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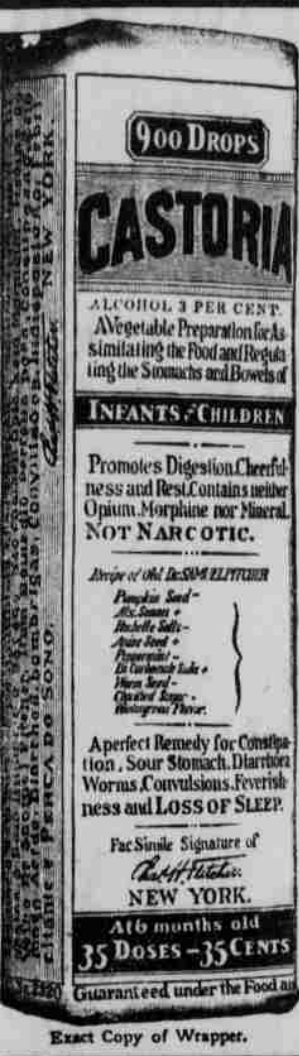
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

NO. 11



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *J. C. Ayer & Co.* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

CUTTING THE LIFE ROPE.

Thousands of Men are Dropping Into the Awful Gulf.

John B. Gough says: "On the island of Hoy, in the Orkneys, the inhabitants earn a precarious livelihood by robbing birds of their eggs. To get at their nests, men are let down by a rope from a cliff one thousand feet high, and when they are down perhaps five hundred feet, the men at the top make the rope fast. Each man has a signal-cord. Then they hang out clear of the cliff, they work themselves toward it with a swinging motion. By and by they catch hold of some jagged rock or root or shrub, and they hang there in mid-air and fill the bags with the eggs.

"One man, suspended thus between heaven and earth by a single rope, swung himself into a crevice and was busy with his work when he was attacked by an eagle. The eagle came at him with a full force, with wings and beak and talons. The man swung out into the air, while the eagle battered him with its wings and tore at him with its beak and claws. Holding on with one hand, the man drew his long sharp knife with his other hand, and made a desperate blow at the eagle; but he missed the bird and cut the rope by which he was suspended,—all but a few strands, which soon began to untwist and the threads to snap. He gave the signal, was hauled up to the edge of the cliff, and was just saved.

There are young men hanging over the bottomless pit by a single cord. It is all that binds them to life, home, happiness, heaven; it is all that holds them from destruction. Instead of making the signal to be hauled up into safety, they are using their knives to cut away every strand of the rope. Thousands of them are dropping into the awful gulf, utterly lost for time and eternity by their own act and by their own purpose, overcome by the power of drink."

Get DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used but it is especially good for piles.

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

He that stops at every stone never gets to his journey's end.

The best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, gentle, pleasant, easy to take and act promptly.

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

"YOU KISSED ME."

You kissed me! My head had dropped low on your breast, With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest; While the holy emotions my tongue dared not speak, Flashed up in a flame from my heart to my cheek, Your arms held me fast; Oh! your arms so bold! Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold; Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes, As the sun draws the mist from the seas to the skies; Your lips hung to mine 'till I prayed in my bliss They might never unclasp from the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will In delicious joy for a moment stood still; Life had for me then no temptations, no charms, No vision of happiness outside of your arms, And were I this instant an angel possessed Of the peace and the joy that are given the blest, I would fling my white robes unreprovingly down, I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown, To nestle once more in that haven of rest— Your lips upon mine, my head on your breast!

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine Reeled like a drunken man made foolish with wine; And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death Would but come while my lips were yet moist with your breath; Oh! Death would be rapture, if I might grow cold While your arms clasped me 'round in their passionate fold; And these are the questions I ask day and night; Must lips taste no more such exquisite delight? Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then, And if you were here would you kiss me again?

SWEET REST AT LAST.

The following poem is an exquisite gem. It was written by John S. Adams, of Boston, Mass., a man of purest spirituality. He was gentle and kind almost to a fault. While suffering from a very painful disease, he manifested the utmost cheerfulness and amiability and met the sympathy of his friends with a fine play of words none knew better to use.

Sweet rest at last!
At last the hands are folded
Upon a pulseless breast,
And a soul tired, of earth's great burden weary,
Hath found sweet rest.

Sweet rest at last!
A long and faithful worker
On life's broad, beaten road,
Reaching the confines of a life immortal,
Lays down his load.

Sweet rest at last!
No longer thorns are pressing
Upon a careworn brow,
But from the heavens a fadeless crown of blessing
Rests on it now.

Sweet rest at last!
No more earth's fretting discord
Disturbs the holy calm,
But the angel choirs chant to the list'ning spirit
Their peaceful psalm.

Sweet rest at last!
We clasp our hands in silence,
And only hope to be
Sometime with those who enter at the portal,
And heaven to see.

Sweet rest at last!
Sometime, amid the realms of fadeless beauty,
Earth's toils and sorrows past,
Find, with the dear ones who have gone before us,
Sweet rest at last.

SHERMAN AND THE SOUTH.

The Present as Well as the Future Generation Will Stamp Sherman as a Monster.

General Sherman seems in a fair way to receive a tardy measure of justice from the South. Of all the Northern commanders he has been singled out for lasting resentment. His devastation of the "enemy's country" from Atlanta to the sea and in the South Carolina campaign has been treated by the Southern people and their historians as wanton cruelty. Now that Sherman's letters home, written in the field to his family are published ending in the latest number of Scribner's Magazine, it is found that the General realized the dreadfulness of the destruction he had left in his wake, but that he was impelled to lay waste the country by the grim necessities of war.—Philadelphia Press.

Possibly it was true that General W. T. Sherman did realize the dreadfulness of the wonton and wilful destruction of property he had laid waste to in the South during the war between the States. The famous, or infamous utterance attributed to him that "war is hell" conveyed that idea long ago. But Sherman made it an unnecessary hell to a large number of non-combatants, to helpless women, and defenseless children, by burning the roofs from above their heads, and destroying everything upon which they could subsist, leaving them to starve and die. Sherman could find no more excuse for burning Atlanta than Nero found for burning Rome, both deeds were inspired by the devil.

Sherman's army swept over the fertile fields of South Carolina and Georgia with a whirlwind of flame, he left a track of smoking ruins, blackened rafters, and despairing desolation. His was the war of a vandal, he carried the torch of an Attila, a scourge of humanity. No reason existed then, no plausible excuse can be found now for burning the houses of private citizens, and laying waste to everything that could sustain the lives of helpless women, and innocent children.

Grant fought the South with the stubbornness of a brave and determined foe, but fought fair with the spirit of a humanitarian, with the impulse of a brave and heroic soldier. When the South was defeated and fallen helpless to the earth, it was Grant who held out his hand to help her to her feet again. He immortalized himself in his magnanimous treatment of Lee in the surrender at Appomattox, and in his answer to Johnson's threat to arrest Robert E. Lee after the surrender.

Burn your histories if you wish and destroy every sentence that relates to Sherman's march to the sea, and the infamy of the deed would live on in tradition until the stars failed, and the sun hung cold in the heavens; you cannot efface it from man's memory. The present as well as the future generation will stamp Sherman as a monster, it is too late to talk of his measuring the import of his deeds, everyone knows them, for he made war a hell upon the helpless.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FOLKS, PLACES AND THINGS.

Men are Constantly Growing More and More Willing to Talk About Religious Matters.

A Chicago attorney who says modestly that he tries to improve every fair opportunity for conversation on religion with men of his acquaintance testifies that men are constantly growing more and more willing to talk about religious matters. "One rainy day some years ago," he recalled, "going down one of the principal streets of Chicago, I suddenly ran into a member of the City Council. 'Say,' he said bluntly, 'are you a candidate for anything this campaign?' I didn't really intend to say it, but quick as a flash the words popped out of my mouth: 'Me? I'm a candidate for heaven.' The man gripped my arm nervously and pulled me into a doorway out of the rain. 'Look here,' he said tensely, 'what made you say that to me?' 'I don't know, I'm sure,' I answered. 'It flashed into my mind all of a sudden. I wasn't planning it. I mean it, though.' 'Well, you've knocked me all in a heap,' he said huskily. 'I'm a candidate for heaven, too, but I've come pretty near forgetting it. I'm a church member, and I thought I was a pretty good Christian when I went into politics. I haven't done anything very shameful yet, but I have been losing sight of my religion and getting awful careless. This Council business hasn't been good food for me. I've been kept out late nights, and I always go with the boys for supper at some restaurant after Council meetings are over. They're a hilarious crowd, and we go bumming around the town more than is good for anybody. I've neglected my family and neglected my church, and this thing you've said brings it all back over me. I'm going to do better. I don't have to let this political business lead me off. I'm glad that thing was put into your head to say to me. I needed it.'

"One day," continued the attorney, "I had been working with another lawyer over a case; and when we finally wrapped up the papers and he was ready to leave, the words slipped out of my mouth sort of musingly: 'Well, all so, 'the wages of sin is death.' He whirled around and stared at me fiercely. 'What do you mean by that? You trying to preach to me?' 'Not a bit of it,' I answered. 'What are you getting excited about? That's in the Bible. Don't you think it's true?' He paused and studied several seconds. 'Yes, it is true,' he answered slowly. 'I know it's true. And I haven't been living like I ought to; I know that. There are a lot of things I have been doing that I wouldn't dare to have my wife know. I'm going to try to cut them out. I don't want the wages.'—The Interior.

NO FRIEND LIKE THE DOG.

When you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of himself to the utmost limits of possibility, forgetful of injuries and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not; it would be a useless task. But take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master, you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg for bread, not only will he aid you, but he will not abandon you to follow a king to his palace. Your friends may quit you in misfortune, but your dog will remain; he will die at your feet, or if you depart before him on the great voyage he will accompany you to your last abode.

CHEER UP.

Don't kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives have no waists to button. Some men's wives waists have no buttons on to button. Some men's wives who have waists with buttons on to button don't care a continental whether they are buttoned or not. Some men don't have any wives with buttons to button, any more than a rabbit.

Trust not too much in an enchanting face.

FOR Biliousness Constipation Headache Indigestion Dyspepsia Flatulency Malaria Chills & Fever Jaundice Sleeplessness Nervousness Loss of Appetite and all disorders arising from Torpid Liver. TAKE IT NOW.

SARDOU'S OPINION OF WOMEN

I have, said Sardou, the highest opinion of the fair sex. I consider women superior to men in almost everything. They possess the intuitive faculty to an extraordinary degree and may almost always be trusted to do the right thing in the right place. They are full of noble instincts and, though heavily handicapped by fate, come well out of every ordeal. You have but to turn to history to realize the truth of what I say.

Too late to lock the stable door when the horse is gone. Zoo Colic Relief is the only one that requires no drenching and guaranteed to cure Colic in horses and cattle instantly. Bottle contains enough for ten cures, price \$1.

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

Don't say "Rubber!" just because somebody shows you a bouncing baby boy.

If you wish to see yourself as others do, look at the man who does not take care of his health. To take care of your health, use Drs. Hoag & Turbin's Dyspepsia Tablets, price 50c.

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

When the police get on a man's trail he can't conceal himself among the branches of his family tree.

Women may not be permitted to vote but when they are healthy in mind and body they usually make the man vote their way. Ovalo Suppositories used in conjunction with Viro Repus, the Favorite Tonic for Women, is an ideal health producer. Price \$1.

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

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Trust not too much in an enchanting face.

Epilepsy, Fits

"My son was cured of a very bad case of epilepsy with Dr. Miles' Nerveine."

MRS. D. BAKER, Cleveland, O.
"My little daughter who was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance is now entirely well after taking Dr. Miles' Nerveine only four months."

MRS. C. G. BENNETT, Alma, Mich.
Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance and Spasms, are all nervous diseases. They have been cured in so many instances with Dr. Miles' Nerveine that it is reasonable to conclude that it is almost sure to cure you. With nervous diseases of a severe type, persistent use has almost invariably resulted in a complete cure or lasting benefits, worth many times the cost of the remedy. The best evidence you can get of its merits is to write to those who have used it. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

We Ask You

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

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