

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

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TURNING A LEAF.

Mr. Simpleton Turned It, But Didn't Keep It Turned.

I notice that to-day is the first of January, remarked Mr. Simpleton, as he unfolded the breakfast paper. "The day has set me to thinking that I had better revive my boyhood's habit and make the resolve to turn over a new leaf. In the past, I—"

"Now, you are not going to resolve to help the poor by giving away all your second-best clothes, are you?" said his wife, apprehensively. "You did that once, I remember, and had to shovel the snow off the front pavement in your best suit."

"I have done nothing of the kind," hastily replied her liege. "The fact is that I have not been as kind a husband in the past as I might have been, and—"

"Oh, I guess you've been as good as the average," responded his wife, calmly. "No, I have not, my dear, that is merely your gentle, wisely way of putting it. I know that I have often displayed great temper when the provocation was slight, but in future you shall have no cause for complaint."

"Well, of course, you were very unpleasant about those bills, Nathaniel. I thought at the time that you never behaved in that way before we were married, and—"

"Displayed some temper, did I? No wonder. An angel on a tombstone would have displayed temper over such extravagance as that. Did you expect me to remain as quiet as a— as a gingerbread baby while I was robbed by a lot of—"

"However, in future I shall do it, since you are so anxious."

"You are sure that you are not ill, are you, dear? The doctor said—"

"Never better in my life. I have merely seen the error of my ways and resolved to mend them in time. When I think of the terrible fits of anger to which I have sometimes given way, I—"

"Well, I was afraid that the last cook would make trouble because of the things you said to her about the biscuits, still—"

"The things I said, oh? Let me tell you, Sarah Wimpleton, that many a man would have deserted his wife for less than that. If I did make a few less remarks I was fully justified, I can tell you. However, it shall never happen again."

"I am glad to hear it, dear. Now that I think of it, I feel very badly over your quarrel with the people next door, and your feud with the iceman, and the things you said about the cigars I bought you at Christmas were—but what is the matter?"

"The matter is this, madam; I shall not remain here to be insulted. I am the most patient and long suffering of men, but even I will not stand this. I will be at home late this evening, if you send me a note of apology in the interval for this unprovoked attack upon me!"

The banging of the front door put an impressive period to the sentence.

"And all," said Mrs. Wimpleton, shaking her head at the clock, "all because he had decided to turn over a new leaf on New Year's day!"

ONE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

A Dream That Warned This Young Man to Turn from the Paths of Sin.

On a certain New Year's night, an old man stood by the window, and gazed with a long look of despair out on the immovable, forever-sparkling heavens, then down upon the white, sinless earth, whereon at that moment no one was so cheerless, so sleepless as he. His own grave stood near him; it was not decked with the verdure of youth, but it was covered with the snows of age. And this old man had brought nothing with him from the rich, teeming life of the world, save errors, sins, and disease; nothing but a worn body, a rayless, desolate soul, a bosom brimming with remorse and a frosted old age filled with regrets writes William Mason Turner, in New York Weekly.

The glad mornings of his youth hovered around him on this cold winter night like flitting apparitions; they carried him far back to that early, rosy dawn, when his father stood with him at the cross-roads of life—the right leading over sunny pathways into a quiet, distant land resplendent with golden harvests and white-winged angels; but the left road led down to the slums of vice, far away to a black cavern of dripping poisons and twisting adders.

Alas! the vipers hung around his breast! The poison-drops were upon his tongue! He knew where he was.

His brain reeling, and while unutterable terror filled his bosom, he cried unto Heaven:

"Give me, oh! give me youth again! Oh! father, place me again at the cross-roads of life that I may choose another path!"

But his father, like his own youth, was of the Long Ago.

He saw over the black m-rass a will-o'-wisp glittering hither and thither; then it disappeared in a damp churchyard.

"How like! how like my days of folly!" he cried.

He saw a star shoot from the heavens, and, shimmering in its fall, vanish in the darkness of earth.

"Like myself!" he groaned from a torn heart. And the serpent's tooth of remorse dug down deeper. His fiery fancy pointed to him the creeping night-walkers on the roof; and the spectral wind-mill raised its moaning arms. Then one shape remaining in the ghastly charnel-house of repentance and remorse, gradually grew into his own image.

In the midst of his anguish, suddenly the music of the New Year's night floated upon the air, and it was the silver chiming of bell-fry bells. His soul was stirred within him; he gazed around the murky horizon, and over the spreading earth. The memory of the friends of his youth came to him; they were now honored teachers in the world, and the glad fathers of children. Again he wailed out:

"Alas! like you, I, too, on this New Year's night, could have slumbered with tearless eyes, if I had only chosen right! Alas! my fond parents, I, too, could be happy had I but heeded your warnings and wishes of the New Year's Eve!"

Then before his feverish memory the heyday of his youth arose—even as in the bleak charcoal-bone the specter had taken his own image. * * * He could look no longer; he veiled his eyes and agonized by his sorrow a thousand hot tears streamed down his furrowed face. Comfortless and in abject misery he could only murmur:

"Oh! youth, come again! Come again!"

And it came again; for it was but a horrible vision of sleep which had passed before him on this old New Year's Night. He was still in the heyday of his youth, and he thanked Heaven that, still young and treading the frail paths of vice, he had time to turn away to the sunlit avenue which led to the land of harvests and happiness.

Young reader, turn you with him, if you stand in the path of sin. Be warned by this dream, for the time may arrive when you, too, may cry: "Come, oh! come again, sweet time of youth!"

And it will not come.

FOR MOTHERS.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself. Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never forgotten, a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.

Children need models more than criticism.

We can never check what is evil in the young unless we cherish what is good in them.

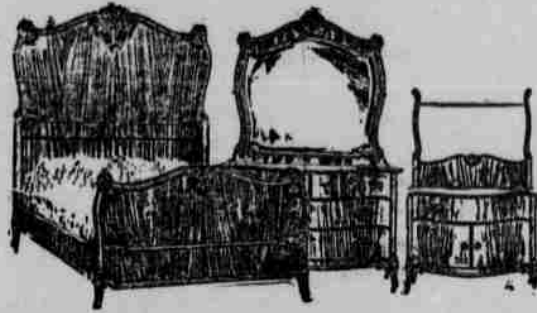
Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven's growing plants.

Difference of opinion is the greatest common divider.

When two philosophers quarrel, it is merely a sage brush.

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THE WATCH NIGHT.

FRANK L. STANTON.

'Twas like an old-time love-feast—that Watch night, for it seemed That heaven was just so near to us its light around us streamed; Jerusalem, the golden, flung all its portals wide, And we felt the shining presence of the crowned and crucified.

We saw, as 'twere beneath a bright and all-revealing sky, That far-off land, o'er Jordan's strand, where our possessions lie; And heard, while all our songs of joy were thrilled and waited o'er, A softer, sweeter music from the bright, celestial shore.

The dear old songs of Zion—the old and ever new— From praying lips and hearts that night were answered from the blue; We listened for the answer, with perfect faith, and then, When one cried "Hallelujah!" soft echoes said: "Amen!"

"Amen!" each face uplifted seemed all a-shine with light— The radiance of the realms that know no sorrow—neither night; Where never any blessing o' His children He denies— When the Lord Himself shall wipe away the teardrops from their eyes.

'Twas like an old-time Lovefeast; old scenes were brought to view— We had the old-time singing, and the "old religion," too! We told how He had walked with us through valleys of Despair, Until at last, the dangers past, His love had led us there!

And all sang "Hallelujah!" in sight of heavenly lands; 'Twas a glad shaking up of hearts, as well as shaking hands! And the Old Year died in music, and the New Year dawned in light, And we passed to God's good morning from the glory of His Night!

NEW YEAR BELLS.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

HEAR the bells of midnight ringing ever sweet and clear, 'Neath the starry fields of azure while the earth is white with snow,

They open to the nations all the portals of the year, And tell anew the story of the ages long ago; The wild winds bear their music over hills and valleys far, And echo 'mong the dells that lie amid the snow imperial; It seems to float aloft and find a lodgment in a star That sheds its soft and radiant light upon a sleeping world.

THROW the casement wide to hear the anthem of the bells That ring at midnight's solemn hour to let the New Year in; They breathe of happiness and peace and each glad one foretells The dawning of a cycle new above the Old Year's din; Methinks I hear the footsteps of the New Year young and strong As radiant, like a little child, he treads the paths of night; His scepter in his eager hands, his heart a living song, He comes to millions waiting by the morning's gates of light.

THE Old Year, fitting by us, leaves his foot-prints in the snow I give the parting guest a smile to cheer him on his way; Methinks he stops a moment where the winter winds are low To catch the music of the chimes that usher in the day; He hears the bells at midnight and listens with a sigh, The monarch old has left his throne and all his robes of state, And onward comes the youthful king beneath the bending sky, Earth-welcomed by the gleesome bells, with childish heart elate.

GOLDEN bells of midnight! the glad some year we bring Is welcomed by a happy world, is crowned in every zone; In every heart the chorus of the chimes is echoing, And fills with joy the humblest cot and aureoles the throne; The pilot on the vasty deep at midnight gazes far And hails the mystic music of the unseen blissful bells, And steers his good bark homeward by the New Year's shining star,

The while upon the distant shore the sacred psalm swells.

BELLS that usher in the year! O chimes of love and peace! O tuneful bells that ring of change above the fleecy snow! Hearts glad some grow and 'neath your sway a thousand sorrows cease,

As backward from some misty past come scenes of long ago; Ring loud, O bells of midnight, that usher in the year, The portals of the morning fair, enwreathed, are standing wide;

The Old Year drops upon the snow an unregretted tear, As the nations hail the New Year in his glory and his pride.

A CURE FOR LUMBAGO W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do." Sold by W. M. Cohen, druggist.

Anyway, the poet who dwells in a garret isn't troubled with book agents.

CASTORIA It's the Kid You Have Always Bought

It probably made the kettle boil when the pot called it black.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP

A Little Boy's Life Saved.

I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Stears, of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the plug out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would not be on earth today.—Joel Demont, Inwood, Iowa. For sale by W. M. Cohen, druggist.

Some people are like straws on a river; they do not go through the world, but are carried.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS Mrs. Winlow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty 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. Winlow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Fortunate is the man who learns a lesson from the experience of his neighbor.

Cut this out and take it to W. M. Cohen's drug store and get a sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets the best physic. They also cure disorders of the stomach, biliousness and headache.

The Simple Fact. Stuyvesant—Going to turn over a new leaf, this year, old man? Schermerhorn—No, going to turn over the same old leaf.

BAD BLOOD, BAD COMPLEXION. The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin.

To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many preparations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, disfiguring pimples.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION when such remedies are relied on.

Mr. H. T. Rhoads, 274 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disgusting eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now a beautiful girl, and we are glad to say that the embarrassing disease has never returned."

S. S. S. is a positive, unailing cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.

Bad blood makes bad complexions. SSS purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body. It has Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physician about your case. No charge whatever for this service.

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The impurities and poisons which corrupt the blood, clog the liver and cloud the skin are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does more than eliminate the poisons; it increases the activity of the blood-making glands so that there is an increased supply of pure, body-building blood. It brightens the eyes, cleanses the skin, and gives new physical energy.

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"I thank God for the good your medicines have done me," writes Mr. James M. Stremore, of Mitchell, Lawrence Co., Ind. Box 50. "I was not well for two years. My throat was always sore, my stomach, and back ached nearly all the time. My weight was 135 pounds. I was taken sick with typhoid fever, and when the fever left me I had such a pain in my left side I could not lie down without it. I bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and a trial of his Pleasant Pellets. I discontinued the use of my doctor's medicine and began with the Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets. I at once began to feel better. The pain soon left my side and I could lie down with ease. In a week or so I felt so good I could not stay in the room each morning. After a month's use of the medicine I was well. That was over a year ago. Now I weigh 175 pounds and feel better than ever in my life."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

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