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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

NO. 29

GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE
CLEANSSES THE BLOOD
BUILDS UP THE SYSTEM
THE ONE THAT CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL
Rheumacide
It is the most powerful and efficient blood purifier in the world. It sweeps out all the impurities and poisonous germs that cause RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS, GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION AND CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON. Improves the Stomach, builds up the entire system. A. J. Field, the famous minister; Hon. J. P. Gibson, the South Carolina legislator, and hundreds of others testify that it ABSOLUTELY CURES.
Sample bottle Free if you write ROBBITT CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md. "FORGET THE PAIN" Book from your Druggist.

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WHOLESALE

Confectioner & Fancy Grocer,

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Mr. W. T. Daugh represents us in Eastern Carolina. Hold your orders for him. nov 12 ly

Ayer's Pills Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver.
BUCKINGHAM'S EYE Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

THE REASON WHY
TANNER'S PAINTS
Retain their pre-eminence above all other brands because they are made of the best materials obtainable and are ground with great care. If your dealer does not carry them write to the manufacturers.

Tanner Paint & Oil Co.,

Box 180. 1419 E. MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA.

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 \$31,000.

For ten years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and depositors 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: DA. H. W. LEWIS. Cashier: W. R. SMITH. Jackson, Northampton county, N. C.

The largest and best plant in the State.

CHARLES MILLER WALSH,
Quarrier and Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE STONES of every description. Freight prepaid on all shipments. Safe delivery guaranteed. Write for designs and prices.

Work Delivered At Any Depot.

Fall and Winter Goods

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN.

Big Line Dry Goods, Notions, Gents Furnishings, &c. The largest line ever brought to Weldon. Don't fail to see them before you buy. Our Shoe department is full and running over. The largest stock we have ever carried, and we are making prices

THAT WILL SELL THEM.

Just received a big lot of (DORSON) Shoes. Suits to order, made up in good shape and by good tailors. Fits Guaranteed. Don't fail to see our line of

Samples and Prices Before You Place Your Order.

H. D. ALLEN & COMPANY,
WELDON, N. C.

BEHOLDING THE HEART BEFORE.

WHEN A DEAR FRIEND DIES AND GOES TO HEAVEN WE BEGIN TO THINK OF IT AS OUR HOME.

A new sense of reality in the world beyond the grave comes to all of us when for the first time we can think of one who has been hitherto in our interests as having gone there and not down to the intimacy of its interests, which have been so foreign to us and so far away. Heaven has at once an association with us. We have a relative there. One name is known in its mysterious streets, and so its streets become less mysterious and remote to us. It is somewhat as when a mother in some little country village sends her boy to the great city, and at once feels familiar with the great city, because somewhere, lost amid its hurrying thousands, her boy is now. She talks of it with a kind affection, as if it were almost her home, because it is the home of one she loves. She catches every mention of it as if it were a message meant for her. To go there is the constant dream of her life, and she feels as if when she got there she would know at once the streets in which her heart has had its home so long.

So when a dear friend dies and goes to heaven, heaven at once catches and naturalizes into itself our love for him. We read about it as if we knew it, and when we think of going there ourselves, we think of it as going home, because our heart has had its home there so long. "Day after day we think what she is doing

In those bright realms of air; Year after year her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken

The bond which nature gives, Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken, May reach her where she lives."
—Phillips Brooks.



It is just a common cold, people say, there's no danger in that. Admitting their statement, then there are numerous colds, colds which are dangerous; for many a fatal sickness begins with a cold. If we could tell the common cold from the uncommon we could feel quite safe. But we can't. The uncommon variety is rarely recognized until it has fastened its hold on the lungs, and there are symptoms of consumption.

At the first symptoms the careful person will heed the warning by taking a mild laxative; some vegetable pill that will not disturb the system or cause griping. About the best is "Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets." If the cold starts with a cough, and in periods there some local treatment for this condition should be taken. A well known alternative extract, which has been highly recommended by thousands of users, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic compound is composed of an extract of roots and herbs and has a soothing effect upon the mucous membrane, always the irritation and at the same time works in the proper and reasonable way, at the seat of the trouble—the stagnated or poisoned blood.

It contains no alcohol to shiver up the blood corpuscles, but makes pure rich red blood.

Dr. Pierce's two-page illustrated book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is sent free in paper covers on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only. For 31 stamps the cloth-bound volume will be sent, 100 pages. It was formerly sold for \$1.50 per copy. Address Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WE PAY THE FREIGHT AND GUARANTEE SAFE DELIVERY . . .
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THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS.
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Every kind of watch or clock made to keep accurate time. GOLD WEDDING AND OTHER RINGS MADE TO ORDER.
Eyes tested and Scientifically fitted with Eye Glasses or Spectacles at

LOWEST PRICES.
A fine line of Ladies and Gentlemen's Gold Rings, Watches, Jewelry, &c.
Mail orders promptly attended to.
Sign of the BIG WATCH, near Postoffice, Weldon, N. C.

THE LITTLE GRAVE IN THE SNOW.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I'm talking about the Christmas—for the children know it's nigh, An' the glad war' moves to music, an' the stars dance in the sky! Yet I know why this lonesome feelin' strikes at my heartstrings so: For the gift I'll get from heaven is a little grave in the snow.
Spring tried to hide it in blossoms, that my dim eyes might not see; But no blooms, or snows of winter can hide that grave from me! For his voice is always callin', as in days of long ago— Callin' in light an' darkness from that little grave in the snow.
An' the children come an' kiss me, an' wonder my eyes grow dim, An' why, in the Christmas season, I turn from them to him: An' I may not tell them ever—with their bright eyes shinin' so— That the gift I'll get from heaven is a little grave in the snow.

BY DAMASCUS GATE.

Of-times when the days are weary, and the pulse of life is low, When the wheels of toil, in their dusty course drive heavily and slow, When the meaning of all seems blurred, and the joy of seeking fails, Of-times when my desert places a miracle befalls, Is it a trick o' the blood, a clearing dot in the brain? Sudden the far-off shower, unguessed, has filled the choking stream, Some rift in the gray horizon let through a crimson beam, Once more for me the sky is blue; I quaff the wine of the air, And taste the fierce tang of the sea, and find the wild rose fair. Once more I walk the allotted round with unreluctant feet, And daily bread has flavor, and love and labor are sweet.
O! once in centuries olden, before Damascus Gate Journeyed one with hidden eyes, and a dreary heart of hate; When a glory shone round about, and in one wondrous hour He had passed from death to life. The knowledge and grace and power And a new world filled his lips; and joy and courage and love Were born henceforth in his heart, with the vision that fell from above, And still, when the day are bitter, and life is clogged with care, And the heart is salt with unshed tears, and tender with despair, An angel stirs the stagnant soul, and lo! there is healing there. Once more my soul is loosened, and life and labor sweet: Once more in the tangled West the pattern shines complete: And I know that the self-same grace on my soul has been outpoured— My spirit, by Damascus Gate, has heard the voice of its Lord.

HE MEANT WELL.

BUT THE TROUBLE WAS THE OTHERS WERE NOT UP TO DATE.

He desired to express his sympathy. That was all, said the New York Press. He had always liked the man, and now that he was reported to be near death he felt sorry for both him and the afflicted family.

"Poor fellow!" he said, "They tell me that he already has one foot in the fire."
Trouble followed. The wife of the sick man happened to overhear the remark, and she promptly declared that he was a mean, hateful old thing and then burst into tears.

"But, my dear madam—" he protested.
"Don't speak to me!" she exclaimed. "Poor old Pete always looked upon you as a friend, and I always thought you were one, too."

"But I assure you—" "Don't you dare say one word to me!" Then a mutual friend took him by the arm and led him to one side.

"Really, old man," he said, "it was outrageous. I'm almost tempted to think you've been drinking."
"But, hang it all!" "It was neither the time nor the place for cheap wit," broke in another friend. "But I didn't intend—"

"Of course, we all know that Pete has been a pretty lively boy in his day," interrupted still another friend, "but you ought to have some regard for the feelings of his wife."
"I tell you—"

"That's what comes of cultivating one's sense of humor at the expense of one's better feelings," put in the friend who had first taken him aside. "Of course, we know that you did not intend to say anything that would seem harsh and cruel, but—"

"Now, look here!" exclaimed the man who had made the original remark, breaking away from them angrily. "What I said was all right and proper. What would you have me say? That I am sorry to hear that he has one foot in the grave? That would be a nice, sensible thing to do when I happen to know that he is a cremationist and has already bought a silver urn to hold his ashes, wouldn't it? The trouble with you people is that you are not up to date."

MOTHERS PRAISE IT!

Mothers everywhere praise One Minute Cough Cure for the sufferings it has relieved and the lives of their little ones it has saved. A certain cure for coughs, croup and whooping cough. A. L. Spafford, Postmaster, of Chester, Mich., says: "Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a sudden and terrible attack of croup. One Minute Cough Cure quickly relieved and cured her and I cannot praise it too highly." One Minute Cough Cure relieves coughs, makes breathing easy, cuts out phlegm, draws out inflammation, and removes every cause of a cough and strain on lungs.

Sold by W. M. Cohen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

WITH HIS MOTHER.

POOR LITTLE FELLOW, TO DIE ALONE; NO MOTHER'S HAND TO WIPE AWAY THE GATHERING DEW OF DEATH.

From a far away country town a box of wild flowers had come to the Children's Hospital in a Western city. Just at dusk the nurse stopped in her round before one, where a poor little sufferer lay, clasping in his little hand a bunch of blue violets. The little fellow tossed and turned from side to side. Ever and anon he would start up, murmuring something about "Little Jack," then fell back, whispering, "Too late! too late!" "Bad case, bad case, nurse; father and mother both died of same fever, baby found dead and this boy will go soon," and the old doctor shook his head gravely. "Poor little fellow," murmured the nurse, "to die alone; no mother's hand to wipe away the gathering dew of death; no mother's arms; no mother's kiss!" She brushed away the damp golden curls from the white forehead. The blue eyes opened wide, and a faint voice whispered, "mother!" The nurse bent pitifully over him. His eyes searched her face then closed wearily. "Oh, I want my mother," he moaned. The child started up. "Rock me mother," he cried. Very tenderly the doctor lifted the figure and placed it in the nurse's arms. The weary hand dropped upon her shoulder; the hands, still holding the violets, were folded lovingly around her neck. To and fro she cradled him. The room was growing dark. A faint stream of light came in at the eastern window and slipped softly across the ledge. "Sing to me," the child whispered. "Very sweetly on the air rose and fell the music of that old hymn: "Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is passed. Nearer and nearer crept the moonlight, till it touched the swaying figure: "Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last." The song ceased. "Mother, I'm too tired to kneel to-night," murmured the child; then slowly added: "Now—I—lay me down—to—sleep," and with a sigh the blue eyes closed tiredly. The moonlight flooded the room with silver, it lingered about the little white robed child, it fell upon the golden curls and half closed lids and the withered flowers fallen closely now from the tired hands. There was a sweet, faint perfume of violets as the rocker crushed to and fro. Nothing stirred in the room save the swaying figure in the moonlight. The doctor touched the nurse and gently said, "the child is with its mother."

THE NEWLY MARRIED.

A WOMAN'S PRACK OF SOUL.

The basis of a newly-married woman's peace of soul is trust. She feels that the responsibility is on her husband to make good the many qualities with which she has endowed him, and because of which she has consented to become his mate. Occasionally during the first few months of her married life Constance longed to think that all her maidenly eagerness to solve the riddle of life brilliantly, and all her profound searching of the mysteries of the universe should have ended in her becoming an everyday housewife with dustpan and brush, and the wife of one who, to all outward appearances, was an everyday young man. But her laugh savored of gladness. She had given herself to him because she had faith that his energy, self-reliance, fearless humor and sympathetic hatred of shams would distinguish him presently from the common herd of men and vindicate her infatuation. She had given herself to him, besides, because he loved her—a delightful consciousness. Accordingly, she enclosed herself in the web of happiness which her confidence in him had spun about her, and took up her domestic duties with light-hearted devotion.

Nevertheless, no woman emerges from her honeymoon with exactly the same estimate of her lover as before. If nothing else, she has seen his mental and moral characteristics in their undress, so to speak, and become habituated to their sublimity. We may be no less fond of a person whose anecdotes have grown familiar to us, and analogously a wife does not weary of her husband's qualities merely because they have lost the glamor of novelty. On the contrary, she is apt to continue to adore them because they are his. Still she feels free to scrutinize them closely and unconsciously, at least—to submit them to the test of her own silent judgment. She discovers, too, of course, that he has sides and idiosyncrasies the existence of which she never suspected. Ordinarily she regards to his surprise that his attitude in regard to this or that matter has shifted perceptibly since marriage, so that, instead of being lukewarm or ardent, as the case may be, he has become almost strenuous or indifferent in his attitude. Hence, she divides that during their courtship some of his real opinions and tendencies have been kept in retreat.

A RUNAWAY BICYCLE.

Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for Burns, Scalds, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c. at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

A one-eyed man is partial to the sea-side.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

WORTH WINNING.

THE FOLLOWING STORY OF AN HONEST BOY IS TOLD IN GOOD WORKS.

There was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty, and, henceforth, was useless. "The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself." He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle and very carefully pulled the stamp off. "No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter, it ought not to carry another." "It can carry another," said John, "because you see, there's no mark to prove it worthless. The postoffice will not know." "But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by." "But no one will know it," said John faintly. "No one?" cried conscience "God will know it, and that's enough; and He, you know, desires the truth in the inward parts." "Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character, "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time, and I will not do it." John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

THOROUGHLY AT EASE.

"You appear to take life pretty easy," said the housewife, as she mixed some swadist with milk and palmed it off as breakfast food. "Yes, indeed, mum," grinned Sandy Pike, stretching out in the wheelbarrow. "De whole world is a 'cozy corner' wid me."

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

"Why," asked the fat policeman, "do you say the prisoner is a married man?" "Because," replied the great detective, "he is wearing safety pins instead of suspender buttons."

NOT A SICK DAY SINCE.

"I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an advertisement of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured, and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney troubles and General Debility." This is what E. F. Bass, of Fremont, N. C., writes. Only 50c. at W. M. Cohen, Druggist.

MORE TIME NEEDED.

"Do you believe there is honor among thieves?" said the grocer to the customer. "Well, I can't tell yet," replied the man; "you see, sir, I've only been in this town a week."

THOUSANDS CURED.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has cured thousands of cases of Piles. "I bought a box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve on the recommendation of our druggist," so writes C. H. LaCroix, of Zavalla, Tex., "and used it for a stubborn case of Piles. It cured me permanently." For sale by W. M. Cohen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

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DON'T EXPECT WORDS OF PRAISE

For "the Piano with the sweet tone" from dealers in pianos of other makes. We've grown accustomed to having dealers delude our glibly instrument that we look upon their outbursts with a feeling of pity.

THE ARTISTIC STIEFF PIANO

Is sold wholly on its MERITS. It is an ARTISTIC CREATION, far away and beyond its nearest rival for supremacy. That's why it carries off the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL whenever and wherever in competition with other artistic instruments.

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DID YOU SAY DRINKS?

Well you will find the choicest brands of RYE, PURE OLD APPLE BRANDY and Sparkling wines,

Where, You Ask?

—WHY AT—

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Full line groceries always on hand.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

restores the blood results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all other fails. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Slighty Emaciation, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excessive indulgence, which unite one for study, business or marriage. It will cure by starting at the seat of disease, but it cannot cure remote and blood building, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Febricity and Consumption. Hates on having REVIVO, no matter how long it has been used. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a post paid letter written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Write for details.

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Dr. Bouvier's Buchu Gin.....

A sure cure for all

KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

Recommended by best physicians of the country.

For sale in Weldon by

W. W. KAY,

Best of Wines, Whiskies and Brandies always on hand.

I keep the best of every thing in my line. Be polite attention to all at Kay's, west side R. R. Shed. my 21 ly.

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