

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ADVERTISING RATES—MODERATE.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XL.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1905.

NO 29

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
J. C. Ayer & Co.
Lowell, Mass.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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CLOTHING.
SWELL DRESSERS
More Clothes and Less Money

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

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN
Hair Renewer
Renews the hair, makes it new again, restores the freshness. Just what you need if your hair is faded or turning gray, for it also restores the color. Stops falling hair, also.

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.

Charles Miller Walsh,
The largest and best plant in the State.
Quarrier and Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE STONES of every description.
Work Delivered At Any Depot.

GOOD ADVICE.

DO NOT LET YOUR DISCONTENT KILL THIS NEW LIFE BEFORE IT IS BORN.

TEN years ago, when the late John Sherman was Secretary of State, says Success, "a young man, the son of one of Sherman's schoolmates, wrote to him for assistance.

"He said that he had fallen so low in life that there was no place for him but the gutter; that existence had become a burden, and that he wanted to die. Today this same young man is a prosperous merchant of New York city. He told Success that his position is due to the advice given to him by John Sherman in answer to his letter. Mr. Sherman wrote as follows:

"You say that your life has been a failure, and that you are thirty years old and ready to die. You say that you cannot find work, and you see no hope in life. You say that your friends do not care to speak to you now.

"Let me tell you that you have reached that point in life when a man must see the very best prospects for his future career. You, at thirty, stand on the bridge that divides youth and manhood. The one is dying, perhaps, but the other will soon burst, young and hopeful, from the ashes, and you will find in yourself a new being—a man. Do not let your discontent kill this new life before it is born.

"Unless you are physically deformed, go to work. Go to work at any honest work, if it brings you only a dollar a day. Then learn to live within that dollar. Pay no more than ten cents for a meal, and twenty cents for a bed, and save as much as you can, and with the same tenacity as you would save your mother's life. Make the most of your appearance. Do not dress gaudily, but cleanly. Abandon liquor as you would abandon a pestilence, for liquor is the curse that wrecks more lives than all the horrors of the world combined.

"If you are a man of brains, as your letter leads me to believe you are, wait until you are in a condition to seek your ideal, and then seek it with courage and tenacity. It may take time to reach it; it may take years; but you will surely reach it—you will turn from the workingman into the business man or the professional man with so much ease that you will marvel at it. No ship ever reached its port by sailing for a half dozen other ports at the same time.

"Be contented, for without contentment there is no love or friendship, and without those blessings life indeed a hopeless case. Learn to love your books, for there are pleasure, instruction, and friendship in books. Go to church, for church helps to ease the pains of life. But never be a hypocrite; if you cannot believe in God, believe in your honor. Listen to music wherever you can, for music charms the mind and fills a man with lofty ideas.

"Cheer up! Never want to die. Why, I am twice your age and over, and I do not want to die. Get out into the world. Work, eat, sleep, read, and talk about the great events of the day, even if you are forced to go among laborers. Take the first honest work you get, and then be steady, patient, industrious, saving, kind, polite, studious, temperate, ambitious, gentle, loving, honest, courageous and contented.

"Be all of these, and when thirty years more have passed away, just notice how young and beautiful the world is, and how young and happy you are!

MAN'S UNREABleness.
Is often as great as woman's. But Thomas S. Austin, Mgr. of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable, 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.

SYMPATHY.
Mr. Ferguson—Laura, how much more have you got of this new breakfast food?

Mrs. Ferguson—Enough to last us a month yet. That reminds me, George, that I heard a mouse last night in the drawer where we keep it.

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 local 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. Beavers, Enfield, N. C., J. A. Hawks, Garysburg, N. C.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

As one who sits at evening o'er an album all alone, And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known; So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till in shadowy design, I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise, As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes, And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke, Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart; And to dream the old dreams over in a luxury divine— When my trusty fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings, The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings, I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm— For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace, Floats out of my tobacco as the genie from the vase; And I thrill beneath the pines of a pair of azure eyes, As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress With the written declaration, that "as surely as the vine Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand, As we used to talk together of the future we had planned; When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do But write the tender verses that she set the music to;

When we should live together in a cozy little cot Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot, When the vines were very fruited, and the weather ever fine, And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine;

And I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray; And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb They should not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair, And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there. Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LIFE. A LAY SERMON.

IT IS not too much to say that sunshine and shadow form a part of every human life. They are not always equally distributed. In a number of cases we find more of day than night, while the darkness predominates in other cases.

These two are closely joined together—day and night follow each other in rapid succession in nature, while sorrow and joy may be closely found in every life.

We frequently celebrate a wedding in our churches at high noon, and in the afternoon conduct a funeral in the same church on the same day. The lilies and the palms are removed to make room for the sackcloth and the willow. Just so is it our experiences of bitter and sweet.

The day of youth and young manhood is quickly followed by the night of old age. Possibly, dear reader, you may have had your day. That day was a bright one to you. The blood flowed freely in your veins, your pulse beat rapidly, your soul was full of hope, and all your senses were keen. But it did not last long. If you are spared a few more years you will enter the shadows of old age. Your blood will flow sluggishly through your veins; your pulse will beat slowly; your eye will become dim and your ear dull and your step feeble and faltering, and the tide of vitality will run low, because with you the night cometh.

How often does the day of prosperity give place to the night of adversity? This change has been experienced by the best of men. Job had his day when the candle of the Lord shone round about him; he washed his steps with butter and the rocks poured forth rivers of oil. But adversity followed swiftly on the heels of prosperity. David had his day. From the shepherd of Bethlehem to the throne in Jerusalem his pathway was almost one unbroken succession of triumphs—but it was quickly followed by bitter sorrow.

It was daytime with the Son of God when amid the hosts of heaven He shared the glory of the Father, but He entered in the shadows when he was born in Bethlehem of Judea and they grew deeper and darker until He was nailed to the cross and His Father's face was veiled. Do not think it strange concerning the darkness and sorrow which overshadowed you as though some strange thing had happened unto you.

Sometimes the day of spiritual exaltation is followed by a night of depression. Almost every Christian has experienced the day of spiritual exaltation, when he rejoiced in hope of the glory of God, when he was assured of the love and favor of God, when his soul was filled with the light of heaven and he could not believe that he should ever grieve or suffer again. But soon, O how soon, he began to sigh "What peaceful hours I once enjoyed; how sweet their memory still!" He may not have backslidden. Elijah was not a backslider, but he was greatly depressed. Paul was not a backslider but more than once he carried a heavy heart. There was a time when our Lord "began to be heavy," when He said "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death."

Yes, the night and day often meet and mingle. Long before the day is quite gone, while the reining sun in the western horizon is painting the blue vault of Heaven with crimson and gold the shadows of night are stealing over us.

Days of spiritual exaltation and night of affliction may be found running parallel with each other in the same life. Paul was caught up into the third heaven, where he saw and heard things which it was unlawful to reveal, but while he was still recounting the story of his rapture he began to tell the story of the thorns in the flesh and the messenger of Satan. How strange it seems! While the edifice of Paradise still lingered in his raiment and the halo of the third heaven still lingered on his brow the toro begins to pierce his flesh and the messenger of Satan begins to torment his soul.

This is not so strange. Others have had a similar experience. They have been lifted up above the world by the indwelling of the spirit of God and have rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and at the same time they have experienced sorrow upon sorrow. For so the light and the darkness blind so the day and night touch and mingle to form the twilight of the morning and the evening.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS.
MR. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children, with the most 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.

SON LOST MOTHER.
Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Mo. "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 loss for Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1. Guaranteed at any drug store. Trial bottle free.

WEAK-MINDED PEOPLE sometimes are the most headstrong.

HARD TO MANAGE.

AN ACCOMMODATING WITNESS AND LAWYER.

"DO YOU know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar,"

"Answer my question, sir!" roared the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the court make the—"

"I have, yer worship," said the witness anticipating the lawyer. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy of two feet long and a man five feet ten."

"Your honor—"

"It's a fact, yer worship. I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer placed his hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I know about this case. His name's 'Your worship,' howled the lawyer, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the magistrate, "you must answer the questions that are put to you."

"Great Scott! Hain't I been doin' it? Let him fire away. I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What! Weren't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was over Friends. He's an old time Baptist without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down!" yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down!"

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up."

BEREAVED HUSBAND NEEDED THE TIGER.

HIS WIFE HAD RECENTLY DIED AND HE WAS SEEKING CONSOLATION SOCIETY.

At a sale of animals from a hippodrome a tiger was being offered. The highest bid was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. The owner of the animal, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, then went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?"

"From the country," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

The showman shifted about for a few moments, looking alternately at the man and the tiger, evidently trying his best to reconcile the two.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her."

He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added:

"So I've bought the tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice, as he turned to hide his emotion.—London Tit-Bits.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

He had called at a house in the suburbs on business and as he rose to go he said:

"I believe you were in the lake district last summer?"

"Yes."

"Go fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"One little perch."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's what I expected. Well, good night!"

When the caller had gone the wife, indignantly:

"Richard, how can you sit there and tell stories in that bold way? You know we caught over twenty fish weighing 5 pounds apiece, and that big juck weighed 11 pounds."

"My dear wife," returned the husband, soothingly, "you don't know human nature. That man is now willing to take my word for a thousand dollars. If I had told him of those fish he would have gone away believing me to be the biggest fibber in the kingdom."—From Bystander.

A CROSS-BREED.

A buxom negro woman who had cooked for a number of years in the family of a Jewess announced to her mistress one morning her intention of quitting the job.

"Why are you going to leave us, Mary?" inquired the Hebrew lady.

"Well, Missus," explained the cook, "I's gietsh git married."

"That won't make any difference," said the lady, "there's room enough in my yard for you and your husband; you don't have to leave because you're going to be married."

"But," replied the colored woman sheepishly, "you don't know who I's gietsh mar'y to; and without giving the Jewess time to ask further questions, she said, "I's gietsh mar'y a Chinese, Missus."

The employer raised her hands in holy horror. "Oh, Mary," she said, "have you thought of what you are going to do?"

"Oh, yas, Ma'am," said Mary; "we's thought about it—we love each uddah, Missus."

"I don't mean that," said the Jewess, "I was thinking about your children, Mary. Have you thought about what they will be?"

"Oh, Missus," said Mary, looking up in meek submission and intending no insult, "I knows dey'll be Jews, but I can't he'p it."—Silas Xavier Floyd, in Lippincott's.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Her—And would you be willing to prove your love for me?
Him—Sure thing. Haven't I asked you to marry me?

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or setting indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and it gets up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail.

Address: Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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