

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

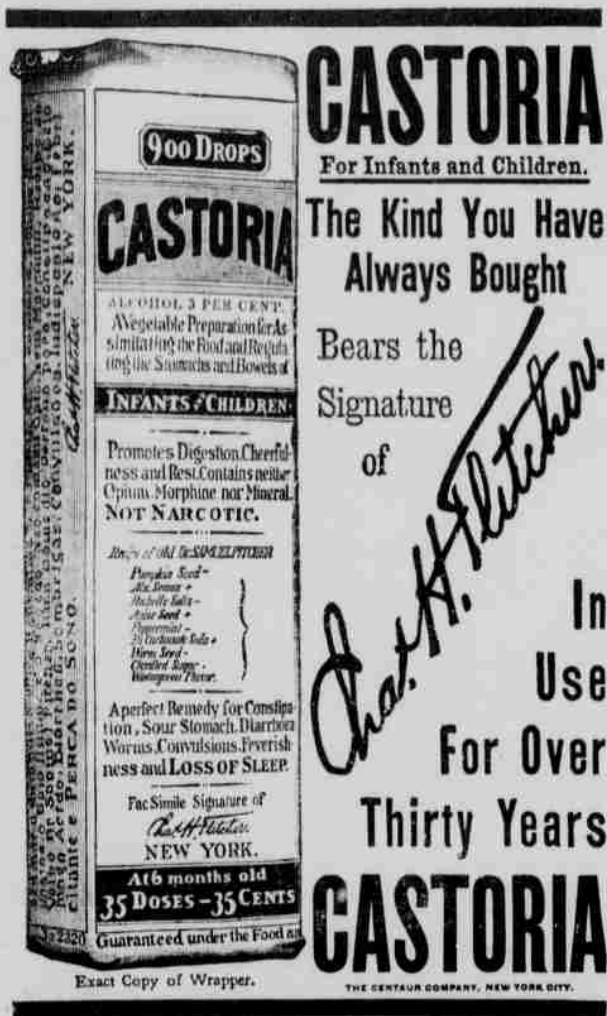
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XLIX.

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NO. 23



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hatcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation that Simulates the Food and Revives the System and Bowels of Infants and Children.
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Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hatcher* NEW YORK.
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35 DROPS—35 CENTS
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HOW THEY LIVED.

The Great War On Today Will Level Things.

[Everything.]

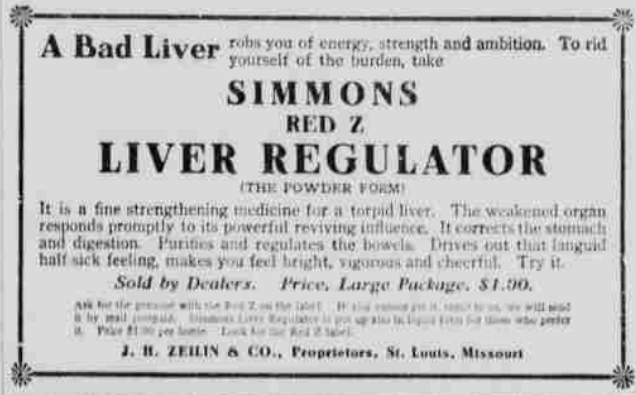
I wasn't old enough to know anything about the war between the states from actual observation—and I wasn't in the South when it happened—but I heard enough to know that when one talks about a country not having anything to eat, that that country somehow manages to get through. I have read all the books and newspapers printed during the war times—and the claim of the North was the South couldn't fight over six months. One year was the absolute limit. But somehow the South fought for four years—it may have lived on parched corn—but it lived and fought, and fought bravely.

I was living as a kid in the west in the early seventies, and I saw the fields devastated; I saw corn parched by the hot winds coming from somewhere—no one ever knew from where—and I saw grasshoppers so thick they stopped railroad trains. They actually ate the fences. They ate everything in sight and left nothing for the people. Talk about half rations—there were no rations, and yet no one starved. Finally the East heard of our misfortunes and food and clothing came as fast as railroads and stage coaches could carry it. Proud men wore second hand clothes—and proud women ate from the boxes of food that were placed in the public squares.

And I learned this from that experience. That when war comes or famine comes and the human family gets down on a common level—when they help each other and all have a common sympathy it is much easier to live—and much easier to be happier in poverty. It is a great leveler—and all stand on a common footing and all have a common purpose. The proud are proud no more—and the women who yesterday looked with contempt on the washwoman who were in her rags and poverty saw in her another person—saw in her a sister—and they were all on the same common level. I dare say I saw in that devastated and drought stricken and grasshopper devoured section of the country more happiness—genuine happiness when all these people were together in a common cause than I ever saw before or ever saw afterwards. And so the great war on today will level things. It is so stuped that it will perhaps bring down the proud and the haughty to the dust. It will be a new alignment in the whole world—and that will be worth while. In the life of a world the unit does not count. Our sacred history tells us that before this haughty have been called—cities were destroyed for their wickedness and the world was put under water because man had grown too proud. This terrible scourge now on is doubtless for the best—and those who have suffered—those who have lived through war and famine understand that the old world can maintain a war for five years even if the granaries are empty and there seems to be no food in sight.

WHAT EDITORS KNOW.
A good many editors are said to know much, says an exchange. The trouble is, they know a lot of stuff that they dare not tell. They know who drinks and they know the ladies who deviate from the straight and narrow path of rectitude, and the boys who smoke in alleys and dark places, and the girls who are out auto riding till the roosters crow for daylight. They know the fellows that are good to pay and they know the fellow who can't get trusted for a tobacco sack full of salt. They could guess at once why some fellows are as they are and they guess closely what they do to make themselves so. They know enough to make one of the red hot-est, rip snoring, high-gear'd, triple action, chain-lightning edition you ever read, but they also know it is best for the community and themselves to let the law take care of humanity's development and publish only such news as will do to read in the house. Editors generally pursue this policy and thereby live longer and get more enjoyment out of life.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



A Bad Liver robs you of energy, strength and ambition. To rid yourself of the burden, take
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It is a fine strengthening medicine for a torpid liver. The weakened organ responds promptly to its powerful reviving influence. It corrects the stomach and digestion. Purifies and regulates the bowels. Drives out that languid half-sick feeling, makes you feel bright, vigorous and cheerful. Try it.
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THE OLD FRONT PORCH.

Let me go back home at the close of day, like I always used to do, And drop down flat on the old porch mat, and sleep the evening thro, As the crickets all chirp in the near-by birch, and the cow-bells ring from the hill;

While I slumber away at the close of day, sweet sings the whip-poor-will.
Let me stretch and yawn as the night comes on, with my head upon my arm;
When the clouds in the sky come drifting by, as if drilled by magic and charm;

Let the old folks talk till their voices sound like the mumble of the old grist-mill,
While I drowse away at the close of day, to the song of the whip-poor-will.

Let me dream away at the close of day the things that I dreamt of old—Of dog and gun and loss of fun and a plunge in the ole swimmin' hole, As the houn's all bay in the hills far away, with the screech owl a screeching shrill;

Let me drift in sleep till the stars that peep shine low, on the whip-poor-will.
Let me go back home when the day is done, with the heart of a boy, I pray;
And lie down flat on the old porch mat, as I scent the new-mown hay;
Let the breezes fan my cheeks of tan, like wavelets on the rill;
As I lull in sleep, shine the stars that keep watch o'er the whip-poor-will.

Let me go back home at the close of day. For I'm tired at the close of day;
And lie down flat on the old porch mat, as the units of even' fade 'way.
Let the old folks talk as they used to talk, ere we bore them to Zion Hill;

As I dream in sleep under the stars that peep where sings the whip-poor-will.

I SHALL NOT AGAIN PASS.

The bread that giveth strength I want to give;
The pure water that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give away;
I sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

HELL IN BUSINESS.

The Dam family of the world fame is likely to lose its renown by discovery of the Hell family in the town of Farrell, built by the United States Steel Corporation. Members of the Hell family are not averse to using their name in a business way. The head of the family, Conrad Hell, an ice cream manufacturer, has signs reading "Go to Hell For Ice Cream" scattered throughout the city. Another sign reads: "Ice Cream from Hell is Guaranteed Pure and Cooling." Still another bears the inscription: "Have You Been to Hell? It's the Coolest place in Farrell."

When a stranger walks Main street he is startled by a big bill-board reading: "Hell is Here; Don't Miss the Place." A block further down the street this sign is encountered: "You Will Find Everybody There on a Hot Day; Hell is Always Open." The big sign which, however, attracts most attention is in front of Hell's place of business. It represents a young couple eating ice cream and the young woman saying to her escort, "Hell For Mine, Always."

Your Fall Cold Needs Attention
No use to fuss and try to wear it out. It will wear you out instead. Take Dr. King's New Discovery, relief follows quickly. It checks your cold and soothes your cough away. Pleasant, Antiseptic and Healing. Children like it. Get a 50c. bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and keep it in the house. "Our family Cough and Cold Doctor" writes Lewis Chamberlain, Manchester, Ohio. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"STONEWALL'S" MOST IMPORTANT ORDER.

"What Are You Doing With That Gun Up There?"

Perhaps the most important order that "Stonewall" Jackson ever issued—certainly the most vital to himself—is not in the official war records. The order was given in person by Jackson to a Northern artillery officer as he stood, in full uniform, ready for battle beside his gun, and—strangest of all—was at once executed by him, with the result that the battle was lost by the Union army.

It was on a spring morning in 1862, just before the battle of Port Republic. Jackson, in advance of his troops, with only a single escort, galloped across the bridge over the Shenandoah river into the town which stood on the east bank. Learning that the army of General Shields was still a good many miles away, and confident that his own troops would be in possession long before the enemy, he rode to a residence at the farther end of the village, where he spent nearly an hour.

But meantime the energetic Shields—whom Jackson later declared to be his most formidable opponent—had thrust forward a swift column to occupy Port Republic, seize the bridge and halt Jackson's advance. So rapidly did it move that it gained both objects without firing a shot. More than that, Jackson was a prisoner, if anyone had known it!

Jackson in utter ignorance of the disastrous change, mounted his horse and ambled down the main street to the bridge. What was his astonishment to see groups of soldiers—in blue—busily moving to and fro about the bridge-head, and throwing up entrenchments, and fortifications. Planted on a little knoll that commanded the bridge and its approaches, was a formidable field gun!

Fortunately for Jackson the recent campaigns up and down the valley had faded both blue and gray uniforms into a nondescript drab. As Jackson sat on his horse and watched the busy scene he formed his plan swiftly. He could not go back; he must cross that bridge; that was his only chance. It was the frowning field gun that he feared. He must put it out of commission long enough to get beyond its range. Throwing up his hand to attract attention, he shouted to the officer in command of the gun:

"What are you doing with that gun up there? I didn't order it there, and I don't want it there!" There was authority and petulance in his voice as he added: "Lumber up and run it over on that knob over there!"

The officer at the gun thinking that he had to deal with some superior officer recently arrived, hastened to obey without question, explaining in self-defense that he had understood his orders otherwise.

Sitting on Little Sorrel while the Federal troops worked busily about him, Jackson calmly waited until the gun was lumbering off to its new position. Then he rode quietly across the bridge, and up the other bank until he was well out of musket range. Then he turned, waved his hand to the astonished Federals, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped away from the rain of bullets that pattered harmlessly in the rear.

Had he been captured, the Confederate victory at Port Republic which he won a few hours later would not have happened; the able and energetic Shields would have defeated his troop, stunned by his loss.—*Youth's Companion.*

AS GUARANTEED.

Customer—When I bought the motorcycle didn't you say you'd supply me with any new part if I broke anything?
Motorcycle dealer—Yes. What do you wish me to let you have?
Customer—I want a pair of new ankles, a rib, three feet of cuticle, a boy of assorted finger nails, four molars and a funny bone!

What a delightful world if the rose kept its odor as long as the moth ball does!

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hatcher*

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Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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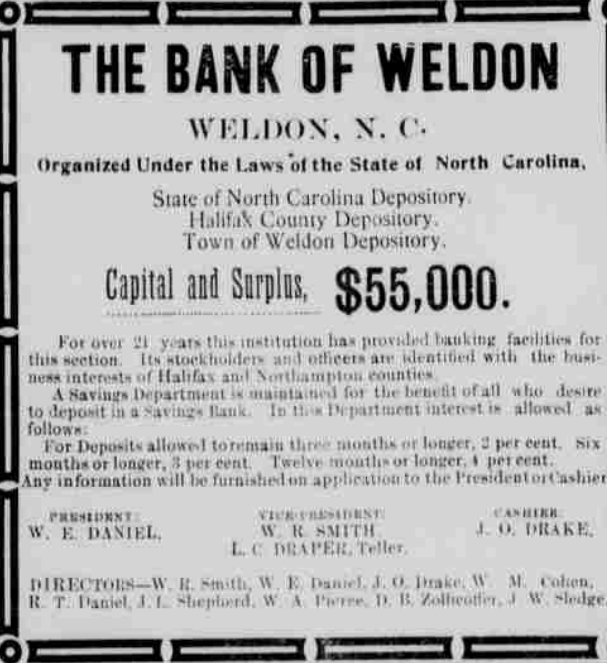
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A Savings Department is maintained for the benefit of all who desire to deposit in a savings bank. In this Department interest is allowed as follows:
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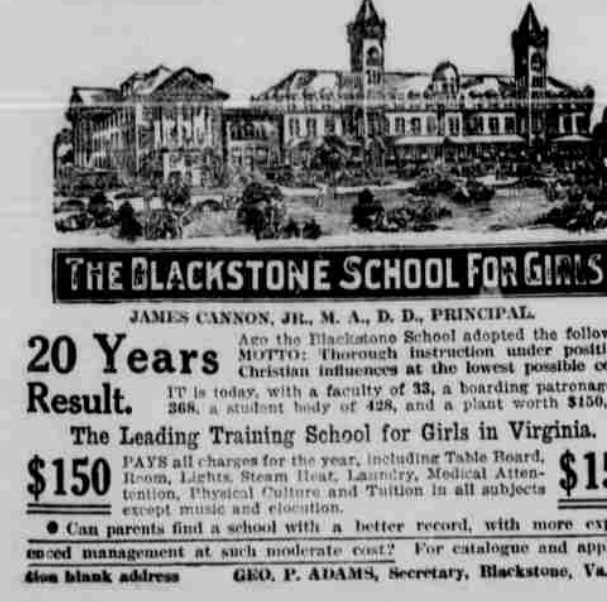


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