

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 13

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness, and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.


Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*  
NEW YORK  
35 Doses—35 CENTS  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**SAM JONES WAS FLOORED.**  
The Famous Evangelist Was Disconcerted While Holding A Meeting In Virginia.

"Traveling on the steamer Northumberland, on the Rappahannock river last week," said the Rev. E. B. Bagby, of the Ninth Street Christian church, according to the Washington Post, "I fell in with a group of ministers on the upper deck, and soon we were swapping stories. The eccentricities of the famous evangelist, Sam Jones, proved a prolific topic. The Rev. Mr. Butts, a Methodist minister from Gloucester county, said that the only time he had ever known Sam to be disconcerted was at H—, Va., where he had been called to conduct a union revival. The first night of the meeting the pastors of the different churches were on the platform and crowds filled the pews. All were looking for something sensational, and were not disappointed. Evangelist Jones arose, turned to the Methodist preacher and said:  
"Brother S., how many members have you in your church?"  
"Three hundred," was the answer.  
"How many are willing to pay in public?"  
"About a dozen."  
"What is your salary?"  
"Five hundred dollars."  
"Then each member was called in turn and interrogated upon the same points, revealing the fact that the amount of salary received by the minister and the number taking public part in the services was woefully small in comparison with the size of the congregation.  
"Well," said Mr. Jones, addressing the ministers, but with a sidelong glance at the audience, "if I had such a mean, measly lot of 'exp's' in my church, you know what I would do? I would get them up in a pen and send 'em off and get a bound dog and set him on them, and say: 'Sic 'em, 'Tiz; sic 'em, 'Tize!'"  
"Excuse me, Brother Jones," said the Methodist minister, "but that is just what we have done. We have gathered the people together, now, 'Sic 'em, Sam, 'Sic 'em, Sam!"  
"If Mr. Jones was not himself the balance of the evening, it was probable that he was thinking of the bound dog."

A TYPICAL OLD MAID.  
Some years ago when Cahaba was Alabama's capital and railroads were few in this state, it was necessary for the representatives to make the trip on horseback. Along the different roads were inns where the lawmakers were accustomed to stop. One of these taverns was kept by a blushing (?) lady of (45) forty-five summers, who still held to the idea that some day she would find her man.  
On one occasion when the representatives were returning and a dozen or more had gathered around the table of this always pleasant landlady, she insisted that Mr. Brown, for whom she had a peculiar liking, tell her some of the laws enacted. He began by saying: "One I remember is that all old maids with very small mouths can marry once." She drew her mouth up as small as possible and very modestly said: "Well, good gracious!" Mr. Brown continued: "Another I remember along this line is that all old maids with large mouths can marry twice." This was too much for the hopeful creature, and with a mouth spread all over her face she sank into a chair, exclaiming: "Wa'd, my God, what luck!"

VISIT OR WRITE  
**The Petersburg Furniture Co.,**  
203 AND 207 N. SYCAMORE ST.  
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THE HUSTLING AND UP-TO-DATE LEADERS IN FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHINGS.  
A. J. WINFIELD, PRESIDENT & MANAGER  
Special Attention to Mail Orders. Oct 3 1y.

**AWAY OUT IN THE COUNTRY.**  
Away out in the country  
Where there is no clang and roar,  
Where its eight miles to the railroad  
And its three miles to the store,  
There is peace and there is quiet;  
Men are not contending there  
For the powers that seem precious  
To the greedy billionaire.

Away out in the country  
Suriy toasters do not try  
To run men down, unless they  
Pass the crossing on the fly;  
A schemer isn't waiting  
Everywhere a man may look  
To rush in and get his earnings  
All away by hook or crook.

Away out in the country  
Where the woods are full of joy,  
And the hens are cackling loudly  
At the sunburned farmer boy,  
There is never any crowding,  
There is room out there to spare,  
And the people aren't breathing  
Flyin' rubbish with their air.

Away out in the country  
Where the lilacs sweetly blow  
People don't pay out a dollar  
To behold a ten-cent show;  
Men are not looked on with pity  
Just because their clothes don't fit,  
And the women don't go mourning  
When the servants up and quit.

Away out in the country  
Where the water's cool and sweet,  
And the knife's a useful weapon  
When the hungry people eat,  
There is not the constant jangle,  
Nor mad clanging that subdues  
And distracts the city poet  
When he seeks to court the muse.

Away out in the country  
Where the funerals are few,  
And the people keep apprised of  
All the things their neighbors do.  
Here and there some queer old fellow  
May not hanker to put down  
The tools the farmer has to use  
And move away to town.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**HOW A STORY GROWS.**  
Farmer Brown, Much Exasperated By The Loss of His Turnips, Determined to Prosecute the Man.

A farmer once was told that his turnip field had been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor, inoffensive man, of the name of Palmer, who, many of the people of the village said, had taken away a wagon load of turnips. Farmer Brown, much exasperated by the loss of his turnips, determined to prosecute poor Palmer with all the severity of the law. With this intention he went to Molly Sanders, the washerwoman, who had been busy in spreading the report, to know the whole truth; but Molly denied having said anything about a wagon load of turnips. It was but a cart load that Palmer had taken, and Dame Hodson, the huckster, had told her so, over and over again. The farmer, hearing this, went to Dame Hodson, who said that Molly Sanders was always making things worse than they really were; that Palmer had taken only a wheelbarrow full of turnips, and that she had her account from Jenkins, the tailor. Away went the farmer to Jenkins, the tailor, who stoutly denied the account altogether; he had only told Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled up several turnips, but how many he could not tell, for that he did not see him himself, but was told it by Tom Slack, the plowman. Wondering where this would end, Farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his turn, declared he had never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he only said, he had heard say that Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and that Barnes, the barber, was the person who had told him about it. The farmer, almost out of patience at this account, hurried off to Barnes, the barber, who wondered much that people should find pleasure in spreading idle tales which had no truth in them! He assured the farmer that all he had said about the matter, while he took off the beard of Tom Slack, was that for all he knew, Palmer was as likely a man to pull up a turnip as his neighbors.

**HAVE FOUND A SMUGGLERS' HOARD.**  
Illinois Men Unearth \$7,000,000 On An Island Near Porto Rico.

A smuggler's treasure of \$7,000,000 hidden on a small island a couple of hundred miles from Porto Rico has been found by Philo Reude and Abe Fogel of Heick, a city in the southern part of Illinois. During the civil war a party of half a dozen smugglers were engaged in the slave trade between Porto Rico and the United States. As there was constant danger of capture they merged their wealth, amounting in all to about \$7,000,000, and concealed in a stone embankment on a small island 200 miles south of Porto Rico. At the close of the war they started for the island to recover their hidden treasure, but the elements interfered and they were wrecked. There were but two survivors and they returned to this country. While at New Orleans one of these died, and the other, being financially unable to recover the money, kept his secret until just before his death, when he revealed it to his kinsman, Reude.

Just recently the latter confided in his friend Fogel, and together they organized the Porto Rican Prospecting Company. Several prominent citizens of Shelbyville, Ill., took stock in the company and were greatly rejoiced to get this message dated at Porto Rico:  
"Amount all O. K.—Reude."  
This message is taken to indicate that they had found the treasure and were in possession of it.

**THOUGHTS FOR EVERYBODY.**  
It is the small leaks that impoverish a household. It is the small economies that lead to affluence.  
Work today, for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow.  
Recreation is not idleness, but ease to the weary by change of occupation.  
If you wish to be as happy as a king look at those who haven't as much as you, not at those who have more.  
It has been well said that no person ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than can be borne.  
By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.  
Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are crossed by standing in our light.



**SECRETS**  
At the Price of Suffering.  
Woman on her way to semi-invalidism caused by pregnancy suffers much pain, ignorance prompts her to suffer alone in silence and remain in the dark as to the true cause—motherhood.  
Mother's Friend takes the doctor's place and she has no cause for an interview. She is her own doctor, and her modesty is protected. Daily application to the breast and abdomen throughout pregnancy will enable her to undergo the period of gestation in a cheerful mood and rest undisturbed.

**Mother's Friend**  
is a liniment for external use only. It would indeed be shameful if the sacrifice of modesty were necessary to the successful issue of healthy children. All women about to become mothers need send only to a drug store and for \$1.00 secure the price child-birth remedy. Healthy babies are the result of using Mother's Friend. Our book "Motherhood" mailed free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

**DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA**  
(TEETHING POWDERS)  
Dr. J. W. Barry of a prominent Methodist Conference writes: "I received and tried your who's please call me 'Teethina' and it came at a most opportune time for my babe who in a serious condition has been in bed for days, and crying, and we gave him very little of 'TEETHINA' and he is now perfectly well and has had no further trouble. Other members of the family have used it and every one has been a perfect success."

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

**Excelsior Printing Co.,**  
WELDON, N. C.  
LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, PACKET HEADS, CIRCULARS, ENVELOPES, VISITING CARDS, POSTERS, INVITATIONS.  
Send us your orders. All orders receive prompt and careful attention.

**The Bank of Weldon,**  
WELDON, N. C.  
Organized Under The Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1892.  
STATE DEPOSITORY.  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$24,500.  
Alive to the opportunity for nearly nine years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.  
President: W. E. DANIEL. Vice-President: Da. J. N. RAMSAY. Cashier: W. R. SMITH. Seaboard, Northampton county, N. C.

**R.M. Purnell & Bro.**  
DID YOU SAY DRINKS?  
Well you will find the choicest brands of RYE, PURE OLD APPLE BRANDY and Sparkling wines, Where, You Ask?  
—WHY AT—  
**W. D. SMITH'S,**  
Washington Ave., WELDON, N. C.  
Full line groceries always on hand.

**BE A GOOD BOY! GOOD-BY!**  
How oft in my dreams I go back to the day  
When I stood at our old wooden gate  
And started to school in full battle array,  
Well armed with a primer and slate,  
And as the latch fell I thought myself free  
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,  
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:  
"Be a good boy! Good-by!"

"Be a good boy! Good-by!" It seems  
They have followed me all these years;  
They have given a form to my youthful dreams  
And scattered my foolish fears;  
They have staid my feet on many a brink,  
Unseen by a blinded eye,  
For just in time I would pause and think:  
"Be a good boy! Good-by!"

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,  
Just starting or nearing its close,  
This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,  
Will conquer wherever it goes!  
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,  
But, brother, just honestly try  
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs  
"Be a good boy! Good-by!"  
—John L. Shroy in Saturday Evening Post.

**AND THAT SETTLED IT.**  
A little negro girl, standing close to a Boston woman said:  
"I ain't gwine."  
"You should not say that," said the Boston lady. "Listen: You should say 'I am not going. You are not going. He is not going. They are not going.' Now what do you say?"  
The little pickanony, whose eyes had been getting wider and wider, replied:  
"Day ain't none of us gwine."  
Fools learn nothing from wise men, but wise men learn much from fools.

**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure**  
Digests what you eat.  
This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary. Cures all stomach troubles. Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1. bottle contains 24 times the 50c. size.  
W. M. Cohen, Druggist.

**FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS**  
Mrs. Winslow'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 drug stores 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 is easier for God to work a wonder than for us to comprehend it.  
If seeing is believing, a blind man must be a hopeless skeptic.

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**LOVES HIS FAMILY.**  
John Phillip Sousa, who may be said to have "marched" himself into the hearts of the American people, likewise all other people who have had the good fortune to keep time to his irresistible marches, is a man fond of his family. Wherever he goes he carries with him, as the most valuable part of his personal baggage, a folding leather frame which holds the pictures of his wife and children. So soon as he is put up at a hotel the mantle, if there be one, or the bureau is adorned with this life-like reminder of the ones dearest to him. Few photographs have traveled so far and into so many lands as those belonging to and treasured by the famous bandmaster.

**WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.**  
An existence only for self—what a humiliating satire on Life!  
Socalled Society has its perfumed and apparelled savages who need civilization.  
Once the parallel pathways of friendship or love in life separate it is remarkable how rapidly they diverge.  
The world's judgement is largely of the pocket and of the stomach; the next world's entirely of the heart and of the head.  
There is a telepathy between hearts that are congenial; you soon get to know the person from whom you would expect sympathy as readily as you would look for warmth in a lemon ice or substance in a meringue.  
IT NEEDS A TONIC.  
There are times when your liver needs a tonic. Don't give purgatives that gripe and weaken. DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel all poison from the system and set as tonic to the liver. W. Scott, 531 Highland ave., Milton, Pa., says: "I have carried DeWitt's Little Early Risers with me for several years, and would not be without them." Small and easy to take. Purely vegetable. They never gripe or distress.  
W. M. Cohen.  
BED TIME.  
Mothers, do you put the little ones to bed in peace, or do they lie down in tears and perplexities? Do they kneel beside you with pleasure, and love to come even as they love your kiss? Don't scold at bedtime. It seems to me that if there is one sob among the children's voices thrown upon the ocean, whose waves are said never to give up their trust, it is the sob that, bursting from the sleeping child falls mournfully upon the darkness of night.  
See that lamps are clean and lights are bright; that your own hand tucks in the covers; and that your own lips say something pleasing about birds, or kittens, or bees, or flowers—anything of which little ones take notice.

**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 open, active, and free. Force in the shape of "CATHARTIC CASCARETS" is the best and safest. It's the only one that's gentle and doesn't hurt.  
EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY  
Pleasant, Palatable, Patent, Taste Good, No Good, never sticks, weakens, or injures. It's the best and safest. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: **FRANK E. MURPHY COMPANY, CHICAGO & NEW YORK.**  
**KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN**  
D. E. STAINBACK, ROTARY PUBLIC, WELDON, N. C.  
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**ONE MINUTE COUGH CURE**  
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.  
**W. E. BEAVANS.**  
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY, TOILET SOAP, ALL KINDS PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CIGARS, PIPES, ETC.  
Prescriptions carefully compounded day or night.  
W. E. BEAVANS, PHARMACEUT, ENFIELD N. C.  
Store 119 residence 41-2, 815ly.

**HARPER WHISKY**  
A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE, A SAFE STIMULANT, A GOOD MEDICINE.  
For Sale By W. D. SMITH, Weldon, N. C.

**IS YELLOW POISON**  
in your blood? Physicians call it Malarial Germ. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chilly, aching sensations creep down your backbone. You feel weak and worthless.  
**ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC** will stop the trouble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected and when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and a general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands—it will cure you, or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25 cents. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.

**The One Among Many.**  
The one make of instruments that holds its tone through a generation of usefulness.  
**STIEFF PIANOS**  
Are not built for show—they're constructed with experienced care; they last a lifetime and more, yet their cost is very moderate, considering their quality. Send us your address and you'll immediately get an illustrated catalogue and book of suggestions. Accommodating Terms. Pianos of other makes to suit the most economical.  
**CHARLES M. STIEFF,** Warehous, 9 N. Liberty street, Factory—E. Lafayette Ave., Aiken and Lanvale Streets, Baltimore, Md.— oct 21 ly.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*  
AT THE HELM.  
The curling waves, with awful roar, a little bark assailed,  
And pallid Fear's distracting power o'er all on board prevailed—  
Save one, the Captain's darling child, who fearless viewed the storm,  
And cheerful, with composure smiled at danger's threatening form.  
"And can you smile," a seaman cried, "while terror's overhelm?"  
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied, "my father's at the helm!"  
So, when our worldly hopes are reft, our earthly comforts gone,  
We still have one sure anchor left—God helps, and He alone.  
He to our prayers will lend His ear, He gives our pains relief,  
He turns to smiles each trembling fear, to joy each torturing grief,  
Then turn to Him, and terror's wild, when waxes and woe's on them,  
Remembering, like the fearless child, Our Father's at the Helm!  
Maud—"Gaskell thinks he is a regular lady-killer." Esther—"I should not wonder. I had a talk with him last evening, and I really thought I should die."

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