

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, Proprietor.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 27

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 borne 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 Diarrhoea 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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, **\$55,000.**

For over 21 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers are identified with the business interests of Halifax and surrounding counties.

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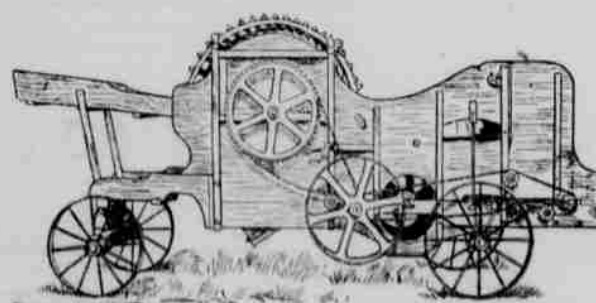
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Weldon, N. C.

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1913 Model--the best of all. This is a safe and profitable investment and you won't go wrong to buy one. It is built right, works right, the price is right and the manufacturers will treat you all right. It stands at the head for capacity, quality, simplicity and durability.

"THE TRUTH OF THE PUDDING IS CHEWING THE BAGS." Ask a few of the following good people who has been using the Ferguson Peanut Pickers for four or five years:

H. T. Boyd, Seaboard, N. C.; J. B. Mann, Murfreesboro, N. C.; Chas. Shields, Scotland Neck, N. C.; S. V. Camp, Seabell, Va.; Asa T. Crawford, Williamston, N. C.; Elias Boone, Rich Square, N. C.; John King Peanut Co., Suffolk, Va.; W. D. Newsom, Ahoskie, N. C.; J. H. Allen, Newsoms, Va.; J. B. Holland, Vivian, N. C.; J. R. Kella & Bro., Courtland, Va.; Alex. Boyette, Woodland, N. C. Write to

The Ferguson M'g Company,
*SUFFOLK, VA., and place your order at once. 8 28 2m

ROMANCE OF WING LEE

By MARTHA LOWELL.

Wing crossed the border in a refrigerator car and happily had escaped with nothing worse than frost bitten toes. The week previous the train's conductor "Chink" had been converted into cold storage, and of this Wing was aware.



Six months saw our uninvited visitor complain as an assistant in a flourishing laundry. Five years, carefully calculated, allowed him to revisit the tomb of his ancestors. This mental ecstasy, however, was made before meeting the "Melican gal."

That day of memories Wing drove a satisfactory bargain, flinging a shirt without notice being taken thereof. Carrying his empty basket down the street he figured the gal and was content, and that same instant he caught the first glimpse of his destiny.

She was standing behind the plate glass of a department store. A robe of azure gauze, price marked \$3.95, swathed her slender form and a polo hat of violets sat well forward above her golden "Marcel." Her cheeks mantled with the blush of maidenhood were luscious as ripe pomegranates and her round eyes, which in color matched the \$3.95, gazed at him as long as a painter's brush.

Wing saw and was conquered. Trailing his basket he approached the window, admiration expanding his features into a grin. Fixed as the pagoda of Nanking he stood before this daughter of the gods and drank his fill of her loveliness.

Late that evening he returned to his laundry. Next afternoon he feigned sickness and hurried off to State street, where his idol awaited him. A week of such devotion and Wing summed up his cash on hand—eight, nine, ten dollars and 40 cents. He dressed himself in Sunday clothes, rolled his pigtail into a tight knot and set out for the department store, where she was enslaved.

"How much do you want your Melican gal?" he asked the floorwalker, most politely. Strange to say it took some minutes to convince the address that an insult was not implied. Questions followed at length. Did Wing wish the figure alone, or in costume, as exhibited. To be sure he wished her clothes and all. Alas, when the price was named, including dress, hat and girl, in toto, Wing's countenance fell. He shook his head and departed with the visage of a stoic.

Behind the ironing board came more calculations and Wing began to work overtime.

Months passed. The adored one changed her diaphanous voile for a smart green tailor-made and the violet polo for a velvet toque. Later in the season she wore a fur cape around her shapely shoulders.

The new year had been ushered in before Wing again appeared in the role of suitor. The savings of six months were with him. A new inventory was made, the price had increased with the season. Wing deliberated. He was "reelingly so," but the "Melican gal" would have to do without her luxurious cape.

The money being paid, the new master undaunted by jeers of the populace and occasional apple cores, shouldered his blonde beauty and bore her home.

Once within the laundry precincts, Wing placed the beauty on a wash tub and arranged her gown in correct folds. It took him a full half hour before he was satisfied with the result. Then he lighted some joss sticks and placed them so that she should be enveloped in the perfumed smoke. He next offered her a plate of rice and soy, but the tilted nose refused to sniff its appetizing aromas.

Alas, that the fates should be so cruel to lovers. A sharp ring at the telephone interrupted this amorous soliloquy. To Wing's reluctant response an irate customer demanded his washing and threatened the law. Wing shouldered a heavy basket and stole out into the night.

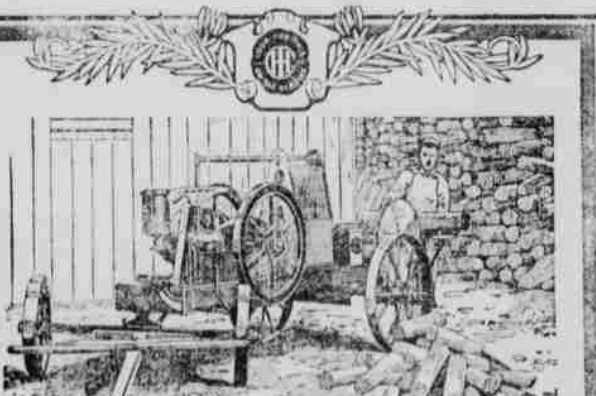
An hour passed. The Melican gal still crowns the wash tub with staccato grace. Then a visiting rat spreads the tale that the beauty is becoming amiable. True it certainly is that the smiling rosy mouth has begun to pout. An ugly wrinkle, too, has appeared above the smooth brow and as the moments pass the tapering fingers stretch and grow weirdly long.

"Piff," the rats scamper as one azure orb smashes on the floor. Tears of wax run down the once tilted nose and ruin the tailor-made. A second eye follows. The hands melt away and disclose their props of wood. Brow, cheeks and nose have become one shapeless mass—then the laundry door opens and slips Wing.

Emotion is not according to the code of Confucius, so our celestial lover neither wept nor tore his hair. He looked—and closed the damper of the stove. Then again, this time without the lingering glance, he locked the laundry door behind him and stole out into the night.

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A Gentle and Effective Laxative
A mild, gentle and effective laxative is what people demand when suffering from constipation. Thousands swear by Dr. King's New Life Pills. Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio, Texas, writes: "They are, beyond question, the best pills my wife and I have ever taken." They never cause pain. Price 25c. at druggists, or by mail.
H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. St. Louis, Mo.



Buy a Mechanical Drudge

ANY a winter day of back breaking labor has the average farmer spent zipping over the old buck saw, z-z-z-z-z, z-z-z-z-z, z-z-z-z-z, z-z-z-z-z, z-z-z-z-z. But the wise ones don't do it now. They have a handy engine to run the saw, while they rest and plan for next summer's work.

That engine is about the busiest and most convenient machine the wise man has on his farm. It pumps water for him, runs the separator, washing machine, feed grinder, corn sheller, and grindstone. Often it runs a hay press, ensilage cutter, small threshing, or a repair shop. The year round it drudges for him, saving the man's strength for more profitable things. And the wisest man has an I H C Oil and Gas Engine

because it does most for him at least cost. Its simplicity renders it almost trouble-proof. Its construction makes it easy to start and operate, and it is most economical in fuel consumption. It is made of best material, and when necessary it will deliver 10 to 30 per cent above its rated horse power. I H C responsibility for the engine lasts all the years it is in service.

I H C engines are made in all styles—vertical and horizontal, portable, stationary and skid, air and water cooled. There are pumping, sawing and spraying outfits. Sizes from 1 to 50-horse power, to operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, distillate, kerosene, and alcohol. Oil reactors, 6-12 to 20-60-horse power for plowing, threshing, etc.

The I H C local dealer will show you the engines and tell you all about them. Get catalogue from him, or write the

International Harvester Company of America
Richmond, Va.

AS TO YOU.

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man, and bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was cast down and blue, and the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down a hill, and the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road, or did you just let him go on with his load.
Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you, but the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? 'Tis a word and a smile were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares? That is every man's load and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you? Or did you just let him go on with his load?
Do you know what it means to be losing the fight, when a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand, when a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?
Did you ask what it means—why the quivering lip, and the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?
Were you brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?
Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man To find what the griet is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift? Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh I know what you say may be true
But the test of your manhood is: What did you do?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road?
Or, did you just let him go by with his load?

HAVE FAITH IN GOD!

Have your plans miscarried, your ships foundered, your treasure taken wings? Has your best wisdom become foolishness, sagacity proven a delusion, your will power a broken reed? Have faith in God! Have friends vanished or proven faithless? Have enemies multiplied and do they now crowd in upon you to destroy you? Have faith in God! Has poverty gripped you and disease weakened your frame? Does pain torment all your waking hours and has life's rainbow vanished in thick night? Have faith in God! Somewhere beyond the stars Eternal Love sits enthroned. The hand which holds that sceptre never trembles. The wisdom which plans the life of systems and of men never blunders. His ways are not our ways, but something loneliness and failure, weakness and pain, sunshine and storm clouds are working His will. We cannot see; we trust. Have faith in God! The Christian Guardian.

The man who is anxious to start an argument can always find another misguided person willing to help him. Many a true word is spoken with lying intent.	Many a husband is a sorry ex-bachelor. Fortunately for the style factories, women have no sense of humor.	Many a man has strained his intellect by trying to but in.
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA	Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA	Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WORTH OF REAL MAN

By H. M. EGBERT.
Charles Cogswell, president of half a dozen corporations and a man to be reckoned with in Wall Street, came out of his club at half past two. He had indulged in a heavy lunch and was tasting again in remembrance the excellent steak a la reine which Georges, the chef, had provided. He had an appointment with his lawyer at three, to settle the details of the alimony which he was to allow his wife, who was about to separate from him. He also wanted to change his will, cutting off his scapegrace son who preferred the life of a composer to that of a bank president. These things were annoying, he reflected, but then that steak a la reine had been superb.

"Hello!" he sighed. "When a man gets to be forty-five his troubles multiply." And he fell to thinking how hardly fate used him.

As he stepped into the street a newsboy ran into him, yelling at the top of his voice. He picked himself up and thrust a paper under Mr. Cogswell's nose.

"Steak of a millionaire!" he yelled, and there, sure enough, was the announcement, in big black lettering. Mr. Cogswell bought a copy, and the next minute was staggering back against the wall of the club. The headline was that of himself.

When he had recovered a little he read as follows:
"Mr. Charles Cogswell, president of the United Realty and Union corporation, and a well-known figure on the Street, shot himself in the temple at half-past one o'clock this afternoon, in a lodging house on the Bowery. Although he had dressed himself in shabby clothes and destroyed all evidences of his identity, Mr. Cogswell's features were too well known for his death to remain long unknown. The body, which was identified by members of his family, and his partners and business associates, who were



Staggered Back Against the Wall, hastily summoned, was removed at first to the morgue, but now lies at his home, where the inquest will be held this afternoon.

Cogswell knew the man—a double of his, strikingly alike even to the gait and gesture, who had once or twice in the past demanded money from him on the strength of the resemblance, until Mr. Cogswell had threatened to have him arrested. Then the fellow had disappeared—to end his days by his own hand in the haunts he had frequented.

The first impulse of the financier was to hurry to his office and summon the reporters in order to inform them of their error. Then a new idea came to him, so unexpectedly that he flung out his arms as though to ward off a blow.

"Suppose I were dead," he thought. "Would the world be better off or worse?"

The idea was so staggering that he felt the need of time to think it over. Time and a place! He had a little private office in an unfrequented street off Broadway. He employed nobody there and no one knew of this retreat, to which he sometimes went to ponder over business deals in solitude.

If he were dead, wiped out, no longer a factor in the affairs of men, what would it mean to the world that he had known? What did his life mean? His death meant release and money to his wife; to his mustache son it meant the inheritance of which he was to have been deprived. His partner, Pretence, and he had always been at loggerheads, and nine times out of ten Pretence had been right in his views. Cogswell tried to think of one person whom his life benefited, but could not do so.

Then why should he not be dead? He could lay hands upon ten thousand dollars. With his experience and knowledge he could take this, go to some distant state, and renew his fortune, shake off the past. He had not yet realized that our past binds us in invisible chains of steel. Acting upon the impulse, he donned a rough old suit which he kept in a closet, clipped his mustache close, and passed out

into the street. In the shabby figure that thus emerged nobody would have recognized the president of one of the largest corporations in the country. His plan, as yet roughly formed, was to go to the Grand Central station, take a ticket for some distant city, and leave on the next train, first purchasing a few toilet necessities, change of linen, and, of course, a suitcase. The adventure pleased him. He felt a strange happiness such as had long been unfamiliar to him. There would be no more steak a la reine; more likely he would eat in Fillmore and Harvard lunch rooms, as the frequent counters are euphemistically designated. He bent his steps uptown, walking because he needed physical exercise to enable him to concentrate his actively working brain. He had traveled into the Thirties before he realized how near he was to his destination. Then, since the habits of years are not lightly overcome, he discovered that his feet had led him toward his club. A little group of members was gathered round the mail porter. Cogswell lingered near. Nobody recognized him.

"Yes, gentlemen, I saw him enter with my own eyes, at the very moment he shot himself," the man was saying. "Don't tell me there ain't no ghosts, for in the future I'll know different. And Mr. Georges swears he cooked him a steak a la reine with his own hands!"

"Ah! The old habits persist after death," sneered Barwell, one of his business rivals.

"I'll bet he's busy concerning harps and bulling halos," said another. "Cogswell won't let a chance slip by."

Some were too good hearted to speak ill of the dead, but none had a good word for him. The shabby man turned away.

It was growing dark, when starting up from a reverie, he discovered that he was standing in front of his house on Madison avenue. He had forgotten all about his plans. An intense desire to revisit his home had taken possession of him.

Nobody was stirring in the street. The shades were down at all the windows. Cogswell let himself in noiselessly and slipped along the hall and up the stairs, creeping like a guilty man hounded by adversaries. At the head of the first flight the lone drone of voices reached his ears. The drawing room door was slightly ajar, and inside he saw the roth, surrounded with light, and persons standing near it.

He crept up to his den at the top of the house. As he reached the last story he saw a figure coming toward him, followed by another, and shrank back into a closet just as they came round the bend in the passage. They were two serving maids, and, as they passed, he heard one of them say: "Why are you taking on so, Mary? He wasn't no good, for all I've heard tell of him. Didn't he drive that good wife of his out of his house and spoil her life for her?"

"I can't help it," sniffed the other. "He mayn't have been a good man, but he saved my brother's life."

Good You

Those fatigued can find cheer in a glass of PEPSI-Cola You enjoy every sip.

In Bottles At Fountains 5c



S. M. DICKENS, Local Agent, Weldon, N. C.

GREAT BARETT'S IN TYPEWRITERS.

We carry a large stock of standard Typewriters can furnish at once Remington, Fox, Oliver, Huntington, Royal, Smith & Broderick, L. & F. Smith & Broderick, and Imitations. Any other make from 5 to 1500 says notice. We have both the visible and the invisible. We bought a large stock of these Typewriters from one-fourth to one-half the regular wholesale price, and on sale now at one-fourth to one-half the regular retail price. A good Typewriter from \$7.50 to \$15. A better one from \$15.00 to \$25.00. The best from \$25.00 to \$40.00. Will be glad to answer any inquiry in connection with these machines, and send samples of the work made by any of the Typewriters we have. Every boy and girl should have one of our cheap typewriters to learn how to use. Any person who writes with a typewriter can demand a large salary. Anyone who buys a cheap typewriter from us accustoms his fingers to the keys, and the machine for one month to let him exchange for a better one, if returned in good condition within six months. It is in good condition when below the market value. We carry typewriter ribbons and other supplies.

STILES BROS. WELDON N. C.

Finders Cure for Epilepsy After Years of Suffering

"My daughter was afflicted with epileptic fits for three years, the attacks coming every few weeks. We employed several doctors but they did her no good. About a year ago we heard of Dr. Miles' Nervine, and we certainly have proved a blessing to our little girl. She is now apparently cured and is enjoying the best of health. It is over a year since she has had a fit. We cannot speak too highly of Dr. Miles' Nervine."

MRS. FRANK ANDERBROOK, Comfrey, Minn.



Thousands of children in the United States who are suffering from attacks of epilepsy are a burden and sorrow to their parents, who would give anything to restore health to the sufferers.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

is one of the best remedies known for this affliction. It has proven beneficial in thousands of cases and those who have used it have the greatest faith in it. It is not a "cure-all," but a reliable remedy for nervous diseases. If you first hesitate to give it a trial, it is sent by mail, and will be returned to you if you do not like it.

SOLELY BY DRUGGISTS. If the first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

NOTICE: Having qualified as Executrix of the last will and testament of F. H. Treacy, deceased, late of Halifax county, N. C. this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Weldon, N. C., on or before the 2nd day of October, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate payment. This the 24th day of September 1913. MRS. F. H. TREACY, Executrix of F. H. Treacy, Dec.