

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ADVERTISING RATES—MODERATE.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 28

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of 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 Syrups. 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.

CLOTHING.

SWELL DRESSERS

FIND satisfaction in our High Class Ready-to-wear garments. They have all the fit, all the quality, all the permanency, all the shapeliness of the best merchant tailoring. Nothing is lacking except the costliness. If you are determined to spend an unnecessary amount of money for clothes, you will get much better results in buying two of our suits for the price you would pay for one made to order.

More Clothes and Less Money

Put up in a few garments is the tendency among people of taste. We fit everybody with a SLIGHT ALTERATION.

IS, of course, sometimes necessary, but it amounts to no more than your tailor make when he gives you your "try on." Don't make the mistake of buying a fall suit or an overcoat without seeing our line.

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

Ayer's Pills

Wake up your liver. Cure your constipation. Get rid of your biliousness. Sold for 60 years.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

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 \$33,000.

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. E. 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. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for prices and prices.

Work Delivered At Any Depot.
Nov 17.

A CENTURY OF LIFE.

IT MIGHT BE INCONVENIENT IF EVERY ONE LIVED A HUNDRED YEARS.

Suppose a man fifty years old, making a good income from his business, were to decide to live till he was a hundred and not to retire until he was ninety.

The first confidence would be that he would have the opportunity of making much more money than if he died at seventy; next, that his children would have wait much longer for it. Now, supposing him to have attained the age of ninety, the more money that he takes out of his business the less there will be for others to take.

His three sons, junior partners in the same firm, aged sixty-five downward, and his nine grandsons, aged forty downward, will find very little to take out of the business between them. The business, in fact would not "go round."

Even more distressing would be the case of the family in which there was no business out of which an income could be obtained. The old baronet, aged a hundred, would still be living at the family seat, enjoying the income he had inherited. His son, wearing on to eighty and possibly still a great trial to his parents, would be eking out a precarious existence on very little more than he was allowed at Oxford and for his part quite unable to make his own sons at all, much less to tip his great grandsons when they went back after the holidays to the rate provided schools.

These sons and grandsons would have to go into business. But into what business could they go?

Possibly it might be found necessary to compel a person attaining the age of seventy to give up his money and his estate to his son and to live on a small pension allowed him out of the wealth he had inherited or acquired, or possibly there might be a rule that a man on attaining the age of forty might claim complete control of his father's money and estate, provided that he undertook to house his parents and grandparents and to make them a small allowance.

But even then not all the inconveniences and uncertainties would be ended. Even if a man undertook at the age of forty all those obligations and had housed say, a parent, a couple of grandparents and possibly two or three great grandparents in a number of £150 cottages on the family estate and were making them allowances suitable to their respective ages it would yet be almost beyond his power to prevent them from reasserting themselves should they desire to do so. A man's father, still in the prime of life at seventy, might decide to set up in business afresh, in competition against the old business he had just relinquished to his son. He might even, with his more mature experience, cut out the old firm altogether, and then all the difficulties and inconveniences would begin over again.—London Spectator.

SOMETHING TO BE GAINED.

"Moses, he said to the old colored man around the warehouse, "I hear that you have a boy in college."

"Yes, sah, my son Peter has done gone to college, sah," was the proud reply.

"Going to make a great man of him, eh?"

"I dunno how great Peter will done turn out, sah, I reckon if he stays in dat college long 'nuff he'll come home and be able to tell a pullet from a rooster in de darkest night, and not make so many mistakes."

When a man gets to thinking that all eyes are on him he become all "I's" himself.

The Toilers in Our Factories.

No workmen in the world can do so much or use the same intelligence that our own American work-men and women are capable of. That is why America is now leading the world in manufactures; all due to the brain and muscle of our Yankee men and women.

Unfortunately where there is smoke, dirt and dust and little sunlight there also can be found the germs of disease. Nature's great disinfectant is sunlight. It is in the factory, the workshop, the office, that men and women suffer from diseases which are in the dust and the bad air. Such diseases are in two ways, either through the lungs or stomach.

After years of experience in an active practice, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., discovered a remedy that is a blood-purifier and tissue-builder, at the same time alleviates a cough. He called it Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—an alternative extract that assists in the digestion and assimilation of the food—so that the blood gets its elements from the products of digestion, the liver at the same time is started into activity and there is perfect elimination of waste matter. The germs of grip, malaria, catarrh or consumption find a fertile field if the body is not kept in perfect order and the blood pure.

Because the stomach is diseased there is a diminution of the red corpuscles of the blood. This is why one is sleepless, languid, nervous and irritable. Stomachic stomachs groan aloud at the irritating and liver oils, but they will get all the food elements the tissues require by using the "Golden Medical Discovery."

The "Discovery" is an absolutely non-alcoholic and non-narcotic medicine. There is nothing else "light as good."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the best laxative for old and young people. They cure constipation and biliousness.

RING OFF.

When you have sampled the joys of a night with the boys,
And the taste in your mouth's dark brown,
When without restraint you have scattered the paint
That is crimson all over town,
Raise your hand in the air and solemnly swear
That your dissolute habits you'll doff
That you'll sever the chain that infesters your brain:
Have the courage, my boy, to ring off.

If you go on your jaunts to the dangerous haunts
Of the tiger that's bustling for prey,
If your salary flies like clouds in the skies
Forever and ever away,
Make the rows in good time—not another wee dime
On the green covered table you'll cough;
You're contributing fat to the big striped cat,
And you'd better decide to ring off.

If you seek far delight on the street after night,
Are familiar with hovels of vice,
If the glass you cut with companions and drink
You are cutting a harvest of ice,
Take a wide sober view of the future when you
May be wallowing deep in the trough
Of adversity's slime, perhaps tainted with crime!
Think of that, my boy, to ring off.

If you are seeking for joy that is free from alloy,
For the essence of healthiest fun:
You are on the wrong ground; it can only be found
'Neath morality's genial sun,
Dash to earth the foul bowl that so poisons your soul,
At the pleadings of right do not scoff,
Let the sports of the town go 'way back and sit down—
Bid them all a good bye and ring off.

RETROSPECTION.

BY JOHN F. COWAN.

From out the mists of vanished years
Fond memory's voice is stealing,
Raised by the sound that past appears
And wakes the fount of feeling,
It brings before my raptured gaze
The young, the fair, the tender,
And lights the scenes of childhood days
With melancholy splendor.

Through intervening time and space,
As if swift pinions bore me,
I journey to my native place,
While memory flies before me.
Again before me lie spread out
Green hills and woodland 'sley,
Again resounds the joyous shout
That echoed through the valley.

Again to early vows of faith
My inmost heart is thrilling,
Again before affection's breath
My aching eyes are filling.
With joy my brother's voice I hear
Feel sister's fond caressing,
And smile to see my mother's tear,
And I hear my father's blessings.

Amidst the leafless locusts wave,
And wintry winds are blowing,
Above affection's lowly grave,
My bitter tears are flowing,
Ah, me! what scenes of joy and grief
Are waked by memory's power,
Like blossom bright and faded leaf,
The sunshine and the shower.

Here, like the garlands of the spring,
Shine joys that once delighted,
There hopes lie strewn and withering,
Like leaves by winter blighted.
But, from the earth on which they lie,
Behold bright faith is springing,
And to the fadeless towers on high,
Her angel flight is winging.

SHE PLEADED NOT IN VAIN

For Her Father In Prison.

"My mama sent me down here to get my papa."

The speaker was a little tot of a girl, and she was speaking to Station Sergeant Mitchell, at the police barracks, last night. Her father occupied a cell on the charge of having been drunk on the street Saturday night. She was poorly clad. Her dress was a faded calico, and her toes peeped through holes in a pair of old shoes which were surmounted by stockings which had been darned and patched many times. On her head was wrapped a tattered shawl.

She had just come out of the cold night air, and she shivered as she spoke.

"It will take money to get your father—\$5.75," the sergeant told her.

"Me and my poor mama haven't a cent in the world," she said as her eyes glistened with tears. "You know we paid him out the last time he was in here, and it took all the money mama made for a month by sewing for some of the rich folks."

"Well, how did your mama expect to get him out," questioned the sergeant.

"Oh, she said that maybe I might beg and beg you ever so hard, and maybe you had a little girl at your home, and you might be sorry for me," said the child as she wiped the tears from her eyes with two small chubby and soiled fists.

The sergeant looked at her a long while without speaking. Perhaps he was afraid his voice might be a little husky.

The child, doubtless mistaking his silence for a disinclination to hear her plead further, hastened to say:

"Mamma said if you didn't get sorry enough to let my papa out that I could stand for him?"

"In what way could you stand for him," the sergeant asked her, as he looked kindly at her and smiled.

"Why," she started to say, as her voice trembled with excitement and then she checked herself and asked:

"Don't you know that my papa loves me? That he loves me ever, ever so much, if he does let mean and bad men tempt him sometimes to do wrong?"

"Yes, I reckon he does," she was told, and then she said:

"Why, my mama told me that you could keep me here and let my papa go home, and tomorrow he could get the money and pay you. He would be sure to come back if I was here, for he loves me so much that he calls me his little sweetest. You will let him go and take me, won't you? Oh, please, please do, Mr. Policeman, and papa will promise never to do wrong again, and God will bless you and your little boys and girls."

By this time a number of other officers had gathered about the child, and among them was Captain Mayo. There were tears in the eyes of these men who had learned to deal with hardened criminals, and who saw often woe and woe, as well as sin.

"Captain," said the station sergeant, "we will have to let that man go without bond tonight, and if he fails to send us the money I will pay the fee."

"We will all pay it," exclaimed several of the men.

"He shall surely go home, and right now," said the captain, as he took the little girl up in his arms, kissed her tenderly and ordered her father released.

And she was not kept as hostage, but when the man went out, shame-faced with his head down, she held his hand. "As she passed out of the door she looked back at the officers and said:

"Mamma and me will pray for you and your little boys and girls tonight."—Atlanta Constitution.

CASH OR CHARACTER.

IT IS CHARACTER AND NOT GOLD THAT MUST SAVE THE WORLD.

There is an old English fable about a barefooted boy who, while walking along the highway, saw in the dust a bit of gold. So aroused was he by this piece of good fortune that, all the rest of his life, he walked along a good old age and accumulated quite a fortune, but he never saw the stars at night, or the sun, or clouds of noonday; he paid no attention to the flowers by the wayside and in the meadow; he did not see the mountains, the rivers, the lakes, the trees or the birds. All that life meant to him was a dusty road where, ever and anon, among the dirt was to be found a piece of silver or gold. Life should mean far more than that. There is something vastly nobler and higher to be sought than mere gold, and that is a character that is unswayed, a mind that is pure, and a heart that is free from sin.

One great fallacy connected with the idea of wealth is that in and of itself it brings happiness. There is no question but that, with money, we may secure many things that contribute to our ease and happiness. Where people do not have enough wholesome food to eat, or clothing to keep them warm, we call that poverty, and a few hundred dollars would bring much in the way of comfort and happiness; but the idea we have in mind is that which seizes the minds of so many of our young people—that one must be as wealthy as a Pullman, a Vanderbilt, or a Rockefeller before he can enjoy life.

Cash or character? Men put a crown upon the head of a prince and call him a king, but the crown and glory of the common man is an unimpeachable character. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

What the world needs everywhere today is men of character. What our nation needs, what every State and every community needs is men of character. For it is character and not gold that must save the world.

HER FACE AND HER FORTUNE.

"Why do you treat me with such coldness?" he pleaded. "What have I done to merit your displeasure? I refuse to release you without an answer."

"Remove your arms from around my waist," she commanded. "I hate you."

"But, surely you have some reason for this sudden change in your attitude toward me. Give me a chance—let me know how I have offended you. I must have an answer."

"I heard you telling that Ka Flippe woman that my face would make a clock stop," she angrily replied.

"Did you? Why didn't you listen to the roost that I said. I told her that your face would make a clock stop to admire your beauty. I said that even the horses in the streets stopped and turned their heads to feast their eyes when you passed along. I said—"

But it was needless for him to continue. And the next day it was announced that her father had been caught in a wheat corer and ruined.

With a will of despair the unhappy young man tore her picture out of his watch case and yelled:

"Why couldn't it have happened before I sullied my white, pure soul with that awful lie!"

Thus do we see how the wrath of heaven still falls upon the heads of the unrighteous.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IN TIME OF PEACE.

In the first months of the Japno-Russia war we had a striking example of the necessity for preparation and the daily advantage of those who, so to speak, have shingled their roofs in dry weather.

The virtues of preparation has made history and given to us our greatest moon. The individual as well as the nation should be prepared for any emergency. Are you prepared to successfully combat the first cold you take? A cold can be cured much more quickly when treated as soon as it has been contracted and before it has become settled in the system. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of colds and it should be kept at hand ready for instant use.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C., W. E. Beavens, Enfield, N. C., J. A. Hawks, Garysburg, N. C.

A single tear in the study does more for a sermon than a whole flood in the pulpit.

A DISASTROUS CALAMITY.

It is a disastrous calamity, when you lose your health, because indigestion and constipation have sapped it away. Prompt relief can be had in Dr. King's New Life Pills. They build up your digestive organs, and cure headache, dizziness, colic, constipation, etc. Guaranteed at any drug store, 50c.

SWEETS NOT TO THE SWEET.

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skycraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back honey; let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey!" she called again, rapping louder.

Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!"

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madam, this is not a bee hive; it's a bathroom."

SON LOST MOTHER.

Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Me. "For the past five years, however, on the slightest sign of a Cough or Cold, I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved me from serious lung trouble."

His mother's death was a sad loss for Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quick relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1. Guaranteed at any drug store. Trial bottle free.

HE CURED THE CONGREGATION.

Grown people, as well as children, are sometimes given to turning their heads to observe every late comer at church, a lecture, or any place of meeting. One should always remember, however, that this is bad manners, as bad as to be late and thus annoy others.

A good many years ago, a certain Methodist minister in Alabama was so disturbed by this bad habit in his congregation that he cured both observers and observed in the following manner:

One Sabbath, being especially disturbed at the beginning of his discourse by several of the congregation turning to see the late arrivals, he said:

"Brethren and sisters, don't bother to look around any more; I'll tell you who comes in."

This he did, calling each name, much to the mortification of the tardy members, who thereupon mended their ways and removed the temptation that had assailed the early comers.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children 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. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

No self-respecting baby ever indulged in so-called baby talk.

THE EXACT THING REQUIRED FOR CONSTIPATION.

"As a certain purgative and stomach purifier Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets seem to be the exact thing required, strong enough for the most robust, yet mild enough and safe for children and without that terrible griping so common to most purgatives," says R. Webster & Co., Udora, Ontario, Canada.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C., W. E. Beavens, Enfield, N. C., J. A. Hawks, Garysburg, N. C.

The success of one man is sometimes due to the failure of many.

MAN'S UNRELIABLENESS.

is often as great as woman's. But Thomas S. Austin, Mgr. of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonably able, when he refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife, for female trouble.

"Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick, she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters, she was perfectly cured, and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed at any drug store, price 50c.

Some preachers think they are slaying the devil because they are raising a dust in the pulpit.

SELLS MORE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY THAN OF ALL OTHERS PUT TOGETHER.

Mr. Thos. George, a merchant at Mt. Elgin, Ontario, says: "I have had the best agency for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy ever since it was introduced into Canada, and I sell as much of it as I do of all other lines I have on my shelves put together. Of the many dozens under guarantee, I have not had one bottle returned. I can personally recommend this medicine as I have used it myself and given it to my children and always with the same result."

Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C., W. E. Beavens, Enfield, N. C., J. A. Hawks, Garysburg, N. C.

Some preachers think they are slaying the devil because they are raising a dust in the pulpit.

JOYS OF THE CHILDREN.

DO NOT ROB YOUR LITTLE ONES OF THEIR PENNY PLEASURES.

THE amount of pleasure that a single penny will purchase for the boy of ten today cannot be bought for many hundred times that amount when he is ten years older. The delight of the proud possession of a "whole cent" is turned into woe when he is called back from his trip to the candy shop with the sharp reminder that he must "save his pennies." It is not wasteful to let the child have today what he cannot enjoy in the future, even if, by spending, he is out a few dollars in later years. Allow him to have his penny's worth of pleasure today, for the time will come when he will have outgrown the playtime of life, and the pennies he has saved will not give him the value they would have been to his childish mind.

The whole situation has been summed up by Thackeray, who said that at twelve he wanted taffy, but didn't have the ha'penny, at twenty he had the ha'penny, but didn't want the taffy. It is ever so. Once gone, the taffy is not the same as that moment when it seemed our only joy on earth and when we dreamed of the time when we would have all the money we wanted to buy the sticky stuff for which we were then willing to give our two eyes.

See that your children are not robbed of their penny pleasures. You are depriving them of their birthright. To the child there is no future. The moment that he wants taffy is his past, future and present—his all. Don't make him save his penny and do without his taffy.—Exchange.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Koot is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonials letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Koot, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

J. A. ALSTON.

FINE Family Groceries, PROVISIONS, Cigars and Tobacco.

Merriam Club and Pride of Virginia, nice and mellow. Best stocked with Choice Drinks of every kind. Cor. Washington Ave., and First Street, Weldon, N. C. 10-21-17

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Over 1,000,000 Telephone Subscribers DIRECT FROM YOUR OWN OFFICE OVER THE LONG DISTANCE LINES FOR RATES APPLY TO LOCAL MANAGER OF Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, HENDERSON, N. C.