

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1900.

NO. 4.

CATARRH: FORERUNNER OF CONSUMPTION.

Few realize what a deep-seated, obstinate disease Catarrh is, regarding it as a simple inflammation of the nose and throat, little or no attention is given it. But, however insignificant it may seem at first, it is serious and far-reaching in its results.

The four secretaries entering the circulation poison the entire system. The stomach, kidneys—in fact all the organs—feel the effect of this catarrhal poison, and when the lungs are reached its progress is rapid and destructive, and finally ends in consumption.

It frequently happens that the senses of hearing and smell are in part or entirely lost, the soft bones of the nose eaten into and destroyed, causing intense suffering and greatly disfiguring the face. While sprays, washes and salves may give temporary relief, no permanent benefit can be expected from such treatment.

Those who rely upon them for a cure lose valuable time, meet with disappointment and allow the disease to take firmer hold. Only a real blood remedy can reach this troublesome and dangerous disease.

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HIS IDEAL WOMAN. MAN LIKES TO BE LOOKED UP TO.

NOT SO MUCH AN ANGEL AS A SYMPATHETIC, ALL-FORGIVING HUMAN.

Man has a number of fixed, old-fashioned notions about the ideal woman which are quite apart from questions of complexion and dress, writes Carrie E. Garrett in the Woman's Home Companion.

The sober truth is that, while men may seek diversion with the more showy, flirtatious type of girl, and are often caught by mere glitter, they have an ideal far, far above this cheap type which is imperishable. A man does not picture a completely limp and characterless creature as his ideal, however "sweet."

Yet the woman she appears in his dreams is not too clever. It is a pleasure to him to be a little superior to his mate—to be "looked up to"—and, as true woman desires to "look up" it is clear that nature's arrangements in these matters are not without design.

The most charming woman of all is she who has consummate wit to seem to "look up" when really she stands on a level with the man who loves her, or perchance a little above him.

One thing imperatively demanded in the make-up of the ideal woman is sympathy—that all-divining, all-forgiving quality which makes the world akin.

Sympathy is one of the prime factors of charm. So is humor. A man is fearfully lonesome when his wife cannot see his jokes. She could not offer him a more deadly affront than to laugh in the wrong place at his pet stories.

The ideal woman is religious—has the wise, sweet old-fashioned notions about right and wrong. A man is quite capable of making merry over his wife's scruples of conscience, but I think he would be rather disappointed if she had no scruples—if in his worldly way she was guided chiefly by experience.

He may not say many prayers himself, but he loves to know that his children pray at their mother's knee. Perhaps he sometimes reflects that the nightly petition from innocent lips, "God bless father," may not be quite empty of meaning.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea.

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.

Will Post. "Does he know much about the firm's business?" "Know much! Well, say, the office boy actually doesn't consider himself any better posted."

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, chins, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25c. per box. *S. For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

DR. CODY'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 pack.

FOR SALE BY W. M. COHEN, WELDON, N. C. Mrs. Tucker—Tommy, what makes you so late? Tommy—Had some words with the teacher, and she kept me in after school.

Mrs. Tucker—You had words with the teacher? Tommy—Yes! I couldn't spell them.

CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. For sale by W. M. Cohen Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

What The Bride Wore. A country paper contains this paragraph in regard to a local wedding: "The bride wore a lavender-green silk on whose cheek blossomed the flush of dawning womanhood."

CASTORIA. The Kid You Have Always Bought. Castoria is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all ailments of the bowels, stomach, and lungs.

HE FELT DISCOURAGED. THE LESSON HE TAUGHT. THE TEACHING WEDD WITHOUT A TEXT BOOK.

Twenty years ago, a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?" "I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

SHE WAS YOUNG. MAMMA, THE DEAREST NAME.

AND THERE WERE MANY, MANY THINGS SHE DID NOT KNOW.

"One thing is certain," an affianced maid announced, with decision, on the eve of her wedding—"my husband shall never call me 'mamma.' He may call me Clara or Mrs. Richards or even 'Say,' but I shall never be called 'mamma.'"

It is a horrid, impersonal name. "My mamma who heard her only son smile and answered nothing at all, for each of us remembered that she was young and that there were many, many things that she did not know."

She did not know that when the sweetheart had changed to the wife and the wife to the mother there comes a wondrous first time. That first time that she feels the downy head nestling under her chin, that first time that she feels the restless pat, pat of little feet as she vainly tries to pry them in her hand, she learns then that her life has burst into a new and wonderful fulness.

In her heart there is kindled the fire of love, and the incense that arises from it glorifies the whole atmosphere, and the warmth envelops her and her baby in an everlasting mantle.

Then in the dim light she sees banding over her the one that she loves best of all, and she reaches out her hand to him to draw him near, that he, too, may come within the enchanted circle; that he, too, may breathe the sacred incense and be warmed by the heavenly fire.

Laying his hand in hers, they look together into the new little face, but no word comes to express the strange sweet feelings that are surging through them both until, bending close to her, he softly whispers, "Mamma!"

It is a baptism. All the sweet, intangible things that have been filling her being have been caught and held in that word. The world may teem with mummies, but the name to her has a new and sacred meaning.

Other names have been given her, other promises have been made in the giving and in the taking, but nothing so tender, so strong, so sweet as this, and her whole being goes out in a silent promise to live up to the sacredness of that name—Woman's Home Companion.

A PRETTY POEM. At home the wood-thrush sits and swags In the swaying cedar boughs, And slowly through the barnyard gate To pasture go the cows.

Across the dimpling fields of wheat The warm sun throws his rays— And drinks from every leaf and bud The sparkling dew that stays.

On rose and honeysuckle vine, And trailing bridal-wreath, On apple tree, and blossoms that strew The young grass underneath.

At dawn the sunlight gleaming wings O' pigeons cleave the air, And safe within the sheltering eaves The mother's cooing there.

"Ah, me!" at home dark sighs and sounds Bring sweet the morning air, And all the day is filled with joys— Joys which are mine no more!

Dear heart! the world is wide, and lures But weary 'tis to roam— Life's nest or sweet, love's nest so dear, As life and love at home!

It is indeed a wise provision of Providence that all the wisdom of the world is concentrated in one human head—Orange (Va.) Observer.

Rain or Shine,

The station agent is on duty. On his exact communication of train orders depends thousands of lives, and millions of dollars in property, each day. In his haste he runs out in the rain or the snow, hatless and unprotected. Then comes the sequel—bronchitis, or some other disease of the respiratory organs. The most effective remedy for bronchitis or pulmonary disease is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Almost all remedies prescribed for such diseases contain opium or some narcotic which soothes by stupefaction. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains neither narcotics nor alcohol. It stops coughs by curing their cause. It is a weak, kindly, builds up wasted tissues, and promotes the health of every organ of the body.

"I am a railroad agent," writes I. B. Hapley, Eng. of Haverly, Orange County, Va., "and four years ago my work kept me in a warm room and sleeping out frequently into the cold air gave me bronchitis, which became chronic and deep-seated. Doctors failed to reach my case and advised me to try a higher class. I tried Dr. Pierce's medicine. I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery, and by the time I had taken the first bottle I was better, and after taking four bottles my cough was entirely gone. I have found no necessity for seeking another cure."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the stomach, liver and bowels.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED BY Johnston's Sarsaparilla

QUART BOTTLES. "DANGER IN THE EARTH AND AIR; DANGER EVERYWHERE."

A Wise and Venerable Doctor Talks about Advanced Scurvy. In a leading hotel, in a great city, a famous and aged physician was conversing. Listening to his wise and sententious discourse, were a group of well-dressed men, evidently lawyers, business men and commercial travelers.

My firm belief is that medical science is certain to show that all diseases without exception are caused by invisible germs which are living organisms. Here is the germ of that terrible disease diphtheria. Here is the bacillus of typhoid fever and here is the still more dreadful bacillus of tubercle which causes that most destructive of all diseases, consumption. This of that very common and supposed incurable disease, catarrh.

"I wish, Doctor," said the traveling man, "that you would tell us about catarrh. I have had it for years, and I am thoroughly discouraged."

The Doctor answered, "Catarrh, like diphtheria, consumption, typhoid fever, and a host of other diseases, is the result of a microbe invading the blood and attacking specially the mucous membrane. This foul and most disgusting disease is especially prevalent in the United States and it is rare to meet one who is not, or has not been troubled more or less with it. How often is he or she obliged to remain at home from pleasant entertainments, deprive themselves of many intellectual treats, from fear of the disagreeable odor arising from catarrhal affections. In its worst phase, the patient becomes loathsome both to himself and his friends."

"I believe," continued this great physician, "that the true way to heal catarrh is to medicate the blood. This can be done only by powerful alteratives which act as blood purifiers."

Betsy A. Maret, of Manistee, Manistee Co., Mich., writes: "Dear Sirs:—For ten years I was a sufferer from general debility and chronic catarrh. My face was pale as death. I was weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk. I was so dizzy and had a ringing in my head all the time. My hands and feet were always cold. My appetite was very poor. On getting up in the morning, my head swam so I was often obliged to lie down again. I had awful pains in the small of my back. I had a continual feeling of tiredness. My muscular power was almost entirely gone, and I couldn't go half a dozen steps without stopping to rest, and often that much exercise caused me to have a pain in my side. It seemed as though the blood had left my veins. The doctors said my blood had all turned to water. I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I tried the best physicians in the state, but failed to get any relief. My husband got me a bottle of Johnston's Sarsaparilla. I took it, and then I bought another. When these had been used, I was somewhat improved in health. I continued its use, and felt I was growing stronger; my sleep was refreshing, and it seemed as if I could feel new blood moving through my veins. I kept on taking it, and now consider myself a well and rugged woman. I work all the time, and am happy. I am positive that the Sarsaparilla saved my life. The sick headaches I have had since childhood, have disappeared, and my catarrh has almost entirely left me. I cannot be too thankful for what Johnston's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I recommend all women who have sick headaches to use your Sarsaparilla."

MICHAEL J. DIXON, COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH. W. M. COHEN, WELDON, N. C.

A SHARP TRICK. MORPHINE BEAT THE GAME

IT MADE A YOUNG GAMBLER QUIT WHILE HE WAS A WINNER.

"I see gambling is running wide open in Colorado again," said a gentleman from Topeka. "I don't suppose, though, it is as wide open now as it was in the late eighties. I was in Manitou every summer at that time, and the high games that used to run at some of the clubs would be an eye opener to the gamblers of the present day. Cattlemen were making money then, as were the miners, and they used to meet in Manitou and try for each other's pocketbooks, with the result that the professional gamblers got the money."

"I remember how one young fellow was made to quit a winner against his will. His name was Rich. He was a nephew of one of the big reaper men, and his folks kept him supplied with money, a regular allowance. He had been gambling every cent of it, letting his pile up for hotel and livery and everything else. His people sent word that they wouldn't send any more money and said if he got into trouble he'd have to get out himself. His creditors were just about ready to jump on to him, when one night he made a big winning. He was playing Faro in the club that's torn down now. It used to stand over from the depot and was the place for high play."

"I suppose he had \$4,000 or \$5,000 in front of him when his friends began trying to persuade him to quit. He was just like all the rest of them, going to break the bank and all that sort of thing, and he wouldn't quit."

"It was a red hot night for Manitou and with the excitement and all Rich had pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was a doctor among his friends, and though he hadn't said anything to Rich, I suppose he felt a responsibility, because the young fellow had come out here for his health and had been referred to the Manitou doctor by the doctor he had at home."

"I was watching the play, though I didn't know any of the people. I saw the doctor turn his back to the crowd for a minute and fill with something he had taken out of his pocket. Then he walked over to Rich and put his hand on his bare arm. 'You need a sedative,' he said. Quick as a flash he took the hypodermic syringe he had in his hand and fired a charge into Rich's arm."

"Rich said 'oh!' and grabbed at the place where he had been pricked, but the deal was going on, and he turned to that again. Before half the cards were out, his head settled on the table, he commenced to draw good long breaths and was asleep."

"The doctor took the chips, cashed them in, then took and wrote a receipt for the money and gave it to another friend of Rich's to keep. Then he took Rich, loaded him into a carriage, took him up to his office and watched over him until he came around the next day. Rich paid his bills, but he did no more gambling in Manitou. They wouldn't let him play again."—Denver Republican.

In Blessed Singleness.

Squire (engaging coachman)—Are you married? Coachman—No, sir. These 'ere scratches came from a cat.

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RAMON'S
Pepsin Chill Tonic
Is Tasteless and Guaranteed to Cure Chills and Fever and all Malarial Troubles.
Does Not Contain Quinine Nor Other Poison. Does Not Injure the Stomach Nor Affect the Hearing.
W. A. McLaughlin & Son, Dime Box, Tex., say: "Ramon's Pepsin Chill Tonic is the best we have ever handled. My son prescribes it in his practice, and says it is the only Chill Tonic which a child can take without injury to the stomach."
BROWN BROS. CO., Props., Greenville, Tenn.

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HOW TO LIVE A LONG TIME.
BALMY SLEEP IS ESSENTIAL.
WHO IS IT THAT DOESN'T WANT TO LIVE TO A RIFE OLD AGE?
I noticed a prescription for long life the other day, which interested me because of the well-known facts set down and particularly of an omission of one of the best and most approved life-preservatives for a comfortable old age.
The first idea advanced was to walk erect, to keep the spine in a straight line. It was declared to be promotive of life duration, when heart, lungs, liver, kidneys were allowed to keep their individual place, and were not crowded by curvature of the spine. The prescriptionist thought the old man or woman always had a large trunk, with short limbs, a straight spine, and an erect walk.
The second idea was the habit of breathing slowly—to bring a supply of oxygen into the lungs. Peace of mind, with slow, deep breathing, was advanced as a sine qua non for long life.
The emotional individual is the one who burns the candle at both ends. They always are resting in the garret or are prone flat in the cellar, so to speak.
The person who subsists with joy, ebbs with anger, is astonished into amazement and faints under sudden reversals of either joy or sorrow, shortens life by every exhibition or performance of excited nature.
The third was set down as a repose of manner. Ease, lightness, silent movement began in youth, will be the habit of old age. Muscular relaxation must not go or come with fits and starts; violent gestures, intense emotions, frantic performances.
Hold yourself firm and never forget yourself, is another way of expressing it. Lastly: Eat but little. The very aged person is set down as always the small eater. Dr. Tanner went through forty days on water, and the well preserved man or woman must never be come a gourmand.
When the stomach is overloaded and digestion is overworked like a poor cab horse, then there must be a breakdown. The digestive organs, to be kept in good repair, must have a regular supply of food and not a great lot to work on at one time. The prescriptionist said the influence of occupation, of climate, of location, race and breeding had only an indirect effect—the secret lay in the four things here mentioned.
If I had been given a voice I should have said, "Where is nature's great restorer, balmy sleep?"
Insomnia kills more people than the sword. What says the Bible? "He giveth His beloved sleep."
I tell you trouble is not going to kill human kind, when sleep comes to mortals naturally and easily.
Insanity is generally preceded by inability to sleep. The doctor says, "Let the patient sleep."
I call to mind a dear old lady who lived a long life, was delicate in young womanhood, often sick in middle age, and fragile as a sensitive plant in her last years, who slept like a baby all her sleeping hours. She had a slight curvature of the spine, a tall, thin frame, and was nervous