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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.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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FLIRT MAKES GOOD WIFE.

And Flirtation Contributes to Highest Human Happiness.

The flirt—by which is generally meant the feminine inconsistent—is by no means the cold and heartless being of the novelist's misrepresentation. Sir Walter Scott knew better when he wrote that woman "in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please," is to mankind's pain and sorrow a veritable "ministering angel."

It is remarkable how often a girl who has had a score of hearts aflutter, a dozen pale flaxen scalps dangling at her girdle, and who is, therefore, set down by her elders as more effervescent and volatile than perfume makes one of the most domesticable of wives and mothers when her time comes to marry. The face once wreathed with light, mocking laughter becomes beautifully serious over a cradle; the favor that was once dispensed among any number of candidates for her girlish heart and hand becomes a woman's love to be bestowed, for always, upon one man out of the whole wide universe.

Flirtation, wisely understood, is perhaps the means by which nature has insured the widest possible range of selection, and hence in the long run the highest attainable degree of human happiness.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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 cases, price \$1. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

Nothing can make a girl more indignant than to treat her as a flirt except to treat her as if she didn't know how.

Washington's Plague Spots lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "They are the best all round tonic and cure for malaria I ever used," writes R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. They cure stomach, liver, kidney and blood troubles and will prevent Typhoid Fever. Try them, too. Guaranteed by all druggists.

Some engagements end happily and some end in marriage.

At some stage of the game every man poses as his own hero.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

This song was written by Stephen Collins Foster, a resident of Pennsylvania, while he and his sister were on a visit to Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown. One beautiful morning, while the darkies were at work in the cornfields and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass, first giving it the color of light red, then changing it to a golden hue, there were seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead two young people, a brother and a sister. High up in the top of a tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in the hidden recesses of a small bush the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song, his sister took it from his hand and sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn 't's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n-'by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

On her finishing the first verse the mocking bird descended to a lower bough. The feathery songster drew his head to one side, and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer. When the last sweet note died away upon the air, her fond brother sang in a deep, bass voice:

Weep no more my lady; oh, weep no more today;
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

The darkies had laid down their hoes and rakes; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large, sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house dog never took his eyes off the young singers. Everything was still; not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence. Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes, and sang in sweet accents:

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkies may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar cane grow.
A few more days for 'tote' the weary load—
No matter 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we tatter on the road—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

As the song was finished tears flowed down the old darkies' cheeks; the children crept from their hiding places behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles; the mocking bird and thrush sought their homes in the thicket, while the old dog still lay basking in the sun.

WE ALL KNOW 'EM

There is a man in our town, his like is hardly known,
He never drinks nor smokes nor swears, and always stays at home,
He never chews nor lies nor fibs nor does a thing that's wrong,
That's why I write this little verse, to remember him in song,
He's paralyzed.

There is another man in town who also is all right,
His wife can tell you where you'll find him any night,
He never flirted, praised nor fawned upon a maiden fair,
Won't even look at beauty, nor at wealth of golden hair,
He's blind.

There's a man who lives on Gay-Hill Street, won't listen to a thing,
The gossips may keep gossiping until they make things ring,
Won't go to hear good preaching, nor music, nor the band,
Won't cross the street if Sembrich were singing at the "Grand,"
He's deaf.

There also was a man in town who combines them all above,
And went a step beyond them—wouldn't even fall in love,
He was a model man for sure, as you may well suspect,
Belonged to a peculiar class—just one of the Elect.
He's dead.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

Matrimony is not pay-as-you-enter-car, but a taxicab in which you pay-as-you-go—and the longer you keep it going, the heavier you pay! Love is a game in which the girl is the prize for which a man plays—a wife the surprise he sometimes gets.

What are the very sweetest things in life? The first love affair, the first kiss, the first cigar, the first baby—and the first day after your divorce.

The air of lofty virtue with which a man comments on a woman's "doubtful past" is almost humorous, considering that there is never any doubt at all about his own past.

The swiftest thing about a taxicab is usually the kind of people who ride in it.

Nowadays a man feels hurt if a girl seems insulted when he tries to kiss her, because he only does it just as a special favor.

A good wife can sometimes lead a husband in the way he should go—but not after he has started going some other woman's way.

A man's idea of displaying firmness of character is to find out first what his wife wants him to do and then proceed firmly not to do it.

If the suffragists do succeed in establishing juries composed of women—Heaven help the other women!

It always gives a man a cold shock if a girl's hand-made complexion comes off on his tailor-made shoulders.

Don't try to flatter a man by telling him that you "understand" him; because down in his heart every man secretly cherishes the illusion that he is a deep, dark, fascinating mystery.

After the first year, married women put on plain black cotton stockings and stop wearing silk hose—because it seems such a waste of money to pay a high price for something that nobody ever looks at.

Spring is the time of the year when hearts, like vegetables, are at their tenderest.

JULIET GOT THE LIGHT.

A Signal Rocket Was Given Him By Mistake.

At a small seaport town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I do not have a limelight thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed.

The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo—He jests at scars who never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears. Prompter lights a match.]

"But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"

(This was the match lighting the fuse.)

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun, or rather the rocket, did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theater was filled with a sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has always been looked upon in that town as a dramatic work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.—London Express.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

The wilful, determined purpose of a certain class of persons is to cheat honest people and withhold from them money that is earned and justly due them, for the sole purpose, as observation will show, that they may live well on money "saved" by not paying as many of their customers as possible. Shame on this sort of persons. The pity is that these dead-beats and frauds are not systematically listed by all classes of honest business men for their mutual protection. Such persons ought to be set down on—and set down on hard—by every honest business man.—Durham Sun.

WONDERFUL WOMAN.

Woman is the masterpiece.—Confucius.

Women teach us repose, civility, and dignity.—Voltaire.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—Lamar-tine.

Woman is the last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly.—Gladstone.

Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from asking it.—Ossoli.

HE MISUNDERSTOOD.

Percy Pickle—Aw—I thought I heard you tell Miss Wose that you were never kissed by a man?

Miss Tabasco—So I did.

Percy Pickle—But—aw—paw—don't me; I kissed you last night.

Miss Tabasco—I said a man.

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.

The strange thing about money is what it looks as if it could do for you until you have it.

Condolences are all very well, but do not repair the damages caused by inferior medicines. Drs. Hoag & Turbin's Headache Tablets for all kinds of headaches of headaches, price 25c, and we can show you.

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

The only thing in the world a woman can be entirely frank about is being seasick.

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 Vino Repos, the Favorite Tonic for Women, is an ideal health producer. Price \$1.

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

Where most people have great self-control is about their generosity.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FOR FATHER AND MOTHER.

The Little Hearts Want An Outlet.

Do not—mother at your house work, father in your study—do not be always "too busy." The heart wants an outlet, the up-raised bud wants a kiss, the little hearts have something to tell you, a little grief to bring a small joy, a game of play expected now and then. Ah, beware! Those requirements will slacken and will cease, if it be too often. "Now run away, dear, father is busy." "Don't be troublesome, dear, mother must do her work."

Of course there must be checks sometimes; of course, overindulgence is the worst kindness. But be not, as a rule, repellent, unsympathetic; they will go elsewhere, after a while, with their little confidences, their little wants, their little losses, their little griefs and joys, their little winning ways, with the refreshment of their pure, delightful beings. Perhaps you will be sorry then—then, when the mischief is done—sorry when the dew toy is no longer, as a matter of course, brought first to "father" to see; when the toddling feet seek elsewhere but to mother for drying of tears, when the patten of the unsteady feet always passes your door. Ah, you will be sorry then, that you were so foolish, sorry that you scared the birds away.

Nervous Prostration

"I suffered so with Nervous Prostration that I thought there was no use trying to get well. A friend recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine, and although skeptical at first, I soon found myself recovering, and am to-day well."

MRS. D. I. JONES,
5800 Broadway, Cleveland, O.

Much sickness is of nervous origin. It's the nerves that make the heart force the blood through the veins, the lungs take in oxygen, the stomach digest food, the liver secrete bile and the kidneys filter the blood. If any of these organs are weak, it is the fault of the nerves through which they get their strength. Dr. Miles' Nervine is a specific for the nerves. It soothes the irritation and assists in the generation of nerve force. Therefore you can hardly miss it if you take Dr. Miles' Nervine when sick. 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 headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!

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THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.
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AUGUST 20TH, 1892.

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: DE. H. W. LEWIS, CASHIER: W. R. SMITH,
(Jackson, Northampton county)

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Leave Weldon,	12:07 p. m.	11:38 p. m.
Raleigh,	4:10 p. m.	4:10 a. m.
Arrive Charlotte,	11:30 p. m.	10:05 a. m.
Atlanta,	8:45 a. m.	5:00 p. m.
Birmingham,	12:10 p. m.	9:50 p. m.
Memphis,	8:05 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

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For further information relative to rates, schedules, etc., apply to CLEVELAND E. CARTER,
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