

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1902.

NO. 25

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of



For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

IN USE

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

THE TOUCH OF A BROTHER.

From A Sermon By Rev. John E. White, Second Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga.

One can wear his heart out looking into people's souls by gazing through their faces. One face sits our heart with contempt for the baseness within it and to pray for the lost soul behind it. Another thrills us with its nobility and the loftiness of spirit it reveals. Here is a face we call innocent, here one good natured, here one full of laughter. But going forth with sympathy for your guide how many faces in the street you will meet that tell a tale of sorrow, and perhaps sin, so pathetic as to almost move one to tears.

Two well dressed men were walking recently down the street if one of our principal Southern cities at midnight. In front of them was a man shabbily dressed with a look of hunger and desperation on his face. As the three passed a brilliantly lighted store window one of the gentlemen said to the other: "Did you catch a glimpse of that man's face?" "No, what about it?" "It was a terrible face. I believe that man will kill himself before morning." "Well, you can't prevent it. What of it?" "I don't know, but I think I can prevent. Suppose we follow him?"

They did follow him for several blocks. Finally he turned and made his way rapidly toward the river. Down by one of the obscure piers he passed, close by one of the piles that pleted the flooring, and with the gesture of despair stepped toward the edge of the pier and looked down into the water. He then straightened himself and in another moment would have flung himself into the river but one of the gentlemen who was standing in the shadow of the warehouse called out in a quiet, but firm voice: "My brother, if you are in trouble will you let me help you?"

At the words "My brother," the man trembled, stopped back, covered his face with his hands and staggering against the pier burst into sobs so awful that the man who had taken it on himself to rescue him could not say a word for several moments. Finally he learned in broken ejaculations the man's story. It was an old story—wife and children in a home of wretched poverty, rent due, no work, crying for bread, wife sick, no friends. That was all. Suicide seemed the only way out of it. "I was going to drown myself," he said. "I do not know but what it would be the best thing to do after all." But the man who had called him "brother" found work and a home for the despairing soul. And by magic of word, which beats all false distinction, he made the man to live again.

Against that word is thrust the philosophy of the street, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Who will champion the philosophy? It was born in snakes' eyes and toads' venom. It is a crawling creed of stain. It has murdered thousands and saved none. Christ's Word for the street is "sympathy." It was this word on Shaftsbury's lips that saved the costermongers of London. That word written in John Howard's heart saved the prisoners of Europe from poisonous filth and misery. That word saved Jerry McAuley. It saved John B. Gough to humanity and temperance. On the lips of a woman in Louisville, Ky., it saved George C. L. river to the glory of the American pulpit.

The Petersburg Furniture Co.,

203 AND 207 N. SYCAMORE ST. PETERSBURG, VA.



THE HUSTLING AND UP-TO-DATE LEADERS IN FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

A. J. WINFIELD, PRESIDENT & MANAGER

Special Attention to Mail Orders. oct 3 ly.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild, And feel that my parent now thinks of her child; She looks on that moon from our cottage door, Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again; The birds singing gaily, that came at my call, Give these, with sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.

If I return home overburdened with care, The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there; The bliss I experience whenever I come, Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home.

Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell happy home, Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam; This poor, aching heart must be laid in the tomb, Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.

THE CHRIST VISITOR.

The Rich Merchant Brought to His Senses By a Very Remarkable Dream.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. Absum returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in his chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow. What could be the matter with Mr. Absum? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal benevolent societies of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements to which he did not well know how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets, curtains, no end to new things to be bought—I really do not see how I am to give a cent more in charity. Then there are the bills for the girls and boys; they all say they must have twice as much as before we came into this new house; wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. Absum glanced up and down the ceiling and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed and drowsy; his head began to swim and his eyes closed—he was asleep. In his sleep he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments conversation with him. Mr. Absum asked him into the parlor and drew a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. Absum, presented him with a paper.

"It is your last year's subscription to Home Missions," said he; "you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you. I called to see if you had anything more to add to it."

"This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. Absum was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some minutes silent before he could reply at all, and then, in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the excuses which appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, etc.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately preceoted him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society. Have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. Absum was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the mild manner of the stranger that restrained him, and he answered that although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not, this year, conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation. Mr. Absum became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and sums required were moderate. Now the objects increase every day; all call upon us for money, and all, after we have given once, want us to double and treble our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing; we may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eyes upon his companion, said in a voice that thrilled his soul: "One year ago tonight you thought your daughter lay dying. You could not sleep for agony. Upon whom did you call all that night?"

The merchant started and looked up. There seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eyes were fixed upon him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that averted and subdued him. He drew back, covered his face and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you

would leave a family of helpless children, entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?" The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone: "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless? when you spent days and nights in prayer? when you thought that you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "Oh, yes, it was He!"

"And has he ever complained of being called upon too often?" inquired the stranger, in a tone of reproachful sweetness. He added "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of him, if he from this night will ask no more from you?"

"Oh, never! never! said the merchant, throwing himself at the stranger's feet; but, as he spoke these words, the figure of his visitor seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"Oh, my Saviour! what have I been saying!" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything! What is all I have, to what thou hast done for me?"


GOOD LIVING

Quite often results in bad health, because what is termed "good living" is usually the gratification of the palate without reference to the nutrition of the body. When the good liver is a business man and rises from a full meal to plunge at once into work requiring mental effort the result is almost sure to be disastrous, because digestion draws upon the same nervous forces which are employed in thought. In time the stomach becomes diseased, the processes of digestion and nutrition are imperfectly performed and there is a physical breakdown.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates the effete poisonous matter which originates in the system as a consequence of imperfect digestion. It cures sound health to the whole body.

"I wish to say to the world that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a great blessing to me," writes Mrs. Helen E. Bacon, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to September, 1897, I had doctor for my stomach trouble for several years, going through a course of treatment without any real benefit. In September, 1897, I had my sick stomach and nervous system cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I gained twenty pounds in two months."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA

(TEETHING POWDERS)

Cures Cholera-Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and Makes TEETHING EASY.

Costs Only 25 cents at Druggists.

Dr. J. C. Moffett, M. D., 117 N. LOUISIANA, MO.

Excelsior Printing Co.,

WELDON, N. C.

Letter, Bill and Packet Heads
Wedding Invitations,
Circulars, Hand Bills, Etc.

Send us your orders. All orders receive prompt and careful attention.

The Bank of Weldon,

WELDON, IN. 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.

For ten years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.

President: W. R. DANIEL. Vice-President: DR. J. N. RAMSAY. Cashier: W. R. SMITH. Seaboard, Northampton county, N. C.

PUBLIC OPINION!

SYDNOR & HUNDLEY, for values true, are unsurpassed the city through yielding to none, for styles, the choicest FURNITURE waits for you Durable and elegant, ornate or plain, such Suites elsewhere we seek in vain NOTED for UPHOLSTERY, here we find a grand collection of every kind Ornamental DRAPERIES, it is known well, in perfect taste, they excel Right at 711 E. Broad St., of MIRRORS & PICTURES, the stock's complete for beauty & quality we can rely on all SYDNOR & HUNDLEY do supply This great store is 709-711-713 E Broad street, Richmond, Va

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The way of the world is a wonderful way— Wonderful in its madness! 'Tis a mad endeavor from day to day That ends each night in sadness. For men are greedy to compass wealth With schemes unjust and vicious, Or seek for pleasures, by sun or stealth, And call their sins delicious!

The way of the world is a scandalous way— Scandalous for its villainy! 'Tis a vile procession of folk who play On lusts of native wildness; For men and women of worldly fame Mock at their lowliest passion, And judge it never a thing for shame To reek in foulest fashion.

The way of the world is a sorrowful way— Sorrowful in its grieving! 'Tis a grievous fear that friends betray, And none is worth believing, For men will sell their honor for gain, And women their virtue give, For ripples of joy on seas of pain That flood the years they live.

The way of the world is a sickening way— Sickening in its meanness! 'Tis a mean existence with husks always To pall the soul with leanness, Far better the ways of Christ, with peace, With rags, and a crust and cold, A little from God, with a heart content, Is better than hoards of gold!

SECRETS

At the Price of Suffering.

Woman on her way to semi-invalidism caused by pregnancy suffers much pain. Ignorance prompts her to suffer alone in silence and remain in the dark as to the true cause—motherhood.

Mother's Friend takes the doctor's place and she has no cause for an interview. She is her own doctor, and her modesty is protected. Daily application to the breast and abdomen throughout pregnancy will enable her to undergo the period of gestation in a cheerful mood and rest undisturbed.

Mother's Friend

is a liniment for external use only. It would indeed be shameful if the sacrifice of modesty were necessary to the successful issue of healthy children. All women about to become mothers need send only to a drug store and for \$1.00 secure the price childbirth remedy. Healthy babies are the result of using Mother's Friend. Our book, "Motherhood" mailed free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

DO GOOD—IT PAYS.

A Chicago man has observed that, "Good deeds are better than real estate deeds—some of the latter are worthless. Act kindly and gently, show sympathy and lend a helpful hand. You cannot possibly lose by it." Most men appreciate a kind word and encouragement more than substantial help. There are persons in this community who might truthfully say: "My good friend, cheer up. A few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will rid you of your cold and there is no danger whatever from pneumonia when you use that medicine. It always cures. I know it for it has helped me out many a time."

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

The evil of the world is in sin and not in suffering.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought



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.

They who have been washed white need no whitewashing.

RAN A TEN PENNY NAIL THROUGH HIS HAND.


While opening a box J. C. Mount, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., ran a ten penny nail through the fleshy part of his hand. "I thought at once of all the pain and soreness this would cause me," says he, "and immediately applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and occasionally afterwards. To my surprise it removed all pain and soreness and the injured parts were soon healed."

For sale at W. M. Cohen's drug store, Weldon, N. C.

LOOK UP OR WRITE

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought



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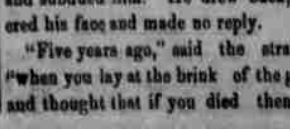
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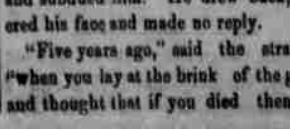
The Kind You Have Always Bought



LOOK UP OR WRITE

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought



LOOK UP FOR FEVER.

Biliousness and liver disorders at this season may be prevented by cleansing the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These famous little pills do not gripe. They move the bowels gently, but copiously, and by reason of the tonic properties, give tone and strength to the glands.

W. M. Cohen.

He who has life's plan alone can make it plain to us.

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 dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It 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 31 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 10c. size.

W. M. Cohen, Druggist.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're not well. Keep your bowels open, and you'll feel better. Use Cascarets. They work while you sleep.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Gripe, No Laxative Effect. They are the best of all cathartics. They are the only ones that are safe for the young and old. They are the only ones that are safe for the sick and convalescent. They are the only ones that are safe for the nervous and delicate. They are the only ones that are safe for the aged and infirm. They are the only ones that are safe for the whole family.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

A Bad Breath

A bad breath means a bad stomach, a bad digestion, a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache.

25c. All druggists.

Want your stomachs or bowels a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE OF THE WHISKERS

PPOMATTOX IRON WORKS.

28 to 34 Old Street, PETERSBURG, VA.

Manufacturers of—

Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys, Agricultural Implements.

Having bought out Steel & Alexander, founders and machinists, with all patterns, we are now prepared to furnish parts to machines formerly made by them.

HYDRAULIC PRESSES and PEANUT MACHINERY

Mill work and castings of all kinds, second hand machinery for sale cheap. Call on us or write for what you want.

IS YELLOW POISON

in your blood? Physicians call it "Interstitial Derm." It can be seen changing red blood under microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chilly, aching sensations creep down your backbones. 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 and 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 manufacturers know 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

Early Risers

The famous little pills.

HENDERSON

TELEPHONE COMPANY.

OFFICE OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, HENDERSON, N. C.

The following Toll Rates will be in effect on and after May 1st, 1902, subject to change or correction:

From WELDON to			
Ayden,	40	Littleton,	50
Baylor,	40	Lenoir,	50
Buffalo Springs,	40	Moriches City,	50
Burkeville,	40	New Hope,	50
Chatham,	40	New River,	50
Chase City,	40	Newport,	50
Clayton,	40	Northampton,	50
Chapel Hill,	40	Plymouth,	50
Dunn,	40	Raleigh,	50
Edinboro,	40	Roanoke Rapids,	50
Enfield,	40	Rocky Mount,	50
Farmington,	40	Scotland Neck,	50
Goldboro,	40	Selma,	50
Greensboro,	40	Shelby,	50
Hamlet,	40	Spring Hope,	50
Haw River,	40	Tarboro,	50
Henderson,	40	Yulee Forest,	50
Hillsboro,	40	Warrenton,	50
High Point,	40	Weldon,	50
Kinston,	40	Windsor,	50

F. C. TOEPLERMAN, Gen. Supt.

HARPER WHISKY

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT FOR THEIR MOST DELICATE PATIENTS, OLD AND PURE.

For Sale By

W. D. SMITH, Weldon, N. C.

One Minute Cough Cure For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

D. E. STAINBACK, Notary Public, WELDON, N. C.

Roanoke News Office.