THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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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 Chas. H. Fletcher 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 Diarrhœa 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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Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES.

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The : Bank : of : Weldon,

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under The Laws of the State of North Carolina,

AUGUST 20TH, 1902.

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

FOR 15 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 centum. Accounts of all are solicited.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: Dr. H. W. LEWIS. CASHIER: W. R. SMITH.

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SEABOARD

AIR LINE RAILWAY

Short Route

To and Through the South Atlantic States and from New York to Florida. Also via Atlanta to the Southwest.

Unexcelled Passenger Service Via

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Watch for announcement of Improved Schedules.

Cleveland Carter, Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C.

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"THE NEED OF SHELTER."

Jesus Is A Rock In A Weary Land, A Shelter In The Time Of Storm.

"Hide the outcasts."—Isaiah xvi. 3.

What a singular expression! We would expect to read: "Reform the outcasts; cleanse the outcasts; redeem the outcasts." But the prophet saw deeper. He saw something was needed precious to reform—protection and hiding. He thus struck the keynote of the difference between the gospel of the pagan and the gospel of Christ.

The pagan says, "Let them be cleansed and come in;" Christ says, "Let them come in and be cleansed." The pagan says, "Wash your stains and enter the temple"; Christ says, "Enter the temple and I will wash your stains." The pagan says, "Put on your best robe and repair to the banquet"; Christ says, "Come to the banquet and I will give you the best robe.

The most unique feature of Christ is His claim to be "a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest." What does that mean? Clearly this, that He will take you in while the storm is still raging. He does not say, "When it is fine weather I will visit you." But, on the contrary, "I will come to you in the wind and rain: I will bring a tent and shelter you."

Many will come to you when the storm has ceased; but you need something more than that. Is there to be no refuge in the storm? Your brother-man is waiting for your signs of good character. He is looking at your ship tossing on the sea. He says, "When it is calm I will take a boat and bring you in." But will no one man the boat when the wind is high and the waves are rough, with the tempest howling by? Will no one enter into your life when it is battered and bruised and broken? Will none take you up when you are disgraced and tabooed and scorned? Is there no dove sent into your deluge while the peak of Ararat is yet unseen? One alone can and will answer these longings—the perfectly sinless and holy One, the Son of man.

To whom can I call but unto Thee, my Saviour and my God? No one else will meet me in the storm. Plato will not; he will only meet calm souls. Moses will not; his Sinai has no cleft for the unclean. John the Baptist will not; he cuts down all trees that bear no fruit. All the voices of the world cry, "When ye have found rest, enter into the kingdom." But I hear another Voice, sweet and comforting, which allures and enfolds, saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It calls to me in the dark and wet and cold; it invites me in my rags; it appeals to me in my poverty; it reaches me even in my trespasses; it kills for me the fatted calf when I am still in the "far country;" it loves me in spite of all.

Many voices have offered me a home in my quiet and happy hours; but Thou, O my Father! and Thou alone, hast promised me a covert in my storm.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

When an intelligent thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true honest medicine of known composition, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible indorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, *in plain English*, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration?

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritive profesional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed *free* to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Little While I Fain Would Linger.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A little while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet:
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire,
Though youth be dead, while youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
(O pitying Christ! those woeful words "We part!")
So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet—
Behind our broken years; before, the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep—
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet,
A little while, when light and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

KEEPING UP THE FIRE.

I can hear the old man sayin'—long before he went away
To the calm, untroubled country where the wisest of 'em stay,
That plain, ol'-fashioned lesson that we took to heart for good:
"Whilst you're keepin' up the fire you're a-burnin' up the wood!"

Sorter set us all to thinkin'—as, when harvest come along,
An' we saw the prospect brighten like a sumbeam in a song;
An' the silver jingled careless-like—the word we understood:
"While you're keepin' up the fire you're a-burnin' up the wood!"

"Dream your dream—there must be dreamers in a world the Lord made bright—
The dreamers of the darkness, an' the dreamers of the light;
Of the sowin' an' the reapin', dreams of glory an' of good,—
You must keep the fire blazin' but you're burnin' up the wood!"

Jest that o'-fashioned lesson; an' I'm glad we read it right,
An' felt its deeper meanin' 'fore he said his last "Good-night";
For where the heart beats truest still is where it's understood:
"Whilst you're keepin' up the fire you're a-burnin' up the wood!"

—Frank L. Stanton in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

VACANCIES.

Vacancies have a mission. What has not? There is something in everything to be a chariot for thought. Even the absence in the home of a familiar object may set in motion the wheel on which thought swiftly rides. The vacant chair carries the mind back to your school days or the old homestead; to merry rambles over green meadows and tufted pastures, through shady groves; to your favorite seat on some mossy bank that was kept green by a little brook that babbled by it, to the swing under the great maple that used to stand in the yard; and by-and-by you go quietly to the drawer and take out a little square case just large enough to hold a treasure, open it and gaze thoughtfully on a picture. Then you feel something rising from the heart, and a pearly tear steals slyly down your cheek. No one saw it; you saw no one; yet you felt that you had met a loved one saw a smile upon the lip that had often returned your caresses. You put away the picture and go about your regular duties happier, better for having thus seen and felt some of the joys of the past.

DRANK WITH HIS FEET.

There was no fire in the smoking car and everybody was blue and trembling with cold.

"My feet fairly ache," said a clergyman.

Then a drummer, winking at his neighbors, pulled out a flask of whiskey.

"Here's the best thing going for cold feet, friend," he said.

And the clergyman extended his hand for the bottle eagerly.

"You bet it is," said he.

He poured a huge drink into the glass, lifted it toward the drummer with a "Here's looking at you, sir," and then, slipping off his boots emptied the whisky into them.

In two minutes my ice-cold feet," he said, "will be in a warm glow. Whiskey poured into the boots warms the feet like a hot stove."

A good cause is never peramanently advanced by truckling for the support of a vicious element

THE TACTLESS MAN.

Miss Helen Miller Gould was addressing a class of young ladies on the subject of tact, says the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"What," said Miss Gould is more unpleasant than tactlessness? Let me tell you about a supremely tactless man.

"This man went with his wife to a dinner party. He took down to dinner a very charming woman, but the first course had hardly begun, when to his wife's dismay, he jumped up from his seat beside the lady, and making a circuit of the table, took a vacant chair beside a young matron.

"After dinner as the man's wife entered her carriage to drive home she said impatiently:

"'I have been dying all the evening to ask you why, after taking her to dinner, you deserted Mrs. A. for Mrs. B.?'

"'Why, said the husband, 'with my back to that fire I would have caught my death.'

"'Well,' said the wife. 'I hope you told Mrs. A. that.'

"'No, said the husband. 'I didn't. I told Mrs. B. though.'"

TWO LOADS OF HELL.

Two Irishmen who had just landed in America had taken a room in one of the down-town lodging-houses in New York. They were awakened in the middle of the night by a great noise in the street. One of the Irishmen got up and looked out of the window. Two fire-engines tore along, belching smoke and fire, and leaving a trail of sparks.

"Phwat is it?" asked the man who remained in bed.

"They're movin' hell," said the man at the window; and two loads have just gone by."

The finest Coffee substitute ever made has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis. You don't have to boil it 20 or 30 minutes. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. "Health Coffee" is really the closest coffee imitation ever yet produced. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Health coffee imitation is made from pure toasted 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.

The sound of a kind word soon dies, but its memory lives forever.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S DUEL.

His Memory or Lack of Memory, Came Opportunely to His Rescue When Challenged by Randolph of Roanoke.

Of Randolph's duel with Clay all the world has heard, but it is not generally known that the fiery Virginian once sent a challenge to Daniel Webster, and that the "Expounder of the Constitution" chose the oath of peace—and safety.

Early in the year of grace 1824 a committee of Congress was appointed to investigate certain charges of official misconduct brought by an ex-Senator from Illinois, one Edwards, against the Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. William H. Crawford.

On this committee there were, among others, Randolph and Webster.

Before the committee had fairly got down to business Randolph sailed for England, and during his absence, a majority of the committee brought in a report exonerating Crawford.

In one of the preliminary discussions of the committee Webster was alleged to have said some things about Randolph that were anything but complimentary to his manly character, and when the high-strung Virginian got back to Washington in the Spring of 1825 it was plain that there would be "something doing."

If there was ever a thoroughbred it was John Randolph of Roanoke. Of his "honor" he had the highest possible esteem, and for that honor he was always prepared to fight at the drop of a hat.

A few days after his return home he sent Colonel Thomas H. Benton to Webster with the following note:

"Saturday, Feb. 20, 1825.

"Sir—I learn, from unquestionable authority, that during my late absence from the United States, you have indulged yourself in liberties with my name (aspersing my veracity) which no gentleman can take who does not hold himself personally responsible for such insult.

"My friend, Colonel Benton (the bearer of this note), will arrange the terms of this meeting, to which you are invited.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN RANDOLPH,
"Of Roanoke."

Benton, who was somewhat of a fighter himself, was not slow in taking the note to the "Expounder," and in a few days he was able to report to his friend as follows:

"Mr. Webster authorizes Mr. Benton to say to Mr. Randolph that he has no recollection of having said anything which can possibly be considered as affecting Mr. Randolph's veracity, beyond what he said in the House of Representatives. If he has used other expressions they must have been at or about the same time and of the same import. He does not recollect them, and disclaims all of a different import. As to what Mr. Webster said in the House of Representatives, he meant only to state that Mr. Randolph was under an entire mistake or misapprehension as to the facts—he meant to say nothing, and neither intended to make nor did make any imputation on the personal veracity of Mr. Randolph."

Of course that settled it, and there was peace.

It is fortunate that Webster's memory or lack of memory, came so opportunely to his rescue, for Randolph was a crack shot, and had the duel come off the great New Englander would probably have fallen long before his fame was ripe.

A racking 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 wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a long-healing mountainous shrub, furnish 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 suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards calls this herb which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other.

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

The sweetest rest is the one well earned.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy.

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

THE REAL BOSS.

The Insurance Agent Wanted to See The Boss of the House

The insurance agent climbed the steps and rang the bell.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the careworn person who came to the door.

"I want to see the boss of the house," replied the insurance agent. "Are you the boss?"

"No," meekly returned the man who came to the door. "I'm only the husband of the boss. Step in; I'll call the boss."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall dignified woman appeared.

"So you want to see the boss?" repeated the boss. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please. Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me th' boss?" exclaimed Bridget when the insurance man asked her the question. "Indade Oi'm not. Sure, here comes th' boss now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming toward the house.

"Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent when the lad came in the kitchen, "are you the boss of the house?"

"Want to see the boss?" asked the boy. "Well, you just come with me."

Wearily the insurance man climbed up the steps. He was ushered into a room on the second floor and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There," exclaimed the boy, "that's the real boss of this house."—Puck.

EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT.

A remarkable instance of how persons become accustomed to their surroundings and how any unusual break interferes with their comfort was recently related by Mrs. Anna White, wardrobe woman, for the Barnum & Bailey circus for the last forty-five years."

"After the performance is over on the road I go right to my stateroom in the sleeper, and never dream of minding the noise of loading up the cars—in fact, never hear it—but let there be some unusual sound, such for instance, as some one whispering under my window, and it wakes me up instantly.

"There are usually three tracks, the sleeperes on the first, while the other two are given over to properties, animals, etc. Naturally, there is a great disturbance; the men who are yelling and shouting and the racket of moving is enough to wake the dead, but I simply go to sleep and never hear it. But should there be the slightest suggestion of a noise that is unusual to the regular routine, even though it be a mouse scratching, I am wide awake."

HUSKY BEE.

"Ah! the old days!" sighed Granger. "Here's that old poem about husking bees. I always did like that."

"Husking bees?" queried Townley. "What do you mean?"

"Weren't you ever in the country during the season of husking bees?"

"No. I never heard of anybody husking a bee!"

One-half the world does no know how the other half lives, and wouldn't understand it if somebody showed them.

When the stomach, Heart or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the stomach, nor stimulate the heart or kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for those weak inside nerves. Build them with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test.

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

We are very apt to call that man an iconoclast who knocks one of our pet theories into smithereens.

CASTORIA.

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

The man who is quite sure he can get into heaven his own way knows better than to try to get into the Masonic order that way.

CASTORIA.

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

Indigestion

Stomach troubles, loss of appetite, of sleep and weakness, Dizziness and indigestion are all relieved by taking Dr. Shoop's Restorative. They are tablets or liquid, a medical specialist's prescription for the stomach, heart and nerves. It is not a cathartic, nor a drug to stupefy. It is a tonic-food-medicine. It acts on the digestive nerves. It builds them with food-elements. It makes them strong. It makes them well. Then they do their work. Then indigestion, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart-flutter, weakness, pain, disappear. Test it. Test it at our risk. We will send you a dollar package. Test it six weeks. If you are not then well, we will pay the druggist our dollar for the test. We will send you a dollar package free if you write us. Mark your letter "Dept. 1." Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

W. M. COHEN.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels.

Relieves coughs by cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

Children Like It

For BACKACHE, WEAK KIDNEYS Try DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sure and Safe. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

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Money to loan on approved security. Attorney for First National Bank of Weldon.

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TAKE

THEDFORD'S **Black-Draught**

Stops Indigestion and Constipation

25¢ AT ALL DRUGGISTS

A Gentle Laxative And Appetizer

W. W. KAY.

Family Grocer,

WELDON, N. C.

I keep the best of everything in my line. Polite attention to all at KAY'S. my 2 1y

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