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MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Can We Presume the Great Creator Made You Especially to Superintend the Universe.

There are just the words; four in number, and refer directly to the grumbling, growling, fault-finding mischief-makers. People who never mind their own business are like the street whiffet dogs, that are always barking, biting, nipping and napping somebody. Can we presume the great Creator made you especially to superintend the Universe, and to be eternally prying, meddling and seeking to control and direct everybody's affairs.

It is enough to make one indignant to see what pains some people go to ferret out the plans of others, and start a bit of gossip. They leave their own gardens to grow full of weeds, while they are trying to hold up before everybody the few they pull from their neighbor's. O, how they toil to rob these of their reputation, their peace, their prosperity and pleasure. They do everything but mind their own business. They never discern their own faults and follies. By the time the whole town is criticised, and judgment pronounced, they've not a moment left than to congratulate themselves on their own good works.

People who don't mind their own business; bring more misery into families, societies and churches than anything else. They turn the pleasant, peaceful stream of good will into a loathsome pool; they intrude on ground where angels would even fear to tread.

Now, minding ones own business is the very best remedy for the itching ears that are never satisfied with hearing, and the busy tongue that hurries to speak cruel words. Minding your own business will turn your attention to self, and you will forget to watch so closely the shortcomings of others; it will make peaceful homes, happy neighbors, and quiet consciences; and you will be able to realize and more fully comprehend the truth spoken in holy writ, "Blessed are the Peacemakers."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WONDERFUL LAND--NEVERMORE,

There's a wonderful place in the mystical past,
For the days that one time have been;
Into which Father Time doth so many things cast,
Which occur in the frail lives of men.
There are many events, in the passing of days,
Of which time, from all ages tore;
And the things once there placed, forever will stay,
In the land of the vast--"Nevermore."

O what a collection of things, to that land,
Have gone since the morning of time!
We could as soon number the small grains of sand,
Which cover the shores of all climes.
There are treasured events, which are dear to the heart,
For which we, of time, vain implore,
But once we permit them from us to depart,
They're lost in the land--"Nevermore."

This land's strewn with fortunes--lost, risked for a gain,
And hopes which forever have gone;
And friends and our loved ones--we sigh for in vain,
But o'er whom death's mantle is drawn,
"O where are my pleasures? frail man often moans,
"O time--please, my lost hopes restore!"
"I can't, if I would," says time in mild tones--
"They're gone to the land--"Nevermore."

"Such a horrible place!" shrieks man, in his haste,
"Which doth all my happiness hold;
O why should there be such a desert of waste?
Which 'tween me and pleasure, hath rolled!"
Nay! nay! weak mortal--you're rash in your speech,
As if I'd your losses restore;
But they're gone forever, as soon as they reach
The land of the vast--"Nevermore."

"O please, Father Time, roll backward the years,
And give me my treasures again!
My pleasures! my treasures!" man pleads in his tears,
But all of his pleading is vain.
You know not, weak mortal, for what you have plead--
The days of your pleasures are o'er;
So cease now, your ravings--be quiet instead--
They're gone to the land--"Nevermore."

Said time, "O weak mortal! lost hope ne'er return,
But you should not dare to complain;
For dangers and toils, of which you must learn--
This land, too, doth also contain.
There is sickness and sorrows, anguish and tears,
And the burdens and pains which you bore,
Which now, all are gone, with the flight of the years,
To the land of the vast--"Nevermore."

"O mortal! weak mortal! If for what you have plead,
Were granted for you once again;
Did you know that you'd rob many graves of their dead,
And also bring sickness and pain?
And though the land's filled with wrecked friendships and such
Losses, which grieve the heart sore;
But, too, there are heart-aches and miseries, much,
That are gone to the land--"Nevermore."

Don't let opportunities pass without heed,
As though, forever, they'd last;
For after they're gone, you'll then see the need
Of using the present--then past.
Now's moments are golden--no future we know,
And fortune, but once knocks at your door;
So use well the present, before it shall go
To the land of the vast--"Nevermore."

LADY OF MINE.

Lady of Mine, with the wide gray eyes,
Wistful and wise and smiling,
Warm with the glow of the thoughts that rise
Out of their depths beguiling,
Troubled with sorrow or bright with tears,
Who is to make them shine
Softly aglow through the coming years,
Lady of Mine?

Lady of Mine, with the soft warm lips,
Filling my heart with longing,
Promising heaven's and earth's eclipse,
Swiftly the dreams come thronging;
Dreams of a future with you--with you,
Pulsing my veins like wine,
Promising happiness, sweet and new,
Lady of Mine.

Lady of Mine, I have little to give,
Only a love unending,
Only the years we have left to live,
Only an arm for fending;
Troubles away in those paris to come
When I kneel to a single shrine,
You, my dearest, just you--and home,
Lady of Mine.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON.

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife and Translated by Helen Roland for the Washington Herald.

Competition is the life of the love game,
Getting around Cape Horn in a storm is a simple thing beside getting around a husband before dinner.

A man always feels as frightened and astonished when he discovers that he has fallen in love as though into a ditch in the dark.
A wife with a perfectly even disposition sometimes gets on a man's nerves as a music box with only one tune.

It's easy enough to love and honor a husband--but humoring him takes real energy.
A man's love is something like the weather; after a spell of high temperature it is likely to be damp and cool for a few days.
Methuselah's wives must have found it awfully tiresome waiting for the insurance money and a chance to see how they looked in mourning.

A man always says that it was "force of circumstances" that drove him into the downward path; but, from the celerity with which he goes, it would appear to be force of gravity that keeps him there.
Even a dyspeptic man never hesitates to swallow a highly spiced compliment or a little overdone flattery.

A woman never thinks she has had her money's worth unless she has acquired a headache--a man unless he has acquired a headache.

ENEMIES OF THE KISS.

Relentless Reformers Would Banish the Lovers' Delight.

The kiss has always been the subject of passionate controversy, and crusades have frequently been waged against it, but there is nothing to show any diminution of its popularity. In some countries the men kiss one another, but do not kiss the women. In others the women kiss one another promiscuously, but do not kiss the men, unless nobody is looking. In certain communities the young woman of a household welcome every stranger with a kiss, but it seems to have neither political nor amatory significance. Public sentiment in this country recognizes no impropriety in a kiss between relatives, or the paring of the home-coming kiss. Engaged couples are supposed to have the privilege of free and unlimited osculation. At any rate, they take it.

But the kiss has had its relentless foes. The illustrious sages of old Connecticut, in framing their Blue Laws, which were almost as extreme as the laws of Russia and some of the American States, declared that the Sunday kiss was illegal. Hence a mother couldn't kiss her baby on the Sabbath day, and a sailor who arrived home on Sunday, after a three years' cruise, was promptly arrested and punished for kissing his wife.

In recent years the scientific alarmists have had much to say about the deadly character of the kiss. They have proclaimed it to be a ready means of disseminating bacteria germs, and bacilli, and have called attention to the fact that, whenever a germ moves his residence, he takes the entire family along with him. In spite of this sounding of "alarms without," the popularity of the kiss has not waned, and people still prefer to be happy rather than healthy.

To us it is evident that the kiss has come to stay; but the city of Atlanta does not agree with us. It has passed some sort of an ordinance against osculation, and it is making examples of those who violate it. A drummer was arrested for kissing his wife on the public highway a few months ago, on his return from a business trip. The wise and learned judge, in fining the drummer, said that he could make no distinction between those who kissed the wives of the other fellows, as public kissing was forbidden by law.--Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

NO APOLOGUES.

Uncle Jerry Peebles, who had taken a seat in the smoking car, had filled his pipe and was about to hunt in his coat pocket for a match when a large man of much equatorial diameter sat down in the vacant seat by his side, complacently crushing him against the side of the car and almost obliterating him.

Uncle Jerry said nothing and proceeded in his search for a match. It was hard work to get his hand down between himself and the large man, but he found the pocket at last and took out three or four matches all of which went out as he struck them, one after the other, except the last.

"You're welcome," said the portly man, glancing down at him over his shoulder.

"Was that your pocket I had my hand in?"

"It was."

"Well," said Uncle Jerry as he lighted his pipe, "all I've (puff) got to say (puff, puff) is that you buy darned poor matches." --Chicago Tribune.

Night on Bald Mountain.
On a lonely night, Alex. Benton, of Fort Edward, N. Y., climbed Bald Mountain to the home of a neighbor tortured by Asthma, bent on curing him with Dr. King's New Discovery, that had cured himself of Asthma. This wonderful medicine soon relieved and quickly cured his neighbor. Later it cured his son's of a severe lung trouble. Millions believe it the greatest Throat and Lung cure on earth. Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hemorrhages and Sore Lungs are surely cured by it. Best for Hay Fever, Grip and Whooping Cough. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

A minute of real work beats an hour's talking about it.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals the lungs

IN HOT WATER.

"Typographical errors," said a writer, "are continually cropping up. I called for a magazine editor to take him out to luncheon. As he was getting gratefully into his coat a man entered.

"Do you read your magazine?" the man asked.

"I do," replied the editor.

"Have you read the number, the one that came out yesterday?"

"I have."

"Have you read my poem 'To Gabrielle,' on page 117?"

"No."

"No! Well, in that poem I wrote the line, 'I love you better than I love my life.'"

"A neat line--neat and well-turned," said the editor, soothingly.

"And one of the professional humorists of your composing room set it up to read 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"How--er--"

"Than my wife--precisely that. And my wife knows nothing of composing room comedy, and she thinks the line was printed exactly as I wrote it."

THE LOSER.

"There were half a dozen men after the girl I was after."

"And who won?"

"They did."

"Why, they could not have all married her?"

"No, I married her."

You will never be happy if you envy the happiness of others.

Headache For Years

"I keep Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills on hand all the time, and would not think of taking a journey without them, no matter how short a distance I am going. I have a sister that has had terrible headaches for years, and I coaxed her to try them and they helped her so much, she now keeps them by her all the time. From my own experience I cannot praise them enough."

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We Ask You

to take Cardui, for your female troubles, because we are sure it will help you. Remember that this great female remedy--

WINE OF CARDUI

has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, menstrual pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!

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State of North Carolina Depository. Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository.

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For more than fifteen years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest--six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.

The surplus and undivided profits having reached a sum equal to the Capital Stock, the Bank has, commencing January 1, 1908, established a Savings Department allowing interest on time deposits 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. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

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