

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, Proprietor.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum.

VOL. XLVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

NO. 19

## 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 use 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.

## ATLANTIC COAST LINE

The Standard Railroad of the South



Ramifies the "Nation's Garden Spot."

## Wrightsville

BEACH IS CALLING YOU.

\$5.40

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, 3 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. DIRECTORS: W. R. Smith, W. E. Daniel, J. O. Drake, W. M. Coleman, A. C. House, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zollinger, J. W. Stogler.

## 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	READ UP
Daily except Sundays	Daily except Sundays
No. 1 No. 3 No. 5	No. 2 No. 4 No. 6
A. M. P. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M. P. M.
8:30 12:15 3:45	11:45 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—Mowfield is a Flag Station

General Manager's Office, Gumberry, N. C., March 27th, 1911

### TWILIGHT.

It Is the Hour of Twilight That The Wanderer, Who Has Journeyed Far, Thinks of Home.

The twilight hour is the most beautiful hour of the day. It lacks, to some degree, the awe-inspiring splendor of the dawn, but the calm beauty of the twilight is more loved by men. The dawn has a tenderness about it, as though it were the hour to prepare for the day's long battle. But the twilight is the hour after battle, then, if victorious, we can rejoice; if defeated, rest. It is the hour in the day when we can forget its trivial vexations, the toil, the suffering, the long hot hours, the heartaches, and the pain.

The twilight is the hour of memory. It is then that we look back over the wasted years to golden hours that have gone. Old faces rise before us, and those who have long been gone we see again. Down the long line of silver yesterdays some days stand out golden, upon which we almost wish the hand of Time had stopped. The twilight is the hour of hope, for it is not long from the twilight to the morning. May not wrongs we did today be atoned for on tomorrow? Though we were hard pressed in the fight today, tomorrow the victory will be ours. It may be that the future will be less hard to bear for who knows what awaits us? The many little things that vexed us today will be forgotten tomorrow. And so, with faces toward the future, in the twilight we dream.

And it is the hour of home coming. In the twilight the farmer comes back in the glooming over the fertile fields. The laborer returns to his humble home, well content. It is in the hour of twilight that the wanderer, who has journeyed far, thinks of home. The long bitter years and the tears are forgotten in the hour of twilight.

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### AT THE PASTURE BARS.

Little maid at the pasture bars,  
Waiting to see the new moon shine,  
And high in God's heaven the faithful stars  
That keep their ryst with that heart of thine,  
Dreaming—as maids have dreamed before—  
Of a wonderful city far away,  
Where fortune waits with her golden store  
And fame shall crown thee some day, some day.

Thine the round of the daily task,  
Dull in the doing it oft may be;  
But souls in thy city of dreams would ask  
No better fortune than falls to thee.  
Health, and plenty, and home, and cheer,  
Blossoms of April and hearth fire's glow,  
These mark the path of thy peaceful year,  
As the sun-lit seasons come and go.

Little maid, in that city wide,  
Thou would'st miss the blessings that throng thee here;  
The vine-hung church by the river's side,  
The home of thy child's heart, old and dear,  
Tender clasp of a loyal hand,  
Song of bird, and of homing bees,  
Hearts that love thee and understand,  
Life holds nothing that counts with these.

Thy city of dreams is a lonesome place,  
And Fame but a worthless thing, men say;  
And what were the good of silks and lace  
If the heart beneath them ached away?  
Little maid, let the vision pass,  
There waits for thy journeying path more fair  
And hark! I hear in the springing grass  
The feet that shall walk beside thee there.

For he comes—Love comes with the moonbeams bright,  
And his arm is strong and his soul is true.  
And in his eyes is the steadfast light  
Of the stars that smile from their depths of blue.  
"Heart of my heart, turn not away;  
I'll guard thee from all that pains or ays,  
And in Love's own path we'll walk for aye,  
Dear little maid at the pasture bars."

### WHEN THE CHILDREN GO TO BED.

When the children go to bed at night, it somehow seems to me as if heaven's come down to bless with its tender ministry. The little ones are weary, and their eyelids faint would close, Like the petals pink and perfect of some rare and fragrant rose.

Clad in garments white and spotless, down they fall by mother's knee, Making thus a scene so holy only angel eyes should see. There is something in the vision of each bending little head That fills my soul with rapture when the children go to bed.

When the children go to bed at night, the air within the room Seems redolent of the perfume of rich fields of clover bloom, And it seems no stretch of fancy to say my inner eyes Can see about me growing the sweet flowers of Paradise.

And I bend to kiss their lips, as pure as morning dew, I feel a joy within my soul that thrills me through and through; And more and more it comes to me that I am being led By the prayers the children offer as each night they go to bed.

When the children go to bed at night, at once across the years My thoughts fly back to childhood, and my eyes are dim with tears. I recall when I was stainless as my little ones are now, For sin had never left a single imprint on my brow.

And I'm longing, ever longing, to be as good once more As in the golden morning of the fragrant years of yore. So day by day I'm praising Him whose home is overhead For what my children teach me as each night they go to bed.

### WAR.

The World Is Slowly Turning From the False Ideals, Some of Which It Has Believed for Centuries.

War is a grim skeleton, who stalks through the hours of midnight, lighting it with his ruthless torch. His companions are: Pestilence, Rapine, Destruction and Disease. He disguises in the uniform of the nations and marches in splendid pageantry to the tune of stirring battle songs. But out upon the blood-wet battlefield where he is stripped of all disguise we see him as he is—a rotten corpse.

In his trail by the red glare of burning homes we find, splendid harvests ruined before their prime, wrecked happiness, sorrow, bitterness and despair. He drinks the red blood of youth and laughs in bitter scorn at the burning reefs shed for strong men, dead long before their prime.

War is the most terrible scourge ever loosed upon the human race. And war has no defense. He has never answered his accusers and told them why he has caused such woe. There is no answer he could make. He has burdened generations with a debt, that had the money been spent for education instead, would have given every boy and girl an education equivalent to a college course, and there would be enough left over to educate a few score generations in the future.

It is out upon the torn battlefield that war finds his strongest accusers. Here after the battle, by the flickering torch-lights, we find the dead and dying—mute sacrifices to an insatiate and blood-thirsty god. Why are these men thus dead be-

fore their prime? And the war god answers: "They died for the honor of their country." The world for centuries has believed this fallacious answer. But does the ruthless sacrifice of thousands of its best men prove a country's honor? Does the nation most in the right always win? Is it not a huge gamble, the nation which is strongest in men and resources eventually winning?

The world is slowly turning from false ideals, some of which it has believed in for centuries. Gradually, but surely, a new dawn is breaking. The dawn which precedes a day which shall be rich with that which the angels sung to the Judean shepherds three thousand weary years ago—a day of peace and good-will.

### SAVED.

There was a man in our town,  
About a giant's size,  
Who nearly starved to death,  
Because he wouldn't advertise.

And, when he weighed but forty pounds,  
He grasped his rusty pen,  
And wrote an "ad," and published it,  
And now he's fat again!

### BOTH WAYS.

"Motorists generally speak disparagingly of pedestrians."

"Yes, I notice they are always running them down."

CASTORIA  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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### DYING BEQUEST OF SOLDIER.

Feared Brother Might Have Foolish Sentiment About Making Use of Gift.

During the latter part of the Civil war Basil Geldersleeve lay one day apparently at the point of death, surrounded by several members of his family. "Brother," he murmured faintly, "I have at most, only a few days to live, and when I am laid to rest I want you to have my new pair of boots in the closet yonder. I paid \$150, Confederate, for them, and you are sorely in need of a pair." Instead of the expected burst of gratitude there was no answer. Racked with emotion at the thought of his great loss, the brother was evidently too much overcome for speech. "Brother," persisted the future "immortal" weakly, "you mustn't have any foolish sentiment about those boots. I will never be well enough to wear them again, and it would be pure extravagance to bury me in them." Still the brother, his face flushed, his heart too full for utterance, made no reply. "Won't you promise me to wear the boots after I am gone?" Geldersleeve pleaded. "Basil," stammered the other, crimsoned with confusion, "I've—got 'em on now."—Argonaut.

LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES

Open to the Public will be Made for the Following Special Occasions Via the Atlantic Coast Line—Standard Railroad of the South.

St. Paul-Minneapolis, Minn.—Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., September 15-20. Dares of sale, September 11, 12, 13. Final limit September 30, 1913. Fares apply from all stations.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Emancipation Proclamation Exposition (colored), September 1-30. Dates of sale, August 30 and September 15. Final limit, ten days after sale. Fares apply from all stations.

Nashville, Tenn.—National Baptist Convention (colored), September 14, 15, 16. Final limit, September 26, 1913. Fares apply from all stations.

Chatanooga, Tenn.—Annual encampment, Grand Army of the Republic and Allied Organizations, September 15-20. Dates of sale, September 12-19, inclusive. Final limit, Sept. 27, 1913, except that by deposit of ticket and payment of 50 cents an extension until Oct. 17 may be obtained. Fares apply from all stations.

New Orleans, La.—Grain Dealers National Association, October 14-16. Dates of sale, October 11, 12, 13. Final Oct. 18, 1913, except that by deposit of ticket and payment of \$1, an extension until Nov. 5th may be obtained. Fares apply from all stations.

Nashville, Tenn.—Southern Educational Convention, Oct. 30-Nov. 1. Dates of sale, Oct. 28-29. Final limit, Nov. 5, 1913. Fares apply from all stations.

Knoxville, Tenn.—National Conservation Exposition, Sept. 1-Nov. 1. Dates of sale, August 30 to Nov. 1, inclusive. Final limit, to reach original starting point ten days after date of sale, except that by deposit of ticket and payment of \$1 a 30-day extension may be obtained, but in no case beyond Nov. 4, 1913. Fares apply from all stations.

New Orleans, La.—United Daughters of the Confederacy, Nov. 11-15. Dates of sale, Nov. 8, 9, 10, 11. Final limit, Nov. 19, 1913, except that by deposit of ticket and payment of \$1 an extension until December 6 may be obtained. Fares apply from all stations.

For rates, schedules, reservations and any further information apply to Ticket Agents of the Atlantic Coast Line or write the undersigned.

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

WEEK END EXCURSION RATES.—Effective Aug. 3 and continuing to Sept. 21, inclusive the Seaboard Air Line will sell round trip tickets to Portsmouth at rate of \$2.50, Virginia Beach 3.25 tickets on sale for all trains Saturdays and No. 16 Sundays and good to reach original starting point not later than midnight of Tuesday following date of sale. For further information, apply to C. E. Carter, Ticket Agent.

Friday, September 12th, 1913.

At 12 o'clock M., a certain lot or parcel of land lying situated and being in the town of Weldon, county of Halifax, and State of North Carolina and described as follows: Beginning at Gooch and Prescott's corner on East side of Cedar street, thence S 81° E, 150 feet to a corner stake, thence S 31° E, 75 feet to a corner stake, thence N 81° W, 150 feet to a corner on said street, thence along said Cedar street S 21° W, 75 feet to the beginning, being the same lot that was conveyed to the parties of the first part by deed of J. T. Gooch and E. L. Gooch, his wife, bearing date April 10th, 1903, and recorded in Book 133 at page 85, office of the Register of Deeds for Halifax county, to which said deed for a more perfect description reference is here made.

An opportunity is here offered to obtain a very desirable residence. This the 9th day of August, 1913.

W. E. DANIEL, Trustee.

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### ITS NATURE.

"Did your play have a run in that trip?"

"Yes—from the sheriff."

### TONGUE-TIED.

"Money talks."

"I know, but my husband has an impediment in his income."

### PROBABLY.

The man who spends his life pursuing fame probably does so because he never gets a chance to turn off on a by-path that appears to lead straight to wealth.

It takes a woman to look good on a warm day when she isn't.

A girl without a beau is as lonesome as a flea without a dog.

There may be fun in doing the things you can afford.

You can't beat some men at your own game.

Make new promises and keep what you make.

Excuses will not hold the friends that promises make.

One satisfactory thing about marriages is the prelude.

Love may not make the world go round, but it makes a lot of people giddy.

A pair of yellow shoes doesn't age more quickly than a pretty girl after a mistaken marriage.

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### WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bellevue, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached until I thought it would break. I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and ran down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I improved rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I can't say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."—Mrs. CHAS. CHAPMAN, R. F. D. No. 7, Bellevue, Ohio.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of real victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

D. E. STAINBACK, NOTARY PUBLIC, And Fire Insurance. Roanoke News Office—Weldon, N. C.

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