

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXVI.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1901.

NO. 10

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of  
**INFANTS & CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**  
Fac Simile Signature of  
**W. D. WELDON**  
NEW YORK  
15 Months old  
**35 DROPS—35 CENTS**  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
*W. D. Weldon*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK, CTV.

**S. N. IREDELL & SON,**  
**GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
17 COMMERCE STREET,  
NORFOLK, VA.  
**Cotton, Peanuts, Peas** ALL 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.**  
Jan 17 '91. "The Fresh Brand" Always on Hand.

**The Weldon Grocery Co.**  
WHOLESALE JOBBERS IN  
**STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES**  
We Sell Only To Merchants.  
Orders Solicited.  
28 1/2  
THE WELDON GROCERY CO.,  
WELDON, N. C.

**"OLD BLACK JOE."**  
ONLY AN OLD SONG.  
But It Illustrated the Curiosity of a New York Crowd.  
It was only a song, and an old one at that, but it came near causing a block on the Broadway surface line the other day. The singer was black as the coal in the cart he was driving, but that fact cast no shadow on his exuberant spirits. As he swung his chair from Broadway into Cortlandt street he raised his voice. Then the trouble began.  
When the notes of "Old Black Joe" rang out high and clear above the din of traffic, expressions of blank amazement overpread the faces of the hurrying pedestrians who thronged the sidewalks. Necks were craned in a vain search for the location of some newly patented phonograph. Crowds collected and gazed vacantly upon the air, as if they expected to locate the sound in some office window; teams were drawn up until a long line of trucks extended up Cortlandt street to Broadway, barring access to the street, that their drivers might ascertain the cause of the crowd's curiosity. Suddenly a newsboy cried:  
"Ah, rubber! Don'tcher see it's only de nigger singin'?"  
The crowd laughed. The darky, now lustily holding forth on "The Susquehanna River," turned sharply into Church street, totally oblivious to the excitement he had caused. The crowd then dispersed, and the long line of wagons began to move once more.  
"Well," exclaimed a Jerseyman on his way to the ferry, "New Yorkers call country people curious.—He shrugged his shoulders and passed on.—New York Mail and Express.

**TOO HOT.**  
Too hot for thinking.  
Too hot to write;  
Too hot to quarrel,  
Too hot to fight,  
Too hot for talkin',  
For ridin' or walkin',  
But the world out o' sight—out o' sight!  
Too hot for dreamin',  
By day or by night,  
Too hot for schemin',  
For wrong or for right,  
Too hot for sighin'—  
For livin' or dyin'.  
But the world's out o' sight—out o' sight.  
The crowd-life is the coward life.

**THE GHOST**  
Of our boyhood resolved itself to an old tree when we had courage to examine it. Manhood has its ghosts, which, to the man who has courage to confront them, prove to be as harmless as the ghosts of boyhood. One of the ghosts which scare a great many people is the ghost of lung disease. But experience shows this ghost to be very harmless. In cases almost innumerable "weak" lungs have been made strong, obstinate coughs stopped, and bronchial affections cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And these cures have been wrought in many cases after the doctor had said—"There is no help for you." Don't give in to the superstition of a past age. Give the "Golden Medical Discovery" a fair and faithful trial. It always helps. It almost always cures.  
"When I commenced taking your medicine eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. C. L. Sanderford of Chambersville, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room without gasping in my chest. The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble, and that I would never be well again. At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicine. I bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and took it and you directed me to take both the Golden Medical Discovery and the Favorite Prescription, which I did. Altogether I have taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' and five sets of 'Pillars.' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and I can walk with more ease than I could formerly do."  
Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Music In The Hear.**  
**A! Midnight Bawls.**  
**BUT LIQUID MUSIC**  
IS THE...  
**PURE OLD RYE**  
MELLOW APPLE BRANDY.  
...AND...  
**Fine Wines,**  
MADE FROM THE CLUSTERING GRAPES, SERVED AT THE PALACE SALOON.  
...OF...  
**W. D. SMITH,**  
Washington Ave.,  
WELDON, N. C.  
Full line groceries always on hand.

**The Old-Fashioned Songs.**  
Read by Prof. W. C. Hatley at the All-Day Singing at the Soldier's Home.  
Give me an old-fashioned homestead,  
One with a broad blazing hearth;  
Where folly and sin hath not entered,  
And I'll give you the rest of the earth.  
Give me a true-hearted man, sir,  
Dressed in his plain common jeans—  
Whenever he bids you a welcome,  
You are certain to know what he means!  
O for a pure saintly mother—  
One who will care for the soul;  
One who will pray for and bless me,  
She's more precious than rubies or gold.  
Give me a broad shouldered brother,  
One not afraid of the tan,  
Sober, courageous and a' that—  
I can say every time "there's a man."  
O for a kind-hearted sister,  
Lightning each burden I bear,  
Who says by her words—every action,  
"My brother, thy troubles I'll share."  
Give me the pure hearted lassie,  
Singing a-down through the dell,  
Clothed by her own dainty fingers—  
She's the peer of the great city belle!  
She's the pride of her father and mother,  
She's the emblem of pure happy life,  
And had I a thousand to choose from,  
I'd take her every time for a wife.  
I long for the old-fashioned church house,  
With members all simple and plain,  
Contented with following the Bible,  
Unsulled by fashion or gain.  
I long for the old-fashioned music—  
Songs that I once used to hear;  
Those that were sung by my mother—  
"Greenfield," "Old Hundred," and "Near."  
O give me the "old-time" revivals—  
"How firm a foundation" would ring—  
No "low-f'luting, high-f'luting" music,  
For the people—they went out to sing!

I love for to hear the old singers,  
For they sing from the heart, from the soul;  
"On Jordan's stormy banks" they are standing,  
Like its waters, their music doth roll.  
Ah, I long for the old-fashioned dinner,  
Its chicken, its ham and its pie;  
Its custards—I've ate of these sweetmeats,  
Till sometimes it seems I would die.  
Ah, truly, there's nothing like music,  
These songs of the "long, long ago,"  
To soothe and to soften life's pathway,  
As every old vet'ran doth know.  
Yea, today as we're singing, dear comrades,  
My sister's dear face I can see;  
Like an angel's her sweet, precious music,  
Brings me "Nearer, my God, unto Thee."  
Ah, soon will we sing "Coronation,"  
Before whom all beings must fall;  
And then we'll join hands in His kingdom,  
"We'll crown Him the Lord over all."  
Atlanta, Ga., July 7, 1901. —Atlanta Journal.

**CHEERFULNESS.**  
**The Happy Way To Live.**  
EVERY MOMENT OF WORRY WEAKENS THE SOUL FOR ITS DAILY COMBAT.  
Some years ago the pastor of one of the New York city churches pathily summed up in two little verses what seems to be the whole philosophy of cheerful and happy living:  
The world is wide  
In time and tide,  
And God is guide—  
So do not hurry.  
That man is best  
Who does his best,  
And leaves the rest—  
So do not worry.  
If committed to memory, these simple lines will often recur in hours of weariness and discouragement, and ring like silvery chimes in the soul; reviving our hopes and revealing to the clear vision of faith a sure way of escape from every tangled thicket of earth. It has passed into a proverb that "it is worry and not work that kills," and the true secret of peace and contentment is to take short views, and live in the present, turning aside resolutely away from bitter memories of the past, and from fears and forebodings of the future. The divine words ring with no uncertain sound—"Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thoughts of the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Says that accomplished woman and strong thinker, Anna Robertson Brown, "Only the serene soul is strong. Every moment of worry weakens the soul for its daily combat. Worry is an infirmity; there is no virtue in it."  
Build a little fence of trust  
Around today,  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay,  
Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon tomorrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes,  
Of joy or sorrow.  
The only sure cure for this disease of worrying is a fixed, unflinching faith in an overruling providence; and a firm conviction that not we ourselves, but God is responsible for the government of the world, that while we must be earnest and diligent in doing "the little we can do" to relieve suffering and distress wherever we find them, failing not to speak the word in season, to give the cup of cold water, the smile, the tear, when thereby we may perchance raise the fallen or cheer the weak; we must be ever submissive and willing to leave all that is beyond our control to the guidance of Him who never makes mistakes, who cannot err.  
Dost thou ask when comes his hour?  
Then, when it will aid the best;  
Trust his faithfulness and power,  
Suffer on, and hope and wait—  
Jesus never comes too late.  
—Christian Observer.  
Femininity.—Julia: Fanny married a very wealthy man, you know. She tells me she has absolutely nothing to wish for. Gertrude: Oh, Julia! What a dreadful state to be in.  
Only he is fit to lead who can be led.  
One pickle may make many pessimists.  
Benevolence is a universal instinct. As never sees B in want that he doesn't wish C to help him.

**THE LOYAL OLD NEGRO.**  
**BEFORE THE DAYS OF FREEDOM.**  
The Spirit of the Old Negro Who Loved His White Folks in the Days of Slavery.  
The Sunny South,  
The higher type of the old ex-slave population will soon be gone, and what will future generations know about the best traits of the negro character before freedom changed the whole status of the race in America? I am no defender of any system of human bondage and would not despoil the black man of the slightest boon of personal liberty he now enjoys, but even negro slavery had its virtues and some of the relations that existed between master and "serrano" on the old Southern plantations were very beautiful.  
What figure of these busy, restless days is more interesting than the gentle, respectful, dignified ex-slave on whose kindly, loyal soul the eventful years since January, 1863, have wrought no essential change? I have in mind that class of bondmen who had the good fortune to be owned by the best families of the old order of Southern society, whose subjection to the authority of a master was tempered by a deep sense of moral obligation on the part of the latter. There were many such relations existing in the days of slavery, which the sentiment of the outside world did not and could not discern. The abolition literature very naturally and inevitably pictured the worst side of the negro's lot. The north never could fully understand the loyalty of the slave to his master's household.  
The spirit of the old negro who loved his white folks in the days of slavery, and who still loves the memory of the past, is so unlike the feeling of race animosity now manifested by the generation of blacks grown up in freedom that one shudders to think of the fierce and cruel strife which the future may witness when the antebellum bond of sympathy between master and slave no longer holds away in the south. Never again can the negro find such friends among the white people as where the good master's household who saw the devotion of cabin life put to the supreme test in the dark and terrible days of the civil war, when the south passed through that desolating cataclysm of fire and ruin.  
These old negro men and women who served so cheerfully their "white folks" a half century ago, who paid such sincere homage to racial superiority and copied with marvelous aptitude some of the virtues of master and mistress—how strongly do they appeal to our kindest impulses. The simple faith and benignant hearts of some of the old uncles and aunts who have never lost the gracious manners of the majestic Southern home of fifty years ago are today the most eloquent advocates of the black man's cause in his new and trying struggle to adjust himself to the conditions of freedom.

**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.  
Getting at the root. The woman—"Duetor, I have an awful tired feeling." The Doctor—"Ah, let me see your tongue."  
**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.  
Bill—His automobile seems to have almost human intelligence. Jill—How so? Why it broke down in front of a saloon.  
**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.  
The more trouble some people have the more they want to borrow.

**HIS WISH.**  
They looked the new moon in the face,  
"Now make a wish," said she;  
"I will if you will make me, too."  
He answered pensively.  
They gazed up at the crescent that hung in the western sky,  
And wished and turned away and each broke off a little sigh.  
They sat alone upon the steps,  
He and the maiden fair,  
She looked around to be assured  
No one was lurking there.  
"What was your wish?" she sweetly asked.  
"Ah, something good, I know!"  
Content, and I will tell you mine—  
Perhaps before you go."  
He looked into her upturned eyes,  
Her little hand sought his.  
"My wish to-night," he said, "was what,  
My fond wish always is:  
I wish that I, somehow, might find  
The road that leads to fame—  
That, dying, I may leave behind  
A great, an honored name."  
She pulled her little hand away,  
She sighed another sigh.  
"What fools they are who wish," she said;  
"Good-evening and good-bye!"  
And, going home, he wondered at  
The sudden change of air—  
Some people know so little of  
The ways of maidens fair.

**GOOD NIGHT.**  
Good-night,  
The tiny stars peep out on high,  
The silvery moon, the dark blue sky,  
The zephyr whispers: the owls cry.  
Good-night.  
Good-night,  
The busy mart of trade are still,  
The water murmurs o'er the mill,  
While softly sings the whippoorwill,  
Good-night.  
Good-night,  
The children scamper off to bed,  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
The candle snuffed, the Bible read,  
Good-night.  
Good-night,  
The church bells toll, the west winds sigh,  
The heart-fire flicker, and then die,  
While prayer is raised to God on high,  
Good-night.  
Good-night,  
So when the night of death is nigh,  
And Heaven's gates before us lie,  
We'll gently whisper as we die,  
Good-night.

Speaking from Experience.—Harold (desperately)—"I tell you, old chap, I cannot live without her!" Rupert (complacently)—"Oh, yes, you can, old man. Why, I used to think I couldn't live without cigarettes."—Pack.  
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.  
Sometimes before new shoes are broken in they are broken out.  
Some people never stop to think, and others never think to stop.  
A slip of the tongue is often more dangerous than a slip on the ice.  
**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.  
The wise man gives words, but he keeps his thoughts to himself.  
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.  
His exclamation: Mrs. Gaswell—The dear little Cradles!  
Mr. Gaswell—Oh, the dear little Cradles!

**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 will all Eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Felons from its use. Infallible for Cuts, Cures, Burns, Scalds and Piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c at W. M. Cohen's drug store.  
Riots never free hungry men nor furnish work for the unemployed.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *W. D. Weldon*

**Rheumatism**  
Rheumatic pains are the cries of protest and distress from tortured muscles, aching joints and excited nerves. The system has been poisoned by the accumulation of waste matter in the system, and can no longer supply the pure and health sustaining food they require. The whole system feels the effect of this acid poison; and not until the blood has been purified and brought back to a healthy condition will the aches and pains cease.  
Mrs. James Kelly, of 27 1/2 Ninth street, N. E., Washington, D. C., writes as follows: "A few months ago I had an attack of acute rheumatism in its worst form. The pain was so intense that I became completely prostrated. The attack was an unusually severe one, and my condition was regarded as being very dangerous. I was attended by one of the most able doctors in Washington, who also a member of the faculty of a leading medical college here. He told me to continue his prescriptions and I would get well. After having it filled twelve times without receiving the slightest benefit, I declined to continue his treatment any longer. Having heard of S. S. S. I bought a specific recommended for rheumatism. I decided at once to try it however. To give the medicine a trial and after I had taken a few bottles I was able to hobble around on crutches, and very soon thereafter had no use for them at all. S. S. S. having cured me so well, I had only to buy and use Chamberlain's Castoreum whenever the opportunity is presented."  
J. A. SMITH,  
202 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.  
The great vegetable purifier and tonic, in the ideal remedy in all rheumatic troubles. There are no opiates or minerals in it to disturb the digestion and lead to various habits. We have prepared a special book of Rheumatism which every sufferer from this painful disease should read. It is the most complete and interesting book of the kind in existence. It will be sent free to any one desiring it. Write our physicians fully and freely about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

**SSS**  
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THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

**Lazy Liver**  
"I have been troubled a great deal with torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found Chamberlain's Tablets to be all you claim for them, and several weeks' use has cured me. I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Chamberlain's whenever the opportunity is presented."  
J. A. SMITH,  
202 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Cascarets**  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. See the Cure.  
**CURE CONSTIPATION.**  
Small Size, 25 Cents. Large Size, 50 Cents.  
Bottle Ready Cash, 25 Cents. Retail, 50 Cents.  
**NO-TO-BAG** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **C. W. Perry Co.**

**J. W. Perry Co.**  
NORFOLK, VA.  
Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, and dealers in  
**BAGGING, TIES, PEANUT BAGS AND LAND PLASTER**  
We quote Nova Scotia Land Plaster for June and July shipments as follows:  
Less than 10 tons, \$5.50.  
Car load lots, \$5.25.  
50 ton lots, \$5.00.  
100 ton lots, \$4.80.  
Correspondence solicited.  
J. W. PERRY CO.

**Grant & Squire**  
**WOOD**  
Sawed any length and delivered in any part of the town.  
**H. L. GRANT, BICYCLE WORKS . . .**  
Wheels sold and repaired—Parts of Bicycles furnished.  
Livery, Sale and Exchange Stables.

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion from whether an invention is probably patentable. Our examinations are absolutely confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munih & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.  
Give us a call when in need of wood, a team or a bicycle.  
Yard and office corner Maple and Second streets, Weldon, N. C.  
Dec 20

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *W. D. Weldon*