

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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NO. 17

## HER GETHSEMANE.

Even One Gethsemane May Be More Grievous Than Another.

The story that follows is not taken from the pages of Balzac.

It was printed in a reliable newspaper which gives particulars concerning the poor woman who figures therein.

Mrs. Mary Wiedig, widow of Milwaukee, lost her only child, a little girl. Having no money with which to give her little one a decent burial, she went to the poor commissioners.

This is the sequel:

A woman staggered up the path in the cemetery which led to the plot of ground where her husband was buried, bearing the little coffin which contained the body of her child.

She took a spade, which she had put there the day before, and began to dig. God help the woman—she was digging the grave of her child!

As she worked the distracted mother sobbed, calling on the dead man under the sod to help her bear her sorrow until she could come to him.

A man heard the cries of Mrs. Wiedig and went to the spot where the frail mother bent to her awful task.

She explained why she was digging the grave. She had no money to pay the sexton. She said:

"They would have buried her for me for nothing if I had let them put her grave over here in the potter's field. But she was such a little child—so little—and sometimes when I had to leave her alone she was afraid of the dark. I wanted her to be by her father's side so she would not be afraid. I told the commissioners, and they gave me this coffin. The woman who lives next door to me is coming out next Sunday to plant some vines."

And the agonized mother rambled on, half wild with her grief, calling tenderly now the name of her husband and now that of the child.

The listener's heart melted. He hurried to the sexton and paid him money to dig the grave, raise the little mound and plant thereon some flowers.

Why retell this wrenching passage in the life history of a poor woman?

Suppose you are a mother—You have gone down into the valley of the shadow for your children. You have suffered heartaches, known deprivation it may be, faced anguish, run the whole gamut of sacrificial motherhood.

But—Never have you been called upon, like this miserable mother, to dig the grave of your own child.

Even one Gethsemane may be more grievous than another.

## WHY OF COURSE.

The wife of a Congressman had two sons who were in the habit of taking the pretty nurse maid out for a good time. The boys would not own up to it when she tried to caution them lest their father learned the situation.

She then went to the pretty nurse and by a little finesse disarmed her of thinking she was displeased.

"Minna," she said, "which of the boys do you like to go out with best, Tom, or Harry?"

"Well," said the said, "I think I prefer Harry, but for a real good time I like your husband best."

Thirty Years Together.

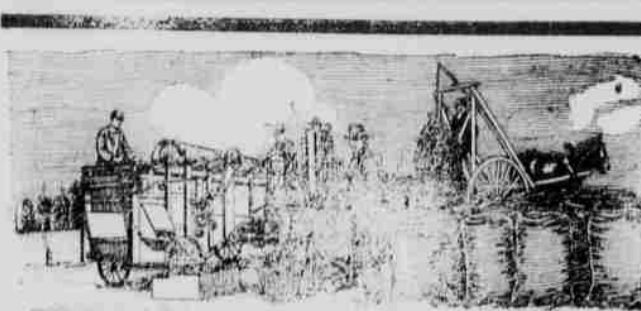
Thirty years of association—think of it. How the merit of a good thing stands out in that time—or the worthlessness of a bad one. So there's no guesswork in this evidence of Thos. Aris, Concord, Mich., who writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for 30 years, and its best effect and cold cure I ever used." Once it finds entrance in a home you can't pry it out. Many families have used it forty years. It's the most unfailing medicine on earth. Unequalled for la grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, quinsy or sore lungs. Price, 50c., \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

She is a bold girl who will attempt to sit on a weak-kneed young man.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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## How the Benthall Peanut Picker Pays for Itself in a Season

If you grow peanuts you can't afford not to use a Benthall Peanut Picker. The machine will pay for itself the first season. Yes, since with one, you and your boys can do the work of a hundred hands and do it better. You avoid losses from weeding. You get your crop of nuts earlier—get highest prices. It makes peanut growing doubly profitable. That's what it does. Our recleaning and bagging attachment makes it unnecessary to run peanuts over for seed a second time—makes them absolutely clean—free from tops, roots and pieces of vines.

The Benthall is a picker and not a "hoe." It picks both Spanish and Virginia peanuts as perfectly as human fingers. It keeps the vines for hay! Other machines that thresh them crack the nuts so that they will not keep—grind the vines to smithereens, so that they are unfit for feed. The Benthall is the picker of green worth—sifted out in the peanut fields of old Virginia.

The Benthall is almost wearproof and is sold under guarantee.

Write now for our FREE booklet "How the Benthall Pays for Itself." Benthall Machine Company, Suffolk, Virginia

## MY OLD WEDDING RING.

My wedding ring! Ah, yes, 'tis old, Only a thread of gold to-day; But I have heard that "ears depart As the wedding ring wears away." Mine is only a thread of gold, Clinging a finger thin and white, But time has made it a thousand-fold Dearer unto my heart and sight.

Sixty years since my lover knelt, Down at my side, and put it there; It was bright with the wedding kiss, It was hallow'd with love and prayer. Then my hand was a young, fair hand, Then the ring was a broader ring— Oh, but it made my woman's heart Faithful and strong through everything.

Troubles will come into every life: We had sorrow, and care and loss, And you know that a weary wife Is tempted sorely to be cross; But if ever the angry word Up to my fretful lips would spring, It was check'd, if I only caught Just a glimpse of my wedding ring.

Oh, to think of his happy face When he showed me the golden band, Oh, to think of the words he said When he saw it upon my hand. "Now you are mine forever, sweet, Mine forever to trust and love, Mine for the changeful days of life, Mine for the changeless joys above."

Now I am old and my heart beats slow, The ring is worn to a golden thread, But Robert remembers the ring, Though they count him among the dead. How it brightens my white, thin hand, Golden gage of a promise old! Oh, my lover and my husband, come, For the ring is only a thread of gold!

## TWO WHO PRAYED.

"Two went up to the temple to pray, When the last sun-hours were brief, And the people said, as they saw them pass, "A gentleman there, and a thief."

A gentleman clad as a man should be, Who takes the world by the throat And wrests its wealth; but the other one walked In shame of a threadbare coat.

And there where the aureole window flamed And the altar lights burned low They knelt and prayed one fluent and calm, One trembling of speech and slow.

One pleaded to God of the snare of gold— The lure of a loaf of bread; And he bared his soul to the conscience lash And told how his heart had bled.

He had taken the thing that was not his, And paid to the law its dole; His hands were "red" with a stolen crust, But the stain reached not his soul.

The other man boasted of things achieved, Of gold piled up through the years; But under the words God caught the drip Of an ill-paid woman's tears.

And he told also how he built the shops Where was work for the hungry horde; And he plumed himself on his charities, "Confessing" them to the Lord.

But he said no word how he drove and skimped The poor of their honest due; How children cried in his cruel mills But the pitiful God, He knew.

When the prayers were done and the two came forth, Where the sunset spilled its sheaf, The people bowed, but the angels knew The gentleman from the thief.

A King Who Left Home set the world to talking, but Paul Mathuka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says he always keeps at home the King of all laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—and that they're a blessing to all his family. Cure constipation, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Only 25c. at all druggists.

The success of one may mean the failure of many.

Wise is the man who is never as funny as he can be.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## A BALKY MULE.

A Funny Conversation Over the Telephone.

A wholesale feed house owned a balky mule named Napoleon, and employed an old negro named Abe, to drive him.

One day when Napoleon balked and old Abe had spent his energies on him for an hour in a vain endeavor to get him to start, Abe went into a store to telephone his employers.

The following was Abe's end of the conversation:

"Please, marn, gimme number two hund'ed an' eleven. Is dat you, Marse Henry? Yessir, dis is Abe. I dun ring you up, sir, ter tell you about Napoleon.

"Napoleon, he dun balk down here on Broad street, sir."

"'Bout a hour, sir."

"Yessir, I bus' him in de head."

"I dun wear de whip handle out on him, sir."

"Yessir, I dun kick him 'bout eighty times, sir."

"Marse Henry, I would ha' kick um some mo' but I ha' me big toe on um de las' time I kick um."

"'Tis' his tail? No, sir, not dis nigger. A gemman from New York, he twis' he tail."

"No, sir, I don't think he dead. De doctor take him 'way in de ambulance."

"Yessir, it was sure foolish."

"Yes, Marse Henry, bun set fire under Napoleon."

"De harness? Dun bu'n de harness clean off um."

"De cart? Yessir, dun qu'n de cart, too, sir, all 'cept one wheel, sir."

"Yessir I git de feed out fust, sir."

"Marse Henry, is you want me to come back to de store and go to work, or mus' I wait fer Napoleon to move?"

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Casey was on his death bed. An attorney had been called in, and with members of his family gathered about his bedside, Casey was dictating his will.

"A thousand dollars to me beloved wife, Mary Ann," said Casey.

"He's sensible to the last," said all the relatives.

"A thousand dollars to me darling daughter, Maggie," said Casey.

"Ain't it wonderful how sensible he is to the last?" said all the relatives.

"Two thousand dollars to a poor friend in Ireland named Aloysius Kelly," said Casey.

"Hear him rave, why the man's as crazy as a loon," said all the relatives in chorus.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

An old negro preacher did this honors, and the candidate for baptism was a coal black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out in the stream where she could be thoroughly immersed, and at the auspicious moment he cried in a loud voice:

"Bestiddy, sistah, be stiddy, and you'll come up whitah dan snow."

"Oh, parson," she exclaimed "dat's asking too much; a cream color will do!"—Chicago Ledger.

CHEAP BUT EFFECTIVE.

A scientist of vast research Says radium will kill a cat; But half a drick will do as much, And one don't have to pay for that.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## THE REAL BENEFACITOR.

Some Day Some Real Man or Woman is Going to Devote Millions to Aid the Poor and the Needy.

Some day some man or woman is going to devote millions to establishing homes for old folks, playgrounds for children, and is going to aid the poor in different ways, and his or her name will be lovingly enshrined in the heart of every mortal who loves humanity.

There will be no medal inscribed with stirring phrases, no loving cup bearing on its golden side engraved words of exhortation, but he will know that he has the love of the people of this world. He will realize that some weary old heart from which the pulsation is about to go, feels tenderly for him; that some head in a body racked with pain is grateful to him for making the last hours comfortable; that a woman whose sins were scarlet, is praying for him, as he furnished a place of refuge when the world would have kicked her back into the depths; and in the shrouds of glee of the youngsters, who will romp around playgrounds, there come sweet appreciation of his noble human nature deeds. Yes, some day some real man or woman is going to rise above the fixed cold policy of alleged benefaction, is going without the glare of the worldly glitter of the limelight, upon which scene those in silken gowns and broadcloth suits look, and aid humanity where humanity most needs help. Then loving hearts, grateful souls are going to send forth a glad acclaim. Indeed this man or woman will be called blessed.—Wilmington Dispatch.

KELLY WAS TWISTED.

Pat Kelly came home one night a little to the bad, and went to bed with a somewhat hazy idea of things.

Before long he was awakened by the cry of "Fire," and in a hurry to get his clothes on, Kelly put his trousers on hind side before. He then started down stairs but slipped and rolled to the bottom. A friend rushed to his assistance and exclaimed: "Are you hurt, Pat?" Kelly got up and examined himself. Seeing his trousers were hind side before he said "No, but I got a h—l of a twist."

A mother's idea of the only safe place for a boy to go swimming is in a bathtub.

Spontaneous combustion would be more common if women were to lose the power of speech.

ADMIRE PASTOR RUSSELL'S BOOK.

"The Divine Plan of the Ages." Every One Should Read It. Atlanta Constitution says—"This wonderful book makes no assertions that are not well sustained by the Scriptures. It is built up stone by stone, and upon every stone is the text, and it becomes a pyramid of God's love, and mercy, and wisdom. There is nothing in the Bible that the Author denies or doubts, but there are many texts that he throws a flood of light upon that seems to uncover their meaning."

It Comforts the Bereaved. "Bill Amy" says—"It is impossible to read this book without loving the writer and pondering his wonderful solution of the great mysteries that have troubled us all our lives. There is hardly a family to be found that has not lost some loved one who died outside the church—outside the plan of salvation, and if Calvinism be true, outside of all hope and inside of eternal torment and despair."

355 pages—cloth bound, 35 cents, postpaid. Bible and Tract Society, 17 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICE.

To Whom it May Concern:

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims of any kind against Geo. N. Pittard, deceased, or his estate, to present the same for settlement, to the undersigned Executor within twelve months from the date hereof, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. This June 19th, 1911.

VIVULA ANN PITTARD, LULA JANE PITTARD, Executrix of Geo. N. Pittard, dec'd. P. O. Buck Springs, N. C. E. L. Travis, attorney, Halifax, N. C.

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## "I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade, I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured. MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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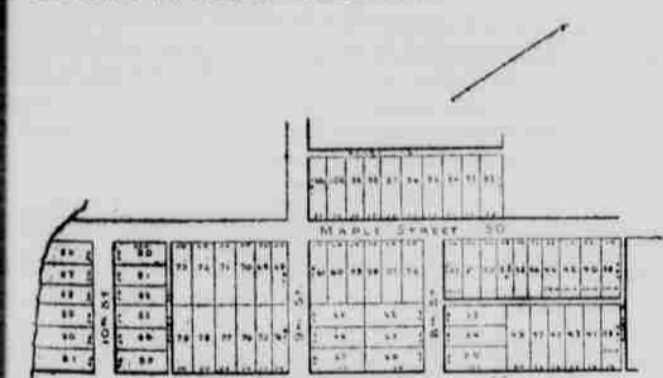
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Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Pains and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN  
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