

# THE RANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 27.

## ONLY ONE CURE FOR SCROFULA.

**S. S. S. is the Only Remedy Equal to this Obstinate Disease.**

There are dozens of remedies recommended for Scrofula, some of them no doubt being able to afford temporary relief, but S. S. S. is absolutely the only remedy which completely cures it. Scrofula is one of the most obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases, and is beyond the reach of the many so-called purifiers and tonics because something more than a mere tonic is required. S. S. S. is equal to any blood trouble, and never fails to cure Scrofula, because it goes down to the seat of the disease, permanently eliminating every trace of the taint.

The serious consequences to which Scrofula surely leads should impress upon those afflicted with it the vital importance of waiting no time upon treatment which can not possibly effect a cure. In many cases where the wrong treatment has been relied upon, complicated glandular swellings have resulted, for which the doctors insist that a dangerous surgical operation is necessary.



**S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD**

—Is the only remedy which can promptly reach and cure obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases. By relying upon it, and not experimenting with the various so-called tonics, etc., all sufferers from blood troubles can be promptly cured, instead of enduring years of suffering which gradually but surely undermines the constitution. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Boils, Tetters, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

## The Biggest Thing In Norfolk

Seek No Further! Better Cannot Be Found!

### Jordan's Ladies' and Gentleman's Cafe

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.

## S. H. HAWES & CO. DEALERS IN COAL.

Richmond, VA.

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**APOMATOX IRON WORKS**  
Manufacturers of—  
Agricultural Implements, Shaftings, MillGearing, Pulleys, All kinds of Machinery, and Repair  
Nos. 22 & 34 Old St., Petersburg, Va. oct 21 1899

### Where Did You Get That Hat?

HAT WAS NOT SUCCESSFUL.

THE OWNER TRIED TO ECONOMIZE, BUT HER EFFORTS MET WITH PEARFUL RESULTS.

This is a plain, unvarnished story of a lady who trimmed her own hat. She was endeavoring to economize and conceived the brilliant idea that by purchasing the trimmings and the frame she could construct a hat that would be quite as handsome as the ordinary or extraordinary millinery creation and at much less cost. So she made a dozen or more trips downtown and finally had gathered together a trunk full of bits of ribbon, steel buckles, gaze, flowers, birds, fiber chains, bolts, rivets, barbed wire, varnish, bicycle cement, galvanic iron, linocast walton and all the singular ingredients of a woman's hat, together with a fearful and wonderful frame that looked much like a wire waste basket after a tug of war with a steam engine. Then she hunted the display windows and changed her mind something like a thousand times regarding the manner in which she would trim that hat.

She sewed on and ripped off the birds so often that they looked much bedraggled and were, indeed, very sad-looking birds, but she finally succeeded in assembling the hat and then, as she was going on a visit to her mother and sisters, who lived in a small city, she wore the magnificent creation, calculating that they would go into convulsions over her hat. And they did. After they had kissed her several times and assured her of their undying love her mother, who is a wise woman, with a keen sense of the proprieties, bade the elder of the unmarried sisters ring for the carriage. "I am so glad to see my dear daughter," she said, "that I must buy her something. Now, you drive down to the millinery store and buy her the prettiest hat there before any of her friends see her."

And after the economical daughter had departed for the millinery store the remaining members of the family fell upon the floor and screamed with laughter, for they knew a good thing when they saw it, even if they did live in a j-j-y town.

### The Old Man Flopped.

HE KNEW HOW TO WOO.

HAVING WON THE YOUNG WOMAN'S CONSENT, HE SUCCEEDED WITH THE VETERAN FATHER.

"I tell you," shouted the old gentleman, "I'll not give my consent. I don't believe he was ever a soldier or ever saw a battle in his life. I don't care so much for that, but it's the false pretenses. I'm a veteran and I know a soldier when I see him. I'll give him marching orders the next time he calls."

"What in creation do you know about it? You couldn't tell the difference between a right shoulder, shift, and a doublet quick." Did he enlist from Detroit?

"No Chicago."

"Of, course, some big city where it would take time to look him up. He's a fraud."

"Do listen, papa. He knows all about your grand army people, and says that you're the finest, bravest, most intelligent military men that ever kept step to fife and drum. He likes beans and coffee for cold lunch, and every night he was here turned the lights out at ten just from force of habit."

"No! And he said that about us veterans, hey? Well, I'll have a talk with your mother."—Detroit Free Press.

### POETIC LIVES.

I believe our lives are too prosaic. I think we might live a little up in a purer air. I think the strange beauty of the nature of all around us might be more fully grasped. I think that made pure and strong by thoughts like these we might all make our lives to be poem:

"Be good, be true, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
One grand, sweet song."

If it be poetry, as I think it is, to go out to-morrow morning with all our dogs open, and all our moral cogitancy in play, ready to see the miracle that the sun will bring up over the rivers and the hills once more, ready to learn the lesson of the earth—a work to do and manly strength to do it—ready to sympathize with and worship all that is worthy of our sympathy and homage, ready to grow more God-like in our reverence for God—if it be poetry, then fifty poems may begin to-morrow, with earth's grand music for them all to sing to, and heaven at last to crown the victor with a sweet "Well Done."—Phillips Brooks.

### Falltime Fashions

Trousers will be worn long—as long as they will last.  
Usters will be cut in saeks. This is to bag the game.  
Neck ties are of fancy colored plaids. They will be cut by us (bias)  
Yarcs are now most fashionable. The bigger the better—to amuse the crowd.  
Hats will be in varied styles, colors and shapes, and will be the same worn over two hats.

The "cut-away" coat is quite fashionable. Especially in a light where knives have been used freely.  
In vests, the "long waisted fancy" style. Long waisted fancy generally refers to a good weather approaches, whether you are in vest or not.  
"Pointed patent leather shoes" are to increase the feet. Upon an iron father they will be used to the same purpose and their point will be very patent.  
The fashionable color for short people will be blue. This is generally their color when short. For young bloods red is the one for the uninitiated in fashion's ways, ja-green.—Orange (Va.) Observer.

### HE CLEAN FORGOT.

It was a cold day in the meeting house, and the absent-minded, cold-rotter, in giving out, from memory, the hymn—  
"Could I but stand where Moses stood  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, or Death's cold flood  
Would fright me from that shore,"  
blundered through it as follows:  
"Could I but climb where Moses stood  
En view de landscape o'er,  
I'd eat me 'bout ten cords or wood  
En make dat ole stove roar!"

### They Hid The Money.

A FARMER'S HARD LUCK.

IT WAS ENOUGH TO "BUST" THE WHOLE FAMILY.

"I had sold a piece of land," said the old farmer, as a shade of sadness crossed his face, "and received \$600 in cash. When I had the money in hand I said to the old woman—  
"Mary, if we put this in bank the bank may bust."  
"Jest so," said Mary.  
"But if we hide it in the ashes in the parlor stove there can't be no bustin' about it," says I.  
"That's so," says Mary, and we hid it in the stove.  
"Along in the fall I came up from the field one day and found that Mary had built a fire in the parlor stove. I didn't say nuthin' fur awhile, and then I keur-lessly remarked:  
"I see you've got a fire in that stove. You took them \$600 out first, of course?"  
"Sakes alive, but I didn't!" yells Mary, and up went her hands and she fainted dead away.  
"I got the camphor bottle and worked over her and brought her to, and as she begun to cry and take on I bust out laffin. When I had got over being tickled, I says:  
"Don't worry about that money. Knowin' how absent-minded you be, I took it out of the stove a week ago."  
"Bless me, but did you?" gasped Mary.  
"Yes, took it out of the stove and hid it in that old pewter tea-pot in the pantry, I says.  
"Oh! my soul!" screams Mary, and down she falls in another faint.  
"What's the matter now?" says I, after I had brought her to again.  
"Why, I sold that tea-pot to a tin peddler the other day for 7 cents and never looked inside of it!"

There was a period of silence lasting four or five minutes, and then the old man sorrowfully said:  
"Banks bust—stoves bust—tempets bust, and if me and the old woman are bust and based on no day nobody need be surprised a darn bit."

Under No Obligations.  
On returning from the barn early one morning the old man found his wife in tears.  
"What's her cryin' about, Melissa?" he inquired.  
"Nather—one—our darter—was stole last night," she sobbed.  
"The red-headed one?" he asked, indignantly.  
"Yes—pore Mag—she was the best gal—"  
"Rob Scuttles?"  
"U-uh, hasn't been no other feller waitin' on her. Ain't you goin' to pursue after 'em an' arrest 'em?"  
"U-course not," he replied sternly. "I'm not under obligations to help Bob Scuttles out no difficulty. Let him go ahead and work out his sentence, sakes I've been a darter fur the last forty years."

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.

A New Game.  
"I have invented a new game," he said.  
"What is it?" she asked. "Why, we'll pretend that I'm a popular hero." "Yes." "And that you're a pretty girl. Only, of course, we don't have to pretend that, for its true." "And then?" she asked. "Why, you know what a pretty girl does to a popular hero, don't you? That's the game."

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, chubins, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25c per box. \*\*  
For sale by W. M. Oshen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Norfolk, Druggists.

IN OLD KENTUCKY.  
In the spring the bilious farmer,  
Plants his corn with vim;  
In the fall the juice he extracts,  
And then the corn plants him.  
—Chicago News.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

HEARD CORNELIA SING LAST NIGHT,  
I heard her sing and play—  
I heard her do those things because  
I couldn't get away.  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

CORRECTED.  
I heard Cornelia sing last night,  
I heard her sing and play—  
I heard her do those things because  
I couldn't get away.  
—Chicago News.

CASTORIA.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

### The Best Meat.

THE RAZOR-BACK HOG.

HOW AND WHERE HE GOT HIS NAME AND GOOD REPUTE.

"One of the best, and apparently not the least appreciated, of the many important food products which America sends to England and France is the celebrated "Smithfield" or "razor back" ham, for about 35,000 of such hams are annually shipped to those countries from this city," said a leading exporter of provisions a day or two ago. "In England, where the domestic hams have a tendency to be fat and coarse, our Smithfield hams have among connoisseurs a very high reputation for leanness and a great delicacy of flavor, both of which qualities are not thought to be exceeded by even the famous Westphalia hams of Germany. As the British consumer is willing to pay a fancy price for the product, some of our choicest 'razor-backs' are exported to John Bull's markets."  
"The name 'razor-back' is derived from a small town on Pagan creek, near Norfolk, Va., where they were first cured by a man named Todd, of Smithfield. The animal which produces the Smithfield ham is a semi-wild hog that is found in the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. The hog peculiar to those regions is long-necked, slab-sided, and has unusually long legs. It is not a prepossessing animal, but when properly fed it supplies a ham that is unexcelled anywhere in the world."  
"Much of the fine flavor that is characteristic of these hams is largely due to the care that is exercised by the farmers in feeding the hogs. In summer the young 'razor-back' is allowed to run wild in the woods and his meat thereby gains a gamy flavor by fall, when he is turned into a field from which crops have been gathered in order to fatten. In the district which produces the most Smithfield hams there are large quantities of sweet potatoes and peanuts grown."  
"Both these foods fatten the animal with astonishing rapidity, but the fat is still soft. So the next step is to pen the hog up and give him corn and plenty of clear water. With this diet the animal's flesh hardens quickly to the desired extent, and he is then ready to kill. The curing is done with Liverpool salt and saltpeter, after which the hams are washed clean and slowly smoked for forty days over green hickory or red oak wood. Many farmers raise the hogs, but few cure them. They are sold to skillful curers, who supply the market."—Washington Star.

DR. CABY'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.

Old Lady—Goodness! How dangerous it is to go up in a balloon. Balloonist—Not half as dangerous as it is to come down, ma'am.

"And when I'm gone," he tremblingly cried.  
"Will you remember me?"  
"I will," the weary girl replied.  
"Just try it once and see?"

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. 35 cents per bottle if it cures. Sold strictly on its merits by  
W. M. Oshen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C.  
J. N. Brown, Halifax; Jackson Drug Co., Jackson, N. C.

HELLO!  
Lady—"I wish to get a hat for my husband."  
Hatter—"What kind, ma'am?"  
Lady—"A 'telephone' hat if you please."  
Hatter—"I never heard of a 'telephone' hat."  
Lady—"Oh, yes! They are the kind you can talk through."—Boston Journal.

Home Run Strikes.  
Diggs—So your daughter is married, ah?  
Biggs—Yes.  
Diggs—And how does your new son-in-law strike you?  
Biggs—For a "V" or an "X" usually.  
—Chicago News.

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### Boy Babies.

THE CHOICE OF NEARLY EVERY ONE

REASONS WHY THEY ARE MORE POPULAR THAN GIRLS.

We have lately printed a number of letters from the Evening World readers discussing this question which the intense interest in Dr. Schenk's discovery suggests—Why are boy-babies preferred? The writers offer these reasons:  
1. That it is more expensive to bring up a girl than a boy.  
2. That when they are reared boys can earn more, and hence that they sooner become self-supporting and able to give a helping hand to their parents.  
3. That girls, after they reach their teens, are a greater source of care and anxiety than boys—simply and solely because of their sex.

In our judgment, however, none of these explanations, not all of them together, completely accounts for the strong desire of the average father and mother to have more male than female children.

It is only the mature parent, with the experience gained in raising a family, who is seriously impressed with the fact that daughters are more expensive to bring up than sons. Young married people, as a rule, far too sentimental, sanguine, and buoyant in their outlook upon life to figure closely on the comparative cost of rearing boys and girls.

Yet the desire to have more boys born to them than girls is manifested, as a rule, more strongly by young parents than by parents of riper years. Why? The true explanation is a sentimental, not a mercenary one. It is the modern survival of an ancient idea—the idea so strongly prevalent in the East even to this day—that a son represents the strength of the family, its defense, its protection, its hope of perpetuation, the carrying on its name and fame to future generations.

You will find this idea in all the old Hebrew writings. A traveler in modern Syria relates how he talked with the head of a large family on this subject. "How many children have you?" he was asked. "Three," he replied. "But I see seven standing around you now," said the traveler. "Ah, but four of them are daughters only."

The feudal lord was eager for a son to succeed him, to go to the tourney and the wars with him, to bear his name, wear his coat of arms, to help him hold his castle and his lands against his foes. He loved his daughters, but his pride, his glory, and his hope were in his sons. Unacknowledged, and unconsciously, the average American man and woman are still thinking this old Oriental and feudal thought, and that is why, as a rule, they would rather be the parents of four boys and one girl than four girls and one boy.—New York Evening World.

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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.

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Contains Both

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Look in Your Mirror

Do you see sparkling eyes, a healthy, full form? These attractions are the result of good health. If they are absent, there is nearly always some disorder of the digestive organs present. Healthy intestinal organs create health and beauty every day.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

Perfect Scales

Perfect Scales