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NO. 2

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of 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 Syrup. 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

A BOY'S VIEW OF MARRIED LIFE.

Why, He Asks, Does a Woman Want Everything for Herself, And Nothing for Her Husband.

A lad of years so tender that his powers of observation excite wonder writes to The Times-Dispatch as follows:

Gentlemen: I would like to ask you in a few words why a woman wants everything for herself and nothing for her husband. I think when a man works all day long he should sit down and rest when he stops. No his wife wants him to help her mind the baby, wash the dishes and etc. I don't think that's right. JOHN M. S.

We are not sure that it is, Johnny. Washing dishes and minding the baby are a woman's work, and a man who has labored all day long has usually done his share of the joint co-operation work that makes a home. Whenever it is fair he should have the right to sit down and rest when he stops.

There are selfish women in this world just as there are selfish men. Selfish women think that when they marry a man they have secured a kind of life position which ought to mean steady pay for them, in food and shelter and clothes, and no work worth speaking of. To such a woman, marriage is lots better than a government position, because, though the pay is often smaller, the hours are so much shorter. To her a husband is just a nice sort of machine, made only to go downtown and come back at night with money for her to spend. Her duty towards him is only to squeeze everything out of him that she possibly can; and her only use for her hands is to hold them out to him and cry, more, more! She does not care whether his home is well managed and attractive, or whether he finds a good supper of things he likes waiting for him when he comes in tired from the day's work, or even whether he likes her very much so long as he plays his part of steady provider. Of course if she can make him wash the dishes while she tries on a new hat which he has paid for, that is so much gain for her. In fact after making a solemn agreement with him, she breaks it every hour in the day. Yet you will find as you grow older, Johnny, that for every woman that is like this, there are at least a thousand who are just the other way.

You know there is a saying that a man's work lasts from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done. Every good man tries to remember this, because it is so full of truth. This man you speak of who has worked all day and wants to rest at night ought to ask himself whether his mother, his wife has not worked all day, too. The chances are that she has, and that she would like a rest, too. Maybe, trying as hard as she could, she had more scrubbing and washing and sewing and cooking to do than she could possibly get through in the day time. Then, of course, the man ought to want to pitch in and help her. Minding the baby and washing the dishes is as great as any work in the wide world if you do it in that spirit, the spirit of wanting to help somebody you love. You can't draw any hard line and say, this is the man's work and this is the woman's. These two, man and woman, have joined hands to make something that did not exist before, and that is a home; and what each should aim to do is not to give as little as possible to what belongs to them both, but to give as much as possible. The man who marries a girl just to get his kitchen drudgery done cheap is a poor sort of fellow, and he always has as good a home as he deserves. You say that when you get older and have a wife, you are going to give her what you "think will do her and no more." Don't do that. Marry a girl you can trust, and when she says that she needs more, find a way to give it to her, even if that means that you must work at night when you want to sit down and rest.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure
Renders the food more wholesome and superior in lightness and flavor.
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

MY EYES DEY GROW MISTY.

When I gits to thinkin' of de times ther was afore de war, When de whipperrill was wading round, and fillin' o' his "craw," When Malinda was a young gal, de bes' among de lot, My eyes dey grow so misty from de col' dat I has got.

But de more I think of de chillun a-comin' from de spring, When ole Miss w'd holler out, "Cindy, come here, you lit'l thing," Foch dat water to de kitchen, and bring it here quick, My throat begins to choke up, jes' like I was sick; But I reckon' all my ailments is frum dat col' I has got, When I think o' my Malindy, I'm here and she's not.

My Malindy and de babies, de's dun lef' here fer good, And I feel so pestered wif myself in dis here neighborhood, Out yonder among de pines, de's quietly lyin' dere, And when I walks about 'em, now, I ken allus hear, "Law, daddy, we's waitin' for you, don' you souse we is, Mammy, John and Cindy, an' ole Marster's lit'l Liz, We's lonely here widout ye, doan you think we's not," Den my eyes dey feel so misty, from dis here col' I's got.

I take de path dat led away from where I gets dat col' An' goes to my ole cabin, a-singin' in my soul, For in dat house dere's a frien', I luv' him dearly too, An' I takes him down across my knee, like ole Marster used to do, Den de feelin' of joy cum's over me, my heart a beatin' so, An' I hug it ter my bosom, when de day is growin' low, De soul dat's in dat banjo is a-jumpin' fast en hot, But still my eyes grow so misty, from dis here col' I's got.

PASSING OF THE FLOWERS.

The lily looked up with a tear in its eye, And for it hated to leave and it dreaded goodbye; The rose laid her velvet and beautiful cheek On the lips of a lady and dreaded to speak; The daisies bent down and the meadows were sad, And only the voices of visions were glad!

The gray dove afar on the edge of the stream Gave her call like the cry of a soul in a dream; The marshmallows folded their pink cups and white, And the goldenrod led with his banners of light, As out of the valleys and over the hills The pageant of summer passed down o'er the hills!

Longing and lingering, lily looked back, And the rose gave a sigh as she glanced o'er the track Where splendor of blossom and glory of dew He painted the meadows with many a hue; But far o'er the valleys, away and away, I saw the green April and smelt the white May!

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife and Translated by Helen Roland for the Washington Herald.

I charge thee, my daughter, waste not thy time upon a man who hath a sister. For his heart hath been galvanized, and his sentiments wrapped in cotton batting.

Verily, verily, many wives shall make a man a cynic, but one sister shall make a pessimist. Yea, he needeth not a college education, neither doth he require the assistance of the Secret Service, that he may discover thy villainess. For she shall tell him all and more besides.

Lo, every sister constitueth herself her "brother's keeper," and guardeth him from other women as a pet lamb from the wolves. And unto him no woman is a mystery, but all are vampires.

Then mark her cunning little ways; for she readeth the pink notes, likewise the baby-blue ones, which he receiveth, and translateth their meaning, crying "Beware! Also look out! For canst thou not see the trap and scent the cheese?" Yea, the words of thy mouth she interpreteth unto him, and whether they be wise or foolish, she twisteth them about thy throat with a strange hold.

She uncovereth to him thy false puffs, each one of them, even unto the cost thereof, and if he speaketh concerning thy youthful color, she scoffeth merrily, saying: "Yea it is a fresh color, for hath it not just been put on?"

Lo, she teacheth him the ways of a damsel with a curling iron, and putteth him through the inquisition of the dress that hooketh up the back. She showeth him the difference between a maiden in cold cream by daylight and a maiden in a hammock by moonlight. She leaveth him no illusions!

Then I charge thee, if thou wouldst marry an optimist, seek for him in an orphan asylum. For a lone orphan is a jewel! He believeth all women to be that which they appear, even a perfect thing which is born in a Doucet gown, and cometh into the world wearing a sweet smile and smelling of new mown hay. For he hath not been warned, neither warped.

Verily, verily, "man's inhumanity to man" is a sweet and gentle thing beside "woman's inhumanity to woman." Yet give every man's sister the fruit of her labors, which is a crusty old bachelor with a chronic, grouchy, Selah!

If you expect to get the original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, you must be sure it is Dewitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for cuts, burns, and bruises, and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitutes. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

Airing your troubles will not mitigate them.

THE FAMILIAR SONG.

It Brought Back Youth and All Those Long Gone Days of His Native Hills.

John Burroughs relates that a number of years ago a friend in England sent him a score of skylarks in a cage. He gave them their liberty in a field near where he lived. They drifted away, and he never heard or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city called on him and declared, with visible excitement, that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming, he knew it was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century or more before. The song had given him infinitely more pleasure than it would have given to the naturalist himself. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a lover of birds journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat and turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," thought the student of nature, "if I could only hear the bird as he hears that song with his ears!" To the man of science it was only a bird-song to be critically compared to a score of others, but to the other it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills!—Our Dumb Animals.

Won't Slight a Good Friend.

"If ever need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley, of Beale, Me., "for after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced that it is the 'best medicine made for Coughs, Cold and Lung Trouble.' Every one who tries it feels that way. Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Croup, Catarrh, Sore Throat, pain in chest or lungs, its supreme. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

SPEAK A CHEERFUL WORD.

Did you never go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed spread over all the world? But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent subjects, you have felt yourself wonderfully lightened. Even a child dropping into your house on an errand, has brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again. It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness" the world over, and those who live in palaces are not exempt, and good words to such hearts are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Even strangers we meet casually by the way, in the travelers' waiting room, are unconsciously influenced by the tone we use. It is the one with pleasant words on his lips to whom the stranger in a strange land turns for advice and direction. Take it as a compliment, if some wayfarer comes to you to direct him which street or train to take; your manner has struck him as belonging to one he can trust. It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing it. When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing friend, by writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

Fortune smiles on some men one day and gives them the laugh the next.

A wise man never calls another a fool—no matter what he may think.

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WHAT A WOMAN MUST DO.

For One Thing She Must Always Have the Masculine Buttons Sewed On So They Will Not Come Off.

A woman must wear No. 2 boots on No. 3 feet, and she must manage to dress well on 75 cents a week, and she must be kind to the poor, and she must go regularly to the sewing society meetings, and be ready to dress dolls and make idies and aprons for church fairs. She must be a good cook, and must be able to "do up" her husband's shirts so that the Chinese washerman would groan with envy. She must always have the masculine buttons of the family sewed on so they will never come off while in use, and she must keep the family in hoisery so that nobody would ever mistrust there were toes in stockings while they were on. She must hold herself in constant readiness to find everything her husband has lost—and a man never knows where to find anything. He will put his boots carefully away under the parlor sofa, and when he has hunted for them half an hour he will suddenly appear to his wife with a countenance like an avenging angel and demand "what in the thunder has she done with my boots." She must shut all the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers, for a married man never was known to shut a drawer. It would be as unnatural as swimming for recreation. And when she has the headache nobody thinks of minding it—a woman is always having the headache. And if she is "nervous enough to fly" nobody tucks her on the lounge with a shawl over her or cuddles her to death as a man has to be under such circumstances.

We might go on indefinitely with the troubles of a woman, and if there is a man who thinks a woman has an easy time of it, why, just let him pin on a pound of false hair and get inside a pair of corsets and put on a pull-back overskirt, and be a woman himself, and see how he likes it.

THE FARMER'S PROBLEM.

Secretary Kuykendall, of the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce, estimates that the products imported into Greensboro, last year, amounted to \$1,116,953, upon which the freight bill was \$147,440. All these products—corn, wheat, oats, flour, corn meal, apples, potatoes, beans, cabbage, butter and the like came from the North and West. The receipts of similar products at Monroe amounted to \$306,200.

We should say that the average business in these products in Halifax county would run over a million dollars. Yet we have the lands to grow all these things in abundance for home consumption and to spare. Let the farmers of Halifax county awake to the importance of this question of home supplies and then the price of cotton will regulate itself. Instead of \$2,000 worth of cotton, Mr. Farmer, and \$100 worth of other products, let it be \$100 worth of cotton and \$2,000 worth of other things for which the market is always hungry.

When a stingy man is in love he is apt to loosen up—but not for long.

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Ten Doctors Said He Would Die

"In 1903 we wrote you regarding my husband, who was suffering from heart trouble. He was superannated by the North Georgian Conference. Ten doctors at different times said he would die. You advised Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Restorative Nervine; we did as advised, and improvement was apparent from the very first. He recovered and the Conference in 1904 gave him a charge. He never felt better, although he has very heavy work and does a great deal of camp meeting work. I am so glad you took your advice and gave him the medicine, and feel that I ought to let you know of the wonderful good results from its use." MRS. T. S. EDWARDS, Milner, Ga.

This proves what Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy will do. Get a bottle from your druggist and take it according to directions. It does not matter whether your heart is merely weak, or you have organic trouble, if it does not benefit you take the empty bottle to your druggist and get your money back.

E. T. CLARK.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of the State. Special attention given to collections and prompt return.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. E. CLARK.

Spring Opening!

I have a large assortment of Men's up-to-date Suits and an especially attractive line of Men's Tailored Trousers, in all sizes and at astonishingly LOW PRICES, also a large line of Boy's Knee Pants, Boy's Suits and late variety of patterns. Ladies' Beautiful Voile Skirts in the very latest and best watters.

Ladies' & Gent's Furnishings, including a beautiful line of Oxforas and Blouses. Come and get my low prices and compare with others. Seeing is believing.

I. J. KAPLIN, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

We Ask You

to take Cardui, for your female troubles, because we are sure it will help you. Remember that this great female remedy—

WINE OF CARDUI

has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it! Sold in This City

HELLO!

That Parker's Store?

Yes. This is Mrs. Wilkins' Boarding House. Please send round one barrel of

J. E. M. Flour

and one 50-lb stand Shaffer's lard. Want flour to make bread for supper.

W. T. PARKER, Weldon, N. C.

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