

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913.

NO. 35



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
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Vegetable Preparation
LAXATIVE
NEARLY 100 YEARS
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

A FRONTIER HOLIDAY

WITH the merry roundings, barbecues and log raisings, the festivities of the New Year's holiday season come with well timed regularity to break the monotony of the cowboy's prosaic life.



In the ranging country of the northwest, where the entire possessions of the average ranchman consist of a few hundred cattle, half a dozen ponies and a rude dugout or "shack" furnished with the bare necessities and where there are only a few cowboys to do the whole work of the ranch, the only assured diversion of the year is the June roundup.

Unless the cowboy goes into a frontier town to take in a barnstorming performance or a "show" given by a traveling prestidigitator he has absolutely no outside diversion.

But in the winter ranching territories of the southwest, where stock raising has settled down into a safe and remunerative business and the precarious livelihood and pioneer simplicity have given way to an assured income with comfort and plenty, the holiday jollification has come to be an established custom.

It is a pleasant break to the winter spent in "riding lines" over the country or in whisky poker and cutthroat euchre indoors.

For a week or two before the holiday feast all hands lend their aid to the capturing of game and the finding and saving of eggs.

This is the season for wild turkeys, fat rabbits and ducks. The ordinary mode of getting turkeys is to shoot them, the hunter hiding in the sagebrush or chaparral and decoying the birds by imitating their cluck.

The great birds, bearing their friendly call, answer and come to it, and a volley of buckshot secures several of the flock.

Another and more exciting manner of turkey capture is to rob a roost. This is done at night by seeking the peacocks, where the turkeys generally roost.

Some designing and lucky huntsman, having "spotted" a roost, informs his friends, and they go in a party to the place. Cautiously approaching under cover of night, their horses' feet treading noiselessly over the dead leaves, they patiently await the settling down of the restless and exceedingly wild and timid turkeys.

At last, when the fluttering brown figures form a motionless part of the shadowy silence, the signal is given, and bang go the guns simultaneously from all directions. There is a heavy fall, and the rest of the turkeys are so dazed and frightened that they all fall, a helpless prey, to be picked off one by one until the whole roost is secured.

The cowboys' revel is dancing. They are graceful, natural, muscular and active. Dancing to them is horseback riding in good company, under shelter and to the tune of a fiddle. It gives free play to their untiring, restless bodies and at the same time satisfies and delights their love of women's society and good fellowship.

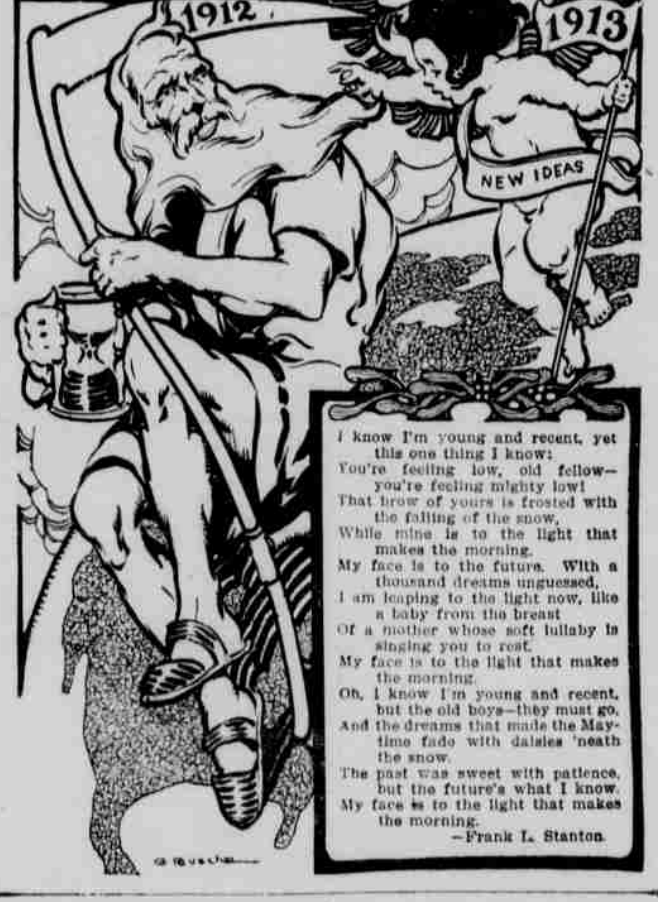
Not until the dull red glow of sunrise creeps over the dim prairies does the music stop.

Then after a breakfast of "cold bits" and strong, hot black coffee the girls go to rooms prepared for them at the ranch or, mounted on foot fisted broncos, go galloping over the prairies, the fresh, wild wind in their faces and the thrilling memory of sweet words or sweeter promises in their wholesome, simple hearts.—Boston Globe.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

The Woman Makes the Home
She makes it best who, looking after the culinary department, turns her back resolutely upon unhealthful, or even suspicious, food accessories. She is economical; she knows that true economy does not consist in the use of inferior meat, flour, or baking powder. She is an earnest advocate of home made, home baked food, and has proved the truth of the statements of the experts that the best cooking in the world today is done with Royal Baking Powder.

The New Year to the Old.



I know I'm young and recent, yet this one thing I know: You're feeling low, old fellow—your feeling mighty low! That hour of yours is frosted with the falling of the snow. While mine is to the light that makes the morning.

My face is to the future. With a thousand dreams unguessed, I am leaping to the light now, like a lark from the breast of a mother whose soft lullaby is singing you to rest.

Oh, I know I'm young and recent, but the old boys—they must go, and the dreams that made the May-time fade with daisies "neath the snow."

The past was sweet with patience, but the future's what I know. My face is to the light that makes the morning.

—Frank L. Stanton.

one beautiful, and so on for fifteen or four cups, after which, when it boils, add the whole of the remainder, pouring it in gradually and stirring it in briskly, so as to froth it. The moment a fine froth is obtained toss in twelve fine soft roasted apricots and send it up hot. Spices for each bottle of wine: Ten grains of mace, forty-six grains of cloves, thirty-seven of cardamom, twenty-eight grains of cinnamon, twelve grains of nutmeg, forty-eight grains of ginger, forty-nine grains of coriander seeds.

COUSIN JOSEPH'S HAPPIEST NEW YEAR

MR. JOSEPH NEWTON paused before himing the doorknob and looked about him. To come back to one's home after fifteen years is an experience for any one to think over, and he found himself looking for familiar objects.

"Is Mr. Shaw at home?" he inquired of the young girl who answered his ring.

"No, he was called away early this morning to see his sick brother," said the girl. She looked like a rosy country maiden, though her face was delicate and her form slight. "I think he will be back this afternoon," she added.

"I wanted to see him on business," said Mr. Newton. "And I think I will wait for him. I understand that the Newton family had some sort of reunion today, and I expected him to be here."

"Yes, they always have a family gathering on New Year's day," explained the girl, "but I persuaded auntie that Bob and I could manage for one day. Bob's only thirteen, but he's good help for a boy. I am Mrs. Shaw's niece and have been visiting here for

a week. Please take a chair in the parlor, for I must hurry back to the kitchen."

"Let me help you," said Mr. Newton, following her to the kitchen, where Bob was washing sweet potatoes.

"How many do you expect?" asked the girl, leading gray over the fowls that were turning a lovely brown in the big oven.

"Oh, they all will be here except their brother Joseph, who lives in the city, and he never honors the gatherings with his presence," said Tony.

"Why doesn't he come, or is he the black sheep of the family who isn't invited?" asked Mr. Newton.

"You wouldn't think he was the black sheep if you could hear the family talk about him," said the girl scornfully. "It's all 'Brother Joseph' and 'Cousin Joseph' till I'm sick of the very name. They think because he went to the city and got rich that he's the most wonderful person that ever lived."

"Whew!" said Mr. Newton, enjoying the little country girl exceedingly. "Maybe he is wonderful. Did you ever see him?"

"Well, if he knew what he misses I'll venture to say he'd be here, no matter how much business he has on hand," said Tony, surveying the long table with pride. "The idea of missing a dinner like this for a few dollars!"

"My brother lives in Chicago, Mr. Bradford," explained Mrs. Bradford, "and he never has been home since he left the farm. He has made a fortune and is one of the prominent business men of the city, so he has little time for visiting. This is his picture taken some months before he went away." And Mr. Newton found himself gazing at a boy who seemed all hands and feet, while his head was painfully held in place by a stiff collar and the high back of the chair in which he was seated.

Dinner was served promptly at 12, and during the long meal Joseph Newton had the unusual experience of hearing his praises sung by his relatives. He dished up quarts of gravy, cent piles of bread, supplied hungry boys and girls with turkey and chicken, obeyed Tony's numerous directions as well as he could and in every way made himself useful.

"You don't want any outsiders at the table," he said, following Tony's example. "I will help Mrs. Tony so that you all can be together."

"All but Brother Joseph," said several voices at once, and all looked at the place religiously kept vacant at the table for the absent member.

"I'm going to sit right down here in Brother Joseph's place," declared Mr. Newton when at last he and Tony had a chance to sit down for refreshments and rest their tired limbs. "I don't care if it is the seat of the devil."

During the dishwashing Mr. Newton enjoyed to the utmost the conversation of the young girl and joyfully dismissed Bob so that he might draw her out without being bothered by the boy's many questions and complaints. "Why have I never met such a girl before?" he said over and over, only to remember that the few girls he had met during his money making career were society belles. "I'd like to educate her," he concluded when the dishes had been hung on the line and the kitchen put in order. "With an education she might develop into a very bright woman."

"Now, you must go into the sitting room," said Tony briskly. "I have some work to do upstairs and must get rid of my piano for something more appropriate to this joyful occasion. I promised to play for them after awhile."

From the entry five minutes later in the parlor Tony guessed what was going on, so he leisurely dressed and sat down by the window to look across the white fields. Her uncle and aunt drove into the yard and made their way to the house. Into the midst of her thoughts came her aunt's voice calling "Tony, Tony," and she slowly rose to go downstairs.

"This is Brother Joseph," cried three voices at once before Tony reached the sitting room. "We forgot all about you in the excitement. Isn't it wonderful we didn't recognize him?"

"He thinks you're about fifteen, Tony, and wants to educate you," put in the irrepressible Bob, with a broad grin on his freckled face. "He thinks you're awful smart!"

From his dusky corner Joseph Newton advanced to meet the young lady in the simple white frock with her dark hair wound round her head in the latest fashion. Her dress was simple itself, but there was the unmistakable stamp of fashion upon it, and from the creases of the hem the tip of her dainty shoes the city man recognized the city maiden.

"You are Miss Victoria Stoddard, and I had the pleasure of taking you to dinner last Friday evening," he said smilingly. "I think I made some remark about the young women of today in comparison with their grandmothers which you resent, did I not? I am ready to apologize heartily, and say that all my ideas of life have suffered a revolution during the past twelve hours. I thank you very much for your suggestions this morning and shall carry them out to the letter as well as some of my own."

"We are all to stay for supper, so that Brother Joseph's place will not be vacant today," said Mrs. Bradford. "There is plenty of food, and we can manage very well."



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Daily except Sundays	Daily except Sundays
No. 1 No. 3 No. 5	No. 2 No. 4 No. 6
A.M. P.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M. P.M.
8:30 12:15 3:35	11:15 3:30 5:55
9:30 12:45 4:05	10:45 3:30 5:25
9:15 1:00 4:20	10:30 2:15 5:10

W. W. ROBERTSON, General Manager
NOTE—Newfield is a Flag Station
General Manager's Office, Newberry, N. C., March 27th, 1911

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
In the way a girl tells her shoes aren't too small for her is it because her feet are swollen.

THE WASSAIL BOWL

FROM time immemorial beverages, hot or cold, have been deemed indispensable to the proper sending off of the old year and the welcome of the new. So long as these are innocuous, well and good, but the wise man drinks "with harness on his throat." This our good old Dutch for bears did not always do.

While the famous wassail of song and story was always served hot, the contents of the punch bowl, holly wreathed, were ice cold.

For this famous old drink no recipe is better than the ancient one which is given in the exact words of

THE WASSAIL BOWL WAS ELABORATE OF CONCOCTION AND HEAVILY SPICED.

TIME.

Time is like a fashionable host That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand. And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly, Graps in the newcomer. Well-come ever smiles, And farewell goes out sighing. —Shakespeare.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

Oh, the first of the year's too cold. I fear, For the cause of a true reform, 'Twere better to wait for a later date. When things are a bit more warm.

The trouble that lies in the way of the wise, Who'd leave bad habits behind, Their virtuous snuff is frozen stiff. By the chill of the winter's wind.

The good intent of the righteous is nipped by the frosty air, And the news turned leaf soon comes to grief And withers before repair.

Old Janus bold, with his blasts so cold, Bites deep on the virtuous nose; Reform is lost in the awful frost That comes with the month of snows.

'Twere better by much to await the touch Of a genial May day sun For putting on ice your favorite vice, With which you at last are done.

For the tenderest flower in Nature's bowers, The time never evolve is a sturdy oak, and that's no joke, Compared to a good resolve.

And that is why, with the new year by, To my virtuous ways I cling, And carter boxes never go 'Till the warmer days of spring. —John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GOOD REASON.
"Why do you call the popular game popper?"
"Because it stirs things up."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A girl's idea of gossip is it sounds so much more exciting if you whisper it.
Any man likes to be called a hero, because he really believes he is.