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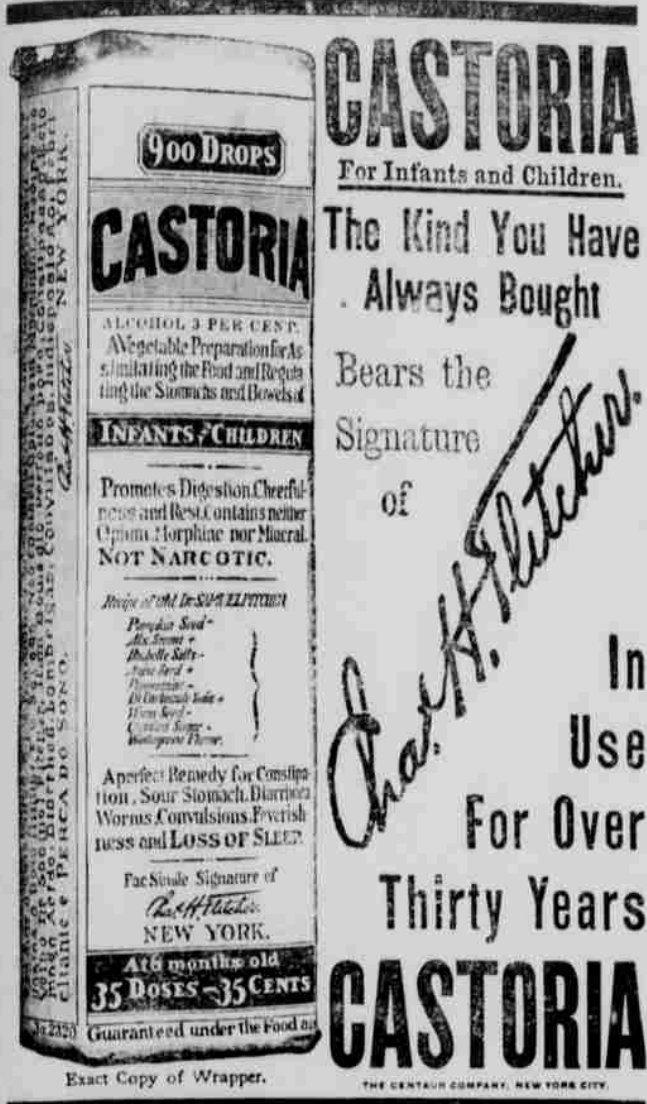
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 (in Advance)

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NO. 41



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
900 DROPS
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT
Vegetable Preparation for Purifying the Blood and Promoting the Secretions and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness, and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine, nor other Narcotics.
Facile Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* NEW YORK.
At 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

DAY PHONES 25. NIGHT PHONES 24 and 54.
P. N. STAINBACK,
UNDERTAKER.
Weldon, North Carolina.
Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES.
Day, Night and Out-of-Town Calls Promptly Attended to.
H. G. ROWE,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.
Seventeen years' Experience. Hearse Service Anywhere.

THE BANK OF WELDON
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: J. S. TRAVIS.

WELDON SHOE COMPANY
A complete line of new shoes from the makers. The store where Quality Counts.
Best line of high grade shoes in the city. Edwin Clapp Shoes for men of good taste.
\$6.00 AND \$6.50
Holeproof Hosiery. Let us show you.
WELDON SHOE COMPANY, WELDON, N. C.
FURS AND HIDES
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES
Wool on Commission. Write for price list mentioning this ad.
Established 1887
JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Father's Birthplace
Ed. Harmony Weller
Jean Winslow strolled leisurely through the little old village streets. The quaint architecture, the old un-expected turns into narrow lanes and the whole primitive aspect were all new to her delighted eyes.
"Jean had stolen a day from the big house party in order that she might take the short run over to the little New Hampshire village where she could reminisce her father's birthplace. She kept her eyes open for the small landmarks he had told her of and searched for the house of his description. Jean hoped it would be unoccupied—she could ramble about it and see all the places her father loved to stroll.
"Yes! There it was, its big wings reaching over the brow of the hill and well-shaded by giant fir trees.
"It's vacant!" Jean breathed happily and quickened her pace.
Jean had no fear of the so-called haunted house and besides, a well kept mansion lay within calling distance from her father's birthplace.
Jean picked her steps daintily through the weed-grown paths like a mouse elf among the tall grasses.
"Daddy didn't exaggerate one bit!" Jean's eyes swept in the wide Colonial door and the wonderfully carved pillar tops, and what a love of a knocker!
She tried the handle. It was locked. With a post Jean went around to the back of the house and discovered the slanting cello door.
"Daddy used to slide down this," Jean laughed and tried to lift the heavy door. It yielded and she picked her way down the dark stairs lifting high fluffy mouse faces as she went.
The place was fearfully dark and full of tawny odors. Jean bravely stifled her fears and went on to the creaking stairs and through the kitchen.
"If only we could have this in town," sighed the girl as she went through room after room each one bigger and more sunny than the last.
On the second floor she found the room with the low window in which her father was born. Jean peered about as if the very walls might tell some long emotion as she surreptitiously nibbled the tears from her eyes.
Her emotions were very near the surface. The utter desolation of the grand old home that had harbored her father's boyhood, the very faint room that echoed her very breathing had all helped toasting her nerves.
"I haven't seen the nursery with the phantom's border on its little turret since I was from the outside," she said half aloud.
Jean's courage was at a strangely low ebb when after seeing the nursery she discovered a small dark doorway which led to the turret room that she had set her heart on seeing.
Again lifting the door's knob she made her way carefully up the winding stairs.
So lone was the beating of her own heart that she heard no sounds save the imaginary ones of her own creation.
She turned the handle of the door, the only one on that high landing. It was locked. She tried again, pushing a great noise.
The door opened suddenly and a great sound like an explosion.
A large man leaped up in the doorway. His face was smeared with dirt and his hair was that of a wild man. A look of wild, excited joy shone from the side of his head.
"Oh!" Jean shrieked and fell in a heap on the dusty floor of the landing.
When she regained consciousness she found that she was lying on a wide, soft couch; the face bending over hers was neither grins nor ill. In fact anything that suggested evil. It still wore the towel bandaged over one temple but the expression shining in the eyes was tenderness, fear and something that made Jean blush.
"Great Scott! I thought I had killed you!" he said in the deep voice. Jean had somehow expected.
She laughed and sat up among the cushions. "It wouldn't have been your fault—I was snoring and—"

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

UNUTTERED.
A word unuttered, a hand unpressed, A look unseem, or a thought unguessed— And souls that were kindred may live apart, Never to meet or to know the truth, Never to guess how heart beat with heart In the dim past days of a wasted youth.
She shall not know how his pulses leant As over his forehead her tresses fell— His hand touched hers, and her face flushed red With the passionate love that choked her breath And saddens her life, now her youth is dead.
A faded woman who waits for death And murmurs a name below her breath; A cynical man who scolds and jeers At women and love in the open day, But at night time kisses with bated tears A faded fragment of jessamine spray.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.
I dreamed last night of childhood
O'er hill and verdant lea,
Through hazy green and wildwood
I roamed in childish glee;
Plucked blossoms for my mother's prayer,
For she was with me there,
And 'neath a drooping willow bough
Kneel down with me in prayer.
And next I seemed to view her,
Bent o'er my little bed;
With tiny hands I drew her
Still nearer, while she said
"O, now I lay me down to sleep,"
And taught me to recite,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
And kissed me a "good night."
I cherished that sweet vision,
But waking hours, as well,
Bring back those days elysian,
That memory may tell
How oft she sought that sacred place,
Her closet, bowed her there,
Embraced me with a fond embrace,
For me sent up a prayer,
And well do I remember
When last we fondly met,
Though age had stolen o'er her,
And her pale cheek was wet
With tears that grief had taught to flow,
Her heart oppressed with care—
How heavenly on her brow the glow
As she knelt down in prayer.
When storm clouds hover o'er me
And darken life's brief day,
And hope's lone star before me
Shed but a feeble ray,
I turn my eyes to childhood years,
A radiant through a mother's tears,
A sunshine in her prayer.

Shocking Sounds
In the north are sometimes heard before a terrible earthquake, that warn of the coming peril. Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidney needs attention if you would escape those dangerous maladies, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Dr. Fiebig's Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your lost feelings return. "My son received great benefit from their use for kidney and bladder troubles," writes Peter Bondy, South Broadway, N.Y. "It is certainly a great kidney medicine." Try it. See at all druggists.

SOMETHING NEW IN VERDICTS
A Wheeling (W. Va.) lawyer says that he has heard many queer verdicts in his time, but the quaintest was brought in not long ago by a jury of mountaineers in a sparsely settled part of that State.
This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the courtroom. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow, with a superlative solemn expression, voiced the general opinion:
"The jury don't think that he done it, for we allow he wa'n't there, but we think he would have done it if he'd had the chanst."

SAY YES.
If the "No" is a...
"No!" "Yes!"
And so it is "Yes."
He who would build up strong character or succeed in business must learn to say no.
Also he must learn to say yes.
Both words are decisive. They are the final words. Hesitate, dally, haggle as you may, the time comes when you must end by saying yes or no.
For instance—
You stand on the threshold of a new enterprise. It means much to you. It is feasible. Others not able than you have done it. And yet you—
Linger shivering on the brink And fear to launch away.
But—
Having carefully canvassed the matter, knowing its possibilities and knowing your ability to succeed if you try hard enough, why, then, come up to it, face it and say:
"Yes, I will do it."
When you say that—and mean it—you have won half your battle. You waste no more time in doubt and worry. The die being cast, the Rubicon crossed you expend your energy on the task.
Or—
Having wrestled with an undertaking, the battle seems to be going against you. Your plans have been upset just as the wind topples over the toy soldiers set up in a row. You could cry—if it would do any good. You ask yourself:
"Is it worth while?"
The time is crucial. Say, "Yes!" To give up is to fail utterly. Say "Yes. If the ship goes down I will go down with it, still fighting."
Say "Yes."
When you have said that you have given hostages to fortune. You will go at your job with vim and redoubt the time.
There is tremendous power in affirmation.
To affirm is to try. To affirm is to put your dominion will power into motion. Once in motion nervous energy will supply velocity and momentum. And on you go.
Affirmation is optimism. Say "Yes!"

SHE SAW THE RUINS.
Representative Henry, of Texas, was praising a Washington heiress. "She is the right sort," he said. "She went abroad last year, and on her return a friend asked her: 'Did you see many picturesque old ruins over there?'
"Yes," she answered, with a faint smile, "and six of them proposed."
Money is still easy, the market reports say—easy to spend, of course.

IOWA WOMAN WELL AGAIN
Freed From Shooting Pains, Spinal Weakness, Dizziness, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female troubles in all its dreadful forms: shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my health."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Consider Well This Advice.
No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.
This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Special Sale!
We have on hand several consignments of the latest in wool, Wash and Princess hatter suits. Rather than return these suits our headquarters decided to put them on sale at half price for each only \$15 suits \$7.50. Princess, white and all other colors \$5 to \$7, now \$2.50 to \$3.50. Wash Coat Suits \$4 to \$6, now \$2.00 to \$3.00. \$4 to \$5 Net Waist returned \$1.25 to \$2.00. Black and colored silk Petticoats \$4 to \$6 now \$2.00 to \$3.00. Vests \$1.00 to \$2.00 now \$0.50 to \$1.00. 10,000 yards lace and embroideries to close out at half price. The \$1.00 muslin silk, all colors, now 50 to 100. 3 yard tie, calicoes 25 to 50. 10 and 12 1/2 gingham 25 to 50. About 3,000 yards dress goods to close out less than cost. Ladies hats at half price, bags, trunks, carpetings and matings at and below cost.
SPIERS BROS. WELDON, N. C.
ALLEN'S