

# 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, FEBRUARY 9, 1899. NO. 41.

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## An Affectionate Farewell.

### TAYLOR'S VALEDICTORY.

WILL GO TO THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE HE MAY THINK AND DREAM THE BEST OF HIS LIFE.

After three terms as Governor of Tennessee Governor Robert L. Taylor retires from official life and he says it is forever. He made a touching address when his successor, Governor McMillan, was inaugurated. He said among other noticeable things:

"Mr. Speaker, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am about to shuffle off this mortal coil of politics and fly away to the liberal soil of my native mountains, where I may think and dream in peace, safe from the sickening sting of unjust criticism; safe from the fangs of some old political culture; safe from the slimy kiss and the keen dagger of ingratitude."

"I do not mean to say that all politicians are vultures or that they are all hypocrites or assassins, for the great majority of our public men are upright and honest, and worthy of the confidence reposed in them by the people; yet, there are black wings in the political firmament, and reptiles crawl and hiss in every crevice. But, thank God, the live thunders of eternal truth always clear the atmosphere, and the head of justice will surely bruise the serpent's head."

"I do not retire from this office with the wrangling of disappointment and chagrin in my bosom, but rather as one who retires from labor to rest, from war to peace; from trouble to happiness."

"I do not retire, the somnambulist of a shattered dream, but with all the buds of hope bursting into bloom and all the bowers of the future ringing with melody. I am contented with my lot in life. Three times I have won the laurel wreath of honor, twined by the people of my native State, and that is glory enough for me."

"While I believe that the good in politics outweighs the bad, yet how thorny is the path and how unhappy the pilgrimage to him who dares to do his duty? There are no flowers except a few bonbons scattered from the graves of fallen foes; there is no happiness except the transient thrill of a triumph, which passes like a shadow across the heart."

"Every honest man who runs for office is a candidate for trouble, for the fruits of political victory turn to ashes on the lips."

"To me there is nothing in this world so painful as a candidate. He is like a man without compass, drifting on the turbulent sea of uncertainty, between the smiling cliffs of hope and the frowning crags of fear. He is a walking prayer and a living prayer; he is the pack horse of public sentiment; he is the dromedary of politics. And even if he reaches the goal of his ambition, he will soon find the back of the victor in his heart and the fang of the serpent in his soul."

"I take with me a heart full of gratitude and a soul full of precious memories, grateful to the people for their unwavering confidence in me; precious memories of my friends who have been kind and true."

## Her Wish Gratified.

### DEATH OF EMMA ABBOTT.

HOW THE QUEEN OF THE LYRIC STAGE SANG THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REQUIEM AND HER OWN DIRGE.

H. C. Stevenson, of Dallas, Texas, in Atlanta Constitution.

There was a time, it was not many years ago, when every city in the South looked forward with emotions of pleasure to the coming of Emma Abbott. Every admirer of grand opera regarded it as an epoch of the year. But aside from her extraordinary talent and culture, our most aristocratic ladies loved her for her virtue—her charity and her gentle disposition—and when in town she was showered with invitations to dine, to tea and to come and spend only a few moments in the most palatial homes.

Her rebuke to the Nashville preacher is still remembered and often spoken of when her name is mentioned. This pure woman on Sunday morning attended church in that city. Whether the minister knew she was there, and who she was, has been asserted and denied; anyhow, in the course of his sermon he denounced all women on the stage as fallen and wanting in chastity. Miss Abbott at once arose in the audience and, after challenging the truth of this monstrous assertion and slander, walked out of the house.

It is, however, not with her life so much as with her death I am trying to deal. One night in the city of Denver, Col., located at the foot and in plain view of the Rocky Mountains, she was billed to appear in "Faust." In the same city a most attractive and beautiful 18-year-old girl, belonging to one of the wealthiest families, lay in the last stages of that fell enemy of the human race—consumption. Some weeks before the arrival of the company she said to those around her: "Oh, I hope the sun will shine and the weather will be warm and genial so I can hear Miss Abbott sing once more. I think I could then pass away peacefully and without one single regret." But there came with the queen of the lyric stage a Northern hurricane—with the very air charged with terrors which penetrated the lungs. Some one told Miss Abbott of the grievous disappointment of the dying girl. She went to the opera house and never sang more sweetly, and as soon as it was over and the audience dismissed, she called her carriage and directed it to drive to the beautiful home of the young lady. Of course she was at once admitted to her room, and told her she had come to gratify her wish.

The scene which followed was worthy of the finest brush ever wielded by the grand old masters. There lay the dying earth-angel with pallid lips, hectic cheeks and lustrous eyes and the light of immortality beaming upon her face. Standing beside her in one of her richest robes (the one she had worn that night) sparkling with pearls, rubies and diamonds, stood the slim, divine mistress of earthly melody.

The first piece rendered was "The Old Folks at Home," and then followed "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." The finale of this grand scene was "Rock of Ages, Chief of Me, Let me Hide Myself in Thee." And then Miss Abbott bent over the frail form and kissed her an eternal farewell. Soon after the spirit passed into the winds which rang through the mountains near by—set sail for that haven from which the first homeward bound bark is yet to be seen—the stainless heavens by the sweetest music ever heard on earth—into the melodies of paradise birds.

Miss Abbott returned to her home at the hotel and retired. Sometime during the night she awoke with a dreadful pain in the left lung. It rapidly grew worse—a physician was summoned—then another and another, who applied every remedy they could command, all to no purpose. It was typhoid pneumonia in its worst form. The black camea in its worst form. The black camea in its worst form. The black camea in its worst form.

In three days that voice which had so often raised the souls of men and women to the noblest, the grandest heights in holy ecstasy, was forever stilled in death—gone forth into—the night.

"So fades the summer cloud away, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er, So dies the waves along the shore."

### COLD.

"Let me," pleaded the New York youth, "break the ice with a kiss."

"No," returned the Boston girl firmly, "you don't make any glacial intimacies with me."—Town Topics.

### BEYOND HOPE.

Mrs. Snydel—The boy grows more like his father every day.

The Caller—Poor dear! And have you tried everything?—Philadelphia North American.

## Bloquent Sermons.

### BY GREAT PREACHERS.

BUT REV. THOS. G. LOWE'S, AT ROCK SPRING, EXCELLED THEM ALL, SAYS DR. KINGSBURY.

(Wilmington Messenger.)

It would be impossible for any one to say which was the most absolutely eloquent sermon ever preached in North Carolina, or who was the greatest preacher yet produced by this State. The late Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Jeter, a distinguished Baptist preacher and editor in Virginia in the past, held that after visiting Great Britain and having heard many of the more famous pulpit orators of our own land, the two greatest preachers he had ever heard were John Kerr (father of Judge Kerr) of North Carolina, and Andrew Bradburn, of Virginia. The late Gen. Thomas L. Clingman, who was an Episcopalian, once told us, in 1876, that he heard John Kerr for three hours once and would have been glad to have heard him longer. The late Ezekiah G. Leigh was unquestionably a very impressive preacher of much power. We heard him in the early fifties, perhaps it was after he had suffered one stroke of paralysis. He was a noble, intellectual looking man even then. His subject was Moses, and we recall it to this hour with a distinct recollection of his force, clearness and something of majesty. His portrayal of Moses was simple, massive and very impressive. Rev. Dr. Robert O. Burton in a sketch of him in a book we long ago read, tells of him preaching in Norfolk, Va., and when he closed the whole great congregation were standing. That prince of modern preachers, Robert Hall, of England, when preaching to the Baptist congregation at Bristol, generally raised his congregation by the tremendous power of his oratory. Dr. Olinthus Gregory, the mathematician and astronomer in an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Hall says that he often saw this effect produced by him. It takes marvellous power to do that. We never saw any such result or anything like it. The most entrancing sermon in North Carolina of which we have ever heard was a sermon preached at Rock Spring camp meeting, two miles from Henderson, now Vance county, and in 1859 by Rev. Thomas G. Lowe, of Halifax. It was on Sunday and he preached to more than 2,000 people. A preacher in the North Carolina Conference M. E. Church, who was afterwards a presiding elder, the late Rev. Janus P. Moore, brother of the late Col. B. R. Moore, of this city, told us he had heard the celebrated Bishop Kavanaugh (not the way to spell it, we think) of Kentucky, and Bishop George F. Pierce's great and most eloquent sermon at Goldboro, and Rev. Thomas G. Lowe's sermon at the time referred to excelled those sermons or any other he had ever heard. It made a great impression, and was the master effort. The culmination of that singularly eloquent preacher's pulpit discourses. The most beautiful sermon we ever heard was by Mr. Lowe. The most logically severe sermon we have listened to was by Rev. Dr. Vaughan, of Virginia, a Presbyterian. The most purely intellectual sermon, reaching a higher grade of thinking and longer sustained, was by Bishop Wilson, of Baltimore. Rev. Dr. Deems, himself a very charming preacher, once told us that when Rev. Dr. Lovick Pierce, of Georgia, and father of the eloquent Bishop George F., was at his best, he never heard any one to surpass him. Dr. Pierce was born in Halifax county, N. C., and lived to some ninety-four years, and often preached, we believe, after he had turned ninety. He was a very extraordinary man. So far as we know those named were the foremost pulpit speakers native to North Carolina—Kerr, Leigh, Lowe, Bradburn, Jeter, and Pierce. When shall we upon their like again? All this was suggested at this time by our eye falling upon Hebrews 2:3—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" That was Lowe's text at Rock Spring. Janus Moore was of powerful physique, not emotional, and brave. He said if Lowe had outlived much longer that he himself was a weight up that he felt that an eclipse of some kind would befall him, mental or physical. Lowe preached but twenty-five minutes, but it was scrupulous, enchanting, most beautiful, most wonderful. This writer, about 1887, delivered an address of Mr. Lowe at the request of the large Methodist family in Halifax county. It was printed in a 1,000 edition or more. He hopes to publish a new and enlarged edition of it before he passes away, and if possible before the present year closes.

## Face To Face.

### PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.

TO NEGLECT THE CLOSEST PRAYER MEANS LOSS AND SORROW INCALCULABLE.

It is safe to say that, unless this habit be maintained conscientiously, the quality of our piety suffers. Doubtless neglect of it has been the cause of more backsliding from spiritual success and service than any one of what we commonly call severe temptations. There is a peculiar and vital profit in common, public devotions. They enrich and up-build the soul by kindling our holiest sympathies and quickening our most sacred purposes. But they do not, and cannot, do for us what private, individual communion with God accomplishes. We need to be alone with Him sometimes and often. Otherwise we cannot enter into those close and confidential relations with Him which means so much to the truly Christian heart. In public worship, even though we do but join as silent participants, we cannot make confession of our faults, lay before our Father freely our own personal and special needs and become aware of His holy Spirit's response and interest as we can when we are in our closets. We need, and most who truly belong to Christ, have learned how to profit by, such personal intercourse with God. It is an unspesakable privilege which must not be disregarded. But the spirit of our times in a large degree is unfriendly to it. Engagements of many sorts press upon us until to reserve even a little time for it becomes hard. This or that excuse is allowed to justify neglect of it until, insensibly yet really, we have grown to regard it as of minor consequence. Moreover, not a few declare frankly that it is not essential to true godliness. They might as truly urge that the mutual knowledge and love of a mother and child would not weaken if they never were to meet and converse. But the testimony of Christian history is conclusive. The purest, noblest, holiest souls, those whom even the most careless of all cannot help reverencing, have been those who have lived in the closest fellowship, the most regular and intimate devotional union, with the Almighty. Have we not known in our own experience, too, some memorable hour when we have tasted of the blessedness of being, as it were, face to face with the divine Father, when His word has taken on a new richness and pertinence of meaning as we have studied it by His prayer, and we have talked with Him in secret, and we have rejoiced with Him in prayer with a rapture freedom never possible in the presence of others, no matter how sympathetic? We may, we ought to have such an experience frequently. To neglect private devotions means loss and sorrow incalculable.

## Ponder Well.

### WHEN A GIRL REALLY LOVES.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT BEFORE YOU ENTER INTO AN ENGAGEMENT FOR LIFE.

When a girl is not as sure of her affection as she is of the sun in the heavens, it is well for her to pause to give herself all the benefit of the doubt, writes Helen Watterston Moody in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "She should wait until she is able to say with truth when she gives her word, 'I would rather be your wife than do or be anything else in the world.' If there is in the farthest corner of her heart one little doubt that the full revelation of love has come to her the chances are that it has not. This is not to say that doubts never arise in love. The happiest engagement in all the world is often not without a haunting fear attendant upon it. Indeed it often happens that two singularly honest and earnest young people have periods of exquisite self-torture during the engagement time, and the more mature and experienced they both are the more likely this is to happen, for then each sees more clearly than in early youth the perils that may come. Each realizes that though love is the greatest solvent of difficulties it is not the only one—that there are sure to be the delicate strains upon human nature in the delicate adjustments of married life. One may be able to trust one's self in the great crises of life, but it is the pettiness of every day life that lays bare one's beating sine. A sensitive girl dreads, as cares increase, that the romance may depart, that the husband may sometime come to find the smaller and less brilliant world in which the home-keeping wife dwells commonplace and sordid. The true-hearted lover fears that in some sudden blindness he may blunder into wounding the tender sensitivities that seem so exquisitely dear to him now. Often each dreads that he or she, or both together, may prove inadequate in the plain, practical, everyday affairs of life."

## That Quarter.

### A KIND BURGLAR.

HE SETS AN EXAMPLE THAT OTHER BAD MEN MIGHT FOLLOW.

"Put up your hands!" The cold muzzle of a revolver was pressed against the temple of the man with the grocery packages, whose face unprotected by muffle or scarf, looked long drawn, lean and haggard in the uncertain light of a distant street lamp. The hands went up, to the detriment of the grocery packages, which were allowed to fall to the pavement.

## THE LEGEND OF IODOKUS.

Iodokus lived in Syria in the Second century. A great famine ravaged the country, and to test Iodokus, the Lord sent poor people to implore his charity. "A poor man is at the door, steward," was Iodokus's summons to his housekeeper; "he is hungry and asks for bread."

"Master, but one loaf remains of all our store."

"Give always," said the master, "the Lord will provide—He who feeds the ravens. Divide the loaf into four. Feed the poor man, and there remains a piece for you, and one for me, and one for our faithful dog."

And the steward gave it, soon another beggar came, hungry and naked.

"Give him my morsel, good steward," said Iodokus. "The Lord will provide the ravens." And the steward gave it. And again God sent a poor and forlorn beggar.

"Give always, good steward, give him your piece; the Lord is good; He will provide."

And the steward gave his piece. But the fourth time, starving, sick, and cold, a beggar made his appearance.

"Good steward, give him the dog's piece. Give always, and put your trust in God."

And the steward gave the last piece of bread.

Iodokus spent the night communing alone with his God. With the light of morning he saw two boats laden with bread and fruit, lying in the river on whose bank his cabin stood. On the beach stood planted a white flag, inscribed in gilt letters with these words: "Four times thou hast fed me on thy loaf, Trust in Him who feeds the ravens."—Sabbath School Visitor.

Telephone girls ought to make good wives. Why? They get in the habit of not speaking unless they are spoken to.

Ab! If our youthful ideals could but be realized! If they could, we would be circus actors, truck drivers or pirates, the most of us.

I'm afraid my wife's affections for me are cooling. Why? When she bade me goodbye this morning she didn't say, Be sure and hurry home as early as possible.

Dr. Jigaw is the only man on our street who doesn't clear the snow from his sidewalk? He knows the commercial value of wet feet.

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

It 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, Blisters and all skin diseases.

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