

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, NOVEMBER 9, 1899.

NO. 28.

Boils and Pimples Give Warning.

AN UNFAILING SIGN THAT NATURE IS APPEALING FOR HELP. When Nature is overtaken, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask for help until it is impossible to get along without it. Boils and pimples are an indication that the system is accumulating impurities which must be gotten rid of; they are an urgent appeal for assistance—a warning that can not safely be ignored. To us, let us purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to any ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer.

Dr. W. H. Duval, 2001 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying, as they defaced my face every day. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleansed my blood, and now I rejoice in a good complexion, which I never had before."

Capt. W. H. Duval, of the A. G. S. R. E., Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Several boils and carbuncles broke out upon me, causing great pain and annoyance. My blood seemed to be in a riotous condition, and nothing I took seemed to do any good. Six bottles of S. S. S. cured me completely, and my blood has been perfectly pure ever since."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is the best blood remedy, because it is purely vegetable and is the only one that is absolutely free from potash and mercury. It promptly purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system, builds up the general health and strength. It cures Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Tetter, Boils, Sores, etc., by going direct to the cause of the trouble and forcing out all impure blood.

Books free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



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¢ meals in Norfolk, Va. out made 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. Ladies' Inv. 12 1/2 by 12 1/2.

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.



WHOLESALE: Dr. Lewis, Mo., Feb. 4, 1899. Paris Medicine Co., City.

RETAILER: KANSAS, ILL. Paris Medicine Co., Keokuk, Ia.

MEYER BROS. DRUG CO.

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 old and Celebrated Whiskey.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO. may 31st.

W. L. STAINBACK, Heavy & Fancy Groceries, Country Produce

24 yards Elastic, 24 needles, 1c, 24 sheets writing paper, 3c, 20 Dress Buttons 5c, Yard wide percale 6c, Plaid dress goods, 3/4c, Floor matting 10, 15c, Carpeting, 12 1/2 to 47 1/2, Farmers heavy shoes, 85c, Ladies' shoes, 75c to \$1.00, Rugs \$2.00 to \$1.75, 3 yard lace curtains 37c, Curtain poles and fixtures, 15c, curtain scrim, 4c, Calicoes, 4c, Men's coats and vests 85c, men's pants, 60c, boy's pants, 15 to 20c, Boy's suits 45 to 55c, Mattress ticking, 5 to 7c, Men's winter underwear, 20c, plush capes, \$1 to \$1.50. I am receiving some good bargains in winter goods.

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Giving As We Receive. SOME GOOD ADVICE.

WE CAN ALL SMILE UPON SOME ONE AND SAY THE LOW "GOD BLESS YOU."

The law of giving as we receive is not confined to money alone. There are things that we are constantly receiving, and of more value than silver or gold, that we may pass on to others and still hold ourselves. If we give money it goes beyond our reach, and, in a certain sense, is lost to us, but these "other things" we give and yet retain, so we are none the poorer for passing on to others.

We have seen traits of character and virtues in others that have been blessings to us and helped us very much along life's pathway. If we have received light and strength from these graces, we can certainly lend them out in our own lives, so that others may catch a blessing and inspiration from them just as we have done. It may have been very little things that cheered us in some dark place, and if so we can easily render the same service to others. Perhaps it was only a smile, a warm handshake or a few words of encouragement. We can smile upon some one else and say the low "God bless you."

Perhaps we caught the glow of a sunny spirit when we were sad, or saw a firm attitude taken by a friend, when we were weak and wavering. Of course, we shook off our weakness and became firm also. This influenced some one else, and so the grace of firmness in not yielding to temptation went on and on. It is said that a happy angel once came to this world and smiled also, and some one else saw the bright emblem of happiness, and so it was passed from one face to another, until the whole world learned to smile.

The clouds that drink up the moisture in one part of the earth freely scatter it in the precious raindrops where it is needed. The soft summer breeze that roves through bright woodland bowers bears away its sweet fragrance to the barren spaces, and there gives out the same just as it was received. Nature is never miserly, and we should learn lessons from it.

Let us give to others just as we have received, and soon all the needs of this poor world will be supplied. Give, and the wonderful soul riches, as we have said before, shall all be our own still, even after they have blessed other lives.

A SMILE IN FACIL.

A pencil may be driven, and be lead, too.

A hot time is often the result of cold cash.

It's a poor lawyer that can't get a full suit.

The fireman on an ocean steamer is a sort of coal tar.

Eye was the first woman to inaugurate fall styles.

Now doth the little busy bee invade the Presidential bonnet.

The average politician never gets out breath running for office.

Mrs. Muggins—"I see by the papers that carpets are going up." Mrs. Bugins—"I'm just putting mine down."

The young father who tramps the floor at night with a squalling infant is usually a successful tax collector.

No ingenuity of barbarism—no devilish invention of the masters of torture during the time of the Spanish Inquisition ever devised an agony so intense, so persistent, so long enduring, so nerve-racking, as that which is suffered by the women whose distinctively feminine organism is so strangely and so mysteriously changed by the three most trying times in every woman's life: 1st—when girlhood blossoms into womanhood; 2d—when motherhood is achieved; 3d—when the capers for motherhood ceases (the change of life).

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was devised to make these three periods safe and painless by restoring to vigorous health the organs involved. It soothes, heals, nourishes. It gives Nature just the help it needs. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

Me-too-medicines are preparations without standing or success. They are the substitutes sold as "just as good." Having no record of their own, when Dr. Pierce's cures are referred to they cry me-too, me-too, like the cuckoo in a Swiss clock. Don't accept me-too medicines for "Favorite Prescription."

Mrs. M. Barnes, of Bell Perry, Shasta Co., Cal., writes: My physician said I was suffering from effects of change of life. I had heart disease and female troubles, and rheumatism. My mind was so dizzy I could hardly stand up. When I began Dr. Pierce's medicine I improved right along. I took seven or eight bottles of the Favorite Prescription; a teaspoonful three times a day, at the "pleasant" hours of the night. I feel as well as I ever did. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's medicine to suffering women. I think that they are the best medicines in the world.

Hawaii Belles. THE SECRET OF THEIR BEAUTY.

I wrote last week, says a correspondent of the Memphis Commercial Appeal, of the Hawaiians insatiable love for the water and of the splendid swimmers to be found among both sexes of the native population. This Hawaiian affection for cleanliness will be more than ever admired by Americans when it is known that the native women owe to it, to a great extent, their superb physique. Often when attired in street costume or evening dress Hawaiian girls seem a trifle stout, but in their bathing suits the effect is very different. What before appeared to be mere adipose tissue is now seen to be well-knit muscles. As these girls walk along the beach the great locomotor muscles contract and relax in ever-varying lines of grace. When they swim the biceps and triceps move with the rippling ease that marks the trained athlete. The broad chest rises and falls, the color comes and goes, and every part of the body displays a health and vigor seldom found in civilized society. This physical splendor is due to the mode of living rather than to the inherent qualities of the race. Many American and English women, after living in Honolulu for years, have adopted Hawaiian habits with similar results. I recall three or four white women, who, in their swimming garb, were the equals of the Hawaiian belles. One, a San Francisco girl, had gone to Honolulu at seventeen, a slender, almost attenuated specimen of young womanhood. In course of years her daily and semi-daily swim had developed her frame, filling up the hollows, increasing the muscles and beautifying the lines, until at 30 she looked every inch a queen. Barring the difference in complexion and the color of her hair she could have passed for a full-blooded Kanaka of noble blood.

After a dip and a half-mile race the bathers lie upon the beach, enjoying the sunlight, or retire to the shadow of the trees. This is the time when the bathing-grounds are most beautiful. From the beach the background is a perfect panorama of color. It rises in curving terraces until it terminates in the peaks of the mountains in the distance. Besides the palms and banyans, bamboos and pines, are iron wood and acacias. When the acacia flower they throw out so many blossoms that the tree looks as if it were a mass of flame rather than of emerald. The flowers and colors vary according to the season of the year, the color effects being the most brilliant in May and June, but being beautiful at every season.

After leaving the beach everyone goes home. There they make a loose toilet for the remainder of the day. The majority of women don the holoku or native robe and rest until nightfall. When the more active social life of the place begins. The natives keep up many of the old customs. Venturous youths and maidens swim beyond the breakers with small rectangular planks known as surf boards, and half lying on these allow themselves to be carried by a long swell from deep water on to the reef, where the blue waves are shattered into white foam. Some bold swimmers follow the course parallel with the beach and bring up at Diamond Head. Here they climb out of the water and perch themselves upon the rocks which overlook the sea. At this point is a signal station from which can be seen vessels approaching from the East, South, and West. Far off to the East can be seen the blue outline of Molokai, the Luper island, where hundreds of luckless human beings sit, painfully awaiting the relieving touch of death. To the southeast, in very clear weather, can be seen the shadow outlines of the mountain range of Lanai.

To the south is the broad ocean, and to the west is the graceful, curving shore dotted with cities, towns, and villages. At the signal station there is always a lookout on duty, and from it the telegraph and telephone carry information to Honolulu.

Hawaii is so dependent upon the outside world that the comings and goings of ships and steamers form an important part in its daily life. At the station there are long lists of every craft expected, with description of each vessel, the flag under which it sails and the house flag of the owner. Powerful glasses reinforce human vision, so that the lookout is able, the moment he sees the sail coming up over the horizon, to promptly identify it and send the news to Honolulu, often before the ship itself has more than sighted the far away blue mountains in the line of its course.

Back of the beach are numerous mansions and villas, bungalows and summer-houses, where hospitality is dispensed with a generous hand.

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

Stonewall's Order. THEY STRICTLY OBEYED.

HE NEVER INTENDED TO KNOW ANYTHING UNTIL STONEWALL TOOK THAT ORDER OFF.

The following dialogue, current at the time, between one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers and the provost guard, illustrates Jackson's tact at eluding his enemy, and the obedience rendered and the confidence reposed in him by his troops:

The orders read on dress parade the evening before Jackson left the valley to take part in the seven days' fight around Richmond were, that in case the army moved before further orders, the answer from every soldier to any and all questions from those not connected with the army shall be "I don't know." On the march the provost guard found a soldier in a cherry tree helping himself, when the following took place:

"Who are you?" demanded the guard. "I don't know," replied the soldier. "Where are you going?" "I don't know," which was no doubt correct.

"Where have you been?" "I don't know."

"Where is your command?" "I don't know."

"To what command do you belong?" "I don't know."

"What are you doing in that cherry tree?" "I don't know."

"Are those good cherries you are eating?" "I don't know."

"Is there anything you do know?" "Yes."

"What is it?" "Well, the last order I had from old Stonewall was that I was not to know anything until further orders, and gentlemen, I would see you all dead before I will know anything until Old Stonewall takes that order off."—Waco Times-Herald.

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Jesus Will Call To-day. A SUBJECT FOR THOUGHT.

IF NOT READY, WILL YOU PREPARE FOR HIS COMING.

I had been thinking about the coming of Jesus, when I noticed a boy calling at each house leaving an envelope—sent out, I suppose by some firm—and the thought came, oh, if the King should send out from the firm, the palace on high, messengers who would deliver at every door cards, bearing the words, "Jesus will call to-day."

I can somewhat imagine the consternation that would sweep over the world as the import of those words was driven home by the Holy Spirit. That bank clerk, who had been over in Canada for some time, and the merchant who had been trying to arrange his book on Sunday—thinking no one was the wiser—feels a dread of the coming Visitor, and that storekeeper, who always gave short weight and adulterated his goods, feels quite uneasy, and the men of capital, with large monied interest, had a ways insisted that they had no time to get ready for His coming, and now He was coming uninvited, that society woman just looking over the new ball dress, felt her society dignity and grace all leave as she wondered how she should receive Jesus. Then she glanced at the costly appointments of her home. She hastily looked around, for it seemed she heard a voice saying, "I was an bungler, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; inasmuch as ye did it not to me."

That boy who had been telling mother that he spent his evenings at the library, that girl who had been keeping company with young people mother didn't approve of, didn't want to meet Jesus.

That father who always had to see a man down town, or to go to the lodge, felt quite miserable about this High Priest; and the landlord who had turned the poor widow and half starved children out of the tiny house felt sorry.

The officers, crews and passengers on the passing vessels received the message. They kept looking up at the clouds with a new interest. It was of greater importance than the weather. Here I am led to drop my pen and pray that if this fall into the hands of an officer or sailor boy, he will, when scanning the heavens, remember that Jesus will call. My brother, could you look up cheerfully and say: "Aye, aye, all's well?"

Again, consternation struck the great mass of moral, respectable, professing Christians, who had their names on church books, but whose sins had never been forgiven, who had a form of godliness without the power.

Again, there were the men and women who had been called to preach His word, and they had disobeyed His call, though He had plainly said His gifts and callings were without repentance.

But, glory to God, mingled with the murmurs of dismay, would rise the joyful hallelujahs of the redeemed. Saints had been looking for His coming. He had said in His Word, as he went so He should come again.

Then He had told them of the signs that would precede His coming, but of the day or hour we could not know, no, not even the angels in heaven.

But, my precious friend, if we say Jesus should come to-day, how would you meet Him? If not ready, will you prepare for His coming now?

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 diarrhoea, 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.

"In union there is strength," remarked the Jersey farmer as he poured a little speck of salt on his glass of corn juice.

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, Keshel, Druggists.

Poet—Have you read my "Death Agency"? Editor—No, but I'd like to see it.

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

Whittier Wilted. HARD TO FOOL THEM.

WHEN HIS WIFE EXPOSED THE DECEIT HE PRACTICED ON HER.

"This fishing trip isn't going to be a success without you," said Giggton, earnestly, "and I hope that you won't disappoint us!"

Whittier shrugged his shoulder with an air of careless indifference. "I admit," he said, "that I shall have to arrange matters with my wife, but I haven't been married five years for nothing, and you can count on me!"

"I knew you would go," said Giggton, confidently.

"You can bet on me every time," said Whittier. "So an revoir, old man! Tomorrow morning at 7:30!"

Jumping into a car he passed the next 20 minutes in arranging his method of procedure, and one hour later he sat at the dinner table with his wife—on his face an expression of listlessness and an unnatural stoop in his usually erect shoulders.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Whittier, "you don't eat anything."

Whittier smiled feebly, "Nothing," he said, with a half-hearted attempt at brightness. "I'm feeling a little stale, that's all. Been working too hard, I guess."

"You do look rather tired," said his wife. "I hope you are not going to be ill."

"Nonsense," exclaimed her husband. "What I need is a good dose of fresh air. I really believe it is necessary. Come my dear, we must take a day off."

"We?" said Mrs. Whittier. "You know it wouldn't do you any good to have the children, and we certainly can't leave them at home."

"That's just it," said Whittier, despairingly. "I'm nervous and run down and they would annoy me, I know. But I can't go without you, my dear. That would be out of the question. I wouldn't enjoy myself a bit. I guess we'd better not think about it."

Mrs. Whittier looked anxious. "You mustn't break down," she said. "Of course, I—"

"No," exclaimed Whittier. "I won't hear of it. Giggton was urging me to go on a little fishing trip only today, but I told him no."

"When is he going?" asked Mrs. Whittier.

"To-morrow morning," said her husband. "But, really, such a thing mustn't be thought of. I wouldn't leave you for the world."

His wife smiled. "You must go," she said, "I insist upon it."

Whittier looked at her with a stern, unyielding expression, which turned gradually into one of acquiescence.

"I don't know but you are right," he said at last. "I hate to go, but I suppose I must look upon it as a question of health. I'll write a line and send it over to Giggton at once."

"It isn't necessary," said Mrs. Whittier.

"Why isn't it?" asked Whittier.

"Because," said Mrs. Whittier, "I saw Mrs. Giggton this afternoon—here Whittier began to look conscious—and she told me her husband had already got your consent."

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, Keshel, Druggists.

TURNED THE JOKE ON HIM.

A distinguished lawyer and politician of this city was traveling on the train near Winchester, when an Irish woman came into the car, with her big basket, bundle, etc., and sat down near the fore-said lawyer.

When the conductor came around to collect fare, the woman paid her money, and the conductor passed by the lawyer without collecting anything.

The good woman thereupon said to the lawyer: "An' faith an' why is it that the conductor takes the money of a poor Irish woman and don't ask ye, who same to be a rich man, for anything?"

W. T. PARKER, Heavy and Fancy Groceries