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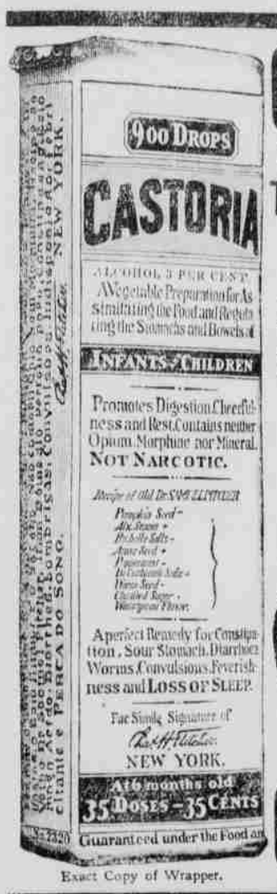

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FOR 15 this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.

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CORN MEAL.

Are We to Change Our Principles and Beliefs By Means of a Change of Diet?

But corn meal is such a rich and versatile product that lends itself to all days and all meals. For breakfast it can be turned into hominy-cakes light and luscious, or into waffles that melt in one's mouth, or into muffins which take on new sweetness in their tin boundaries; or you can have your corn in the shape of grits, yellow with butter, of happy digestibility.

Then for dinner, there is the corn-pone, large, brown and hot from the oven, ready to be seasoned with a sauce of butter, and washed down with freshly churned buttermilk, with an accompaniment of cabbage or collards, or turnip salad, or new snap-beans. If for any reason the corn pone is not desirable—though the farmer cannot imagine anything that can take its place with a healthy and an expectant appetite—there are the dumplings to fall back on, the dumplings boiled with a mess of greens. This dish is a time and and space-saver. The dumplings should not by any chance be allowed to grow cold before serving. For supper, there is the hog-cake, which should be of a generous thickness, and it should be eaten with gravy distilled from the juices of a country-cured ham; or, if you please, a dish of mush and milk. And, then, the day's work being over and done with, the tired man or woman, and the children, weary with play, may fall on their couches and forget, in sweet and dreamless slumber, the grizzly troubles of the world.

It is not to be denied, however, that the products of maize have been losing popularity in this country; they seem to be going out of fashion; they are a little too coarse for the die tender throats of the generation that has come and the one that is coming. The tastes of the people are growing somewhat different; patent medicines and predigested foods, made of nobody knows what, seem to go together, and with these have come new forms of digestion, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, and new causes of worry. There is an idea in the minds of the new generation that corn and all the varieties of food, all the toothsome dishes, that are derivable therefrom, are to be left to those whose tastes are common, and whose associations must be low. This, consciously or unsciously, is the view of a considerable number of those who are to take up the destinies of the Republic and carry them a little way on their long journey, and this is curious, too, when we think of the nature of our political fabric.—Joel Chandler Harris, in Uncle Remus's Magazine for November.

NEEDED WATCHING.

"You wish to employ one of our detectives to watch your husband?" "I do." "May I ask what has aroused your suspicion of him?" "He sent me a bunch of violets and a box of candy from town yesterday."

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, [illegible] "risings" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes, and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to it [illegible] until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

MEN OF THE HOUR.

HON WILLIAM J. BRYAN. CONGRESSMAN CHAMP CLARK.

WAITING.

As the years mark time on the mystic page
And the white frost rests on the crown of age,
And the far call comes from beyond the sky
In a sort of sunset lullaby,
It is sweet to pause in the rose-red west
Just to muse of those that we loved the best!

It is sweet to dream of the ones we knew
In the far off world with its dome of blue;
It is sweet to pause in the sunset land
For a backward glance at the childish band;
For a ling'ring look, ere the frost winds blow,
At the ones we loved in the long ago!

Ah! the ones we loved in the long ago!
They have drifted far with the ebb and flow;
They have sailed their crafts on the open sea
To the harbor's rest or the tide's debris.
Ah! the trusts that failed and the prizes missed,
And the cold dead lips of the hopes we kissed!

Like the frost scarred leaves of a ripened rose
On the tangled path where the soft wind blows,
We may rest an hour in the warming sun—
We may rest and dream of the journey run—
But the night is near and the petals blow
To the ones we loved in the long ago!

MOTHER'S WAY.

You remember mother's way—how she came and went
Like a messenger of bloom on sweet missions sent.
You remember mother's way—tenderly and mild,
How it brought such comforting to a little child.
Everything was mother's way—toil and song and rest,
From the dawn until the dream on her tender breast.

You remember mother's way—no one else could do
Just the same as her; at least, so it seemed to you.
No one else could cook or mend, keep the house as sweet,
Go and come as soft as dream on such noiseless feet;
Sweep and dust and tidy up, and at eventide
Sing the sweet old hymns of faith at the ingleside.

You remember mother's way—when you felt so sick,
Didn't want to lift your head, couldn't turn a lick
You remember mother's way—how her presence made
Blossoms spring around your bed, gardens cool with shade;
Bandage here and poultice there, old-time herbs and things,
And her moving around the room as an angel on wings.

You remember mother's way—when the attic room
Seemed so far and far away, horrible with gloom,
How she'd wait upon the stairs with the light to keep
Vigil till her little child fell in childhood sleep;
How you just forgot the ghosts and the spooks and frights
When in mother's way she sat in those olden nights.

You remember mother's way—every now and then
Some remembered sweetness dawns in the hearts of men,
Drifting as the shadows drift, insubstantial, frail,
Calling back the vanished days from the leafy vale;
Calling back the echoes lost when she ceased to sing
In that land where April soars on auroral wing.

You remember mother's way—blessed dream of her,
And her phantom beauty walks where the dead leaves stir;
When the winds of autumn touch hearstrings with their thrill
Memory wanders back again over vale and hill
To the little home of love, in the shadows gray,
For remembered ministries of a mother's way.

AN AWKWARD ERROR.

"At a dinner at Dark Harbor last summer a deaf old man sat beside a young and beautiful girl.

"Do you like bananas?" the girl said to the old man during the first course in a low, sweet voice.

He, however, misunderstood her in his deafness. He thought she said 'pajamas.' And he replied:

"No, I like the old-fashioned night-shirts the best."

Money is the curtain that hides much of the meanness and rascality from the eyes of the world.

A GOOD ANSWER.

A gentleman once asked a Sabbath school what was meant by the word "repentance." A little boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer.

A little girl in the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit."—Selected.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

"As the Days of a Tree, Are the Days of My People." Isa. lxv. 23.

The early frosts and rapid blasts of autumn have well nigh spent all the feeble forces of some. Showers of rain and a blast have left scattering on the ground few on us.

If we, as solitary leaves of Nature's autumn, we should be very different from what we are. Too late of the leaf, but the tale of the tree more frequently repeated.

Year by year the leaves appear, fade and fall. So they preach to you who are now young and fair, and vigorous. In a few years the tree itself dies, so it preaches to those who are feeling the chill of age and the sure, irresistible approach of decay. The preaching of the budding leaf is, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." The preaching of the tree, broken and bleached by storm, is, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

My brethren, the year once more is hastening to its close. All is fleeting, all is fading, all is passing away—oh, so quietly, but quickly—so silently, but irrecoverably! Nothing left but the record of what we have been—whether we have lived with Christ or forgotten Him; whether we have lived for pleasure or for God; whether we have been content with this world, or lived as sojourners, "desiring a better country, that is, a heavenly, looking to a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

Our text stands in the midst of a crowd of gracious promises as to the coming kingdom of Christ and the blessed state of the New Jerusalem. None shall labor in vain, nor bring forth trouble. No care, no sorrow, no disappointment there! "Before they call," saith the Lord, "I will answer; while they are yet speaking I will hear." "As the days of a tree, are the days of My people; and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

"A tree!" Ay! but what tree? Many able scholars hold to the opinion that the true rendering of this passage is, "As the days of the tree"—that is, the "tree of life." The Tree of Life in Eden, that first of sacraments, was designed to sustain and reflect the life infused into man at his creation. To us, however, there is another Tree of Life—even the Cross of Christ. The Body broken and the Blood shed upon that Tree are to us the means of Resurrection and Immortality.

There is yet another tree to which he can (as yet) look only in faith—that tree standing beside the river which issues from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb—its twelvefold fruit, borne twelve times each year, and its leaves for the healing of the nations.

"As the days of a tree, are the days of My people." This is the privilege of the true children of God. To them the Cross of Christ is the seed of life; and planted in the likeness of His death, they shall also be in the likeness of His Resurrection. Their destiny is to feed on the Tree of Life in the midst of the Paradise of God, and as the days of that tree are never ending, never fading, never darkening, so shall the days of God's people be.

On that tree, with the eyes of living, loving faith, let us fix our hearts and hopes.

Soon, very soon, the years which intervene shall disappear, and then—

"The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever
And worship face to face."

A hacking cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a long-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards calls this herb which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other.

Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

TO CURE A BAD TEMPER.

Have Too Much Confidence in Yourself to Imagine Anybody Could Slight or Neglect You.

The best way to cure a bad temper is first to convince yourself that you are faulty before others. Try to believe it true, do all you can and do the good you can for them. You will forget your own grievances, and be too busy and too happy to make them. Have you much confidence in yourself to imagine anybody could slight or neglect you? Don't worry about things go wrong in the household arrangements, or in any other matter. Never be careless. Why should you care whether or not your neighbor dresses better than yourself? If you are again saddened with your fault, you will grieve unduly. Envy is a form of conceited weakness, a lack of self-respect. Besides, in the meantime fleeting you could possibly have. Lastly, if you can cure your temper in no other way, simply run and glance in the looking glass while you are in the midst of it. This would cure you, for the greatest enemy of beauty is temper. The girl with a bad temper is in no means the worst woman in the world. She often has a very kind heart and a very strict conscience. Her temper itself sometimes lets so many of her evil thoughts out through her tongue that nature is, after all, quite sweet and kind. But nevertheless, the fever of temper that burns within her does its work on her constitution. It shows itself, too, in the deep wrinkles just above the nose, and long lines at the side of her mouth, and in the drooping mouth itself, with its spiteful expression. The girl who is always nursing her wrongs, wrongs herself more than anybody else could have wronged her, so you should pity rather than condemn her.

When the stomach, liver or kidneys get out of order, then there arises all sorts of ills. Dr. Shoop's Kidney Cure includes the liver and kidneys. That is why it is a wonderful kidney prescription for almost every kind of kidney ailment. It is a liquid—and it is now ready. Before you buy any kidney medicine, try Dr. Shoop's Kidney Cure. It is entirely worth the simple test.

Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

It is a very lame river that cannot "take up its bed" and run.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Speaking of a woman's hair, it is hard to tell which is switch.

A Hard Debt to Pay.

I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid in full to Dr. King's New Discovery, for saving my life. Consumption had fastened its fangs on me and I was given up to die by my physicians, when I commenced taking New Discovery. The first bottle gave me decided relief, and the use of two more bottles made a complete cure. Nothing has ever equaled New Discovery for coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed by all druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

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Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

There is nothing like a bolt for a deadlock.

The finest coffee substitute ever made has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis. Another claims to make it 20 to 30 minutes. "Not in a minute" says Dr. Shoop. "Health Coffee" is really the closest imitation coffee ever produced. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Healthcoffee imitation is made from pure flavored cereals of genius with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—see if it does not unknowingly drink it for coffee.

Sold by W. T. Parker, Weldon, N. C.

A brandy "cocktail" is unquestionably a tale of misery.

You can't be well if you have a weak, unhealthy, tired out stomach. Neither can you feel good if by some little imprudence in eating you have caused the stomach to get out of order. These little stomach troubles are signs of indigestion, which may and very often does turn into a very bad case of dyspepsia. Don't allow this to go on a single day without doing something to overcome it. Take some good reliable and safe digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is the best remedy known today for heart burn, belching and all troubles arising from a disordered digestion. It is pleasant to take and affords relief promptly.

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Boys are generally very boisterous.

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