

THE RANOKE NEWS.

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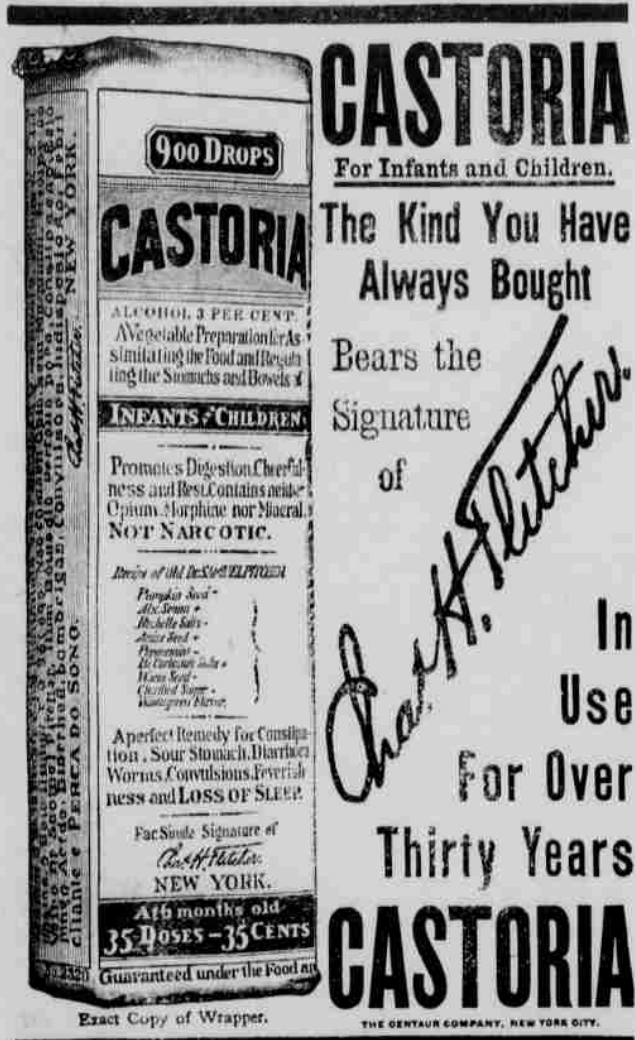
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 26



900 DROPS
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

FOR LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

By EMILY LITHGOW.

Twenty-five summers' suns had kissed the rounded cheek of Peggy Bronson, and still she remained unmarried, to the mystification of her family and friends, for no end of suitors had pleaded their cause with the charming Peggy; but to all she turned a deaf ear, but so tactfully that they all remained her sworn friends.



A rainy day found her in her studio busily engaged in the interesting task of trying to mate the hero and heroine of her latest short story; but the situations were dull and lacked the snap that made her stories ready sellers; and seemingly unable to concentrate her mind on her work, she threw aside her pen and petulantly, for Peggy, exclaimed: "How can I write love stories when my own is such a puzzle!" and her brown eyes filled with tears.

Throwing herself in a big easy chair, she sank into a deep reverie and called two men before her mind's eye.

First, there was Craig Bennett, almost old enough to be her father, but a man of the world, cultured, well poised, who knew so well how to pay those flattering little attentions so dear to the womanly heart, and whose brilliant conversation made him a welcome dinner guest at the dinner tables of many lands—a man of parts and money. And then there was blue-eyed Jean Graham, with the good red blood of health and youth staining his browned cheeks and brightening his eye, not prone to ready speech, rough in his manner at times, perhaps, judging by the standards of her little world, but honest and true. Only a mechanic, but with a wealth of love and ambition in his heart, a world of romance in his young brain, and tenderness in his toil-hardened hands—and yet—

Which would it be? The door was flung noisily open and her studio mate, Helen Curtis, entered; but the quiet figure in the big chair by the window never stirred.

"Peg, dear, wake up. We've only time for a cup of tea and a bite of lunch. Such luck! I've got two tickets for the matinee to see 'Peg of My Heart,' and a vigorous shake brought the dreamer back to earth.

All the afternoon they laughed and cried at the will of the winsome little star, whose delightful Irish brogue only gave her lines added piquancy. Peggy Bronson seemed to drink in her words, and as the play progressed her eyes grew tender and her face alight with a new happiness.

When the last line had been spoken and the curly-headed star refused to respond to just one more curtain call, it was a happy-faced audience that filed from the theater. Peggy Bronson was beaming.

"Helen, do you know I agree with the other Peg—there's nothing so sweet as love's young dream."

With a roguish glance at the happy girl beside her, Helen Curtis laughed and chanted:

"Change the name and not the letter, Change for worse and not for better." And Peggy blushed.

A ray of the setting sun, breaking through the rain-soaked clouds, fell as a benediction on Peggy's dark hair as she smiled a workman passing by and joyously called, "Jean, oh Jean," and his blue eyes met hers in glad surprise she murmured softly, "Jean, I've just awakened to the glory of love's young dream."

GROWING OLD.

It seems but yesterday when I Was full of pep and was young and spry I worked all day and danced all night, And I got up feeling out of sight. But now, if I stay out once a week My head feels dull and my joints all speak; I've not changed much in my form or face, But I can't but 'round with the old time grace. The solemn truth is impressed on me, I'm not as young as I used to be.

It seems but yesterday when I Was round and hittin' the spots called high; 'Tis no time since I was a gay young blade, But now I can't somehow make the grade. Let others go out and make the speed, I'd rather sit at home and smoke and read. At the musical shows, but am more discreet. And so, it is very plain to see I'm not as young as I used to be.

My hair is thinner by far on top, And now a young buster calls me "pop." And another sign is on hand. "Gee whiz, A little touch of the rheumatiz. Now any old color of tie will do, I'm wearing a chest protector, too. I've lost all love for the rowdy-dow, I'm playing cribbage and checkers now. The women's fashions are to me, I'm not as young as I used to be.

QUEER, HOW MOTHERS ARE.

Queer isn't it, how mothers are? How peacefully content seem they Just to sit back, and, day by day, Let others get the joyous way! Let other people ravel far, Let others have the smiles and fun, Help others get their labors done, Ready to comfort any one!

Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? How, when there came an unseen treat, A chance to go somewhere and meet Some clever folk, a front-row seat To see some splendid, world-famed star— How mother simply shook her head, Pretending not to care, and said, "No, darling, please—you go instead."

Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? Not caring as to what they wear, Although they are so fair, so fair, But how they work, and how they care, And bring some little jeweled star— To daughter's hair! How long they sew To make her dress "just right, you know."

Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? And fit it, then, with eyes aglow! Queer, isn't it, how mothers are? How they will soothe and nurse and pet! How sweet they make it to forget! How they can smooth each little fret, Each ugly little care and jar! How, in whatever thing they do, The heart of them shines out anew, Forgetting "I" and thinking "You!"

Queer, isn't it, how mothers are?

PREACHER GOT THE PURP.

A Boston minister noticed a crowd ofurchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked with fatherly interest.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered one of the boys. "The feller that tells the biggest one gets the purp."

"Shocking!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, when I was your age I never even thought of telling an untruth."

"You win," chorused the urchins. The dog's yours, minister."

RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Can you support my daughter, sir, in the way to which she has been accustomed?"

"I can, sir, but I'd hate to be that mean."

Women Who Get Dizzy

Every woman who is troubled with fainting and dizzy spells, backache, 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 Aroca, Pa., 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.

But a man seldom knows whether is marrying a bald-headed woman or not until it is too late.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CLANCY, THE BAD MAN

By EVERETT FILLMORE.

Paul Muir found Western life exactly as he had expected to find it. The picturesque cowboys with their chaps and spurs he had always known to be a legend. Nevertheless, a gay deal of the wild frontier spirit still survived in this corner of Arizona. For instance, the town boasted a real "bad man"—one Clancy, to wit, whose record of seven deaths and much successful stock rustling had made his name a by-word throughout the state.

Paul had gone West for his health. He was well now, but the country had grown into his heart and he contemplated settling there. He had bought five hundred acres of irrigated land. Sometimes, though, the appalling loneliness drove him into Falling Brook, to seek amusement among his fellows.

The hotel was crowded on this particular evening and the bartender tersely explained that the cowboys were in town and that a dance was to be held. All the girls of the neighborhood had flocked in to attend it, and there would be several weddings as a consequence, for matchmaking is not prolonged when one lives a hundred miles or so from one's sweetheart.

Bessie looked up at Paul with a flicker of amusement and then went on polishing the glasses.

"I suppose you're looking forward to a good time, Miss Bessie," hazarded Paul.

Nobody knew much about pretty Bessie Smith, the hotel-keeper's wait-ress, except that she had come from the East, also to regain her health, and, having found it, had fallen in had no sweetheart among the cow-boys of the country. But though there was no girl who could begin to compare with her in charm, Bessie boys Paul had never known why. "I always enjoy myself," said Bessie quietly, and went on polishing her glasses.

Later in the evening Paul entered the dance hall. Round the wall stood a double row of chairs, filled not with girls, but with men, who sat glumly watching the dancers. Since the cow-

into the Room There Strode a Little Man.

boys outnumbered the women by about two to one, there were necessarily not enough partners for them all. Some of the men danced together, but most of them waited for the turns promised by the girls. As for those latter, they were enjoying themselves to the full and distributing their favors with impartial benevolence.

But among the groups of waiting men, or rather, a little apart from all, seated in her chair and looking listlessly upon the dancers, was pretty Bessie. Paul strode toward her.

"May I have the pleasure of a dance with you?" he asked.

As he stopped in front of her he noticed that all eyes were turned on him. The dancers almost stood still, even the fiddles and the tinkling piano seemed to falter for an instant. Paul felt an atmosphere of indelible suspense, as though he had committed some fearful breach of the social code. Bessie's eyes looked into Paul's. There was unmistakable amusement in them. She seemed to be reading him; then she rose and gave him her hand.

"I think you are the only man among this crowd," she said, and they swept into the dance.

Bessie danced divinely. Paul grew used to loneliness, felt himself becoming intoxicated by the music. Her light form felt like gossamer in his arms. Bessie's eyes were shining. A new and strange feeling crept into Paul's heart. If he could win this girl, who was so different from all the rest! She spoke as a cultured woman from the east; there was no doubt but that they were essentially suited to each other.

He led her back to her chair and took a seat beside her. He noticed then that the chair on either side was empty.

"Why won't they dance with you?" he asked.

Bessie's eyes grew wide with astonishment. "You don't know?" she stammered. "O, I thought you were so brave."

"But tell me," he pleaded.

"Ask Brown," said Bessie bluntly. Brown was the hotel-keeper. Paul left her abruptly and strode over to

THE BOY WAS A NATURAL BORN LAWYER.

The father of a bright young son went to a wise friend for advice as to what profession the youth should be fitted for. The sage was brusque.

Let the boy choose for himself," he said.

"But," protested the father, "he's too young."

"Well," responded the wise man, "put him in a room alone with a book on theology, an apple, a knife and some small change, and see what he plays with. If he chooses the book, make a minister of him; if he takes the knife, make him a surgeon; if the apple he'll make a farmer, and if he choose the money, a banker."

Much relieved, the father went away, but returned the next day in great distress saying the plan hadn't worked at all.

"Why not?" demanded the wise man. What did he do."

"When I went in," said the father, "he was sitting on the book, with the knife in one hand and the money in his pocket, and was eating the apple."

"Ah!" said the sage. "that's easy. The boy is a natural born lawyer."

TWO GOOD RULES.

Men will never disappoint us if we observe two rules: 1. To find out what they are; 2. To expect them to be just that."

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Good for all kinds of pain. Used to relieve Neuralgia, Headache, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Kidney Pains, Lumbago, Loocomotor Ataxia, Backache, Stomachache, Car sickness, Irritability and for pain in any part of the body.

"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills when troubled with headache, and find that one pill infallibly effects relief in a very short time. I can comfortably proceed with my work in the head at times, and find the Anti-Pain Pills of much benefit. The Dr. Miles Remedies are beyond comparison and I recommend them to all my friends."

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At all druggists. 25 doses 25c.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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 24th 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.

THE BANK OF WELDON

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Halifax County Depository.
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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.

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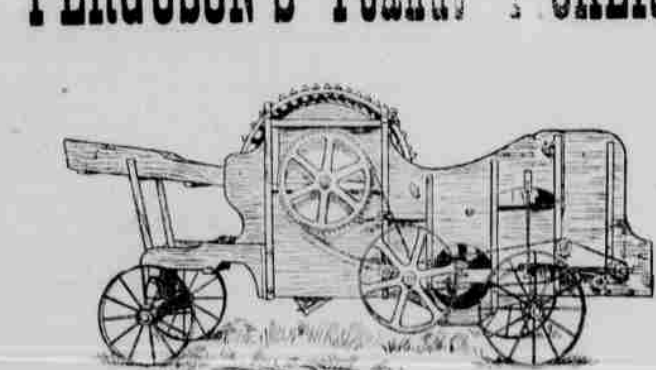
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