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, AUGUST 25, 1898. NO. 17.

Pianos Organs

PERFECT TYPES

of what a good instrument should be are

STIEFF PIANOS

The wonderful singing qualities of these Pianos are recognized by every vocal artist who unstintingly recommends them.

STANDARD ORGANS, TUNING AND REPAIRING.

Pianos for Rent—Terms to Suit.
Write for illustrated catalogue.

CHAS. M. STIEFF,
9 N. Liberty st., Baltimore, Md.
Washington, 521 Eleventh st., N. W.
oct 21 1y.

Spring Millinery!

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF

HATS and BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

Be sure to call and inspect my stock.

MRS. W. R. HART,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.
oct 21 1y

—HUDSON'S—

ENGLISH KITCHEN,

347 Main st., Norfolk, Va.

—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining—

ROOM. ALL MEALS 25 CENTS.

SURPASSING COFFEE A SPECIALTY

J. R. HUDSON, Proprietor.

The Best of Everything in Season
oct 10 1yr.

Old Jacob Grovers'

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.

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 6m.

A 30 Day SALE.

We have in stock several lots of goods belonging to Northern merchants These goods must be sold at once. In the next 30 days we will put before the people bargains as we never did before. Mens' pants 48, 50, 60c. Overalls 35, 40c. Dress Goods 3, 4, 6c. Men's and boy's hats and caps 4, 6, 15c. Window shades on Spring rollers 12½, 15, 22c Curtain poles wood fixtures 25c. Brass fixtures 18, 20c. White cloth 3c. White Dress Goods 3½, 5, 6c. 8 Day strike clocks $1.98. Pant goods 8, 12c. Linen towels, 7c. Druggets $1.75, $2. Wool remnants carpet 18c A large line floor mattings, 7, 9, 12c. Mens' and ladies' shoes 50, 75 98c. Bureaus $2.75, $3. Large rocking chairs with arms 98c. Cane bottom chairs 38c. Men's shirts, 15, 18c. Ladies shirt waist 18c. Boys' shirt waist 15c Many other things in stock to close out. Come quick for bargains.

SPIERS & DAVIS.
Weldon, N. C., Mar. 23 1898

PROF JAMES HARVEY,

A SPECIALIST and AUTHORITY on all

Chronic Diseases,

All who are suffering with any BLOOD TROUBLE, would be wise to call on or address by mail. Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

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

JAMES E. 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

The Man Who Succeeds.

DO YOUR DUTY.

Anything That Is Worth Doing Is Worth Doing Well.

A philosopher who sees with his eyes and who takes note of what he observes, submits these conclusions:

"I saw two men playing billiards, says a writer in Brains. One played to attract the attention of the spectators. The other made no fancy shots, but pulled out every count in sight. He won the game.

"I witnessed a game of football. One fellow on the losing team was a "gallus" chap. He waved his hands gracefully When his team was applauded, he bowed and saluted the grandstand. At the end of the game I heard the manager of the team say that they would have won but for the poor playing of this "gallus" chap.

"I know a handsome salesman who attracts many girls to the store where he works. They love to stand and talk to him—he is so 'witty.' They listen and giggle. The proprietor tells me that he is the poorest salesman in the store.

"I know an advertisement writer who gets many compliments for the brilliant sentences and witty verses in his advertisements. His employer tells me he is looking for a writer who will convince readers and bring business.

"I notice, wherever I go, that the fellow who is bent on attracting most attention to himself is not the fellow who succeeds.

"I notice the fellow who has wood to saw and saws it, is always in demand."

In other words, success is thorough, not superficial. Accomplishments are like good clothes. They help the appearance and "oft proclaim the man," but they do not make the man. Many a youth has been ruined by a superficial accomplishment. Mr. Randolph tells of a lad in his community who was a graceful dancer and skater, and knew how to get himself up in attractive style. He was the envy of the boys and the idol of every silly girl in the neighborhood.

But his accomplishments ruined him His head was turned and he was never anything more than a dancing dude. He had fair intellect, adds Mr. Randolph, and without these superficial accomplishments might have turned his talents to practical account, and have made a man of himself.

Micrallets may prate, and doctors prose, and science shout from the housetops, but just so long as the birds sing and the flowers bloom, and a maiden's lips are cherry red, and a young man's eyes their love, just so long the lads and lasses will kiss—and kiss again.

And where, good men, is the harm if the kisses and kisses be healthy and true love steals upon us. It is only when ill-health lies in wait the sweet cleanliness of youth that death lurks upon its lips. The deadly germs of direful consumption are as harmless as fairies from fairyland to the young man or woman who is thoroughly clean, sweet and healthy in every fiber and tissue. The germs of disease only attack that which is already partly decayed.

There is a great medicine that is a sure and certain protection against all germs and a speedy cure for all germ diseases. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives vigorous tone to the appetite. It controls all faults of the digestion. It aids assimilation. It fills the blood with the vital, life-giving elements of the food. It builds sweet, clean, healthy tissues in every part of the body. It drives out all disease germs. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of bronchial, throat and lung affections if taken in time. All good medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

Mr. Jos. Henderson Dirbom, of 441 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I was suffering for some two years, suffering from dyspepsia, a tired feeling, and loss of energy and appetite. I tried one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and found great relief. I took two more bottles, three in all, and one or two vials of the 'Pellets,' when I was in good health again. I recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to do all that it is claimed to do."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them. No other pills are "just as good."

DON'T

A YOU KNOW IT IS LOW PRICES, NEAT AND ACCURATE WORK

That keeps our presses running day and night to keep up with orders.

Excelsior Printing Company,

WELDON, N. C.

Letter Heads, Packet Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Statements, Hand Bills, Programmes, Tickets, Shipping Tags, Etc., Etc.

Give us a trial order. Send for samples and write us what you want.

Paid Not To Pray.

A NEW WAY OF GETTING AT A MAN.

"He That Winneth Souls is Wise."

An earnest, faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, who was going to preach in a village barn, remarked to a man whom he met on the road: "We ought to be very grateful to God for sending us such fine weather as this."

"I don't know anything about that," replied the surly fellow.

"Don't you ever pray?" inquired the good man.

"No," answered the man, "what should I pray for? The parsons do that sort of work."

"Doesn't your wife ever pray?" inquired the good man.

"I don't know and I don't care; that is not the kind of thing I ever think of."

"But, don't you know, my dear man, that when you die you will pass into another world, and you will have to give an account of how you lived down here?"

"I don't know anything about that and I don't care, either."

Then the Christian did what some people might call a very extraordinary thing; he said: "You are the sort of man for whom I am always on the lookout. I'll tell you what I'll do; if you will promise me that you will never pray so long as you live, I'll give you half a crown."

"Oh!" said the man at once, "half a crown is worth having; I'll take it."

The coin was duly handed over and it was not long before the one who had taken it began to feel very bad about it, and wanted to be off with his bargain.

As soon as the man reached his home he said to his wife: "I met a man who said he would give me half a crown if I would promise never to pray so long as I live."

"You did not take it, did you, John?" anxiously inquired the wife.

"Yes, that I did," answered her husband, "and paid for a pint of beer out of it on the way home."

"What was the man like? How was he dressed?"

"I don't know, except that he had a tall hat on."

"But did you notice his feet?"

"I only saw that he had a good pair of boots."

"Ah! if he had taken them off you would have seen his cloven hoofs, and if you had lifted his hat your would have seen his horns!"

"You don't think it was the devil that gave me that half a crown, do you?"

"Yes, for certain it was the devil; it could not have been a good man, and I don't believe even a bad man would have done such a thing; it must have been the devil."

It soon happened as the preacher intended and expected; the man sadly wanted to pray, though he had never prayed before, and his anxiety made him feel ill and bad. At last his wife said to him: "John, there's some one preaching down at the barn to-night; you have sold yourself body and soul to devil, but you had better go and see if the man can do anything for you."

Accordingly John went and found that it was the individual whom his wife thought was the devil preaching. As soon as John could summon courage enough he went to the front and said: "I want to give you that half crown back."

"What half crown?"

"Why," replied the poor fellow, "you are the man that gave me a half crown because I promised never to pray all my life."

"Oh! don't try to get off your bargain; you sold yourself for that half crown."

"But I must pray; here, take your money back, and I do wish that you would pray for me."

That was an extraordinary way of getting a man to pray, but it evidently answered well in his case. "He that winneth souls is wise," and he must prove his wisdom by using the best ways of getting at the hearts and consciences of those whom he seeks to win for Christ.—C. H. Spurgeon.

HIS ANSWER.

"Tell me, am I not fair?"

The speaker leans back in her seat and smiles coquettishly.

In truth the question seems superfluous.

As she sits there with the afternoon sun transfusing her glorious tresses into a stream of liquid gold, her eyes as blue as the heavens, fathomless as the sea and dancing with excitement; her lips of coral wreathed with a roguish smile, she is indeed transcendentally beautiful.

But the man seems blind to her loveliness. He regards her with a frowning brow and eyes that smolder with anger.

Timidly she repeats her question.

"Am I not fair?"

Her companion's face grows black as thunder.

"Fair!" he cries bitterly. "Fair, when you open a jack pot with a ten"—

Rage chokes his utterance and with a passionate gesture he dashes the cards to the floor.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Old Clerk.

HIS YOUTH AND HOPE GONE.

A Pathetic Picture Too Frequently Presented In The Business World.

He is a familiar figure in almost every business house—the old clerk. White haired, thin, with clothes that are always of decent black and scrupulously brushed he has sat behind the same desk or stood behind the same counter for dear knows how many years, growing thinner and older as the time went by. Sometimes we meet him in the early morning going down to office or store, walking the same route he has trod for 20 or 30 years with a regularity so perfect that the very policeman on the beat might set his watch by his movements. Often, late at night, when we are going home from the theater we see him through the iron greated, window still bending over his ledger, for he works slowly nowdays and must work overtime to make up his accounts. His eyes are growing dim and he fumbles with his glasses, his hands are losing their trick of deft penmanship, and his brain its swiftness. He does not understand it, but the fly boys all about him, young enough to be his sons, rush through their tasks and are out and gone while he is still laboring over his. Slowly but surely it is being borne in on him that he cannot compete with them.

In the manager's office he is already becoming a problem. Customers have begun to complain of his slowness. A man not intentionally cruel, called out that he wanted somebody who was alive to wait on him; not that old fossil. A woman complained that he had not matched a sample and asked why they kept blind people. The old clerk heard them, and it sounded like the knell of his own foreboding thoughts. He knows that the time is coming when he must go. He has seen it happen before with others. First he will be retired to some other department, with less work and less pay. They will remember for a time the many years of faithful service in which he has seen the firm grow from small beginnings to present wealth.

Then after a time they will forget even that, and one day when he has been slower than usual or some mistake has passed unnoticed by his dim eyes they will send for him to come to the president's room, and he will be told that they think it best to put a boy in that department—somebody who is young and quick and can get about swiftly Sometimes they give him a little pension, oftener not, but in either case he goes out a poor, heart-broken old man. They talk to him of enjoying leisure, but he has never learned the art of idling, and so he hangs about the store after he is dismissed, walking by it through sheer force of habit. To others it a commonplace enough store or office. To him it is the mausoleum where lies buried his youth, with all its dreams and hopes and ambitions, and there is a tear under the smile on his wintry old face as he says that he has left Blank & Blank's and has got too old to work.—New Orleans Picayune.

Dr. David's Iodo-Ferrated Sarsaparilla is the Best Blood Medicine Known.

It will will cure the worst cases of Blood and Skin Diseases. It will cure Rheumatism, making the Blood pure and healthy, and causing the sinews and muscles to perform their work easily and without pain. It cures Eczema, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches and all skin diseases.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

"You pay too much attention to your husband, my dear. He will tire of you if you do." "But I don't care to flirt with other men." "You don't have to. Only make him think it pleases you to have him flirt with other women."

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.

"If you had an apple, Johnnie, and your little brother asked you for a piece you'd greet his request with a cheerful smile, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am, I'd give him the merry ha, ha!"

The Best Remedy For Flux.

Mr. John Mathias, a well knoku stock dealer of Pulaski, Ky., says "After suffering for over a week with flux, and my physician having failed to relieve me, I was advised to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarhoea Remedy, and have the pleasure of stating that the half of one bottle cured me."

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

He Was Married Himself.

CORRECTED THE TELEGRAM.

And Left Out A Few Words He Considered Superfluous.

She was as sweet a little woman as ever wore a tailor-made suit and jaunty hat that made every fellow who passed her straighten his tie and look his prettiest, says the Philadelphia Record. She walked into the telegraph office at Fourth and Vine streets, and timidly inquired of the clerk: "Can I send a telegram to my husband here?"

"Yes'm," responded the holloweyed functionary, brightening up a little and handing her a blank, with a pen and ink.

"I guess it will go all right if I put the street number, won't it?" she again asked.

"Yes'm," laconically replied the clerk with a sad anticipatory smile.

She frowned a little while collecting her thoughts, and then wrote:

"Dear Charlie—You don't know how much I miss you while away from home, though auntie is very kind, and we have been shopping all afternoon. I have bought some of the loveliest swiss to go over my green dress and three pairs of French kid gloves, because these were very cheap, but I know you won't care, will you, dearest? I think of you always and wish you were here with me to see the cute baby carriages and cradles and table chairs for little Mary. I was tempted to buy all three of them, but only took the carriage. Be sure to scald bottle every meal and that the milk is fresh before it is warmed for the baby. Bless her little heart! She is her mamma's darling, dear, so she is, and when she cries it may be a pin sticking in her and not the colic at all, remember. Give her a drop of champhor on a nice lump of sugar if that cough returns, and two drops of peppermint or paragoric in sugar and water in a teaspoon if she has a cramp in her poor little stomach. The key to the cake box is under the corner of the mat in the front hall, and if the icing sticks to the knife, butter it, and don't give the baby any, besides, be sure to crumble the crackers well in her gruel. Annie wants me to stay all week, but I don't feel satisfied away from you and baby so long, dearest, and will come home Wednesday. It seems to me like a year since I saw you, love though it was only yesterday evening, so now you see how much I love you, and cannot bear to be away from you at all. O, if you should die, or anything should happen while I am away! On thinking it over, I shall come home Tuesday on the first morning train, this being Monday night. Tell the girl to warm up the roast from Sunday, or else to eat it down real thin, with chili sauce to eat over it, and to see that the bread does not get musty in the pantry, and to keep the ants out of the sugar box above all. Kiss baby for mamma, and I send a hundred for yourself. From your loving little wife,

"SUSIE BROWN."

Gathering together the piles of sheets filled with the message, she handed them to the clerk. He read the telegram while she stood there and blushed.

"How much will it be?" she asked shyly.

"Twenty-five cents, madam. You see, we can shorten it by leaving out a few of the unnecessary words, and save you money."

"O, thank you," she said, beaming; "but be sure not to leave out any of the necessary words," and away she went as happy as a lark.

The operator picked up the blank and hurriedly dashed off:

"Charles Brown—Will be home Tuesday morning by the first train.

"SUSIE BROWN."

He was a married man himself.

The Rev. W. B. Costley, of Stockbridge, Ga., while attending to his pastoral duties a Ellenwood, that state, was attacked by cholera morbus. He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and I think it was the means of saving my life. It relieved me at once."

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

THE SIGN.

"Ma, the minister is coming."

"What makes you think so? Did you see him?"

"No, but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."—Boston Traveler.

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

CASTORIA.

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

Good Eating.

HOW TO COOK POSSUM.

Told By One of The Most Skillful Opossum Chefs In The World.

A negro's juicy appreciation of possum meat was well illustrated upon a recent occasion when a lady with whom the narrator is acquainted paid a visit to New Orleans. She told him the story. She was walking down Chartres street early one morning, intending to visit the celebrated French market of the Crescent city, and on her way she met a very old colored man coming from the opposite direction, evidently from the market, as he was carrying in one hand a possum and in the other a small split wooden basket of sweet potatoes. The old man's face was beaming with good nature, and wreathed in smiles of anticipatory pleasure. He looked so joyously into the face of the lady that she, too, could not help but smile at him, whereupon he held the possum up aloft and said, "Good eatin missy, good eatin." She stopped for a moment, looked at the childlike, happy face of the old negro and said, "So you like possum, do you?"

"Like possum missy! I lives possum. Dare ain't no eatin like possum. De possum am good, but de gravy with sweet potatoes is better. Did you never eat possum, missy? Den you didn't know what good eatin was. But mebbe you all wouldn't know how to cook Mr. Possum, fur dat's ebbytin in de know how".

"Well, then, tell me how you cook it," she said.

The old man set the possum and potatoes down on the pavement, or as they call it in New Orleans, the "banquet," and with a look of earnest concentration began with: "Now, don't you never forget jest what I'z gwine to tell you about how to cook de possum. Well de fust thing you does is to get your possum. Dat may be easy fur you uns, but tain't for me—dat is, always. Well, den, when you's dun got your possum you skins him fust. Den you puts him into de pot with cold water an put de pot over a hot fire, an den you parbiles him—not too much—fur you dean't want to lose any of his nice sweet fat. Den you takes him out of de pot an you dries him in a clean towel. Den you puts him into a big fryin pan. Den you scrapes de skin off your sweet potatoes an you puts dem into de same pan with Mr. Possum. Den you has your stove red, an den you puts de pan an possum an potatoes into de oven an den go away fur a little while, but not too long.

"Den when you comes back you puts in a little hot water, an den you begins an bastes de possum an de sweet potatoes an you keeps on a basin till de possum is a good brown—jest like my color—an de sweet potatoes is soft an juicy an de gravy is almost black an plenty of it. Den you takes it out of de oven, an den you sets de table, an den—well, den you bars de doors, for de smell of cooked possum goes a long ways, an when you have only one possum you doan't want much company besides yourself."

Now, there is your recipe for cooking possum and given by probably one of the best chefs for that dish in the world.—Philadelphia Times.

Mamma's guest was telling of her trials with some domestic service and the amount of time she was obliged to spend in looking for efficient help, adding: "And I do hate to hunt for girls." Little John looked up at her in surprise and asked: "When you hunt girls do you shoot them?"

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

Its fleece is still as white as snow,
But Mary's lamb has grown;
And, now she'd rather walk three miles
Than face that lamb alone.

—Truth.

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 disguise 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.

"Pa, can I go to the circus?" "No, my son; if you're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus." "Then, I'd better go while I'm bad enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?"

We have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home for many years and bear cheerful testimony to its value as a medicine which should be in every family In coughs and colds we have found it to efficacious and in croup and whooping cough children we deem it indispensable —H. P. Ritter, 4127 Fairfax ave, St. Louis, Mo.

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

CASTORIA.

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

The Mother of Heroes.

WILL YOUR LITTLE BOY BE ONE?

War Brings Us Many Evils, But It Gives Us Many Ideals.

Margaret Ogilvy voiced the unuttered cry in many a woman's heart when she confessed, with a quaintness all her own, how she would have liked it had this or that great man been her son.

In these days of our naval heroes—these days of such men as young Hobson and the seven young volunteers who went with him—the cry of Margaret Ogilvy comes back to us, and every woman with a woman's heart must wish she could have been the mother of such men. Greatness, to be sure, is not proved alone in the smoke of battle or in the dangers of warlike adventures, but for all that it is in times of war that we see the greatest of all spectacles among men—that of one who counts his life as nothing when he can lay it down for the sake of another.

War brings us many evils, but it gives us many ideals—ideals, like guiding stars, to which the new generation must hitch their chariots or perish. How can the mothers of today resist them? How can they look to anything else from their sons? How can they be without that gladness which rejoices when a son is born into the world? For just such a possibility lie in their own babes—the unwelcome babes, the babes that are dreaded, the babes that are never talked about—as lay in those who have lived to prove their greatness today.

Among certain orthodox Jews every woman looks to the possibilities of her being the mother of that redeemer who has been promised to her race, and governs her life in accordance. Perhaps if among us the possibility of our children, being built of such heroic stuff as that of which Hobson and his fellow volunteers were made were oftener in the mother's heart, we would hear less of the tired ones, the impatient, the bowed, the rebellious, or even the ignorant.—Harper's Bazar.

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.

Mamma—Oh dear Jimmy I don't believe you know what it is to be good. Jimmy—Yes, I do mamma. It's not doing what you want to do.

A great many girls say "No," at first but like the photographers, they know how to retouch their negatives.

"We have here," said the subordinate, "a terrible situation." "Yes," said the Spanish General, "and when they learn the facts in Spain we may not have any situation at all."

Mrs. Yongling—"John, do you suppose you can hear the baby from where you are if he wakes up and cries?" John (who is reading the newspapers)—"I dunno. I hope not."

W. M. HARLISTON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Furniture,

CARPETS, STOVES,

and Mattresses, etc.

IMMENSE STOCK

AND LOW PRICES.

W. M. HARLISTON & CO.,

No. 20 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.
10 26 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
nov 2 1y.

THE DREADED

CONSUMPTION

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

Nothing could be fairer, 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.

W. W. KAY,

—Dealer In—

Liquors, Wines,

GROCERIES 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.
Stump Straight,"
"Gordon Baltimore Rye"
and other brands.

I sell Garrett & Co.'s pure Choekoyotte wines.

I keep the best of every thing in my line. Polite attention to all at Kay's, west side R. R. Shed.
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