

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1899.

NO. 1.

Boils and Pimples Give Warning.

AN UNFAILING SIGN THAT NATURE IS APPEALING FOR HELP.

When Nature is overtaxed, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask for help until it is impossible to get along without it. Boils and pimples are an indication that the system is accumulating impurities which must be gotten rid of; they are an urgent appeal for assistance—a warning that can not safely be ignored.

To no best to purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to any ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer.

Mrs. L. Gentile, 204 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying as they disfigured my face fearfully. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleansed my blood, and now I rejoice in a clear complexion, which I never had before."

Capt. W. H. Dunlap, of the A. G. S. R. Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Several boils and carbuncles broke out upon me, causing great pain and annoyance. My blood seemed to be in a diseased condition, and nothing I took seemed to do any good. Six bottles of S. S. S. cured me completely, and my blood has been perfectly pure ever since."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD is the best blood remedy, because it is purely vegetable and is the only one that is absolutely free from potash and mercury. It promptly purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system, builds up the general health and strength. It cures Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Tetter, Boils, Sores, etc., by going direct to the cause of the trouble and forcing out all impure blood.

Books free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Old Jacob Grover's 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., 215 N. 7th St.

DR. T. T. ROSS, DENTIST

Weldon, N. C.

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 1/2.

PROF JAMES HARVEY,

is a SPECIALIST and AUTHORITY on all

Chronic Diseases,

THE BEST WATCH CHAIN ON EARTH

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

J. W. DENNIS,

Norfolk, Va.

W. W. KAY

Dealer In—

Liquors, Wines, CROCCERIES 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, "Stamp Straight," "Gordon Baltimore Rye" and other brands.

J. L. JUDKINS,

Wholesale and Retail, Dealer In Fine—

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES.

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

J. L. JUDKINS,

No. 21 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C. Dec 11 1/2.

Grand Display

—OF—

MILLINERY.

FANCY GOODS AND NOVELTIES. Butterick's Patterns.

R. & G. CORSETS,

Misses at 50c., Ladies 75c. to \$1.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS,

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W. T. PARKER,

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Heavy and Fancy Groceries

Queensware, Cutlery, Plows, Plow Castings, Hoos, Forks. —RECEIVER AND SHIPPER OF—

A Rural Depositor.

WANTED HIS MONEY.

DIDN'T WANT THE NEW CRISP BANK NOTES, BUT WANTED HIS PARTICULAR BRAND.

He came in from the rural districts and approached the village bank cautiously, and with fear and trembling.

He and the cashier had been friends in boyhood, but they hadn't met since the bank opened for business. In fact, he hadn't "been to town" in three years.

"John," he said, to the cashier, "have you got time to step outside a minute?"

When the cashier did so he led him to a fence corner, pulled out a bag of money, and said, solemnly:

"John, you an' me has been of friends?"

"Yes."

"Known each other sense 'boyhood'?"

"Certainly."

"Eat at the same table?"

"Often."

"Fended the same church?"

"Frequently."

"I'm listening?"

"Here's three hundred dollars."

"Three hundred—"

"Three hundred dollars, John—all counted square an' fair?"

"Well?"

"Now, you keeps money for people, don't you?"

"I do."

"John, I want you to keep this for me—for one week, John—just for one week! An' I want it when I come for it, John—I want it just like I give it to you!"

In about a week's time the rural depositor was in the bank demanding his money.

The cashier counted it out to him in crisp, new bills.

"That ain't my money, John," he said. "I want my own money!"

"You want three hundred dollars, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, here are three hundred dollars!"

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

ELL kin only din' the words—I know jest like that to tell it. 'Maria, of forever—forever fare-you-well! My boat is on the shore, an' my barque is on the sea. But fare-you-well, Maria—a long farewell from me!"

Don't tax of me the "what-for"—I've heard that six young men called round on Sunday evenin' an' staid till after ten!

You snatched on ever' one of 'em—that's jest the word I'm tellin'—an' me 'a-bangin' round outside, in company with the col!"

I know they praised yer cheeks of red—likewise, yer eyes of blue; likewise, the roses that you wore—the ones I give to you!

(That, like the love you had for me, have pined away an' died.) An' you clean forgot the feller who was hangin' round outside!

It's jest the ways of women-folks—you're like the rest, I s'pose. That pick a heart to pieces, jest like they would a rose!

But—my boat is on the shore now, my barque is on the sea. An' sence you've slammed the door now, farewell—fare well-to thee!

Poor Dorcas! She knew no more of the wide world and its ways than a half-fledged robin, but she started out with a brave heart to seek her fortune.

One text from the Book of Divine Revelations came into her heart to comfort her—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," and somehow Dorcas felt that kind Providence had not forsaken her.

Mrs. Cymonds put on her best dress, tied her lavender bonnet strings in a becoming bow under her chin, and looked at herself in the mirror with a smile of satisfaction.

"He'll be certain to come to the sewing society today, and who knows what may happen, as we walk home together! My, but won't Leticia Pipes be mad! She almost turns green with envy now, when the deacon walks with me."

But Deacon Grey did not make his appearance at the sewing-circle, and the widow returned home in a somewhat different mood from that in which she had set out.

"What in common sense he means by not coming I don't see!" she said, crabbedly. "And that Leticia Pipes was glad of it—looked, 'nax she wanted to tit-for-tat right out, when I had to get on my bonnet and start home alone."

The afternoon had worn away, and the sun was sinking fiery shafts of crimson beneath the far-off western horizon.

"Who in creation's a-coming now?" grumbled the widow, as a little, slender figure swung open the front gate, and tripped up the path to the cottage door.

It was Dorcas, her brown eyes shining and her cheeks glowing like a full-blown Jacquemont rose.

"Back again, like a bad penny!" cried the widow, crossly. "You'll have to stay all night, I s'pose; but I've told you once I couldn't keep you—and I can't!"

"I've only come for my things," said Dorcas, demurely, her cheeks dimpled with smiles and blushes. "The deacon's out in the boggy waiting for me."

"The deacon?" gasped the widow, astounded.

"Yes, I—I'm married to Deacon Pipes," exclaimed Dorcas, while her stepmother glowed in wrath and dismay. "I met him at the stile, this morning, and I think he married me out of pity, for I was crying a little, you know, to think I had no home to go to. So he took me to the parsonage and we were married, and went home to dinner. And here's the deacon waiting in now for my trunk!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Miss Leticia Pipes, when she heard the news. "But a body might 'a-knowed it was Dorcas the deacon was a-coming. But I'll be a-tution Ferohy is as mad as a wet hen about it!"

"And so she was—Saturday Night.

TRANSPORT.

"And you will be mine!" he cried in transport.

"Yes," she answered, for she was in the same boat.—Detroit Journal.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while testifying with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. 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.

SURE CURE.

"Jones got broke of walking in his sleep."

"How?"

"His wife made him carry the baby."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

DEACON GREY'S CHOICE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"WELL," Mrs. Ferochia Cymonds laid aside her new poke-bonnet with its lavender ribbons, and slipped off her plum-colored alpaca dress, while a smile of satisfaction spread itself over her rather sharply marked features.

"If Deacon Grey don't mean something by his attentions then I'm mistaken." It was prayer meeting night, and Deacon Grey had just escorted the widow to her domicile. "This is the third time hand-runnin' that he took me home evening; beside last Sunday was two weeks ago that he walked to church with me."

Mrs. Ferochia's method of expression was somewhat mixed, but her facts were undeniable.

The deacon had escorted her to and from evening prayer meeting on several occasions, and had thus become the subject of much gossip among the village folks.

"Deacon Grey's a sprucin' up," they said. "Lookin' round for a wife, of course. Wal, he must do worse, though the Widow Cymonds is poor as a church mouse, fur as property's concerned."

They said nothing of Widow Cymonds' temper, however, which was as unapproachable to encounter as the barbed wire fence which surrounded the deacon's well kept farm.

Possibly, the widow had a talent for concealing any little acerbities of temper from the outside world, and bestowing of ill-nature only on the members of her own household.

"Yes," she mused, tapping the house-made carpet with her foot, while a shrewd look shone in her steel-gray eyes—"Yes, to my mind it's just as good as settled, and I mean to do over my wedding dress I ain't worn it much, and it'll serve 's buyin' a new one. But there's one thing about it—here the widow put her foot down emphatically—"that old maid sister of the deacon's has got to do most of the work if she lives with us. I don't have any shillies, do-nothing folks about me, but of course I won't say a word now."

"Lal!" said Miss Leticia Pipes, peeping her head into the wid'-w's sitting room, bright and early the next morning—"la, now, Ferohy! is it settled yet? I'm dying to know!"

"Well—ahem!" said the widow, looking cautious and trying to blush—"taint exactly settled—that is, the time ain't set, but it's all understood between us."

"Of course," assented Miss Pipes. "Well, I reckoned it was understood, that you are as good as engaged, so, cozee. How soon do you think 'a be?"

"Well," said the widow, meditatively, "not before fall, I don't reckon. You see, I've got a right smart lot of sewing on hand—and some quilting to do, too. There's that piny-bud quilt I put together last winter, and a rising sun Dorcas is making."

"Going to keep Dorcas with you?"

"No, I ain't," snapped the widow, tartly—Dorcas was her stepdaughter. "She ain't nothing to me, and I shan't keep her no longer than to get the sewing done up, an' the apple butter making an' preservin' over, then I'm a-going to tell her to find some other home."

"Jes' so," assented Miss Pipes. "And before night it was all over town that the widow Cymonds was to be married to Deacon Grey, in the fall—just as Mrs. Cymonds went it should be."

And at last the gorgeous piny-bud and the refulgent glories of the rising sun were nearly finished and laid a way in the big, old-fashioned chest of drawers in the best chamber.

A ten-gallon keg was filled with translucent, crimson-clear apple-butter, and the swinging shelf in the cellar was covered with jars of preserves and amber-brown jelly—all made by Dorcas Cymonds' deft fingers.

And now the sparkling frosts of October had turned the dogwood and lassafras leaves to red, and the chinquapins and overcupacorns were dropping on the crisp, brown grass in the woodlands and now pretty, brown-eyed, indolent Dorcas was told that she must find another home and look out for herself in the future.

"For I expect to be married before long, and shan't want to be burdened with any hangers on," said the widow heartily.

Tears sprang into the sweet, brown eyes, but Dorcas turned away to hide them from her stepmother's sharp gaze.

Pointed Paragraphs.

SOME POINT TO YOU.

THE CHICAGO NEWS STRINGS THESE OUT FOR THE WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Fools invest first and investigate later. Learning and wisdom are not always on good terms.

Love in a cottage is but another name for a labor union.

People who live in glass houses should have them frosted.

A wise man prepares for the worst while hoping for the best.

Nearly every married woman thinks a lot of other women envy her.

The inebriate is unable to get sixteen drams out of an ounce of whiskey.

At a wedding the men all pity the bride and the women all pity the groom.

Actions may speak louder than words but women will continue to use words.

A wise man never questions a child in public unless he is sure of the answer.

Uncasy lies the head that wears a crown, but some other heads seem to lie easy enough.

The man who has little and wants less is richer than the man who has much and wants more.

About the easiest thing in the world to lose is a diary. It is almost impossible to keep one for any length of time.

Only those who dwell where there are mountains without valleys experience joys without sorrows.

Havana wrappers make good smoking jackets.

Dreams and weather predictions usually go by contraries.

Book agents and sailors need wind in their canvases.

Many a girl lives to regret the day she married her ideal man.

The man who waits until tomorrow never accomplishes anything.

Perhaps all men are liars, but there are times when it's unwise to say so.

Some girls are kept so busy getting engaged that they have no time to marry.

An honest man is not only the noblest work of the Creator, but also the scariest.

It is better to do one thing good than only partly to accomplish two good things.

A fish diet may not strengthen the brain, but going fishing often invigorates the imagination.

Occasionally a wise man makes a fool of himself by getting married.

The pessimist kicks because of the thorns on roses, while the optimist rejoices because of the roses on thorns.

Probably nothing bores a man more than to have another man begin an explanation of something he was just going to explain.

How To Dress.

ADVICE TO MEN.

DON'T WEAR LONG HAIR AND AN AIR OF DISHABILE.

In seeking to win the affection and friendship of women, dear boys, you will find dress an important thing to be considered.

Although I will not go as far as to say that a woman's heart has ever been broken by a badly brushed hat, I have known a woman to look at a bulging shirt bosom and decide that even if she could ever consent to pillow her head upon such an uncomfortable looking spot the loud vivacity of the waistcoat beneath would make rest there quite impossible. I am not going to tell you what to wear. That is the work of nightier intellects than mine. And there are the young lady impersonators of the variety stage to copy. These represent the woman's ideal of man's clothing. I may, however, prove myself useful in telling you what not to wear. To begin with, there is one rule you should have written on your mirrors. It is this:

Do not dress like a genius, even if you are one.

The average woman has a strong aversion to a gentleman who—because laurel wreaths have gone out of fashion—substitutes for them long hair, short trousers, deollete shirts and a generally carefully arranged disabale.

The average woman is a silly little thing, you know, and she would rather that you looked commonplace and well groomed than that every newboy should be able to tell that she is walking with an intellectual giant.

As for the woman above the average—well, she knows that you're not a genius anyhow. You can't fool her with freak neckties and doornob studs!

Remember that I am directing your doings to meet the tastes of the majority of women. There are ladies who go riding on tandem bicycles with gentlemen who wear red suits, and some women love the society of a necktie or vest that almost bares.

The ring, watchchain and brae-brae habit is popular with young ladies who stand on the other side of the footlights and have a taste for anything that glitters even if it isn't 18 carat.

By this class of ladies you may be loved for your scarf pin, but a large percentage of the weaker sex prefer to do all the glittering that is to be done themselves.—New York World.

WANTED A WOMAN.

A young volunteer from the west in a letter from Cuba to his home says:

"Two months ago I left Tampa for this blasted land, which we are trying to liberate. For forty-five days I never saw a woman. Exclaim citizens, if you want to appreciate a woman, get away from her. You don't know what the Creator, when he performed the first surgical operation on Adam, did in mapping out glorious woman. If you want to know what a woman is, just join the army as I did. See nothing but men from morning until night. Join the army and loaf with men, eat with men, help men, carry men, walk over men, men, and nothing but men. Live in a perpetual atmosphere of suppressed profanity, and boot smell and at the end of three weeks you will be passionately enamored with the mummy of an Egyptian servant girl and give her an electrical kiss that would burn three thousand years of dried hide into flushed and rosy animation."

THE FADING OF BEAUTY.

A 16-year-old girl imagines that she is an angel, and never gets over it. After a woman gets old she thinks of how she was admired and complimented in her youth and feels that some great wrong was done her because she did not remain as pretty as she was at 16. If she is married she is apt to lay the blame on the brutality of her husband; if she is an old maid, she lays it on her father, who was poor, and thus forced her to work, which resulted in a stooping figure and harsh features. A man never has this experience. He is at his worst at 16 and does not reach his best until he is 26 to 30. By that time he has acquired a little sense, and never mistakes a compliment for the truth.

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION

For chills and fever is a bottle of Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic. Never fails to cure; why then experiment with worthless imitations? Price 50 cents. Your money back if it fails to cure. For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Luxative Bismuth Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. For sale by W. M. Cohen Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

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Flower Language.

SELECT THE FLOWERS.

FLORAL CALENDAR THAT TAKES THE PLACE OF NEW YEAR CALLS.

It is now a custom with many people to send a bouquet of flowers accompanied with appropriate New Year wishes instead of making personal calls upon their friends. These flowers, however, are not sent haphazard.

A big bunch of violets tied with purple ribbon means "I wish you many happy returns of the New Year." But if the violets are tied with white ribbon the significance changes to "I wish you a happier New Year than the last." If tied with a changeable ribbon or sent in a basket, the meaning becomes "Happy New Year for all the family."

Callas sent to a young woman mean "You are the most magnificent beautiful girl I know." Callas to a married woman—For men make calls with the utmost freedom and call with sentimental thoughts with the utmost liberality then denotes "It is dangerous for me to gaze upon your beauty, so discontented do I become!" But if the callas are laid in a box with pansies around their stems they read, "Although I admire your beauty, I can only rejoice that you have so happy a home and so delightful a family."

The realm of love is reached with the red double pinks. These denote love, pure and simple. The girl who gets a box of vivid carnations without green or other color can read, "I love you so dearly that I can never be happy without you for my wife."

The same carnations addressed to a man say: "I have received so many favors from you and yours that I offer you my devoted service upon the threshold of a new year. You can command me until death."

The chrysanthemum falls from its high estate into the commonplace as a New Year's greeting. It means "Think of me." A single big chrysanthemum says, "I have a happy new year thought for you." And chrysanthemums enough for a tall vase as much as say, "I have a friendly feeling for all your family."

They mean intellectual thought and are the ideal gift for a student. You cannot wish a happy new year in any better way.

The red rose means "My heart is breaking for you." The girl who receives a box of red roses can understand that she is very cruel to a faithful heart who wishes she would reform from her cruel ways. A bunch of mixed roses mean affection. "I might love you more if you were not so cruel to me." To a hostess they mean "I hope you will often give me the opportunity of being with you and your family this year."

The white jasmine says, "Allow me to wish a happy new year to the cleverest and most amiable young woman I know." The same is told by the white lilac, by the white primrose or the tiny white rose.

The passion flower reads: "I believe in you and will make you my star the coming year. You are true." The scarlet geranium growing in a pot means "You have my sympathy in your bereavement." The primrose growing in a pot is the proper New Year's gift for a growing girl. It says, "You give promise of much beauty of character." The growing ivy means "Pray tell me how I can please you this year?" A growing box of pansies reads, "I wish you the best of health." A combination of sentiments can be expressed by uniting the flowers. When the 1899 girl receives the flowers,

places it in the parlor window or sets it in the bay window of her boudoir or—