

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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DOES IT PAY?
A TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY.

HE WILL COST YOU PAIN AND SORROW BUT HE WILL PAY FOR IT AGAIN AND AGAIN IN WHISPERING THOSE THREE LITTLE WORDS: "I LUB MY PAPA."
Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coat had ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest "White Rose" perfume out of the window "to see it wain."
Then he dug out the center of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining room table with the sugar-bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.
He has already cost over \$100 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured waking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.
What has he ever done to pay me for that?
Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little rattle of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.
"Rat, tat, tat."
I sit perfectly still.
"Papa."
No reply.
"Peeze, papa."
Grim silence.
"Baby cum in—peeze, papa."
He shall not come in.
"My papa."
I write on.
"Papa," says the little voice. "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in!"
I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. He comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly:
"I lub my papa."
Does he pay?
Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again in whispering those three little words into my ears: "I lub my papa."
Our children pay when their very first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love and the father love that ought never to fall among all early passions.
Do our children pay?—J. H. D., in Detroit Free Press

HAD A BIG HEART.
"GOING TO SEE MY MAMMY."

OUR WHOLE FEELINGS TOWARD HIM UNDERWENT A CHANGE.
On last Thanksgiving Day, we left Dallas early in the morning for Pittsburg, the seat of the East Texas Conference. The night before there was a freight wreck on the T. & P. Railroad near Forney. This made it necessary to go by way of Ennis and back by Kaufman in order to get round the break and again reach the main line at Terrell. This consumed more time than we had contemplated, and we knew that this delay would require a long stop over at Big Sandy. As the train swept along on belated time, we had no opportunity for dinner. The prospect was not pleasing, and we were not in the most pleasant mood. As we stopped at a small station, an overgrown awkward fellow about twenty years of age came in and flapped down on the seat with us. His clothes were clean, but coarse, and his hand and face were brown and mummy-like. We were not at all pleased with his companionship. And to add to our displeasure, he began to squirt great mouthfuls of amber on the floor near our feet. To express it mildly, we were disgusted, but the other seats were all taken and we had to bear it. We hoped, however, that he was simply off on a little Thanksgiving frolic, and that perhaps he would get off at the next station. So, inspired by this hope, we said to him, "How far down are you going?" He replied, "Neighbor, I'm a goin' seventeen hundred and fifty mile." This was a stunner. But we asked, "Where on earth are you going in order to compass such a great distance?" "I'm a goin' to the southern part of North Carolina," "Were you brought up in that State?" we asked. "Well, yes; but I've been away from that twenty-two months and three days," was his reply. Then we said, "Are you going back on a visit?" His lips quivered, the tears came into his big eyes, and with a genuine sob he blubbered out, "No. My mammy's sick, and I'm a goin' to see her. I'm afeard, from the telegram, she's a goin' to die."
Our whole feelings toward him underwent a change! We forgot all about his amber, his uncouth looks, and his rough manners. He had a great big heart in him, and he was going seventeen hundred and fifty miles to see his dying mother, and that got close to us. From thence on we found all about him. He was a good, awkward country boy, from the Old North State. For months he had been busy in the cotton field, and when the news of his old mother's illness reached him, he dropped everything and started for home. He was possessed of noble impulses and filial feelings. These more than made up for his lack of privacy and the absence of cultivated manners. In his bosom there was a heart that throbbled with an unmixled love for the dear old woman that nurtured him in his infancy, and who had watched over his early childhood. And in the hour of her affliction he did not forget her. How easy it is to misunderstand a fellow-man! Had we not spoken to this boy we would have left him under a wrong impression as to his real merit, but as it is we will remember him for all time to come. Thus it is that Providence often brings us together "as ships that pass in the night"; and just a little effort will cement a friendship, sweet and abiding. The boy who goes to see his dear old suffering mother has something akin to Christ in his bosom!—Texas Christian Advocate.

A WORD TO THE WISE.
DON'T WORRY.

IT IS THE CRAPE ON THE DOOR ANNOUNCING A FUNERAL WHICH IS YET IN THE FUTURE.
Among the good resolutions that might be made for this year and one that should be carefully kept is a determination not to worry. Some one has said of the habit of worrying:
"This would be a comparatively happy world if we did not suffer so much from things that never happen. How our shoulders ache under the weight of burdens we are never called upon to bear! How our hearts are wrung by griefs that never take shape!" If no more serious charges could be brought against it, worrying would head the list of follies. It costs us an untold amount of unnecessary misery. It takes away the strength we need for work. In all its record of accomplishment, it is impossible to point to a single good result it has brought about. Worry is the nail in the coffin of the man not yet dead; it is the crape on the door, announcing the funeral, that should not take place for years to come.
Worry is the dyspepsia and indigestion, brought on, not from over-eating or eating too much rich food, but from thinking too much before about what we are going to have to eat, or whether we are going to have anything at all to eat. It is the overcoat put on as a protection against the expected cold wave that turns out to be a warm one; it is the umbrella raised to keep off the rain that turns out to be sunshine; it is the celestial telescope, which throws inverted images.
Worry has never yet brought sunshine to any one, but has times without number, caused the sun to pass behind a cloud, when there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky. It has exhausted the strength in the yesterday, that is needed to push forward the work of today. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Let us borrow no trouble, for each day and hour will come laden with its proper amount of sunshine and cloud.
We have pointed to the absurdity of worrying and it is now in order for us to point the way out of it. To get rid of the darkness in the room we should not think of dipping it out, as we would so much water, we would displace it with light. If we put worrying under the head of nonsense, it is easy to understand that it must be driven out by influx of sense.
We cannot get rid of worry by an effort of the will not to worry, we must drive it out by seeing that it is absolutely foolish and injurious as well, to worry. Anything that would naturally happen, will come just the same, no matter how much we worry, and if we do worry, the thing will happen in our weakened state of mind.
THOUSANDS SENT INTO EXILE.
Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for coughs, colds, and all throat and lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's drug store. Price 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed.

OLD RED EYE.
FOR AND AGAINST.

INGERSOLL'S EULOGY OF WHISKY AND DR. BUCKLEY'S REPLY.
"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over billowy fields, the breath of the lark, the dew of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the starry dawns, the dreamy tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."
DR. J. M. BUCKLEY'S REPLY.
"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine, chased by a shadow cold as Aretic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have woe, sorrow, babbling, and wounds without cause, your eyes shall behold strange women, your heart shall utter perverse things. Drink it deep and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs; for 'at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an end to my life in your mouth to steal away your brains. And yet I call myself your friend."
AS IT WILL BE IN 1902.
Under the new apportionment, there will be a number of changes in the number of Congressmen from the States in 1902. The next House will have 386 members. This table will show the difference:

	58th Con.	57th Con.
Alabama	9	9
Arkansas	7	6
California	8	7
Colorado	3	2
Connecticut	5	4
Delaware	1	1
Florida	3	2
Georgia	11	11
Idaho	1	1
Illinois	25	22
Indiana	13	13
Iowa	11	11
Kansas	8	8
Kentucky	11	11
Louisiana	7	6
Maine	4	4
Maryland	6	6
Massachusetts	14	13
Michigan	12	12
Minnesota	9	7
Mississippi	8	7
Missouri	16	15
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	6	6
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	2	2
New Jersey	10	8
New York	37	34
North Carolina	10	9
North Dakota	2	1
Ohio	21	21
Oregon	2	2
Pennsylvania	32	30
Rhode Island	2	2
South Carolina	7	7
South Dakota	2	2
Tennessee	10	10
Texas	16	13
Utah	1	1
Vermont	2	2
Virginia	10	10
Washington	3	2
West Virginia	5	4
Wisconsin	11	10
Wyoming	1	1
Total	386	357

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.
If a man hasn't a wife, there are a lot of things he never finds out until they happen.

EVERLASTINGLY AT IT.
IF YOU WOULD SUCCEED.

EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE A DEFINITE PURPOSE IN LIFE AND STICK TO THAT PURPOSE.
This is the motto of a very successful business firm and it is a good motto in itself, though subject to exceptions and modifications, as are all short phrases. If one would succeed in any undertaking he must keep everlastingly at it, or he must at least keep his one object always in view. The author of the phrase takes no recreation whatever, night and day he pursues his object with a considerable degree of success. It is not improbable that he would have achieved an equal degree of success, and been the better for it, if he had limited his exertions to ordinary business hours and had refreshed himself at other times by change of occupation. But the main thought in his favorite phrase may be heartily commended to young men. They ought to have a definite purpose in life and stick to that purpose. They should not go to the extreme of carrying business cares home with them and maintaining only one line of thought and interest. Indeed, for most men an opposite policy is desirable. They ought to find rest and relief from business cares in some form of literature or artistic amusement dissociated from business. They will thus be refreshed and fitted to pursue their main object with renewed vigor. But they ought to have a definite purpose in life and they ought to stick to that purpose during working hours.
The simplest man is always weak. A little discouragement or some more attractive prospect sways him from his purpose and he wastes energy in the pursuit of many objects instead of concentrating it upon one. But consistency in following one line of action with one purpose in view presupposes a proper selection at the outset, and this is really the most difficult part of the problem that besets young men. They may make up their minds to be energetic, persistent, faithful to an ideal, and yet be led by circumstances beyond their control into the wrong calling or profession. If that should be the case they should not stick everlastingly at it, but should correct the error as soon as possible and get the right start. Thereafter they can safely follow the rule laid down for achieving success, though even then they may find that the word everlastingly means a little too much. The trouble with all mottoes and proverbs is that they cannot be made forcible if they admit of exceptions or qualifications of any kind. The wise man accepts the general truth they contain, but does not regard it as necessarily the whole truth.
"Keep everlastingly at it" is a good motto to set before the ambitious young man, and he would not go very wrong, perhaps, if he should accept and follow it in its literal signification, but he should first make sure that his object is a good object and that he is qualified for his calling and then he should consider whether he can best attain his purpose by devoting his hours of relaxation as well as his hours of business to one object or whether he can make better progress by refreshing his mind at times and devoting only business hours to the attainment of his ambition. Once convinced that he has selected the right aim in life, he should pursue it unceasingly, making even his hours of recreation contribute to the attainment of his purpose. With that qualification and in that sense the rule "Keep everlastingly at it" may be accepted as a good business guide.
Cut this out and take it to W. M. Cohen's drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, the best physic. They also cure disorders of the stomach, bilious and headache.
Hoax—That was a fierce cigar Jones gave. Wonder what brand he smoked? Joaz—Mother Hubbard. Mother Hubbard? Yes; loose wrapper.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—
Like Boggs Like. driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life.
The Sin of the Parent. If, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning, S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.
SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.
Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.
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and the hundred and one similar ills caused by impure blood or inactive liver, quickly yield to the purifying and cleansing properties contained in
Johnston's Sarsaparilla
QUART BOTTLE.
It cures permanently by acting naturally on all organs of the body. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and health-restorer, it has no equal. Put us in **Quart Bottles**, and sold at \$1 each.
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It's Time Wasted

And strength wasted, to try to push back the rising tide with a broom. It's just as great a waste of time and a far more serious waste of strength to try to push back the rising tide of disease with the "nervines," "tonics" and "nerve foods" which simply drug the nerves into a drunken stupor. They make you feel good! So does whiskey, while the feeling lasts, but the reaction is dangerous and deadly. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a temperance medicine. It contains no alcohol, opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It strengthens the body by purifying the blood and increasing the supply of that vital fluid. It heals diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition and thus removes the obstacles to a perfect nourishment of the whole body.
"Six years ago my stomach and heart troubled me so much I had to do something as the doctor could not help me." writes Mrs. S. S. Clapp of San Jose, California. "I went to San Francisco and had treatment for entries of the stomach and was better for some time, then it came back. I then used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' These medicines cured my stomach. I do not have the pain and indigestion as I did. It is very hard for me to tell you what I suffered before I commenced taking your valuable medicine. I recommended it to all the sufferers whom I meet."
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets strengthen and stimulate the liver.
When a woman has a corn trimmed these days, it is referred to as a surgical operation.
There probably never was a wife loyal and loving enough to respect her husband's wishes in regard to his funeral.
If a man says something affectionate to his wife in public, she forgives him for all the mean things he has said in private in ten years.
We all know what it means to damn with faint praise, but there is praise so extravagant as to be damning, and some praise barely veils a sneer.

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