

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum

VOL. XLII.

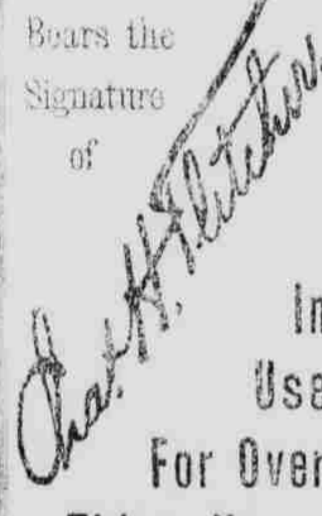
WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907.

NO. 14.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of



Use For Over Thirty Years

## CASTORIA

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Harshness, Worms, Colic, Fever, and Loss of Sleep.

35 Doses in 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

### MY MOTHER'S SONG.

Beneath the hot mid-summer sun  
The sun had melted all day,  
And now beside a quivering stream  
From the grass they lay.

Firing of gunfire and rifle fire,  
As I sat in the house alone,  
They called to me who missed apart  
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I have learned plenty," he said,  
"The only song I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a voice  
Came from the room,  
"There's some but true in mine here,  
To every mother's son of us  
Another's songs are dear."

Then, softly, rose the singer's voice,  
And unobtrusive came,  
"An' I'll sing the song of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb."

"And shall I hear to you this cause?  
The very stream seemed stirred,  
And long that never dimmed with  
Waltz-like thoughts were filled.

Enthralled the song, the singer said,  
As he led her home,  
"Thanks to you, my friends, good night,  
I'll grant to you a rest."

"Sing one more," the children said,  
The soldier bent his head,  
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,  
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing that old familiar air,  
Sweet as the lark's note,  
All had the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall."

All hushed was the old singer's spell,  
As on the singer came,  
"Man after man fell into line,  
And hushed the voices came."

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
In whispers soft and low,  
Hushes the prayer, the mother taught,  
The boy long years ago.

### THE DEACON'S DREAM.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.

I AM certain that I betray no confidence in giving this dream publicly, even though the manuscript was not submitted to me for that purpose. The suggestions that are in it are worthy of consideration even if the dream itself should seem insignificant. I will not attempt any dream book interpretation, will allow each man to interpret for himself. If it shall help any life it will abundantly satisfy me for any part I have had in giving it to the world. Names, dates and places have all been removed from the manuscript.

"The dream I now propose to describe was so vivid, and wrought upon me with such violent emotion that I shall preserve it in writing for future use in case its impressions should ever fade and need refreshing. Perhaps, too, it may some day be read by other eyes and start in other minds the emotions it has in my own."

I dreamed I was a pillar in the church. I held a position which I esteemed an honor. I was punctual at my post of duty. I never failed to canvass my part of the congregation for any church cause. I was at every meeting of the board of deacons and took my share of responsibility for all financial methods adopted in the church. We had a paying church, supporting our pastor more handsomely than any other church in town did theirs, and giving largely to all the boards. Representatives of all benevolent causes considered themselves fortunate if they could get their cause before our church. Enthusiastic speakers in Presbytery and Synod often referred to the financial operations of our church as a model, and we were frequently sought to communicate our financial methods for the good of other churches. For some people talk about financial methods as they talk about natural law, as if they would work without any body to help them. I gave much time to my work.

overseeing his work. He was suggesting and correcting and stimulating. It was, therefore, with satisfaction that I received a polite note asking for the liberty of spending a little time with me. I thought of my comfortable home, of my pleasant family, of my genial friends, of the model church, and in an ecstasy, almost, I wrote him at once an urgent invitation to make my house his home as long as he could make it possible for him to do so. I waited impatiently for his coming and thought of the pleasure there would be for me in that time. When, at last, I knew the day of his coming, I arranged my business so that I could command my time as I pleased. I would discuss with my guest all those matters which concerned his kingdom and this particular church. I was deeply interested in this church, and how pleasant it would be to have all these conversations about! I remembered, too, how he had loved the country with its lilies and its sparrows and its growing crops, and I would arrange so that he should commune with his Father in the open country once more. I studied the Gospels afresh to discover what he most loved, but when the moment came near when he should enter my home to abide I felt a little repugnance lest I should appear more poorly in his eyes than I was doing in my own. But he was invited and he should come.

II.—Christ In The Home.

The Master came, as he had been invited. He did not walk as of yore, but came by rail, and I saw that he was comfortably cared for in a sleeper. I was no Pharisee with mistaken notions of things. I was a well informed Christian. I had studied the Gospels till I had some knowledge of the spirit of our Lord. The Son of Man had not where to lay his head, but that was long ago. Now I met him with my carriage and escorted him to my home and assigned him a comfortable room. I had taken the precaution, too, to give a very becoming religious tone to the whole house. I had a profane coachman, who seldom ventured an oath in the presence of ladies, but who sometimes forgot himself when there was no one but myself in the carriage. He was an excellent coachman, however, and I did not care to lose him. I instructed him to use unusual caution not to use an improper word while this guest was in my house or in the carriage. The coachman smiled, as if to say: "I understand you, sir. You are not quite so particular as you know your guest to be," and he nodded his head. We always used wine at our table, and I had Scripture to justify it. Christ made wine at the marriage feast. But now that Christ was to be actually at my table, I felt a little shaky about the validity of that argument. I was not certain that a glass of wine would look well in his plate. I felt pretty certain that he would not rebuke me for any lack of hospitality if it were absent. So I casually informed the servants that I thought we would not use wine for a while, and that they might have the wine set removed.

We have had a rather impudent family. We were in the habit of speaking quite snobbishly sometimes, if my wife did not agree with me. I sometimes spoke my mind quite testily, and justified myself on the ground that a house could have but one head, and, Scripturally, I was that head. We were not quite so cautious with the children as we were with one another, and a stranger might think us rather harsh. Our children inherited our dispositions (and copied and enlarged on them.) They spoke a little more curdly than we, and used those terms toward their mother and myself as well as to each other. We had picked up, too, our little by-words somewhere, and though we never used them away from home far, I must say they were not in good form, and while there was any one in the home to hear them, I hoped they would not use them in conversation or play. There were several other little matters which received a regulation before the arrival of the guest.

At last he came, the kindest man with the kindest face that had ever been seen in our home. The children felt at once the utmost familiarity with him. We older ones felt a little the restraint arising from our carefulness to do what we felt his presence demanded of us whether we had been accustomed to it or not. When we came to the table, the children wondered when he lifted up his eyes to heaven and blessed the gift of God. For you must know that in our city life we had said that we could not meet together at any one time, even at the table, and often the haste of the meal did not give time for any verbal thanks for the mercies we received. And so when the hour of retiring came and the family Bible was put in the hands of the Master, the children were nonplussed. They had never seen any one but "granda" take the Bible thus. They had learned their evening prayer from their grandmother's lips, but we were too hurried often times for formal prayers, and this with frequent interruptions had caused the custom of our parents to fall away before our children could remember. We had been too busy to pray in the family. But it did not seem quite right to neglect family devotions while Christ himself was in the house, but it did seem that we must bow about the family altar, somehow, while the Lord himself was a part of our family. And so it came about that this consciousness of Christ in the house brought about many wholesome changes. Neglected habits of religion were revived and a useless practice was dropped. And all of this because we realized that Christ was always with us.

III.—Christ on the Sabbath.

Sabbath morning came with Jesus in the house. We had heard of the "blue laws" of New England, and the evil they had done, and had given large liberty in our home, and young life had none of those restrictions about it which are said to drive men to hate religion. There was no business to hurry us that day, and the sun was high in the heavens when we arose. I can remember yet how I felt and how conscious I was of the blood in my cheeks when he told me that he had seen the sun come forth in his strength, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, and that open window had been as the mountain of old, a place for communion with the Father. The twentieth century, he said, was as full of God as the first had been, and heaven was as near that city window as it had been to Palesine's sacred hills, if the heart was there to appreciate it. Why had I never thought of that?

I never noticed the noise of the children as I did that morning, and just discovered then that they were carrying all the sports and games of Saturday over into the Sabbath. I reproved them, but they queried why I did, since I had always allowed them to do as they pleased before. It may be I had, but it seemed quite out of place that morning.

As we sat at the breakfast table and Jesus spoke to us of the glories of his spiritual kingdom, I heard the familiar voice cry "Pa-per." I always get a Sunday morning paper; there should be some market changes, which might affect my business. Then there are matters of social importance to all of us, and the paper goes round the family. That morning I had the paper put on a shelf. It was left there all day. I felt certain that there was nothing in it which I must see. I did not care to be seen reading it.

The Sabbath school hour came and all the little ones trudged off to church. I thought it would only be proper for me to go that day, though I knew the superintendent would open his eyes in astonishment. So the good Master and I went together. How thoroughly Jesus seemed at home there, and how kindly he prayed the teachers for their labor of love to him. I did wish then that I had gone to work long ago in that school. But it was too late now. I sat forlornly on the visitor's bench while he blessed the little ones and invited the large ones and praised the Christian workers. He said never a word to me, and I knew the reason why.

And when the school was over that morning I hastily found my own children and told them not to go home that day as they usually did, but to remain and sit in the pew with their mother and myself. It seemed a much better way to treat Jesus than to have them at home playing. The invisible Lord is always in the pulpit, but that morning the visible Lord sat with me in my pew.

We have a beautiful church, modern in all its arrangements, and handsome in all its furnishings. I usually called my guests' attention to this as soon as we have marched down the spacious aisle to our pews. That day I did not think it necessary, and we sat down quietly while the dim light streamed in from memorial windows and obscured glass and many a handsome pattern. Presently the low rumbling of the deep bass notes of the organ broke the stillness, and I heard our organist, (the best in the city,) touch the keys of our organ, the pride of our musicians. People come to our church sometimes, just to hear that organ. The voluntary was varied that day and the musical art was faultless.

I looked steadfastly at the organist through it all and was glad of some excuse which would prevent my eyes from meeting those of the guest. I wondered if the suggestion came from some voiceless communion of his mind with mine own which made me say, there is art there but no worship. How refreshing the Scripture lesson was and how enjoyable it seemed to have Christ there then! The time for the sermon came. Now, we are excessively proud of our pastor. He is very brilliant. He is always fresh and interesting. False theories in science and philosophy stand no show with him. That day he discussed the triumph of truth over error, and his text was: "And I saw, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow; and there was given unto him a crown; and he came forth conquering and to conquer." He marshalled all the forces of the Revelation. Death on a pale horse, and the red horse with the rider with the great sword, and the black horse whose rider held a balance, and the great dragon and the locust swarming from the pit prepared for war, with faces like men's faces and hair as the hair of women and teeth as the teeth of lions and whirring wings and stings in their tails, and the camp of the Lord was compassed about, and we had a big battle and the banishment of the devil. I grew nervous and turned the pages of my hymn book and wondered if he had always preached so little for edification. I heard my friends remark that it was a grand sermon, sublime, wonderful. It was not referred to at our house. I wished I had told our preacher who would be at church that morning. Perhaps he would have had a different sermon.

### Heart Strength

Heart strength, or force of the nervous system, is the most important factor in the health of the human body. It is the power which enables us to do our work, to resist disease, and to enjoy life. It is the power which enables us to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is the power which enables us to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is the power which enables us to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

### Dr. Shoop's Restorative

W. M. COHEN.

### Sour Stomach

It is a common ailment, and one which is often neglected. It is caused by indigestion, and it leads to various other ailments. It is a common ailment, and one which is often neglected. It is caused by indigestion, and it leads to various other ailments. It is a common ailment, and one which is often neglected. It is caused by indigestion, and it leads to various other ailments.

### Appomattox Iron Works

28 to 34 Old Street, FLEMINGSBURG, VIRGINIA.

### Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys, Agricultural Implements.

### For Cash

82 1/2 Moquette Rugs	\$2.75
82 1/2 Moquette Rugs	\$2.25
82 1/2 Moquette Rugs	\$1.75
12 1/2 Chalm. Mattings	100
12 1/2 Japanese	175
12 1/2 Japanese	181 1/2
6 1/2 Wool Carpeting	750
2 1/2 Window Shades	200
5 1/2	37 1/2
6 1/2 7-yd wide Linoleum	7 1/2
7 1/2	65
6 1/2 Chair Oil Cloth	48
1 1/2 10x20 Picture Frames	80
Wall paper, 4 1/2 and 60 per roll.	

### The Modesty of Women

It is a common ailment, and one which is often neglected. It is caused by indigestion, and it leads to various other ailments. It is a common ailment, and one which is often neglected. It is caused by indigestion, and it leads to various other ailments.

### SPIERS BROS.

WELDON, N. C.

### Grand Display

—OF—

### MILLINERY.

FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES

Butterick's Patterns.

### R. & G. Corsets.

Misses at 75c. Ladies 75c. 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.

## The Bank of Weldon

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1882.

State of North Carolina Depository,  
Halifax County Depository,  
Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$40,000.

FOR THE purpose of this institution has provided banking facilities for this section that 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—on accounts of all kinds collected.

PRESIDENT: W. E. JAMIE, CHIEF CLERK: W. R. SMITH,  
CORPORATE SECRETARY: B. H. LEWIS,  
(Jackson, Northampton Co., N. C.)

## GARRETT & COMPANY.

PIONEER WINE GROWERS



ESTABLISHED 1855.

### SPECIALTIES:

VIRGINIA DARE (White Supperwine) POCAHONTAS (Red Supperwine)  
OLD NORTH STATE BLACKBERRY (Dry Supperwine)  
HIAWATHA (Red Champagne) MINNEHAHA (Dry Supperwine)

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, CHARLOTTE, VA.

## SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

### THE Exposition Line To Norfolk

## Jamestown Exposition

Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.  
April 26 to November 30, 1907.

Special Rates from Weldon: Round trip season tickets, \$3.85; Round trip 60-day tickets, \$2.65; Round trip 10-day tickets, \$2.00; Round trip coach excursion ticket \$2.65.

Coach Excursion rate valid from opening date and on each Tuesday thereafter limited seven days and enclosed. Not good in Pullman Parlor Cars. Other tickets go on sale April 15th and continue until close of Exposition.

For rates from other points, apply to your nearest SEABOARD agent, or representatives named below.

Unexcelled Passenger Service Via

## S. A. L. Railway

Watch for announcement of Improved Schedules.

J. K. POTEAT, Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C.  
C. H. GATTIS, Trav. Pass. Agent, Raleigh, N. C.