

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 14

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* 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 Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age 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.

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The Bank of Weldon,

WELDON, N. C. Organized Under The Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1892. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA DEPOSITORY. HALIFAX COUNTY DEPOSITORY. TOWN OF WELDON DEPOSITORY. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$26,000.

R.M. Purnell & Bro. DID YOU SAY DRINKS? Well you will find the choicest brands of RYE, PURE OLD APPLE BRANDY and Sparkling Wine. Where, You Ask? —WHY AT— W. D. SMITH'S, Washington Ave., WELDON, N. C. Full line groceries always on hand.

IN THE HOME.

"In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him, And He Shall Direct Thy Paths."

Dependency comes to all of us at times, but no class is so tempted to give way to despair as those who, by sickness or old age, have been cut off from the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life. In their hours of loneliness they sometimes feel as though they had been utterly forsaken. In these moments it will be well for such to turn to the sacred book and refresh their confidence in God by noticing how in all ages He has guided them who dared to trust Him, but who at the time, most have been as perplexed as we are often now. Here we can see how Abraham left kindred and country and started, with no other guide than God, across the trackless desert to a land which he knew not. We learn how for forty years the Israelites were led through the peninsula of Sinai. We know how Joshua, in entering the Land of Promise, was able to cope with the difficulties of an unknown region and to overcome great and warlike nations. We know how in the early church the apostles were enabled to thread their way through the most difficult questions and to solve the most perplexing problems. The promises for guidance to us are unmistakable. Psalm 33, 8. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go."

Proverbs 3, 6. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

Isaiah 28, 11. "The Lord shall guide thee continually."

John 8, 12. "I am the light of the world, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have light of life."

These are but specimens. The vault of Scripture is filled with thousands of such, that given as the stars which guide the wanderer across the deep. And yet it may seem to some tired and timid hearts as if every one mentioned in the Word of God was helped, but they are left without help. They seem to have stood before perplexing problems, face to face with life's mysteries, eagerly longing to know what to do—but no angel has come to tell them, and no iron gate has opened to them in the prison house of circumstances. But we must not make the mistake of thinking that God is not guiding us because He does not always do it in a miraculous way. He often sees fit to guide us through our own resources. When Peter was shut up in prison and could not possibly extricate himself, an angel was sent to do for him what he could not do for himself; but when they had passed through a street or two of the city, the angel left him to consider the matter for himself. Thus God treats us still. We often make a mistake also by thinking that God is not guiding us at all because we cannot see for ahead. But this is not His method. He only undertakes that the steps of a good man should be ordered by the Lord. Not next year, but tomorrow. Not the next mile, but the next step. Not the whole pattern, but the next stitch in the canvas.

IT NEEDS A TONIC!

There are times when your liver needs a tonic. Don't give purgatives that grip and weaken. DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel all poison from the system and act as a tonic to the liver. W. Scott, 531 Highland Ave., Milton, Pa., says: "I have carried DeWitt's Little Early Risers with me for several years and would not be without them." Small and easy to take. Purely vegetable. They never gripe or distress.

W. M. Cohen.

It was as easy to do as to promise what an easy thing life would be.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

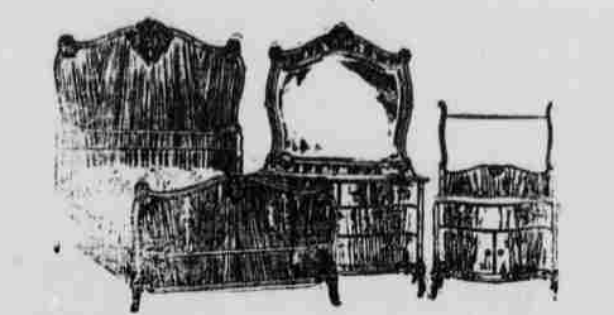
Permitting a sick child in childhood to be embarrassed in later life.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspepsias have been cured after everything else failed. Is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary. Cures all stomach troubles. Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 5¢ bottle contains 25 times the 10¢ size. W. M. Cohen, Druggist.

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THE BRIDGE. BY LONGFELLOW.

The bridge which is the subject of the poem was the old one known as West Boston bridge. In Longfellow's youth the bridge was probably more generally a resort for moonlight ruminators, comparatively speaking, than it has been of late years, for then the only means of transportation to and from Boston was a coach, and, as the fare was 25 cents, comparatively few people rode.

I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the city Behind the dark church tower.

I saw in her bright reflection In the waters under me, Like a golden goblet falling And sinking into the sea.

And far into the hazy distance Of that lovely night in June The blaze of the flaming furnace Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the oaks, black rafters The wavering shadows lay, And the current that came from the ocean Seemed to lift and bear them away.

As, sweeping and eddying through them, Rose the belated tide, And, streaming into moonlight The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing Among the wooden piers A flood of thoughts came o'er me That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often, In the days that had gone by I had stood on that bridge at midnight And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often, I had wished that the ebbing tide Would bear me away on its bosom O'er the ocean wild and wide.

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THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER.

There is a Pretty Story Which Tells How the Seven Stars Came to Form the Dipper.

Once in a country far away, the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The rivers and springs and brooks had all dried up. The plants and flowers had withered and died. The birds were so hoarse they could not sing. The whole land was sad and mournful. One night after the stars had come out a little girl with a tin dipper in her hand crept quietly out of the house and went into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree, she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill her little dipper. She prayed so long that at last she fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find her dipper full of clear, cold water.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill and dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but taking up her dipper she hurried home. In her haste she stumbled, and alas! she dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog, who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop had been spilled. Pouring out a few drops on her hand she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so, and seemed much revived; but as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to one of beautiful silver.

Hurrying to her home as soon as possible, she handed the water to the servant to give to her mother.

"Oh," said her mother, "I will not take it. I shall not live, anyhow. You are younger and stronger than I."

As she gave the servant the dipper, it changed to shining gold. The servant was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary, and she handed him the dipper of water. He took it, saying:

"Blessed is he who gives a cup of cold water in His name."

A radiance shone all about him, and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain, which supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher until they reached the sky, and there changed into bright stars, forming the "Great Dipper."

And so while we recognize that this is only a parable, yet it shall give us a sweet association with the constellation in the sky, and when we look up at the "dipper" as it points up to the north pole, this sweet story will point us to a pole star of usefulness.—Christian Observer.

ONE TOUCH OF MOTHERHOOD.

The Weight Was Too Heavy For The Old Woman.

A lady in writing of Queen Alexandra told a friend a touching little incident which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence. The princess, with her usual gentle reticence, tried to hide the grief for her firstborn. It was shown only in her failing health and in increased tender consideration for all around her. One day, while walking with one of her ladies in the quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry, it appeared that she was a carrier, and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes, Your Highness, ma'am. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up, I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy—ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack! He's dead! O, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears.

A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and has never been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.—Chicago Post.

TO MY FRIENDS

It is with joy I tell you what Kodol did for me. I was troubled with my stomach for several months. Upon being advised to use Kodol, it did me good. I found that it had done me good. I had tried most everything, but he had tried most everything. I told him to use Kodol. Words of gratitude have come to me from him because I recommended it.—George W. Fry, Viola, Iowa. Health and strength, of mind and body, depend on the stomach, and normal activity of the digestive organs. Kodol, the great reconstructive tonic, cures all stomach and bowel troubles, indigestion, dyspepsia. Kodol digests any good food you eat. Take a dose after meals.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* When Credit opened her arms seductively, Thrift died of grief. Logic is to women all that intuition is to men. W. M. Cohen.

BEFORE THE EDITOR AWOK.

One of His Subscribers Brings Him a Lot of Good Things.

The editor of the Podunk Blade sat in his chair, grinding copy with all possible rapidity. It was the eve of press day, and the printer and the devil were sticking the type at a great rate. Sheet after sheet was filled with flattering notices of Podunk's prosperity, of Major Blithers' new residence, of Banker Squeezem's new carriage, of the approaching graduation exercises. Faster and faster he wrote, till his tired brain became dizzy and his head dropped over.

"How are you, Mr. Editor," said a heavy voice. "I'm Tom Slocum, that lives over by the big creek. Been taking your paper quite a spell and thought I'd better drop in and pay up."

"Glad to see you, sir. How's the crops over your way?"

"Never better. Guess I owe you for about two years. Here's three dollars. Give me credit for it, will you?"

"With pleasure. I'll just write you a receipt."

"Never mind the receipt. Say, I've a couple of chickens out there in the wagon that my wife sent in to you. She said she'd bet you'd like 'em."

"Thank you very much. I—"

"Never mind the thanks. Tain't nothing. Just been down to mill and got a big grist ground. If you've got a sack or something to put it in I'll give you thirty or forty pounds. We think a mighty lot of your paper, and we want to show it."

"You are very kind. I can never thank—"

"Well, don't try. Say, I guess you'd better send the Blade to my wife's sister over in Slattown. She visited here a couple of months last summer and got acquainted with a lot of people. She'd like to keep track of them. And while you're about it just send it to my brother down in Cohob. He owns some property here and ought to read how things is boom'n' here. That was a splendid write-up you gave the church supper. I bet it tickled the church folks. We thought we'd be laughing at that story you wrote about the county convention of the other party. You did certainly take the hide off 'em. I believe your paper gets better every week. We're goin' to have a lot of apples this summer. Come out some time and take home a couple of barrels. Your editorials go right to the meat of the questions at issue and I'm gettin' a lot of valuable information out of them. Say, I'm goin' to kill a beef next week and if you want it I'll bring you in a forequarter. We can't use it all. Come to think of it I had you send the paper to my boy that's going to college over to Clingville, and I ain't paid for it. Count up what it all amounts to for a year. Three dollars? Say, you won't get rich chargin' that way. Well, I must be goin'. Here's a five. Just give me credit on them subscriptions for the whole amount. I'll be in next week with the beef. Good day."

But just as the good farmer stepped to the door his foot caught on a splinter and he fell with such a thud that the editor woke up.

HIS SIGHT THREATENED.

"While picnicking last month my 11 month boy was poisoned by some weed or plant," says W. H. Dibble, of Sioux City, Ia. "He rubbed the poison off his hands into his eyes and for a while we were afraid he would lose his sight. Finally a neighbor recommended DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The first application helped him and in a few days he was as well as ever." For skin diseases, cuts, burns, scalds, wounds, insect bites, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is sure cure. Relieves pain at once. Beware of counterfeits.

W. M. Cohen.

The person who has lost in abundance and a certain softness of tongue can work his way to fortune with little effort.

Common sense is not a brilliant quality, but it throws out a clear, steady radiance.

A great many persons give advice and are vexed when the generosity is not lauded.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend CASCARETS whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMYTH, 3020 Stoupehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Cascarets

Pleasant, Palatable, Laxative. Taste Good. No Gripe. Never Weakens. Works on the Bowels. Cures Constipation. Sold and guaranteed by all druggists. Get it at W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

D. E. STAINBACK,

NOTARY PUBLIC, WELDON, N. C. Roanoke News Office.



The Human Lottery

"Ah, if only I were beautiful how happy life would be." Many a forlorn maid has said this as she looked into the mirror. It is the one position in the lottery of human life which would not refuse.

BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator

For young girls on the threshold of womanhood is invaluable. When they become pale and languid, the eyes dull, aching head, feet and hands cold, appetite gone, or abnormal, obstructed periods and painful fits, and their systems generally run down, they need a tonic, building up and their blood cleansed.

Bradfield's Female Regulator for women is particularly valuable and useful owing to its tonic properties and as a regulator of the menstrual flow. Painful, obstructed and suppressed menstruation is permanently relieved, and all diseases peculiar to the genital organs are cured by it. Regulator cleans the complexion, brightens the eye, sharpens the appetite, removes maddly and blotched conditions of the skin and cures sick headache at once. Of druggists at \$2.00 per bottle. 6-11

"Perfect Health for Women" can be had free by sending us your address. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

IS YELLOW POISON

in your blood? Physicians call it flaccid Germ. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chilly, aching sensations creep down your backbone. You feel weak and worthless.

ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC

will stop the trouble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and a general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturer knows all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands—it will cure you or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25 cents. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.

The One Among Many.

The one make of instruments that holds its tone through a generation of usefulness.

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Are not built for show—they're constructed with experienced care; they last a lifetime and more, yet their cost is very moderate, considering their quality. Send us your address and you'll immediately get an illustrated catalogue and book of suggestions. Accommodating Terms. Pianos of other makes to suit the most economical.

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SCIENTIFICALLY DISTILLED. NATURALLY AGED. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Best and Safest for all uses. For Sale By W. D. SMITH, Weldon, N. C.

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For Coughs, Colds and Croup. W. E. BEAVANS. DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY, TOILET SOAP, ALL KINDS PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CIGARS, PIPES, ETC. Prescriptions carefully compounded day or night. W. E. BEAVANS, PHARMACIST, ENFIELD N. C. Store 1/2 No. 12 residence 41-9, 815 y.