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HAVE YOU SEEN THE SUNRISE.

The Sun is Only Just Rising in the East. Look Toward the Sunrise.

At a recent talk given by Eliott Hubbard at Roycroft, East Aurora, N. Y., he said among other things: God has plenty of time; we are bathed in an ocean of intelligence; never a soul is lost; things change but never the essence. This one thing moving toward perfection, a being that reflects itself, is for the race; God is not caring for us individually, but for the whole. God keeps us here just as long as we reflect good cheer, health and happiness. He who quits work is put back in the melting pot. You stay here just as long as you're useful. Conscious spirit—God is perfection. We reach these things not through fear, not through anxiety; no fear effects first the action of elimination, the skin refuses to germinate. Fear paralyzes the extremities, fear is man's worst enemy, there is no devil but fear. Think well of everybody and you are full of energy—full of the Divine. We never see the light if we're scared, if we're frightened. The path has been through the gloom of the ten thousand years back. The supreme achievement is that out of wrong, good may come. The sun is just rising in the East. Look toward the sunrise.

Things In The Bottom Drawer.

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The Court had passed its stern decree, a man and wife must part. In future each would go a different way. They'd come to their once happy home, with anger in each heart. To share their treasures equally that day. The man then said: "The half is yours, but you the whole may take. Some trifling thing alone I'll keep, for old acquaintance sake." They searched the old oak bureau, sadly turned its contents o'er, Until they came upon the things locked in the bottom drawer. A battered and bent tin soldier, stood guard o'er the treasures there— A dollie in blue, just one little shoe, a ringlet of golden hair— A miniature, soiled and faded, of baby now gone before— A rattle, a ball, just playthings, that's all, were the things in the bottom drawer. A mother's hand had placed them there, in silence thro' the years. The tin soldier guarded them with care; And memory brings a vision dimly seen thro' bitter tears. Of laughing eyes and sunny golden hair. But like the rose torn from its stem, that withers in a day. The reaper called the little one, and baby passed away. The Court's decree is useless now, for they'll part never more; And undivided are the things locked in the bottom drawer.

DON'T WEAR YOUR RUFFLES ALL THE TIME.

Oh! fussy folks who fret and fume
And carp and sneer and criticize,
Whose presence puts an end to peace,
Prom whom all pleasures quickly flies;
Who never yet have found a place,
A person, function, thing or clime
To suit your aggravating souls,
Don't wear your ruffles all the time.
You make your troubles for yourself,
And ruffle others as you go;
You want December when it's May,
And sigh for roses in the snow;
You hate to hear the children laugh,
You think a frolic is a crime;
For other people's sakes, I pray,
Don't wear your ruffles all the time.
You tire of single life, perhaps,
"No boarding round," you say, "for me;
I mean to wed and settle down
And take some comfort, yes, siree!"
But you're at odds with Hymen ere
The marriage bells have ceased to chime.
Just take a bit of advice—
Don't wear your ruffles all the time.
Your train is never fast enough,
Your paper is not fit to read,
Your tailor cuts your garments wrong,
The drama, too, has gone to seed;
The waiter does not know his place,
The dinner is not worth a dime—
'Tis thus you're always finding fault,
Don't wear your ruffles all the time.
For when you climb the starry stairs
That lead above this earthly sphere,
An angel at the door will say,
"You cannot wear your ruffles here"
So if you ever wish to see
The mansions of the blest sublime,
And mingle with the seraphs there,
Don't wear your ruffles all the time.
—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

THE THROB OF A VIOLIN.

Aye, Love, the throb of the violin I hear to-night,—that plaintive throb of a violin, that, somehow, finds an echo in the forgotten—in the quiverings that have so long sung this love to you!
This world is so drearily beautiful, with all its melodies of forgotten memories. And that yearning voice of the violin over the way, how it floods my soul, dear, will be purified thereby and finally join the good upon the new earth and sing praises to the eternal source of all. This belief was held also among the American Indians and the Hindoos. The Egyptians believed the earth would be destroyed by fire and water. The Chaldeans said that when all the planets met in the sign of Capricorn the earth would be overwhelmed with a deluge of water, and whenever they met in Cancer it would be consumed by fire.

THE END OF THE EARTH.

The ancient Persians believed in the renovation of the earth. A comet in the course of its revolutions will strike the earth and set it on fire. Rivers of molten metals will float down the mountains and deluge the valleys. All men must pass through these streams. The good will find them like baths of milk. The evil will find them like the torrents of lava, but they will be purified thereby and finally join the good upon the new earth and sing praises to the eternal source of all. This belief was held also among the American Indians and the Hindoos. The Egyptians believed the earth would be destroyed by fire and water. The Chaldeans said that when all the planets met in the sign of Capricorn the earth would be overwhelmed with a deluge of water, and whenever they met in Cancer it would be consumed by fire.

SPARKLING WAVELETS.

Young girls are indeed such radiant and sparkling wavelets in the current of humanity, and in the brilliant ripples of their joyous tides of feelings old people are made young again, the burdens of years grow lighter, the skies catch rays of richer brightness, and all cares and troubles and annoyances and gloomy thoughts and despondent feelings are blissfully buried in the ecstatic depths of sweetest oblivion.

A MODERN PROPOSAL.

Dick—"My salary has just been raised to \$5000 a year. Will you marry me?"
Mildred—"Sure!"
The soul needs deep plowing to urn under its weeds.

THE DEBUTANTE'S CATECHISM.

To Be Carefully Committed to Memory by the Society Bud.

Q. Who are you?
A. A Society Debutante.
Q. What is a Society Debutante?
A. A girl of eighteen who is going through the important process of being brought out.
Q. Who brings you out?
A. My mother.
Q. For what purpose?
A. For the purpose of what is technically termed "getting me off."
Q. Explain the meaning of this technical term "getting you off?"
A. It means to convey me bodily, with all my contingent advantages, drawbacks, and expenses of maintenance, to the first eligible man who is willing to take an assignment of the property.
Q. What is an eligible man?
A. A man begins to be eligible at 21,000 a year, and his eligibility increases upward in arithmetical progression.
Q. Of what age is the eligible man?
A. He may be of any age from twenty to eighty.
Q. Of what appearance is he?
A. He may be of any appearance from a Belvidere Apollo to an Orang-Outang. But he more often inclines toward the latter appearance.
Q. Of what character is he?
A. He may be of good character, or, as is more frequently the case, of no character.
Q. Of what nationality is he?
A. The eligible man may be of any nationality, or (which is more usual) a conglomeration of all the nationalities from Palestine westward.
Q. What is a society wedding?
A. A ceremony in the course of which amid the most sacred surroundings and the most solemn formulas, the greatest possible amount of lies and perjury is compressed into the smallest possible compass of words.
Q. Where are these perjuries committed?
A. At the altar of a smart church.
Q. By whom are they committed?
A. Both by the Bridegroom and the Bride, who in the name of God make all sorts of solemn promises that they have no intention whatever of carrying out.
Q. Is there any sin in committing perjury under such conditions?
A. There is no sin but rather a virtue in so doing.
Q. By what proofs can you support this?
A. By the presence and approval of my dear father and mother, and by the benediction of the Bishop, or other high ecclesiastical dignity, who performs the ceremony.
Q. What is a detrimental?
A. A good looking, but impetuous young man whose attentions I have repelled coldly before marriage and shall encourage warmly afterward.
Q. What are children?
A. The plague of married life, from which it is my most earnest and pious wish that I may be exempted.
Q. What is the maternal instinct?
A. A fashionable sentiment among our ancestors which went out with bonnets, chaperons and table centers.
Q. What is a heart?
A. An internal organ connected with the circulation of the blood.
Q. What is love?
A. A form of mental disease described by poets and writers of fiction but only prevalent in the present day among the lower orders.—London Truth.
A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babies. The whole some green leaves and tender stems of a long-healing mountain shrub, furnished the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or depress. Simply a restorative plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this herb which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.
Your best self will be found only by self-sacrifice.

BUFFALO BILL TELLS NEW ROOSEVELT STORY.

Owner of Bear Dogs Wouldn't Lend Them to President. Even If He Were Booker T. Washington.

"There is a little story about Theodore Roosevelt," said "Buffalo Bill" Cody at the Press Club, in Denver, "that has never been printed. When the President was out in the West hunting last time the expedition was hard up for bear dogs. The third or fourth day out the chief guide, Goff, went to the President and said: 'I know a man who has some good bear dogs, I will go over and see him and see if I can get them.' 'All right,' said the President, 'do it.' The man turned down the guide. 'I will go over and see him myself,' said the President, and he did. 'Nothing doing,' said the owner of the dogs. 'Do you know who I am?' demanded the President. 'I am the President of the United States.' 'Well,' replied the dog owner, 'I don't care a damn if you are. I would not care a damn if you were Booker T. Washington. You could not have my dogs.' And the President, concluding that the dog owner knew his own business best, went back to the camp, and told the story with much glee."—N. Y. World.

GOT THE WRONG DOOR.

They were newly married, and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a sky-scraper 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, and a little awed by the number of doors that looked 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, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer. "Honey, honey, it's Alice. Let me in," she whispered. There was a silence and still no answer. After several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madame, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

PROPER PRECAUTIONS.

"Have you succeeded in stemming the financial tide?"
"I have."
"What means did you adopt?"
"I held a meeting and passed a unanimous resolution not to pay out any more money until I got hold of some."

The finest Coffee substitute ever made has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis. You can have to hold it 20 or 30 minutes. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. "Health Coffee" is really the closest imitation of real coffee in it either. Health Coffee is made from pure roasted cereals or grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—were he to unknowingly drink it for coffee. Sold by W. T. Parker, Weldon, N. C.

Some men are determined to stand their ground, even though they haven't any.

Excited lady (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, please, at once."
Telephone Girl (from the exchange)—"Number, please?"
Excited lady, (snappishly)—"How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"

MUST HAVE DRAWN A BLANK.

Marks—Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?
Parks—"S-sh! No man should speak like that about his wife."

The only good things we keep are those we pass along.

PAIN

Pain in the head-pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain anywhere is a sign of trouble. It is a signal that something is wrong. It is a warning that you must take action. It is a call to attention. It is a demand for relief. It is a cry for help. It is a plea for mercy. It is a prayer for aid. It is a request for assistance. It is a petition for aid. It is a supplication for help. It is a plea for mercy. It is a prayer for aid. It is a request for assistance. It is a petition for aid. It is a supplication for help.

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets
W. M. COHEN.

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour village, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and restorative properties. Kodol digests food, purifies, sweetens and strengthens the mucous membranes lining the stomach. Me. S. S. Hall, of Racine, Wis., says: "I was troubled with sour stomach for many years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for our children."
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