

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1899.

NO. 512

WHY THE STIEFF PIANO?

Because of its purity, richness and volume of tone, artistic beauty of finish, a genuine solidity of construction and a tried durability that enables us to guarantee all.

STIEFF PIANOS

For half a century past. Large stock of second-hand pianos always on hand. Palace Organs, Standard Organs. Call and examine our stock. Catalogues for the asking. Terms Accommodating.

CHARLES M. STIEFF,
5 N. Liberty st., Baltimore, Md.
Washington, 521 Eleventh st., N. W., Oct. 21 '97.

J. H. BAILEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

TINWARE

CROCKERY.

Wood and Willowware, Brooms, Paper Bags.

Wrapping Paper, Twine, Flasks, Cans, Demijohns, and House-Furnishing Goods.

No. 141 N. Spycamore St., near Lombard st.

PETERSBURG, VA.
Oct 20 '98

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.

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 11 '98.

THE BEST WATCH

CHAIN ON EARTH

For \$1.00 Made while you wait at the wire Jewels stand.

354 MAIN ST., NORFOLK, VA.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. All goods warranted.

J. W. DENNIS,

Norfolk, Va.
aug 4 '97.

PROF. JAMES HARVEY,

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.)
Norfolk, Va.
Je 17 '97.

JAMES H. 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. Office in Weldon, N. C., open every Monday.

Sympathy and Succor.

WRITE TO MY MOTHER.

THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is reported of Abraham Lincoln that during the war he frequently visited the hospitals and addressed cheering words to the wounded warriors. On one occasion he found a young fellow whose legs had been amputated, and who was sinking fast. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Lincoln. "You might write a letter to my mother," was the faint reply. The president wrote at the youth's dictation, "My dearest mother, I have been shot, but am bearing up; I tried to do my duty. They tell me I can not recover. God bless you and father, kiss Mary and John for me." At the end came these words as postscript: "This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln." When the boy perused the epistle, and saw those asked words, he looked with astonished gaze at the visitor, and asked, "Are you our president?" "Yes," said the quiet answer, "now you know that there is nothing else I can do for you?" Feebly the lad said, "I guess you might hold my hand, and see me through." "Sitting down at the bedside, the tall, gaunt man, with a beard tender as a woman's, held the soldier's hand—through the live-long night—in grew cold and rigid in death. With us is not delightful truth that Christ the greatest of all kings, in our afflictions is afflicted and that he can "touch with the feeling of our infirmities." Where the sorrows of life overwhelm us, when the eradic is empty, or the home desolate when the mind is distraught, or the heart bursting with grief, we may "go and tell Jesus." In every red furnace of pain, and bedding tenderly over every dying couch, stands one whose form is like the Son of God.—Rev. E. G. Gange.

DEFINITIONS.

Silence is a still noise.
Usefulness is ignorance afraid.
Conscience is our private secretary.
Economy is a first mortgage on wealth.
Prudery is nothing more than coquetry gone to seed.
Pleasure is like a hornet—generally ends with sting.
Flattery is like cologne water—to be smelt of, not swallowed.
A "gentleman about town" is one who pays cash for everything except his debts.

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 women 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, Edfield, Druggists.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

She (confidingly)—I feel like a perfect wreck.
Her Dearest Friend (sympathizingly)—You look it.—N. Y. Sun.

In 1888 my wife went East and was attacked with rheumatism. She received no relief until she tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Since that time we have never been without it. We find it gives instant relief in cases of burns or scalds and is never failing for all rheumatic and neuralgic pains.—D. C. Brant, Santa Ynez, Cal.

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

EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

Halted—Quer thing happened over on the west side last night.
Wahash—What was it?
Halted—A young man playfully snatched an unopened pistol at his breast, and—
Wahash—And the funeral takes place tomorrow, of course?
Halted—No; that's where the quar part comes in. The weapon failed to go off.—Chicago News.

I was reading an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the Worcester, Enter price recently, which leads me to write this. I can truthfully say I never used any remedy equal to it for cholera and diarrhoea. I have never had to use more than one or two doses to cure the worst case with myself or children.—W. A. Stroud, Popponoke City, Md.

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

A building genius doesn't always turn out to be the flower of the family.

Lost In A Cave.

A GOOD STORY.

THE DREADFUL FATE OF A MAN IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

Four or five drummers for New York houses were seated in the smoking compartment of a Pullman on a train homeward bound, and as might naturally be expected they were swapping experiences.

It is not necessary to state here that affidavits did not accompany the remarks of the travelers.

"By George," said a solemn looking party representing a big dry goods firm, "I had an experience down in Virginia four weeks ago that I hope will never be repeated."

"What was it?" asked a nattily attired shirt and collar man. "Forget your private supply when you struck a local option county?"

The solemn looking party paid no attention to the slanderous insinuation. "I Sundayed," he said, "in a town at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and a young man there asked me to go with him to a cave in the mountains, which had been discovered only a few days before, for the purpose of exploring it. As there wasn't anything else to do, I accepted the invitation, and provided with lamps, compass and other exploring paraphernalia we drove out to the place, about three miles from the town. We picked up a country jay near the cave and took him along with us, as he told us he had made two or three trips in during the last three or four days and had a pretty good idea of what it was like for a half mile or so. We went in good shape and got along fairly well until we were in a mile, when it became rougher, and at last, after a tight squeeze through the opening in the main hall, we emerged into the grandest auditorium to be found anywhere in these United States, I'll wager money. It was 100 feet to the dome, 200 feet across, and then all about it, as if supporting the dome, were hundreds of pure white columns twisted into perfect convolutions as if by machinery. The whole vast space was a glittering area of whiteness, which caught the light of our lamps and reflected it back in myriad of rays, making the most splendid scene I have ever witnessed."

"We stood spellbound for many minutes, then began to move about, going in and out among the pillars, as if in a lull. I have no idea how far they extended, for, after some time, I looked about for my companions, and they were gone. I was scared in a minute and began to shout, but received no answer. Then I tried to find my way out. Half an hour later I stumbled on our guide, worse scared than I was, and he had done what the rest of us had—got lost in admiration of the beauty of the place and wandered away recklessly. We shouted ourselves hoarse for the third man, but got no response, and then began to look for a way out. Luck is with some people sometimes, and as it happened we found the entrance and hurried out for help. Three hours later we had 50 men in there searching, and they kept it up for 24 hours without finding our man. Neither did we find him at the end of 48 hours. And what a dreadful time the poor fellow had! He wandered around in the silent darkness for I don't know how long. The bats covered him and clawed him. He fell over a precipice into a pit of freezing water. Driven by hunger, on the third day he ate bats raw whenever he could catch them. He screamed for help and found the white pillars as if they had been ghosts pursuing him and finally became a raving maniac. It was horrible, horrible, and the worst of it all was that we never found him."

The listeners were so unnerved by the dreadful recital that for a moment no spoke then the shirt and collar man gave an uneasy cough, which made everybody jump nervously.

"Well, he said, giving himself a shake, "how in thunder did you know what happened to him if you never found him?"

This timely inquiry relieved the pressure at once, and a vote was immediately taken that the solemn looking party pay for the drinks.—New York Sun.

Hugged By A Ghost.

OH! WHAT A NIGHT.

MRS. STANTON'S STORY OF A STARTLING PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

While under the direction of the Lyceum Bureau during the decade of 1870-80 I traveled eight months in the year, from October to June, mostly in the western states, speaking nearly every night. It was my custom in the large cities always to stay at the same hotel, that the landlord and clerks might know me and I might be received at any hour of the night. If possible, I always secured a room on the second floor with a balcony, for safety in case of fire.

One night I arrived rather late at Indianapolis, having previously telegraphed. The hotel was crowded, as there was some unusual public gathering, just what I do not remember. On meeting me in the parlors my kind but distracted host said: "Mrs. Stanton, I have not a room in the house for you. I am sorry, but you will be obliged to go to some other hotel." "That," I replied, "I cannot do. You must give me a bed in the parlor if you have no other place." "Well," said the host, laughing, "I'll see what I can do." So while I was taking supper he surveyed the ground and at last returned to tell me he had a small room on the third floor, but with no balcony. If I would accept that, he would have it prepared for me. "Well," I replied, "since I can do no better I must accept that." In due time he announced that all was ready.

I found a pleasant little room, lighted with gas, a bright fire in the grate, everything looking fresh, clean and attractive. Being very tired, I lost no time in going to bed. As usual, I left the gas burning, and looked under the bed and in the closet to see that neither men nor cats were anywhere concealed. I was soon sound asleep, when suddenly I found myself in the strong grasp of a powerful man. At the same instant a cry of despair rent the air, an agonizing voice shrieked: "Oh, save me, mother! Save me!" Terribly frightened, I sprang from the bed in horror. But all was still. I searched the room in vain. No one was there, the gas was still burning, the door locked, everything as I left it on going to sleep. So I concluded the terrible experience I had just had must have been a nightmare, and as I was thoroughly tired by my long journey of the previous day my excitement was soon overcome and I fell asleep again. Only a few moments had elapsed, however, when I again felt the clutches of those desperate arms and my ears were filled with the sound of that piercing shriek: "Oh, save me, mother! Save me!" Again I shook off the horror and, fully awake, convinced myself that I was alone and that no one had entered my room. Gradually I grew calm, and then, from sheer exhaustion, slept once more. My rest was as brief as before, for in an instant, it seemed, the grip was around me, and the voice to my very heart-strings: "Oh, save me, mother! Save me!"

It is useless to rehearse the continued torture of that night. Suffice it to say that with the dawn only it ceased.

When the maid came to make the fire she said, "How did you sleep, madam?" I replied, "I have had a night of intense suffering." "O," cried she, bursting into tears, "I told them not to put you in this room. A man died here yesterday with delirium tremens. His cries could be heard over the whole house. For days his constant appeal was: 'Oh, save me, mother! Save me!'"

This startling corroboration of my recent impressions quick unnerved me. I begged the maid to remain until I could leave the room whose walls had witnessed and were still repeating the despairing appeal of that distracted soul. I never think of that night in Indianapolis without a shudder.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton in Journalist.

A MIRACLE.

Willis—How did Baker come to lose his eye?
Wallace—He happened to be passing a lady who was trying to stop a car with her umbrella.
Willis—You don't tell me! We'll say, how did he save the other one?
Pack.

Dr. David's Iodo-Ferrate Narsaparilla 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, Blotches and all skin diseases.

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

Woman can't throw a stone, but when she drops a flower pot out of a window she always hits somebody.

THE FACE OF JESUS.

NATURAL STONE PORTRAIT.

GEOLOGISTS HAVE PLACED IT UNDER POWERFUL GLASSES AND ARE UNANIMOUS IN SAYING NO TOOL HAS EVER TOUCHED IT.

We have visiting in Atlanta at present a lady remarkable not only for her culture, her extensive travels and her skill as an artist, but also for her possession of a wonderful treasure trove—a natural stone portrait of the face of Christ. I have for some time known that this portrait stone was found by a friend of my childhood, Mrs. Eugenia Jones Bacon, but have not had an opportunity to meet her for many years until last week. And surely never will I forget the effect which this most pathetic face of our Lord, as in His passion, had upon me. It will ever, as now, remain impressed upon my mind and heart. The incident connected with the finding of the stone, the discovery of the likeness and interwoven with the various savants, crowned heads and artists who have examined it, are all told by Mrs. Bacon with the utmost simplicity, not the slightest striving for effect. "For," as she said to me, "I have learned to look upon this stone as a matter of conscience, a sacred possession. I dislike extremely being interviewed or noticed of any kind, but I know feel I have no right to keep this to myself—so wonderful a work of nature should be well known."

This rare stone was picked up in 1880 by Mrs. Bacon near the scene of The Passion Play at Oberammergau, Bavaria. Picked up simply as she was in the habit of taking some trifle with her from each remarkable place she visited. Eight years afterwards, as some little children were examining her specimens under a bright lamp one of them exclaimed: "Oh, there is a face in this stone!" Again, when J. Russell Forbes, Ph. D., Rome, Italy, was examining it his little son exclaimed, "Why, that is Jesus!" "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." "The stones will cry out."

The portrait stone is a piece of limestone in the shape of human heart, one inch long, three quarters broad. The surface is corrugated, the irregularities casting shadows so that the blending of light with the shadows form a cameo like a face having a startling resemblance to the type of Christ's pictures. A change in the angle of light gives the effect of opening or closing the eye by moving the shadow that forms the eyelash.

The head-shaped stone is cleft through the centre and when reversed delineates a lion head. "The lion of the tribe of Judah." Many believe our Lord died of a broken heart. The stone is perfectly natural. Many well-known geologists have placed it under powerful glasses and are unanimous in saying no tool has touched it. It requires not the slightest imagination to see the face, for it is clear and distinct, standing in bold relief like a finely etched cameo. I cannot attempt to describe the sensation that came over me when my friend held it up. It thrilled me through and through, for it is true "words suggest but vaguely what one sees on the stone." Photographs fail, even as I have never seen a true copy of Raphael paintings, I believe it to be impossible to secure a truer copy of this most pathetic, most marvellous work of nature.

It has recently been noticed that the photograph of the rugged surface portrays many suggestive pictures, such as "The Madonna and Child," "Three Crosses," "A Soldier Asleep,"—a ram, a fish—but as my friend pointed out these Christian symbols plainly enough, while I saw them, my heart was too filled with the expression of the face on the stone to care for aught else.

Mrs. Bacon has been interviewed by cardinals, crowned heads—savants innumerable—all have echoed the one note of amazement and veneration. They have also given her a great many testimonials, and she has been offered large sums for this treasure, but she values it too highly to part with it, keeping it by her side night and day.—S. E. Habbert, in Atlanta Constitution.

HE SAW A REFLECTION OF GOD.

A Scotch writer tells of an experience with an old Scotch farmer: "One day in the early spring I was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when I came to a but in which lived an old man I had known a great many years. I saw the old man with his head bowed and his hands in his hands, and I came up and said to him after a bit: "I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers." "Well, not exactly that," said the old man, "but I tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world!"

One Good Meal.

A REAL OLD CHICKEN DINNER.

HE HAD ENOUGH FOR THREE MEN BUT HE ATE IT ALL HIMSELF.

During the war there was in our command a practical joker named Henry McNette, who is now a pilot on the Arkansas river. Just at this time in the history of the Confederacy, rations became scarce. Parched corn and sweet potatoes do very well once in a long while, but are objectionable when taken as a steady diet. McNette noticed that Lieut. Nowlin frequently visited a farm house, the elegant country seat of Judge Beach. He had often seen the handsome Miss Beach, and he knew that Nowlin was paying special attentions to her. One day McNette went to Judge Beach's house and rang the door bell. When a servant appeared McNette put his hat under his arm and asked if he could see Miss Beach. The servant crabbedly replied that he would see. Presently Miss Beach appeared.

"Is this Miss Beach?" McNette asked, as he humbly bowed to the young lady. "Yes."

Lieut. Nowlin, who is very ill, ordered me to come and ask you to send him a broiled chicken and anything else that you think he might relish."

"Well, sit down there," said the young lady. She would not allow any of the servants to prepare the meal. She broiled the chicken herself, and, nicely arranging the "spread," gave it to McNette, who again bowed humbly. He went down into the woods and feasted. "There was enough for three men," he said in speaking of the affair, "but on that occasion I was three men myself."

The next day Nowlin called on Miss Beach.

"I am surprised to see you," she said. "Why?" he asked. "Because of your illness." "I haven't been ill." "You haven't? How did you enjoy the chicken?" "What chicken?" "Why one of your soldiers came here and said that you had sent for a broiled chicken. He was a—"

"Never mind. I know what sort of a man he is. I know him. He's that infernal Henry McNette."—Arkansas Traveler.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Youth is a theory, but old age is a fact.

Hunger never kicks because the table cloth is soiled.

His satanic majesty doesn't use any bait when he fishes for grumblers.

When a man knows he is a fool he knows more than some people give him credit for.

A circus man says giraffes are worth \$7,000 each. No wonder they hold their heads up in the air.

There is something radically wrong with the girl who refuses to go to the depot to see a friend off.

A Kentucky man made counterfeit money with which to pay his board, and the judge decided he was entitled to lodging for seven years.

WHAT IS GOOD.

"What is real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," said the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word."
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

AFTER THE CALL.

"Did she make you feel at home?"
"No; but she made me wish I was."
—Brooklyn Life.

WITHOUT DIFFICULTY.

Citizen—Well, how did you find the jail, Shackelford?
Shackelford (back from a two weeks' sentence)—Oh, I didn't have to hunt for it; Sheriff took me right there.—Harlem Life.

A POINT SCORED.

"There ought to have been a woman jury in that canned beef inquiry."
"Why, Maud?"
"Because men are so use to finding fault with beef that they couldn't vote the evidence without prejudice."—Detroit Free Press.

One Good Meal.

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S. S. S. GOES TO THE BOTTOM.

Promptly Reaches the Seat of all Blood Diseases and Cures the Worst Cases.

In every test made S. S. S. easily demonstrates its superiority over other blood remedies. It matters not how obstinate the case, nor what other treatment or remedies have failed, S. S. S. always promptly reaches and cures any disease where the blood is in any way involved. Everyone who has had experience with blood diseases knows that there are no claim offer such incontrovertible evidence of merit. S. S. S. is not merely a tonic—it is a cure. It goes down to the very seat of all blood diseases, and gets at the foundation of the trouble and forces the poison from the system. It does not, like other remedies, dry up the poison and hide it from view temporarily, only to break forth again more violently than ever; S. S. S. forces out every trace of taint, and rids the system of it forever.

Mrs. T. W. Lee, Montgomery, Ala., writes: "Some years ago I was inoculated with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and in my great extremity I prayed to die. Several prominent physicians treated me, but all to no purpose. The mercury and potash which they gave me seemed to add fuel to the awful flame which was devouring me. I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by it, to try Swift's Specific. I implored from the start, as the medicine seemed to go directly to the cause of the trouble and force the poison out. Twenty bottles cured me completely." Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—Is the only remedy that is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains no mercury, potash, arsenic, or any other mineral or chemical. It never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Tetters, Boils, Carbuncles, Sores, etc.

Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead kindly light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years,
So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!
—Cardinal Newman.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

Oh, dear is the light of the sun that has shone
In splendor above us in days we have known,
When gently round us its glory is shed
With sweet dream-pictures of the hopes that are dead.
The songs that the heart once knew with delight,
When care was unknown and the future was bright,
Come back with a charm, like melodies cast
With an echoing voice through the halls of the past.
The ghosts of the flowers that fell with the frost
On life's lovely garden lamented and lost,
Return with their hearts, "mid sorrow and strife,
To lighten and brighten the pathway of life.
Fair fame, fickle dame, with her glitter and glare,
May fade like a joy, in the dark of despair;
And fortune and friends may forever depart,
But love with its dream finds a home in the heart.
There are charms resistless that cling to the mind,
And early life and the things left behind,
Which brighten the future, for memory is set
With diamonds of joy that we never forget.
Wherever we wander, wherever we stray,
Our thoughts will grow fonder of the days far away;
And though time seems fleet and the years come fast,
To live will be sweeter for the sake of the past.

THE IDEAL WOMAN IS ONE WHOSE PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES HOLD OUT UNTIL FRESH STRAWBERRIES GET CHEAP.

Three-fourths of the bread cast upon the waters returns because it has a string tied to it.

Few women can sit through a sermon without hoping that the cook won't let the dinner burn.

In the chase after happiness there are too many crossroads and too few guide boards.

GRIPPE

Grippe and influenza invariably leave the system with a bad cough. For such Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup is highly recommended. This wonderful remedy gives relief at once, conquers the worst cough overnight and soon effects a thorough cure.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP


Cures Grippe and Influenza. Does not irritate and is pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

S. S. S. GOES TO THE BOTTOM.

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