

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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NO. 7.

NEVER TOO OLD TO BE CURED.

S. S. S. is a Great Blessing to

Old People. It Gives Them New Blood and Life.

Age does not necessarily mean feebleness and ill health, and nearly all of the sickness among older people can be avoided. Most elderly people are very susceptible to illness, but it is wholly unnecessary. By keeping their blood pure they can fortify themselves so as to escape the various ailments from which they suffer so generally. S. S. S. is the remedy which will keep their systems young, by purifying the blood, thoroughly removing all waste accumulations, and imparting new strength and life to the whole body. It improves the appetite, builds up the energies, and sends new life-giving blood throughout the entire system.

Mr. J. W. Loving, of Colquitt, Ga., says: "For eighteen years I suffered terribly from a liver eruption on my skin. I tried almost every known remedy, but two failed me by one, and I was told that my age, which is sixty-six, was against me, and that I could never hope to be well again. I finally took S. S. S., and it cured me completely, and I am happy to say that I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

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S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD is the only remedy which can build up and strengthen the system, and is the only one which is guaranteed to cure all diseases of the blood, and all other ailments.

The Peerless Wine, Seppernong!

In Thousands of American Households.

SHOULD BE IN ALL.

BLACKBERRY made by GARRETT & CO. is an unfailing remedy and all their goods are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Home Office, CHOCKOVOTTE, N. C.

Branch Warehouse, MEMPHIS, TENN.

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 and Celebrated Whisky.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO. 1019-11th St.

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST Weldon, N. C. Office over Emory & Pierce's store, 1019-11th St.

HUDSON'S ENGLISH KITCHEN,

317 Main St., Norfolk, Va.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining—ROOM. ALL MEALS 25 CENTS. SURPASSING COFFEE A SPECIALTY!

J. E. HUDSON, Proprietor. The Best of Everything in Season! set 10 1/2.

PROF. JAMES HARVEY, a SPECIALIST and AUTHORITY on all Chronic Diseases.

RECEIVER AND SHIPPER OF—**Corn, Hay & Oats**

Beauty Producers.

SMILES INSTEAD OF FROWNS.

THEY LIFT ALL THE LINES OF THE FACE AND ADD A GLITTER THAT BELLADONNA CAN NEVER IMITATE.

A quaint, middle-aged maiden lady said to me once, "If I had my life to live over again, I would be just banium." I could not repress a flicker of a smile, which seemed to be expected, and was received in good faith, but she repeated, "Yes, real banium, but it's too late now, you have to begin when you are real little, and never let angry thoughts, nor selfishness, nor meanness of any kind get a hold of your heart."

Many a true son of heaven I thought of this saying, and watched the faces in the crowded thoroughfares and street cars, and I am convinced that it is true, and it is such faces that leave a benediction with you and leave your memory.

In those days of message and aide to beauty, I believe we took too little of the deep lines and irreparable furrows traced by the thoughts that are untrue to our better natures. The girl who would never think of exposing her delicate skin to rough winds and driving storms, fits full the dark paint-pots of worry and pessimism, and leaves lines on her face that cosmetics cannot hide nor toilet water wash away.

A smile lifts all the lines of the face and adds a glitter to the eye that belladonna cannot even imitate, and aside from the good it does to the beholder, it reacts on the one who smiles, and leaves tokens like the work of the finest portrait painter, scarcely seen at first, but by and by leaving the face a thing of beauty.

Try it for a month and let a smile be always ready instead of a frown, then smother your sorrow and convince yourself that this is true. You will find your face glowing smoother, the mouth will have a more pleasant expression, the eyes will have a charming expression, and the whole effect will be better and brighter.

Smile? Why, all the message in the world cannot make you as beautiful as that will, even though the manipulator be genuine Russian or Turkish. I only wish I could advertise as frankly as they that this great beauty producer might be appreciated, and every one left to it.

I don't mean you shall grin like a Cheshire cat, far from it. A grin is deliberately put on, like a mask, a smile bubbles up from the heart.

Then smiles are contagious, and besides beautifying your own face, you are adding an effective stroke here and there to other faces, until gradually—well what? I guess the millennium will come.

A SLIGHT REDUCTION. "Write! There's a letter in your coat pocket I gave you to mail three months ago!" "It can't be possible, my dear." "Why do you say that?" "Because I'm pretty sure I have not had that coat more than ten weeks!"

MORE SELECT. "If I were Postmaster General," he said effusively, "I would put your picture on every stamp."

Sarge Plunkett

HAPPY ANTICIPATIONS FOR THE COMING LAY-BY TIME

MEETING AT OLD-TIME CHURCH.

WHAT A GLORIOUS TIME THE FARMERS HAVE AFTER THE CROPS ARE MADE.

Atlanta Constitution. Just think, two more months, June then July, and crops will be made and lay-by time will be upon us.

What other class of people than farmers can claim such a blessed season as a time for lay-by? Before one hardly realizes it the crops are made and a season of rest and of peace comes to the farmer. One more month's work will virtually wind up the labor of making the crops of 1899. For a month now everything will be easy on the farm, fruit will be in season, pleasures will be inaugurated and the plow-boys and country lasses will be romping in joyful glee while the old folks lay by their hands in rest upon the happy faith that God will do the balance.

How blessed are such conditions! Where else can it be found save in the rural paraisos? The country family that has done its duty for the last four months can trust the rest to providence in a confidence and restfulness that no other class on earth can feel. The mechanics of the town must hammer on, the merchant broods over a dull and heated season, the farmer for cotton to hurry in, rich people will be worrying to find the summer resort to give them a rest that the poorest slaveholder would refuse to accept if he were to find it in the middle of the road, the quality of comfort and freedom from anxiety that comes to the farmer at lay-by is found nowhere on earth save on the farm. They will lay up in the shade at noontime, play noables under the big oaks, eat fruit from the trees and bring melons from the spring, sipping such pleasures without price that is found nowhere else nor by any other class.

Along with the other pleasures will come the season of big meetings and camp-meetings. These are glorious for old and young. Old people are like old clocks—they need winding up, and the big meeting season is the key that touches the old man's heart and sets him a ticking with a stronger tick and happier purp.

I pity the man that has never known the pleasures of a big meeting in the country. There you will find out all that has happened in the past year. Old friendships are renewed. Every death will be talked about. If any are sick they will be missed. All the marriages will be discussed. New babies will be there dressed to be admired and proud young mothers will show them to their old mates with a holy pride that only comes through a mother's love. There is no matching this. Not in this earth is found such peace as belongs to the young country couples who come for the first time with their babies to a good old meeting house in the country. No matter how long our fathers and mothers may live, nor how nor where, there will never be a happier time than through those years when the children were small and went and came as the parents did.

The sociability of these big meetings is beyond measurement. In groups they sit around under the trees swapping gossip till the preacher arrives. The arrival of the preacher marks an event of the occasion. After he has tied his horse to a swinging limb he passes through the groups shaking hands, with a word for this "sister" and a chat with that "brother," making impressions and bringing pleasures that will remain long after they have passed from the fields of action and other generations have taken the place of the old. The congregation now gathers inside the church, after the preacher's arrival. A good old hymn is started—

"All hail the power of Jesus name, Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all!"

Whoever has sit in one of these old churches and watched the congregation as they came in and took their seats has a memory to cherish as long as life shall last. Young boys and girls, young mothers and old, old fathers and young fathers, together with the babies, will remain as memories to sweeten many futures of life and bounce us joyfully over many tugged ways. God bless those old churches. The benches were rough and the interior unfinished, but treasured walls, shining chandeliers, cushioned seats our carpeted aisles never have and never will catch the affections of a people and hold them down through life's do those rough old things. And the babies—a pretty babe in its mother's arms at an old-fashioned church is the sweetest thing this side of heaven. If you will go to where they carry these babies to church and watch them one after the other as they nestle their little faces down in the folds of their mother's dress and fall to sleep, you will not think it coarse, not a bit, but you will find in it a rebuke to fashion and a promise for the future that can never be found in the children left at home with servants to nibble at a

Hail To The Goat!

THE OLD MADE YOUNG.

LISTEN YE STIFF-JOINTED ANTIQUARIANS WHO CREEP ABOUT WITH TORTURING STAIRS.

Hail to the goat! Hail to him of the thin whiskers and positive eye! Hail to him who butters with the gaiety of a youngster, and with the thick-headed obstinacy of the African belligerent who rejoices in the edge of the razor! All hail!

But why this vociferous hail? Ah, listen, ye bald heads and stiff-jointed antiquarians who creep about with torturing stairs, and gaze with lack-lustre eye upon "Vanity Fair," and a story strange we will unfold.

In Chicago—that big city of the West—that city where maidens' feet are large and where the unbalanced beef-flounders—there both been discovered the secret of restoring youth. Not the waters sought by Ponce de Leon, not the elixir of Dr. Brown's Sarsaparilla, but something strange and good. "It is an object from the veins of age the lymph from the 'floods' of the young and frothy goat. This done, by presto, change! the octogenarian becomes as he who leadeth the German with agile step, and giveth to the ancient lizard the speed to run even as Agulnald's lamb.

But—and we meaneth not to pun when we say "but"—the discoverers of this William the Conqueror remedy for old age sayeth nothing of the appetite which cometh with the lymph of the goat. How terrible it will be when the old, old-made-young-stuff suddenly at sight of the goat-as label on the tomato can and devoureth the can, or with frantic haste reacheth the circus hill down and catch it!

But—again that "but"—all good things have their drawbacks, and if this lymph of the goat be such an unholy agent, even for the Congressional Record as a study diet, let us have the lymph, and let old age be no more.

Away with rheumatic joints, away with the stiff arm and the dim eye, for man's best friend is discovered!

Again, hail to the goat! Hail to the restorer of "Boreal Youth"—Wilson Snow.

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. 8-14 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.

MAN IN AN OLD MAID'S EYES. Man is two-legged animal that chews tobacco and walks on the forked end. Most men are born, we never heard of but one that wasn't, and he was made of mud, just for sample.

BETTER, SALT RHEUM AND ECZEMA. The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites, and chronic eye-eyes. 25c. per box. —For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harris, in Halifax, Druggists.

A Society Girl.

SHE HAD A HEART.

AND IN DOING A NOBLE DEED SHE SAVED A MAN FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.

Miss Thornby was a veritable butterfly (so every one said), with a fortune at the command of her own capricious fancy. Judson had never seen her, but he had heard of her, for the humble cottage that reared all he had in the world belonged to her. The usual kindly light had long since died out of Judson's eyes, and the only sparkle that ever came from them glauced from a silent tear. The winter was not yet over, but the poor commissions funds were exhausted. There was no work to be had, no one to look to for help, and three tiny babes and an invalid wife to care for.

One of the children had just opened the stove door and had put something in. Judson looked away from it to his wife. Their eyes met in silent converse. It was the last stick of wood and they were both thinking of it.

"Never mind, John," said his wife, in a faint, broken voice. "Perhaps something will come to us before the day is over."

A few gruff, inarticulate words were all he could offer. Judson was strong and able-bodied, but misfortune had so bound him down that he was as helpless as the little toddler that tugged in vain at his boot strap.

Suddenly he got up from his chair and left the house—leaving no word as to where he was going. He was frenzied with grief, and laboring under excessive energy of strained emotion, walked briskly and fast, finally reached his destination—the Thornby home—a magnificent stone structure at the sides of which the splendid lawn stretched away for hundreds of feet.

Judson's frenzy hardened into anger as he realized the adjust fate that had made her as heinous, and him, the guardian of so many tender, innocent dependents, a pauper!

"It is useless," he said to himself, despairingly, "to ask for help here, but it is my last chance." He even thought the echo of his footsteps mocked him as he mounted to the door, and as he pressed the bell he wished that it might be the knell that would summon her and all like her to another world.

It was 9 o'clock. Miss Thornby had just finished dressing for the ball when the maid rapped at her door and said: "There's a workman down in the hall that insists on seeing you, and says that he won't go away until he does."

"What in the world can he want of me?" said she, and then added: "Well, if he won't go away take him into the library and I'll be there in a moment."

Soon she came fluttering in in a cloud of tulle and ablaze with diamonds. Judson had never seen such a vision and he hated her more than ever. He wanted to strangle her and wrench off her jewels to sell for bread to feed his starving family. He stood near the door with his cap in his hand and was looking half-doggedly out from his half-bowed head when Miss Thornby crossed to where he stood and said with the strictest good nature: "Did you wish to see me?" Her tone confused him. Somehow he had expected to be ill-treated, if not ordered out. Collecting himself, he said, tremblingly: "Yes, miss, I came to ask if you would let me stay a little longer in your house. I am out of work and can not pay a cent, and your agent is going to turn us out into the street to-morrow."

Companions Through Life.

THE WIFE A HELPMATE.

MUTUAL SYMPATHY AND USEFULNESS SHOULD ENTER INTO THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Not to cook, and wash, and mend, and drudge, day in and day out, surely. It is this all a man wants, why not hire a servant; they can be had much cheaper than a wife? If this is all a man wants, it is easy to fancy a young man calling upon a young lady and asking her for a sample of her pudding and that she show him some of her needlework, and that she bring the broom and give him an illustration of how she can sweep. Such things are important and it should be every girl's aim to be proficient in all duties of the household.

But how much more happiness there might be in this life if young men and women would only try to realize that what they most need to learn is how to become helpful, sympathetic, loving companions! When they are courting they are fond of each other's society, they like to be together, to talk, to take walks, and what a lot they find to talk about while his strong arm is about her waist.

And there is never a need for these days to end. The man would be better at his business, and the wife would get her work done while he is away, with nimble fingers and a happy heart, if such a condition did but exist. The great mistake is made when the young wife thinks. Well, she has her home, and the young man reflects—he has a wife. Sympathy and love, that is what each should give the other all through life, and with these the home may be made a paradise—without it, cannot be other than a wilderness.

Why were 25,000 BOTTLES OF ROBERTS' TASTELESS 35c. 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.

WOMAN. Some women mean what they don't say, a great deal more than what they do say.—Chicago News.

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION For chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's 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.

ART AT HOME. "How are you getting on in your clay-modelling, Kitty?" "Oh, just lovely; I'm devoted to it." "This is a fine head; who is it?" "Gladness! Don't ask me. Isn't he sweet. It is either Martin Luther or Benjamin Franklin"—Detroit Free Press.

IT ENDED HER TROUBLE. "I never wanted newspaper notoriety yet I am not afraid to speak a good word for your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' Over a year ago I suffered terribly for nearly four weeks with rheumatism and weakness. After using one bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Pellets,' I was well again. I have taken no medicine since and have had no symptoms of my former trouble."—Mrs. E. A. Beards, Keene, Co., Jackson Co., Ohio.

CASTORIA. The little children of the world.

Undone In A Moment.

A PIOUS EDUCATION!

A SINGLE SCOFFING SPEECH MAY DO MICHIEF FOR A LIFE TIME.

An English peer called upon the famous Jewish Wedgewood, who was an earnest, religious man, and desired to see his great pottery factories. With one of his employees, a lad of about fifteen years of age, Mr. Wedgewood accompanied the nobleman through the works.

The visitor was a man of somewhat reckless life, and rather vain of his religious beliefs. Possessing great natural wit, he was quite entertaining in conversation, and after a while forgot himself in expressions of "polite" profanity and in occasional jests with sacred names and subjects. This seriously disturbed Mr. Wedgewood.

The boy at first was shocked by the nobleman's irreverence, but he soon became fascinated by his flow of skeptical drollery, and laughed heartily at the witty puns made.

When the round of the factories had been made, the boy was dismissed, and Mr. Wedgewood selected a beautiful vase of unique pattern, and recalled the long and careful process of its making, as they had seen it at the vats and ovens.

The visitor was charmed with its exquisite shape, its rare coloring, its pictured designs, and reached out his hand to take it.

Mr. Wedgewood let it fall on the floor and broke it to atoms. The nobleman uttered an angry oath.

"I wanted that for my collection," he said. "No act can restore what you have ruined by your carelessness."

"My Lord," replied Mr. Wedgewood, "there are other ruined things, more precious than this, which can never be restored. You can never give back to the soul of that boy who has just left us the reverent feeling and simple faith which you have destroyed by making light of the religion which has been his most sacred memory and inheritance. For years his parents have endeavored to teach him reverence for sacred things, and so to influence his mind that his life and conduct should be governed by religious principles. You have undone their labor in less than have an hour."

The nobleman, though greatly astonished at such plainness of speech from a "mechanic," respected a brave and honest man, and did not go away without expressing his regrets, and admitting the justice of the reproof.

A GRATEFUL SOUL.

THE GOOD MAN—SIR, DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE GOING FORTH TO A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT?

The inebriate—No! Zat so? I didn't know I was headed for home. Much blime of 'an, fr puttin' me on—Chicago Herald.

PLAINT OF A SUFFERER. When you've a secret that you wish some friend alone to hear, You may be sure the office boy is waiting somewhere near.

When there's an errand to be run Oh, you may split the air A shouting for the office boy, But he is never there.—Chicago Herald.

THE BEST OF IT. Carrie—Oh, you ought to join our golf club. We have such jolly times. Minnie—But I don't know how to play.

Carrie—Oh, we never play in our club. That's the best of it, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Genuine good taste consists in saying much in few words, in choosing among our thoughts, in having order and arrangement in what we say, and in speaking with composure.

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