

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, Proprietor.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 24

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THE GREAT CONFLICT.

THE fiat has gone forth! With steam and electricity, and the new powers born of progress, forces have entered the world that will either compel us to a higher plane or overwhelm us as nation after nation, as civilization after civilization, has been overwhelmed before. It is the delusion which precedes destruction that sees in the popular unrest with which the civilized world is feverishly pulsing, only the passing effect of ephemeral causes. Between democratic ideas and the aristocratic adjustments of society there is an irreconcilable conflict. Here in the United States, as there in Europe, it may be seen arising. We cannot go on permitting men to vote and forcing them to tramp. We cannot go on educating boys and girls in our public schools and then refusing them the right to earn an honest living. We cannot go on prating of the inalienable rights of man and then denying the inalienable right to the bounty of the Creator. Even now, in old bottles the new wine begins to ferment, and elemental forces gather for the strife!

But if, while there is yet time, we turn to Justice and obey her, if we trust Liberty and follow her, the dangers that now threaten must disappear, the forces that now menace will turn to agencies of elevation. Think of the powers now wasted; of the infinite fields of knowledge yet to be explored; of the possibilities of which the wondrous inventions of this century give us but a hint. With want destroyed; with greed changed to noble passions; with the fraternity that is born of equality taking the place of jealousy and fear that now array men against each other; with mental power loosed by conditions that give to the humblest comfort and leisure; and who shall measure the heights to which our civilization may soar? Words fail the thought! It is the Golden Age of which poets have sung and high-raised seers have told in metaphor. It is the golden vision which has always haunted men with gleams of fitful splendor. It is what he saw whose eyes at Patmos were closed in a trance. It is the culmination of Christianity—the City of God on earth, with its walls of jasper and its gates of pearl! It is the reign of the Prince of Peace!—Henry George in "Progress and Poverty."

WHAT SHALL I DO WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN.

"It Doth Not yet Appear What we Shall Be, But we Shall Be Like Him."

The first thing I shall do will be to read up for a thousand years or so.

Nothing so impresses me with the brevity of life as to enter a library—oppresses, I would better say.

How can one find time to get even so much as acquainted with literature, when a Niagara of books, not to mention magazines and papers, roars from the jaws of the press in an unending stream?

In heaven, time being no matter, I shall learn all the languages earth ever had heaven has but one—multae terribilis lingua, coelstis una clear back to the guttural clicks of the stone-age man, and the glug-glug of the lake dwellers; and get all the local colors, and hence know all life.

Celestial beings move with the rapidity of thought. Distance makes no difference. Wish you were on another, and behold! you are there.

Now the science-story-tellers say that we see the light of certain stars that may have been extinguished centuries ago. Rapidly as light travels, it takes ages for it to

cross the universe, if it ever gets across at all. Hence, traveling with thought-rapidity I can overtake light anywhere along its road. Consequently all I need to do in order to witness with my own eyes anything that ever happened on earth, is to wish myself at such a distance as shall bring me to where the light of that event is fresh.

Placing myself at so many million miles I am present at the death of Caesar; at so many more million I walk with Pericles the ways of Athens; so many more I see Moses coming down from Sinai. So in heaven I shall be able to be "among those present" at anything that ever took place. Interesting. What?

In heaven also I shall have time to develop all my latent capacities. The only reason I have never written like Shakespeare is that I haven't had time. That would take me several hundred years.

So if you meet me a million years from now on some satellite of Sigma Bootes you will find me to be a combined Beethoven, Socrates, Raphael, Newton, Agassiz, Paderewski and J. Caesar. You will see that I can do anything anybody ever did better than he did it; can lay brick better than the best of terrestrial masons also out Curuso Caruso in singing, and teach your Miltons the art of poetry.

As mere duration, heaven is rather a dull prospect; but as infinite development it's an amazing idea. For, as John Fiske says, "the essential feature of man is his unlimited possibilities of development."

And not only shall I increase in skill and all kinds of efficiency, but my other powers, what may they not become when they are stamped with immortality.

My memory—it will be stored fuller than the British Museum or the Vatican.

My will—be strong enough to move a train of cars. I speak soberly. Who knows that the human will may not be harnessed some day, as well as electricity?

My taste—through infinite crudities it will live and become divine. And my character—what power, gentleness, goodness, nobleness and majesty it might acquire in eons of experience!

This is what is meant by that striking word—the power of an endless life.

And that high word of Paul that we shall be changed from glory to glory.

And John: It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be like Him!

LITTLE BOY WE USED TO KNOW.

The little boy whom we used to know, Who came to us when the day burned low, Who left his swing and his bat and ball, Who left his playmates and games and all To come and stand by our easy-chair, To stand before us with yellow hair, On sturdy legs—with his feet apart, Before he snuggled against our heart, Where is he now with his romp and squeal, With his little hurts that a kiss would heal?

We heard him say his "I lay me down," And we pressed our lips to his tousled crown, Then his father tipped across the gloom And sat him down in the farther room, While his mother stayed by his side to croon A soft bye-lay to a world-old tune, While he drifted out into Slumberland; Then we stood and gazed at him, hand in hand, And—looking backward to where he lay— It seems 'twas then that he went away.

It seems that he never came back at all To the rubber cat and the bouncing ball, To the old rope swing and the games he knew, A genie touched him—he grew and grew! From the room where our baby had sunk to sleep A youth came forth. And his voice is deep, And his eyes are honest, and he is strong! And still white echoes the bye-lay song, His lips say "Mother!" and then laugh "Dad!" And we are frightened—but we are glad!

Sometimes we stand in the little room By the little bed in the evening's gloom; And we miss the faltering "lay me down," And we'd give the world for the tousled crown To kiss once more! Oh, Boy! grown tall, We are frightened for you at the thought of all The dangers that wait your unwary feet! And grieving—for heartaches you're bound to meet! But we are proud for the dear world's sake Because of the man you are going to make.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

I walked in the green earth, and engines took me across high mountains and plains of grass, And a ship carried me across the waters of the sea, and I saw cities, and many things, and I wondered. And I knew many books, and I walked with the people, and my wonder increased— For the world is an open book, that a man may in time learn to read, but men translate it in different meanings.

I read the story of the spring, and it was full of music and flowers, and the summertime told the same story—that God is good, and Nature is wise.

The ripe autumn riches in the Book of Life translated to mean that men should use the gifts of God to the full, and the frost of winter was as beautiful as any, for it said, the spring comes after.

But there were strange things in the Book of Life—horrible and ghastly, and they seemed to have been written there by different influences—

For as the wise ones learned the secrets of Nature, their human brothers sunk deeper into poverty and sin— Progress and poverty always grow together, and want increases as wealth increases;

But it is strange to read this chapter in the Book of Life along with the story of the spring.

To the fortunate or the cunning, wealth comes unearned, and the industrious have no hope but empty poverty undervalued work. And I cried out, Who hath written this thing in the Book of Life, that some must have too little that others may have too much?

But many were honored of the world because they preached that this was ordained of God; and that brains should rule the earth. And some privileged ones said, Charity is sweet, and thus we will sleep sound in the night.

And a good man said, I will give charity to my brother, and thus build up the State—

Even the poets had the lying spirit of false knowledge in their songs, for they saw only charity.

And I thought, Shall the words of garrot-men be written in the Book of Life? "We unto them who join house to house, and field unto field, until there is no place. For the stones shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it: Woe to him who buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity!"

For black is not white, and charity is not justice!

APPLE PIE EXPLODES WOMAN IS BAGGLY HURT.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Just as Mrs. Henry Vanderheide peeped into the oven of her gas stove to see how her apple pies were getting along, one of them exploded. As a result, Mrs. Vanderheide is suffering from burns about the face, her head is almost as clean shaven as a convict's, her hair having been burned off.

Women Who Get Dizzy

Every woman who is troubled with fainting and dizzy spells, headache, weakness, debility, constipation or kidney troubles should use Electric Bitters. They give relief when nothing else will, improve the health adding strength and vigor from the first dose. Mrs. Laura Gaines, of Avoca, Ia., says: "Four doctors had given me up and my children and all my friends were looking for me to die, when my son insisted that I use Electric Bitters. I did so, and they have done me a world of good." Just try them 50c and \$1 by mail. H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

A woman may have more love than respect for her husband if he helps her wash the dishes.

Eczema and Itching Cured

The soothing, healing medication in Dr. Hobson's Eczema treatment penetrates every tiny pore of the skin, clears it of all impurities—stops itching instantly. Dr. Hobson's Eczema treatment is guaranteed to speedily heal eczema, rashes, ringworm, tetter and other unsightly eruptions. Eczema Ointment is a doctor's prescription, not an experiment. By mail, 50c. PEPPER CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo. Philadelphia, Pa.

A Gentle and Effective Laxative

A mild, gentle and effective laxative is what people demand when suffering from constipation. Thousands swear by Dr. King's New Life Pills. Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio, Texas, writes: "They are, beyond question, the best pills my wife and I have ever taken." They never cause pain. Price 25c. at druggists, or by mail. H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. St. Louis, Mo.

And many a thoughtful toper gets fuller than he thinks.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"AUNT MARY," AGED 75, MARRIES MAN OVER 80.

Swainsboro, Ga.—That cupid is never too old to use his arrows effectively is shown in the marriage of Mrs. Mary Collins and Mr. Dan Page, which took place at Corsi Sunday. The bride, who is affectionately known as "Aunt Mary" has passed the seventy-fifth milestone and is many times a grandmother. The groom, who is past the four-score mark has lost none of the lovelorn ardor of his youth and he and his bride are as chipper as a much younger couple on their honeymoon.

GOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.

Hugh Hume, the Portland, Oregon, editor, tells a story of an Irishman named Mike Flannery, who found a valuable package belonging to a local capitalist. He took it around to the man's house and was rewarded. As he left he met a friend.

"What's the matter, Mike?" asked the friend, "didn't he give you as much as you expected?"

"I thought he would give me more than I expected," replied Flannery, sourly.—Pittsburg Telegram.

SEARCH THAT NEVER END.

Ignorance may find a truth on its doorstep that erudition vainly seeks in the stars.

THEIR WEAKNESS.

Some men are great successes in making money, but terrible failures in selecting ways to spend it.

The Book of Life.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher

PEPSI-COLA
And keep you in comfort later. Pepsi-Cola gives you the most wholesome sort of brain refreshment and body vigor. Each benefit which it brings is compelling benefit, because Pepsi-Cola is pure—healthful. Fruit, pepsin and stimulating oils in it, quench thirst, aid digestion, relieve fatigue. Everybody likes its tart, refreshing flavor.

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NOTICE.
Having qualified as Executor of the last will and testament of F. H. Treacy, deceased, late of Halifax county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Weldon, N. C., on or before the 5 day of October, 1913, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate payment. This the 24th day of September 1913.

MRS. F. H. TREACY,
Executrix of F. H. Treacy, dec.

WOMAN A GREAT SUFFERER

Tells How She Was Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Graville, Ill.—"I was a great sufferer of female complaints for a year and I got nothing that helped me until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was irregular and had cramps so bad that I had to go to bed. Now I have better health than I have had for years and I cannot speak too highly of your medicine."—Mrs. JESSIE SCHAEER, 413 Main St., Graville, Ill.

Case of Mrs. Tully.

Chicago, Ill.—"I take pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with such awful pelvic pains, and had a displacement, and received no benefit from the doctors. I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am now as well as ever."—Mrs. WILLIAM TULLY, 2622 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

GREAT BARGAINS IN TYPEWRITERS.

We carry a large stock of standard typewriters. Can furnish at once Monarchs, Fox, Oliver, Remington, Royal, Smith Premier, L. C. Smith & Bro.'s and Underwood. Any other make from 10 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 on one-fourth to one-half the regular retail price. A good 12-cylinder from \$75.00 to \$15. A better one \$17.50 to \$25.00. The best from \$20 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 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.

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Nothing is Better than
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They Give Relief Without
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and other flowers always on hand. Shower Wedding Bouquets, Handmade Floral Designs, Palms and Ferns for home culture.

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Illustration of a Ferguson's Peanut Picker machine.

1913 Model--the best of all. This is a safe and profitable investment and you want good work to buy one. It is built right, works right, the price is right and the manufacturers will treat you all right. It stands at the head for capacity, quality, simplicity and durability.
"THE TRUTH OF THE PUDDING IS CHEWING THE BAGS."
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The Ferguson Mfg Company,
SUFFOLK, VA., and place your order at once. 8-28-2m

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When you feel lazy, stretchy, half-sick, "blue" and discouraged look to the liver. It is torpid.

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IS THE REMEDY YOU NEED

It is not only an invigorating tonic for a torpid liver, but it extends its cleansing and restorative influence to the stomach and bowels. Helps digestion and food assimilation, purifies the bowels and brings back the habit of regular daily bowel movements. When the stomach, liver and bowels are active, bilious impurities no longer obstruct functional processes, the result of which is renewed energy, mental activity and cheerful spirits.

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