

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 32

**100 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.  
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The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

**Hog-killin' Time.**  
The Cherished Link Between Our Past And Present.  
There is music in the wispish winter air and joy among our ruddy rural citizens. The festive but gory season known as "hog-killin' time" has arrived, and the country runs red with the blood of the slaughtered swine.  
In every county, in every village, in every hamlet, the merriment of the hog is heard, and day by day his numbers are being depleted. Like Antony, he is saying: "I am dying, Egypt, dying; oblige the crimson life tide fast"; but unfortunately, he has no Cleopatra to mourn his loss or refuse to be comforted. Verily, the world rejoices in his demise. For with his dissolution come a train of joys which shed their blessings far and wide. With the quadruped of the twisted tail, death means but his reappearance in a nobler form—to wit, as ham and bacon, and chine and "spare-ribs," and soups, and chitterlings, and "cossage," and in scores of other pleasing shapes.  
And so our country friends are making merry, and the pot boils cheerily, while the knife does its work. There is fun for everybody—at least for everybody but the hog, and even he, if philosophical, can see that the whole business is intended as a compliment to his attractiveness and winning ways.  
But a few days since he was an outcast, an unclean, bristly Ishmaelite, with cone to crease and love him; now he will be received in the best society as well as in the humblest hotel.  
In sooth, the universality of his recognition will be compensation for the deep damnation of his taking off. True, he will reach the upper-ten in widely-scattered fragments; but all the same, he'll get there and receive the honor he deserves. Blast be the pig in his last remembered sleep!  
Ah, it is a glorious season, is hog-killin' time, and those of us immured in the cities think sadly of it and unconsciously sigh. In fancy, we grow young again and feel once more the thrill of health and vigor as we look upon the scene of carnage. The picture comes with painful vividness before our mind in its setting of red and with its smoking mortars from the boiling cauldron. How merry it was at eventide, when the sun, lazily sinking behind the silhouetted woodlands, dove into his garish couch of crimson, gold, and blue, and ceased longer to countenance the mud-f! And how our feet quickened when the fiddles scraped at nightfall, and we, with no pang of conscience concerning our deadly work, "chattered forward" and "swung our partners to the right." But it is all over now—all over for the "hog" and all over for us. The pig has died the physical death, and we of the cities, long severed from the erstwhile ties that bound, are but the mamma's of our youth.  
Noble hog, you are the cherished link—particularly when in link sausage shape—between our past and present, and most heartily do we say, "Long may you live"—or rather, "Long may you die."—Richmond Dispatch.

**Autumn In The South.**  
A Vivid Picture of The Changing Seasons.  
Few climatic changes mark the transition from summer to autumn in the southern states. As to grow old gracefully be a mark of queenliness, then is the southern summer queen?  
No frosting of the royal locks; no putting aside of queenly robes, when she descends the throne. But under the fairest of skies with the glory of the June time still about her, she lays down her royal scepter and yields up her spotless reign.  
Where August stops, September begins. September is a red hot month, without any figures. As to sunshine, she is the peer of any. Sunshine is her native element. There are limitless oceans of it bathing earth and sky. It scorches your cheek in the morning. It smites you at midday with a torrid fierceness that makes you long for a shade.  
It is as if the king of day had caught a glimpse of his vanishing empire and were fretting himself furious at the prospect.  
At either end of the day, however, the heat is mercifully tempered. As the evening drops into night there is a chill in the air that sniffs of the coming frosts. At midday torrid, at evening time a bright glow on the hearstone—that is September.  
Then there is that deep blue of the sky, where a handful of mist does not stay long enough to gather to itself a shower. Along yonder mountain side, hidden well-nigh from February till May, the crags and ravines are plainly visible.  
Spring with its everlasting smoke, is not in it with these peerless Indian summer days.  
Meanwhile the landscape gathers increasing signs of maturity. The cotton fields are whitening to the harvest. The woods are still green with the dying summer, with here and there a bit of bright color, touched by the cool breath of autumn.  
Then you think another leaf from your calendar, and presto, change! All the colors of the rainbow dance before your vision. It is as if some mighty magician's wand had touched field and forest, transforming them into a night.  
Here, where the oaks and maples are mated together, are great ranks of crimson. Yonder a tower of gold, where some majestic poplar has thrust its head above the surrounding forest.  
This is golden October. You need no almanac now to tell you where you are. The autumn colors are everywhere.  
The falling leaves sprinkle the brown earth with yellow and crimson.  
In the heart of the forest flourishes a gigantic flower garden fair as a dream of the Arabian Nights.  
Meanwhile, the mercury shrinks visibly in the tube. There is a colder snap in the evening air.  
The still nights are cloudless, held by the frosts, while overhead a pale blue sky, pierced with many a bright ray, seems wonderfully near.  
But fairest of all are the mornings. Just watch that night sky pale toward the dawn. First the constellations lose their identity in the growing light. Then, one by one, the stars sputter and go out. Only the morning star burns on as if disputing supremacy with the king of day.  
Great streaks of crimson shoot up the eastern sky, turning to violet, then gold, as the first level rays of the rising sun kiss yonder hill top. Then, as if shot from some mighty catapult, the sun darts above the horizon, and begins his brief march across the heavens.  
To witness such a sunrise is better than listening to an oratorio. The memory of it is itself a benediction.  
Gradually as the October days glide by the browns on the meadows deepen.  
The landscape mingles no green with his colors now, save where the perennial pines cluster, or some hardy oak has withstood the frosts.  
Silently, but surely, the earth secures ripening for the general harvest.  
And over it all, like a baptism of peace, lies the soft October haze.  
With the coming of November are other and more marked changes. The frost is whiter now, on meadow and upland, while the midday chill tells of the coming winter.  
The radiant hues have faded from field and forest, and a sombre brown has taken their places.  
From morning till evening the woods ring with the clatter of blackbirds, while an occasional far-off hawk tells where the crane is making his southward flight. All nature is clothing herself in more sombre hues.  
Yet there are golden days even now, days shot full of sunshine, that breathe of violet beds and the far off spring. Then there is a darkening of the heavens; the falling rain sends a deeper chill into the gray air; an joy breath sweeps down from the north, driving the animals shivering to their shelter; and winter, snow-crowned and grim, with his retinue of storms and fog steps upon the throne.

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A. J. WINFIELD, PRESIDENT & MANAGER  
Special Attention to Mail Orders. oct 3 1y.

**THE WORN WEDDING RING.**  
WILLIAM COX BENNETT.  
Your wedding ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few  
Since I put it on your finger first have passed o'er me and you;  
And, lo, what changes we have seen—what care and pleasures,  
too,  
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.  
O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,  
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving  
wife;  
Your heart will say the same I know; that day's are dear to you  
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was  
new.  
How well do I remember now your young, sweet face that day!  
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly  
say,  
Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you;  
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?  
No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me;  
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?  
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true;  
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?  
O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there  
For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share?  
O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,  
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was  
new!  
Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—your young voices that are  
here,  
Young faces round our fire that make their mother yet more  
dear,  
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like  
to you,  
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was  
new.  
And, bless'd be God! All He has given are with us yet; around  
Our table every precious life lent to us still is found;  
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we  
have struggled through;  
Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring was new!  
The past is dear, its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;  
The griefs we've borne—together borne—we would not now for-  
get;  
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,  
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was  
new.  
And if God spare us, 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow  
old  
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow  
cold;  
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,  
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was  
new.  
And O when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,  
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;  
O may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight of you,  
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was  
new!

**TEMPERANCE TOWN.**  
LITTLETON'S PERSEVERANT WORK IN DRIVING OUT THE SALOON.  
The Raleigh Morning Post's Littleton correspondent sends the following bit of interesting temperance history:  
The temperance people of Littleton have of late been making it mighty lively about that beautiful and thriving little town. Last July they succeeded after a furious fight in closing the bar rooms. About two months after that a gentleman who owned a little vineyard and made wine in the edge of town set up a "winery" in one of the vacated "firewater" houses, and began to sell wine. He was prosecuted and convicted in a magistrate's court and the case was carried up to the Superior court where the decision of the lower court was not only sustained but the defendant was told by the judge that he could neither make nor sell wine either at his vineyard or his wine saloon in town. The prosecution of a druggist who had taken out license to sell whiskey and medicated bitters for "medical purposes" was at once vigorously pushed and the day before the trial came off he surrendered his license and signed an agreement not to sell whiskey or any substitute therefor on condition that the prosecution be dropped. This makes three distinct victories won by the temperance people in Littleton within the last few months and thus ended the third chapter of this interesting bit of history.  
If you would have an appetite like a bear and a relish for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They correct disorders of the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price 25 cents. Samples free at W. M. Cohen's drug store.  
Money is the sugar that sweetens the miser's life.

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**New Medicines!**  
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Druggist and Pharmacist,  
Opposite Randolph Bros.  
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**The Pace That Tells.**  
In the six day bicycle race the pace tells terribly at the end. Man after man falls out exhausted. The victor waddles wearily over the line. In the business race it's the same. Man after man drops out exhausted. The successful man is often a dyspeptic, unable to enjoy success. When the stomach is diseased, there is not enough nutrition assimilated to sustain the body and repair the daily waste of tissues. The result is weakness, tending to collapse.  
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect assimilation of food by which the body is built up with sound, healthy flesh.  
"I have taken one bottle of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for indigestion and liver complaint," writes Mrs. C. H. Wilson, of Littleton, Colorado. "I had no had spells since I commenced taking your medicine—in fact, have not felt the same man. Before I took the Golden Medical Discovery, I could not eat anything without awful distress, but now I can eat anything I wish without having unpleasant feelings. Last summer our baby was teething and was so poor he was almost a skeleton. We gave him your Golden Medical Discovery, and now he is healthy and well as any child. I will speak a good word for your medicine whenever I have an opportunity."  
Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure sick headache.

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**THE HALLELUIA FEELIN'.**  
FRANK L. STANTON.  
De worl' look des lak Chris'mus de shinin' country roun',  
De win' a-blowin' chilli, de gray fro' on de groun';  
Don't keer for birds a singin', en summer skies er blue—  
De Halleluia feelin' is creepin' over you!  
De world look des lak Chris'mus de country high on low,  
De hilltop gittin' misty, de lan' laid out for snow;  
De hilltop curlin' up-wards—de red sparks flyin', too,  
En dat Halleluia feelin' a-creepin' over you!  
'Pears lake de worl' is sayin', in sunshine en in song;  
'I feels it in my jints dat good times comin' long!  
Dey's a blooms dat beats de summer over' Chris'mus tree,  
En de Halleluia feelin' is creepin' over me!  
De Chris'mus weather's finest on ever' hill en plain—  
I don't keer how the win' blow, on how de rain-cloud rain!  
So clear de way, my chillun—dis beats the spring en fall!  
De Halleluia feelin' is got you—one on all!

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is the only cure for Poison Oak, Poison Ivy, and all noxious plants. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. Now is the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure.  
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People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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