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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Dr. J. C. Ayer** 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.

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Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Ayer
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

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WELDON, N. C.

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AUGUST 20TH, 1902

State of North Carolina Depository.
Halifax County Depository.
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Capital and Surplus, **\$40,000.**

FOR 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 kinds solicited.

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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.

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April 26 to November 30, 1907.

Special Rates from Weldon: Coach Excursion Tickets sold Tuesdays and Fridays, limited seven days, \$2.15. Season tickets, \$3.85. For rates from other points, apply to your nearest SEA BOARD 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.

THINKING ALOUD.

A Ruse Which Roused Lord Dudley and Formed a Friendship.

One of the earls of Dudley, who was addicted to the practice of thinking aloud, found himself on a very awkward predicament on a certain occasion. He was to spend the evening at the house of a friend and ordered his carriage early, as he had a long drive back to his own home.

When the hour arrived the carriage was not forthcoming. Seeing that Lord Dudley was considerably annoyed by the delay, one of the guests, whose way home lay past his lordship's house, politely offered him a seat in his carriage. The gentleman was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, but the offer was accepted.

The drive did not prove a very sociable one. Lord Dudley took his seat and immediately relapsed into silence, his thoughts apparently engrossed by some unpleasant subject. Presently he began to speak in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice, and his companion, to his astonishment, heard him say:

"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil certainly, but the worst is I suppose I must ask him to dinner."

Silence followed this bit of audible thinking. His lordship was unaware that he had betrayed his thoughts and was probably still meditating upon the same unpleasant subject when the voice of his companion broke the stillness.

Apparently this stranger was afflicted with the same malady from which his lordship suffered, for he exactly imitated Lord Dudley's tone as he said:

"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't ask me to dinner, for I shan't accept his invitation."

Lord Dudley's abstraction was all gone. He listened to the other's words, immediately comprehending the joke against himself, and frankly offered his hand to his companion, making many apologies for his involuntary rudeness.

The stranger proved magnanimous, and from that night the two became fast friends.

Thomas A. Gilson, the great American inventor, says: "Fully 90 per cent of the illness of mankind comes from eating improper food or too much food, people are inclined to over-indulge themselves. This is where indigestion finds its beginning in most every case. The stomach can do just so much work and no more, and when you overload it or when you eat the wrong kind of food the digestive organs cannot possibly do the work demanded of them. It is at such times that the stomach needs help; it demands help, and warns you by headaches, belching, sour stomach, nausea, and indigestion. You should attend to this at once by taking a little **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**. It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of the century have gone by the board—and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long time popularity, and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest, hence it has survived and grown in popularity, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly faded into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nervous stomach, with bitter taste, or constipation, with distress after eating, restlessness and debility, nothing is so good as **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrappers—no secret, no loose-pecan humbug, therefore don't accept a substitute that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. Insist on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for women's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for the purpose, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve it is unequalled. It won't satisfy those who want "bottle," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the original Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind to be marketed, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—never in a dose. Much imitated but never equalled.

THE DEAR OLD DAYS.

Gimme back the dear old days—all the boys in line—
"Boy stood on the burnin' deck" an' "Bingen on the Rhine!"
"Twas midnight; in his guarded tent"—we spoke it high and low,
While Mary trotted out that lamb "whose fleece was white as snow."

Gimme back the dear old day that mem'ry loves to keep,
With "Pilot," 'his a fearful night—there's danger on the deep!"
The old time, awkward gestures—the jerk meant for a bow—
We said that "Curfew should not ring," but, Lord, it's ringin' now!

Gimme back the dear old days—the pathway through the dells
To the schoolhouse in the blossoms; the sound of frolic bells
Tinklin' 'cross the meadows; the song of the bird an' brook;
The old time dictionary an' the blue back spellin' book!

Gone, like a dream forever—a city's hid the place
Where stood the ol' log schoolhouse, an' no familiar face
Is smilin' there in welcome beneath a mornin' sky,
There's a bridge across the river, an' we've crossed an' said "goodbye!"

EVERYTHING IN PROPORTION.

For many weeks the irritable merchant had been riveted to his bed by typhoid fever. Now he was convalescing. He clamored for something to eat, declaring that he was starving.

"Tomorrow you may have something to eat, promised the doctor. The merchant realized that there would be a restraint to his appetite, yet he saw, in vision, a modest steaming meal placed at his bedside.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day, as she gave the glowing patient a spoonful of tapioca pudding, "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a frantic call from the bed-chamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man, heavily, "I want to do some reading, bring me a postage stamp."

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Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES.

Day, Night and Out-of-Town Calls Promptly Attended to.

H. G. ROWE,

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Seventeen years' Experience. Hearse Service Anywhere.

THE AUTUMN FEVER.

Take down the fiddle and give me the bow,
Say when you're ready to glide and to go;
Scrape your feet, honey, and swing to your place;
Harvest is over and hearts have said grace;
Hand me that fiddle and limber your feet,
Kissing goes good and the dancing is sweet!

Swing corners, chasses, change partners, away—
Give me that fiddle, I'm itchin' to play!

Take down the fiddle, I'm ready to dream
The morn of the meadow, the noon of the stream:
Sand the old platform and throw off your hat,
There's the ginger to dance and the juba to pat,
Wheat's in the bin and the milk's in the corn,
Got to be cuttin' it, sure as your'e born.

Hug her, and kiss her, and don't let her go—
Take down the fiddle and give me the bow!

Take down the fiddle, the night is so clear,
The moonbeam in beauty is walking so near.
Give me old music and give me old mirth,
The dance of the dells and the song of the earth;
Plowin' the stubble all day, but tonight
Swing her, my honey, beneath the pale light:
Swing corners, chasses, change partners, and all,
The fever for fiddlin' has come with the Fall!

FORGET IT.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day,
In the dark, whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend,
(We all have such spots concealed, world without end),
Whose touching his heartstrings would play on and rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing, just a least little sin,
Whose telling would cork up a laugh, or a grin,
Of a man you don't like, for the Lord's sake keep it in!
Don't be a knocker, right here stick a pin,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

My dear old mother, who is now 82 years old, lives on Electric Bitters, writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about 20 years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak, pony children, too, are greatly strengthened by them. (various testimonials for stomach, liver and kidney troubles by any druggist.)

Even when the alarm clock goes off, it's not easy to rise in the occasion.

"Out of sight, out of mind," is an old saying which applies with special force to those who are old and whose minds are treated with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's out of sight, out of mind and out of care, and enjoys a excellent appetite, appears under the best of health, and is greatly strengthened by them. (various testimonials for stomach, liver and kidney troubles by any druggist.)

Fine feathers do not necessarily make a "bird" of a hat.

A Criminal Attack

on an inoffensive citizen is frequently made in that apparently innocuous little tale called the "apprentice." It's generally the result of protracted constipation, following torpor. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowels. 25c. at any drug store.

The saloon often has a steady income and an ostentatious going out.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of Imitations
at **Dr. J. C. Ayer**

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

The Young Lawyer Gets the Opportunity to Rise to Heights in His Eloquence.

A farmer was indicted for killing his neighbor's hog. The prosecutor lived at the head of a stream, and the defendant lived a mile or two down the stream, and, in the month of May, the prosecutor's old sow got out and strayed off down the valley and got in the defendant's field and the allegation was that the defendant killed her, mangling her up with knives.

A young lawyer, named Smith, who had just gotten his license, was employed to aid the solicitor in the prosecution. The case was set for trial, and the attorney arose and with a very solemn air, said:

"May it please your honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since the days of the assassination of the lamented President of the United States, to wit, Abraham Lincoln, no such foul crime has stained our country's escutcheon as the assassination of Jack Edward's black and white spotted sow. Gentlemen of the jury, and may it please your honor, go with me to the place of the tragedy and contemplate the scene and the circumstances. On that lovely morning in May, when the earth was dressed in her robes of green and the air filled with the smell of sweet-scented flowers and enlivened by the voice of merry songsters, as that old sow walked forth in her innocence down that little stream, listening to the music of waters, little did she dream that before the king of day hid himself behind the western horizon she should become the victim of a foul assassination."

OWES A LIVING.

The World Owes a Living to Those Who Are Not Able to Earn One.

It is among men who try to get a living by shift or trick of laziness that we hear the familiar words, "the world owes me a living." A loafer who never did a useful thing in his life, who dresses at the expense of his tailor, and drinks at the cost of his friends always insists that the world owes him a living, and declares his intention to secure the debt. We should like to know how it is that a man who owes the world for every mouthful he ever ate and every garment he ever put on, should be so heavy a creditor in account with the world. The loafer does not tell the truth about it. The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it in. The world owes a living to those who are not able to earn one, to children, to the sick, to the disabled and the aged; to all who in the course of nature, or by force of circumstances, are dependent. And it was mainly for the supply of the wants of these that men were endowed with the power to produce more than enough for themselves. To a genuine shirk the world owes nothing.

SOCIABILITY.

Silence and a Stiff, Unbending Reserve are Especially Selfish and Essentially Vulgar.

Hawthorne, in his diary, makes record of a day wherein he resolved to speak to no human soul. He went to the village, got his mail at the postoffice, returned, and triumphantly records the fact that he spoke to no man. Is it any wonder that with all his genius, Hawthorne was a melancholy and essentially an unhappy man? How much better and wiser the opposite course. Think of how much happiness you convey to others by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine and sociability lets back into your own soul. Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, a genial "good morning," a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself happier by these little expressions of fellow-feeling and good will? Silence and a stiff, unbending reserve are especially selfish and essentially vulgar. The generous and polite man has a pleasant recognition and cheerful word for all he meets. He sunbeams wherever he goes. He paves the path of others with smiles. He makes society seem genial and the world delightful to those who else would find them cold, selfish and forbidding. And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be sociable, then, wherever you go, and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet and a spirit that is genial.

MUTUAL RECOGNITION.

A southern lawyer had gone to a northern state to practice his profession, but as he got no clients and stood a good chance of starving he decided to return south. Without money he got into a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending to seek employment as a reporter on one of the newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said: "I am on the staff of—of Nashville, I suppose you will pass me."

The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker. Come with me. If he identifies you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the smoker, and the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff. It is all right."

Before leaving the train the lawyer sought the editor. "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper."

"I'm not the editor either. I'm traveling on his pass and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

DON'T HOP ABOUT LIKE A FLEA.

"Doing well is damned hard to bear." The speaker was one of Wilmington's most successful business men who started out as a clerk and is now worth half a million. Resting his chin on one hand and gazing reflectively out of the open window this gentleman continued:

"So, you are from Lincolnton. I owe my success in life to a little advice of a man from Lincolnton. It is the only advice I ever asked for or followed. I was getting a salary of \$40 per month and was offered \$80 a month to go to another concern. I asked V. O. Johnson, then superintendent of the Carolina Central Railroad, what to do about it, and he said, 'You are doing well are you not? Doing well is damned hard to bear.' I made this rugged expression my business motto, held on to my \$40 job and have never had cause to regret it."

LIKED THE TREATMENT.

"Let me kiss those tears away!" our "devil" begged tenderly of a sweet girl.

She fell for it, and he was busy for the next 15 minutes. And the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly sad.

"No," she murmured, "but go on with the treatment."

You can tell when a man says he is on a swear-off by the way he is afraid his wife will smell his breath.

To the pure all things are pure—outside of politics.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Cures all Coughs and assists in expelling the Colds from the System by gently moving the bowels. A certain cure for croup and whooping-cough.

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR

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Money to loan on approved security.
Attorney for First National Bank of Weldon.
WELDON, N. C.

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TAKE
THE FORD'S Black-Draught
Stops Indigestion—Constipation
25c
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

A Gentle Laxative And Appetizer

Great Reductions
For Cash

50 Mts. Moquette Rugs	\$2.75
\$2.00 Smyrna Rugs	\$2.25
50s. Moquette Rugs, 9x12 ft.	\$17.75
12s. China Mattings	10c.
20s. " " " "	15c.
25s. Japanese " " "	17c.
30s. " " " "	18c.
40s. Wool Carpeting	7c.
2c. Window Shades	20c.
50c. " " " "	\$1.75
95c. 2x4 ft. Linoleum	75c.
70c. " " " "	65c.
60c. Floor Oil Cloth	45c.
1.25 Acrometer Carpeting	80c.
\$1.49 10x20 Picture frames	95c.
Wall paper, 4, 5 and 6 ft. per roll.	

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