# THE ROANOKE NEWS

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#### A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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#### WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1921.



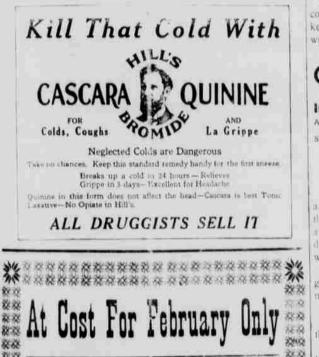
Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-

And has been made under his per-sonal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Instanzgood" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment. Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself,

What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Southing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising

therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Howels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort-The Mother's Friend.





#### NOT THE ORDINARY ROMANCE.

Happily Married Man Has Something Different to say About the Darling of His Heart.

She wasn't exactly handsome, and yet you couldn't call her plain. Her features were irregular, but interesting, as I heard one of her friends remark.

For instance, one pearly ear of matchless beauty was an inch or solower than the other,

And her teeth were so splendidby different from the usual. The absence of two of them in front reheved the monotony of the faultless rows of molars that most girls. have.

Then again she had a habit of holding her month open so that if there were the slightest breeze stirting it would whisile weirdly in and out of the space between her

Her eyes were fishy blue, and slightly crossed, so that in walking she could not help aripping over her nwn fegi

She also toed in a trifle, and when she sidled down the road, daintify tripping in her own charmingly original way, people stopped to look at her-It used to gratify my vanity to

be stared at so whenever 1 went our with her.

In fact, I may as well out with it, I found her so fascinating that I married her. And ours has been the happy union. She never bores me. She is a

continual source of interest. 1 keep finding new things wrong with her every day.



USELESS CHANGE.

A woobegine looking traveler in small Georgia town approached the ancient colored man who operund the one-out ferry across a linkey stream, and accosted him

with Uncle, I'm broke and I got to get across the river. Will you trust ic for it?

Fare's only three cents, boss. I know it, but I haven't got the hree cents Uncle Mose placidly resumed

iis pipe: Boss, he decided, ef yo' ain't

## SISTER AND I.

We were hunting for wintergreen berries,

Out on the rocky cliff's edge, Little sister and L.

Sister had hair like the sunbeams,

Black as a crow's wing mine; Sister had blue, dove's eyes;

Wicked, black eyes are mine

Why, see how my eyes are faded-And my hair, it is white as snow !

And, thin, too! don't you see it is?

I tear it sometimes; so !

There, don't hold my hands, Maggie, I don't feel like tearing it now.

But, where was I in my story?

Oh, I was telling you how

We were looking for wintergreen berries; "Twas one bright morning in May,

And the moss grown rocks were slippery

With the rains of yesterday.

But I was cross that morning. Though the sun shone ever so bright-And when Sister found the most berries,

I was angry enough to fight ! And when she laughed at my pouting-

We were little things, you know-

I clinched my little fist up tight, And struck her the biggest blow. I struck her-1 tell you-I struck her,

And she fell right over below-There, there, Maggie, I won't rave now;

You needn't hold me so-She went right over, I tell you,

Down, down, to the depths below!

Tis deep and dark and horrid There, where the waters flow!

She fell right over, moaning, "Bessie, oh, Bessie !" so sad,

That when I looked down, affrighted, It drove me mad-mad!

Only golden hair streaming

Out on the rippling wave, Only her hule hand reaching

Up, for some one to save; And she sank down in the darkness,

I never saw her again, And this world is a chaos of blackness

And darkness and grief since then.

No more playing together Down on the pebbly strand

Nor building our doll's stone castles, With halls and parlors grand,

No more fishing with bent pins

In the little brook's clear waves: No more holding funerals

O'er dead canaries graves; No more walking together

To the log school-house each morn,

No more vexing the master With putting his rules to scorn:

No more feeding of white lambs

With milk from the foaming pail: No more playing "see-saw"

Over the fence of rail;

No more telling of stories

After we've gone to bed;

Nor talking of ghosts and goblins Till we fairly shiver with dread. No more whispering fearfully And hugging each other tight When the shutters shake and the dogs howl ! In the middle of the night; No more saying "Our Father," Kneeling by mother's knee-For, Maggie, I struck Sister! And mother is dead, you see. Maggie, Sister's an angel, Isn't she? Isn't it true? For angels have golden tresses And eyes like Sister's-blue? Now, my hair isn'r golden. My eyes aren't blue, you see: Now, tell me, Maggie, if I were to die Could they make an angel of me? You say, "Oh, yes, you think so." Well, then, when I come to die We'll play up there in God's garden, We'll play there. Sister and I Now, Maggie, you needn't eye me Because I am talking so queer; Because 1 am talking so strangely You needn't have the least lear. Somehow I am feeling to right, Maggie, As I never felt before-1 am sure, I am sure of it, Maggie, I never shall rave any more. Maggie, you know how these long years I have heard her calling, so sad, "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so mournful It always drives me mad! How the winter wind shrieks down the chimney, 'Bessie, oh, Bessie, oh, oh! How the south wind walls at the casement, "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so low. But most of all when the May days Come back, with the flowers and the sun, How the night, bird, singing all lonely, "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" doth moan; You know how it sets me raving, For she moaned, "Oh, Bessie' just so, That time I struck little Sister, On the May-day long ago ! Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you-You know May day is here-Well, this very morning, at sunrise, The robbins chirped "Bessie" so clear; All day long the birds, singing, Perched on the garden wall! Called: "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sweetly, I couldn't feel sorry at all. Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you ! Let me lean up to you so close Do you see how the sunset has flooded The Heavens with yellow and rose? Do you see o'er the gilded cloud mountains Sister's golden hair streaming out? Do you see her little hand beckoning? Do you hear her linle voice calling out! "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so gladly; "Bessie, oh, Bessie! Come, haste?" Yes, Sister, I am coming; I am coming To play in God's garden at last !

MOSES' WELL. Is Believed to Be that Mentioned in the Bible in Connection With Great Law Giver.

miles east of Suez, is situated a

picturesque pool known as "Moses"

well," This is believed to be the

well mentioned in the Bible, where

Moses, at the bidding of the Lord,

cast a branch into the hitter waters,

and they were sweetened. Set in

a deep grove of date-palms and

pomegranate trees, the well is a

dark, calm, mysterious looking

pool, faithfully reflecting the palms

which fringe its edges. The scene

at sunrise, when the first rays

strike the still waters, is exquisite

Attempts to identify various nat-

ural beauties and locations or des-

criptions as given in the Bible

have always been difficult, owing

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from the start.

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the fact that the records of the rulers of Egypt at the time of the captivity of the Jews were destroyed by rulers that came into power immediately afterward. The motive was jealousy, and a deter-

tarry in stock all the latest records. Call at our store and let us demmination to wipe from the minds of the people any regrets for rulers

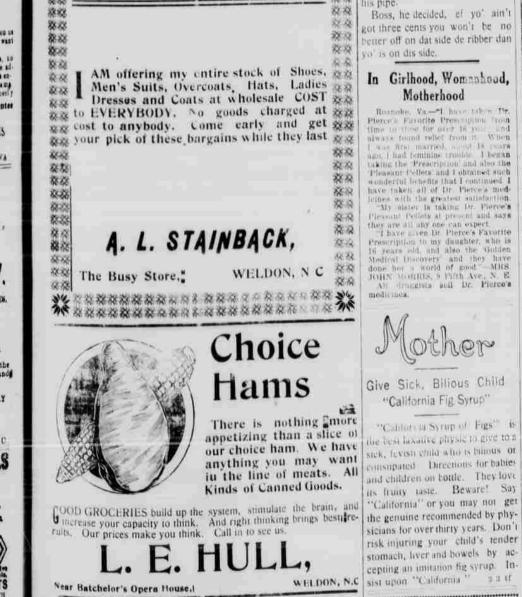


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#### THE BANK OF HALIFAX HALIFAX.N.C. P. C. Gregory, F. H. Gregory N. I. Stedman



One May-day long gone by,



got three cents you won't be no 20.72 better off on dat side de ribber dan 22.24 vo' is on dis side.

#### In Girlhood, Womnshood, Motherhood

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Dixon Lumber & Millwork Go.

Weldon, Nº C.

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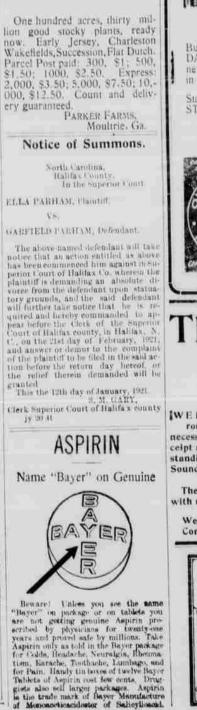
#### Give Sick, Bilious Child "California Fig Syrup"

Mother

#### "California Syrup of Figs" is the best laxative physic to give ton suck, fevish child also is billious of iu the line of meats. All consupared Directions for babies and children on bottle. They love its fruity taste. Beware! Say risk injuring your child's tender stomach, liver and bowels by accepting an imitation fig syrup. Insist upon "California " 9.0 0

### **Dodson's Liver Tone** Killing Calomel Sale

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# -But Don't Worry About the Past-The important time is TO-DAY-NOW. Begin Right, Come With Us, spurred on by a new determination to save, and next year the record will be all in your favor. Starr your Account Here with only \$1 if you wish-but START it. One days delay may lengthen into years. WELDON. N.C.



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