THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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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 ailments or troubles so obstinate and difficult to cure. Very few remedies claim to cure such real, deep-seated blood diseases as S. S. S. cures, and none can 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 very worst cases, and routs 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 improved from the start, as the medicine seemed to go direct 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, Tetter, Boils, Carbuncles, Sores, etc.

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

THE WOMAN WHO SHOULD NOT MARRY.

The woman who wou'd rather nurse a pug dog than a baby.

The woman who thinks she can get $5,000 worth of tyle out of a $1,000 salary.

The woman who wants to refurnish the house every spring.

The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying.

The woman who does not know how many halves, quarters, dimes nickles, and cents there are in a dollar.

The woman who thinks that men are angels and demigods.

The woman who would rather die than wear a bonnet two seasons old.

The woman who thinks that the cook and nurse can keep house.

The woman who reads cheap novels and dreams of being a dutchess or a countess.

The woman who thinks it is cheaper to buy bread than to make it.

The woman who marries in order to have somebody to pay her bills.

The woman who expects a declaration of love three times a day.

The woman who expects to have a "good, easy time."

The woman who cares more for the style of her winter cloak than she cares for the health and comfort of her children.

The woman who stays at home only when she cannot find a place to visit.

The woman who thinks she is an ornament to her sex if she wins a progressive eucher prize.—New York Times.

24TH ANNUAL FAIR

of the Roanoke and Tar River Agricultural Society will be held at Weldon, N. C., Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2 & 3, 1899. Liberal Premiums! Fine Races! Cheap Excursion Rates.

FINE BAND OF MUSIC!

Pleasing attractions on the midway. For particulars, apply to

J. J. DANIEL, Treasurer.

Bob Ingersoll.

HE WAS A GREAT ORATOR.

HOW HE IMPRESSED GOVERNOR BOB TAYLOR, OF TENNESSEE.

Bob Ingersoll is dead!

Let us not speak harshly of him for it can serve us no good purpose. The great Judge of all the earth will now judge him by the "deeds done in the body" and all will be right. Speaking of Mr. Ingersoll some time ago Gov. Bob Taylor, of Tenn., says:

"I sat in a great theatre at the national capitol. It was thronged with youth and beauty; old age and wisdom. I saw a man, the image of his God, stand upon the stage and I heard him speak.

His gestures were the perfection of grace, his voice was music and his language was more beautiful than any I had ever heard from mortal lips.

He painted picture after picture of the pleasures and joys and sympathies of home. He throned love and preached the gospel of humanity like an angel. Then I saw him dip his brush in the ink of moral blackness and blot out the beautiful pictures he had painted. I saw him stab love dead at his feet. I saw him blot out the stars and sun and leave humanity and the universe in eternal darkness and eternal death.

I saw him, like the serpent of old, worm himself into the paradise of human hearts and by his seductive eloquence and subtle devices of sophistry, inject his fatal venom, under whose blight its flowers faded, its music was hushed, its sunshine was darkened and the soul was left a desert waste with only the new-made graves of faith and hope.

I saw him, like a lawless, erratic meteor without an orbit, sweep across the intellectual sky, brilliant only in itself, consuming fire, generated by friction with the indestructible and eternal truths of God.

That man was the archangel of modern infidelity, and I said, how true is the holy Writ which declares "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

Tell me not oh, infidel, there is no God, no heaven, no hell! Tell me not oh, infidel, there is no risen Christ!

What intelligence less than God could fashion the human body? What motive power is it, if not God, that drives the throbbing engine of the human heart with ceaseless, tireless stroke, sending the crimson streams of life bounding and circling through every vein and artery?

Whence and what, if not of God, is this mystery we call mind? What is it that thinks and feels and knows and acts? Oh, who can deny the Divinity that stirs within us?

God is everywhere and in every bud and blossom and leaf and tree; in every rock and hill and vale and mountain; in every spring and river.

The rustle of his wing is in every zephyr, its might is in every tempest. He dwells in the dark pavilion of every storm cloud. The lightning is His messenger and the thunder is His voice. His awful tread is in every earthquake and on every angry ocean. The heavens above us teem with his myriads of shining witnesses. The universe of solar systems whose wheeling orbs course the crystal paths of space, proclaim through the dread halls of eternity, the glory and power and domiuion of the all wise, omnipotent and eternal God."—Ex.

Of all teachings, that which presents a far-distant God is nearest to absurdity. Either there is none, or he is nearer to every one of us than our nearest conscientious self.

There is no argument so good as an absolute, plain, truthful statement of fact. There is nothing so interesting as fact. In the true happenings in the everyday life of every-day people are materials for most thrilling novels. There are every day stories of heroism, suffering and the final triumph of good over evil—of happiness finally crowning endeavor. Here is a case in point:

In the county of Escambia in Alabama is the little town of Flomaton and there lives Mrs. Mollie Grimes. She was a good wife and mother but several years ago she found her health slipping away from her. She realized that this meant the inevitable nervousness and irritability that would surely lose for her the affection of her children and husband, and that as her health declined discord and misery would appear in her home. She was filled with the loving motherly instinct, but two miscarriages in succession almost broke her heart. She had almost lost hope when the clouds rolled away and the light of health and happiness returned.

She tells her story in these words:

"I was almost heart broken to think I could not raise any more children and had to suffer as I did. I had lost two children by miscarriages and I fully expected to lose another when, in August 1890, I learned of and began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took it until after baby was born in November. With my other children I had suffered everything that flesh could suffer but this time I was in perfect health and had a very easy time. I was in labor only a short time. I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's medicines enough for I believe they certainly saved my baby's life and maybe my own life as well. I took the 'Favorite Prescription' and also the 'Pleasant Pellets.' The 'Pleasant Pellets' act like a charm."

Perpetual Youth.

ITS ALL VERY SIMPLE.

YET THE SECRET IS KNOWN TO BUT FEW AND WE LABOR FOR THAT WHICH SATISFIETH NOT.

According to a tradition current among the natives of Puerto Rico, there was an island of the Bahama group which had upon it a marvellous fountain, whose waters produced perpetual youth. For this wonder of nature Juan Ponce de Leon, the Spanish navigator and discoverer of the mainland of Florida, sought long and earnestly, yet in vain.

How shall we stave off old age? It is a large question. There are a number of devices—dress, drugs, cosmetics, and what not. Many people object very strongly to growing old. They look upon it as an evil day and they cannot bear to think of it.

The prophet Isaiah in his fortieth chapter gives a prescription which has been found to be the most efficacious: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." Here, if anywhere, is the fountain of perpetual youth. It is easily accessible. We need not ascend into heaven nor descend into the deep, for it is nigh unto us all.

There are three stages in every creature's life, that of growth, that of equilibrium, and that of decay. It is only a question of time when we must pass from one to the other. The very strongest must become weak. "Even the youths faint and are weary, and the young men utterly fall." It is the irrevocable law. The act of living tends to death. We put forth strength at the expense of tissue. 'Tis true of the life physical, and no less true of the life intellectual. As the eyes grow dim and the natural force abates, the senses are blunted and the faculties fail.

All this seems commonplace, and yet being, as it is, the universal human experience, it is surely worth thinking about. If a thing is certain to come, it isn't the part of wisdom to close our eyes to it. Facts are facts even though we refuse to recognize them.

We talk much, too, perhaps about the wisdom of putting by for "a rainy day," but even the "mighty dollar" is weak in face of the weakness and weariness and decay that must be our portion if we do not provide against it. Fresh strength is needed by all—the youth and the young men must have it as well as the aged. How, then, is it to be had? "Wait on the Lord." This is the condition of the inflow of divine grace into weary and dying humanity. Our Lord and Master in the days of His flesh was often very, very weary, but as the Risen Lord, He faintedth not, neither is weary. And those who through grace are "partakers of the Divine nature" share in some fashion and decree in His wondrous prerogative of unwearied strength. "He giveth power to the faint and to him who hath no might he increaseth strength." Wait upon the Lord, and though the life of nature dies, the life of grace shall be as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

In the words of the Prophet we find mention of three forms of strength—viz, strength to soar; strength to run; and strength to walk. Strength to soar on the wings of faith above the mists of adversity, into the clear light of God's unchanging love; strength to soar far above this "dim spot which men call earth" to the things which are above—the things which are eternal. Strength to run—power for the great crises which call for special, though it may be brief, exertion. Such crises come, in sorrow, it may be, or in difficulty or in some hard bit of work. And "lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds," look upon Jesus and run the race that is set before you.

And last, but by no means least, strength to walk—power for patient, persistent pursuit of simple, homely, commonplace duty. Many a man under the pressure of excitement may accomplish wonders. And yet the same man may break down completely in the mill-horse round of common tasks. The only way whereby we may walk and not faint is by daily endeavoring ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life, and by doing all such good works as He has prepared for us to walk in. As our days are, so shall our strength be. The outward man may and must perish, but the inward man will be renewed day by day. For in the heart of decaying nature the seed of an immortal being will live and grow unhurt amidst the wreck of matter. It is all very simple—this secret of perpetual youth—but simple as it is, many do not see it. They spend their labor for that which satisfieth not. They turn away from the fountain of living waters, and hew them out cisterns that can hold no water.

T. H. B.

Every man who sells the truth for gain, is a brother to Judas.

Engagement At Boone's Mill.

RANSOM TO THE FRONT.

HE CHECKS THE ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY AND SAVES THE WELDON BRIDGE.

Col W. H. S. Burgwyn is contributing some interesting letters to the Raleigh Post on the glorious record of the 35th N. C. Regiment in the war between the States.

We take the following extract from his splendid article in last Sunday's Post, giving an interesting account of the engagement at Boone's Mill, in Northampton county:

While in camp near Petersburg, Va., on July 27, 1863, Gen. Matt. W. Ransom, in command of the Department of North Carolina, hearing of the advance of Col Spear from Winton on Weldon, ordered his brigade to Garysburg. The 35th regiment left that same afternoon on the mail train, arriving that night. Gen. Ransom left the same night on an engine. Reaching Garysburg at daybreak, he found there a section of artillery with two guns, which he ordered down to Boone's Mill, distant seven miles, where the main road from Jackson to Garysburg and Weldon crosses the swamp. Four companies of the 24th regiment, in command of Lieut. Colonel Harris, had preceded him to the mill.

Detailing Capt. Burgwyn of Company H, 35th regiment, whose home was in the county, to mount a squad of his company and go on a scouting expedition, there being no cavalry near at hand, early in the morning of July 28th, 1863, Gen. Ransom, with his staff, proceeded to Jackson, distant ten miles, to obtain information of the enemy's movements. About 12:30 p m., he left Jackson to return to Boone's Mill to make disposition to meet Col. Spear, who was reported rapidly advancing. When Gen. Ransom had gotten about half a mile distant a great shout was heard in the direction of Jackson, and, stopping to ascertain the cause, the enemy's cavalry were seen charging over the hill about 150 yards distant.

It was now a question as to whose horse was the fastest, as two miles or more lay between the Confederate commander and his men who were taking there ease, ignorant of the perilous situation of their general. The horses of the general and his staff being fresh the enemy did not gain on them, though in reach of and subject to the enemy's fire all during the pursuit.

Dashing at full speed across the bridge Gen. Ransom called out to have the planks taken up and the men to fall in ranks. The enemy seeing the situation and more or less disorganized from the pursuit; halted to reform their colums for attack. This gave time for the Confederate infantry, most of whom were bathing in the mill pond to get their guns, and in a few minutes order was restored and our lines established. The enemy now brought up his artillery and for an hour or more shelled the Confederate position. Dismounting his cavalry, Col. S. P. Spear attempted an advance down the road to the mill, which was met by a quick fire from our men and this advance checked. About this time Lieut. Vassar of the Macon Light Artillery, with two guns arrived from Garysburg, which were put in position behind some earthworks erected by Gen. French the year before. They at once opened fire. By this time the fight was hot. The enemy now attempted to carry our position by an attack on the right and left flanks, and succeeded under the cover of the thick swamp undergrowth in getting their men directly in our rear across the pond, which curves here nearly at right angles. This movement was promptly met by advancing the artillery to the front and shelling the woods with grape and cannister and by a brave fire from the infantry. The fight had now lasted some five hours. Foiled in his expectation to surprise the Confederates and reach the Weldon bridge without serious opposition, Col. Spear late in the evening withdrew and during the night retreated through Jackson, whence he came. This repulse of Col. Spear, whose force consisted of a "brigade of cavalry and nine pieces of artillery," with a supporting force of infantry at Winton, N. C., by not more than two hundred Confederate infantry with two pieces of artillery, was not only a brilliant military achievement of the greatest moment, as a defeat of the Confederates would have resulted in the destruction of the railroad bridge over the Roanoke at Weldon, which was one of the main lines of railroad connecting Richmond and the South; and in the occupation by the enemy of a large section of the richest portion of the State, from which the Confederate government largely drew its supplies, but also preserved this section of North Carolina ever afterwards from the enemy's presence. The crops of 1863 and 1864 were saved to the people as if no war was raging near them, and the slave population remained quietly at work on the plantations during the balance of the war.

This victory, coming so soon after his promotion, was doubly gratifying to Gen. Ransom's friends, and the fact that his home lay less than two miles distant, whence the sounds of the guns and the noises of the battle were tremblingly listened to by his delicate wife and small children, affords a striking illustration of the nature of this contest waged by the Southern people in which truly it may be said they were fighting "for their altars and their fires, God, and their native land."

Proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it. Proof of ROBERTS' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC lies in the taking of it. COST NOTHING if it fails to cure. 25 cents per bottle if it cures. Sold strictly on its merits by

W. M. Cohen, Druggist, - Weldon, N. C.
J. N. Brown, Halifax; Jackson Drug Co., Jackson, N. C.

HIS REASON.

Judge A.—"Well, uncle Zeb, where are going?"

The Benedict.—"I wuz jis goin to de cote, suh, to see you suh, and git a remover from dat yaller limb dat I married the yarder day."

Judge A.—"Why, see here that won't do. Didn't you promise me you would take her for better or for worse, and all that?"

Benedict.—"Yas suh, but den she am a sight wuss dan I took her fur."—Harper's Bazar.

DR. CADY'S CONDITION POWDERS, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. 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. Cohen Weldon J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists.

TROUBLE IN STORE.

"When I grow up," said Ethel with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"Well, I am going to be a mamma and have six children," said Edna.

"Well, when they come to school to me, I'm going to whip 'em whip 'em."

"You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

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 Diarrhœa. 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

THE MAID AND MAN.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a berrying sir," she said.

"Where do you berry, my pretty maid?"

"In that cemetery, you jag" she said.

"May I go with you my pretty maid?"

"It's none of your funeral, sir," she said.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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.

THE WORD WIFE.

What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquer the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of their femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. "Wife" means weaver. You must be either housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon them and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be overhead, the glowworm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light for those who are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and a power.—Ruskin.

ETTER, SALT RHEUM AND ECTZEMA.

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 sore eyes. 25c. per box. **

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The Telephone.

Every family should have a telephone at their residence. If you want the correct time call phone No. 30. Our clock is regulated daily by the R R. time. Any one desiring information from down town, will furnish it to the best of our ability, if they will call phone No. 30. Persons in other towns desiring information from Weldon call phone No. 30 and will do all in our power to furnish you with the desired information.

Parties in other towns who desire to talk to any one in Weldon, who haven't a phone our phones are at their service. Any person in Weldon who hasn't a phone, and wish to talk to parties in other towns can come to our store, and we will do all we can, and central will do the rest to get you connected quick as possible.

All phone orders attended to promptly.
Store phone No. 30.
Residence phone No. 24—2.

H. C. SPIERS, Manager,
N. Y. Racket Store.

Weldon, N. C., Aug. 1899.
Jan. 1st, 1899.

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Crimson Clover

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Write for prices and Descriptive Fall Catalogue, which also gives full information about Vetches, Rape, Winter, Turf or Grazing Oats, Seed Wheat, Grasses and Clovers, Turnip and Vegetable Seeds, Hyacinths, Tulips and all Bulbs and Seeds for fall planting.

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