# THE ROANOKE NEWS. 

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## O.STORIA <br>  <br> What is CASTORIA



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Tor Raleigh and points South at 12 or


| The stern old Judge. in relentess mood, Gazed at the two who before him stood; She was bowed and haggard, and old; He was young, defiant, and bold. Mother and son-and to look at this pair Their different attiudes, look and air, One would believe, 'ere the truth was won. The mother corvicted but not the son. |  | rn let him milk the cows. The girl did what every girl of sense and wisdom would do. $\qquad$ HOME LOVE THE BEST. <br> We think home love is the best. | For all such sins of omission we must ever suffer deep regret. How easy it would have been to have said, "That is so beautiful!" Or "How well do you do!" <br> We think of things like these when our opportunities are flown forever: when the dear head we | w |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| There was the mother, the boy stood nigh, With an impudent giance and his head held high Age had come over her, sorrow and care, This mattered but little so he was there. A staff to her years, a light to her eyes. And prized as only a mother can prize; Waiting for him, couhd cven a mother say, Waiting his doom on the sentence day |  |  | more bright, the labor less wearing! $\qquad$ <br> A MOTHER's LOVE. <br> The Three Things That At |  |
| Her husband had died in his shame and $\sin$. <br> And sle was a widow her living to win, Had toiled and struggled from morn till night, Making with want a wearisome fight, <br> Bent over her work with resolute zeal, <br> 'Till she felt her old frame fotter and reel; Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim, But shic had her boy and she oiled for him. But she had her boy and she toiled for him. |  |  |  |  |
| And he--he stood in the criminal dock, With a heart as hard as a flinty rock; With a reckless glance and an impudent air. Braving the scorn of the gazers there. Drenched in crime and encompassed round, With proof of his guilt by captors found; Ready to stand as he phrased it "game," Holding not crime, but penitence-shame. |  |  | ered from one of earth's fair and blooming gardens, litle baby that had been playing with a sumbeam, and a mother's love. These three the angel |  |
| Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek, The moistening tears where the tongue was weak; And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears, Only her boy in his innocent years, <br> She remembered him pure as a child could be, The guil of the present she could not see, And for mercy, her wistful looks made prayer. To the stern old Judge on the cushioned chair |  | or sympathy, and usually much less, never more. <br> If your Stomach, Heart, or Kidieys | $\begin{aligned} & \begin{array}{l} \text { nly } \\ \text { the } \\ \text { and } \\ \text { wed } \\ \text { gels } \\ \text { in } \\ \text { on } \end{array} \end{aligned}$ |  |
| "Woman !"' the old Judge crabbedly said, <br> "Your boy is the neighborthod's plague and dreas <br> Ofa gang of reprobares the chosen chief. <br> An ider, a rioter, a ruffian, a thief! <br> The jury did right, the fucts were plain, <br> Denial is idle, excuses are vain; <br> The sentence the Court imposes is one- <br> "Your Honor," she cries, "he's my only son," |  |  | sublime thought. And through all the ages is has been human experience that the angels referred to in that legend were not over extrava- gant in the messige which they |  |
| The tipstaves laughed at the words she spoke, And a ripple of fun through the courtroom broke "Don't laugh at my mother," aloud cries he, You have got me fast and can dear wim me But she's too good for your coward jeers,And l'll'-here his utterance broke in tears. |  | mit |  |  |
| The Judge leaned forward, bent his head, L.ooked at him keenly and then he said:"We suspend the sentence, the boy may go " Bur the words were remulous, forced and low "But stay," and he raised his finger then, "Don't let them bring you hither again; There is somecthing good in you yet, 1 know, I'll give you a chance-make the most of it, go ! |  |  |  |  |
| The rwain went forth, and the old Judge said, <br> "I meant to have given him a year instead; <br> And it may be a difficult thing to tell, <br> If clemency here be ili or well, <br> But a rock was smote in that callous heart, <br> From which a fountain of good may start; <br> For one even when on the ocean of crime long tossed, <br> Who loves his mother is never quite lost! |  | $\frac{\text { sile can make e niurfor }}{\text { own face }} \text { Rank Foolisthess }$ |  |  |
| We accept our trial of the spirit just the way a man accepts a ter:story building when is falls on him. <br> The truly dignified man is never nshamed to lay aside his dignity for the purpose of performing his duty. $\qquad$ |  |  | badder trouble, mainly due to nertect of the oecnsional pains in the baek, slight rheumatie pains, urinary disorders, ete Delay in wueh cases is dangerous. Take DelVitt's Kuiney and Bladder Pille <br> They are for weak back, lackache. ler tratic paias a dail kidney amd blad Regular size 500 $\qquad$ | Bread, Pies, Cakes any quanity. The best of <br> S. MOUNTCASTLE, |
| One of the delights about gambling is how the men who do it cin always tell when they win and never when they lose. never when they lose. |  |  |  |  |
| A girl would much rather you told her how proty she is than how much brains she has, but you might just as well tell her boih. | A Alting of beauty is a io |  |  |  |
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