

THE RANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899.

NO. 4.

RAW AS BEEF FROM ECZEMA!

No Torture Equal to the Itching and Burning of This Fearful Disease.

Not much attention is often paid to the first symptoms of Eczema, but it is not long before the little redness begins to itch and burn. This is but the beginning, and will lead to suffering and torture almost unendurable. It is a common mistake to regard a roughness and redness of the skin as merely a local irritation; it is but an indication of a humor in the blood—of terrible eruptions of ointments, salves, etc., applied to the surface. The disease itself, the real cause of the trouble, is in the blood, although all suffering is produced through the skin; the only way to reach the disease, therefore, is through the blood.

Mr. Phil T. Jones, of Mireville, Ind., writes: "I had Eczema thirty years, and after a great deal of treatment my leg was so raw and sore that it gave me constant pain. It finally broke into a running sore, and began to spread and grow worse. For the past five or six years I have suffered untold agony and had given up all hope of ever being free from the disease, as I have been treated by some of the best physicians and have taken many blood medicines, all in vain. With little faith I began to take S. S. S., and it apparently cured the Eczema worse, but I knew that this was the way the remedy got rid of the poison. Continuing S. S. S., the sore healed up entirely, the skin becoming clean and smooth, and I was cured perfectly."



Eczema is an obstinate disease and can not be cured by a remedy which is only a tonic. Swift's Specific.

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is superior to other blood remedies because it cures diseases which they can not reach. It goes to the bottom—to the cause of the disease—and will cure the worst case of Eczema, no matter what other treatment has failed. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to be free from potash, mercury or any other mineral, and never fails to cure Eczema, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Tetter, Rheumatism, Open Sores, Ulcers, Boils, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

Books on these diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Little Blind Boy.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE LITTLE FELLOW'S MUSIC BROUGHT TEARS TO THE EYES OF ALL THE PASSENGERS.

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred yesterday in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my money?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small amount of money and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly. "Near my God, to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with Me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home."

Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the little blind boy quickly changed "The Swannee River" into "Add Log Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—New York Times.

TRIFLE SLOW.

First American—Laugh, and the world laughs with you.

Second American—All but the Englishman.—Life.

Blood

If the blood in sufficient quantity leaves the body because of a wound or hemorrhage, or of the lungs the result is death.

Life depends on the blood because the blood carries to all parts of the body the nutritive elements necessary to sustain it. What if these nutritive elements are absent?

What if they are supplanted by poisonous effluvia matter and disease germs?

The first result is disease—partial death. The final result is the same as from loss of blood.

All disease is traceable to impurity or weakness of the blood, and that is the reason the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures so many different diseases—it purifies and vitalizes the blood—makes it rich, red and healthy—fills it with nutriment for the starving nerves and tissues.

Consumption is properly a disease of the blood—so is scrofula, so is rheumatism. They look like different diseases but one medicine will relieve all three.

"I am using a good many of your medicines in my practice," writes Dr. Joseph Pike of East Springs, Marion Co., Kansas. "Ten years ago a patient of mine was badly affected with that dreadful disease—scrofula. Her mouth and throat were in an awful condition, and there were lumps on the outside—like the jaws of a shark. One of your doctors said it was a fatal case. I felt confident that none of my remedies would benefit her any. It came to my mind that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended for such cases, so I gave it to her as directed. Five bottles cured her and she is well today. She is married now and has three healthy children."

Dr. Pierce's Tablets cure biliousness.

"PERFECT" SCALES LAST FOREVER. WARRANTED. FREIGHT PAID. COMBINATION BEAM AND BEAM BOX. CHEAPEST AND BEST. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

I sat down in front of it when supper was over and took out my pocket-book—to the inner compartment of which, since my arrival in port, I had transferred the little chamis leather sack which held my fortune—to have a look at the precious stone.

There was no sack there. I searched through and through the faded leather flaps of the worn pocket-book.

I shook out the skirts of my coat I even got down on my knees to search the floor beneath, but the diamond and its receptacle were gone.

For a minute or two it seemed as if the whole room was in a whirl around me. My heart stopped pulsing, my blood grew chill and a deadly sickness stole through my whole being.

WANDERERS.

What might have been! Dear heart, we'll put it by, We're too brave to murmur—you and I. Like thoughtless children we have lost the way. If we had been less blind we could not stray Into a tangled wilderness like this. Where is the pleasant pathway that we miss?

We cannot all retrace the steps that led Us from the broad, smooth walks where, overhead, The elm-boughs arched and birds sang blithe and clear, And flitted gaily by. The night falls, dear, The stars are softly gleaming in the sky— Their light may tell us where the home-ways lie.

This path is narrow. We must walk alone. O love, your strong hand's touch upon my own, The dainties trust I read in your dear eyes. I sorely need. My life's hope—circle lies Within that light. But here we must not stay. Lead on—but call back through the dark, I pray.

The diamond—the diamond, it was gone. I believe I was for the moment insane. I rose and staggered blindly toward the pistol which I always carried in the breast pocket of my outer coat, with some vague idea of putting an end to the life which had been such an utter failure.

When there came a soft little knock on the panels of the door, I suppose I must have answered "Come in!" for the door was pushed open, and Pearl Trillard stood there, with a little boy—her brother, as I learned—at her side.

"I found a little paper on the counter this afternoon after you had left," she said. "There is only a little clear stone in it, but—"

And then—so Pearl so subsequently told me—I fell like a log to the floor.

She nursed me through the fever that followed. There was no one else to do it, and but for her care I never should have been alive to tell this story.

And she fully believed that a part of my loved faith was the faith that the "little stone," as she called it, was a diamond.

It was not until after our marriage that she saw it, cut and polished and glittering as if a thousand splintered rainbows were prisoned in its sparkling facets. I myself, who was used to diamonds, scarcely recognized the radiant jewel, and Pearl uttered a cry of rapturous admiration.

And the money for which that solitary sold bought me this western farm, and that's how it all happened.—Exchange.

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 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.

MANY AND FEW. "Uncle Jim, what's the difference between a politician and a statesman?" "A politician is a man who can talk, and a statesman is a man who can hold his tongue."—Chicago Record.

Why were 25,000 BOTTLES OF ROBERTS' TASTELESS Tonic. CHILL Tonic sold the first year of its birth? Answer: Because it is the BEST AT ANY PRICE, guaranteed to cure, money refunded if it fails, pleasant to take, 25c per bottle. It is sold and guaranteed by W. M. Cohen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C. J. N. Brown, Halifax; Jackson Drug Co., Jackson.

STRICTLY HONEST. "So you think he is strictly honest, do you?" "There isn't the least doubt about it. Every time an election approaches he is talked of as the only man who could unite the different factions of his party, and then somebody else is nominated."—Chicago News.

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BETRAYED. She—Why haven't you told me that you had been married? He—Who said I was married? She—I can tell by the way you take all the umbrellas for yourself.—Indianapolis Journal.

A tack points heavenward when it means most mischief. It has many human imitators.

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CASTORIA. We do not believe in any other purgative.

Thoughtful. Mrs. Youngman's husband was always so considerate of her. "I know it. Why just before he died he requested her not to put on mourning for him, all because he knew black was so hard on her complexion."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

High Grade Pianos, Organs, Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Music and Music Forks, and everything known to the music trade.

TUNING AND REPAIRING. We have the most complete department of this character in Southside Va., and can do any work with promptness, accuracy and guarantee satisfaction. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue. LYMAN BROS., Petersburg, Va.

Christian Growth.

A FUNDAMENTAL LAW.

"HE SHALL BE LIKE THE TREE PLANTED BY THE RIVERS OF WATER, THAT BRINGETH FORTH HIS FRUIT IN SEASON."

Growth is a fundamental law which permeates every part of God's creation. When we see a tree which does not grow we promptly conclude that there is something wrong with it. And an examination usually reveals the fact that there is something wrong with it at the heart. And so it is said of the Christian, "He shall be like the tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

The rivulets far up the mountain side join others as they go rippling down, and soon they grow into a creek, and then into the river, growing broader and deeper as it winds its way onward, but it becomes broadest and deepest at the point where it is ready to empty in the great sea. This is but one of nature's impressive pictures of the genuine Christian life. True, there are those whose lives are like the rivers of South Africa, which, proceeding from the mountain freshets, are broad and deep at the beginning, but grow narrower and shallower as they advance. They are simply advanced. They are simply advanced. They are simply advanced.

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The Mind Cure.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

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Beautiful Words To A Bride.

BIRTH-THE BRIDAL-THE BURIAL.

FLOWERS SENT TO ADORN THE DYING MOMENTS OF A SINGLE LIFE.

The following beautiful letter was written several years ago by a gentleman to a bride on receiving her wedding cards: "I am holding some pasteboard in my hands, Addie! three stately pluckings from the bush of ceremony! I am gazing upon a card and a name—a name with which your life began, a name with which your life was lost.

"There is nothing strange about that card. The maiden sign still looks up from it, calm, customary as it looked on many a formal basket. I am gazing, too, on a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will be 'at home' one day, and that is nothing new!

"But there is another card, whose mingling there puts a tongue of fire into this speechless pasteboard, enamelling fate on common-place. It tells us that fate is maturing into destiny, and that these cards are but the heralds of a coming crisis, when a hand that has pressed friends' hands, and plucked flowers, shall close down on him to whom she shall be friend and flower.

"I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it, and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us.

"It seems to me that a past, so calm and pure as yours, should expire with a kindred sweetness about it; that flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a statement.

"The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal, the burial. To the first we bring only weakness, for the latter we have nothing but dust! But here, at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man whispering the deep promise that arms each with the other's heart, to help on the life struggle of care and duty.

"The beautiful will be there borrowing new beauty from the scene. The gay and the frivolous, they and their flounces, will look solemn for once. And youth will come to gaze on all its sacred thoughts past for, and age will totter up to bear the old words repeated that to their own lives have given the charm.

"Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some will laugh over it as if it were a joke, but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their own lives!

"And now, can you, who have quenched it over so many bending forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of one single heart?

"Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to the whole world! Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, warning only his breast, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, and these lower ties are lost in that holy wedlock where all hearts are united around the Great Central Heart of all.

"Hoping that calm sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature."

HOW TO TURN. There are some flowers which always turn toward the sun. There was a little potted rose bush in a sick room which I visited. It sat in the window. One day I noticed that the one rose on the bush was looking toward the light. I referred to it, and the sick woman said that her daughter had turned the rose around several times toward the darkness of the room, but that each time the little flower had twisted itself back, until again its face was toward the light. It would not look into the darkness. The rose taught me a lesson—never to allow myself to look toward any gloom, but instantly to turn from it. Not a moment should we permit our eyes to be inclined toward anything sinful. To yield to one moment's sinful act is to defile the soul. The Bible says in its every verse, "Turn from the wrong, the base, the low, the unworthy, to the right, the pure, the noble, the god-like." We should not allow even an unholy thought to stay a moment in our mind, but should turn from its very first suggestion, with face full toward Christ, the Holy One. But we should train ourselves to turn, also, from all shadows and discouragements. There is also a bright side, and we should find it. Discouragement is full of danger. It weakens and hurts the life.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

IN A TANGLE. Tell me, do you like the color of my hair? Indeed I do. My dear madam, you could not have made a better choice.—Fleigende Blaetter.

Even a poor man may be rich in good works.

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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, Stamp Straight, "Gordon Baltimore Rye" and other brands. I sell Garrett & Co.'s pure Chockoyote wine. I keep the best of every thing in my line. Politest attention to all at Kay's, west side R. R. Shed, my 21y.

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J. L. JUDKINS, No. 21 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C. de 11 1y.

Grand Display OF SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY. FANCY GOODS AND NOVELTIES. Butterick's Patterns. R. & G. CORSETS, Misses at 50c., Ladies 75c. to \$1.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS, Weldon, N. C. W. T. PARKER, Weldon, N. C. DEALER IN Heavy AND Fancy Groceries

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