

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, Proprietor.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XLVIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1913.

NO. 28

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass. U.S.A.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

WHY SHE WAS RETICENT
By ALICE BROCK.

It was an announcement party. After the excitement was over the girls gathered around to talk.

"Goodness! How did you ever keep it so quiet?" asked the girl in the taupe gray dress. "I knew, of course, that you and Frank were seen to get a good deal, but you never gave the least sign."

"I know it!" broke in the girl in the white lingerie dress. "I never dreamed it was serious."

The bride-to-be smiled happily.

"And you didn't even wear your ring?" exclaimed the girl with the corsage bouquet of sweet peas. "I suspected that something would come of it, but though I watched your fingers every time I happened to see you absolutely nothing appeared."

"Well, she was good and wise, I tell you, girls!" asserted the girl in the tailor-made suit. "If she'd gone around telling everyone she knew what would have been the fun of an announcement party, anyway? She was wise and sensible, and I hope you'll all follow in her steps!"

"Is that your intention?" shyly asked the demure high school girl, who somehow managed to get in.

"I never expect to fill the role," returned the girl in the tailor-made suit.

"Yes," admitted the bride-to-be, "I've always hated to hear a girl constantly talking about her intended, as though he were the only man on earth! And I firmly made up my mind not to harp on Frank before people! I think it's such poor taste to talk about a man as though you'd obtained the pick of them—all it sounds as if you were slandering the other girls of your acquaintance for being less attractive than you."

"Now, Frank says that he knows all the other girls are nice, too, but he himself chose me from all the others. He said it wasn't that all the others lacked the charms he wanted, but—well, it would be embarrassing for me to repeat what Frank said."

"You know we weren't engaged until just a week ago! Of course, I suspected that we would be, but it wasn't

BEYOND THE NIGHT.

The city lights are bright with flame where up and down the street The city's gleam flares up the way for countless drifting feet; And yet, I often turn away, where through a window pane A dim, old-fashioned candle light shines down a country lane.

The city has a thousand songs—a multitude to sing, A thousand voices sweep the night where dim cathedrals ring; And yet I often turn away where all the morning through A mocking bird calls back to me across the silver dew.

The city has a mighty voice—a siren voice that calls Where Fame is pleading night and day within her star-crowned walls; And yet I often turn away where in the fading light A waiting mother used to call her boy in from the night.

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS DREAM.

The little boy smiled in his sleep that night As he wandered to Twilight Town; And his face lit up with a heavenly light Through the shadows that drifted down. But he woke the next morning with tear-stained eyes In the light of the gray dawn's gleam, And out of the stillness we heard him cry, "I've lost my dream—my dream."

And he told us then, in his childish way, Of the wonderful dream he'd known; He had wandered away from the land of play To the distant land of the Grown; He had won his share of the fame and fight In the struggle and toil of men. And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light, "I want my dream again."

As the years passed by the Little Boy grew Till he came to the Land of the Grown; And the dream of his early youth came true, The dream that he thought had flown; Yet once again he smiled in his sleep— When those near by might have heard him weep, "I want my dream—my dream."

For he dreamed of the Yesterday's of Youth, And the smile of a mother's face; A hearth of the old-time faith and truth In the light of an old home place; He had won his share of the fame and fight In the struggle and toil of men— Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light, "I want my dream again!"

KIDNAPED BY A WOMAN
By J. H. LEONHARDT.

Bracebridge stood on the steps of the casino. He had just tempted Fortune, and for once the jade had proved a prize, and he was left with a broken purse. To describe his remorse would be impossible; he wondered dully what his mother would think when he should seek her out that night in their unpretentious hotel that overlooked the bay at Monaco and tell her that the trip would have to be postponed, that they must hasten home without delay. He cursed himself for a fool, and then chuckled grimly as he thought of the surplussage of money he would have when he had pawned various articles of apparel, the proceeds of which would go to buy tickets for home.

"Just enough for a box of cigarettes," he muttered as he stumbled down the steps to the street.

"Sir, can you not understand even English!" spoke a delicious musical voice. Bracebridge scrambled slowly to earth from the realms of despair into which he had descended. A big red limousine car stood by the curb, and in his window protruded a vision of pink and gold and fineness that caused Bracebridge to uncover with a haste that was more worshipful than grateful.

"Eh! What do you want?" he asked, rudely, for his dulled brain was not as quick as it was wont to be, nor his tongue as smooth; but the next instant he blushed in confusion at his own gruffness. "I beg your pardon, madam; can I be of service to you?"

"Ah, you can," she smiled, relievedly. "Come into the car," and she threw open the door, making room for him beside her.

"But," said Bracebridge, hesitating, "I—"

"Come, if you are going," she spoke impatiently, at the same time rising and grasping his wrist. Bracebridge stepped from the curb and dropped on the seat beside her.

"Away, Adolphe!" she cried, sharply. The chauffeur started the machine with a rush.

Bracebridge had a sensation of a swift journey through the night, but it was a dim one, for he was busy drinking in the woman's beauty as she sat beside him, her neck encircled by a pearl collar, an expensive opera cloak thrown over her shoulders. The girl laughed merrily and said: "I am human; you act afraid, as though you might be in the presence of a deity. I would not harm a living creature and surely not you. Besides, I am smaller than you, you see." She ranged her tiny gloved hand in white kid beside Bracebridge's larger ones.

And then the eternal masculine assumption of moral awe in Bracebridge. He could not tell from whence came his sudden courage, but with a pounce he captured her fingers and threw his muscular arm around her.

"You are musing my frock; I will call Adolphe, you insolent man," she said, between gasps.

The car ran to the curb and stopped with a jerk. When the door was opened Bracebridge was saying: "I am clumsy, madam, in arranging your cloak, and I greatly fear your ruffles will be spotted." He stepped out and looked around; they were back in front of the Casino again.

"I thank you greatly that you will aid me at all, sir," she said, smiling. "I abducted you on a wager, sir, that I could carry off the first gentleman I saw at the Casino."

"And may I see you tomorrow?" he asked, his soul in suspense.

"The heart cannot be controlled," she whispered softly. "Drive on, Adolphe!" The machine whirred away.

"And now to purchase those cigarettes," said Bracebridge. Something cracked in his coat pocket; he felt, and it was a newspaper.

"How did I get that?" he asked himself, opening it absently. The flaming headlines caught his eye: **WOMAN IN RED AUTO ROBS ENGLISH LARD.**

Most Daring Scheme in Years—Lord Algernon the Victim.

He put his hand in his change pocket, where reposed his last five-franc note, "a remnant of the last battle," he cried. "I was a fool not to think before what her game was. . . . But thank the gods that I am only a common person; they'll never know what a fool I've been, as they know about the Englishman. I don't believe I will smoke cigarettes tonight," he added, as an afterthought. He pulled in silence, then he slowly took his way toward the hotel.

"This sad to lose your money and your ideal on one summer's eve," he quoth, very crestfallen.

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THE DEACON'S HANDICAP
By J. C. PLUMMER.

Deacon Job Potter entered his kitchen and seated himself with a deep sigh on the bench.

"What's the matter, Job?" asked Mrs. Potter.

"I'm concerned, Hannah, I'm concerned. My spirit is as clear as spring water, but I'm concerned about what these hyar carnal minded people will say."

"What's happened?" inquired Mrs. Potter, anxiously.

"I was drivin' to him this afternoon when who should come up to me but Mordcaut Pratt a drivin' that there two hundred dollar critter he bought in York hitched to his buggy. I had my old sixty dollar mare to the light wagon and when she heard that critter behind her she just gripped the bit in her teeth and Mordcaut wasn't nowhere 'cept kivered with dust. Now, all these people will think I was racin'."

"Eat your supper, Job," said Mrs. Potter, "no one'll believe you would race that there horse you've talked agin' it."

A ripple of laughter came from the parlor.

"Who's in that?" asked the Deacon.

"Why, replied Mrs. Potter, coloring, "Fred Carey walked hum with Sarah, and he's not gone yet."

"The Deacon thumped his fist on the table.

"I won't have that man a gin' with Sarah," he snarled, "he's a worldin' and sells feed to those unregenerate critters that have race horses at the track."

"Judge Grimes says Fred's doin' a nice business and gals' to be a rich man some day," put in Mrs. Potter.

"Who's Judge Grimes?" retorted the Deacon, disdainfully, "don't be playin' cards."

But Mrs. Potter went up stairs before the sun of the judge were fully proclaimed.

After she had gone the Deacon emptied his pockets of some old papers, throwing them into the stove.

"Mordcaut wasn't nowhere," he chuckled and then looked at a square piece of cardboard among the papers. It read as follows:

"International Turf Club, New York. Play on Pay: 1000 Saracen Atlantic Handicap."

"I picked this hyar thing up on the road in front of the house," muttered the Deacon; "some carnal idjut been bettin' his money and a scorchin' himself with hell fire. I'll talk about this hyar paper at Sunday school," and he replaced it in his pocket.

The horses were gathering for the spring races near the village, and Fred Carey was doing a large business with the horsemen. If it were not for the Deacon's savage opposition to his suit for his daughter's hand he would have been early happy.

The village, being right in the shade of the great race course, naturally, contained some ungodly souls who were interested in the sport, and a few evenings later the Deacon, carrying home a half-soled pair of boots from the shoemaker, found them wrapped in a sporting paper. The Deacon eyed it with a hostile gleam as he unwrapped the boots in the privacy of his kitchen and then his eye caught an item in the paper:

"Public interest on the winner of the Atlantic Handicap now centers on Saracen. Opening at 100 to 1 in the winter betting, his odds have dropped to five to one with 'wise money' going on fast at that."

The Deacon dropped the paper and felt in his pocket. He drew forth the pasteboard card.

"A thousand to ten," he murmured, "and this hyar card belongs to the one who has it."

When the day of the race dawned the Deacon wandered about the house as a perturbed spirit. The handicap was to be run about four o'clock and by that time the Deacon was slinking about the entrance to the course in an agony lest he be recognized and lost Saracen should lose. He heard the cheers and shouts which heralded the flail and a cold sweat came out over him. Men began to come out of the entrance and seek the cars, but he dared not see who had won. Finally, in desperation, he approached a sportive-looking man and asked quaveringly who had won the handicap.

"Why, Saracen," replied the man, "hands down and the jack looking back at the other skates."

"Is this your ticket?" asked the cashier at the Turf club.

"It is," snapped the Deacon.

The man called to someone in the office, and in a moment the Deacon and Fred Carey, two very surprised men, were staring at each other.

"This man has the ticket you stopped," said the cashier.

"I found it in front of my house," murmured the Deacon.

"By George!" exclaimed Carey, "I must have pulled it out of my pocket when I was going to see your daughter. As long as you found it, why, half of it goes to you and the other half will help to pay for the house Sarah and I will live in next month."

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I'll Good YOU

PEPSI-Cola gives you what you want most, on a hot, summer day. It's original. It's different. Keeps you happy and clear-headed for any work which you should do. It is safe to drink than water, it is friendly, pure, tested and proved. Drink Pepsi-Cola when your body wants refreshment. Ask yourself the question—'Am I thirsty, NOW?'

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

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 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: J. O. DRAKE. L. C. DEAPER, Teller.

DIRECTORS—W. R. Smith, W. E. Daniel, J. O. Drake, W. M. Cohen, A. C. House, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zollhoefer, J. W. Sledge.

IN A DRY STATE.

"Is there any place around here where I can get my shock absorber fixed?" asked Petlow, addressing the man in front of the rural garage.

"Wa-al, I dunno, mister," was the reply. "This here's a prohibition State, but I may hev some on hand for medicinal purposes, ef you're reely sufferin'."

DIDN'T MATTER.

The night watchman of a large hotel saw an apparition in white moving along the hall at 2 a. m. He hastened his steps, and tapped on the shoulder of what proved to be a man.

"Here, what are you doing out here?" asked the watchman.

The man opened his eyes and seemed to come out of a trance.

"I beg your money," he said, "I am a somnambulist."

"Well," said the watchman, "you can't walk around these halls in the middle of the night in your nightshirt, no matter what your religion is."

HAD ENOUGH.

A county assessor was making a canvass for personal tax assessments. He called at the home of a widow in the second ward and in a polite way said:

"Madam, I'm the personal tax assessor. What have you got?"

"I've got two children and the rheumatism," said the widow, and slammed the door in his face.

IRREPARABLE LOSS.

"We've been robbed!" announced the senior member of the West Side meat market.

"Every cent in the cash register gone, I suppose," his partner said.

"It's worse than that! A side of bacon has been stolen!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

Harry—Do you know the difference between capital and labor?
Jack—No.

Harry—Well, if I loaned you 25 cents that would be capital, and if I tried to collect it back, that would be labor.

THE TIDE THAT COUNTS.

Son—Some one says, dad, that there's a tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune. What kind of a tide is that?
Practical Father—Tied down by business.

THE NEW BAROMETER.

Farmer Barnes—I've bought a barometer, Hannah, to tell when it's going to rain, ye know.
Mrs. Barnes—To tell when it's going to rain! Why, I never heard of such extravagance. What do you s'pose th' Lord has given ye th' rheumatiz fer?

WOMAN'S FONDNESS FOR MEN.

"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection?" asked the school-teacher of the little girl.

"Yeth, ma'am; almost always."

"Good," said the teacher; "and now," turning to a little boy, "tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man."

The small boy considered carefully and finally answered: "Woman."

DIDN'T DO IT.

A reporter was interviewing Thomas A. Edison. "And you, sir," he said to the inventor, "made the first talking machine?"

"No," Mr. Edison replied, "the first one was made long before my time—out of a rib."

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION
By Timely Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Here is her own statement.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I got so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Cary, Maine.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

GREAT BARGAINS
IN TYPEWRITERS.

We carry a large stock of standard typewriters. Can furnish at once Royal, Ives, Oliver, Remington, Royal, Smith, Emerson, E. C. Smith & Bro.'s and Underwood. Any make from five to fifty dollars. 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 \$17.50 to \$25.00. The best from \$25.00 up to any price. Will be glad to answer any inquiry in connection with these machines, and send samples of the work done by any of the Typewriter we have. Every boy and girl should have one of our cheap Typewriters to learn how to use. Any person who can write well on a typewriter can demand a large salary. Anyone who buys a cheap typewriter from us and wants a better one later, we will take back the one bought and allow the same paid for it in exchange for a better one, if returned in good condition and within six months. If not in good condition we allow the market value. We carry Typewriter ribbons and other supplies.

STIER'S BROS.
WELDON, N. C.

Dixon & Poole Manufacturing Company.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Building Material for Modern Homes, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mantels, Door and Window Screens
MADE TO ORDER AND REGULAR STOCK SIZES
Good Materials. High Grade Workmanship Our Slogan
Weldon, N. C.

We Want to SELL YOU One of the FERGUSON'S Peanut PICKERS

1913 Model—the best of all. This is a safe and profitable investment and you wont 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., Courland, Va.; Alex. Boyette, Woodland, N. C. Write to

The Ferguson Mfg Company,
SUFFOLK, VA., and place your order at once. 8 28 2m

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S GASTORIA

Stockings to match their eyes are the latest fad of Washington society girls," says a Maryland paper. But a fellow doesn't always see the eyes to tell whether they match or not.

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION
By Timely Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Here is her own statement.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass. U.S.A.

PAW KNOWS EVERYTHING.

Willie—Paw, what is the bone of contention?
Paw—The jawbone, my son.

Woman's vanity is largely due to man's flattery.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S GASTORIA

Business Man Praises Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy
Successful Merchant After Investigation Found a Remedy That Restored His Health.

"This is Thanksgiving day in the state of Pennsylvania, and I want to devote a part of it in writing a letter to you. On the 30th day of November, 1912, I was stricken with a heart trouble. My family physician called it Angina Pectoris. I had been one to five weeks in bed, and I was unable to do any work. In the latter part of December I wrote to Miles Medical Co. for information concerning my case, and in reply I received a very kind and instructive letter, which I handed to my family doctor, and he told me to use your Remedy in connection with the medicine he gave me, so I did. I used five bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and seven bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine. I was confined to the house for about four months. The action of my heart is now, and has been normal for the last six months. I can truly recommend Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Remedy to do what they are intended for, if used according to directions. I thank you kindly for your advice in answer to my monthly reports. I am now sixty-seven years of age, and have been in the mercantile business for thirty-five years and lived retired for the last thirteen years."—A. B. Lincoln, Penna.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is sold and guaranteed by all druggists. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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NOTICE.
Having qualified as Executor 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 24th day of October, 1914, or their 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.