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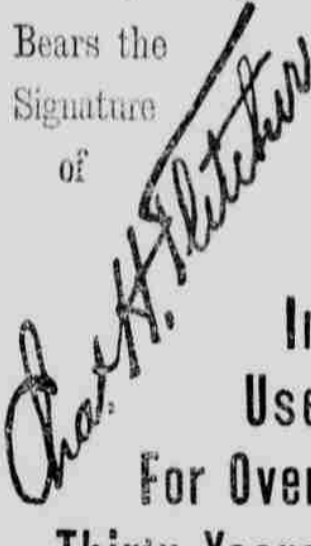
WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1911.

NO. 13

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL FREE

NEW YORK

THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

Tell Me What Led You to Want to Be a Christian?

One winter, several years ago, there was a good deal of religious interest in a certain western town, and among those who joined the church was Allie Forsyth, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow and had removed, four years before, from their home in Vermont to this town in Wisconsin.

On the evening of the Sabbath when he joined the church, Allie was sitting in the twilight with his mother, and she said to him:

"Allie, tell me what led you to want to be a Christian? Was it your home teaching, your lesson in the Sunday school, the regular preaching of the pastor, or has it all come through the influence of the revival meetings?"

Looking up at his mother's face he replied: "Mamma, it was none of these. But do you remember when we were coming from St. Albans to live here, that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me fill the conductor, whom you knew, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that it would be just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you?"

His mother assured him that she remembered the circumstances very well.

"Then," continued Allie, "you allowed me to ride on the engine where I was to stay till you or the conductor came for me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, and then got up and started his locomotive. I asked him many questions about its different parts, and about places, and things which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again just a moment before we started. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing, and finally after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me very earnestly, and said:

"My little lad, do you ever pray?"

"I replied, Oh, yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening."

"Well, my dear boy," said he, "when I knelt down I pray God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are perhaps, two hundred lives on this man entrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little failure to do all my duty, a little neglect, a little inattention to signals, might send all, or many, of those two hundred souls into eternity. So at every station I kneel for just a short while, ask the Master to help me, and to keep from all harm till we get to the next station, the many lives he has put in my hands. All the years I have been on this engine he has helped me, and not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I never had an accident."

"I have never before mentioned what I did or said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian, too."

For four years the life and words of that praying engineer had been constantly present with this lad and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Parson's Poem a Cem.

From Rev. H. Stubbins, Allison, Ia. in praise of Dr. King's New Life Pills. "They're such a health necessity, in every home these pills should be. If other kinds you've tried in vain, USE DR. KING'S and be well again. Only 50c. at all druggists."

Escaped With His Life.

"Twenty-one years ago I lived an awful death," writes H. B. Martin, Port Harrison, S. C. "Doctors said I had consumption and the dreadful cough I had looked like a man enough. I tried everything, I could bear of, for my cough, and was under the best doctor in Georgetown, S. C., for a year, but could get no relief. A friend advised me to try Dr. King's New Discovery. I did so, and was completely cured. I feel that I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure." Its positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, and all bronchial affections. 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free at all druggists.



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If you grow peanuts you can't afford not to own a Benthall Peanut Picker. The machine will pay for itself this season.

You need not use your hands and do it better. You can do it with the Benthall. You get your crop off in one day—get it off in one day. It is a great saving of labor and money. It is a great saving of labor and money. It is a great saving of labor and money.

Write now for our FREE booklet "How the Benthall Pays for Itself."

Benthall Machine Company, Suffolk, Virginia

WHEN THE COLD DAYS COME.

We use to rail at winter, with its ice, an' sleer and snow. An' heave a sigh for summer when we heard the blizzard blow. But now we've thought it over, an' the growlers they are dumb, An' we'll all shout halloo when the

Cold Days Come!

Fact is, we're fond o' blizzards, fer sartainly they bear The burnin' breath o' summer, when the skies are cracked with heat! We allus favored scicles, (would give the worl' fer some!) An' we'll all shout halloo when the

Cold Days Come!

Oh, come along, gray-winter, an' wrap the worl' in white! We'll tune the fiddles for you where the fire's burnin' bright. We use to call you cruel, but the growlers now are dumb, An' we'll have a jubilation when the

Cold Days Come!

WHAT SHE BROUGHT ME.

Soft tenderness from eyes that never frown. But charm with pleading as they look away. Whose gaze bestows me with a royal crown. Yet makes me self within their range of gray.

A holy presence, when she moved about The room or garden somehow Gladness bent And gilded all the landscape, in and out. And made me worship like a penitent.

At eventide, when she was wont to sing, A touch of Heaven hung about the room, A symphony, like some immortal thing. In all the mystic gloaming seemed to bloom.

And in the night time, when she knelt to pray And bowed her head upon the table there, Then every doubt within me passed away, She and her God to me alone were fair.

What did she bring? Ask at the golden gate. What Heaven brings to those who enter in. She brought the best that comes to those who wait. She brought me Love, to God the nearest kin.

WHEN LIFE IS DONE.

Sweetheart, when all the ways are trod. And green earth fades from view— When my starved eyes shall look to God I shall look back to you!

Sweetheart, if ever heavenly place Be given as life's due; Lonely and lost in all its grace I shall look back to you!

Still shall I breathe, the earth-sweet breath, Though far from mortal view, Beat down the iron gates of Death, Sweetheart, and come to you.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The new firemen was telling his wife about the fire. "It broke out at midnight in the Von Biffer's house on the Avenue," he said, "and just as we got there—Miss Von Biffer came stumbling out of the flames and smoke, carrying her little niece all wrapped up in her arms. It was the bravest act I ever saw."

"What was she wearing?" inquired the fireman's wife.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man's idea of a charitable woman is one who doesn't hand him lemons.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ESKIMO WIDOWERS.

Six Weeks is the Limit They Will Wait Before Remarrying

In civilization it is said that a wife does not always add to her husband's ease or render his life supportable, but up on the barren grounds the worst of wives would be better than none.

There among the heathen tribes, if a man's wife dies—provided he is not a polygamist, in which case, says the Wide World, there is less need for hurry—he often marries again within the week.

Even the Christian Eskimo widowers are with difficulty persuaded by the Moravian missionaries to allow six weeks to elapse between the death and remarriage. On the very day after the six weeks have lapsed the hunter presents himself with a new bride and asks that the marriage service may be speedily read.

The reason is not far to seek. It is said in civilization that a 'woman's work is never done,' and far more is that true of the helpmate of the savage and the semi-savage, the woman of the barren grounds or of the ice ridge. She makes and breaks camp, cooks, cuts up and carries to camp her husband's kill. She dresses the skin of deer and seal.

She is responsible for the fashioning of footgear and clothes. On a journey she often paddles the canoe, and on portage she carries a heavy load. In fact, it is easier to write down the duties not expected of a squaw than those which by nomenclature custom she must perform.

A MOTHER'S GUIDANCE.

"I Shall Make The Harbor For I Am Steering by My Mother's Light"

A story is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lit a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window.

"It won't do any good, mother," the son called after. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it, and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said. "We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, although we did not know what it was out there.

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor, and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept. "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."—Homiletic Review.

10 MORE FOR GOOD MEASURE.

A well-meaning Washington florist was the cause of much embarrassment to a young man who was in love with a rich and beautiful girl.

It appears that one afternoon she informed the young man that the next day would be her birthday, whereupon the suitor remarked that he would the next morning send her some roses, one rose for each year.

That night he wrote a note to his florist, ordering the delivery of 20 roses for the young woman. The florist himself filled the order, and, thinking to improve on it, said to his clerk:

"Here is an order from young Jones for 20 roses. He's one of my best customers so I'll throw in 10 more for good measure."—Lippincott.

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD. Mrs. Wagoner's beautiful baby has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING WITH COLIC, SOFTENING THE STOMACH, ALWAYS OF TAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wagoner's" and take no other kind. A 50c. bottle makes a full trial.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

I Am Rising, I Know, Toward the Sky—The Sunshine Is On My Head.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, satire, ode, song. I feel I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the one-thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like so many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I have the world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

"THE BOY FOR ME."

The gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty came to see him. Out of the whole number he selected one, and missed the rest.

"I would like to know," said a friend, "why you picked out that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman. "He had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful."

"He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful and kind. He took off his cap, and answered my questions promptly showing that he was gentlemanly."

"He picked up a book I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, and he waited quietly for his turn instead of pushing and crowding, showing he was honorable and orderly."

"When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, and his hair in order; when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean."

"Don't you call those little things recommendations? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes than for all the letters he can bring.—Exchange

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Onyx"

Famous Hosiery

Men, for Women and Children. Gauze Lisle and Silk Lisle from 25c. and 50c.

PURE SILKS from 50c. to \$1.00. In stock at the

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Take One Pill, then—Take It Easy.

Take What Pill? Why, a Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pill.

of course. Good for all kinds of pain. Used to relieve Neuralgia, Headache, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Kidney Pains, Lumbago, Locomotor Ataxia, Backache, Stomachache, Periodical Pains of Women, and for pain in any part of the body.

"I have used Dr. Miles' medicines for over 12 years and find them excellent. I keep Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills in the house all the time and would not think of taking a journey without them, no matter how short a distance I am going. I cannot praise them enough."

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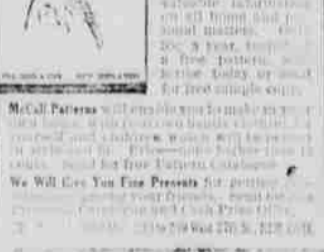
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Splendid Post Office Equipment.

I HAVE for sale a splendid equipment for a post office in a town of from 1000 to 1500 inhabitants, including

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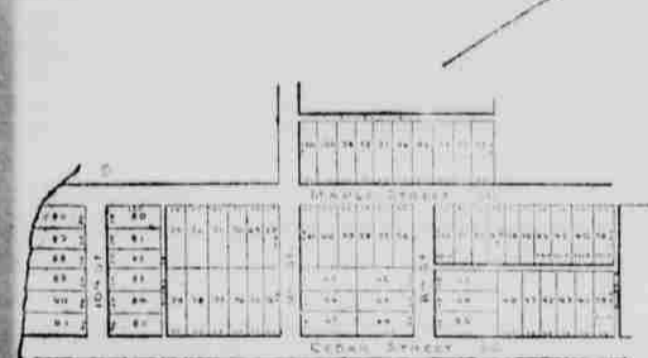
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THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

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State of North Carolina Depository. Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$47,000.

For more than 18 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 having 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 deposits allowed to remain three months or longer, 2 per cent. Six months or longer, 4 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 4 per cent.

For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

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