

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XXXVII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1903.

NO. 47

## Rheumacide

### The Great Rheumatic Cure

#### Spring Blood Purifier

Positively cures all diseases arising from impurities in the blood, including Catarrh, Indigestion, Chronic Constipation, Kidney and Liver Troubles, etc. Every person in the land needs a powerful blood purifier every Spring. You need it. You want the best—the standard. That is

### RHEUMACIDE.

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS SUBSTITUTES.

RHEUMACIDE benefits instead of injuring the digestive organs as many so-called medicines do. RHEUMACIDE is a powerful alterative, but old people or children can take it with absolute safety.

Price \$1.00 at Druggists, or express prepaid on receipt of price.

Bobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

### THE STOLEN BALLOT BOX.

AN OLD COLORED WOMAN IN WASHINGTON TELLS HOW HER BROTHER JOHN HENRY JACKSON ELECTED PRESIDENT.

A Washington correspondent to the Charlotte Observer says: A queer story came to me the other day. An old colored woman has a bakery on this street. She makes the most delightful ginger bread and pies and bread. I have been a customer of hers some time. I asked her last week how she happened to come to Washington. "La, honey!" she said, "did you never hear of my brother, John Henry Jackson, and how he elected Mr. Hayes President?" No, I had not heard.

"Well," she said, "you know it was awful close voting in Florida for Hayes and Tilden. Some said one was elected and some said the other. My brother was a clerk at the polls, and he heard the Democrats say they were coming, there that night to stuff the box. Well my brother he just took the box, stole it and ran off to Washington with it, and it was counted here and the Republicans had the majority. The Democrats said they were going to kill him and the Republicans put him in jail to keep him safe. After they thought the danger was over, they let him out. He had a long black beard, and he shaved it off and bought a slouch hat he pulled down over his face and got on the train to go home. Two negroes came on his car carrying pistols and saying they were looking for a negro named Jackson."

"Why, what did the negroes want to kill him for?" I asked.

"Why, they were Democratic negroes," she said, "and they are worse than Democratic white folks." "Well," she continued, "my brother never went back home. He was afraid. They took care of him in Washington, and he was always pointed out as the negro who elected Hayes President of the United States."

I asked: "What did you think of Hayes?"

She replied that she thought he was a mighty weak man and that John Henry Jackson might have done better on a President.

I have just a dim idea of hearing the ballot box story before, but it was all hushed up and I wonder how much real history is in the old woman's story. I shall ask Mr. Spofford at the Congressional Library. They say he knows everything.

The decision for the night is always more difficult than the doing of it.

The skies are never so bright as when they have been washed by a shower.

To cultivate the soul is not to sacrifice the sense but to subdue the senses.—R. W. Horn.

Do you remember, father—  
It seems so long ago—  
The day we fished together  
Along the Pocono?  
A duck I waited for you,  
Beside the lumber mill,  
And there I heard a hidden bird,  
That chanted "Whip-poor-will."

The place was all deserted;  
The mill-wheel hung at rest;  
The lonely star of evening  
Was quivering in the west;  
The veil of night was falling;  
The winds were folded still;  
And everywhere the trembling air  
Re-echoed, "Whip-poor-will."

You seemed so long in coming,  
I felt so much alone;  
The wide, dark world was round me,  
And life was all unknown;  
The hand of sorrow touched me,  
And made my senses thrill  
With all the pain that haunts the strain  
Of mournful "whip-poor-will."

### HERE'S A BABY

Its Mother is Well.

The baby is healthy because during the period of gestation its mother used the popular and purely vegetable liniment,

### Mother's Friend

Mother's Friend is a soothing, softening, relaxing liniment, a muscle maker, invigorator and freshener. It puts new power into the back and hips of a ailing mother. It is applied externally only, there is no dosing and swallowing of nasty drugs, no inward treatment at all.

The state of the mother during gestation may influence the disposition and future of the child; that is one reason why mothers should watch their condition and avoid pain. Her health, that of the child and their lives, depend on keeping free of iron pain, worry and melancholy. Be of good cheer, strong of heart and peaceful mind. Mother's Friend can and will make you so. Bearing down pains, morning sickness, sore breast and insomnia are all relieved by this wonderful remedy. Of druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Send for our book "Motherhood" free.

THE WADSWORTH REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

### Grossmann's

#### PATENT WRITING RING.

The most important improvement of the age in the art of penmanship makes the poorest writer a splendid penman in a few weeks by the use of this ring. Endorsed by prominent College Presidents and boards of education in Europe and America. Sample doses assorted sizes sent postpaid for \$1. Single sample 25c. When ordering a single ring, state whether for man, woman or child.

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No. 119 S. 4th St., Philadelphia.  
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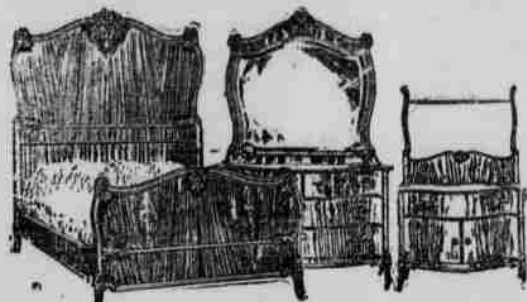
### Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

## The Petersburg Furniture Co.,

203 AND 207 N. SYCAMORE ST. PETERSBURG, VA.



### 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.

### CHILD LOVE.

When weary and worn with the struggle in seeking life's coveted prize, When clouds of despair hover round me and shut out the blue of the skies; At times when I feel so discouraged and burdened from bearing the load That seems to completely overwhelm me while struggling along the rough road, 'Tis then, for relief, that I turn me away from the world and entwine My arms 'round the one who still loves me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

What temptations can I not conquer? What battles not win, if the prize Is the love and the mute adoration that beams in my little one's eyes? With her dimpled arms thrown around me, and her baby voice in my ear, There's sunshine forever about me, and all of my doubts disappear. The beacon of hope that inspires me are the love lights that trustfully shine In the brown eyes of one who adores me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

The blossoms of spring may all wither and the birds lose their power of song, Yet life has a sweeter attraction than these to entice me along; Her smile, like the sunbeams of noonday, brings gladness and warmth and good cheer, And drives off the shadows of darkness and doubt that are hovering near— God take away from me forever the riches of earth, but enshrine The wealth of the love of my treasure—the golden-haired baby of mine.

### THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

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It seems so long ago—  
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Along the Pocono?  
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### THE SOUTH.

AS HERSONS PICTURE HER, GOING AHEAD WITH RAPID STRIDES, HER FACE TOWARD THE RISING SUN.

"The South, as it was, as it is, and as it should be," was the topic of discussion at the meeting of the Unitarian Club of New York, at the Hotel St. Denis, last evening.

The speakers were George Cary Eggleston, who spoke upon the South as it was; William H. Baldwin, Jr., who told of the South as it is; and Walter H. Page, who discussed the South as it to be. In speaking of the Old South, Mr. Eggleston, himself a Southerner, and one of Lee's veterans, said:

"It was a dear old state of society, the like of which this country will never see again. In the old South they lived for the sake of living. The old Southerner postponed all things to his happiness and honor. To be happy and to maintain his self-respect was with him the first principle of all things.

"He venerated womanhood, and for the man who felt not such veneration he had no use and no respect. He was absolutely unselfish, and was never so glad as when he was distributing among his friends and neighbors, or to the passing stranger, his large hospitalities.

"We are glad that slavery is dead; but we must not forget that it did a great deal of good, not only to the white man, but to the negro. The old-time Southerner loved the negro, and the negro appreciated it, for when the master went to the war the negro stayed on the old plantation with the loved ones and protected them.

William H. Baldwin said, in substance:

"Forgetting the terrible days of strife, and the hell of reconstruction, we may see the South to-day strong, happy, with its face toward the sunrise. The South of to-day is going ahead with rapid, and better still, its spirit is magnificent.

"The population of the South, let it be remembered, is 98 per cent old English stock. I sometimes feel that God has kept the blood of the white man of the South pure for some great and good purpose. The South is all right. There is no Southern question, any more than there is a Northern question. Stop criticizing the South. Instead, help her."

Walter H. Page, in speaking of the future of the South, saw no blood on the moon, no lion in the way.

"The South," said Mr. Page, "asks only to be given a fair chance. Her manhood has always been ready when needed. The negro question, so called, will be settled, and settled in a way that shall be best both for the white man and the negro."

—New York American.

### YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay. 50c.

### NO FEARS FOR THE BOY.

Teacher—Your son, sir, has a very high temper, I am sorry to say.

Father—I am glad to hear it, sir. If you will grind him into shape, I'll teach him to keep his temper for high purposes.—Chicago Tribune.

### A MOTHER OF COURAGE.

THE OLD LADY'S FIRST FOOTBALL GAME AND HER BOY.

She sat in the grand stand waiting for her first football game to begin. Her boy had played it ever since she could remember, and now he had made his varsity team, which was her varsity, too—her Cornell.

Two of his fraternity "brothers" sat on either side as a bodyguard to her gray hair and as a bureau of information. They were happier than they would have been with the prettiest girl they knew.

She smiled with motherly pride when she picked him out of the squad of red sweatered "huskies" which at length trotted out on the field. She wiped away a tear when a Columbia man fell across the line for a touchdown.

She uttered her prayer by muttering under her breath: "Hold 'em hard, fellows! 'Twist their necks! 'Push! 'Push!"

She explained her knowledge of these strenuous technical details by saying that her boy cried out like that when playing dream games in his sleep.

She did not faint when he tackled too hard and failed to rise, although his white face, with a streak of red blood across the forehead, was staring up at her.

"You can't hurt my boy," she said, with confidence. "He's just doing that to get wind." So it proved.

He was up and at it harder than ever within the time limit. The linebackers gained five through tackle and lost as many more yards trying to round the end. Then something happened.

A sturdy youngster shot out of the tangled clereas and dashed down the field toward the goal of the blue and white. He crossed the line after line of whitewash and finally was over the last one, the whole pack at his heels.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" cried the crowd.

"My boy did it," said the mother, and then she cried—New York Tribune.

### 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 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.

Only a small man will blame his circumstances for his size.

### DANGER OF COLDS AND GRIP.

The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case that has resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take.

For sale at W. M. Cohen's drug store, Weldon, N. C.

### SEVERE ATTACK OF GRIP.

CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

"When I had an attack of the grip last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the Enterprise, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when the coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the brief interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it would or could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were far less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu."

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

### IN THE CONSERVATORY.

He—There is something, darling, I want to tell you.

She—Oh, then, let us get away from the rubber plant. Come, tell me under the rose.—Baltimore American.

Under ordinary social and gastronomic conditions there is probably a great deal more heartburn than heartburning.—Indianapolis News.

Advise an old man to marry a woman young enough to be his daughter, and he may ask if you take him for a fool but he will not be offended.—Acheson Globe.

All enmity spring from hard-heartedness and weakness.—Seneca.

No man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.—Southey.

Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—Faber.

### LAY UP YOUR TREASURES.

NO MAN SHOULD SPEND THE WHOLE OF HIS INCOME.

Is any one too poor to save? is an important problem which the readers of a London daily are at present attempting to solve. The question is not by any means a new one. It is one which has troubled past generations, just as, in all probability, it will affect the generations yet to come. We cannot say that this latest discussion of the subject is throwing much, if any, fresh light upon it.

In the first place, there is a diversity of opinion regarding the term "poor." One man, who derives an income of \$1,350 a year from private property, fancies he comes under the category, while another does not consider any one poor who has an income of \$500 a year says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. It is manifestly impossible to fix any limit in a matter like this. Very much depends upon the locality and the conditions and surroundings of the individual. An income that would be amply sufficient to insure a family a comfortable home, excellent social advantages and a good living in a country village would mean many privations and sore discomforts in any large city.

On the whole, however, we are inclined to believe that Max O'Rell's views on the point under discussion come nearer the safe and common sense rule than anything we have seen. "I do not care," he says, "how small the income of a man is, he should never spend the whole of it, especially if he has a wife and children. He should at least save enough to pay every year the premium on a good life policy. No man is worthy of the name who does not do this, at least at the price of whatever privations he has to submit to. Some pleasure may be derived from high living, but certainly no happiness."

### THE LEGEND OF THE SACK.

YOU CAN LEARN A LESSON BY GIVING THE FOLLOWING A CAREFUL PERUSAL.

An ancient legend describes an old man traveling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten. In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day, which naturally hindered his course.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man coming slowly along, also wearing two sacks. "What have you there?" asked the old man.

"Why, my good deeds," replied number two. "I keep all these before me, and take them out and air them frequently."

"What is in the other big sack?" asked the first traveler. It seems weighty.

"Merely my mistakes I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back."

Presently the two travelers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks, one under his chin and one on his back.

"Let us see the contents of your sack," exclaimed the first two travelers.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger. "For I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack, said he pointing to the one under his chin, 'is full of good deeds of others.'"

"Your sacks look full. They must be very heavy," observed the old man.

"There you are mistaken," replied number two. "they are big, but not heavy. The weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be little use to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see that it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did that on purpose," said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see I have no weight to draw me backwards."—Exchange.

### WELDON PRISON

In your blood? Physicians say it is fatal. It can be changed red blood into white. It works dry and night. 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, purify 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.

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Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.

### CLOSING OUT SALE!

In order to make room for Spring Goods I will sell all winter clothing at cost. Call and get a good suit and overcoat at bargain prices

### P. N. STAINBACK.

## The Weldon Grocery Co.

WHOLESALE JOBBERS IN STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

We Sell Only To Merchants.

THE WELDON GROCERY CO., WELDON, N. C.

Orders Solicited. 28 1y.

### Standard Grades

Use Black Elastic Roof Paint.

Why use inferior paints when standard goods are so much cheaper in the long run.

Write to Tanner Paint & Oil Co., Box 180, RICHMOND, VA.

## L. O. ANDERSON,

DEALER IN Heavy and Fancy Groceries.

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES.

WILL BE GLAD TO SEE MY COUNTRY FRIENDS.

## The Bank of Weldon,

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under The Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1892.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA DEPOSITORY, HALIFAX COUNTY DEPOSITORY, TOWN OF WELDON DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$27,000.

For ten years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.

Cashier: W. R. SMITH.  
Vice-President: Da. J. N. RAMSAY, Seaboard, Northampton county, N. C.  
President: W. E. DANIEL.

## E. CLARK

The RELIABLE GROCER.

WELDON, N. C.

The Best of Everything kept in stock. Fresh Seasonable goods for family use. General Supplies for the Public. Full line HARDWARE.

### FINE BARS

My bar is supplied with the most choice WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES, CIGARS and TOBACCO. Polite attention and Prompt delivery. Phone 31.

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has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

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