

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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## A SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER.

**MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE APPEARED AT FIRST AS MERE PIMPLES.**

The greatest care should be given to any little sore, itching or scratch which shows its disposition to grow. It is not until it has become a cancer that it is recognized as such. So many people die from Cancer simply because they do not know just what the disease is, they naturally turn themselves over to the doctors, and are forced to submit to a cruel and dangerous operation—the only treatment which the doctors know for Cancer. The disease promptly returns, however, and is even more violent and destructive than before. Cancer is a deadly poison in the blood, and an operation, either of any other external treatment can have no effect whatever upon it. The cancer must come from within—the last vestige of poison must be eradicated.

Mr. Wm. Walpole, of Weldon, N. C., says: "A little blotch about the size of a pea came under my left eye gradually growing larger. From which shooting pains at intervals ran in all directions. I was extremely alarmed and advised a good doctor, who pronounced it Cancer and advised that it be cut out, but this I could not consent to. I read in my local paper of a cure effected by S. S. S., and decided to try it. It acted like a charm. The Cancer began at first itching, and then it began to bleed. This gradually grew less and then it disappeared altogether, leaving a small white scar which has not faded. I am now a healthy, happy man, where I was threatened to die. My life is now full and sweet. Positively the only cure for Cancer is Swift's Specific—S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD."

—because it is the only remedy which can go deep enough to reach the root of the disease and force it out of the system permanently. A surgical operation does not reach the blood—the real seat of the disease—because the blood can not be cut away. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. S. S. S. cures also any case of Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Ulcers, Sores, or any other form of blood disease. Valuable books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

### TO CURE LOW SPIRITS.

In the Armenian Magazine in 1786 John Wesley gave the following rules for persons afflicted with "lowness of spirits."

- (1) Sincerely abstain from all spirituous liquors. Touch them not, on any pretense whatever. To others they may sometimes be of use; but to nervous persons they are deadly poison.
- (2) If you drink any, drink but little tea, and none at all without eating, or without sugar or cream.
- (3) Every day of your life take at least an hour's exercise, between breakfast and dinner.
- (4) Take no more food than nature requires. Dine upon one thing, except pudding or pie. Eat no flesh at supper, but something light and easy to digestion.
- (5) Sleep early and rise early. Unless you are ill, never lie in bed much above seven hours. Then you will never be awake; your flesh will be firm and your spirits lively.
- (6) Above all, beware of anger; beware of worldly sorrow; beware of the fear that hath torment; beware of foolish and hurtful desires—Exchange.

### Willing To Oblige.

Street Car Conductor—Say, will you kindly pass up the aisle?

Passenger—Yes, I'll "pass it up," if I can find a seat.

### Be Sure You Are Right.

#### ADVICE IN LOVE-MAKING.

HERE IS SOMETHING FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS TO READ.

An esteemed correspondent of the Herald has appealed to us in the matter of love-making, since, as she puts it, "you have crossed the dead line, and know both whereof you speak and how to speak it."

Realizing the scope and delicacy of the subject, we can only give our fair friend a brief out-line of that advice that comes from the experience of all who have "crossed the dead-line" and trodden for any distance the road over which life's journey must be made.

To begin, first catch your lover. Hold him when you have him. Don't let go to catch every new one that comes along. Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life. Unless you intend to support him, find out whether he earns enough to support you. Don't make up your mind that he or any other man alive is an angel. Don't palm yourself off on him as one, either. Don't let him spend his salary on you; that right should be reserved until after marriage. If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother, say so in time, that he might get rid of her to oblige you, get rid of you to oblige her, as he sees fit and thinks best.

If your adorer happens to fancy a certain shade of hair, don't color or bleach your hair to please him. Remember your hair belongs to you and he doesn't. Be sure it is the man you are in love with, and not the clothes he wears, or the cut of his mustache or the shape of his foot or face. Fortune and fashion are as fickle and flighty as the wandering wind, and it is foolish to take a stylish suit or a handsome man for better or worse. Don't try to hurry up a proposal by carrying on a flirtation with some other fellow. Different men are made of different material, and the one that you want may go off in a fit of jealousy and never return.

Don't marry a man to oblige any third person in existence. It is your God-given right to suit yourself in the matter. But remember at the same time that love is bold and blind, wicked and warped, and a little friendly advice from one whose opinion is worth knowing, may insure a lifetime of happiness or prevent one of misery. The ceremony performed, your fate is sealed for the greatest curse or the sweetest blessing that can be bestowed on human kind.

In love affairs always keep your eyes open, so when the right man comes along you may see him. When you do see him you will recognize him and the recognition will be mutual. If you have no fault to find with him personally, financially, socially, morally, politically, religiously, or any other way, he is probably perfect enough to suit you, and you can afford to believe him, love him, marry him.—Water Valley Herald.

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Woman is the slave of fashion; man is the slave of woman.

The reason Cupid wears wings is so he can fly out of the window when poverty comes in the door.

The woman who really thinks a man for doing something never says a word; she just looks it.

The only way a man can keep his wife from worrying about his morals is for him to worry about her health.

About three days before his wife comes home from Europe a man begins to look as if he had a note coming due which he couldn't pay.

### "BURNING MONEY."

The most precious possession on earth is perfect health. It is the ground-work of all prosperity in life; and few people realize how valuable a reasonable expenditure which will be the means of restoring it. I am very glad I did so. Van der Porce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me in one month, strong and well.

"Your kindness to me I can never forget," writes Mrs. J. E. Clark of Enterprise, Shelby Co., Mo. "I cannot express half my feelings of gratitude to you. I had despaired of ever getting well. I had been in bed for twelve years. Had aches all through me, numb hands, cold feet, and everything I ate distressed me; my bowels were constipated. I was very nervous, depressed and despondent. When I first wrote to you I thought I could never be cured. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and my health is now good. You have my most respectful recommendation to all sufferers. I think there is no medicine in the world as good as Dr. Pierce's."

It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to attempt to palm off upon you a substitute for this world-famed medicine. You know what you want. When he urges some substitute he's thinking of the larger profit he'll make—not of your welfare. Shun all such dishonest dealers. Every sick person in this land should possess Dr. Pierce's grand thousand-penny illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser, which will be sent free to the bare cost of mailing, 21 one-cent stamps.

### Had A Good Time.

#### PROUD OF HIS SPOUSE.

A CHICAGOAN'S BETTER HALF A WOMAN OF INFINITE TACT.

A certain Chicagoan congratulates himself on the fact that he has the best wife in the world. He does not mean to draw any invidious comparisons by this superlative estimate of his helpmeet, but he thinks no other woman would so well adjust herself to his eccentric habits. To tell the truth, he has not yet settled down so much that he does not enjoy a little whirl "with the boys." Sometimes these celebrations develop into orgies of magnificent proportions. It is here that the wife's good disposition asserts itself.

When her hubby comes home in the wee hours and is groping vainly for the banisters he is not confronted by an irate spouse at the top of the stairs. He is not compelled to listen to a curtain lecture before he is allowed to sleep off his potations. He is confronted by no sour look when he gets up the next morning with a fever-dizzy head, consequently he feels stricken with remorse. He even things up with his conscience, or tries to, by purchasing fine raiment and various articles for the feminine toilet in order to make himself believe that he is in some degree worthy of such a wife. It makes no difference whether he takes his bender at home or on the Pacific coast; it seems impossible to eradicate the dark-brown taste until he has bought his peace offerings.

But the good wife herself has come to understand the meaning of these gifts. Not long ago the husband went to New York on some business. Contact with convivial friends and numerous "high ball" produced a Bacchanalian fete that lasted for three days. With sobriety came remorse and the Chicagoan went down to a fashionable dry goods emporium and outdid himself. He bought an elegant dress and trimmings, which cost up \$50. He expressed them to wife and awaited developments.

In a day or two came a letter. It was not very affectionate, it is true, but it was a good long one. It recounted all the news. No mention was made of the receipt of the dress in the body of the letter. The postscript, always the best part of a woman's epistle, consisted of this brief sentence, which spoke volumes:

"You must have had an elegant time!"—Chicago Chronicle.

### "TAKING OUT."

The sun is going down. Its midday heat subsides. Its gleams of crimson fall upon my path. The west looks bright to me. The breeze fan me. I am so much reminded of my plowboy days. When the heat of the day was over, and the hills or trees flung their shadows down upon our valley fields, when the breezes would fan us gently, and our moistened garments felt cool; when fresh furrows remained fresh, and the moisture waited for the morning sun to lick it up and leave the surface dry, how delightfully did we turn into row after row, and "throw dirt to the corn and split the middles." We almost forgot that we were weary from the heat and toil of the day, often putting in our very best work at the last. "Taking out" time has nearly come with me. God help me in the few remaining rows; I will soon "take out."

She will be there watching my coming. I used to take her little frame up in my arms and press her to my bosom, and walk all over the house with her, often out into the yard. The proudest hours of my life were when she leaned hardest on me. A week before she went home she bawled me for a race to the little althea bush in the yard. She staggered I caught her, laid her on her bed. In a week she was in her Father's home. Sweet mother, I'll soon "take out" and come!—Exchange.

### WINTER'S COMING.

Winter's comin' in fer shore—  
Blustery 'aroun',  
Mellie, and the cabin floor—  
Take the fiddle down,  
Short on cotton—who's to blame?  
We'll be dancin' just the same!  
Boys air comin' down the road  
Just to dance with you!  
Apples? What a rosy load!  
Jugs o' cider, too!  
Corn crap failed us—who's to blame?  
We'll be dancin' just the same!  
Never cry fer what we've missed—  
Let the fire burn steady,  
All the gals air to be kissed,  
An' the boys air ready!  
All craps poorly—'who's to blame?  
We kin dance, dear, just the same!  
He Was Lonesome.

"So you are the only surviving participant in the feud?" asked the Northerner. "Do you not feel lonely?"

"Lonely ain't no name fer it, mister," said the Kentuckian. "I allow to marry into another feud as quick as I can."—Indianapolis Journal.

### A Little Yellow Curl.

#### HIS SHIELD AND BUCKLER.

THE LITTLE GIRL SAVED HIM FROM A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Many a rough-looking man carries in his pocket, safe from all eyes but his own, some memento or relic that is to him as a shield and buckler against the powers of evil.

A story is told of a big burly miner who steadfastly refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts, or in any of their revels in which evil was done. He was not surly and morose, but he steadfastly declined all invitations to take part in his companions' carousals. He was jeered at and subjected to all sorts of annoyances, but yield he would not. One night, when the revelry ran high, and many of the men were drunk, they declared that "Big Joe," as he was called, simply "had to drink with them."

"I will not, boys," he said firmly. They declared that if he did not they would force liquor down his throat, and then run him out of the camp.

"You ain't no better than the rest of us!" said one man angrily.

"I have not said that I was."

"Well, why can't you join us and be friendly and sociable like, when we are trying to have a good time? Ain't you signed the pledge, have you?" with a sneer.

"No, I have not signed any pledge, boys."

"Well, then, what is it that makes you hang back this way?"

"Well, boys, I'll tell you," he said. "It's something I don't like to talk about, but I'll tell you, and perhaps you'll not expect nor want me to drink with you when I've told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his gray flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair. Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger, and said:

"Boys, I've got a little motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from here, and that curl came from her head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying I promised her that I would never drink another drop, and that for our little girl's sake I'd be a better man, and when I left my little one with her grandmother, I promised them both what I'd promised my wife, and my little girl cut this curl from her head and gave it to me to 'remember her by and she said, 'Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa.' It has helped me. I've not next my heart night and day, and I'll never drink a drop, nor do anything she would be sorry to have me do while it is there. Now do you want me to drink with you, boys?"

The man who had threatened to have whiskey poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say "No," and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise. His little girl's curl of shining yellow hair was his shield and buckler, and with God's help, it was to him a sure defence.

### 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.

Temperance is a tree which has beauty for its branches, and peace and happiness and contentment for its delicious fruitage.

### 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 sore eyes. 25c. per box. \*\*

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

When a man's temper gets the best of him, it then shows the worst of him, and reveals his worst parts.

### 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.

Goodness is not in the outward things we do for appearance sake, but in the inward things we are for God.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought. Beware of cheap imitations.

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**T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedmen, Richmond, Va.**

## Just Like A Woman. SURPRISED HER HUSBAND.

WHY THE YOUNG WIFE SPENT AN AFTERNOON IN HIS OFFICE.

Young Mrs. Smith, who lives down on Prairie avenue, is very fond of her husband and also very jealous of him. Mr. Smith knows this and enjoys it immensely. Before the Smiths were married he used to know a Minneapolis girl who visited his sister in Chicago. Mrs. Smith knew her very well too, and Mrs. Smith called on her. A few days before the Minneapolis girl went back she called on Mrs. Smith, and they had an enjoyable quarter of an hour thinking things about one another and talking about Mansfield.

When the Minneapolis girl rose to go, she said sweetly, "Oh, by the way, I want to see Charlie before I go back, and I think I may just drop into his office this afternoon."

"Oh, do, Charlie will be delighted," returned Mrs. Smith. The door had hardly closed on the guest before Mrs. Smith executed a sort of war dance. She dressed as fast as she could, put on her bonnet with the intention of going down to Mr. Smith's office. Her grandmother remonstrated in vain. Mrs. Smith is only 18, and she is jealous.

"I thought I'd spend the afternoon with you," she announced to the astonished Charlie as she swept into the office.

"But my dear"—he began, when Mrs. Smith encoined herself at the side of his desk and intimated that the most violent arguments would not move her. She sat there all the afternoon. The Minneapolis girl enjoyed herself shopping, and forgot to call in to tell Charlie goodby. Mrs. Smith broke down and confessed as soon as she got home, and her foolish young husband told her to get down next day and buy herself the prettiest hat she could find.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## COAL.

RICHMOND, VA.

aug 17 3m.

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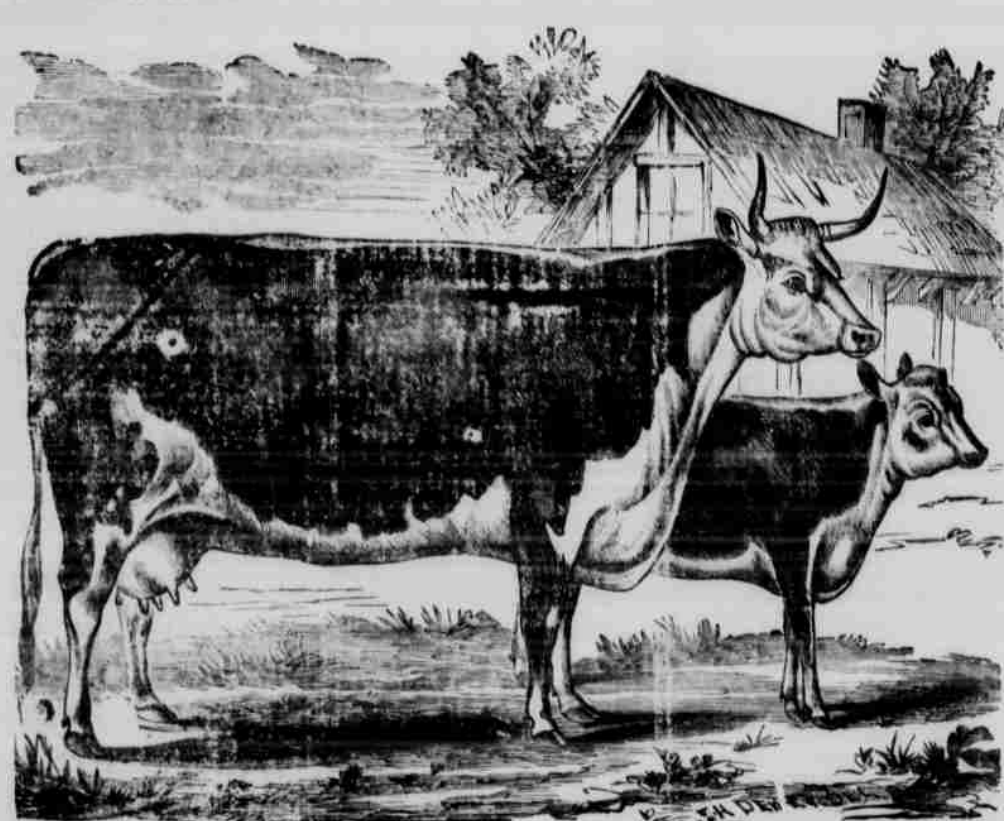
Keep a place for laughter—  
Joy will thrill the year;  
But here, dear—not hereafter—  
Keep a place for tears.

For laughter leaves us lonely,  
And when the joy is past,  
Tears, that are chastening only,  
Wash white the soul at last.

## 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.



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