THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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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 Chas. H. Fletcher 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 Syrups. 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 Diarrhœa 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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WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina,

AUGUST 20TH, 1892.

State of North Carolina Depository.
Halifax County Depository.
Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, $47,000.

For more than 18 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: W. R. SMITH. CASHIER: E. S. TRAVIS.

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"A dollar saved is a dollar made." "Any man can make money, but's its a wise man that can save it." Old adages, but very true. We pay you 4 per cent on SAVINGS DEPOSITS in sums from $1 up

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BINGHAM, Asheville, N. C., has prepared BOYS for College and for Christian Citizenship for 118 years, and ALONE in the U. S., offers a FREE ROUND TRIP TICKET from anywhere within 1500 miles to any parent who, on inspection, is not convinced that its pairs of ONE STORY brick rooms, separated by a parapet FIRE WALL, are the BEST for Health, Sanitation, Ventilation and safety against FIRE. Send for Catalogue or come and see. COL. R. BINGHAM, Supt., R. F. D. No. 104. 1912

THE OLD SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.

There Is a Reverence Which Reaches Higher Than the Forms and Conventionalities.

I was pleased the other day with a story which an aged Scotch minister told me about an old Scotchman who, many years ago, was on his way to a meeting of the people of God held in a tent, or some such temporary structure.

The old pilgrim was poor and ill-clad, and partly deaf, but he trusted in the Lord, who he served, and rejoiced in His kind providence. On the way to the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother, a younger man, bound on the same errand, and they traveled on together.

When they had nearly reached the place of meeting, it was proposed that they should turn aside behind the hedge and have a little prayer before they entered the meeting. They did so, and the old man, who had learned "in everything to let his requests be made known unto God," presented his case in language like the following:

"Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf, and I want a seat on the first bench, if you can let me have it, so that I can hear Thy Word. And ye see that my toes are sticking thru my shoes and I don't think it is much to your credit to have your children's toes sticking through their shoes, and therefore I want ye to get me a pair of new ones. And ye ken I have nae silver, and I want to stay there during the meeting, and therefore I want you to get me a place to stay."

When the old man had finished his quaint petition, and they had started on, his younger brother gently suggested to him that he thought his prayer was rather free in its forms of expression, and hardly as reverential as seemed proper to him in approaching the Supreme Being. But the old man did not accept the imputation of irreverence.

"He's my Father," said he, "I'm weel acquainted with Him, and He's weel acquinted with me, and I take great liberties with Him."

So they went on to the meeting together. The old man stood for a while in the rear of the congregation, making an ear trumpet of his hands to catch words, until someone near the pulpit noticed him, and, beckoning forward, gave him a good seat upon the front bench.

During the prayer he knelt down; and after he arose, a lady who had noticed his shoes, said to him:

Are they the best you have?

"Yes'" said he, "but I expect my Father will give me a new pair very soon."

"Come with me after the meeting," said the lady, "and I will get you a new pair."

The service closed, and he went with her to her house.

"Shall you stay during the meeting?" said the good woman as they went along.

"I would, but I am a stranger in the place, and have nae siller."

"Well," she said, "you will be perfectly welcome to make your home at our house during the meeting."

The old man thanked the Lord that He had given him all the three things he had asked for.

The younger brother's reverence for the Lord was right and proper, but there is a reverence which reaches higher than the forms and conventionalities—Selected.

Is the World Growing Better?

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c. at all druggists.

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FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

MAKES HOME BAKING EASY

Light Biscuit
Delicious Cake
Dainty Pastries
Fine Puddings
Flaky Crusts

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

FOR THE LIVING.

We crown our departed with laurels,
And whisper with quivering breath
How nobly they stood in the conflict,
How faithful they were unto death.
But if we had come, in the heat of the strife,
With a cup of cold water, in might have been life.

They have gone to the face of the Master—
What matters our praise or our blame?
He keeps in the book of His kingdom
The work that is done in His name.
But we missed the chance that He sent us to make
A rugged way smoother for His dear sake.

We meant, in the hush of the evening,
At the close of some peaceful day,
To tell them how precious we held them,
But now they have slipped away.
And the heart may have longed with a secret ache
For the one word of courage that nobody spake.

If we only had said in the morning,
"Because you are steadfast and true,
The world has a lofier vision,
My life is the richer for you,"
It might be—it may be the wearisome day
Would have brightened and glowed with a heavenly ray.

Beloved, the years that have vanished
Can never again come back.
And the treasures we miss as we journey,
The heart forever must lack.
Let us do the errands of kindness today,
"For never again shall we travel this way."

Let us bring to the living the roses
And the lilies we bind for the dead,
And crown them with blessings and praises
Before the brave spirit has fled.
As springs in the desert, as shade from the heat,
To the soul of the toiler the words will be sweet.

DON'T IT SEEM TRUE.

Don't it seem true now, don't it seem true,
Oft when the trials bring their dark clouds to you,
Oft when we're weariest, saddest and lost
In the deep, dark despair and our fortunes are crost,
Something just happens, so mystic and calm,
To heal like a rose with the sweet of its balm!

Don't it seem true, though, to you and to me,
That something comes by with the bloom of the glee
To lift the dark shadow and roll far away
The cloud that kept drakling the sunshine of day;
Something just happens just at the right time
To bring back the laughter, the ring and the rhyme!

Don't it seem true, always true at the best,
That dark as the hour may with grief be opprest,
Harder our fate seems and fortune so far
The bleak night is lit by the gleam of a star,
And soon the whole sky swims in glory and tune
Of the far flooding light of the silver-sweet moon!

LUCK.

Braggs—Bah! Luck is but the product of care and diligence.

Waggs—Yes. An old friend of mine had a swamp which he could not get rid of, and, by a great deal of care and diligence, a railroad was run right through the middle of it, and now my friend is a rich man.

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

What we mostly object to about a great talker is that we aren't doing it ourselves.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

MODERN METHOD.

"My books are in a very bad shape," said the high financier.

"Shall I send for an expert accountant?" inquired the confidential man.

"No. Send for an alienist."

It's Equal Don't Exist.

No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns Bruises, Sores, Scalds Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Salt Rheum. For Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands or Sprains it's supreme Unrivaled for Piles. Try it. Only 25c. at all druggists.

A man who is able to help support a lot of his relations always gets the chance.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SPIRITUAL COURIERS.

General Gordon's Last Words—"Send Couriers; Those May Be Killed."

When the news of the passing of General George W. Gordon of Memphis was wired to the country there were many sincere mourners.

None who have ever heard General Gordon's silver oratory will forget his fervid pleas for a united country.

He was a gallant Confederate officer, the idol of his soldiers. But when the war was over his was one of the first of all the voices eloquent for the Union.

He was a great friend of Grant and Sherman and of many of those against whom he fought in the time that tried men's souls.

Gordon's last words were these: "Send other couriers; those may be killed."

In his last moments the General's mind went back to the days of carnage, when the thunder clouds of black war burst over the head of the nation, and in spirit he companioned again with Lee and Johnston and the comrades of former days.

Therefore his order to "send other couriers."

He had learned in the grim theatre of war that oftentimes couriers were cut off by the enemy and the messages lost.

Mere murmurings of a dying man?

What do you or I know about the telepathy between minds here and now? Much less what do we know about the means of communication between kindred spirits here and yonder?

Is it only fancy that the spirit of Gordon, crossing the Potomac of Death, should be sending couriers forward to headquarters to appraise his old comrades of his near approach?

Who will say that on "fame's eternal camping ground" the couriers did not report?

It is not strange that on the eve of his departure a strong soul should feel the powerful impulse to send sure couriers in advance.

And so, my friends—

When the time of your departure and mine is come, when we shall have said goodby to those on this bank of the river, what more natural than that we should seek to send quick couriers to those "we have loved and lost awhile" to tell them of our approach?

BACK TO NATURE.

A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact, yet every time she lays an egg she cackles forth the fact.

A roostsr hasn't got a lot of intellect to show, but none the less most roosters have enough good sense to crow.

The mule the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way of letting people know he's around by his insistent bray.

The little busy bees they buzz, bulls bellow and cows moo, and watch dogs bark, the ganders quack and doves and pigeons coo.

The peacock spreads his tail and squawks; pigs squeal and robins sing, and even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting.

But Man, the greatest masterpiece that Nature could devise, will often stop and hesitate before he'll ADVERTISE!

A man can sit up all night in a poker game and never feel it, but being kept awake one hour by the baby will break down his health.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

EULOGY ON WOMAN.

Ingersoll's Verbal Flight When He Got on Subject of Fair Sex.

In a symposium on Woman Col. R. G. Ingersoll was to contribute his views. He replied as follows:

"It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire a woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeemed glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all virtues, the pledges of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. The one thing in this world that is constant, the only peak that rises above the clouds, the one window in which the light burns forever, the one star that darkness cannot quench is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most injuries. A woman's love is the perfume of the earth. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears away the soul on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death."

ALL GOD'S FLOWERS.

The flowers got into a debate one morning, as to which of them was the flower of God. And the rose said: "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers." And the crocus said: "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed! I am the primitive flower; I am the first one." And the lily of the valley said modestly: "I am small, but I am, perhaps, I am the flower of God." And the trailing arbutus said: "Before any of you came forth, I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?" And all the flowers cried out: "No; you you are no flower at all. You are a come-outer." And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's spring call, comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blossoms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know that you are all God's flowers?"

—Lyman Abbott, D. D.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may be married.

No matter how hard times are, 50 years hence these will be the "good old times."

Laugh and the world laughs with you, unless you happen to be laughing at your own jokes.

Many a man who complains that he never had half a chance wouldn't recognize a whole one if he saw it.

Only the heroine in a novel can read a love letter and curl her hair at the same time.

When a young widow meets a man after her own heart, she begins to sit up and take notice.

LOW EXCURSION FARES

$7.65 Summer Excursion Rate to Wrightsville Beach. Tickets on sale daily until September 30, limited returning to October 31, 1911.

Booklet, 28 halftones and map, descriptive of Wilmington, Wrightsville Beach, Carolina Beach, Southport and the lower Cape Fear, together with a copy of the "Purple Folder" may be obtained from W. B. Lawson, Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C., or by addressing

W. J. CRAIG,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
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The piercing pains of Neuralgia, which often follows a bad cold or La Grippe, are frequently almost unbearable and few medicines afford any relief to the sufferer.

"I am a rural mail carrier and have been a user of the Dr. Miles medicines for years.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills can't be beaten. They are the only thing I have found that will relieve my neuralgia and I have tried most everything, besides medicine from the doctor. I am willing to tell anyone what the Anti-Pain Pills did for me."

CHARLES HILDERBRANDT,
Box 205 Woodvill, Ohio

If you, like Mr. Hilderbrandt, "have tried most everything" in vain, why not do as he did, fight your aches and pains with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. Let the pills bear the brunt of the battle. No matter how stubborn the contest, they will come out victorious.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills stand on their record, which is a long list of cures extending back a generation.

Druggists everywhere sell them. If first package fails to benefit, your druggist will return your money.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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All Parker Pens have Lucky Curve Ink Feeds, preventing air expanding in reservoir by warmth of the body from forcing ink into cap.

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