

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, Proprietor.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 29

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**. 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 use 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.

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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State of North Carolina Depository.

Halifax County Depository.

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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.

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Are You a Woman?

Take **Cardui** The Woman's Tonic

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BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE-STUDY-ON-GOD BURIED MOSES, HIS SERVANT.

Deuteronomy 34:1-12—Nov. 16.

"Precious is the sight of the Lord in the death of His saints."—Psalm 116:15.

MOSES is one of the grand characters of history. His nobility looms up as a great patriot, general, judge and ruler of his people; and still grander does he appear in his relationship toward God. He was the personification of obedience and loyalty as a servant of Jehovah. In this he typifies Messiah. As we read, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you from amongst your brethren like unto me"—I am a diminitive picture of that great Teacher, Leader and King whom Jehovah has anointed to be the real Deliverer of Israel and the world from the bondage of Satan, sin and death.

Any one can see that great faith in God was necessary for the position occupied by Moses. But comparatively few can see the real depths of Moses' character; for only a few realize the Divine call to Israel and Moses' work as their mediator.

Moses, the Servant of God.

We cannot help feeling sympathetic toward this grand servant of God—"the meekest man in all the earth."

After so many years of patience, long suffering and loyalty to God, in an unguarded moment, Israel's great mediator failed in meekness and loyalty. Directed by the Lord to speak to the rock, which on a previous occasion he had smitten, Moses petulantly smote it the second time.

The rock whence came the life-giving stream represented the Rock of Ages—Messiah, who was to be smitten once more. Compare Hebrews 6:4-6.

The fact that Moses was used as a type of the Second Death class in no sense implies that he experienced the Second Death or cut himself off from Divine favor. The punishment he received merely helped to complete the typical picture—he might not enter Canaan.

Canaan Viewed From Mt. Pisgah.

Pisgah is one of the peaks of Mt. Nebo. From it Moses got a view of the Promised Land, toward which his eyes of faith had looked for eighty years and toward which he had laboriously guided Israel for forty years.

This grand old servant of God, fully resigned to the Divine arrangement, was not to sleep by the Lord whom he served.

Moses' sepulchre was hidden—doubtless to prevent anything of the spirit of idolatry. St. Jude declares that Satan strove for possession of Moses' body, doubtless with a view to using it in some idolatrous way.

Moses Died and Was Buried.

We are not to overlook the fact that Moses died, and will not live again until the Divinely appointed time when, under Messiah's Kingdom, he will be resurrected. Meantime he has slept with his fathers, as the Bible generally records of all who died.

The account of the transfiguration of our Lord and the appearance of Moses and Elijah with Him in that vision must not be made to contradict the statement that Moses died and that the only hope for any one is by a resurrection from the dead. (1 Corinthians 15:12, 14.) We have Jesus' own word for it that neither Moses nor Elijah went to Heaven. He declared, "No man hath ascended up to Heaven"—John 3:13.

Jesus explained that what the disciples saw was a vision. "Tell the vision to no man" (Matthew 17:9.) Just so the trumpets, hosts, etc., of Revelation are not realities, but visions. St. Peter, who witnessed the vision, declares that it was a representation of Messiah's Kingdom. (2 Peter 1:16-18.) Moses represented one class and Elijah another, as participants with Jesus in His Messianic glory.

God's Promise to Abraham.

At the foundation of all God's dealings with both Natural and Spiritual Israel lies His great, oath-bound Promise to Abraham—"In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." This was the first clear statement of God's purpose to remove the curse of death.

From the very beginning He had premeditated sending the Lamb of God to redeem the world and to bring in a blessing instead of the curse. Yet the first clear statement of this Divine purpose was made to Abraham, that himself and his posterity should be associated with God in the work of human uplift.

In due time the Logos became Jesus, and sacrificially laid down His life. To Him were ascribed the "Israelites' deed," to share in His sufferings and death and to be made partakers of His glory. These with Jesus are to constitute the antitypical Moses, raised up from amongst their brethren. Not enough of such "Israelites indeed" being found, Divine Wisdom has been selecting others from amongst the Gentiles. Thus gradually God has been preparing the great Prophet, Priest and King, to be the great Mediator.

Why Use L. & M. Semi-Mixed Real Paint

Because it's economical. Because it is pure White Lead, Zinc and Linseed Oil. Because it's the highest grade quality paint that can be made. Because when the user adds 3 quarts of oil to each 1 gallon of the L. & M. Semi-Mixed Paint, it makes 1 3/4 gallons of pure paint at a cost of about \$1.40 per gallon. This saves the user about 50 cents a gallon on all the paint used. The L. & M. is and has always been the highest grade and most perfect paint produced. Sold by E. C.

Weak Sickly Ailing Women

What more can we do to convince you that you positively can find perfect health and relief from your suffering by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? All the world knows of the wonderful cures which have been made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, yet some women do not yet realize that all that is claimed for it is true.

If suffering women could be made to believe that this grand old medicine will do all that is claimed for it, how quickly their suffering would end!

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women in the world—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true.

Read What These Women Say!

Bluffton, Ohio.—"I wish to thank you for the good I derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound sometime ago. I suffered each month such agony that I could scarcely endure, and after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely cured."

"Then I had an attack of organic inflammation and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am cured. I thank you for what your remedies have done for me and should anything bother me again, I shall use it again, for I have great faith in your remedies. You may use my testimonial and welcome. I tell every one what your remedies have done for me."—Mrs. Emma WINGATE, Box 305, Bluffton, Ohio.

Pentwater, Mich.—"A year ago I was very weak and the doctor said I had a serious displacement. I had backache and bearing down pains so bad that I could not sit in a chair or walk across the floor and I was in severe pain all the time. I felt discouraged as I had taken everything I could think of and was no better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am strong and healthy."—Mrs. ALICE DARLING, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 77, Pentwater, Mich.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ailments. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

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.

WHEN WE GO HOME.

No more of aching hearts, dear love, no sighs,
No wistful, backward glances in the past,
No different ways to tread, no sad good-byes,
To part us, love, when we go home at last.

The tears we weep shall all be wiped away,
The cross 'neath which our souls so oft bow down,
The Father, love, hath promised us some day
Shall blossom at His touch into a crown.

The anguish now we cannot understand,
The bitterness, the longing and unrest,
But we through faith, dear love, can clasp his hand,
Who bids us trust because He knoweth best.

Then let us cease to thus repine and sigh,
What matter if to-day we walk apart,
To-morrow, He who watches from on high,
Will bring our footsteps safely home, dear heart.

And weary earth shall fade and die below,
While in our hearts and on the other shore,
Shall we behold the bright eternal glow
Of life, dear love, and life forever more.

So we shall meet again and hand in hand,
Shall walk together by the crystal sea,
And we shall know and we shall understand
Just why He chose these paths for thee and me.

JUST BEYOND THE BEND.

A BIRTHDAY POEM.

Another mile of life's long journey made
Just one more mile-stone nearer to the end;
Look up my soul! Have faith! Be not afraid!
Our bidding place is just beyond the bend.

Sweet resting spot—the weary traveler's last relay—
The halt on life's highway we all must make,
Where we can lay aside our garb of clay;
Lie down to sleep, and in new garments wake.

Not far ahead—one darksome ford between—
Its stepping stones are rough, but helpful hands
Will hold our own, and angel forms unseen,
Will lead us upward to the promised lands.

Almost in view. Have faith; a few more days,
And we shall stand upon the farther shore;
E'en now—I seem to hear sweet strains of praise—
Refrains soft chanted, which I've heard before.

Remembered voices floating 'cross the tide,
Songs sung with dear ones when they came to die,
Faint music wafted from the other side,
Familiar songs from lips I've kissed good-by.

Hear them my soul; hear mingling with them all
Kind words of comfort to the sore distressed,
Those tones of mercy in the Master's call—
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

Another mile of life's long journey made,
Just one more mile-stone nearer to the end;
Look up my soul! Have faith! Be not afraid!
Our Master waits us just beyond the bend.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

DREAMING IN THE TWILIGHT.

All Things Earthly Are Subject To Decay And Sooner Or Later Must Fade, Wither, Droop, Perish, And Pass For Ever Away.

By Henry Elliott.

Sitting here in the deepening gloom of the mellowing twilight and with feelings softened and sweetened by the hallowing influences that always sweep over one's heart as we sit and yield to that sweet melancholy that is always felt when the shadows—those silent and voiceless palbearers in the funeral procession of day—pass on to the cemetery in darkness, we begin to muse and commune with God and dream of Heaven and its rest, and blessedness, and long and crave and hunger for its beatitudes and its felicity, its sympathies and its raptures, and for those joys that are imperishable, and for those flowers of happiness that live in perpetual bloom and fragrance. Here in this earth life all joys and all pleasures are ephemeral, and are as evanescent as the quivering flashings of the dazzling lightnings that write out in glittering letterings upon the black parchment of the clouds the awe inspiring sentence, "Behold and know that I am God" and which electricity for a moment and then fade away into the rayless depths of space, and leave not one single brilliant letter there to tell of its thrilling coruscations. Yes, all things earthly are subject to decay and sooner or later must fade, wither, droop, perish and pass forever away. The glittering dew drop, which sparkle with such diamond-like brilliance in their fragrant coronal at morning; die under the kisses of sunbeams, and pass away like a snow flake upon the bosom of a river. The beautiful rainbow, child of the light and the shadow, born in the wedlock of the sunbeams and the rain drops and nursed on the echoes of the retreating storm, yields to the inexorable law of decay, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all of its variegated colorings—its beauty, its splendor and its loveliness are drowned in the flood light of the effulgent sun and not one trace is left to tell where its iridescent glories had glistened.

The beauties of the woodland, the fragrance of its blooming flowers, the murmur of its rippling cascades, and the tunefulness of its God-taught minstrelsy, whose glad notes thread the air with a melody as sweet as echoes from Heaven—yes, all these are subject to the same inexorable law, and like the dew drops and the rainbow, they, too, yield to the touch of the decay and pass away. Yes, even the stars, which blossom out into such rich bloom of brilliance upon midnight skies, and enrich a world with their sparkling wealth, yield to the same stern, immutable, irrevocable decree, and in the quivering flashing of some dazzling meteor we behold the brilliant funeral train of some dead star on its fire paved pathway to everlasting burial. But there is one thing which cannot die. There is a life—Jesus-given—which lives in the eternity of its own undecaying, undying vigor and freshness and glorified beauty, and it has a peace and a rapture and a hope about it that eternity itself cannot fathom or measure or bound. Yes, there is too on earth the Christian's hope of that glorious immortality, and protected as it is in the arms of religion, and nursed on the faith of the promises of Jesus, it, too, has an eternity of existence, and grows stronger, purer and brighter as life runs down its channel to the ocean of death. And even its glory beams will flash across the darkened chasm, and illumine and brighten up the inky deep which rolls between time and eternity, and disclose to enraptured vision beautiful glimpses of the blessed haven of peace and rest which lies glistening all bright and resplendent with that glory light which flashes in everlasting sparkles from the throne of God.

LEARNING TOO QUICK.

The Tragedy of the Day is The Loss of Novelty and Surprise, Once Regarded as The Joy of Childhood.

The following from the Philadelphia Public Ledger is good reading and contains a hint:

"A few days ago a Virginia boy walked thirty miles to see a circus. He left his home at sunrise, crossed the Alleghenies, reached town just before dark, got a good night's rest, and spent all the next day taking in the sights. It was his first glimpse into the larger world, and he enjoyed every minute of it. Satisfied and delighted he struck his trail again and with him were memories that will last for months to come.

"It is a simple incident, but the point is that his happiness was so large that it became an item in the local news of the State. The tragedy of the day is the loss of novelty and surprise, once regarded as the joy of childhood. By the time the boys and girls of the present age reach twelve or fifteen they have seen about all that is to be seen, and many know entirely too much of the world for their own benefit.

"Civilization is wonderful and benevolent, but it has nothing that could excite the charm that came to the twelve-year-old boy of the mountains when he saw the sights of his first circus and beheld the old, old antics of the old, old clowns. Often happiness is in not knowing too much and always it is having something new to know."

PREFERRED A POOR TRADE.

SALOONKEEPER CONVERTS DRAM SHOP INTO DRY GOODS STORE BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID OF CHILDREN.

A saloonkeeper recently closed out his business and opened a small dry goods store instead. One of his acquaintances, knowing that he was exchanging a good income for a very limited one, remonstrated with him. "I can't help it, Jim," said the saloonkeeper, "my children are growing up and they began to ask questions about the liquor business that I could answer without being ashamed before them. They didn't like to see their father selling whiskey, they said. I'd rather be in a poor trade that there's no questions about, and be able to look my children in the face."

HIS USUAL LUCK.

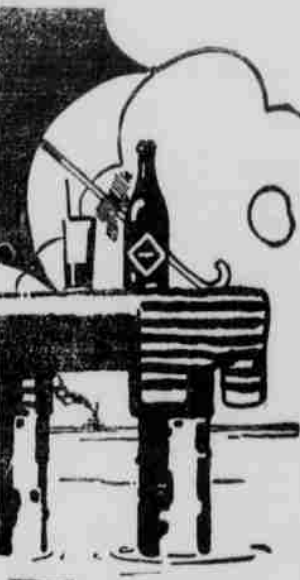
Mark Twain in his lecturing days reached a small eastern town one afternoon and went before dinner to a barber's to be shaved. "You are a stranger in town sir?" "Yes, I am a stranger here," was the reply. "We're having a good lecture here tonight, sir," said the barber, "a Mark Twain lecture. Are you going to it?" "Yes, I think I will," said Mr. Clemens.

"Have you got your ticket yet?" the barber asked. "No, not yet," said the other. "Then, sir, you'll have to stand."

"Dear me," Mr. Clemens exclaimed. "It seems as if I always have to stand when I hear that man Twain lecture."

NOT WHAT HE CAME FOR.

In illustrating that appearances are often deceiving, Senator Warren of Wyoming recently told of an incident that happened in one of the Western states. Some time ago, the senator said, a certain party was traveling past a pond when he noticed a man struggling in the water. Evidently the man couldn't swim, and, seeing the peril he was in, the traveler quickly jumped in from his horse and went to the rescue. In a few minutes the man was safely ashore and wringing himself out, and then came the usual questions. "How in the world did you come to fall in?" asked the traveler. "I didn't come to fall in, pardner," answered the rescued party. "I came to fish."



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never fails to cool— invigorate—refresh!

It has a flavor all its own—rare and delicious.

This and its healthy effect gain and hold friends everywhere.

Try it, and Pepsi-Cola will be your favorite—your daily preference.

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IN TYPEWRITERS.

We carry a large stock of standard typewriters. Can furnish at once Monarch, Fox, Oliver, Remington, Royal, Smith Premier, L. C. Smith & Bro.'s and Underwood. Any other make from 3 to 10 days' 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 \$17.50 to \$25.50. The best from \$25 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 typewriters 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. It is not in good condition we allow the market value. We carry typewriter ribbons and other supplies.

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Whole Family Benefited

By Wonderful Remedy

There are many little things to annoy us, under present conditions of life. The hurry, hard work, noise and strain all tell on us and tend to provoke nervousness and irritability. We are frequently so worn out we can neither eat, sleep nor work with any comfort. We are out of line with ourselves and others as well.

A good thing to do under such circumstances is to take something like

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

to relieve the strain on the nerves. Mrs. J. B. Hartsfield, 82 Plum St., Atlanta Ga., writes:

"I have on several occasions been vastly relieved by the use of your medicine, especially the Anti-Pain Pills, which I keep constantly on hand for the use of myself, husband and two sons. Nothing in the world equals them as a headache remedy. Often I am enabled by the use of one or two of the pills to continue my household work when otherwise I would be in bed. My husband joins me in my praise of the Anti-Pain Pills and Nervine."

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

are relied upon to relieve pain, nervousness and irritability in thousands of households. Of proven merit after twenty years' use, you can have no reason for being longer without them.

At all Druggists, 25 cents a box. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Administrator's Notice

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the estate of Diamond Hawkins, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned at his office in Weldon, N. C. within one year from the date hereof, or this notice will be plead in the bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 30th day of October, 1913.

C. E. ANTHONY.

Adm. of estate of Diamond Hawkins, deceased.

Liver cured? Try Dr. King's New Discovery. Tablets, Netter's, for Rheumatism. Med. At Druggists. 1447 Broadway.