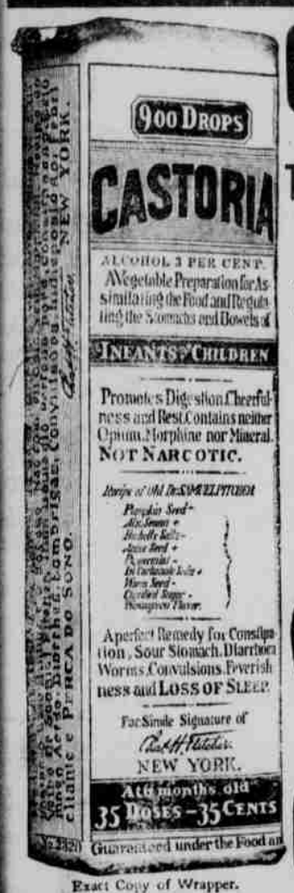
THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application | A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. | Terms of Subscription--$1.50 Per Annum

VOL. XLVII. | WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1912. | NO. 7



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Spanish Peanuts.

The present low prices have created a very large demand for Spanish Peanuts. Always communicate with us when you have peanuts for sale.

THE COLUMBIAN PEANUT CO.,

NORFOLK, VA.

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina.

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

Capital and Surplus, $50,000.

For nearly 20 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers are identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties.

A Savings Department is maintained for the benefit of all who desire to deposit in a Savings Bank. In this Department interest is allowed 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.

Any information will be furnished on application to the President or Cashier.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: W. R. SMITH. CASHIER: R. S. TRAVIS. JOHN O. DRAKE, Teller.

DIRECTORS—W. R. Smith, W. E. Daniel, R. S. Travis, W. M. Cohen, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zollicoffer, J. W. Sledge.

WELDON SHOE COMPANY

White, Tan, Gun Metal and Nubuck Pumps .....

The smartest styles in Spring Footwear. Pumps are the thing. We can suit your taste and more easily your POCKET BOOK. No better values possible for the money

Prices: $2.50, $3 and $3.50

Similar to cut above.

WELDON SHOE COMPANY,

WELDON, N. C.

OUR GREATEST CLUBBING OFFER!

Uncle Remus'	1 year	$1.00
Southern Ruralist,	"	.50
Woman's World,	"	.25
People's Popular Monthly	"	.25
Roanoke News,	"	1.50
		$3.50

$3.50 value to the subscriber for $2.00

Send all subscriptions to THE ROANOKE NEWS, Weldon, N. C.

DEATH.

There Is Something Fascinating. Blinding in the Thought of Death.

We call the monks of old morbid who were obsessed by it, wrote "Remember Death!" upon their cell walls, and had skulls among their daily furniture; and, perhaps, they were morbid, and, perhaps, the idea of death is too strong a liquor for use in the morning; but, for all that, there is something in death that makes men great, unseals the wells of poetry, and smells of eternal youth.

How was it that Wagner could find no fit climax for the mighty loves of Tristian and Isolde except in death? Why do the murders of Socrates, Joan of Arc and Lincoln place these personalities among the constellations of our esteem? Why is there nothing so apotheosizing a man can do as to die? And why does the death of Jesus lift His life and teachings into such thunderous power and authority?

Every least act of living we perform gets its pathos and beauty of death that flows around it. The kiss is the sweetest that may be the last. The parting is made tender by the ever-lurking possibility that it may be forever!

"Unsuspected," writes Alexander Smith, "this idea of death lurks in the sweetest music; it has something to do with the pleasures with which we behold the vapors of morning; it comes between the passionate lips of lovers; it lives in the thrill of kisses."

A ray of death makes the most commonplace thing shine. A photograph of the living is nothing, but of the dead how strangely interesting. An old shoe, a glove, a hat, if it belong to one of the silent forever, takes on new significance.

An ordinary merry-making may be vulgar, even offensive, but becomes at once tragic and sublime when

As if beckoned by an unseen hand
The man whose laugh is loudest in his cups
Rises with a wild face, and goes away
From mirth into a shroud, without a word.

All about life play the electric beams o' death. All around the actual is the halo of the infinite mystery.

It is folly to laugh at death or defy it. It is cowardly to evade it. It is sickly and mistaken to be depressed by it. But to be ever subtly conscious of it, and to draw from that consciousness a feeling of awe, of dignity, and of infinite beauty, that is wisdom.

NOT I.

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"Looking at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking: 'Beautiful as you are you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried: 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

"I was Crippled, could hardly walk and had to Crawl

down stairs at times on hands and knees. My doctor said I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I was in the hospital for weeks, but was unable to walk when I left it. I was cured by

Dr. Miles' Nervine

bought a bottle and began to get better from the start, and in the past six months I have had scarcely any pain and am able to walk as well as ever." J. H. SANDERS, P. O. box 5, Rockaway, N. J.

Few medicines are of any benefit for rheumatism, but Mr. Sanders tells plainly what Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine did for it. One ounce of salicylate of soda added to one bottle of Nervine makes an excellent remedy for rheumatism, which is now known to be a nervous disease and therefore subject to the influence of a medicine that acts through the nerves, as does

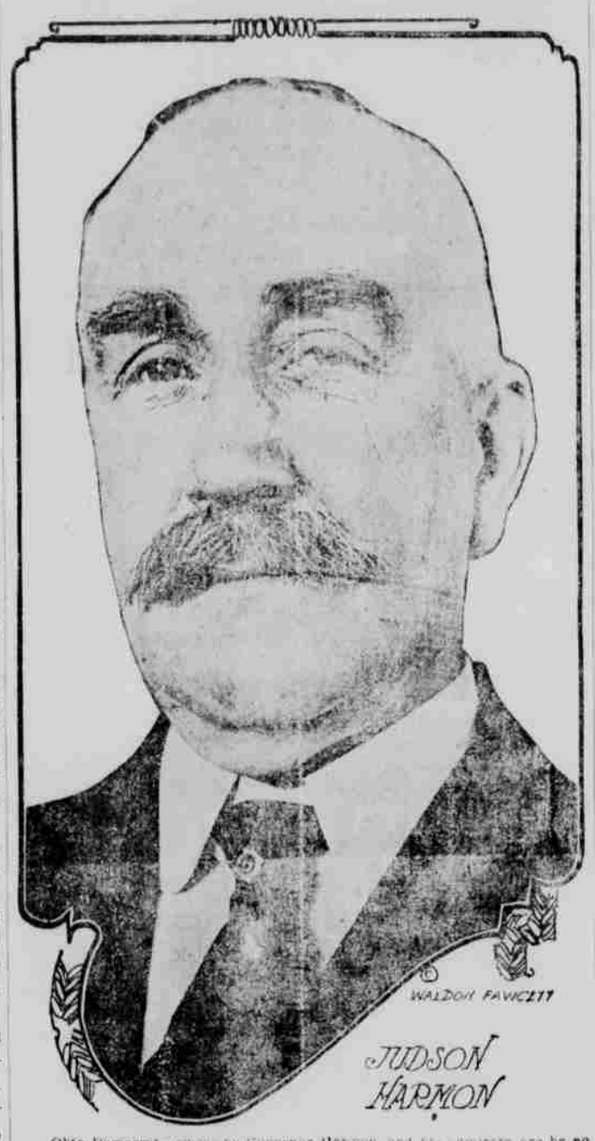
Dr. Miles' Nervine

Sufferers from rheumatism seldom fail to find relief in the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine, with salicylate of soda.

Sold under a guarantee that assures the return of the price of the first bottle if it fails to benefit. At all Druggists.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Pick The Winner.



Ohio Democrats swear by Governor Harmon, and his admirers are by no means limited to that state. He is more conservative than many members of his party could wish, however, and this is especially true in the western states. He has declared himself as opposed to the initiative and referendum, which doctrine seems to have a large following, but in some of the eastern states he is regarded with especial favor.

As house leader of the Democratic majority and chairman of the ways and means committee, Mr. Underwood has directed the tariff policy of his party, not always to the entire satisfaction of some of its other leaders, but in a way that has gained him the enthusiastic support of a considerable number in his candidacy for the presidential nomination. He is a little slow in starting his campaign for delegates, but has been making up for lost time since definitely announcing himself.

Man Coughs and Breaks Ribs

After a frightful cough spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What money to King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonsful ends a fate cough, while persistent use cures obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure its a God-send to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo., "For I believe I would have consumption to-day if I had not used this great remedy." Its guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle at Ake or Bobbitt's store at all druggists.

Every time a minister announces that the Lord called him to a new field some inquisitive person is sure to ask how much the salary increase is.

Move On Now!

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows. 25c. at all druggists.

Even the optimist takes a day off when the rent collector calls.

A woman is willing to let a man have the last word if it comes in the form of an apology.

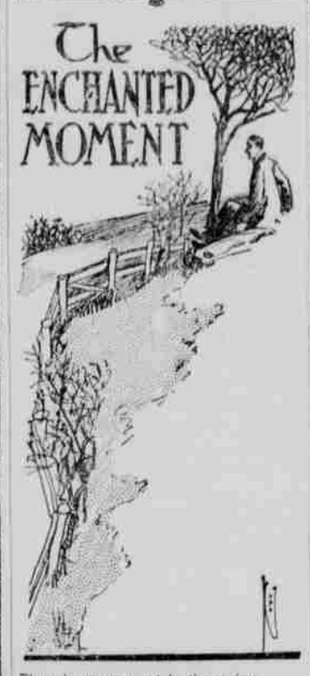
Just as sure as a girl inherits a little money she grows mighty pretty.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Onlooker

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Enchanted Moment



There is one moment in the spring
More wonderful than anything,
More marvelous than any dream
Wherein a thousand rare things gleam—
It is the moment when a breath
Blows back the shroud of wintry death
And bids the little leaves unfold
In beauty ever new and old.

No other moment in the year
Lives with a loveliness so sheer,
No other moment sees that thrill
Sweep out across the field and hill
And through the woods and on, afar,
Where wittered vines and branches are—
No other moment, short or long,
Sees the earth murmur into song.

A subtle instant holds the spell—
It is as though some clear-toned bell
Sends forth a low, insistent sound
Wherein all melody is found,
And buds are opened with a weird
Wild magic that may not be feared;
It is as though a wand is swayed
Above the dancing sun and shade.

Then yonder, yonder! See the green
Swathes all the trees in jewel-sheen,
And see the laughing little leaves
Drape all the wood with wonder-weaves.
And see the hedge, all winter pulled,
Make us with emerald unscalled
And watch the whisper swiftly pass
Along the ground, and wake the grass.

Just that one moment in the spring
Is fairer than all songs we sing,
It holds within its mystic cell
The sudden gladness of it all—
And if we see it, if we know,
If we may sense that marvel-glow
Wherewith the world is newly dressed
Then we with all things have been blest.

A Surprise in Boston.

"But why," we asked the Boston Child, "but why do you write, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' as it should be, instead of 'Scintillate, scintillate, spheriod infinitesimal,' etc.?"

"Pardon me, sir," responded the Boston Child, nervously polishing her eyeglasses, "I am not the lay figure for the paragraphists who are envious of the obvious culture and refinement of our population."

Whereupon she made out a request slip for Mother Goose's Melodies and started to the library.

SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY.

Askit—I wonder why Grumpeigh's wife deserted him.

Tellit—She had a new going-away gown, and wanted an excuse to wear it.

Fine Distinction.

"In one sentence," commented the Savage Critic, "you say, 'the bullets were driven into the faces of the foe.'"

"Well?" answered the Aspiring Author.

"Well, I thought everybody knew that bullets were lead."

By concealing his anguish behind a seemingly appreciative burst of laughter, the Aspiring Author was able to have his manuscript accepted.

Would Be Full.

"Brother Bill telegraphs me to send his full dress suit," said the Obviously Humorous Person. "He must be going to Kentucky."

And his gleeful laugh rose and fell for some minutes.

Time of Fasting.

Miss Heavisette—Oh, I think Lent is just lovely.

Miss Wunder—You do?

"Indeed I do. Just think one can be religious and at the same time reduce flesh."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Makes the Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a 4th of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. Its the quick healer of boils, ulcers, eczema, sore lips or piles. 25c. at all druggists.

Right-headed men are always good-hearted.

HEN HAS MONK'S FACE.

Her Mother Was Scared by An Organ Grinder's Pet.

Moritz Adler has a country home and farm near Deal, N. J. He also has a Plymouth Rock chicken. He gave her a place in the back yard of the home, with a dry goods box for a coop.

Though perfectly normal in every other way, Rose—that's her name—has the shrewd face of a monkey. She drinks soup from a spoon held in the hand of her nurse. Having no beak, she does not peck at meat scraps, after the manner of fowl, but picks them up daintily with her strawberry hued lips.

The facial expression of Rose is quant. She has a rather set expression at the corners of her mouth, indicating firmness of character. Her nose is well defined. Rising from her rather broad forehead is a pompadour of feathers in the style that young girls affected with their hair a year ago, when Rose was a smooth, white egg instead of a remarkable chicken. The general contour of her face is somewhat like that of Susie, the funny little orang-outang from Borneo who delights children at the Bronx Zoo. Her happy black eyes light up wonderfully when she sees cracked corn or oatmeal mush.

"She was born a year ago," said Adler. I knew her mother well. She was a fine old fussy Plymouth Rock hen, who stuck steadily to the business of scratching gravel and producing eggs. She wasn't quite as progressive as some of the more flashy brown leghorn and Indian game young ladies of the barnyard. She did not take kindly to new fangled ideas like woman's rights. Nothing made her so mad as to see some other hen strutting around and clucking about wanting a vote.

"An Italian organ grinder passed the farm one day with a funny little South American monkey. He gave old Mrs. Plymouth Rock quite a fright. The old lady disappeared and three weeks afterward I found her nest under the haymow. Twelve little yellow chicks had just hatched out. The remaining egg was cracked, and something inside was peeping sadly. All the other chicks had pecked their way out with their bills, but this one was trying to get out and couldn't.

"'I broke the shell, and then I saw why—it didn't have any beak. And that's the way Rose came into the world. Because she was a freak the head farmer's wife took an interest in her, and educated her, till now she is a lady, all through. She talks all the time—her mouth is never still—and that's what makes me think she stands prenaturally by the suffragettes of the barnyard. But there's no way to tell."—New York World.

TAKES THE CAKE.

Senator Simmons was talking about a boom.

"I congratulated him on his boom," said the Senator, laughing, "and he appeared astonished that I knew anything of it. But I told him I had a keen nose for booms, even for little ones. I explained that I was like the Newbern urchin.

"A Newbern urchin used to call on a certain old lady every Saturday afternoon, and she would give him a piece of cocoanut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea, she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered to the urchin.

"He said, plaintively, as the time came for him to go:

"'I believe I smell cocoanut layer cake.'

"The old lady laughed, went to the cupboard and cut him a very tiny piece. When she gave it to him he thanked her and said:

"'But it seems strange that I could smell such a tiny piece, doesn't it?'"—Washington Star.

WORTH OF AN IDEA.

God bless the man with an idea. It may be visionary, but it starts something. That's its glorification.

Enthusiasm doesn't amount to much unless there is plenty of hustle back of it.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates

WOMEN SHOULD BE PROTECTED

Against So Many Surgical Operations. How Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Moore Escaped.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—MRS. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Murrayville, Ill.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a very bad case of female trouble and it made me a well woman. My health was all broken down, the doctors said I must have an operation, and I was ready to go to the hospital, but dreaded it so that I began taking your Compound. I got along so well that I gave up the doctors and was saved from the operation."—MRS. CHARLES MOORE, R. R. No. 3, Murrayville, Ill.

The Thrice-A-Week Edition

OF THE

New York World

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

No other Newspaper in world gives so much at so low a price

THE great political campaigns are now at hand, and you want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record of impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-A-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-A-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything to be found in first-class daily.

The Thrice-A-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the ROANOKE NEWS together for one year for - - - - **$1.70**

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50.

ADMIRES 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 Arp" 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."

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

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns

For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined. None higher than 15 cents. Buy from your dealer, or by mail from

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Sample Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free, on request.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION