THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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

VOL. XXXIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1899. NO 22.

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 Eczema—which is more than skin-deep, and can not be reached by local applications 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 Mixersville, 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 left I began to take S. S. S., and it apparently made 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 became clear 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.

SHE MEANT WELL.

The young man who aspires to the intense was walking with the young woman who doesn't quite understand all he says, but nevertheless thinks it is simply grand.

"Look on the glories of the western sky!" he exclaimed.

She seemed puzzled for a minute, and exclaimed:

"Let me see, you face the north—that's the way our home fronts—and then on your right hand is east and on your left is west. Why, it's the direction we're walking in, isn't it?"

He looked a trifle gloomy, but resumed:

"How the great masses of color are piled one upon another in nature's lavish and transcendant art!"

"Yes," she sighed. "It makes me think of Neapolitan ice cream."

"And there, closer and closer to the horizon, sinks a great crimson ball, the setting sun."

"Right over there?"

"Yes."

"Straight ahead of us?"

"To be sure."

"Well, I've been wondering about that for the last five minutes. You know my little brother is so mischevious. He broke my glasses this afternoon and I am so near sighted that I couldn't be sure whether that was the crimson setting sun or somebody playing golf."—Washington Star.

Best Prescription for Malaria, Chills and Fever,

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form.... Sold by every druggist in the malarial sections of the United States..... No cure, no pay.... Price, 50c.

They All Recommend Grove's.

First Tasteless Tonic ever manufactured.. All other so-called "Tasteless" Tonics are imitations.. Ask any druggist about this who is not PUSHING an imitation.

WHOLESALER.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 6, 1899.

PARIS MEDICINE CO., City.

Gentlemen:—We wish to congratulate you on the increased sales we are having on your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. On examining our record of inventory under date of Jan. 31, we find that we sold during the Chill season of 1898 twice as much of Grove's Tonic. We also find that our sales of your Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets have been something enormous, having sold during the last [illegible] season [illegible] times as much as any other one cold cure we carry. Please mail down a dozen gross of the latter, [illegible] Yours truly,

MEYER BROS. DRUG CO.

RETAILER.

EDDYVILLE, ILLS.

PARIS MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen:—I handle seven or eight different kinds of Chill Tonics but I sell ten bottles of Grove's to where I sell one of the others. I sold 36 bottles of Grove's Chill Tonic in one day and could have sold more if I had had it on hand. Mr. Dave Woods cured five cases of chills with one bottle.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. VINYARD.

CONSUMER.

WHITESBORO, TEX., Sep. 12, 1898.

PARIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—I write you a few lines of gratitude. I think your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is one of the best medicines in the world for Chills and Fever. I have three children that have been down with malarial fever for 18 months and have bought Chill medicines of all kinds and Doctor's bills coming in all the time until I sent to town and got three bottles of Grove's Tonic. My children are all well now and it was your Tasteless Chill Tonic that did it. I cannot say too much in its behalf.

Yours truly,

JAMES D. ROBERTS.

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.

A Hard Job.

THE BAD NEWS BREAKER.

A RAILROAD OFFICIAL WHOSE DUTIES REQUIRE PLENTY OF NERVE.

"We formerly left it to some of the employes to inform wives that their husbands hand been killed," said a railroad boss, "but now regular men do it—men who know how to break the sad news to widows and orphans at home. I did it myself for 13 years. The company chose me because I was fatherly looking, and I stuck to the job as long as I could, but it's wearing work. To go into a home and hear the wife singing about her work and be compelled to tell her that her Jack's just been killed down in the freight yard takes nerve.

"Of course I had different ways of breaking the news. Sometimes I asked what time Jim would be home or where he was going that night—anything to get started, especially if I never knew the woman. Strange to say, whenever I came near to the fact, saying I'd heard that Jim was hurt, the women would scream out they were sure he was killed. Then I let them cry awhile, until they'd get ready to ask further about it. It was not so hard after that. I have thought that the women saw so much sorrow in my face from my long serving in the business that they knew what I came for. I tried to be cheerful, but there was a weight in my heart that I couldn't throw off.

"I once called at the home of a young wife. Her husband, an engineer, was killed at a bridge that morning. When she opened the door and looked at me, she dropped in a dead faint without saying a word. Afterward she told me that she had taken a nap after breakfast that morning and had seen me in her dream standing in front of her, telling her that Harry was killed. Once the wife I came to warn was making bread. She was up to her elbows in dough, I asked her where Mr. Jones lived, walked off and waited for half an hour until she got her bread in the pans, and then I went back and told her the sad story of her husband's death by a cave in at a culvert. At another house the mother and two children, neatly dressed, were ready to go to a Sunday school picnic. It took nerve to stop them and break the news I began by saying there might be rain It was cloudy. Then I said to the wife she had better not go, as Tom might be back from work pretty soon. Then she knew.

"I asked the company to be relieved of my job three times before they found some one to take my place."—New York Sun

A RHETORICAL FORTUNE.

She—You represented yourself to be worth a million before we were married

He—Purely a figure of speech my dear.

KNOWS NO CREED.

A Baptist minister was asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian.

Well, my dear friend, he replied, as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology.

JUDICIOUS OLD ENGLAND.

Warwick—Ever since Dewey's victory the English have been anxious to try their hand at fighting again. They don't know who to tackle—Russia or the Transvaal Republic.

Wickwire—Which will it be?

Warwick—Well, their newspapers have had some fiery articles about Russia, but they've been preparing troops for the Transvaal.

The work of a farmer's wife is never ended. But it is wholesome, enjoyable, productive work that is pleasurable if the farmer's wife is a well woman.

The work becomes weary drudgery when the woman is sick. The work drags and the woman's pride is hurt. Her ambition is to do as much and better work than her neighbors. It is a distinct triumph if her butter is generally regarded as the finest in the county. But fine butter and bad health don't go together.

Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Side Farm, Knosburg, Vt., writes to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: "During the past year I found that I was to become a mother and that I was in rapidly failing health. I suffered dreadfully from bloating, and urinary difficulty. I was growing perceptibly weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I had to give up my work and I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I followed your directions and took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your hygenic instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my work (we live on a good sized farm). I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short, easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

The one medicine that gives prompt and sure relief is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a tonic and purifier that works on one special set of organs and puts them in a perfectly vigorous, healthy condition. It quickly soothes inflammation and stops debilitating drains on the system. Taken regularly during the period of gestation it greatly lessens the pain and danger of childbirth.

Although sweet to the taste it contains no sugar which often disagrees with weak stomachs; nor does it contain any alcohol, or opium in any form, and therefore does not induce a craving for stimulants. Keeps perfectly in any climate.

At Glendale Crossing.

ONE ON THE FAT ENGINEER

HIS STORY OF MEETING THE SPOOK TRAIN AT GLENDALE CROSSING.

New York Sun.

"Yes," said the fat engineer, "I've heard and read a lot about spook trains and engines but I never had the extreme pleasure of getting next to one till the other night. It shook Murphy up so that he hasn't been able to work since, partly from nervous prostration and partly because he's too lame and sore. Every time I go out I think it will be the last trip as I believe that spook train was a warning.

"Night before last we had done the honors on our usual 'grab train,' picking up cars quite a ways up the division when an engine on a branch train broke down and we got chased over the branch. It was a dark, stormy night, such as you read about in the dime novels when the heavy villain, or his agent, chucks a cloak over the head of the handsome and innocent heroine and hustles her off to an insane asylum in an automobile.

"'It's quite a while since I've been over the branch,' I says to Murphy, 'we'll have to kinder feel our way.'

He grumbled out something, but as he was always grumbling I didn't pay much attention to him and we were soon skimming along. We had orders to meet No. 155 west-bound at the junction and didn't want to lay her out more'n was necessary. As we skated around a curve in Glendale I was thinking what an important guy the engineer is and whistling 'My dad's the Engineer' softly to myself when out of the darkness ahead of us a headlight loomed up, coming at us full tilt. As the branch is single track this sudden diversion had its disagreeable features. I could see the oncoming train plain as day She had three coaches, same as we had and was throwing sparks to beat the band.

"'Jump, Murphy, jump,' I hollered to Mike. 'No. 155 has jumped her orders. Jump for your life.'

"Then I gave one warning toot on the whistle, shut her off, soaked the air in the sinkhole, closed my eyes and waited for the crash. I would have jumped myself only I didn't have time. Its surprising how quick your past life will flash before you when you're near the pearly gates, and when you sift the wheat from the chaff its about all chaff. Then, in fancy, I was looking at the next morning's paper and saw old worn-out cuts of a railroad wreck that they had used for every train wreck in the last five years—I could see the old hulk of an engine marked with a star under which was printed: 'This is where the brave engineer was found faithful to his duty, dead with his hand on the throttle.'

"Just at this stage of the game I would rather have been the iceman, the gasman or any other old kind of a man, but the prospects were that I would be a dead man. All this in the thirty seconds I had been waiting, with my eyes shut for the crash, but we seemed to be a crash shy. The train came to a stop within about 500 yards and I rubbed my eyes and looked ahead for 155 but she was nowhere in sight. I suppose you fellers will say I was asleep and dreaming but I will lay my bets that I saw the train all right and Murphy saw her, too, It was no dream. The engine was soon surrounded by the train hands firing questions at me as if I was on the witness stand.

"'Murphy, my fireman, fell off back there, that's why I stopped,' I says for I didn't want to tell what I had seen and let them have the holler on me. Murphy evidently hadn't looked before he leaped, for a part of his blouse was fast on the tank, but they didn't have any difficulty tracing his course after they found where he struck. He had plowed a neat furrow right down to a ditch on the side track. He was a little the worse for wear but still in the race and was soon on the engine.

"'Say Murf,' I said to him, 'did you see that?'

"He replied in a soared whisper. 'You bet I did,' he says. 'I bet neither of us get home alive. It's a warning.'

"Where did you say that was?" asked an other engineer who was listening to the tale.

"Right at Glendale crossing, coming east.'

"Well you and Murf are two lunk heads. If you'd had kept your eyes open a few seconds after you saw the spook you'd known what it was," said the second engineer. "I got fooled there myself once. The bar of the Glendale House is right there at the crossing at right angle with the track. When they let their curtains down at night, according to law, the big, high mirror back of the bar reflects every train that goes east. I s on you I guess."

After a general guying from the stove committee the fat engineer said he didn't know anything about bars and barrooms he'd never been in one in his life. So they told him it was time he inspected one and hustled into a nearby cafe where he stood the shot.

The Blessed Change.

CHEER UP WEARY TRAVELER.

READER ARE YOU GETTING READY FOR THIS CHANGE—THE LAST GREAT CHANGE BETWEEN TIME AND ETERNITY?

Henry Blount in Rocky Mount Motor.

The trials and troubles and torments and tribulations of this life are but the dust and cinders flung into our eyes, as we go hurrying on in Time's rushing car to the end of the route on the river of death. And when we reach the terminus, and make the change, oh what a blessed transition it will be. No more dust, no more heat, no more fatigue, no more cinders, no more choking smoke, no more travel-stain for the trip will be upon the verdue-ballasted road of the flower laden banks of the sparkling River of Life which flows by the Great White Thorne of God. The fogs and vapors of sorrows and gloom which beset us here below will be changed up there into the shinging spray and glimmering mist of joy and brightness of the God-fed fountains of blissful immortality, while all the clanging notes of jarring discord, which now distract and torment us here so sorely, will be drowned in the dulcet tides of the everlasting streams of those celestial harmonies whose swellings and bounding waves of melody, will rise and strike against the very dome of Heaven, and make it one eternal sounding board of rapturous praise and song.

Cheer up, oh weary fellow travelers to Eternity, and take new hope, ye fainting hearts. The tiresome journey will soon be ended, the blessed change will soon be made, and our visions, refreshed and strengthened, will rest upon the brilliant scenes of everlasting splendor, which live upon those dazzling corruscations of sparkling gleamings that come flashing in unending ripples of quenchless radiance from off the Throne of Light. Yes, our senses too will catch the perfume of sweet flowers, and our ears will drink in the melody of purer songs. The streams will have a crystal current, and their brilliant ripples will rival in radiance the shower of sunbeams, for there will be no dregs at the bottom, no driftwood of earthly passion upon its stainless bosom. And the trees too will have a richer, more luxuriant foliage for they will bask in the perpetual sunlight of God's luminous presence and be robed in brightest verdure forever. Oh what delectable and rapturous scenes of beauty will greet our visions then as we go rolling in sweet and intoxicating enchantment over the blissful vales of blest Elysium.

Reader, are you getting ready for this change—the last great change between Time and Eternity; has your passport been signed and countersigned by a true and precious pardon of a loving Saviour? If so, you will welcome the change with sweet delight, and when the somber brakeman—Death—shall shout out his cry "Change cars" you will step gladly out, knowing that waiting angels are there to bid you welcome home. Blessed change! blessed meeting! and oh the ecstatic rapture of the heart-thrilling joy of the precious reunion with the loved ones who have gone on before. And sweeter still is the glorious thought that the pangs of parting will never more be felt, for heart beats will mingle with heart beats forever and forever in tireless pulsings of perpetual rapture around the throne of God.

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 TROUBLE.

Bing—Yes, that's old Spriggins. Ha'f a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life.

Wing—What was the trouble with him?

Bing—He wouldn't pay his doctor bills.

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.

WHAT BOBBIE HEARD.

Featherstone—Come Bobbie (handing him a quarter), how many fellows have called on your sister this week?

Bobbie—Let's see—five.

"That doesn't include me, does it?"

"Oh, no. Sister says you don't count."

"So you are the only one of the family now at home?" "Oh, I'm not lonesome. My wife left the house plants in my care."

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Biggest Thing In Norfolk

Seek No Further!
Better Cannot Be Found!

Jordan's LADIES' AND GENTLEMAN'S Cafe

31 MAIN STREET,
NORFOLK, VA.

At Jordan's Cafe you get the best 25 cent meal on earth, and everything the market affords, served to order in the best style. Good attention to everybody. It is the cleanest, cheapest and best Cafe on or off the earth. Old popular prices.

REGULAR MEALS | Breakfast, Dinner, Supper | 25 Cents Each.

If you go to the BEST you go to JORDAN'S CAFE. And if you go to Jordan's Cafe, you go to the BEST. **AMOS P. JORDAN** keeps this place.

Open all Night. Lodging 50c. jy 6 1y

Wood's Grass and Clover Seeds..

Have obtained the highest reputation for purity, cleanliness and germination, causing our business in the same to become one of the largest in the United States. Handling these Seeds in the large quantities that we do, also enables us to sell same at the lowest possible prices, quality considered. WOOD'S SEED BOOK gives the fullest information about Grasses and Clovers—sells the different sorts are adapted for—best combinations to give largest results in hay or pasturage—care of pastures and meadows, &c., &c. A postal will bring this book to you. Prices and samples of Grass and Clover Seeds sent on application.

T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

KEPT HER BUSY.

My husband, says Mrs. Selldom Home, is always preaching economy, and I have to practice what he preaches.

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.

A BLOODLESS TURNIP.

Teacher—Johnny, what is a thief?

Johnny Hardup—Dunno.

Teacher—Oh, yes you do. Now, what would I be if I took money out of your pocket?

Johnny Hardup—Why, youse ud be a peach.

TETTER, 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 sore eyes. 25c. per box. **

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists

"He holds much who holds his tongue."

W. L. Stainback,

—DEALER IN—

Heavy & Fancy GROCERIES,

Fruits, Confectioneries.

Country Produce

Bought and Sold.

CHOICE BEEF ALWAYS ON HAND.

Give me a call.

W. L. STAINBACK.
jan 5 1y Weldon, N. C.

APPOMATTOX IRON WORKS,

—Manufacturers of—

Agricultural Implements, Shaftings, Mill Gearing, Pulleys, All kinds of Machinery, and Repairs

Nos. 22 & 34 Old St., Petersburg, Va.
oct 20 1y

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 Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS,

No. 24 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C
dec 11 1y.

A Free Trip to Paris!

Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, should write

The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

S. H. HAWES & CO.

DEALERS IN

COAL.

RICHMOND, VA.

aug 17 3m.

Old Jacob Grovers'

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.