

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

VOL. XLII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906.

NO. 3.

A HAPPY ENDING.

The Knitting Needle Mightier than the Demijohn.

It was in 1865 when the first grog shop opened in Moore's Hill, Ind., and the first customer had scarcely entered the new saloon before the door was darkened by a woman's figure. She was the spokesman for her neighbors—come to buy out the shop, and in her hand she held the purchase money.

"But I ain't here to sell out. I have got to make a living and I'm going to make it. I've as much right in Moore's Hill as you have, and money won't make me get out."

Thus spoke the keeper. If the potency of money had failed to oust him, one would conclude the attempt was over. By no means! A private meeting was held, where was involved the most novel methods of warfare ever waged by woman against man.

Next morning before the astonished bar keeper could interpose, a file of solemn determined women passed through the saloon, and having arranged themselves deliberately about the room, drew out their work bags, and adjusted their sewing caps. A customer now and then straggled in at the door. He glanced sheepishly along the walls at the awful sight that stared him in the face, mumbled out a few remarks about the weather, the crops, and darted out into the fresh air. The village doctor peered through the door, and fled over the hills so fast that tradition says, the boys might have played ninepins upon his coat tails. Thus it went—rather, one would say, thus went the customers. At noon not a dram of liquor had been sold. The women had determined to knit the saloon out of town! Twelve brought a fresh relay of knitting women, but the saloon keeper, poor man, had no relief force, and he stood at his post all day long, unassisted. At six in the evening the throng of the morning appeared again, and the next morning the keeper saw once more his friends of the afternoon.

Twice he tried to smoke his unwelcome visitors away, twice he tried to lock them in, but he always failed. For days the unequal conflict raged. Meantime, no customer dared run the gauntlet; business was at a standstill. The needles flew unceasingly; the woolen stockings grew and grew, and the saloon keeper unconditionally surrendered. The knitting needle is mightier than the demijohn or words to that effect! Now to make this legend of a local legend romantic, one need only to add that the despised and persecuted, the out-witted and the outkitted vendor of liquor became one of the most liked citizens of the community; and this is the fact—Zion's Watchman.

A torpid, listless man produces more readily than almost a fishing club. It is good to clean the system out occasionally. Stir the liver up, and get into shape generally. The best results are derived from the use of Dr. Pierce's Little Blue Pills. Heuble, effective, pleasant pills with a reputation.

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

"OLD LOVE LETTERS."

—The Press.

There's a face all worn and wrinkled, 'neath a crown of snow white hair, A pair of eyes that kindle 'twixt the lines of grief and care; And a pair of trembling hands that clasp a treasure old and rare. The letters that he wrote her, years ago.

'Tis the old romantic story of a love in early life, When the maiden lips had whispered, "I will be your own true wife;" But the lover was a soldier brave, who fell in battle's strife, So many, many weary years ago.

Old love letters, tied with ribbon of blue; Faded and worn, tattered and torn, with reading them thro' and thro', Old love letters, no one can value their worth; For they bind a soul in heaven to a beautiful soul on earth.

They are only human letters, singing love's old thrilling song; The writing is not beautiful, the spelling's sometimes wrong; But the writer's hand was guided by a heart both pure and strong. The heart that found its bullet, years ago.

All in vain new lovers sought to win the favor of her eyes; Her soul was steep'd in sorrow, and the love that never dies, And until they met beyond the bar, all tenderly she'll prize The letters that he wrote her, years ago.

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

I saw her sweet face gleam to-day
From the apple tree,
The pink and white tints of its bloom
Reflected blushing,
And in her eye the azure sky,
And the sunbeam in her hair,
As framed in scented blossom mist
I saw her smiling there.

I hastened from the doorway, down
To where the old tree grew,
Gazing up into its branches for
The face and form I knew;
But the soft wind sighed and sadly
Shook the petals all apart
And a veil of perfume drifting
Shut the vision from my heart.

I remember, I remember how
So short a spring ago,
She would hide among the branches
Where the apple blossoms blow;
And when I'd fall to find her,
She would laugh and call to me;
'Here I am, the biggest blossom
In the dear old apple tree.'

Oh, it would not much surprise me
Should I really find her here,
'Midst the blossoms' rosy whiteness
And the sunshine of her hair;
For I know she still is blooming
In the garden of the skies,
And I feel that in the springtime
Earth gets close to Paradise.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

When pa came home the other night he had a happy smile
And said to ma that we would soon be livin' in great style,
Because a man had been around that day to let him in,
Just as a favor, on a thing that couldn't fail to win,
'He'll let me have the stock,' says pa, 'at fifty cents a share
If I'll subscribe tomorrow, for there's little left to spare.'

'He'll let us in for fifty cents for every share we buy,'
Says pa, while ma she didn't seem to hardly bat an eye;
'And in six weeks from now, if we've a mind to let it go,
We'll get ten dollars for each share—that's estimated low—
I've seen his papers and they're straight; there ain't a chance to lose,
Say, what's the trouble with you, ma? You don't seem to enthuse.'

'If it's as good that,' says ma, 'I can't quite understand
What makes him want to let it go. Of course it would be grand
To get the money, but I'd feel as though it wasn't fair
To rob him, as we would if we should take a single share,
'Confound a woman, anyway,' says pa, 'she always seems
To want to wake a person when he's having pleasant dreams.'

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over 60 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. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Beware and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

WHERE THE RUB COMES.
'Well,' said the good-natured boarder, 'there's one thing about our boarding house. You can eat all you like there.'
'Of course; same as ours,' replied the grouchy one; 'you can eat all you like, but there's never anything you could possibly like.'

It is possible to obtain relief from chronic indigestion and dyspepsia by the use of KODOL FOR DISPEPSIA. Some of the most hopeless cases of long standing, have yielded to it. It enables you to digest the food you eat and exercises a corrective influence, building up the efficiency of the digestive organs. The stomach is the better wherein the steam is made that keeps up your vitality, health and strength. Kodol digests what you eat. Makes the stomach sweet—puts the latter in condition to do the work nature demands of it—gives you relief from digestive disorders, and puts you in shape to do your best, and feel your best.

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

CONDITION, NOT THEORY.
M. J. Irons, who has been growing plants with wonderful success under an acetylene light at the Cornell department of agriculture, said recently:
'Plants are like men. They adapt themselves to the conditions confronting them. If a plant can't have ten hours of sunshine it contrives to get along somehow on five hours.'
'It is like mankind. A man said to his friend one day:
'Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?'
'Before my marriage I thought they could,' the friend replied.
'And afterward?'
'Afterward I found they had 100.'

Sciatica Cured
After twenty years of torture. For more than twenty years Mr. J. B. Masey, of 1222 Clinton street, Minneapolis, Minn., was tortured by sciatica. The pain and suffering which he endured during this time is beyond comprehension. Nothing gave him any permanent relief until he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application of that Balm relieved the pain and made sleep and rest possible, and less than one-half hour had effected a permanent cure. If troubled with sciatica or rheumatism why not try a 25c. bottle of Pain Balm and see for yourself how quickly it relieves the pain.

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

Why take a dozen things to cure that cough? Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar allays the congestion, stops that tickling, drives the cold out through your bowels.

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

ILLUSIONS.

Young Wives Need New Sets of Illusions.

THE woman who marries for love is bound to have the sauce of disillusion served in many different ways after marriage. But whether her disillusion grows into disappointment and becomes steady diet rests largely with her.

If she has a mother or a dear friend in whom she confides her lot and illusions and vanquished hopes her chances of happiness are very high gone.

When she begins telling her dear friends about Jack's trying ways she is laying up endless troubles for herself.

One's difficulties always seem greater when they are made the topic of conversation.

If a wife could only keep her troubles to herself it would not be long before she would realize that these things were not all important.

And (in nine cases out of ten) she would find she had married a lovable flesh and blood man in place of the maudlin, angelic creature her imagination had pictured.

It is well that each of us should have our illusions.

But it is also well to remember that all our illusions, even the most precious, are turned out in our own private thought factory, and when they are dispelled there is nobody to blame but ourselves.

A woman is apt to think her fiancé the most generous creature alive. (Illusion No. 1.)

She is positive he is the most thoughtful of men. (Illusion No. 2.)

She has seen innumerable evidences of his unselfishness, so she is convinced he is one of those rare birds—an unselfish man. (Illusion No. 3.)

She looks upon him as a paragon of virtue. (Illusion No. 4.)

And I am only beginning to touch upon her illusions.

Any one who knows men at close range (and I say it with all respect) knows that it will not be long ere these illusions are dispelled.

Illusion No. 1 will go flying when he objects to the size of the housekeeping bills.

This can hardly be said to be his fault. It is merely that he has had a sudden reminder of the stern fact that it costs two more than one to live, and he realizes with a start that he has to economize in innumerable ways.

When he is so careless as to forget two or three things she asks him to do, illusion No. 2 quickly follows No. 1. Again no fault of his.

He didn't realize on what a pinnacle he had been placed or he would have been more careful not to fall.

Her growing grief is when he comes home smoking a twenty-five cent cigar after she has denied herself something else absolutely needed. She is confident that instead of being unselfish he is the most selfish creature she knows.

Like the pendulum she swings from one extreme to the other; and so it is with all her illusions. But if she will have patience she can grow a whole new set of illusions that will be much more valuable in facing every day life.

With a little skillful management she can do much toward training "Dear Jack" in the way he should go.

And if she be of the right sort she can do much toward making him not a perfect man (for that would be most trying to live with) but a good husband who would be a joy to her heart forever and a day.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

It was a Critical Moment for a Young Woman, but She was Equal to the Emergency.

One of the Danbury young men who has occasionally escorted a young lady home on Sunday evening, and went in for lunch, after performing both services last Sunday night, suddenly said to her: "Do you talk in your sleep?"

"Why—no," she answered, in surprise.

"Do you walk in your sleep?" he next inquired.

"No, sir."

He moved his chair an inch closer, and with increased interest asked:

"Do you snore?"

"No," she hastily replied, looking uneasily at him.

At this reply his eyes fairly sparkled—His lips eagerly parted, and as he gave his chair another hitch he briskly inquired:

"Do you throw the comings from your hair in the wash basin?"

"What's that?" she asked with a blank face.

He repeated the question, although with increased nervousness.

"No, I don't," she answered in some haste.

Again his chair went forward, while his agitation grew so great that he could scarcely maintain his place upon it as he further asked:

"Do you clean out the comb when you are through?"

"Of course I do," she said, staring at him with all her might.

In an instant he was on his knees before her, his eyes ablaze with flame, and his hands outstretched.

"Oh, my dear Miss, I love you," he passionately cried. "I give my whole heart up to you. Love me, and I will be your slave. Love me as I love you, and I will do everything on earth for you. Oh, will you take me to be your lover, your husband, your protector, your everything?"

It was a critical moment for a young woman of her years, but she was equal to the emergency, as a woman generally is, and she scooped him in.

See that your druggist gives you no imitation when you ask for Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar, the original cough syrup.

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

Live up to your good intentions and put the devil out of business.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

When you want to beat, put up something stronger than a bluff.

Death from Appendicitis.
Increase in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless relief from constipation and the like growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by any druggist. 25c. Try them.

Some people take fiendish delight in always being on the wrong side.

For a painful burn there is nothing like Dr. King's Witch Hazel Ointment. It is made of the best of ingredients of Dr. King's Witch Hazel Salve on the market—such that you get the genuine. Ask for Dr. King's Ointment, for sunburn, cuts, bruises, and especially for itching and sore spots. The name is Dr. King & Co., Chicago, is on every box.

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

There is no tool like an old fool, unless it be a young fool with plenty of the old fool's money.

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.
Let the greatest athlete have dyspepsia and his muscles would soon fail. Physical strength is derived from food. If a man has insufficient food he loses strength. If he has no food he dies. Food is converted into nutrition through the stomach and bowels. It depends on the strength of the stomach to what extent food enters the system and is assimilated. That physical weakness will be found in all the organs—heart, liver, kidneys, etc. The liver will be torpid and inactive, giving rise to indigestion, loss of appetite, weak nerves, feeble or irregular action of heart, palpitation, dizziness, headache, backache and kindred disturbances and weaknesses.

Mr. Louis Park, of Quebec, writes: "For years after my health began to fail, my liver grew drier, my stomach weaker, and my strength would soon seem to be leaving me. I had no appetite, and although I took my food regularly, I felt no better. My wife advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and stop taking the doctor's medicine. She found me a letter and we soon found that I began to improve, so I took the medicine. I took on flesh, my stomach became normal, the digestive organs worked perfectly, and I was never so well as I am now. I can never cease to be grateful for what your medicine has done for me and I certainly give it highest praise."

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicine, recommended to be "just as good."

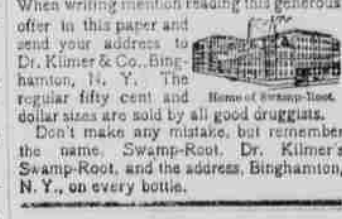
To gain knowledge of your own body—its sickness and health—send for the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A book of 108 pages. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 661 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspaper is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid, troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Ringlington, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and Home of Swamp-Root bottles are sold by all good druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Ringhamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



Made scientifically from pure sugars and with an eye to healthfulness and ease of digestion.

Goyer's Maple Cane

is made of pure maple and Louisiana cane sugar, of rich, smooth consistency and the true "woody" maple flavor. Wholesale—You can eat it every day.

FOR SALE BY
E. CLARK,

WELDON, N. C.
attorney at law.

E. T. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. Special attention given to collections and prompt returns.

CASH, DOORS, BLINDS.
MANTELS, TILES & GRATES,
HARDWARE, PAINTS, & C.
BANK T. CLARK COMPANY, LTD.
Norfolk, Va. 52917

WALTER E. DANIEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday.

Monuments AND Gravestones.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT AND GUARANTEE SAFE DELIVERY. . . . LARGEST STOCK in the South

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS.
(Established 1848.)
159 to 163 Bank St., Norfolk, Va. 52917

Grand Display

—OF—
—SPRING AND SUMMER—
MILLINERY.
FANCY GOODS AND NOVELTIES.

Butterick's Patterns.

R. & G. CORSETS.

Misses at 50c., Ladies 70c. to \$1.

Prices will be made to suit the times, Hats and Bonnets made and Trimmed to order.

ALL MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS,
Weldon, N. C.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Best Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Face Simile Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** NEW YORK
146 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

McDUFFIE'S
TASTELESS CHILL CURE.
Is the only absolutely tasteless chill cure containing quinine on the market. It will increase your appetite and make rich blood. It is body-building and strength-giving. It has a pleasant chocolate taste and children like it.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
TURPENTINE AND MUTTON SUET LUNG PLASTER.
Sets right at the seat of Lung diseases and do their work by absorption in curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, and prevents Pneumonia and Consumption. A safe and sure remedy.
PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Take McDUFFIE'S Little Blue Liver Pills for Constipation and Slight Liver. McDuffie's Remedies are sold on a guarantee to do all we claim or your money back.

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 always 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, 1889—
State of North Carolina Depository.
Halifax County Depository.
Town of Weldon Depository.
Capital and Surplus, **\$35,000.**
FOR 14 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 cent. u. s. Accounts of all are solicited.
PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: DR. H. W. LEWIS. CASHIER: W. R. SMITH.
(Jackson, Northampton Co., N. C.)

GARRETT & COMPANY,
Pioneer American Growers
ESTABLISHED 1838.
SPECIALTIES:
VIRGINIA DARE (White Scuppernon) POCAHONTAS (Red Scuppernon)
OLD NORTH STATE BLACKBERRY
HIAWATHA (Red Ch. Wagon) MINNEHAHA (Dry Scuppernon)
PAUL GARRETT SPECIAL (Sparkling Champagne)
And all other varieties of Pure and Wholesome Wines for homes and hotel use. Highest Cash Prices Paid in Season for all kinds of small fruits, grapes, etc. Western Branch, St. Louis, Mo. Home Office, NORFOLK, VA.

Has Stood The Test 25 Years
Grove's
Tasteless Chill Tonic
No-Cure-No-Pay. 50 cents.