

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, JUNE 1, 1899.

NO. 5.

RUNNING SORE ON HIS ANKLE.

After Six Years of Intense Suffering, Promptly Cured by S. S. S.

Obstinate sores and ulcers which refuse to heal under ordinary treatment soon become chronic and deep-seated, and are a sure sign that the entire circulation is in a depraved condition. They are a severe drain upon the system, and are constantly sapping away the vitality. In every case the poison must be eliminated from the blood, and no amount of external treatment can have any effect.

There is no uncertainty about the merits of S. S. S.; every claim made for it is backed up strongly by convincing testimony of those who have been cured by it and know of its virtues by experience.

Mr. L. J. Clark, of Orange Courthouse, Va., writes: "For six years I had an obstinate, running ulcer on my ankle, which at times caused me intense suffering. I was so disabled for a long while that I was wholly unfit for business. One of the best doctors treated me constantly for years, but did me no good. I then tried various blood remedies, without the least benefit. S. S. S. was so highly recommended that I concluded to try it, and the effect was wonderful. It seemed to get right at the seat of the disease and force the poison out, and I was soon completely cured." Swift's Specific.

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—drives out every trace of impurity in the blood, and in this way cures permanently the most obstinate, deep-seated sores or ulcers. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of opium, mercury, or other mineral. S. S. S. cures Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Catarrh, Eczema, Rheumatism, Sores, Ulcers, Boils, or any other blood trouble. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

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

Old Jacob Grovers' 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 Choctaw yote wines.

Keep the best of every thing in my line. Pay attention to all at Kay's west side R. R. Shed, my 21y.

J. L. JUDKINS,

Wholesale and Retail, Dealer in Fine—

Staple Groceries, and Fancy Groceries,

FRUITS CONFECTIONERIES.

Crockery, Glass Tin, and wooden and willow ware. Also Prati's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS,

No. 21 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C. dec 11 ly.

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST

Office over Emry & Pierce's store, 10-19-1y.

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 ly.

PROF. JAMES HARVEY,

is 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 medicine 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 ly.

W. T. PARKER,

DEALER IN—

Heavy Groceries, and Fancy Groceries,

Queensware, Cutlery, Plows, Plow Castings, Hoes, Forks.

—RECEIVER AND SHIPPER OF—

Corn, Hay & Oats

aug 11 y

THE BEST WATCH CHAIN ON EARTH

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

354 MAIN ST., NORFOLK, VA.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. All goods warranted.

J. W. DENNIS, Norfolk, Va. aug 4 ly.

Prayers Answered.

A TONIC FOR DOUBTERS.

THEY ASKED WITH A FAITH THAT NEVER FAULTED AND GOD HONORED THEIR FAITH.

A PASTOR was staying once in a country village where he was to visit a dying woman. He went to her and found her a Christian, ready and willing to die, but for one thing. She was anxious about her little children, and she begged the minister to pray that they might be provided for when she was gone.

Together the mother and minister prayed for that one thing, though they knew not how their prayer could be answered in that little village where none were rich enough to take upon themselves the expense of caring for three orphans. The woman died, and at her funeral the minister spoke of his visit and of her dying prayer.

Among those at the funeral were two strangers, a man and his wife, who were passing through the village; and by chance—as they supposed—they happened to enter the church at that hour. They were wealthy and childless, and their hearts were touched by the sight of the lonely little orphans. They took them to their hearts and home, and so that mother's prayer was answered.

A yet more striking instance of an answered prayer was one that came to a woman in India. She had become a Christian, accepting God with simple and absolute faith.

Some time after her conversion her child fell sick—so sick that its recovery was very doubtful. Ice was needed for the little sufferer, but none was to be had.

"I'm going to ask God to send us ice," the mother said to the missionary.

"O, but you can't expect that he will do that," was the quick reply of the missionary.

"Why not?" asked the woman. "He has all power, and he loves us. I shall ask him, and I believe he will send it."

She did ask him, with a faith that never faltered, and God honored her faith. That very day there was a heavy thunder-storm, and the woman, running out with a glad heart, gathered a great boxful of hailstones. So was answered the prayer of this mother also.—Christian Endeavor World.

HER ALONE.

Mrs. Grotz—Mabel, dear, are you sure Mr. Wooley loves you for yourself alone?

Mabel—Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He is always so restless when you are in the room.—Tit Bits.

AN OPENING.

"George promised me he would talk to you on the evil effects of wine. You were there last night I believe?"

"I was there."

"Did he open the subject?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"With a corkscrew."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE JOB FIXED.

Mrs. Timid Lee—John, I wish you would tell the cook that we have no further use for her services.

Mr. Timid Lee—Very well; see that she answers the telephone when I ring up from the office.—New York Times.

OUR BEARDED LADY.

Designing men, through allying and cunningly worded advertisements, constantly endeavor to work upon the feelings of sick and ailing women by inviting them "to write to a woman" and secure a "woman's remedy."

It is well to remember that the best sympathy is to be had at home and not from strangers, perhaps hundreds of miles distant. The object of the sick is to get well, and however precious sympathy may be, it never cures a seriously afflicted woman.

The sort of "understanding" of her ailments wanted by a sick woman is a trained medical understanding. If a woman has this trained medical knowledge she understands her woman's ailments and as a woman, but as a physician. If she is not a doctor she cannot understand the ailments at all, and cannot treat them successfully, because she lacks the necessary training.

As far as known, there is no regularly qualified woman physician connected with any proprietary medicine especially designed for women—no one, therefore qualified by learning and experience, to advise on questions of disease and its cure.

It is certain that there is no one, man or woman, connected with any "put-up" medicine for women, excepting only Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, who, like Dr. Pierce, is a regular graduated and qualified physician, and who has, like him, devoted more than thirty years to the special study and treatment of diseases of women.

For more than thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, a regularly graduated doctor, has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. On his staff are nearly a score of regularly graduated, experienced, skilled physicians, each of whom is a specialist in his chosen class of diseases. Every letter addressed to Dr. Pierce as above, his prompt, conscientious attention is regarded as sacredly confidential, and is answered in a plain envelope so your private affairs are kept safe from prying eyes.

ANOTHER CASE OF MAUD.

Maud Muller went on a summer day To try the old racket of raking hay.

She'd heard how it snared a Judge, and thought There might be another to be caught.

And off she glanced down the lane's long course To see if he came on his pibald horse.

But the Judge came not, nor a sleek court clerk, Nor a constable to get in his work.

Nor even a chronic (joker) came, To ask her to share his oft-called name.

Yet she raked away with a tireless will, For Maud was a stayer from Stayville!

Great blisters rose on her hands so fair, And hayseeds lodged in her wind-tossed hair.

But nary a Judge came riding by, And her swollen bosom was filled with sigh.

One spark of hope in said bosom burned, That maybe the court hadn't yet adjourned.

Or he might have halted to feed his face With a lawyer who'd got away with a case.

And yet she raked with untiring zeal, The damp sweat trickling from head to heel.

The spot grass pricked at her china hose 'Nath the southern bound of her Sunday clothes.

The breeze blew on her blossoming cheeks And scattered the sweat into east-cross streaks.

The sun sank lower down the west, And the hope-star dimmed in Maudie's breast.

One last glance fixed she along the lane, Then sank on the stubble with moan of pain!

But she rose again with impromptu spring, For the stubble was sharp as a hornet's sting!

Then cried, as splinters she stamped the rake: "This hayfield racket's a blossom' take!"

"This feller that writ that pretty ought To be taken out an' fatally shot!"

"Don't think no gal ever made a play To nake up a feller this a way!"

And she said as she limped to her home again, Her accents keyed to a note of pain.

"Of all darned suckers that ever bit, I've a shakin' idee that I am it!"

The Blissful Fishing Season.

SNAKE MEDICINE IN THE CHIST.

POETS MAY SING OF BANQUETS IN GUILDED HALLS, WHERE ALL THE MINGLED SWEETS ARE HEAPED, BUT GIVE ME THE PLEASURE OF ROD AND LINE DOWN BY THE RIVER, SAYS GOVERNOR ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

(Copyrighted by the Illustrated Youth and Age, Nashville, Tenn.)

The blissful days have come, The gladdest of the year, Of parping hills and fragrant bloom, And rivers bright and clear.

The banks of the brooks are green; the boughs of the trees bend down; the trout are fluttering in the streams below; and the birds are nesting above. The bees are humming among the flowers; the forests are singing; the waters are laughing; and all the world is radiant with joy. Love rides on every passing breeze; and lurks in every flower. It is nature's sweet recreation, and beauty reigns supreme.

What a glorious time to resort the fishing tackle from its dusty tomb in the lumber room, and the red worm from his slimy sepulcher under the sod, and to impale him on the hook and send him diving after suckers! What a glorious time to camp and frolic on the margin of the frolicking stream, with skillets and lard, and streaked and striped country bacon, and plenty of onions, and corn bread, and good butter and eggs, and fiddles to play, and "muggers" for cooks; big fat trout frying in the pan, black coffee sizzling in the pot, and music of the lute and mandolin.

Did you ever hear the old story of the family of five brothers who lived in a cabin? The only sleeping arrangements they had were two quilts, they all slept together on one, and covered with the other, and in the night when one wished to turn over he shouted "spoon" to the rest, and they all turned at once. One day one of the boys went to the river to shoot fish; he climbed a tree on the bank and crawled out on a limb over the stream and lay there looking down and watching for a really victim to shoot at; but his position was so comfortable that he went to sleep, and a mischievous fellow passing by, knowing the habit of the family, shouted "spoon" at the top of his voice; the sleeping fisherman immediately whirled over and fell ten feet splashing into the water. The best way to insure a string of fish is to keep wide awake when you are fishing.

I used to hear another story of a crowd of jolly fishermen who went into camp in the heart of a wilderness. A solemn agreement was entered into to the effect that each one of the party should take his turn cooking, and it was further agreed that the first man who complained of the quality of the cooking should be compelled to cook throughout the remainder of the outing or be expelled from the camp; none of the party knew anything about cooking, and finally, one day when the "tashens" were in bad shape, there was nothing but some rusty bones and wilted beans for dinner. All of the party ate and made faces, but one of them suddenly forgot and said: "These are the nastiest beans I ever tasted, but I like 'em." The last clause saved him.

I have seen this sort of thing occur in parties many a time; it very frequently happens that the people have to swallow unnecessary things and preserve their party loyalty by protesting that they "like 'em."

The best medicine for nervous strain and overwork is a fishing rod and plenty of bait. The world has gone mad on the subject of money getting and glory winning. I love the clink of the dollar myself, but only for what it will buy, and to help some ship-wrecked and forlorn brother; I like a little tinge of glory, too, but not at the expense of the happiness of others. I would rather catch a fish than get a dollar any day; I would rather be a live fisherman than a dead Caesar; I would rather wade in water than to wade in blood; I would rather wage war on fish than on the Philippines; I would rather have a fisher-

Curiosities Of Human Nature.

FEW UNDERSTAND THEIR NEIGHBORS.

WE NEVER KNOW WHAT A MAN WILL DO—IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT IS ALWAYS HAPPENING.

[Atlanta Constitution]

THERE IS NO TELLING what a man will do.

You may think that you know and understand your neighbor thoroughly, but he may at any time surprise you.

The unexpected is always happening, and it should be counted as one of the possibilities of human character, thought and action.

At St. Helena the great Napoleon gave the whole of a narrow pathway to a negro slave, bearing a heavy load.

"Respect the burden," said the emperor, as he stepped into the dusty highway.

Yet the ambition of this man in his days of conquest had caused millions to mourn.

How could such a man be so selfish and cruel, and yet so gentle and so considerate?

Every man's life is full of inconsistencies.

"Not a dollar to any of my kin—not a dollar to any church!"

Thus spoke Andrew Carnegie to a newspaper interviewer, a few years ago, when he first made public his now famous declaration that the possessor of millions of dollars, who dies without properly distributing them, when he has had the opportunity, dies disgraced.

Mr. Carnegie has made royal donations for the establishment of free libraries, industrial schools, and other institutions calculated to benefit the people at large.

He has done so much good in this line that it is difficult to understand his determination not to give anything to his kin or to any church.

Why does he place them beyond the pale of his generosity, when he evidently desires to promote the welfare of his fellow men. Doubtless he has his reasons.

Sometimes a man lives in a town for many years, and his neighbors have altogether a false idea of his character and qualities.

Occasionally, an unexpected incident brings out the man in a new light, and people see that they were mistaken in their judgment.

Some years ago there was a merchant in a little town, not far from Atlanta, who was very unpopular. He was surly, gruff and unaccommodating. He sold for cash and treated nobody.

People held aloof from him as much as possible, and he was never asked to aid any public or charitable object. Everybody agreed that it would be useless to ask him.

One day a clever young man about town was fined \$100 and costs in the superior court for some act of violence while on a spree.

The citizens felt sympathies, and an effort was made to raise the money. Merchants and clubs gave what they felt able to spare, but at the last moment the sum of \$10 was still lacking.

They were about to give up in despair. They had raked and scraped the little town, and had appealed to every moneyed man for help. No, there was no merchant who had not been invited.

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There was no serious intention of asking him for a contribution, but a young man on the committee spoke to the old Shylock in a spirit of mischief.

"Poor Joe will have to go to the chain-gang," said the youngster.

"Why?" snorted the merchant, scowling upon the other.

"Because we can't raise the money to pay his fine. He will have to go."

"How much do you need?"

"Ten dollars, and we can't get another dime."

"Here—go and pay that fine!"

The old man handed out a \$10 bill, and without waiting to be thanked went to the rear of the store.

It was a fine day wonder in the town. People put their heads together and discussed the matter a long time before they were satisfied.

Finally they came to the conclusion that their neighbor was rather peculiar—a man wedded to his own ways, but after all, a rough diamond.

After this the merchant was more popular, and in the course of a few years he had as many friends as any man in the community. People found that they had made the mistake of partially ostracizing and judging him before they really knew him.

In another small Georgia village, years ago, there was an old doctor who was shunned by everybody on account of his supposed infidel views.

Just what those views were nobody knew, because they never gave the doctor an opportunity to explain himself.

The good people and the preachers let the outcast alone. He lived among his books, visited a few patients, and minded his own business.

THE MARKS ARE LEFT.

A WAYWARD SON.

IF YOU WASTE YOUR YOUTH, NO REPENTANCE WILL SEND THE SHADOW BACK UPON THE DIAL.

A father had a wayward son whose mischievous ways tried his patience. All efforts to win the lad to a life of fidelity seemed to fail. One day the father took him into the garden, and said: "My son, whenever you disobey me, I shall drive a nail into this post, that may somehow often you grieve me." The days passed by. Nail after nail was driven into the post until it had become well studded. The father called his son into the garden, and, pointing to the post, reproached him for his wilful behavior. He determined to try a new plan, and told the lad under certain conditions he would draw out the nails one at a time. The boy determined to change his conduct. Nail after nail was withdrawn until the post was clear. Taking him again into the garden his father, pointing to the post, said gladly: "There's not a nail left! Not a nail left!" The boy's face turned pale; his lip quivered; he burst into tears. "Why do you cry?" the father asked. "The nails are all gone!" "Yes," replied the lad, "but the marks are left." Whether this incident be fact or fiction, it is sadly suggestive of facts in human experience. The forgiveness of sins does not bring with it the eradication of the marks which sin made. The sins and follies of youth may be pardoned, but the marks are left." As Dr. McLister puts it: "If you waste your youth, no repentance will send the shadow back upon the dial, or restore the ground lost by idleness, or restore the constitution shattered by dissipation, or give again the resources wasted upon vice, or bring back the fleeting opportunities." * * * The wounds can all be healed, indeed, for the Good Physician, blessed be his name, has lancets and bandages and balm and ointments for the deadliest, but scars remain even when the gash is closed.

CHRISTIAN'S ARITHMETIC.

Notation: "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds I will write them."

Numeration: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Addition: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

Subtraction: "Let us put off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."

Multiplication: "Mercy unto you, and peace and love be multiplied."

Division: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you."

DR. Cady's CONDITION POWDERS, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and verifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25c per package.

For sale by W. M. Odom, Weldon, J. S. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Norfolk, Druggists.

TOO LOUD.

Mrs. Percine—What a lovely rainbow that is!

Mrs. Chipchee—Do you think so?

Mrs. Percine—Why, don't you?

Mrs. Chipchee—Oh, I do say it's all very well, but the colors are too loud for my taste.—Tit Bits.

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 Diarrhoea. 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.

If men took as much pains in building character as they do in building houses, this world would be a better place to live in.

CASTORIA.

It is the best of all purgatives. It is a mild, pleasant, and safe medicine for children, the aged, and the infirm. It is sold by all druggists.

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It came to pass that a clever, sensible Methodist preacher was assigned to the pastorate of the little church in this village, and he made it a point to get acquainted with the people.

He was advised to avoid the infidel doctor, but he decided to make at least an effort in that direction.

One morning he met the doctor in front of his office.

"Reverend," said the preacher, "I want to have a moment's talk with you."

The infidel looked at him, half started, half inquisitive.

Then he invited the minister to enter, and the two took seats in the office. At first the doctor was guarded and suspicious, but the unmistakable sincerity and sympathy of the other melted him.

He closed the door and turned to his friend with a face which showed emotion, interest and gratitude.

"For the first time in thirty years," he said, "I have heard a kind word, and though it comes from a stranger I will heed it. Brother, I want to kneel down and pray!"

The good people of the town were astonished when they heard from the preacher.

The terrible doctor turned out to be very much like other men. He was not a hopeless infidel by any means.

A few kind words at the right time, won the day, and the doctor soon joined the church, and the remainder of his life was loved and honored as an exemplary Christian.

The trouble was that the man and his neighbors were mutually antagonistic and repellant at first. Neither side made any advances. The breach widened, and when the good old minister came into the village the doctor was without a single friend.

All that was needed was the spirit of human kindness.

We never know what is in a man—never know what he will do.

WALLACE P. REED.