

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, Proprietor.

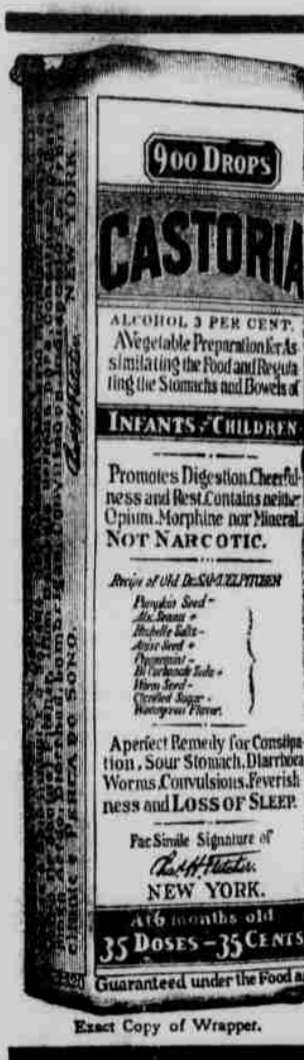
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VOL. XLVIII.

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

NO. 32



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NEW YORK

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**MY MOTHER'S OLD BIBLE.**

Years Have Passed, But It Stands There on Its Shelf, Eloquent as Ever, Witness of a Beautiful Life That is Finished.

On one of the shelves of my library, surrounded by volumes of all kinds, on various subjects and in various languages, stands an old book, in its plain covering of brown paper, unprepossessing to the eye, and apparently out of place among the more pretentious volumes that stand by its side. To the eye of the stranger it certainly has neither beauty nor comeliness. Its covers are worn, its leaves marred by long use; its pages, once white, have become yellow with age; yet worn and old as it is, to me it is the most beautiful and the most valuable book on my shelves. No other awakens such associations, or so appeals to all that is best and noblest within me. It is, or rather was, my mother's bible—companion of her best and holiest hours, source of her unspeakable joy and consolation. It was the light to her feet and light to her path. It was constantly by her side and, as her steps tottered in the advance pilgrimage of life, and her eyes grew dim with age, more and more precious to her became the well worn pages.

One morning, just as the stars were fading into the dawn of the coming Sabbath, the aged pilgrim passed on beyond the stars, and beyond the morning, and entered into the rest of the eternal Sabbath—to look upon the face of Him whom the law and the prophets had spoken, and whom, not having seen, she had loved. And now, no legacy is, to me, more precious than that old Bible. Years have passed; but it stands there on its shelf, eloquent as ever, witness of a beautiful life that is finished. When sometimes, from the cares and conflicts of external life, I come back to the study, weary of the world and tired of humanity, so hard and selfish and a world that is so unfeeling—and the strings of the soul have become untuned and discordant, I seem to hear that book saying, as with the well remembered tones of a voice long silent, "let not your heart be troubled, what is your life? It is even as vapor." Then my troubled spirit becomes calm; and the little world that has become so great, and so formidable, sinks into its place again, I am peaceful, I am strong.

There is no need to take down the volume from the shelf, or to open it. A glance of the eye is sufficient. Memory and the law of association supply the rest. Yet there are occasions when it is otherwise; hours in life when some deep grief has troubled the heart; some darker, heavier cloud is over the spirit and over the dwelling, and when it is a comfort to take down that old Bible and search its pages. Then, for a time, the latest editions, the original languages, the notes and commentaries, and all the critical apparatus which the scholar gathers around him for the study of the scriptures are laid aside; and the plain old English Bible that was my mother's, is taken from the shelf. Blessed, holy book, inspired.

Some men are dumb because their wives never give them a chance.

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ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it insures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the low priced brands.

## THE HOMELESS.

As the homeless long for home, I am weary for the sight of it.  
The swerve of it, the curve of it, the shadow dappled white of it;  
The moonlight, the moonlight, the pink-dust fragrance dim;  
The ring of frost-touched highway,  
The hush of leaf-strewn byway,  
And the pateran that beckens to the far horizon's rim.

As the homeless long for home, I am heartsick at the call of it,  
The lure of it, the lure of it, the thorny miles and all of it;  
The star gleam, the far gleam of beechland-kindled fire;  
The dim hills distant lifting  
The gray mists shadow-dripping,  
And the calm of pine-breathed uplands on the ache of old desire.

As the homeless long for home, I am hungered for the touch of it,  
The length of it, the strength of it, the steel and velvet clutch of it;  
The known ways, the lone ways, from clustered towns apart;  
The scent of rain-sweet heather,  
The cloud-white wander-weather,  
And the hawk-free, gypsy will of it, to fill a vagrant heart!

## BE TRUE!

**MEN** have ever loved the man with the clear eye and the straight tongue, the man who never equivocated, who never fawned nor flattered and who could never be taught to lie. Amid the unstable crowd such a man is conspicuous by his unswerving loyalty to his ideals, and this steadiness to his onward course resembles that of the planets. Such a man sometimes fails in finesse, he sometimes fails to hold his friends, and he sometimes gains a crown of thorns and possibly a cross, but the crown cannot dishonor and the cross cannot terrify him. When God made man he put iron into him, and this man but reveals to others what God meant men to be. It is true that man is weak! it is not true that he cannot be strong. We recognize heredity; but we recognize also divinity. Heredity is mighty, but the grace of God is stronger still. There is a world of human weakness round about us, and weak men and weak women are proving false to themselves, their friends, their God; but this is not of necessity. A man may not be able to avoid disaster, but he can escape dishonor; he may not be able to avoid insult and injustice, and persecution, but he can manage to retain his honesty, and if die he can at least die in peace with God. But to do so he must be true to himself, his friend and his God. The price may at times seem great, but the reward is inestimable.—The Christian Guardian.

## ROSES,

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GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*  
ITS NATURE.

"My dog can scent an electrical disturbance in the air hours before it comes."  
"Then his nose must be something of a storm seer."  
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

**WENT HIM ONE BETTER.**

Attendant (in British Museum)—  
"This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero." American Tourist—  
"Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil with which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the Ark."  
"Twas ever thus."  
"My son has become acquainted early with woman's perfidy."  
"How now?"  
"A little schoolmate persuaded him to lick her slate for her, and then declined to kiss him on account of possible germs."

## MONEY FOR THE CHURCH

By J. W. JACKSON.

"Fair coming on, or a hospital donation wanted?"

The rich man stood in the middle of his study, one hand holding his eyeglasses, in an attitude of expectancy, and the other waving the young clergyman to a seat.

"Nothing of the kind today, Mr. Clappel," the minister said. "I came to ask you for a new church."

The rich man dropped into his revolving chair with the suddenness of a discovery in gravitation.

"You did, did you? Well, I don't know about that," he said, sarcastically. "We need a church and a rectory," the minister continued, without visible discomfiture. "There will be no trouble about getting a rectory if I can manage to secure the church building."

"Yes, yes, I understand," Mr. Clappel broke in. "But I'm afraid I can't afford you a church. Yet—hold on a minute," he added, as he took up a letter which had apparently written that morning. "See here," he continued, as he glanced over it; "I know all about her" Graham declared, as he rose from the chair and laid the letter on the desk.

"Sit down, man; sit down, and tell me," Clappel begged. "There's no hurry about your going, is there?"

"Should make a call," Graham said, consulting his watch. "If I could write a note and send by messenger—"

"Oh, surely, yes. Sit down here. I will have a man drive over with it."

Mr. Clappel indicated paper and envelopes. Then he touched a button and the door opened for the carriage.

The minister wrote a few lines rapidly on a plain sheet of paper.

The sealed letter bore no address and Graham handed it to the servant with directions for delivery and a request to wait for an answer.

"Her name you do not know Mrs.—Miss Travers?" Clappel asked.

"I am engaged to marry her niece," Graham explained.

"Is she well?" Clappel asked, struggling to open the conversation.

"Quite well."

"Her marriage—was it accounted a success?"

"Hardly," Graham answered, with a flavor of irony. "Inasmuch as she never married."

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, in a slow voice, "that I have deceived myself and you for the carriage?"

Graham nodded affirmatively.

"Man alive," Clappel continued, with a high note in his voice; "I've had murder in my heart for years. And now you tell me that I have harbored this hate without reason. Tell me more."

"There isn't much to tell. Ten years ago you thought—only thought—Captain Thomas had won out—"

"Yes—the furies take him!" ejaculated the older man.

"He is dead," Graham said, with some air of solemnity. "He died a week after his arrest in London, where he had hoped to marry her. She came back here in the course of time. Five years later she lost her father and almost all means of support. Since then she has been struggling against adverse circumstances, and I with more than I can use," Clappel murmured.

Clappel hardly gave a glance in the direction of the door when the servant came in with the answer to Graham's note.

"Mr. Clappel," Graham asked, after reading the answer, "do you still hold to your agreement in regard to the letter you showed me?"

"Yes," was the absent reply.

"The letter instructs your agent," Graham continued, "to secure the Mercer farm at the lowest possible figure, with thirty thousand dollars as the limit."

"That is the idea. Whatever he saves out of the thirty thousand you shall have for the church," Mr. Clappel assured him.

"Very well," Graham replied. "I have written the owner and this reply gives me authority to fix the price. There is a mortgage on the place; the owner must have as much as possible. I ask thirty thousand dollars. Read the letter."

Mr. Clappel glanced at the written page.

"Blessed 'Elizabeth Travers!' he said, in amazement.

"I'll go and buy the farm in person," Clappel said, impetuously. Turning to Graham, he added: "My boy, I hardly know how to—yes, I do."

He put on his hat, took up a pen and rapidly wrote his signature. Then, blotting it carefully he thrust it into his pocket.

"She shall fill it out," he said softly. "Ten per cent is your fee."

Graham deposited the next day, in the name of the church, a check for ten thousand dollars.

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## A GIANT OF THE FOREST.

The Tree Was a Hundred Feet in Height and Eleven Feet One Inch in Diameter at the Base.

A special to the Greensboro News from Kingston gives the following account of a giant of the forest recently felled near that place:

"After towering many feet above its neighbors in dismal Tuckahoe swamp, near here, for nearly 1,000 years it is estimated, what is believed to be the biggest tree in Eastern Carolina of the species, a giant cypress, has been removed through the enterprise of a local lumber manufacturing concern. A section of this patriarch of the primeval forests was placed on the lawn at the county court house here, with a copper plate nailed on it bearing the inscription: 'This cypress stump stood for 976 years in Tuckahoe swamp, Lenoir County.' It had registered a ring about its heart yearly throughout four and a half centuries before the coming of Columbus, and gnarled and many-limbed would doubtless have seen centuries longer of life had not the despoiling lumberman come. The tree was a hundred feet in height and eleven feet one inch in diameter at the base. A cutting from its largest part was sent to State Museum at Raleigh, and that at the court house, cut twenty feet from the bottom, is five feet one inch in diameter. The transportation of the big stick from the swamp to the mills here was a tedious undertaking, and was accomplished at much expense. From one sixteen foot cut was secured 3,900 feet of lumber, and the entire tree will yield about 16,000 feet of lumber or 80,000 shingles. It required three men at the mills a day and a half to make two cuts of the monster for the thin sections placed on exhibition in Kingston and Raleigh. The tree was the largest of a number of fine cypress located in Tuckahoe swamp."



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## SPIERS BROS.

WELDON, N. C.

## A Nervous Woman Finds Relief From Suffering.

Women who suffer from extreme nervousness, often endure much suffering before finding any relief. Mrs. Joseph Snyder, of Tiffin, O., had such an experience, regarding which she says:

"Six months I was bedfast with nervous prostration. I had sinking spells, a cold, clammy feeling—could not stand the slightest noise. At times I would almost fly to pieces; stomach very weak. My husband insisted on my taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I began to improve before I had finished the first bottle until I was entirely cured."

MRS. JOSEPH SNYDER,  
263 Hudson St., Tiffin, Ohio.

Many remedies are recommended for diseases of the nervous system that fail to produce results because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven its value in such cases so many times that it is unnecessary to make claims for it. You can prove its merits for yourself by getting a bottle of your druggist, who will return the price if you receive no benefit.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

## Administrator's Notice

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the estate of Diamond Hawkins, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned at his office in Weldon, N. C. within one year from the date hereof, or this notice will be plead in the bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 30th day of October, 1913.

G. P. ANTHONY,  
Adm. of estate of Diamond Hawkins, deceased.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LEON C. STEELE, Mgr.  
No. 231 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.

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**Chas. M. Stieff**  
LEON C. STEELE, Mgr.  
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## PATENTS

Patent Law & Practice. D. Swift & Co., 303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

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