us. Why, a lady can't come up here and ask to see a member that there aren't a half dozen people to wink and shake the head and a lot more of the same to make him wish all the women were in hades. Of course there is some ground among us for remarks, just as there is among preachers and doctors and bad carriers and everybody else human, and I know a woman or two who find their chief delight in trying to involve congressmen and other officials in any kind of a flirtation that comes handy. They are pretty and persuasive, and before a man knows what he is about he is down in the senate restaurant paying for a lunch and listening to some kind of a tale of woe.

"But they miss it now and then, and I am glad to note an instance. A member from a northern state had been invited to call at the lady's hotel the next day, and she had asked him to let her know if he could come. He wrote, saying among other things, 'Tomorrow, madam, I hope to see the loveliest woman in the whole world.' Naturally she was pleased and told all the people around the hotel about it. The next day he did not appear, and the next she saw him at the capitol and asked him what he meant by treating her so.

"What did I do? he asked innocently.

"'You said you were coming to see me,' she said, blushing at the remembrance of his words.

"'I think not.

"'Indeed you did,' she insisted. 'You said you would see the loveliest woman in the world,' and she blushed again.

"'Oh, I beg your pardon,' he said, smiling. 'I meant my wife. She just arrived yesterday.'—Washington Star.

HISTORY SOMETIME HENCE

Teacher of History—Willie, what was the main thing which hastened the Spanish-American war?

Willie—The destruction of the Maine, mainly.

"What happened then?"

"A battle on the main."

"The Spanish main?"

"No."

"The American Maine?"

"No; just outside Main-ila."

"Did the Americans fight well?"

"With might and main."

"What remained?"

"Not much of Spain."

"What caused the war?"

"Spani-h do-main."

"On the main-land?"

"No on the island of Cuba."

"Very good, Willie; always remember the Maine."—From the Boston Times.

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 CAUGHT ON.

Mabel—George, I wish you would enlist.

George—Why, dear? I thought you confessed that you loved me?

Mabel—I did say so, but if you were to go into the army perhaps you might learn what arms are for.

After that she had no cause to complain.

Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of tetter, salt rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching piles, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by

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

ON THE WAY.

"War is hell."
We know right well.
An' not a bit of funin';
An' the Spanish fleet
Is hard to beat
Runnin', runnin', runnin'!

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

They All Fled.

"HELL AIN'T FAR OFF."

A Hoosier's Impression of The Aurora Borealis.

A veteran traveling man was sitting in the lobby of one of the Louisville (Ky.) hotels listening to the conversation about the recent storm. Numerous stories had been told of how persons had been almost frightened out of their wits by the roaring winds that shook the buildings to their foundations.

Like all good story tellers, who invariably wait until every one else in the crowd has drained himself of yarns, authentic and otherwise, the old traveler waited in patience until "it was up to him." He removed a cigar from his lips, flipped the ashes with his little finger, placed the heels of his shoes upon the table, and tipped his chair back to an angle of forty-five degrees. Finally the old man was settled to his satisfaction, and, giving a chuckle, said:

"Your stories remind me of a little incident that I happened to witness a few years ago in one of the inland counties in Indiana. It was one winter evening in a little town in the backwoods, about forty miles from a railroad. The people living in the vicinity were, for the most part, uneducated, and, of course, did not understand the phenomena of the elements. Shortly after sundown, of the day on which I am speaking, a brilliant light appeared in the northeast. At first it was not very noticeable, but in a few minutes the rays of light shot up in long lines until the entire heavens in that direction seemed ablaze. The inhabitants were thunderstruck and many thought that the day of judgment was at hand.

"I had become interested in the study of reflected lights, and after looking at the magnificent display I concluded at once that it was the aurora borealis. I had explained the theory to a large number of people who had gathered around me and had about allayed their fears when a long, lean, lantern-jawed hoosier rushed up and yelled in an excited manner:

"'What in thunder is that?'

"'I turned to him, and in my most suave manner replied: 'That, sir, is the aurora borealis.'

"'Roaney loney thunder!' the stranger yelled, as he sized me up with contempt. 'Hell ain't four miles from here right now, pardner, and I am going to clean out of this part of the country.'

"His explanation outweighed mine, and in less time than it takes to tell all of the inhabitants of the village were taking to the hills. I was vindicated the next day, for the city paper came out telling of the aurora borealis."

IS THIS A NEW PROFESSION

She was a very pretty girl, but her face was rather clouded when she stepped aboard a New York car the other day and her eyes were wrathly as she gazed down upon at least two yards of amputated ruffle which flopped about the bottom of her pretty skirt.

"Just look there!" she exclaimed to her companion with a funny mingling of anger and tears in her voice, "my brand-new skirt that I've only worn once before! Isn't it a shame? It was all that stupid conductor's fault, and I'm so mad! I'd give anybody a quarter to swear for me!"

There was a strange commotion behind a far-spread paper opposite and then a masculine voice sounded across the car in a deep, determined "damn!"

The girl jumped and got still redder and her companion giggled. Then suddenly dropping the unlucky ruffle she grabbed for her purse, opened it, fished out a quarter and gravely handed it across to her unknown champion, who as gravely bowed, stuck it into his vest pocket and then went on reading. And I wondered as I watched them if a lot of professional swearers will be our next innovation.

What a comfort they would be—to ministers—and women.

Another Case Of Rheumatism Cured By Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

My son was afflicted with rheumatism which contracted his right limb until he was unable to walk. After using one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was able to be about again. I can heartily recommend it to persons suffering from rheumatism.—John Snider, Freed, Calhoun Co., W. Va.

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

SYMPATHETIC.

"Excuse me, sir," said the beggar, "but I must have help. I cannot keep body and soul together."

"Poor fellow," said the sympathetic pedestrian. "Here is a bottle of mucilage. Take a spoonful three times a day, and you'll not be likely to come apart."—Harper's Bazar.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Farmer John.

HE IS NOT DEAD.

He Was a Farmer Worth The Name.

"There's farmers and farmers," said the dear old wife of one of them, as she sat on the veranda of the quaint old farm house one summer evening. The red gold light of the setting sun streamed over us. Tall hollyhocks nodded to us from the high side fence. Sweet, old fashioned pinks wafted their fragrance to us.

There were cabbage roses besides the steps, and over on the western slope a mass of tangled shrubbery. Over all was the red gold glimmer, tinging the face of nature and making it glow with beauty.

"Now there was Farmer John—he was a farmer worth the name."

"Is he dead?"

"Dead!" said she, "why no, such a man as Farmer John couldn't die. 'He sleeps in Jesus.' That's what it says on his tombstone, and that's what Farmer John is doin'—sleeping in Jesus. He sleeps—that is well, he needs the rest, but some day he'll awaken and then—"

"And then?"

"Well—well—I hardly know how to put it, but that day—you know, when He makes up His jewels, why Farmer John 'll be there. I'm sure of it, I wish I was as sure of my bein' there." She sighed, thinking of herself, then she smiled, thinking of Farmer John.

"You see it wasn't 'cause he was any richer than the other farmers 'round here, he wasn't, but it was because he could see better, that he managed to lift so many burdens for folks that weren't able to bear 'em."

"See?"

"Why, I don't mean just seein' with the eyes. You might know there's other ways of seein' 'cordin' to my thinkin', Mebbe its seein' with the soul. I dunno—anyway its seein'. Now there was Almiry Crane. Some folks thought 'twas all clear sailin' with Almiry, for she had that pride she wouldn't let on but 'twas. Now I don't mean that Almiry was uppish, 'cause she never was. The pride she had was the kind that keeps folks's affairs to themselves. Almiry kept her poverty to herself. Most folks knew or thought they knew that she was as well off as she'd ever been an' she let them think so, but Farmer John knew better. She'd had some money in the bank, but it had dwindled away, and Almiry used to lie awake nights, wonderin' what would become of her. Mebbe you're thinkin' that Almiry was doleful lookin', but 'twant so. She was as cheerful and chipper apparently as anyone.

"But there was one person who read between the lines, as it were. He saw the lines deepening around the thin lips, and he knew what it meant. This was Farmer John. Almiry had a little garden. She had sowed and planted and cared for it herself, notwithstanding her weakness and lameness and the burden of her sixty-five years. She raised herbs, too, peppermint, catnip, tansy and thoroughwort.

One day toward evenin', Almiry put up her knittin' an' fell upon her knees. She didn't pray her usual prayer, she couldn't, but she wailed forth:

"'I don't know what I'm goin' to do, Oh, Lord; I don't know.'

"The sun peered into the western window to say goodnight, touching the thin, white hair of the bowed Almiry tenderly; then it vanished and the shadows deepened around her. She was still on her knees, but her prayer was now voiceless. The light died out. The darkness wrapped her in a winding cloak. She tried in her grateful way to thank the Lord for her little home, her dear old home with its precious memories, and the 'things,' but she was faint from hunger. She couldn't eat the house, you know, nor the 'things,' and she had no work or money. The vegetables were all gone long ago. As for meat she had most forgotten the taste of it.

"Again came the words, 'I don't know what I'm goin' ter do, Oh, Lord; I don't know,' an' there fell a perfect storm of weepin'. In the midst of it some horses drew up to the door, an' then came a rap. The rap was repeated two or three times before the door opened, for Almiry had to wash her tearful face first and summon a smile to her blue lips. She lit the lamp, too, then she opened the door. There stood Farmer John with his sunshiny face and cheery greeting. He shook hands in his warm hearted way, but he declined Almiry's invitation to 'come in.'

"'I can't,' he said, 'the horses are out here, an' it's getting late. I just stopped to leave this basket. We've been killin' up to our house an' I've brought you a taste. And now Almiry could you give me a little catnip? Our folks didn't gather any and there's that baby.'

"He was pretending—you see—that he wanted that catnip as a favor. And then when he carried that big basket in, he managed to get a look into Almiry's face. That was enough. He knew the Lord had led him there that night. After he'd gone Almiry looked into the basket, then she sat down and cried, but this time 'twas for joy. What was in the basket, you say? Why, there was sausage, an' tenderloin, an' spare rib, an' a ham. An' the very next day there come a bag of flour from Farmer John's mill at the 'Corners.'

"'I want you to try it, Almiry,' was Farmer John's excuse for sendin' it. 'I want to get your opinion.' An' so it were; sometimes it was chickens, sometimes eggs or potatoes or apples, an' he always wanted somethin' in payment, peppermint or thoroughwort or some caraway seeds, a pretendin', you know, so's not to hurt her feelings.

"But my, Almiry wasn't the only one Farmer John helped in his loving, hearty way, just goin' 'round quietly, not letin' his left hand know what his right hand was doin'. Now when poor Hetty Snow's baby died, an' there wasn't a cent to buy a coffin for the dead or bread for the livin', Farmer John knew he was wanted, an' there he was. And then that night when 'Drunken Joe' died, there was poor little Sue, white and scared and miserable until Farmer John come along. He lifted her up and carried her off to his home, where she still is. Then ther's Burt Havens, his father was in prison, an' because of that people gave the cold shoulder to the poor boy.

"'Tisn't right,' said Farmer John. 'What's the use of blamin' the poor boy for what he can't help? an' then he took him in, an' if I do say it, there ain't a better boy than Burt Havens. It's all because of Farmer John.'

"When did you say he died?"

The old lady smiled. "He isn't dead, you know, I told you, he's asleep in Jesus. He will be awake in that day when 'He maketh up His jewels'"—Ernest Gilmore, in New York Observer.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.

Long drawn arpeggio chords on the pianoforte have been found efficacious as a panacea for neuralgia in the case of William E. Gladstone. Music alone relieves him, it is said, of the intense agonies he suffers, and in order to afford him relief a young lady, who is staying with Lady Sarah Spencer, comes in daily and produces weird chords that prove completely consolatory to the grand old man. In some cases, it is to be feared, the discourse of long-drawn arpeggios would prove a worse remedy than the disease, but, after all, the music cure is no new thing, and any method by which the wonderful old statesman can get relief must be eagerly welcomed by his friends.

THE WORM UP LATE.

A father was lecturing his son on the evil of staying out late at night and rising late in the morning.

"You will never succeed," he said. "Unless you mend you ways. Remember, the early bird catches the worm."

"And what about the worm, father?" said the young man sneeringly. "Wasn't he rather foolish in getting up so early?"

"My son," said the old man, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was only getting home."

The young man coughed.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

OVERRULING A JUDGE.

A judge, the other day, awoke in the night to find his room in the possession of two armed burglars. Covered by the pistol of one of the marauders, the judge watched the proceedings with his usual judicial calm. One of the depredators found a watch. "Don't take that," said the judge, "it has little value, and is a keepsake." "The motion is overruled," replied the burglar. "I appeal," rejoined the judge. The two burglars consulted and the spokesman then replied: "The appeal is allowed. The case coming on before a full tribunal of the supreme court, that body is of the unanimous opinion that the decree of the lower court should be sustained, and it is, accordingly so ordered." Pocketing the watch, court adjourned.—Household Words.

I have been suffering chronic from diarrhœa ever since the war and have used all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found one remedy that has been a success as a cure, and that is Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy.—P. E. Grisham Gears Mills, La.

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

THE LITTLE BOY-KING.

The little boy-king was sleepy. "Tell me a story," he said. And his mother began. "Once there was a town called Manila—'way off in the Philippine islands—"

"Oh, rats!" cried the little boy-king. "I've heard enough o' that! Tell me something about Cuba, and Porto Rico."

"We haven't heard from Sampson yet," replied his mother sadly.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

A BRIBE TO GOVERNMENT.

An old colored citizen, who had been told that the government was conscripting men for the war, kept his doors double-barred and locked at night, and seldom ventured out in the daytime. One of his colored neighbors played a good joke on him recently.

He went to the old man's door late at night, and told him, through the chinks, that "de conscript officer was a wattin outside."

"Is dey only one of him?" asked the old man.

"Yes, des one."

"Look heah, Abram,—will you do me a favor?"

"If I kin."

"Well, I got de box heah, wid nine dollars er missionary money in it. You heah me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gwine ter pass it thro de winder ter you. Git him de box, an tell him take it, an go long an celebrate hisself. Buy him off, if bought he kin be, for God sake!"

HIS EXPERIENCE IN WAR.

At one of the recruiting booths in Pittsburg recently Captain Miller, of the regular army, questioned a son of Ireland:

"You want to enlist?"

"Oh do, sir."

"Have you ever smelt powder?"

"Yis, sor."

"What side were you on?"

"Well, in wuz in the arsenal whin she blew up. Oi wint up on the front side, I cum down on the other side, and Oi was full of powder on the inside."

The powder stained veteran was accepted.—New York Sun.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Now that the Spanish ships are out of the way, perhaps we can afford to send a box of crackers and a kit of mackerel to the starving Cubans.

The work of making ploughshares of gun metal has been temporarily suspended.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOSS.

"Let's see, you married Darlington's widow, didn't you?"

"Yep."

"But you always said you'd never marry a ready made wife."

"Well, I found out afterward that this one was made to order."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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. 20 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va
10 26 1y.

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.

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

THE DREADED

CONSUMPTION

†

T. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist, Will Send Free, to the Afflicted, Three Bottles of New Ly Discovered Remedies to Cure Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be rarer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl street, New York City.

Confident that he has discovered an absolute cure for consumption and pulmonary complaints, and to make its 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, is enough to commend it, and more so is 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 invitation. He has on file in his American and European laboratories testimonials of experience from those cured, in all parts of the world.

Don't delay until it is too late. Address T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, please give express and postoffice address and mention reading this article in the Roanoke News.

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