

THE WELDON NEWS

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO 44.

A SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER.

MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE APPEARED AT FIRST AS MERE PIMPLES.

The greatest care should be given to any little sore, pimple, or rash which shows no disposition to clear away. It will develop into cancer of the worst type. So many people are troubled simply because they do not know just what the disease is, and are forced to submit to a cruel and dangerous operation—the only treatment which the doctors know for cancer. The disease promptly returns, however, and is even more violent and destructive than before. Cancer is a deadly poison in the blood, and an operation or plaster or other external treatment can have no effect whatever upon it. The cancer must come from within—the last vestige of poison must be eradicated.

Mr. Wm. Walpole, of Waltham, S. D., says: "A little blotch about the size of a pea came under my left eye gradually growing larger from which I had a cure at intervals in all directions. I became greatly alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it cancer and advised that it be cut out. But this I could not consent to. I read in my local paper of a cure effected by S. S. S., and decided to try it. I treated the cancer becoming at first irritated, and then discharging very freely. This gradually grew less and then disappeared altogether, leaving a small scar which has never reappeared off, and now only a healthy skin remains, where what threatened to destroy my life once had full sway."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—because it is the only remedy which can go deep enough to reach the root of the disease and force it out of the system permanently. A surgical operation does not reach the blood—the real seat of the disease—because the blood can not be cut away. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. S. S. S. cures all cases of Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Ulcers, Sores, or any other form of blood disease. Valuable books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

P. N. Stainback,
WELDON, N. C.

Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE OF ALL KINDS.
ZEICLER & BAY STATE A SPECIALTY.



Sole Agent in Weldon for STROUSE BROTHERS HIGH ART CLOTHING (Formerly sold here by M. F. Hart.) A fit guaranteed.

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Wholesale and Retail
TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Dealer in Fine
Staple Groceries,
and **Fancy Groceries,**

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES.

Crockery, Glass Tin, and wooden and willow-ware. Also Pratt's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Grover's Tasteless Chili Tonic. ALEXANDER'S Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS,
No. 23 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C.
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Old Jacob Grovers
Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO.,
Sole agents for the Distiller, Richmond, Va.

MR. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C. is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey.

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A P. POMATTOX IRON WORKS,
Manufacturers of—
Agricultural Implements, Shaftings, Mill Gearing, Pulleys, All kinds of Machinery, and Repairs.

No. 23 & 34 Old St., Petersburg, Va.
A Free Trip to Paris!

Thankful For Mother.

DON'T NEGLECT HER, BOYS.

IT IS A GREAT BLESSING FOR A BOY TO HAVE A GOOD MOTHER.

"Mother looks just as young as she did when you saw her, and better than ever," said a young man, in answer to my question as to the welfare of his mother. It had been many years since I had looked into that mother's face, for we had drifted in different directions, but I remembered her as a young mother with a family of little children, and I had noted her sweet devotion to their interests, and her patient ways in her daily ministrations to them in the home. I had not seen this mother's boy since he was her "little cavalier" in a far off town in the West. I had congratulated her on having a boy so thoughtful of the little things that make a mother's daily routine so much happier and lighter. I was glad to find that, with the growth into manhood, he had still kept up that beautiful way of thinking all the while of something to help and cheer mother.

"I see that mother gets a vacation every year before I take mine," he added, with a bright smile on his face. "This year she has been East to visit her old home and the friends she knew when she was a girl, and it has done her lots of good."

"The same mother's boy as ever," I said. "What a blessing you must be to her. She has thanked God very often for giving her such a son, I know."

"I've thanked God many a time for giving me such a mother," he rejoined. "It is a great blessing for a boy to have a good mother such as I have, and I want to do all I can for her, because she has done so much for me."

"That is the secret of her looking so young and being better than ever," I thought. There are many, many children in the world, and most of them love their mothers very dearly, without doubt, but they are not thoughtful of them. They take it as a matter of course that mother should do for them, even if she is weary, and they often try her and vex her in many ways, instead of making the days of her old hair and happier far her.

By cultivating this beautiful characteristic in childhood of being thoughtful of mother, the boy will not neglect his mother when he goes out into the world to make a place for himself. The interests of mother will always be in his mind. He will not forget the little attentions that make her so happy, or the small gifts that come just at an opportune time.

"I wish I had done so and so for mother, but I never thought of it," said a young man, after his mother had passed away. He loved his mother, but he was not thoughtful of her until it was too late.

The mother craves the love and attention of her boys, even if they have grown to manhood—to her they are her very own just as surely as when they were little children in the home nest—Susan Trull Perry, in Christian Work.

"Oh Subscribers' Kick."

"How does it happen that you are reading the Big Six this morning? I thought the Daily Planet was your favorite paper?"

"I used to like it but I have stopped it."

"Politics?"

"No, I printed a notice of my daughter's wedding under the head of 'Games of Chance.' I never want to touch the scurrilous sheet again."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A man dragged by a wild horse would cut himself loose if he could. He would not have his flesh bruised and torn for a minute if he could prevent it. But many a man is dragged along by the same disease which he might just as well.

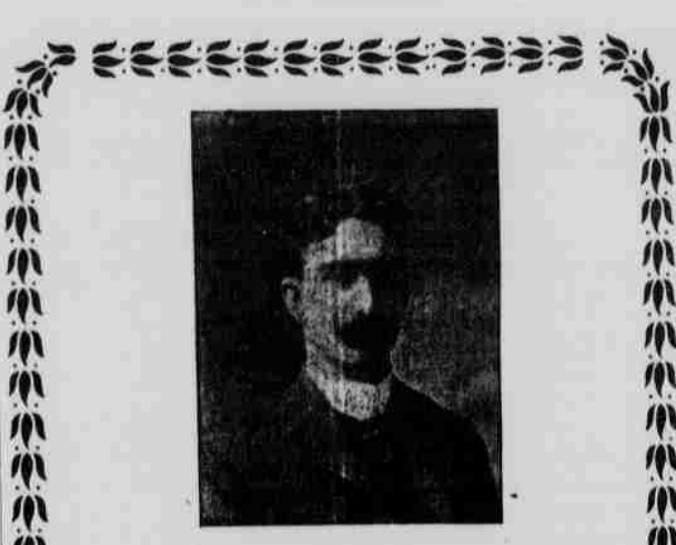
The man who is losing flesh and vitality—who is worn out, run-down, tired all the time—is on the road to death. He is holding out on a

invitation to disease. Consumption comes by neglect. Heart disease is a growth from other disorders. Nervous Prostration doesn't come in a day.

Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at the first sign of failing health and you will seldom be very sick. It is the best blood-maker—flesh-builder—nerve-vitalizer. It frees the body from all disease germs. It invigorates the whole digestive system and strengthens heart, lungs and brain. Hundreds of thousands of grateful patients have testified to its value.

George H. Belcher, Esq., of Dorset, N. C., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was wounded by a ball passing through my lung. I had a bad cough almost ever since with shortness of breath, the slightest change of weather would bring on the cough; so I had I went to see a doctor. A few months ago I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now can eat, sleep and work, and I feel like a new man."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser sent for at one-cent stamps to cover mailing only. Club binding \$1 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



THOMAS JEFFERSON MURPHY.

The subject of this sketch, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Murphy, was born in Sampson county, N. C. He attended the home schools when quite a little lad in knickerbockers and then went off to Davidson College, where he took his collegiate course. Leaving that institution in 1888, he was employed as civil engineer on R. R. construction. Later he returned to his native county and was quite a while engaged in the mercantile, lumber and naval store business with his father. He was always a bright, active young man and while engaged in business he was storing his mind with valuable information. In 1893 he stood the Civil service examination and made such a fine showing that he at once received an appointment as Railway Mail Clerk between Weldon and Raleigh. Since that time he has been changed to Washington and Monroe on the Atlanta special, which place he now holds.

Mr. Murphy always believed that anything that was worth doing at all was worth doing well, and in his examinations in the mail service, he always puts up 100, the highest.

A few years ago he determined to begin the study of law. In 1897 he entered Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and graduated from that institution in 1899, taking the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

Recently he took a course in the study of the North Carolina Code at Wake Forest College. February 5th he stood a splendid examination before the Supreme court of this State, at Raleigh, and has been granted license to practice law. That he will be successful, should be decided to settle down to practice, there is not a shadow of a doubt. Mr. Murphy is possessed of that indomitable will and energy which makes a failure well nigh impossible. When it is remembered that all during the time he was studying law he was actively attending to his duties as Railway mail clerk, he deserves all the more credit for succeeding so admirably where many others, who had more time for study, failed.

Mr. Murphy is quite well known in Weldon, he having frequently stopped off here, and his many friends at this place tender congratulations on his success.

For the present he will continue in the service of Uncle Sam.

A Touching Story.

'LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.'

HOW A LITTLE CHILD MOVED COL. BOB INGERSOLL.

Where a man of brains and kindly thought met a little child and was conquered by sweet babyhood and true faith is best told by Wm. Wordsworth Goodrich, an architect of this city. He never tires of telling the story, and his hearers never weary of listening:

"It was on the 12th day of January, 1898," he said, "when I occupied a berth in a Pullman car coming from Chicago opposite that occupied by Robert G. Ingersoll. In the next lower berth to mine was a woman and her babe. The young wife, who was on her way to New York, had her berth made up early. She had prepared the baby for bed, and as she sat on the edge of the berth, the baby at her knees, she taught the baby his evening prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"The child lisped the prayer as I only a baby can. As the words 'I pray the Lord my soul to take' were uttered, who should be standing with folded arms in a very reverent attitude in the aisle beside the bowed form—none other than Col. Ingersoll.

"God bless mamma, God bless papa, God bless everybody," the mother spoke, and the baby lisped.

"At the first 'Amen,' Col. Ingersoll clasped the baby in his arms and kissed the child on the forehead reverently, saying, 'God bless everybody.' By this time all of the car occupants were on their feet. The great Ingersoll held the wee little baby, cooing in his arms, and he was talking to it. Finally he laid the child in the berth, saying, 'Good night, little one; good night.' Quick as a flash the baby said, 'Dad bless you!'"

Ingersoll's answer was, 'Yes, yes; God bless you!'—New York Express.

Just Shrewd Judgment.

She—I went to a fortune-teller to-day, just for a lark, and she told me a lot of things.

He—Yes, some of them hit it pretty close, but I hope you don't think there is anything supernatural about their powers. They just use shrewd judgment; that is all.

"That may be true, dear. She told me I was married to a man who felt far short of what I deserve."

What we lack is not more talents but more purpose with those we have.

An Anecdote of Mr. Moody.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.

SPEAK A WORD WHENEVER YOU CAN IN THIS DIRECTION.

Thirty years ago a business man in Peoria, Ill., met a friend, William Reynolds, also a prominent business man in that city and said to him:

"Mr. Reynolds, how long have we known each other?"

"About fifteen years."

"Do you believe that it is necessary for me to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ if I am to be saved?"

"Yes."

"Do you care whether or not I am saved?"

"Certainly."

"Pardon my frankness; I do not want to hurt your feelings, but I do not believe that you care at all whether I am saved or lost."

"What do you mean?"

"You are a professing Christian, an elder in the Presbyterian Church. We have met frequently during the last fifteen years. I have heard you speak on many topics. We have had many conversations. I would have listened gladly if you had spoken to me on the subject of religion and yet in fifteen years you have never said a word about my salvation. You have never tried to win my soul to Christ. I can not believe that you care whether I am saved or lost."

Mr. Reynolds, with shame, confessed that he had neglected his opportunities and then said to his friend:

"What has wrought this change in you?"

"I was in Chicago yesterday, and when I started to come home, a young man asked if he might share my seat. As soon as the train started, the conversation started—ran something like this: 'Pleasant day?' 'Yes.' 'Good crops this year?' 'Yes, pretty good.' 'We ought to be thankful to the Lord for sending goods.' 'Yes, I suppose we should.' 'My friend, are you a Christian?' 'Well, I have a high regard for religion. I think churches are a good thing in a community.' 'Are you a Christian?' 'Well, I can not say that I am, now that you ask the direct question.' 'Do you think it wise for a thoughtful man to go on for years without giving thought to this subject?' 'No, honestly, I do not think it wise.' 'My friend, may I pray with you?' 'Why, if we are ever where there is a good opportunity and you desire to do so, I do not think that I would object.' 'There will never be a better opportunity than the present. Let us bow our heads here behind this car seat.' And with the train speeding through the suburbs of Chicago and across the prairie, this man prayed for my salvation. I never saw a man so much in earnest. I knew that he cared whether I was saved or lost. Just as he finished his prayer, the brakeman called out the name of a station and my new made friend was off. He had reached the door, when it occurred to me that I did not even know who he was. I rushed after him and asked his name, and he replied:

"D. L. Moody."

"I am going back to Chicago to find him and to have him show me the way of life."

Before Mr. Reynolds left his friend on the street that morning, he had led him to Christ, and then Mr. Reynolds said: "I am going to Chicago myself to find Mr. Moody. There is something wrong with my life." I saw a man from Peoria on the Pacific coast some years ago, and I said to him: "Do you know William Reynolds of your city?" "I know him well." What is his business? "The people who know him best say that his business is to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he packs pork to pay expenses." And then he told me the change that had come into the life of Mr. Reynolds after that street corner interview, how he left his fashionable church in the heart of the city and went into the tenement district to labor for souls, establishing a church has exerted a marvelous influence for good. I do not say that we should all adopt Mr. Moody's plan of winning a soul, but I do say that we should do whatever we can to lead men to Jesus Christ.—N. Y. Observer.

Poor Old Kentucky.

THE BLUE GRASS STATE.

HE GOETH FORTH IN JOY AND GLADNESS, AND COMETH BACK IN SCRAPS AND FRAGMENTS.

The Martin (Texas) Democrat don't like Kentucky, now. It thus depicts the trouble that beset the denizens of the Blue Grass State:

"Man born in the mountains of Kentucky is of feud days and fall of virtue. He fisheth, fiddeth, cusseth and fighteth all the days of his miserable life."

"He shanneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much mean whiskey."

"When he desireth to raise h— he planteth a neighbor, and lo! he reapeth twenty fold. He riseth even from the cradle to seek the scalp of his grandfathers enemy, and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's wife's cousin's uncle's father-in-law, who avenged the deed."

"Yes, verily, his life is uncertain, and he knows not the hour when he may be jerked hence."

"He goeth forth on a journey half shot, and cometh back on a shatter shot."

"He riseth in the night to let the cat out, and it taketh nine doctors three days to pick the shot out of him."

"A clydone bloweth him into the bosom of his neighbor's wife, and his neighbor's wife's husband bloweth him into Abraham's bosom before he hath time to explain."

"He emptieth a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and his enemy's son lieth in wait for him on election day, and lo! the corner ploweth up a forty-acre field to bury the remains of that man."

"Woe, woe is Kentucky, for her eyes are red with bad whiskey, and her soil is stained with the blood of innocent moonshiners."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

What we lack is not more talents but more purpose with those we have.

SGROFULA AND ITS AWFUL HORRORS

—CURED BY—
Johnston's Sarsaparilla
QUART BOTTLES.
A MOST WONDERFUL CURE.

A Grand Old Lady Gives Her Experience.

Mrs. Thankful Orilla Hurd lives in the beautiful village of Brighton, Livingston Co., Mich. This venerable and highly respected lady was born in the year 1812, the year of the great war, in Helron, Washington Co., New York. She came to Michigan in 1840, the year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." All her faculties are excellently preserved, and possessing a very retentive memory, her mind is full of interesting reminiscences of her early life, of the early days of the State of Michigan and the interesting and remarkable people she has met, and the stirring events of which she was a witness. But nothing in her varied and manifold recollections are more marvelous and worthy of attention than are her experiences in the use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Mrs. Hurd inherited a tendency and proclivity to scrofula, that terribly destructive blood taint which has cursed and is cursing the lives of thousands and marking thousands more as victims of the death angel. Transmitted from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family in one form or another. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in unsightly swellings in the neck or girth, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane, it may be known as catarrh in the head, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

Speaking of her case, Mrs. Hurd says: "I was troubled for many years with a bad skin disease. My arms and limbs would break out in a mass of sores, discharging yellow matter. My neck began to swell and became very unsightly in appearance. My body was covered with scrofulous eruptions. My eyes were also greatly inflamed and weakened, and they pained me very much. My blood was in a very bad condition and my head ached severely at frequent intervals, and I had no appetite. I had sores also in my ears. I was in a miserable condition. I had tried every remedy that had been recommended, and doctor after doctor had failed. One of the best physicians in the state told me I must die of scrofulous consumption, as internal abscesses were beginning to form. At length was told of Dr. Johnston, of Detroit, and his famous Sarsaparilla. I tried a bottle, more as an experiment than anything else, as I had no faith in it, and greatly to my agreeable surprise, I began to grow better. You can be sure I kept on taking it. I took a great many bottles. But I steadily improved until I became entirely well. All the sores healed up, all the bad symptoms disappeared. I gained perfect health, and I have never been troubled with scrofula since. Of course an old lady of 83 years is not a young woman, but I have had remarkably good health since then, and I firmly believe that JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA is the greatest blood purifier and the best medicine in the wide world, both for scrofula and as a spring medicine." This remarkably interesting old lady did not look to be more than sixty, and she repeated several times, "I believe my life was saved by JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA."

MICHIGAN DRUG COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

A Century From Now.

If you and I should wake from sleep
A century from now,
Back to grave we'd want to creep
A century from now.

We'd witness such a startling change,
Find everything so wondrous strange
We'd bury back across the range,
A century from now.

A woman, forty, fat and fair,
A century from now,
May warm with grace the speaker's
chair,
A century from now.

The cabinet may be a flock
Of girlish gays of hat and frock,
Who talk but won't mend a sock,
A century from now.

The people will fly on wings
A century from now,
(Not Heavenly, but patent things)
A century from now.

They'll soar aloft devoid of fear
On pinions of a chaiseless gear,
And change their "flyers" every year,
A century from now.

There'll be no restaurants at all,
A century from now,
The home will have no dining hall
A century from now.

The chemists all our wants will fill,
With food in tablets, and to still
Our thirst we'll simply take a pill,
A century from now.

It is an excellent thing that some people are willing to pray for those in distress—for that is about all they do.

WOOD'S HIGH GRADE Farm Seeds.

Our business in Farm Seeds is to-day one of the largest in this Country. A result due to the fact that quality has always been our first consideration. We supply all Seeds required for the Farm.

GRASS & CLOVER SEEDS,
Cow Peas, Cotton Seed,
Seed Oats, Seed Corn,
Soja, Navy & Velvet
Beans, Sorghums,
Broom Corn, Kaffir
Corn, Peanuts,
Millet Seed,
Rape, etc.

Wood's Descriptive Catalogue gives the fullest information about these all the latest, best methods of culture, soil best adapted for different crops and practical hints to what are likely to prove most profitable to grow. Catalogue mailed free upon request.

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W. L. STAINBACK,
Weldon, N. C.

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