

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum

VOL. XLVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913.

NO. 13

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.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK CITY.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

The Standard Railroad of the South



Ramifies the Nation's Garden Spot.

Wrightsville

BEACH IS CALLING YOU. To Wilmington, tickets on sale Saturdays and for weekend trains Sundays, limited to reach Weldon returning Tuesday midnight following date of sale. Via ATLANTIC COAST LINE, "the standard railway of the south." C. E. CARTER, Ticket Agent.

W. J. CRAIG, P. T. M. T. C. WHITE, G. P. A. WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina, State of North Carolina Depository, Halifax County Depository, Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$53,000.

For nearly 20 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers are identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties. 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: For Deposits allowed to remain three months or longer, 2 per cent. Six months or longer, 3 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 4 per cent. Any information will be furnished on application to the President or Cashier.

President: W. E. DANIEL, Vice-President: W. R. SMITH, Cashier: J. O. DRAKE, L. E. DRAPER, Teller.

Directors: W. B. Smith, W. E. Daniel, J. O. Drake, W. M. Cohen, A. C. House, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zollinger, J. W. Sledge.

Dixon & Poole Manufacturing Company

MANUFACTURERS OF

Building Material for Modern Homes, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mantels, Door and Window Screens

MADE TO ORDER AND REGULAR STOCK SIZES.

Good Materials, High Grade Workmanship Our Slogan.

Weldon, N. C.

NORTHAMPTON & HERTFORD RAILWAY CO.

READ DOWN IN EFFECT APRIL 1, 1911

No. 1 (No. 3, No. 5)	No. 2 (No. 4, No. 6)
8:30 12:15 3:35	11:15 3:00 5:55
9:00 12:45 4:05	10:45 2:30 5:25
9:15 1:00 4:20	10:30 2:15 5:10

W. W. ROBERTSON, General Manager

NOTE: Nowfield via Flag Station General Manager's Office, Weldon, N. C., March 27th, 1911

A Penny for your Thoughts

A TRUE STORY.

LOTTA did not know what a pretty picture she made standing in the door of her father's shop, with the blossoms banked behind her, and the feathery palms framing her fresh young girlhood. Her face was bright with joyous hope, for her father had just consented to let her go on with her lessons in vocal music.

They were very expensive lessons, and it required some self-denial to meet the demand; but old man Craig had a long head, and he realized that this was the best provision he could make for his girl's future. He had no fortune to leave her; but experts in the musical line had assured him that Charlotte's voice, though not worth a fortune, would make her easily self-supporting, if properly trained.

It was not a great voice, not suited for opera, these musicians told him, and the old Scotchman promptly snubbed the suggestion; his daughter should never sing on a stage, he declared, no matter what sort of a voice she had. But a concert was different, and as a teacher he would gladly see her make an honest living. "But you must be verra careful, daughtie," the father had just said to her, as she was leaving his flower shop to go to her music teacher; "music is a bonny wark, but it's mony a temptation to be giddy ye'll find along wi' it; ye maun keep yoursel' wi' deegnyty and no show any boldness or forwardness." And then to this lesson of high morality the old Scotchman added a shrewd caution: "Ye maun show yourself a leddy, gin ye wad hae leddies to trust you wi' their bits o' lasses."

"Yes, father," laughed pretty Lotta, "I'll keep a ramrod down my back, never fear!" Then she stepped out to the street and closed the shop door behind her.

A sound of discordant music made her wince; she would rather be slapped in the face than listen to discord. Searching for its source, her eyes fell upon a pathetic sight, a crippled veteran, supporting himself on a crutch, was playing on a battered violin, much in need of tuning. Lotta stood waiting until he had finished "I'll Give a Penny for Your Thoughts," and then she stepped up to put a tiny bit of money in his cup. Lotta's money was only in small bits, and not many of them; this nickel meant that she would walk several hurried miles, instead of taking a car. The nickel echoed in an empty cup. "You have not been lucky today, captain," she said, in a gentle, sympathetic voice.

"No, lady," said the old soldier, in a discouraged tone; "I can't play anything but old-fashioned tunes, and nobody cares to listen to me."

A sudden impulse was born in Lotta's tender heart. "I could gain him enough to let him take a day's holiday, perhaps," her face flushed like the dawn, and she stepped forward; would this act tell against her? Would it make her desired patrons think she was no "leddy?" The girl shrank back from her own impulse, and inherited caution pulled in the same direction. "Father might not like it," she said to herself, excusing her cowardliness; "it might cost me my chance to be a singer."

She started to walk on, but the sight of the faded uniform, the crippled leg, the sad, old face held her. "This is my chance to sing in a great cause," she thought, and her heart leaped up. "What did God give me a voice for? I will use it for this poor child of His, and if I lose my career, I lose it!"

"Here, captain!" The old man was about to put his violin up and move on, but the fresh, hearty young voice arrested him. "Play that last thing again," said Lotta, "and we'll make people listen, and give, too."

The old man obeyed, he hardly knew why; he played the introductory bars, and a joyous surprise flooded his whole withered body, as a high, flute-like soprano arose and soared above the noise of the street, on the simple words of "I'll Give a Penny For Your Thoughts." He quite forgot that it was for money this beautiful young woman was singing, and that the money was for him; he simply rejoiced in his musical old soul at being a partner in this heavenly melody, and he played worthily, with new skill and spirit.

Lotta herself felt the joy of creating such sounds; she recognized the new throb in the battered old violin, the new skill in the battered fingers, and threw her whole gift into the performance. She realized that she had never sung so well before.

When the song was ended, she and the old musician came back to earth with a slight jar. There was an enthusiastic crowd around them, applauding and pouring nickels and dimes into the old man's cup until it ran over. But the performance was not ended. "Let me have a try, father," said a deep, rich voice from the edge of the crowd. Lotta started violently, and turned as red as a rose with agitation. This—wonder of wonders—was the great Herr Moxel himself, her renowned master of vocal music! What was he thinking of her?

Not anything hard, evidently. The ever increasing crowd gave way before him as he passed through and stood between the old musician and the radiant young singer. Taking the old violin in his fine, shapely hands, he bowed to Lotta: "Now, Miss Craig," he said, "we will give them an encore," and he played the prelude of "The Rosary," which the girl sang with tender pathos and feeling, and great richness of expression. The listeners fairly held their breath, to catch every tone of the silver flute-like voice.

In the storm of applause that followed, Lotta slipped away, but not until she had seen the famous Herr passing, bareheaded, among the people, collecting, in his soft felt hat, what would seem like wealth and ease and comfort for the old street musician.

And yet another surprise marked the day for our young singer; for on the outskirts of the throng she ran against her father, stopped short, gasping. But instead of the reproof she looked for, "Eb, lass," was all he said, "the good God has seen fit to gie thee a heart o' gold, to match the silver voice o' ye."—Elizabeth Preston Allan, in the Advance.

The King of All Laxatives

For constipation, headaches, indigestion and dyspepsia, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Paul Mathalka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says they are the "King of all the laxatives. They are a blessing to all my family and I always keep a box at home." Get a box and get well. Price 25c. Recommended by all druggists.

PROOF.

Knicker—How do you know Jones is married? Bocker—When he buttonholes you he tries to do it up the back.—New York Sun.

ONE BETTER.

Marjorie—We have acolytes in our church. Little Mabel—That's nothing; we have electric lights in ours.—Boston Transcript.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Of two evils it is better to side-track them both.

MARSE PAGE GOES TO GO'TE.

These verses by Robert Bridges were read at a dinner of the Lotus Club in New York, in honor of Thomas Nelson Page shortly before he left this country as ambassador to Italy.

"Sarvent Marster! Is dis de co'te
Whar my Marse Tom is bleeged to go,
Warin' short pants and his best coat—
Lookin' mighty gran, I tell you so?
Pou'd know? 'Bassadur, he is—
Bigger'n President, so it is!"

"Golly boy, is you de King
Warin' all dat lace an' gol'
Powder'head, an' big brass ring,
And stuffed wid all de pride you'll hol'?
Well, I 'clar' ter Gord! A sarvin' man!
And I done think you royal and gran!"

Yes, suh, I'se Unc' Gabe, Marse Page's man,
I raise dat chile, an' hol' his han'
And tuk him to school, an' writ his books
And brung him up to min' his looks.
Dey ain' nuffin' dat boy knows
I ain' put on 'im wid his clo'es.

All de folks he writ about
Were 'zackly as I foun' 'em out:
Gordon Keith, Meh Lady, an' Marse Chan,
Doctor Cary and dat nigger Sam,
Miss Polly and Jacquelin Gray
Were fren's o' mine, an' people say
Dat Marse Tom wou'dn' 'a' got to co'te
Ef he didn't write 'em down jes ez I tho't.

"Dar's de King? He su' 'enly is quality!
You tell dar King Marse Tom's as good ez he,
D' ain' nuffin' Ole Ferginier, I know,
Better'n our folks is—jes so!
An' w'en America wants her bes'
Ole Ferginier leads all de res'—
De President, Marse Tom an' me
Is jes a few de quality.
Bow yo' haid, you onnery cuss—
Dat's Marse Tom a 'lookin' at us!"

WHAT THE APPLE TREE KNOWS.

The apple tree down by the brook,
Down in the meadow fair,
Could tell some secrets, if it would,
Of things that happened there.

For, once—nor was it long ago—
Its spreading branches made—
'Twas on an August afternoon—
A deep, inviting shade.

And thither to that kind retreat,
Down in the meadow fair,
Two lovers strolled—a manly youth
And maid with sunny hair.

A zephyr lured by prospect fair
His heated brow then seeks,
And takes the liberty, forsooth,
To kiss the maiden's cheeks.

A lonely bird on topmost branch
Then caroled from his spray:
His notes were soft, inspiring strain,
And Love was there that day.

The lovers sat in pleasant shade,
Met th' dark th' sunny hair,
While Cupid wove his subtle net
To catch that August pair.

"Now, kiss me, darling, if it's yes!"
He would not be remiss,
And on his cheek with ruby lips
She planted fair a kiss.

And this is what the apple tree
Down in the meadow knows;
But 'will not give the secret out
To ev'ry wind that blows.

THE PORTRAIT FAKIR

A motor stopped in front of the photographer's, says the New York Times, and a woman lacking none of the artificial accessories deemed necessary to "looks" entered the studio.

Two days later the photographer submitted proofs for her approval.

"Not one of those pictures looks anything like me," the woman insisted.

The photographer tried in every way to pacify her, but finding this an impossibility, lost control of his temper.

"Madame!" he exclaimed, "did you read my sign?"

"Yes."

"Well, it does not say, 'cleaning, dyeing and remodeling.' It says 'Portraits.'"

Rid Your Children of Worms

You can change fretful, ill-tempered children into healthy, happy youngsters by ridding them of worms. Tossing, rolling, grinding of teeth, crying out while asleep, accompanied by intense thirst, pains in the stomach and bowels, feverishness and bad breath, are symptoms that indicate worms. Kickapoo Worm Killer, a pleasant candy lozenge, expels the worms, regulates the bowels, restores your children to health and happiness. Mrs. J. A. Bristol, of Elgin, Ill., says: "I have used Kickapoo Worm Killer for years, and entirely rid my children of worms. I would not be without it." Guaranteed. All drug gists or by mail. Price 25c. Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis—Adv.

HOW EDITORS GET RICH.

A great many persons have wondered how editors all get rich so quickly and with such small effort.

One of them who has grown rich has at last told the secret of it. He outlines it as follows:

"A nursery firm will send us a 25 cent rosebush for only \$5 worth of advertising."

"For running a six-inch advertisement for one year, we can get a gross of pills."

"About one dozen firms are wanting to give up shares in gold mines for advertising."

"For \$40 worth of advertising and \$25 cash we can own a bicycle. The wheel sells at just \$12."

"A fellow out West wants us to run a lot of advertising for nothing, and if it brings results he may become a customer."

"For running \$12 worth of locals we get two tickets admitting us to the circus in the city and pay our own fare on the railroad."

"A gun firm wants us to run \$19 worth of advertising and then send \$10 in exchange for a shotgun. Such a gun would retail at about \$6."

"By running \$50 worth of advertising and sending \$25 to an Atlantic City firm, we will be given a deed to a lot. When the tide is in the lot stands six feet under water."

"When a man dies, the undertaker gets from \$75 to \$150 to bury him, and the editor gets nothing for publishing his obituary notice."

SMILES FROM WAR TIMES.

What The Old Soldiers Wrote Governor Vance.

When tragedy stalks abroad humor lurks in the rear, and but for the latter the former would make us all madmen. Who has not heard an old soldier tell of the pranks of the boys in the trenches while in the shadow of battle that was to sweep many of them out of existence? Many funny incidents have even found their way into the serious records. A captain in the home guard in Moore County got fretted because some men in his community were using up the corn, that the soldiers needed in making whiskey. He wrote Governor Vance for permission to stop it, opening his letter as follows:

"Mr. Governor Vance,
"Dear Sir:—If I was Governor, I'll agree to go to hell if I wouldn't be Governor."

In his history of the Nineteenth Regiment, Gen. W. P. Roberts relates an incident that took place in battle when he was Major of the regiment:

"By accident I was in command of the regiment when the stampede occurred, and in the midst of it, when the best officers and men seemed to be demoralized, the color sergeant of the regiment, Private Ramsey, of Company B, brought his flag to me, as I had ordered him to do when he could not rally his men around it, and, offering it to me, said: 'Major will you stand by the flag?' Everything was then in perfect rout, myself with the rest of them, and I replied: 'Ramsey, d—n the flag, I don't want it!' but he insisted on giving me the flag, and said that he was only obeying orders from me, often repeated."

Of old men's guard, Maj. W. A. Graham says: "In the summer of 1864, in many of the reserve age, or exempt from disability, formed companies, procured arms, and drilled in the cool of the evenings, several times a week. They presented a picture of a peculiar type. I have frequently seen one of them who had served in the United States Congress in Munroe's administration, repairing to the rendezvous under a silk umbrella, raised to ward off sun, while his colored dining room servant brought up the rear, carrying the musket with which he was to drill."

He was not alone in showing his country's defense. As they stood in line the commander often repeated the command: Gentlemen, please keep your pieces erect."

After a girl has had twenty-five birthday anniversaries she feels that she has had about all she needs in her business.

IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN TORE HER CLOTHES

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

Maione, N. Y.,—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a lot of good. I first heard of it when I was a girl and I always said that if I ever had female trouble I would take it.

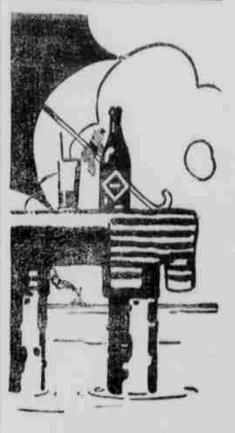
"I suffered from organic inflammation and would have spells when I would be in such pain that I would tear my clothes. One day my husband got the neighbors in to see what the matter was but they could not help me. My first thought was for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I sent my husband out for it and took it until I was entirely cured. I am a woman of perfect health and my health and happiness came from Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine. You may rest assured that I do not feel like recommending your wonderful medicine to my friends."—Mrs. FREDERICK, Route No. 3, Malone, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

VERNON H. MCKNIGHT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

Over Vinson's Drug Store, HALIFAX, N. C.

6121y



PEPSI-Cola

never fails to cool— invigorate—refresh! It has a flavor all its own—rare and delicious. This and its healthy effect gain and hold friends everywhere. Try it, and Pepsi-Cola will be your favorite—your daily preference.

In Bottles or At Fountains

5c

S. M. DICKENS, Local Agent, Weldon, N. C.



5-DROPS

THE BEST REMEDY For all forms of RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Catarrh and Aches.

"5-DROPS" STOP THE PAIN Gives Quick Relief

It stops the aches and pains, relieves swollen joints and muscles, restores normal circulation, restores the excess uric acid, and is quick, safe and sure in its results. No other remedy like it. Sample free on request.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

One Dollar per bottle, or sent prepaid and receipt of order if not obtainable in your locality.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO. 168 Lake Street Chicago

SWANSON PILLS

Best Remedy for Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Hoarseness and Liver Troubles. 25c Per Box at Druggists.

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

SKIN SORES

ECZEMA, ACNE, PILES, PUERPERAL SORES, BURNS, WOUNDS, SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, Etc., quickly healed by using the "E-DROPS" SALVE.

Prepared by Swanson

QUICKLY HEALED

5c 20

GREAT BARGAINS

IN TYPEWRITERS.

We carry a large stock of standard Typewriters. Can furnish at once Monarch, Fox, Oliver, Remington, Royal, Smith Premier, L. C. Smith & Bro.'s and Underwood. Any other make from 5 to 15 days' notice. We have both the visible and the invisible. We bought a large stock of these Typewriters from one-fourth to one-half the regular wholesale price, and on sale now at one-fourth to one-half the regular retail prices. A good Typewriter from \$7.50 to \$15. A better one \$17.50 to \$25.50. The best from \$30 up to any price. Will be glad to answer any inquiry in connection with these machines, and send samples of the work done by any of the Typewriter writers we have. Every boy and girl should have one of our cheap Typewriters to learn how to use. Any person who can write well on a typewriter can demand a large salary. Anyone who buys a cheap typewriter from us and wants a better one later, we will take back the one bought and allow the same paid for it in exchange for a better one, if returned in good condition and within six months. If not in good condition we allow the market value. We carry Typewriter ribbons and other supplies.

SPIERS BROS

WELDON, N. C.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects Etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally and externally. Price 25c.