

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

S. N. IREDELL & SON,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

17 COMMERCE STREET,

NORFOLK, VA.

Cotton, Peanuts, Peas AND Produce.

LUMBER, WOOD and SHINGLES.

We make a specialty of handling North Carolina produce. Guarantee the highest market price and prompt returns. References—Norfolk National Bank and Commercial Agencies.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

FRANK T. CLARK CO., Limited.

(Successors to Cooke, Clark & Co.)

Sash, * Doors * and * Blinds.

Mouldings, Stair Work,

Porch Trimmings, Hardwood and Slate Mantels, Tiling and Grates.

Fine Builder's Hardware.

PAINTS OIL & GLASS.

And Building Material of Every Description.
28 Commercial Place and 49 Roanoke Avenue, NORFOLK, VA.

D. A. SMITH,

—DEALER IN—

Liquors, Wines

AND A COMPLETE LINE OF **Groceries.**

Headquarters for Green Groceries and fresh meats of all kinds.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE

in any part of town. Call to see me. Three doors below postoffice.

D. A. SMITH, WELDON, N. C.

The Weldon Grocery Co.

WHOLESALE JOBBERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES.

We Sell Only To Merchants.

THE WELDON GROCERY CO., WELDON, N. C.

THE CHINESE WAY.

PULLS TEETH WITH HIS FINGERS.

The Chinese Plan Far Superior To The Forceps, Says A Dentist.

Dr. Charles E. Coughlin, Indianapolis, has discarded the forceps in pulling teeth and has adopted the primitive rules of the Chinese by using nothing except his thumb and index finger for the purpose. He believes that the sight of the forceps constitutes the harrowing part of tooth pulling and that many nervous persons are almost shocked at the sight of the instrument as they would be if a cocked revolver were presented at their heads. He can take out the most firmly-rooted double tooth in a few seconds, and that without causing pain, comparatively speaking.

"It is all done with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand," he said today, "and does not require any great strength, for it is not performed by main force.

"In pulling a tooth by hand, it is first worked around with a gentle motion and there is absolutely no violent wrenching or tugging. In a surprisingly short time the largest and most firmly-rooted molar will show evidence of being loosened. The motion is then continued with increased pressure outward from the pivot of the tooth, as it were, until it seems actually to come out of its own accord. It is brought out with a final circular twist, not more violent than the gentle working which is required to loosen it, and it is all over before the patient realizes that his tooth is being extracted.

"It is ridiculously easy when you have got the hang of it. The tooth always comes out, and my patients testify that it is a comparatively painless process, the movement of the tooth being so gradual as not to produce any shock to the most nervous person.

"I learned the process from a Chinese practitioner. It has been practiced by the Chinese from time immemorial. Our method seems as crude and as barbarous to them as theirs seems antiquated to us.

"In many cases we are getting too far away from nature with our complicated apparatus and highly scientific way of going at things, and I have found that extracting teeth by hand is not only better for the patient, but also for the practitioner, for a man of sympathy must necessarily feel some of the horror caused by the forceps in an extremely nervous person, and just to the extent that he is un-nerved he is incompetent to perform his duty well."—New York Sun.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Nothing resembles yesterday so much as tomorrow.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but not at locks of hair.

Truism are usually too self-evident to be palatable.

The pace that kills is not the pace of the messenger boy.

The lawyer is one man who profits by advice. He sells it.

Don't think a man's a fool because he doesn't think as you do.

The fellow who has a smiling countenance often has a red nose.

The struggling young doctor realizes that patients are virtues.

So Considerate.

Mother (an invalid)—Johnny, don't you think I ought to punish you for being so bad?

Johnny (aged 5)—No, mamma. You know the doctor said you was not to indulge in any violent exercise.

LOVE

Lives only in the present. Nature throws a glamour around youth and maiden, so that although they saw misery and man- rage walking hand in hand in every home in the world they would fondly believe that they could marry and defy misery.

Young women should be taught to prepare for marriage. They should understand how to preserve their womanly health through the functional changes of maternity. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most effective medicine for the preservation of womanly health and the cure of womanly ailments. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the womanly or- ganism for maternity and makes the birth hour practically painless.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic.

"My wife was afflicted with uterine trouble for several years," writes Mr. J. C. Day of Little Britain, Lancaster Co., Pa., "and in November, 1897, the doctor said she had a miscarriage. In treated her for about two months or so, but there was but little improvement. I wrote you after she had commenced to take 'Favorite Prescription' and you told us to get 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and got out all in and was able to attend to her household work."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure bilious-

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There's a dear, sweet land in the far away,
That borders the realms of gold,
Where the spring of life in the heart holds sway,
And the leaves of light unfold;
Where the hallowed peace of a perfect day
Is shed on the silvered streams,
With the smile of God
On the sacred soil—
'Tis the land of dreams—of dreams!

Sweet realms of rest in that mystical land
Give peace to the weary heart,
And time, with the touch of a magic hand,
Smooths care with a tender art;
And kindred spirits can understand
Life's book with its thousand themes,
And there is no rue,
And our hopes come true,
In that land of dreams—of dreams!

'Tis the home of delight, where Love's lilies lean—
Where fancy and faith combine,
And the noblest deeds of the word are seen
In a light we deem divine;
Where the laurel leaf of the past is green,
And the present what it seems,
And the future lies
In a paradise—
Oh, that is the land of dreams!
—John W. Humphries.

HOT ENOUGH FOR HIM.

All railin' at the weather from the mountains to the sea;
But "Thank the Lord," says Johnson, "it's hot enough fer me!"
The sky is cracked wide open by the heat, a fallin' free,
But "Thank the Lord," says Johnson, "it's hot enough fer me!"
Just think of the hereafter, where you'll blaze beyond degree!
"Thank the Lord," says Johnson, "it's hot enough fer me!"
The craps air burt to cinders—wells dry as dry kin be,
"Thank the Lord," says Johnson, "it's hot enough fer me!"
The world might now be freezin', with not one flower to see;
"Thank the Lord," says Johnson, "it's hot enough fer me!"
—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

In a Rose Garden.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We shall not care at all,
It will not matter then a whit
The honey of the gall.
The summer days that we have known
Will then forgotten be and flown,
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We shall not dread the pain,
The throbbing, crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain.
The song we sing together, dear,
The threaten'ing shadows that we fear
Will mean no more than means a tear,
Amidst a summer's rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
The grief will all be o'er,
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a careless shore,
The glasses we turn down today—
Here, at the parting of the way—
We shall be wileless then as they,
And shall not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We'll neither know nor care
What comes of all life's bitterness,
Or followed love's despair,
So, till the glasses up again
And kiss me through the rose leaf rain,
We'll build one castle more in Spain,
And dream one more dream there.

HIS CAUSE FOR TEARS.

At a seance the other day, when the lights had been turned low, the medium was describing a tall, dark-eyed, handsome spirit, with long mustache and hair parted carefully down the centre, that was hovering round a middle aged but elderly looking man, when he burst suddenly into tears; heart-rending sobs shook his thin frame. "George, George," he cried; "why, oh, why, did you leave me to the misery of these past years?"

"Then you knew him?" asked the medium.

"Knew him?" murmured the down-hearted man. "I saw him daily for months and months. Oh, George," he continued, "why did you die?"

"My good man," pleaded the medium, "you must pull yourself together. Though his lost to you must have been a great one, you may yet meet another friend who will fill his place."

"No, no," he cried. "His place is filled."

"Filled? Why, what do you mean?" asked the medium, astonished.

"He was my wife's first husband!"—Tit-Bits.

Office of D. H. HARDY, Sec. of State, Austin, Texas, Nov. 21, 1900.

I have found Dr. Moffet's TEETH-INA a splendid remedy and aid for my teething children. When my oldest boy was a teething child, every succeeding day warned us that we would inevitably lose him. I happened upon TEETH-INA, and began at once administering it to him, and his improvement was marked in 24 hours, and from that day on he recuperated. I have constantly kept it and used it since with my children, and have taken great pleasure in sounding its praises to all mothers of young children. I found it invaluable even after the teething period was passed.

Mrs. D. H. Hardy.

The world makes no bargain—its method is straight reciprocity.

A POOR MILLIONAIRE

Lately starved in London because he couldn't digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach and digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by W. M. Cohen, druggist.

A person who can see his own faults has a chance of growing perfect.

When you want a modern up-to-date physic, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at W. M. Cohen's drug store.

A strong-willed man can be domineered only by the best.

He—But why do you want me to ask Bionleigh to the house?
She—Why do you wear your medal?
He—It represents that victorious campaign I went through before we married.
She—So does he.

THE HONEY MOON.

WANT TO ABOLISH IT.

The Men Who Discuss The Subject Do Not Enthusiasm Over The Honeymoon.

An English journal with the symposium habit has been seriously considering the advisability of doing away with the honeymoon. It is noticeable in the opinions printed that honey elogs upon the masculine palate much more quickly than upon the feminine. "Must we sacrifice yet another leaf from life's book of romance," wails one of the fair sex. She allows that under some circumstances the honeymoon may prove a failure, but thinks this could be prevented by a little forethought, a choice in the nature of the holiday. Another woman suggests the adoption of a traveling bridesmaid—not too attractive, who would "retard rather than hasten the matrimonial crash. The discretion necessary in her presence and the fear of interruption will give honeymoon love-making the best of the earliest courtship and ward of boredom."

The men who discuss the subject do not enthuse over the honeymoon. There is one who contends that the honeymoon is a more prolific source of broken marriages than the divorce court, that it engenders enmity, which produces indifference, and that this indifference is the destruction of all poetry and true happiness in married life. "The human mind," he says, "is not constructed to support the contemplation of any one object, however engaging and fascinating that object may be, for an indefinite period of time, and, inasmuch as the generality of people who marry are commonplace and unpoetic to the core, it follows that what a poet can scarce achieve the vulgar herd can hardly accomplish with flying colors. A short honeymoon is a delicate experiment. A long one is a veritable flying in the face of providence, an act of madness for which a fussy legislature should be invited to discover a drastic remedy."

There are more valuable theories exploited in the honeymoon symposium. The women are for the preservation of the romantic institution, and are prone to burst into poetry and sentiment at the very word honeymoon. The men are different. Either they have less sentiment or they lack courage of their convictions, for, one and all, they land in a verdict which in substance amounts to "the longer the moon the shorter the honey."

THE SAME OLD STORY.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and retold by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies."

Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by W. M. Cohen, druggist.

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory to all unkindness.

HEARTBURN.

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, heartburn is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and not too freely of easily digested food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let six hours elapse between meals and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, indicating that you have eaten too much, take one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the heartburn may be avoided. For sale at W. M. Cohen's drug store.

Hated itself may be a praiseworthy emotion if provoked in us by a lively love of good.

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.

It isn't what a man used to be, or what he is going to be, but what he is, that counts.

SHE DIDN'T WEAR A MASK.

But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as well as Eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Felons from its use. Infallible for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Scalds and Piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c. at W. M. Cohen's drug store.

LIFE IS GROWING LONGER.

STATISTICS PROVE IT.

A Great Increase In The Span Of Existence.

From statistics and the result of certain changes in the methods of living we can safely affirm that the span of life is steadily lengthening. Three thousand years before the Christian era the average duration of life was said to be three-score years and ten. This would make middle age come at 35. Dante considered that year the middle of life's arch, and Montaigne, speaking for himself at the same period of life, considered his real work practically ended and proved that he thought he was growing old by falling into the reminiscence age.

At the present time 50 years is considered as middle age. In the days of the Revolutionary war prominent men at that time were looked upon as old at 50 years. We are justified in supposing that the span of human life will be prolonged in the future because the possibility of living to an older age has been demonstrated by the great advances made in medicine and hygiene during the past ten years.

We have attained a vast amount of knowledge as to the causes of disease, and new remedies for their successful treatment have been discovered. We have no new diseases, at least of any serious character, and we are better able to treat the old ones, which, like old foes, appear to us with new faces.

One of the most interesting and trustworthy statements in respect to old age is the report of the habits of centenarians, made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical Association. Without going into particulars of the different cases, it is valuable to note generally the result of this investigation.

It seems that most of these old people were small or medium of stature and of spare habit. The voice was rarely feeble. Most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all of them enjoyed good digestion, one old man of 98, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and many had never known what it was to be sick.

They were all very moderate in eating, most of them using little animal food. Few indulged at all in intoxicating drinks and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable outdoor exercise and nearly all possessed the good natured, placid disposition.—Royal Magazine.

FROM A BACHELOR'S VIEW.

PATIENCE IS UNRAVELED HOPE.

A Woman Wants Her Say, But A Man Must Have His Way.

Brevity is the soul of wit, wit is the levity of the soul.

The woman may look at wicked man with horror, but there are a lot of good men that they never look at at all.

If all the advertisements dealers send out to women were engraved instead of printed they would all have to build bigger stores.

Woman is man's pasture, man is woman's passion.

A woman can never have much mind and speak it, too.

I have noticed that a woman very seldom bumps her head very hard when she faints away.

If all the women in the church spoke right out in the middle of the meeting and told what they were thinking about all the angels sitting on the roof would drop dead.

You can always tell what's bound to happen to a fool till something else does. Poker is like making up to a woman; you never think it a sin when you are winning.

Probably the greatest pleasure most of the women will get in heaven will be hanging over the walls watching the men in the other place rubber.

The average woman's idea of comfort when she is miserable is to have a man put his arm around her and say, "There, there!"

There are three things that can always get the best of a woman—politics, pickles and punctation.

Every man knows how to stare at a woman he doesn't know so she won't have the heart to act indignant at him.

A woman will forgive a man for breaking her heart, but when he once compels her to change her mind she will hate him forever.

A man can be friendly with all the world if he only keeps on speaking terms with his lover.

The average man doesn't need a soul to make a woman love him; all he needs is a scolded head.

The girl who loves her business will never talk much baby talk to a man till after the wedding.

BE READY TO ENCOURAGE.

STARTED ALL RIGHT.

Many Have Fallen In Life and Lost The Race Because There Was No One to Say "Go It."

Tom belonged to a settlement school and the school had furnished most, if not all the real happiness he had ever known. Here the good in him was developed until somehow he began to forget the bad.

He was a sturdy little athlete and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various wise counsel he had found his way to the heart of his teacher and she was always interested in his success.

One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance, then to the surprise of everyone, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom, and with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind, and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was the matter?" asked his teacher, as the defeated boy came toward her with tears streaming down his face.

"His only answer was a sob. 'Tell me what happened, Tom.' Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

"I started all right, you know—'Yes, you led them all.

"But when I got half way there the boys began to call for Johnny, you're second," "Huckle, Jim, you're gaining," "Ran, Johnny ran, you're most up to him." But nobody said "Go it, Tom," and somehow it got into my legs and they wouldn't go," and Tom dropping to the ground in a heap cried as though his heart would break.

Moral.—Many have fallen in life because there was no one to say, "Go it, Tom."

SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition—is sluggish, weak and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the sores, and great danger to life would follow should it heal before the blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system. S. S. S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system a constant drain upon the system.

When this has been accomplished the discharge gradually ceases, and the sore of ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old sores to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent alleviate pain, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the sore and nourish the debilitated, divariced body.

Mr. J. H. Talbot, Look Box 42, Winona, Minn., says: "Six years ago my leg from the knee to the foot was one solid sore. Several physicians treated me and I made two trips to Hot Springs, but found no relief. I was sent to Dr. S. S. S. and made a complete cure. I have been a perfect well man ever since."

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known—contains no all mercurial, poisonous minerals to ruin the digestion and add to, rather than relieve your sufferings. If your flesh does not heal readily when scratched, bruised or cut, your blood is in bad condition, and any ordinary sore is apt to become chronic.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels in a healthy condition. Cascarets are the best for the bowels. They are the only purely vegetable cathartic ever made. They work while you sleep.

CANDY CASCARETS
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Place one or two Cascarets in your mouth, chew them well, and swallow. They will work in ten to fifteen minutes. They are the best for the bowels. They are the only purely vegetable cathartic ever made. They work while you sleep.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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