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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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in Men's, Ladies' and Children's, Guaranteed to last you six months. If they don't you get six pairs of hose FREE. Try a box—Men's \$1.50; Ladies \$2; Children's \$3; extra heavy at foot and knee—the only kind that will stand the children. The Shoe Store of shoe values

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My Stock is all new and of Latest Styles. If you want Bargains be sure to call during this special sale which will only last until January 1, 1910.

Respectfully,

I. J. KAPLIN, ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

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, \$43,000.

For more than 17 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. The surplus and undivided profits have reached a sum equal to the Capital Stock, the Bank has, commencing January 1, 1908, established a Savings Department allowing interest on time deposits as follows: For six months or longer, 3 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 4 per cent. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

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THE CHILDREN LIKE IT KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

THE CRISIS.

A Loving Mother Guides Her Girl at the Fateful Moment.

"Your whole future life depends upon it."

The mother, her face tinged with sympathy which we must ever feel in the presence of an immaturity that is hesitating between right and wrong, laid her hand over that of her beautiful daughter.

"Yes, dear," she continued, "into every life there comes at one time or another a supreme temptation. If the crisis is passed all is safe, but if you yield at the fatal moment you cannot retrace your steps. You are then committed to a fatal policy."

"But, mother, father says he cannot afford it."

"Exactly. Fathers from time immemorial have always said that. It is their way of imposing on youth and innocence. Go forth at once and buy the gown. Do not forget that I am with you, that I will stand back of you with all the feeble strength I can command."

So saying, the proud woman folded into her arms the weak creature, who even then, if it had not been for her timely rescue, would have been betrayed into a humiliating and shameful surrender.—Success Magazine.

ENEMIES.

A Man Who Has No Enemies Is Seldom Good for Anything.

Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way walk around regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. Live down prejudice by right doing. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk, there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and the sparks, which you do not blow will go out of themselves, and those once alienated will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

A TRUTHFUL ASSERTION.

The worst habit that boys can fall into is that of loafing around on the streets at night. It is then they cast their lot in slippery places when at any moment they are likely to fall from grace. All good and noble lessons taught by their mothers are there counteracted and nullified. They learn nothing that is good—but everything bad. The boys who spend their evenings in the sacred precincts of home with good books for their companions are the future hope of this republic; they will fill our legislative and congressional halls, and sit in judgment upon men and measures, while the boys who run the streets will fill our penitentiaries, almshouses and lunatic asylums. Parents who are responsible for these broken laws of decency will have broken hearts and bowed down heads in the awakening years that will inevitably follow.

A Wild Blizzard Raging

brings danger, suffering—often death—to thousands, who take colds, coughs and laryngitis—that terror of winter and spring. Its danger signals are "stuffed up" nostrils, lower part of the nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat gripping cough. When grip attacks, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. I. Dunn, of Pine Valley, Miss., "after being laid up three weeks with grip." For sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, its supreme. See \$1. Guaranteed by all druggists.

"I suppose you were awfully glad to welcome your husband from Europe?"

"No. He didn't smuggle a thing through for me."

Don't trifle with Kidney and Bladder trouble. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills as directed and you will at once notice satisfactory results. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are antiseptic, healing and soothing. Be sure to get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills when you ask for them. Refuse substitutes and imitations. Look for the name on the package. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

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Mr. John B. Broadwell averaged three bales of cotton per acre on his entire crop by using fertilizers at the rate of 1,000 pounds per acre. You should be able to do as well as Mr. Broadwell

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THE WORKERS' HYMN.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I have listened to the sighing of the burdened and the bound, And I have heard it change to crying, with a menace in the sound; I have seen the money getters pass unheeding on the way, And they went to forge new fetters for the people day by day.

Then the voice of Labor thundered forth its purpose and its need, And I marvelled, and I wondered, at the cold, dull ear of greed; For as chimes, in some great temple, tell the passing of the hour, So the voices of the people tell the death of purchased power.

All the gathered dust of ages God is brushing from His Book; He is opening up its pages, and He bids His children look; And in shock and conflagration, and in pestilence and strife, He is speaking to the nations of the brevity of life.

Mother Earth herself is shaken by our sorrows and our crimes; And she bids her sons awaken to the portent of the times; With her travail pains upon her, she is hurling from their place All the minions of dishonor, to admit the Coming Race.

By the voice of Justice bidden, she has torn the mask from Might, And the shameful secrets hidden she is dragging into light; And whoever wrongs his neighbor must be brought to judgment now, Though he wear the badge of Labor or a crown upon his brow.

There is growth in Revolution, if the word is understood; It is one with Evolution, up from self to brotherhood; He who utters it unheeding, bent on self or selfish gain, His own day of doom is speeding, though he toil or though he reign.

God is calling to the masses, to the peasant and the peer; He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour is near; For each rotting throne must tremble and fall broken in the dust, With the leaders who dissemble and betray the people's trust.

Still the voice of God is calling; and above the wreck I see, And beyond the gloom appalling, the great Government-to-Be. From the ruins it has risen, and my soul is overjoyed, For the school supplants the prison, and there are no unemployed.

And there are no children's faces at the spindle or the loom; They are out in sunny places, where the other sweet things bloom; God has purified the alleys, He has set the white slaves free, And they own the hills and valleys in this Government-to-Be.

VIOLETS.

THE violets again—little wet violets, and there is the clean, sweet breath of spring. One would lift his head and drink deep—taste this sweetness, this grateful freshness that is about. There is a quicker leap of life, and nature seems to stir with a kind of tenderness. There is a deeper glow on the faces of children—easier happiness on a tiny, nestling face * * * Girlhood comes to outward whiteness again—the cool, crisp sign of spring. And in all is the subtle charm of violets—little, human, tremulous things, gentle as love's whisper, pure as purity. Restful, quaint little flower, too—simple, appealing * * * Flower to lay on a baby that has died—to give a seemingly tribute to womanhood—to press against the face as easement for tired heart * * * Such a dear, peaceful flower, all alone in flower land—emblem of the world's simplest and best, and waiting to mock a false face or adorn the beauty that comes from the soul.—Isaac Erwin Avery.

Saved at Death's Door.

The door of death seemed ready to open for Murray W. Ayers, of Transit Bridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow; eyes sunken; tongue coated; emaciated from losing 40 pounds; growing weaker daily. Violent liver trouble pulling me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that marvelous medicine—Electric Bitters—cured me. I regained the 40 pounds lost and now am well and strong." For all stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme. See at all druggists.

Most women are so anxious to believe they are pretty that even their mirrors fool them.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

A precedent embalms a principle.

TOLD IN THE DOCTOR'S.

Dr. Arthur T. Holbrook is credited with the following:

A man by the name of Evans died and went to heaven. When he arrived at the pearly gates he said to St. Peter:

"Well, I'm here."

St. Peter asked him his name.

"John Evans," was the reply.

St. Peter looked through the book and shook his head.

"You don't belong here," he said.

"But I am sure I belong here," said the man.

"Wait a minute," said St. Peter. He looked again, and in a back of the book found a name.

"Sure," said the guardian of the gate, "you belong here, but you weren't expected for 20 years. Who's your doctor?"

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP.

A Mystery That the Mind is Unable to Penetrate.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottle-flies buzz at the window panes. They, too, may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some permeative thought insistently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind—not of the mind but deeper throned in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and trustworthy, a phonograph and a camera for audible and palatable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labors and awake its machinery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are non-existent to it. Yet to that hidden memory those diseased years are not blank. It knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom-bent machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious, and in death it is dead. Through all the ages it has been our sphinx, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Oedipus unto today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Asiris living in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness at least will it answer our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering somewhat of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon and trance with what terms we will, search their physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of

them than of electricity! We may begin to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul is no nearer our inquiry.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world: We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever tormented and unmazed, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, recreating what we destroy.

Black—pitch black indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the lethargic air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and no more return to the autumnal dyed skies of the dawn, and yet we shall dream.—Atlantic Monthly.

WHAT A PLANT DID.

It Was a Real as Well as a Physical Blessing.

A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their living. First, they cleaned the window, that more light might come to its leaves; then when not too cold, they would open the window that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next the clean window made the room so untidy that they used to wash the floors and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him home several evenings. After the work was done he staid at home instead of spending his leisure hours at the tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. Thus the little plant brought a real as well as a physical blessing.

LIFE.

Report by a young English school girl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and Age": "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."

Do not speak disrespectfully of the man up a tree. His wife's mother may be at the bottom of it.

Ten Doctors Said He Would Die

"In 1903 we wrote you regarding my husband, who was suffering from heart trouble. He was supernaturally by the North Georgia Conference. Ten doctors at different times said he would die. You advised Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Restorative Nervine; we did as advised, and improvement was apparent from the very first. He recovered and the Conference in 1904 gave him a charge. He never felt better, although he has very heavy work and does a great deal of camp meeting work. I am so glad we took your advice and gave him the medicine, and feel that I ought to let you know of the wonderful good results from its use."

MRS. T. S. EDWARDS, Milner, Ga.

This proves what Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy will do. Get a bottle from your druggist and take it according to directions. It does not matter whether your heart is merely weak, or you have organic trouble, if it does not benefit you take the empty bottle to your druggist and get your money back.

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has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!

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