

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XXXVI.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1901.

NO. 14

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Orders Solicited. 28 ly

Tramp (to the gardener)—Whose house is this?
Gardener—Squire Jones'
Tramp—Do you think I could get anything there?
Gardener—Well, I don't know. The last of your sort got ten days.

We can easily manage if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it, but the load will be too heavy for us if we add the weight of the burden of tomorrow to it before we are called to bear it.

Jolly Jack Tar.

"Jolly" is the word generally associated with the Jack Tar. He is the picture of health, and the health bubbles over in mirth and merriment. When people are sick, especially when sickness attacks the lungs, the doctor often advises a sea voyage. But in the large majority of cases the sea voyage is impossible. It is to the men and women of the workaday world to whom sea voyages or change of climate are impossible, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes as the greatest earthly boon. The effect of this medicine upon those whose lungs are "weak" is remarkable. Even where there is bronchitis, spitting of blood, emaciation, weakness, coughs, etc., which if unchecked or unskillfully treated lead to consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred works a perfect and permanent cure. It strengthens the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, so that the body in all its parts is not merely fed but nourished. And it is by nourishment that Nature builds up the body to resist or throw off disease.

"I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could find nothing to stop it, or even to do me a particle of good," writes J. M. Farley, of Canton, Missouri. "I was obliged to see an advertisement of yours, and forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

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Safe. Always reliable. Ladies ask brought for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Take no other. Beware of dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your druggist, or send for stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Bottle for Ladies" free. Return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

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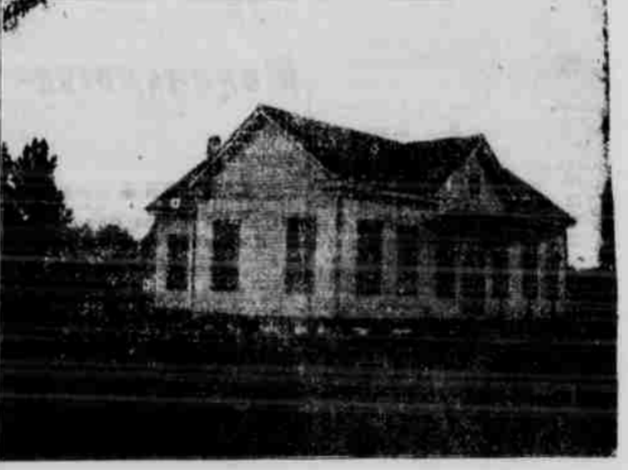


GEORGE C. GREEN.

THE NEW PRINCIPAL A YOUNG MAN OF CULTURE AND REFINEMENT. MORALLY, PHYSICALLY AND OTHERWISE HE IS A TYPICAL SON OF NOBLE ANCESTORS.

GEORGE CHANCELLOR GREEN, who was recently elected principal of Roanoke Institute, is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Green. He was born in Weldon on the 22nd day of November, 1878, and is consequently just at the age when the bow of promise stands out clear before him. Morally, physically and mentally, George is every inch a man and in his veins flows the best blood of a noble ancestry on both sides. He was prepared for college at Warrenton and Ridgeway. At the latter place, particularly, under the excellent tutorage of Professor John Graham, one of the best educators in the State. After finishing his course at the preparatory schools he entered the University of North Carolina. From there he went to Georgetown University at Washington, D. C., where he remained for four years, taking the whole course and graduated June 20th, 1901.

A few weeks ago, when Professor Jones resigned as principal of Roanoke Institute, applications began to pour in from many sources and there were, in all, twenty applicants from four different States. The trustees of the school met to select from the various applicants a successor to Mr. Jones. It was the unanimous opinion of the trustees that George C. Green was in every respect the most available candidate and by acclamation they elected him principal of the school. The selection was one well deserved and the patrons of the school feel that the trustees have placed the school in worthy hands. Mr. Green's early training, his attendance at the best schools and colleges in the land, and the high stand he took and maintained at Georgetown University, all give assurance to parents and guardians that the reins have fallen into worthy hands and that while the new principal will rule with kindness, yet, he will maintain discipline and require a strict obedience to the rules and regulations of the institution.



ROANOKE INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Roanoke Institute was established about six years ago and the enrollment of pupils have increased from year to year. Recognizing the fact that no town can be prosperous without good schools a lot was purchased in the southern end of the town and a handsome and substantial building was erected thereon. The building is beautifully situated, and is far enough removed from the business portion of the town to make the location in every way desirable.

It has large, well arranged recitation rooms; splendid and well lighted rooms, properly ventilated, for the primary, intermediate and collegiate departments. For years Weldon had only private schools and while they were noted for their excellence, the citizens began to recognize the fact that the town must have a school in which all could feel an interest. Hence, the Institute building was established and backed by the most influential citizens of the town.

We congratulate the people on the selection of Mr. Green as principal. We know he will not only maintain the well-earned reputation of the school but with his knowledge, training and inherited natural aptitude for teaching, he will at once begin to make vigorous and earnest efforts to place it upon a higher plane of usefulness and we predict that the opening this fall will be the best in its history.

BROTHER DICKEY'S SUNDAY SAVINGS,

Folks what don't want to make de 'quaintance er religion is mos' ingnirully dem what wouldn't know religion of dey had it.

Heaven ain't built wid hammers en nails; but de only way ter reach folks is by hammerin' at it.

Some folks spends half dey lives prayin' fer rain; en den, wen de rain come, dey gives de yuther 'et prayin' fer it to stop.

Dey ain't a bit er use in cryin' over spilt milk. Jest turn de cows out ter graze, en trust in de Lawd.

THE MOTHER'S DIARY.

VERY TRYING TIMES INDEED.

How it Overwhelmingly Convinced the Father as to the Youthful Thomas.

Mr. Bellamy had enjoyed a particularly good dinner, and his cigar also was much to his liking. He was in a mood to bless mankind. Far be it from any one to hint that these merely material comforts had anything to do with his genial interest in his only son and heir, Thomas, aged eighteen months. The baby had been named Thomas, by the way, because Mrs. Bellamy had thought how delightful it would be when he went to college, for his chums to call him Tom.

Thomas was on the verge of being retired for the night and was indulging in farewell antics against time. "Well, if you aren't a joy!" at last ejaculated his proud young papa, who turned with a blurring face on his wife. "Helen," he said, "I don't believe you half appreciate your luck in having all day and every night to enjoy the fun of this youngster! And here I only get measly scraps of a good time with him—a half hour each evening!" He looked aggrieved.

"Yes, it's too bad," agreed Mrs. Bellamy, with suspicious sweetness. "You don't know what you miss, really."

Several days later Mrs. Bellamy gave her husband a folded document. "It's merely a chronological account of one day at home with Thomas," she said, "I don't think it's fair for me to have all the good times and exclude you. I thought you might like to know exactly just what the darling did to give me a happy day."

Mr. Bellamy took the paper with real pleasure at her thoughtfulness. He began to read:

"5 A. M.—Thomas awoke emphatically. To keep him quiet so his father should not be disturbed I let him pound my nose with his fist and jerk my hair.

"7 A. M.—Thomas was so hungry I had to attend to feeding him his oatmeal and cream and let my breakfast get cold. Gave him his bath. In his playfulness he tipped over the tin tub and flooded the new bed-room rug. Water soaked down into the flat below and lay set up with ceiling decorations were ruined and she should send bill for repairs.

"8 A. M.—While talking to the grocery boy I took my eye off Thomas for three minutes. In that time he had crawled out the kitchen door to the porch, tumbled down the back stairs and landed head-first in a snowdrift. No bones were broken, so I put him in a hot bath, gave him whiskey toddy, and he went to sleep. If he has pneumonia I know he'll die.

"11 A. M.—Thomas woke up and managed to crawl out of his crib by himself. I found him on the floor of the bed-room closet pounding with the tack hammer a boxful of photographic plates taken in South America, and not replace able. He broke seventeen before I discovered him. He merely grinned at me.

"1 P. M.—While my back was turned Thomas pulled the lunch-cloth off the dining-room table, and with it the cut-glass cruet and a lot of china. The china smashed and the cruet hit him on the head. He shrieked, so I knew he wasn't killed, but I had to stick his forehead all up with plaster. Besides, the vinegar got in his eyes. This delayed me so I was unable to go to the afternoon card-party I had promised to attend.

"3 P. M.—Thomas has fallen down and bumped his face six times within the last hour. It appears to amuse him, in spite of his yells. He tripped up the cook and she spilled all over the floor a fresh-sterilized pie she was just going to put in the oven. She has given notice.

"5 P. M.—I am nearly dead from fright. Going into the dining room I saw Thomas before the open cupboard under the sideboard. He had unhooked a bottle of laudanum and had it to his lips. I managed to jerk it from him before I fainted. The cook threw a pailful of hot water over me in her excitement, and it brought me to. We couldn't tell whether Thomas got any of the laudanum or not, because we hadn't an idea of how much was in the bottle in the first place or how it got there. To be on the safe side, we fed him a full pound of lard, which he seemed to relish.

"6 P. M.—Thomas is alive, but I am a wreck. I have just remembered that old laudanum bottle contained nothing but rose-water anyhow. I am afraid we gave Thomas too much lard—he is very unhappy.

"Dinner time—And I must greet my husband with a bright, cheerful smile, such as he grew accustomed to in the days before we were married. Also I must be coquetishly arrayed and prepared to entertain and soothe him after his hard day in the city. Otherwise, as all the women's journals warn, I will lose his affection deservedly."

Mr. Bellamy folded up the paper. He seemed out of breath. "Say," he remarked to Mrs. Bellamy, contritely, "you just lie down on the parlor couch where it is comfortable and let me bring your dinner in and feed you. Gee!"—Chicago News.

AN OCEAN CEMETERY.

THE MOST DEADLY TRAP IN ALL THE WORLD FOR SHIPS.

Bare, Bleak and Treeless Quessant, the Notorious Island of Terror, and the Awful Forests That Supply it with Wood in Plenty.

Far out in the Atlantic ocean, off the Northern French coast, almost due west from Brest, lies a great rocky island that is one of the most deadly traps for ships in all the world. It is the island of Quessant, the notorious Ile de l'Epouvante, the island of terror. Bare, without a tree to break its monotony, it lies in the path of the ships seeking the English channel. If they steer two far north, the hundreds of shoals and reefs of the British coast open their jaws for them. If they sail too far South, Quessant reaches for their bows.

Bleak and far away from any other land as the island of terror is, it still has its population. What mysterious thing is it which attracts that population and makes it cling? The infrequent visitor sees funny flocks of little sheep, scarcely twice as large as hares. He sees small herds of rough coated ponies almost as tiny as the sheep. These are the only signs of productive industry to be seen. There is fishing, of course, but fishing can be prosecuted better from the mainland, with less risk and a more convenient market.

What is the mysterious attraction, then? So asked Alexander Smeute, the traveler, when he made his coast of Brittany to Quessant. The answer came, at last in part, one evening when a great storm swept in from the Atlantic and beat at the shores with unexampled fury.

He says: "The daughter of my hostess led me up the narrow staircase to my room. As I ascended I noticed, without remarking the oddity of it at the time, that the staircase was of shinning oak. I was ushered into my room, a large, low chamber, completely paneled from top to bottom. Putting the lamp on a huge oak table that shone like a mirror, she said:

"If you should need more firewood, monsieur, you will find it in the next room. Do not spare it. It is bitter cold, and there will be more than enough firewood in Quessant in two or three days. Good night."

"I sat down before the blazing fire and prepared for a cozy evening. The storm raged in the narrow streets of the little village. The surges thundered against the granite breast of the coast like endless artillery fire, and sometimes I imagined that the very island trembled under the onslaught of the hundreds of millions of tons of water.

"As I sat listening I gazed into the flames. The wood struck me as strange. And then I wondered. On the entire island there is not a single tree, and yet I had been told not to spare firewood. There will be more than enough in two or three days."

"I arose and opened the door into the next room. That room was possibly 20 feet high and was filled almost to the top with timber. First with wonder, then with growing awe, I gazed at the piles of wood. Truly she was right, the little maid, when she said that one need not be economical with firewood on the island of Quessant. There were timbers of every shape—splintered masts and spars, planks from decks and sides, remnants of a steering wheel, benches from the forecastle, yellow, black brown, white and red woods, even two figureheads, some bright, as if they were new, some crusted with shells and hung with seaweeds. In the entire room there was not a piece of wood that did not come from some wrecked ship.

"When I returned to my room, I took the lamp and examined the place closely. I noticed a strange, delicate, yet very insistent fragrance—sandalwood. Thick wooden pillars supported the ceiling. They were of a beautiful dull black—ebony, as I lived. The panels were rose-wood, mahogany and cedar. Even an unpracticed eye could see that all these precious woods were had ornamented the cabins of noble ships. The heavy carved chairs, the polished oaken table, even the bed in which I was to sleep, all came from shipwrecks.

"Now I understood the meaning of the words 'stand right.' In favor of this island, far away from the world and murderous for the ships that tie the world together, St. Jus, with his bride of the winds, is more fruitful than is Ceres to the mainland, with her harvest moon and her blessings of fruit. The blessings of Quessant come from the gale.

"The forests of Quessant! Are there such others in the entire world, so unique so terrible? This forest, instead of trees, has the mighty masts of ships. In that tremendous forest are the oaks and pines of Canada and Maine, the cypress of Florida, the baobabs of Africa, the teak of Hindustan, the ebony and sandalwood of South America. The awful forests of Quessant form the visible apex of a vast cemetery that stretches from New York to Cape La Hague."

Forewarned, Forearmed.

The liability to disease is greatly lessened when the blood is in good condition, and the circulation healthy and vigorous. For then all refuse matter is promptly carried out of the system; otherwise it would rapidly accumulate—fermentation would take place, the blood become polluted and the constitution so weakened that a simple malady might result seriously.

A healthy, active circulation means good digestion and strong, healthy nerves.

As a blood purifier and tonic S. S. S. has no equal. It is the safest and best remedy for old people and children because it contains no minerals, but is made exclusively of roots and herbs.

No other remedy so thoroughly and effectually cleanses the blood of impurities. At the same time it builds up the weak and depleted system, cures the entire system. It cures permanently all manner of blood and skin troubles.

Mr. E. H. Kelly, of Urbana, O., writes: "I had Pimples on my hands and face for five years. It would break out in little white pimples, or even would form and drop off, leaving the skin red and inflamed. The doctors did me no good. I used all the medicine drops and salves without benefit. 'S. S. S.' cured me, and my skin is as clear and smooth as any one's."

Mrs. Henry Singler, of Cape May, N. J., says: "I had three bottles of S. S. S. I cured my hair of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless."

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, S. C., suffered for years with Halls. Two bottles of S. S. S. put his blood in good condition and the Halls disappeared.

Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case. Medical advice free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move even except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years, placed me in a most miserable condition; during that time I used everything I ever heard of for relief; each was my case until I bought a box of Cascarets. I was cured in one or two days. Cascarets is a real relief. I would give \$100 for each movement; it is such a relief."

100 Bowel Pills. Detroit, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

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