

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum

VOL. XLVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1913.

NO. 14

## BREAKING IT TO SAM

By GEORGE BINGHAM.

"Allie, I'm going to ask you once more to marry me. I've got a farm over yonder in that river-bottom. There's a house there! It's well fitted up for me and you—not for me and somebody else."

"Sam, I know you have waited for me and I couldn't decide, but now I have decided; I'll go and be your wife. I'll go."

"When will it be, Allie? Tonight?"

"No, not tonight—but the next day after Thanksgiving."

Sam was happy and went to his home.

The morning was cold, and the big flakes of snow drifted through the keen air and settled on the frozen ground. It was Thanksgiving and the day was good for killing hogs.

Before sun-up Dock Hill built fire under the big bellows down in the horse lot and the neighbors came over to help him. The neighbor women wrapped shawls around their heads and flocked to the house to assist Dock's wife in preparing the big dinner.

That morning Sam went across the field to Dock Hill's. When he arrived there other men were standing around the roaring fire built between two large logs, upon which rested the scalding kettles with dirty-looking water.

Sam came through the patch of weeds and climbed the rail fence.

"We're waitin' for you. The water's gettin' hot," some one called. Then this same person in a lower tone spoke to those around him: "I wonder if he's heard the news yet? I wonder how he's going to take it?"

"You tell him, Jim."

Jim Carpenter spoke up. "Sam, have you heard the news?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, didn't you hear about Allie and Ben Tillman running away last night?"

Sam never moved—but his face changed color changed from a healthy red to a sickly pale.

"Dock, I don't reckon I can help you today. I'm not feelin' good," he said.

Sam went toward his home over in the Cumberland river bottoms and after he was out of hearing one of the men spoke up: "Say, Sam don't seem to kee a darn if Allie did run off with that other fellow, does he?"

An old man fanned the smoke away from his face and answered: "Young feller, you can't allus tell when a man's heart has been hurt. Sam's one of them men that can't be seen into. You can't see the real Sam by looking into his face. He's one of these quiet sort of men. A better one never lived."

Sam Williams went to his home and saddled his horse. Slowly down the road he started with an ash face and eyes that looked at nothing. His horse took him to the nearest village where whisky was sold. Late that afternoon he came back. His horse was in a dead run, and its rider, with a long pistol in one hand, started the people living in sight of the road with shots and wild whoops.

"Well—did you—er—er!" an old woman exclaimed. "If that ain't Sam Williams. Who'd a thought it! Never saw him that way before, and I kahn't believe my old eyes now."

When the darkness of that day came the wind settled, the air grew softer and snow began falling.

Dock Hill opened his front door and looked out into the darkness. "Hit's just pepperin' down now. I'll bet the woodpile is covered up in the morning. Don't believe I ever seed it snow brilk. Hit whuts that big light I see over to'ards Sam Williams' house. Gimme my hat, I'm gone; Sam's house is afire!"

Away across the hills toward the river bottom a huge light made a hole in the darkness.

Dock drew near to the house of Sam Williams and saw the red flames and spark-laden smoke rise up in the night, and heard the roof of the house falling. Nearly breathless he ran up, and there on the yard fence he saw Sam Williams sitting with a gun in his hand.

"Go back home, Dock. 'This is my house and I've got a right to do as I like. Go back, go back."

After the fire in the building was beyond control of anyone who might want to interfere, Sam took his horse from the stable, started a fire in the large hayloft and galloped away down the road on his steed. There are people in this community who heard the hoofbeats of Sam's horse as he swept down the road that night, but there are none who have seen him since.

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**They All Read Allie.**

"The average novel is insipid," said James L. Ford, the noted critic, at a dinner.

"I was taking tea one afternoon in Washington square, when my hostess suddenly turned to her parlor maid and cried:

"Oh, Marie, horrors! What have you done with my new novels?"

"I just gathered them from the two tables, ma'am, to make room for the tea service, the maid answered, and I piled them all together on this commode here."

"Perdition! my hostess cried. 'What am I to do now? Didn't you know, Marie, that the books on the small table I'd read, while those on the large one I hadn't? Now they'll all be mixed up, and I'll never know which are which!'"

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than unkind kisses.

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## FORGET THE GROUCH

AFTER ALL, ISN'T LIFE TOO SHORT TO HARBOR IT?

Many Things May Produce Feeling That Makes Him Unfit for the Society of His Fellow, but They Are Not of Consequence.

The word "grouch" doesn't appear in all dictionaries, but you can tell from the look of it and the sound of it that it is something awful, and pretty soon we'll have the scientists finding the microbes that produce it. For it must be some sort of disease, writes John A. Doyle in the Boston Globe.

There are many causes of a grouch, chief among which may be cited the appearance of the landlord when you thought the first of last month was the day before yesterday; the frequent little misuses from the gas company, which say so little and mean so much; the slight calls of the baby, who has caught the insomnia; the missing of the last train from Squeedunk, and "Sheridan twenty miles away."

Mention might also be made of the delayed check from home, the picking up of the hot litter and the home team being shut out, to say nothing of the information imparted to you periodically by your wife that her friend's husband has made his mark in the world and didn't have half your advantages. This latter will bring on a case every time.

And yet there is a cure for most of these cases, and sometimes they are gone before we really know what ailed us, dispelled by a ray of unexpected sunshine when we had about made up our minds that there was nothing in the sky but clouds.

A raise in salary has great curative properties, and so has a little shrinkage in the price of meats and groceries, but these seem so far, far away that it is not worth while to mention them. "I wish something like proscrubbing a long vacation and an ocean voyage for a man with a week who walks to his work to save car fare. It just ends in the long vacation."

But the grouch in itself is not dangerous, at least not to the patient, unless it becomes chronic. Then beware. The chronic grouch is in a class by himself, and thank goodness the class is small. It is a sort of slow suicide and there doesn't seem to be any cure. A man so afflicted seems to look out on life through a pair of eyes that have cracked lenses, so that everything appears dim and out of focus. The front comes too soon, the rain comes too late, the meat is overdone, the potatoes are not done enough, the sun dazzles his eyes, the dust blinds him, the rain gives him a chill, and he himself is the only right thing on the face of the earth. You are made to feel that.

Do you want to have some happiness in life? Well, then, first clear the conscience. You may need a solution of carbolic acid, but don't flush, and be sure you make a good, clean job of it. Then learn to look on the bright side of things and you will soon find out that there is more sunshine than clouds and you will get your big, green eyes, Chase McIntyre, and what do you see? Think I'm a fool?

"What have I ever done to cause you to talk so to me?"

"Jim Noman says—"

"He says," came a startling voice from behind McIntyre, "that you're a sneak, trying to get your iron out of other people's cattle."

McIntyre had turned at the first sound of the man's voice to find himself looking into the muzzle of a pistol.

McIntyre scrambled through the window.

"Jim Noman, you quit!" he screamed.

McIntyre thrust the girl aside, an act of chivalry which saved his life, for his enemy fired the instant he moved, and while the bullet missed his heart, it shattered his arm. There was another spurt of flame and smoke, and the girl hid her face in her arms, that she might not see. Then she heard a steady voice.

"Now you hit the trail, Jim Noman," and looked up to see the man holding his mangled hand, which he gazed at in horror, with Farrell standing by, smoke still curling from the muzzle of his gun.

Handing the wounded arm as best he could, Farrell started to get his horse to go for the doctor, thirty miles away. When he returned for a final word with his patient he found Mollie just outside the door, weeping bitterly.

"I did not think you cared so much for him, Mollie," he said, "or I'd have hit the trail long ago."

"He stopped when he saw McIntyre's face over the girl's shoulder, a new pain in every feature.

"I always gave you credit for having a little horse sense, Charley," he said. "I'm hurt in more ways than one, old man," he said, his lips twitching. "Let take her, and may God bless you both."

When McIntyre recovered from a deadly swoon, Mollie's face was on his pillow, which was wet with her tears.

"I—I tried to—to love you, Mr. McIntyre—Chase," she sobbed, "but I found I loved Charley, you see. And—and I'm only fit to be a woman's wife anyway, you know?"

"Yes, Mollie, I know," he said, turning his face to the wall.

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**TWO RINGS.**

Heck—They say a ring around the moon is a sign of rain.

Peck—So is a ring around a woman's finger a sign of rain.—Boston Transcript.

**CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## TRAIL OF THE SERPENT

By A. F. DONNEY.

Mollie Chapman stood in the doorway of her ranch home.

"You're just mad at me, Charley Farrell," she cried, "because I went talking with Mr. McIntyre."

"I don't just trust those tenderfoot who come brooding around in street clothes," he replied.

"Jealous, ain't you?" she jeered.

"No, not jealous," he said, low and quiet like, "only I love you—"

"I love you, I love you—" she mocked. "I don't believe you love a thing on earth except yourself and that brute of a pony you ride."

"Of course I love Nig," he said, "and so do you."

She stared unawakeningly at the distant mountains. Will I love you better than anything else in the world, Mollie?

"Jim Noman told me the same thing only yesterday."

Farrell left her abruptly.

Presently, as she worked, a voice from a near-by window startled her.

"May I come in, Miss Mollie?" it said.

"Why, Mr. McIntyre, where did you come from?"

"Same old place," he answered, "leaving me."

"And what brought you here?" innocently.

"Same old thing—no I mean—er—the same."

"Your horse?" ignoring his meaning glance.

"Well, I rode the pony, of course," he laughed, "as I am much too lazy to walk. However, I did not come to see the horse," with a suggestive accent on the "see."

"Want to see dad?" clattering the dishes she was washing.

"Saw him on the way over."

"What do you want to see Mr. Farrell? He's down."

"Charley? Oh, he is down at the corral, playing with Nigger. No, Mollie."

He, I came to see you," leaning in at the window and trying to take her hand.

She turned on him in blind, unreasoning fury.

"You just look at me now," she screamed, "I'm a big, green-eyed, Chase McIntyre, and what do you see? Think I'm a fool?"

"What have I ever done to cause you to talk so to me?"

"Jim Noman says—"

"He says," came a startling voice from behind McIntyre, "that you're a sneak, trying to get your iron out of other people's cattle."

McIntyre had turned at the first sound of the man's voice to find himself looking into the muzzle of a pistol.

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**CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## TOO MUCH FOR CONDUCTOR

Beautiful Train Man Confesses He Would Collect Fare From Daniel Webster, but It Was Not to Be.

Some years ago Stanley Johnson painted a collection of new and interesting anecdotes of Daniel Webster. Mr. Johnson's father, New Webster, personally and his stories are taken as authoritative. Among them is the following:

"The first of these anecdotes that I can recall was about the conductor who tried unsuccessfully to collect a fare from Webster. Mr. Webster was making a journey and, as usual, was not provided with a ticket. The important thing of life expressed his attitude completely and rendered him careless in money matters. When he collected a fare he often laid it between the leaves of his law books, and there a great deal of it was found after his death. Mr. Webster was talking to some friends when the conductor came to him. His politeness in the matter was generally known, for, before the conductor began his trip, he had been told by the baggage car that he would have to stop Mr. Webster; he had first peeped at the idea and then had laid it out. He declared himself, 'but he's no more to me than any other man.'"

Whereupon he snatched down the note calling 'Farrell' with probably more than ordinary perceptiveness. Mr. Webster continued talking while the other gave up the tickets. The conductor negotiated a respectful moment and then said 'Farrell' again. Mr. Webster continued to talk.

The conductor then touched him on the arm and said, 'Your ticket, sir.'

Then Mr. Webster turned his famous eyes upon the man. 'Do you know the president of this railroad?' he asked.

'No, sir,' replied the conductor.

'Well, I do,' continued Mr. Webster. 'He's a friend of mine and I will settle with him.'

Mr. Webster's eyes rested on the man and he turned away—heated. It was easy money for the man in the baggage car. But with whatever malice Mr. Webster may have spoken, I have always felt sure that it was because of his eyes that he triumphed on this occasion; for my father has always said that they were the most wonderfully magnetic luminaries ever given to help a man through this world, ticket-collecting world.

**Oldest Vehicle in America.**

There is an exhibition in Los Angeles that is claimed to be the most ancient wheeled vehicle in America. It was last used some years ago by a Pueblo Indian of the village of Tewa, N. M. The tradition was that this 'carriage' or great had been handed down from father to son in the same family for about six generations to carry its load back into the southwest country. This car, however, shows evidence of having been repaired time and again and it may be that the only part of the original cart that is left is the holes in the wheels where the axle goes through.

The school of the day is made up of large pieces of iron and are 35 inches in diameter, six inches thick at the rim and two feet through the holes. The great antiquity of the vehicle is proved by the fact that there is not a nail nor a piece of metal of any kind used in it. It is built entirely of wood and is fastened together with wooden pins or things of rawhide. It is an interesting fact that this cart is made exactly like the carts that have been in use in southern Europe from the earliest historic times. One sees, for example, just such carts to this day in Thessaly and parts of Turkey.—From the Pathfinder.

**Parents of Crime.**

Passion, greed, ignorance are the parents of crime. Work—not fatigue—deadens passion. Work removes greed. Work develops intelligence. If work gives an unfair return, then passion is not deadened, but kindled into fanaticism. If work be but animal labor, then greed is inflamed. If work be only for bread, then body alone, not mind, is fed. Work must be the attribute of the soul. And it can be, provided it is not branded with the placard 'Failure—failure in succeeding to rob, failure in succeeding to outwit, failure in being born of the rich.

Our schools of the common people teach pupils from books so they may not have to do manual work. Or if trade schools, offering manual training, they send children out as apprentices, but do not develop the small things which would enable them to rise against 'unscrupulous' employers. Our children do not toil enough, and thus are not happy. Many of our financially successful men have not toiled enough, and they do not know the mind of the laboring man, and so patronize when they try to help. Our schools do too much for the child, and as a result the child can do little for himself.—Raymond Jordan, in the Craftsman.

**Little Willie, aged four and a half, had been very bad. He had forgotten his table manners before company, so his father was called into service to administer reproof.**

"Willie, you have been a very bad little boy," said he. "You have shocked your mamma, your grandma and your aunts by your conduct, and I want you to know that I do not approve your actions. It may be that I shall have to chastise you, but I understand what you mean."

"I got you," said Willie, indignantly.

**Another Case.**

Esmond, R. I.—"I write to tell you how much good your medicine has done me and to let other women know that there is help for them. I suffered with bearing down pains, headache, was irregular and felt blue and depressed all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to gain in a short time and I am a well woman today. I am on my feet from early morning until late at night running a boarding house and do all my own work. I hope that many suffering women will try your medicine. It makes happier wives and mothers."—Mrs. ANNA HANSEN, Esmond, Rhode Island.

**VERNON H. MCKNIGHT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.**

Over Vernon's Drug Store, 612½ HALIFAX, N. C.

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## UNTRUE FIGURES OF SPEECH

If metaphorical Phrases Were Taken Literally One Might Very Easily Be Embarrassed.

No situation is more difficult to deal with than that in which a figure of speech becomes a fact. I mean that when we have been using a phrase truly, but in its general and metaphorical sense, we are rather embarrassed should otherwise if we find that it is true even in its strict and literal sense. There does not seem to be anything more to say. Suppose you heard a family remark casually, "It's madness in me to go to Norway." And suppose the next instant papa sprung into the room through a smashed window, with straw in his hair and a carving knife, and bellowed about "Norway." I'm going to Norway. The incident would be discouraging. It would not be easy to pursue the subject.

Or suppose you said to some stately, silver-haired woman who was annoyed: "I think it childish of you to take offense so easily." And suppose she sat down suddenly on the floor and began to scream for her doll and her skipping rope. We would be at a loss. Words suited to the situation would not easily suggest themselves.

Or if a wife said to her husband, apropos of a luxurious dinner: "He's simply robbing you," her remarks would be cut short, rather than further encouraged, by the sight of the friend climbing out of the window with the silver teapot under his arm. The wife would have the extremely unpleasant sensation of having said the worst thing she could, and having nothing more to say.

Cases of course, could be multiplied indefinitely, as the case of one who, entering a lodging house, should say "Rats!" in disparagement of its praises, and find himself instantly surrounded by those animals; or one who should remark, "Uncle Joseph has lost his head over this," and then find him decapitated in the garden.—G. K. Chesterton, in the Illustrated London News.

**Bedtime Story From Tom Morgan.**

Johnny Chuck had a pain in his head. Yes, sir, that is exactly what Johnny had in his head. You see, Sammy Jay hung Johnny Chuck up on the venerable sheeps which everybody but Johnny had heard long, long ago, viz: "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" Now, Johnny is the sort of a chuckhead that takes everything seriously, and so he went to work in deadly earnest to figure it out. And because he couldn't arrive at a satisfactory answer he began to fear that his brains were leaking. So he developed a grouch and chattered around like Aunt Polly and Uncle Remus when they eat too much and grow so sorry that Freddy Chuck and the three little Chucks were alerted for their lives. Several days later Sammy Jay stopped around again, and finding Johnny in a low and feeble state, called at him, saying: "You're kind me when they eat too much and grow so sorry that Freddy Chuck and the three little Chucks were alerted for their lives. Several days later Sammy Jay stopped around again, and finding Johnny in a low and feeble state, called at him, saying: "You're kind me when they eat too much and grow so sorry that Freddy Chuck and the three little Chucks were alerted for their lives. Several days later Sammy Jay stopped around again, and finding Johnny in a low and feeble state, called at him, saying: "You're kind me when they eat too much and grow so sorry that Freddy Chuck and the three little Chucks were alerted for their lives. Several days later Sammy Jay stopped around again, and finding Johnny in a low and feeble state, called at him, saying: "You're kind me when they eat too much and grow so sorry that Freddy Chuck and the three little Chucks were alerted for their lives. 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