THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Chart Hiltcher: Sonal supervision since its infancy.
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R. S. TRAVIS,

VOTED FOR HIS MOTHER.

It Was That Letter That Put All Doubt Aside.

There lives in a Western State an humble old lady whose interest in politics is confined to the single fact that her son was elected a number of years ago a member of the Legislature, and has several times been re-elected. What he has actually done in the Legislature she does not know. She has no doubt that he has done all that a good boy, grown to be a great man, ought to have done or could do; and one good thing, at least, he did to justify her confidence.

When the Legislature assembled in the autumn of 1906, the son visited his mother and chided her good naturedly for not reading the speeches he had sent her. She had saved them all, and knew just where they were; but she confessed that she had not been able to read them all, nor to understand very well what she had read.

101

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"But you're going to make a speech this year that I shall read, every word, she

"Tell me which one that is and I'll sure to make it," said

"It's the one on the anti-saloon bill," said she.

'Oh; that one!" he said, somewhat confusedly.

"Yes, I know it will be a good one. My boy, you know what liquor did for our home years ago. I have prayed all these years that my son might grow up to save other boys from his father's fate. And this is your opportunity. I know you will be true to it."

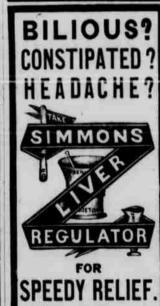
The son had expected to speak on the bill, but on the other side; and he never had doubted nor his political friends, which way he would vote. But the weeks went by, and the fate of the bill hung in the balance, and he kept his own counsel.

"I know why you are waiting," wrote his mother. "You are waiting to make your speech when the great fight comes. God bless you, my boy! I am praying for you. How proud I am of you!"

It was that letter that put all doubt aside. When the lines began to tighten and a deadlock was threatening, he first voted on an amendment which forecasted his final action. That vote brought surprise to the friends of temperance and discouragement to the friends of the liquor cause.

And when the bill came up on its third reading, he spoke. He did not see the members of the house, but he saw an old woman reading his speech through spectacles that required frequent wiping, and it was a speech that carried conviction.

The vote was so close that any one of a dozen things might have turned the scale; but among the stories told in the committee rooms, after the hill became a law under which several hundred saloons were obliged to close, is that here re-lated. It is the true story of the way a mother's prayers and confidence had their decisive influence in the making of a law .- Youth's Companion.



Nearly Everybody SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

A MASQUERADE.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A little old woman before me Went slowly down the street, Walking as if aweary Were her feeble tottering feet.

From under the old poke-bonner I caught a glimpse of snow, And her waving cap-string floated Like a pennon to and fro.

In the folds of her musty mantle Sudden her footstep caught, And I sprang to keep her from falling With a touch as quick as thought.

When, under the old poke-bonner, I saw a winsome face. Framed in with the flaxen ringlets Of my wee daughter Grace.

Mantle and cap together Dropped off at my feet, And there stood the little fairy, Beautiful, blushing, sweet!

Will it be like this, I wonder, When at last we come to stand On the golden, gleaming pavement Of the blessed, blessed land?

Losing the rusty garments We wore in the years Time, Shall our better selves spring backward Serene in youth sublime?

Instead of the shapes that hid us, And made us old and gray, Shall we get our child-hearts back again, With a brightness that will stay

I thought-and my little daughter Slipped her hand in mine; "I was only playing," she whispered "That I was ninety-nine.

It seemeth such a little way to me Across to that strange country, the Beyond; And yet not strange, for it has grown to be The home of those of whom I am so fond, They make it seem familiar, and most dear,

So close it lies that when my sight is clear I seem to see the gleaming of that strand; I know I feel those who have gone from here Some near enough to even touch my hand,

As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

I often think but for our veiled eyes, We would find Heaven right round about us lies. I cannot make it seem a day to dread When from this dear earth, I shall journey out,

To that still dearer country of the dead, .And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about I love this world yet I shall love to go And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above the bier and see The seal of death set on some well-loved face, But that I think-One more to welcome me

When I shall cross the intervening space Between this land, and that one Over There: One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.

And so to me, there is no sting to death, And so the grave has lost its victory, It is but crossing, with suspended breath, And white, set face, a little strip of sea, To find the loved ones on the other shore, More beautiful, more precious than before

The Tenderest Memories of Southern Youth Attach to Her.

During the later '80's Antoine Hervies, a correspondent of one of the Parisian papers, reported a phenomenon which he had observed in that part of the United States, which lies below Mason and Dixon's line. He referred to the attitude of the Southern whites toward the negro.

It seemed to surprise him greatly that, irrespective of sex, white people were courteous, even affectionate, toward the middle-aged and old negro women, while they treated with ill-concealed contempt the young negress, especially if she had any aspirations or the direction of chic. He did not find the same wide variance in the treatment accorded to the black male who was neither regarded so highly or so lightly as were

his women tolk. The condition has surprised other superficial observers, but the Southerner finds in it nothing strange. "Mammy" is more than an incident of the Southland. She is an institution. The tenderest memories of Southern youth attach to her. Men and women who are approaching the period of sere and yellow recall the unfailing love and gentle care which their black mammies gave to them.

Parents at times might be harsh or peevish; the faults of the child might, to its natural guardians, appear to merit rebuke or punishment, but "mammy," with no responsibility for the future, was blind to transgressions, and ever ready with sympathy for the little sinner.

The big, kindly, black face has been the recipient of countless kisses, of countless tears. The protecting and consoling black arms have held | Fever Sones, Burns | Sealds, Cuts and | to the sympathetic black bosom legions of little ones who, growing up, did not lose their sense of gratitude for the loving care, nor can they

So the Southern white folk naturally feel deferential toward the negro woman who is advancing in years; and the depth of this feeling is a fair test of the character of the white people. The few who disregard 'mammy" are apt to be, themselves, unworthy. Those who hold her in highest esteem are, themselves, most estimable.

It is, however, a mistake to assume that the young negress is held in contempt. She is judged by her actions. She must make her place. No memories belong to her. If she is worthy, she will gain respect; if unworthy, she will be contemned.

So far as the male negro is concearned, all of the best people of the South take a kindly interest in him and wish him well. He has done much for himself and with himself since he became free, and the South

is glad of it. Unlike "mammy," he has no place in the Southern home; but he is an appreciated part of the industrial life of the section, he is a necessity for the prosperity of the South.

It is a mistake to assume that the South is prejudiced against the negro. The reverse is true. The negro may have to make good before he is accepted, but he never comes as a stranger; he has no antiphathy to overcome. The man who "naturally hates a nigger" is a negligible element of the population, too small numerically to arouse opposition and too small THE EXPLOIT THAT COUNTED. mentally to evoke contempt.

KENTUCKY CHIVALRY.

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The Colonel's Gallantry to Ladies they said. Caused Him a Good Scare

For once in his life a Kentucky colonel found himself in a queer politeness extended previously to of his State, Past Commander ed. Shackelford, of Kentucky, was the quarter hour.

Answering a telephone call at the Congress horel, he heard a sweet voice saying:

"Oh, Colonel Shackelford, I am going away this afternoon. You are going to say good-by to me, aren't you?"

"I certainly am," replied Col. Shackelford, "though I am most sorry to hear that you are going away. (Who in thunder can this asked. You remember me, don't you?

"Indeed, it would be quite impossible to forget you. (Ye gods! Who is she? Help, help!)" "You know you said that I was lunch." Buffalo Express.

the most charming girl you had mer in Chicago.

friends in the parlor in half an at all drongists hour, and I shall hope to see you. Now, don't forget. Good-by." "Good-by. I shall be there.

First he importuned some other tionist has invented the "Roose-Kentuckians, after pledging them velt cocktail" and given the recipe: to secrecy, but they could not help him, and one said:

"Why, Shackelford, you said the same thing to a dozen women (France)

at the reception. So at the appointed time Colonel Shackelford went forth to the par-

lor, and when he returned his face mouth. was wreathed in smiles.

"How about it?" was the anx- gin ious query.

Masonic fraternity, and as a Southern gentleman-let us talk about the weather." Then he smiled some more.-From Chicago Examiner

GOING SOME

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and instandy killed, says the Literary Digest. The negro reporter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer. "Two shots, sah," the negro re

"Bout like dis way," explained

first shot was fired ?" "Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de Herald. basement of de hotel."

'Where were you when the second shot was fired?" 'Ah was a passin' de Big Fo'

It Saved His Leg. "All thought I'd lose my leg," writes

J. A. Swensen, of Watertown, Wis. "Ten years of cenema, that in doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it, sound and well." Infallible for Skin Eruptions, Eggema, Salt Rheum, Boils, Piles. 25c. at all druggists:

SOMETHING ELSE

Algy-Your sister is a long time making up her mind to come down, Freddy.

Freddy-Oh, it's not that, Algy-Not what? Freddy-Not her mind she's making up. - St. Louis Chroni-

Childre .. Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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BANK OF ENFIELD.

came home sopping wet. "We jumped in after a lady,"

Then one of the pair showed his mother a five dollar bill that

the woman had given him. "She gimme that," said he, "bepredicament because of his courtly cause I saved her pocket book."

man who suffered the unhappy save anything but the lady."-New

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S

ARCHIE'S YOUNG BRIDE.

ing to the ice man.

"And I never retract anything I we are never found where-stomach, Lev say. I was sure of it when I said or, holices and flowels are out of a ii. I am surer of it now. (Suy, ther. If you want these qualities an

> A New York cocktail concoc-One-half jigger San Juan rum

(Cuba.)

One-quarter jigger Italian ver-



After drinking, one probably the negro clapping his hands with loads his 10-bore and prepares to an interval of about a second be- stand off lions and pink camels. It sounds to a tectotler as though it Where were you when the would bring the jungle right in at the front door.-Boston Globe-

> Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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D. H. HILL, President,

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ENFIELD, N. C.

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Two Staten Island youngers

"And didn't she give you anya young woman at the reception thing?" said their mother to the tendered by the Knights Templar other boy. "I thought you help-

> "I did," said he, "but I didn't York Press.

CASTORIA

The new bride was telephon-

'How much do you want?" he

"Oh-" and she stopped to "Oh-" and she stopped to think. "A piece about ten inches long and four wide; just enough to keep this dear little steak till Archie comes home to

A Man of Iron Nerve.

Indomitable will and tremendous enthe success they bring, use Dr. King. Well, I expect to meet some for hown brain and strong body to New Life Fills, the matchless regulator

A ROOSEVELT DRINK.

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One-quarter jigger London dry



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We have on hand several consignyments of the latest in wood. Wash and Princess ladies Suits. Rather than return these suits our headquarters decided to pot them on sale at half price for cash only. \$15 Suits \$7.50. Princess, white and all other colors \$5 to \$7. new \$2.50 to \$2. Wash Court Suits \$4 to \$5, now \$2.50 to \$5. Wash Court Suits \$4 to \$5, now \$1.98 to \$3. \$4 to \$5 Net Waist reduced \$1.50 to \$2.50 Black and colored sith Potticoats \$4 to \$6 now \$2.88 to \$0.75. Voile Skirts \$0 to \$8 now \$5.50 to \$4.50 to \$0.000 vards have and embroiders to close out at half pince. The to \$1 Messaline siths, all colors, now 50 to \$5 Messaline siths, all colors, now 50 to 75c. 5 and 6c calcoos 8) to 4c.
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at and below cost.

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