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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

The Golden Rule is a Good One But It Needs a Diamond Point.

The very thing I do not want is to have my life measured out to me by the Golden Rule, for the simple reason that what others want done unto them are the very things very likely I do not want done unto me.

My own individuality calls for a special measure. A yard rule may be used for measuring the fusion of the peasant and the fine lines of the prince, but what is desirable for one individual cannot be measured by what seems desirable to another.

There is no common way in which our lives run in exact parallels. Divergent paths of opportunity and duty are many, and we may not measure others lives by our own.

One woman, for instance, is only happy in continual companionship. She is lonely and really miserable unless some one is near, responsive to almost hourly demands.

Another lives within herself, reaching out only at seasons for companionship.

Each of these in striving to live out the Golden Rule may make the other unhappy. The distance between widens rather than narrows by use of this rule; irritation, impatience and probable loss of friendship are the result. Each feels aggrieved, the one feeling that her Golden Rule services are unappreciated, the one receiving a bitter sense of being misunderstood and cherishing a very strong wish to be let alone and allowed to live out her own life in her own way.

The Golden Rule is a good one, but it needs a diamond point—that point being "Put yourself in his place"—before measuring out to some one else even the best things that the most loving heart has to give to another. Self-sacrifice otherwise may be the most intense and inordinate selfishness.

Only when we can say, "Not as I would have others do unto me, but as others would have me do unto them," have we reached the heart of the Golden Rule.

"THE BETTER LAND."

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?
—Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

O, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the Winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the Summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf; so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with the ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are tinklers and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer:
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

A STRAY YELLOW DOG.

He Longed for Companionship and Sympathy and Returned Good For Evil.

He was a vagrant and marauder in the community. Only a yellow dog that nobody owned.

You have seen the type—everybody has. Legitimate prey of the small boy, object of scorn of all adult humanity, ranking lower in the scale of life than the tuberculosis bacillus and the vermiform appendix, the stray yellow dog has always been a class by himself and always at the foot of his class.

Although there is no record that any yellow individuals of the canine tribe shipped with Noah, there seems some reason to suppose they did. And from that damp period in the world's history down to the other day, the annals of their descendants contain no entry justifying their right to be.

This particular stray yellow dog was but a type of uncounted thousands. Every town knows him. Every boy shies stones at him, and ties cans to his tail, and sends him skallyhooting out of the neighborhood. It is at the expense of the stray yellow dog that the modern boy gives vent to the savage that that is in him, and goes unreprieved.

It is counted a virtue to kick the highest stroke of juvenile genius to stave him into despair and goad him to wrath then pronounce him mad and shoot him.

This particular yellow dog; like all the rest of his class, was reckoned a murderer of midnight sleep, a purloiner of chickens, a pest unnamable and without a home. In short, he was catalogued as all his ancestors have been, with a little thrown in on the ground of cumulative heredity.

Well, the other day a boy coaxed this stray dog to him, and patted his head to gain his confidence. But only long enough to tie a tin can to his tail.

Now, this dog was familiar with cans and quietly sat down, facing the boy with a look of sadness and reproach.

Then the boy kicked the dog and started him off. He threw some stones after him to set him going. But when the dog had got beyond the reach of the stones he sat down again and resumed his speechless reproaches. He liked that patting on the head. He longed for companionship and sympathy.

The boy went to play on a raft in a pond, and when he fell off the raft, as, of course, all bad little boys do, he came within a breath of drowning. No human help was near, and his plight was desperate. He was going down for the third time and vaguely grasped about him for the traditional straw, and his hands caught a mass of shaggy hair.

The last thing the boy remembered was his hanging on for dear life, and when his senses came back he was lying upon the bank, and the stray yellow dog was licking his face and whimpering with joy.

A stray yellow dog with a tin can tied to his tail can sometimes teach the highly superior human a lesson.—Memphis Scimitar.

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 Vinalo Tonic, the favorite Tonic for Women, is an ideal health producer. Price \$1. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

If a girl can pass her 30th birthday without detection she begins to think the dates in the family record may have been slightly mixed. 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 Dr. Hoag & Turbin's Dyspepsia Tablets, price \$1. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

When a man has had occasion to employ a first-class lawyer, you can't convince him that talk is cheap.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
No man limps because another is hurt.

WHEN THE OCEAN BILLOWS ROLL.

She Had Reached That State of Collapse Which Marks the Limit of Seasickness.

"I was coming from Liverpool on one of the famous liners," says Bishop Potter, "and although the sky was clear and the weather warm a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches, and the unearthly pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that state of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness."

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone I asked: 'Madame, can I be of any service to you?'"

"She did not open her eyes but I heard her murmur faintly: 'Thank you, sir; but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all.'"

"At least, madam," said I tenderly, "permit me to bring you a glass of water."
"She moved her head feebly and answered: 'No, I thank you—nothing at all.'"

"But your husband, madam, said I, 'the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?'"

"The lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured faintly and between the gasps: 'Thank you, sir, but—he is—not—my—husband. I—don't—know—who he is!'"

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and one 50-lb stand Shaffer's lard. Want flour to make bread for supper.
W. T. PARKER,
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Nervous Collapse

"I have traveled for thirty years continually. I lost a great deal of sleep, which together with constant worry left me in such a nervous state that finally, after having two collapses of nervous prostration, I was obliged to give up traveling altogether. I doctored continually but with no relief. Dr. Miles' Nervine came to my rescue—I cannot describe the suffering which this Nervine saved me. Whenever I am particularly nervous a few doses relieve me." A. G. C. LIBBY, Wells, Me.

There are many nervous wrecks. There is nervous prostration of the stomach, of the brain, the kidneys, the liver, the nerve centers are all exhausted. There is but one thing to do—build up the nervous system by the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. Its strengthening influence upon the nervous system restores normal action to the organs, and when they all work in harmony, health is assured. 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—
WINE OF CARDUI
has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headaches, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it! Sold in This City.

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State of North Carolina Depository.
Halifax County Depository.
Town of Weldon Depository.
Capital and Surplus, \$42,000.
For more than fifteen years 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.
The surplus and undivided profits having reached a sum equal to the Capital Stock, the Bank has, commencing January 1, 1908, established a Savings Department allowing interest on time deposits as follows: For Deposits allowed to remain three months or longer, 2 per cent. Six months or longer, 3 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 4 per cent. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.
PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: DR. H. W. LEWIS. CASHIER: W. R. SMITH.
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FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE
it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

INTELLIGIBLE TO CLARK.

Former Governor Sam Hauser, the Grand Old Man of Montana, was one of the witnesses in the investigation held by the United States Senate to find out whether the mining millionaire, William A. Clark, was entitled to his seat.
"What did you do, Mr. Hauser?" the late Senator Hoar asked.
"I went to see Mr. Clark."
"Where did you see him?"
"In Butte City."
"At his house?"
"Yes, sir."
"What did you say to him?"
"I told him if he would loosen up he might have a chance to be elected to the Senate."
"Loosen up?" said Senator Hoar. "Loosen up? I don't follow you. Is that a mining term? I do not understand what you mean."
"Maybe you don't," snapped Hauser, "but Clark did."

REASON ENOUGH.

Teacher—Tommy, you should comb your hair before you come to school.
Tommy—Ain't got no comb.
Teacher—Then borrow your father's.
Tommy—Father ain't got no comb, neither.
Teacher—Absurd! Doesn't he comb his hair?
Tommy—He ain't got no hair!

SHE WAS EASY.

She—Last night was the first time I ever heard you talk in your sleep, and you kept saying, "Four Kings," and once in a while, "Full house."
He—Well, you see, I was down to the club last night playing checkers with a crack player and there was a full house watching us.

NOT A GENTLEMAN.

"Mr. P., how is it you have not called on me for your account?"
"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."
"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"
"Why, after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

THE BEST PILLS MADE.

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.

It takes a long time for a good resolution to catch up with the bad habit to which it always gives a head start.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA