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# VOL. XLIV.

## WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1910.

# 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 per-Char H. Flitcher: Sonal supervision since its infaucy. 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.

# What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregorie, Drops and Soothing Syreps. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotie substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhosa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.



# Get the Habit



Of coming to our store when you want the best in footwear

Our Fall Lines of Shoes

are the latest designs made by skilled shoemakers, in other words, they are classy. Let us see your foot and we will

be glad to do the rest. Also full line of

HOLEPROOF

# A Loving Mother Guides Her Girl at the Fateful Moment.

"Your whole future life depends upon it.\* The mother, her face tinged with

THE CRISIS.

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 alford in.

"Exactly. Fathers from time immemorial have always said that. it is their way of imposing on yourn and innocence. Go forth at once and buy the gown. Do no, lorget that I am with you, that I will stand back of you with all the feeble strength I can com-

mand. 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 made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A

A TRUTHFUL ASSERTION.

and noble lessons taught by their

A Wild Blizzard Raging

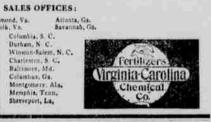
# **3 Bales of Cotton Per Acre**

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

# By Using Virginia-Carolina **Fertilizers**

Get a copy of our 1910 Farmers' Year Book or Almanac from your fertilizer dealer, or write us for a free copy. Mr. Broadwell tells in this book his own story of how he got this big yield.

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# THE WORKERS' HYMN.

### BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I have listened to the sighing of the burdened and the bound, 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 marveled, and I wondered, at the cold, duil ear of greed; For as chimes, in some great steeple, tell the passing of the hour, So the voices of the people tell the death of purchased power.

them. If they get in your way All the gathered dust of ages God is brushing from His Book: walk around regardless of their He is opening up its pages, and He bids His children look; spite. A man who has no enemies And in shock and conflagration, and in pestilence and strife, is seldom good for anything; he is 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 sterling character is one who All the minions of dishonor, to admit the Coming Race. thinks for himself, and speaks

what he thinks; he is always sure By the voice of Justice bidden, she has torn the mask from Might, to have enemies. They are as And the shameful secrets hidden she is dragging into light; necessary to him as fresh air, they And whoever wrongs his neighbor must be brought to judgment now, keep him alive and active. Live Though he wear the badge of Labor or a crown upon his brow.

down prejudice by right doing. If There is growth in Revolution, if the word is understood; they desire, and open the way for It is one with Evolution, up from self to brotherhood; you stop to dispute, you do but as He who utters it unheeding, bent on self or selfish gain, more abuse. Let the poor fellows His own day of doom is speeding, though he toil or though he reign. talk, there will be a reaction if you

perform but your duty, and the God is calling to the masses, to the peasant and the peer: sparks, which you do not blow He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour is near; will go out of themselves, and For each rotting throne must tremble and fall broken in the dust, those once alienated will flock to With the leaders who dissemble and betray the people's trust. you and acknowledge their error.

#### them than of electricity! We 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 sition uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstacies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded,

the body is abandoned, while the inner essence is 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 and dying and being reborn death I forget that 1 have en- daily, ever torpescent and unacountered it many times already and find myself none the berous deaths we call restoraworse, 1 forget that I sleep, tive sleep-sleep that restores The fly has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottleflies buzz at the window panes. is the cavern of Morpheus. They, too, may imagine them- Faith peoples it with varied leselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no ter it and drain the lethean air account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hid- with rejoicings, babbling of den, something secret, some dreams that were not dreamed unfathomed mystery whose and finally we enter for the last presence we feel, but cannot time and drain somewhat more verify; some permeative deeply the essence of costacy thought insistently moving in and awake no more and no our hearts, some phosphores- more return to the autumn cence that glows we know not dyed skies of the dawn. And whence through our shadowy yet we shall dream .- Atlantic atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of mir- It Was a Real as Well as a Physacles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the

gated in vain. It joins not in

our laughter nor our tears. We

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

and trance with what terms we

will, search their physical rea-

sons and learn to suide and

guard, yet we know no more of

may begin to suspect that tele-

we wake or sleep. We drowse

creating what we destroy.

pathy 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 inqui-

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite tors at different times said he minds should fathom the infinitude, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our losliefs 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

through existence, awaking

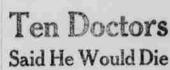
mazed, and our thousand slumour physical being, building up where we have torn down, re-Black-pitch black indeed-

gions and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enand forget, and daily we return Monthly.

WHAT A PLANT DID. ical Blessing.

soul. Visions in the night are A little plant was given to a sick not all hallucinations; voices in girl. In trying to take care of it the night are not all mocking. the family made changes in their There is a prophet dwells with- living. First, they cleaned the in the mind-not of the mind window, that more light might but deeper through in obscur- come to its leaves; then when not all too cold, they would open the winity.

The brain cannot know of dow that fresh air might help the this holy presence nor of its life plant to grow. Next the clean in sleep. The brain is mortal window made the room so untidy and trustworthy, a phonograph that they used to wash the floors and a camera for audible and and walls and arrange the furnipalable existence. Strike it a ture more neatly. This led the blow in childhood so that it father of the family to mend a ceases its labors and awake its broken chair or two, which kept machinery after forty years him home several evenings. After and it will repeat the infantile the work was done he staid at action or word it last recorded home instead of spending his leisand will take up its task on the ure hours at the tayen, and the instant, making no account of money thus saved went to buy the intermediate years. They comforts for them all. Thus the are non-existent to it. Yet to little plant brought a real as well as that hidden memory those dis- a physical blessing. eased years are not blank. It LIFE. knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And In



NO. 39

"In 1903 we wrote you regardng my husband, who was suffering from heart trouble. He was superannated by the North Georgian Conference. Ten docwould 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 wonder-ful 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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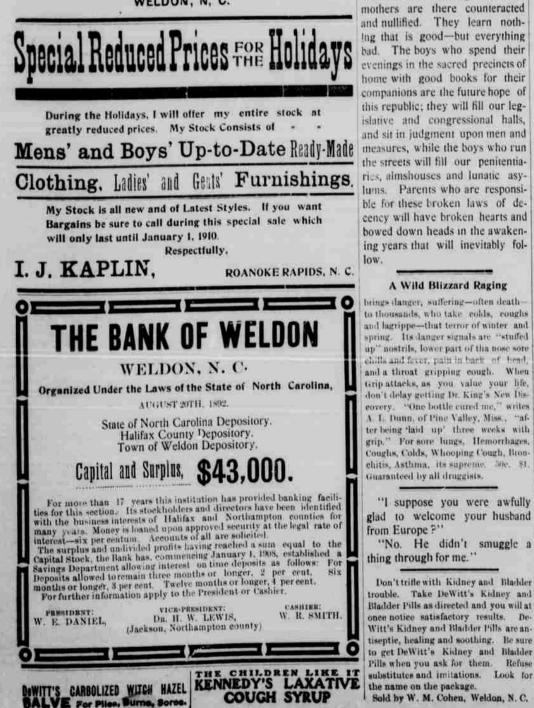
will help you. Remember that

this great female remedy

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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; Childrens \$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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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,

The worst habit that boys can For the school supplants the prison, and there are no unemployed. fall into is that of loafing around

And there are no children's faces at the spindle or the loom: on the streets at night. It is then They are out in sunny places, where the other sweet things bloom; they cast their lot in slippery places God has purified the alleys. He has set the white slaves free, when at any moment they are like-And they own the hills and valleys in this Government-to-Be. ly to fall from grace. All good

IOLET'S.

HE violets again-little wet violets, and there 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 flesh and tell of things man is a deeper glow on the faces of children-easier happiness on a tiny, nestling face \* \* \* Girlhood comes to outward whiteness againries, almshouses and lunatic asy- 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 in death it is dead. Through purity. Restful, quaint little flower, too-simple, appealing \* \* Flower to lay on a baby that has died-to give a seemly tribute to wo- sphinx, which we have interromanhood-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

#### TOLD IN THE DOCTOR'S.

The door of death seemed ready to spring. Its danger signals are "stuffed open for Murray W. Ayers, of Transit up" nostrils, lower part of tha nose sore Bridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful con and a throat gripping cough. When dition," he writes, "my skin was almost Grip attacks, as you value your life, yellow; eyes sunken; tongue coated; em don't delay getting Dr. King's New Disaciated from losing 40 pounds, growing covery. "One bottle cured me," writes weaker daily. Virulent liver trouble A. L. Dunn, of Pine Valley, Miss., "afpulling me down to death in spite of ter being 'laid up' three weeks with doctors. Then that matchless medigrip." For sore lungs, Hemorrhages, eine-Electric Bitters-eurod me. 1 re-Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bron gained the 10 pounds lost and now am chitis, Asthma, its supreme, 50c. \$1 well and strong." For all stomach liver and kidney troubles they're sune. 50c at all druggists:

Saved at Death's Door.

"I suppose you were awfully glad to welcome your husband Most women are so anxious to believe they are pretty that even "No. He didn't smuggle a their mirrors fool them.

Don't triffe with Kidney and Bladder CASTORIA trouble. Take DeWitt's Kidney and For Infants and Children. Bladder Pills as directed and you will at onee notice satisfactory results. De-The Kind You Have Always Bought Witt's Kidney and Bladder Fills are an-Bears the Char H. Flitchere tiseptic, healing and soothing. Be sure to get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills when you ask for them. Refuse substitutes and imitations. Look for A precedent embalms a princithe name on the package.

Dr. Arthur T. Holbrook is cred-

ited with the following die of our ignorance. It is As-A man by the name of Evans | iris living in us. It is the undied and went to heaven. When known God to whom we creet he arrived at the pearly gates he our altars, the fire in tabernasaid to St. Peter cle, the presence behind the

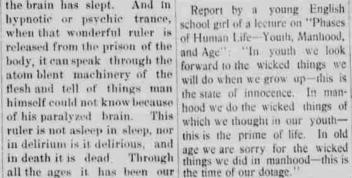
"Well, I'm here." veil. Not in normal wakeful-St. Peter asked him his name. ness at least will it answer our John Evans," was the reply. queries, but in sleep sometimes St. Peter looked through the it will speak. And it may posbook and shook his head. sibly be that at last, after all

"You don't belong here," he these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hyp-"But I am sure I belong here," notic trance and in the fearful said the man.

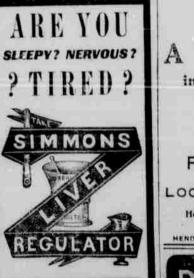
law of suggestion are discover-"Wait a minute," said St. Peter. ing somewhat of its mystery He looked again, and in a back of and how to employ it for our the book found a name. worldly good. Yet to its es-"Sure," said the guardian of sential secret we are no closer

the gate, "you belong here, but than our forefathers were, you weren's expected for 20 years. We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon



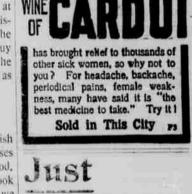


Do not speak disrespectfully of the man up a tree. His wife's mother may be at the bottom of have fancied it with immobile



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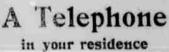
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Think!





That's All!

