

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

VOL. XLIII.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1908.

Terms of Subscription-\$1.50 Per Annum

NO. 2.

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chat H. Fletcher*. Allow no one to deceive you by this, All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifles with and endangers the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paraffin, 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 relieves Fecundity. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SHE WEPS IN EVERY OFFICE.  
Tearful Young Woman's Unique Method of Securing Subscriptions for Magazine.

She was a young woman, well dressed, and had an appearance above the average. While not a striking beauty, in the common sense, she was what is often called good looking. In other and simpler words, she would do.

She entered the lawyer's office. In her hand she held a magazine, and in the back portion of her hair was a lead pencil.

"I would like to have you subscribe to this magazine," she said. "It is \$1 a year and one of the very best magazines published."

Then she turned the pages and showed the lawyer the many interesting departments, special articles, absorbing fiction stories and other things which the magazine contained.

"No, miss," said the lawyer, "don't care for it. I'll admit that the magazine is a good one, but I have enough now, and I don't care for it."

The lawyer had hardly finished his sentence when the young woman began to weep copiously.

"Don't mind me," she said, "I just can't help it. I am trying to earn a living. I am soliciting subscriptions for a magazine which is worth \$1 a year if it is worth a cent. Every one tells me the same thing that you do. I am discouraged. I am despondent. I don't care what happens to me."

And then the miss wpt some more.

Of course, under these rare conditions even a lawyer's heart will turn. He produced a silver dollar and subscribed on the spot.

"Don't cry, little girl," said the lawyer. "Be brave, work hard, persevere, everything will come out all right in the end."

And the little girl left the office with a "thank you."

This story would have been al right if it were not for the fact that Bones, the doctor, had entered the lawyer's office some minutes later to tell him of a strange case that had transpired in his office. The case had to do with a young woman of average good looks who was soliciting subscriptions for a dollar magazine.

"I was never so affected in my life," said Dr. Bones. "I refused to subscribe, and the girl broke down in tears. I never saw one so discouraged."

"Did you subscribe?" said the lawyer.

"Certainly I did," said Dr. Bones.

"So did I," said the lawyer, "and she wept here, too."

An investigation proved that the young woman of crying propensities had taken thirteen subscriptions on that floor, which would have been a fair day's work, even if she had gone no farther.—Kansas City Star.

For further information apply to the President of Cashier.

P. N. SPAINBACK,	UNDERTAKER,
Weldon, N. C.	North Carolina.
Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES.	
Day, Night and Out-of-Town Calls Promptly Attended to.	
<b>H. G. ROWE,</b> FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.	
Seventeen years' Experience. Hearse Service Anywhere.	

## THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina.

AUGUST 20, 1885.

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

Capital and Surplus, \$40,000.

For more than fifteen years the institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers 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. Assessments of all are collected.

The surplus and undivided profits having reached a sum equal to the Capital Stock, the Bank has, consequently January 1, 1908, established a Savings Department allowing interest on funds deposited as follows: Deposits allowed from one thousand dollars to twenty-five cents, six months or longer, 4 per cent. For less amounts longer than four months, 3 per cent.

For further information apply to the President of Cashier.

PRESIDENT, C. H. DANIEL. CHIEF CLERK, W. H. LEWIS. CLERK, W. R. SMITH. (Jackson, Surry-Hamilton county.)

## SEABOARD

AIR LINE RAILWAY

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE APRIL 12, 1908.

These arrivals and departures are only as information for the public and are not guaranteed, and are subject to change without notice.

Trains will leave WELDON as follows:

No. 32 for Portsmouth and Norfolk at 7:25 a.m.  
No. 38 for " " " at 2:57 p.m.  
No. 41 for Raleigh and points South at 12:07 p.m.  
No. 33 through train South at 11:03 p.m.

For further information relative to rates, schedules, etc., apply to

CLEVELAND CARTER,  
Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C.  
Or write to  
C. H. GATTIS,  
Traveling Passenger Agent,  
Raleigh, N. C.



## A DRUNKARD'S SOLLOQUY.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
And make me a man again, just for to-night;  
Let me shake off these vile rags that I wear,  
Cleanse me from all this foul stain that I bear.  
Oh, let me stand where I stood long ago,  
Freed from these sorrows, unknown to this woe;  
Freed from a life that is cursing my soul  
Unto death while the years of eternity roll.  
Backward, turn backward, O fast flowing stream,  
Would that my life could prove only a dream!  
Let me forget the black sins of the past;  
Let me undo all my folly so vast;  
Let me live over the dark life that is gone;  
Bring back the dark, wasted years that have flown;  
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
And make me a man again, just for to-night;  
Back! Yes, turn backward, ye swift, rolling years!  
Why does your memory bring forth these hot tears?  
Why comes this vision of life lost in sin?  
Why am I thinking of what might have been?  
Where is my home, once so happy and bright?  
Where is that face whose own presence was light?  
Where are the children who climbed on my knee?  
Back, flowing time! Bring them once more to me!  
Yet the tide rushes on, this wild flight of the years,  
And the days only deepen my sorrows and fears.  
I call, but no answer comes back to me now,  
Aught but an echo as weak as my voice;  
For 'neath the sad cypress tree, low in the sod,  
Lies the body whose soul has gone back to its God.  
And out of the silence no child voices come,  
As in days long ago in my sweet happy home.  
Backward? Nay time rushes onward and on;  
Tis the dream that comes back of the days that are gone;  
I yielded my strength when I could have been strong,  
I would fly, but alas! I had lingered too long.  
The hell-hound had seized me; my will was not mine.  
Destruction was born in the sparkling of wine!  
So, in weakness I totter, through gloom to the grave,  
A sovereign in birth, but dying—a slave.

## THE OLD, OLD WORLD.

This old, old world is a dreary place  
For the man whose pass is a frowning face;  
Who looks for the shadows instead of the light;  
For the sordid and dull instead of the bright;  
Who sees but the worry and labor and strife  
Instead of the glory and sunshine of life.

This old, old world is a sad abode  
For the man who travels along life's road  
With never a laugh and never a song  
To lighten the toil as he goes along;  
With never a smile or a word of cheer  
To shorten the way for his fellows here.

But for him who possesses the saving grace  
Of a laughing heart and a smiling face,  
Who sings at his work and laughs at defeat,  
And looks for the good and the bright and the sweet,  
Who cheers on his fellows by word and by deed  
This world is a pleasant place indeed.

A Maids' mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband and one day when she again came to stay, she also found her daughter-in-law on the doorstep.

"I suppose George has left you," she snuffed.

"Yes" (sob).  
"Then there is a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Yes" (sob).

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"You" (sob).

"Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "I'm sure I never gave him any encouragement."

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