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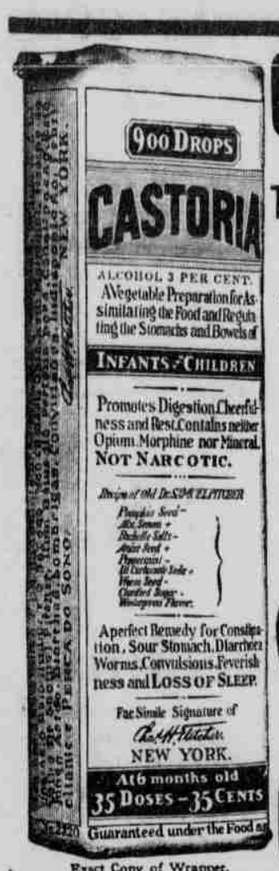

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WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina,

AUGUST 20TH, 1892.

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

Capital and Surplus, **$40,000.**

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.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: DR. H. W. LEWIS, (Jackson, Northampton county) CASHIER: W. R. SMITH.

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AIR LINE RAILWAY

Short Route

To and Through the South Atlantic States and from New York to Florida. Also via Atlanta to the Southwest.

Unexcelled Passenger Service Via

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Watch for announcement of Improved Schedules.

Cleveland Carter, Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C. C. H. GATTIS, Trav. Pass. Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

THE WATERMELON.

Africa is the Original Home of This Luscious Fruit.

The humorists always associate the African with the watermelon, assuming that the taste of the colored man for his favorite dainty arises from his life in the southern states, where the melon vine grows like a weed.

As a fact, however, the African taste for the watermelon is hereditary. The vine is a native of Africa, where it is found wild in the great central plains of the continent, and has also been cultivated for many ages.

In Egypt the melons grown along the Nile rival those of southeastern Missouri.

The melons mentioned by the Israelites as being among the good things they had in Egypt were undoubtedly watermelons, for in the wall paintings about the time of the exodus the melon vine is represented, and in one case a long procession of slaves is depicted, each bearing on his shoulder a huge dark green watermelon.

Botanists say that varieties of the melon are found in southern Asia, and some even claim that the plant grows wild in central and South Africa, but Africa is no doubt the original home of the melon, and in his preference over every other kind of vegetable or fruit the African merely displays a taste that has become fixed in his race by thousands of years of indulgence, for in central Africa ripe watermelons are to be had every month in the year.—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE SLAVES OF GOLD.

"The Love of Money Is The Root of All Evil.

Who are the leaders of our best society, generally speaking? Why a man may carry a whole library in his head, and if his coat be seedy and his pocket empty he is nowhere while a brainless fop, whose attire is faultless, and who carries a full purse, is a first-rate smart fellow. What chance has a young lady a little out of style, who has to earn her own living, to shine in society by the side of one of our fashionable ladies whose papa is a millionaire? Socially we are the slaves of gold. Old-fashioned people look at it in the old-fishioned way, and say it is all wrong. And so it is; but it is a fact that stares us in the face that those who are worth the most are considered as of the most worth. After all, perhaps, the wisest man was right when he said "The love of money is the root of all evil." We know from sad experience that it is very inconvenient to be poor, but no man is poor who has a happy home and it does not require lace curtains or velvet carpets to make a home happy.

If you have Catarrh, rid yourself of this repulsive disease. Ask Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis., to mail you free, a trial box of his Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. A simple, single test, will surely tell you a Catarrh truth well worth your knowing. Write today. Don't suffer longer. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

Don't turn a man down just because for him nothing ever turns up.

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherrybark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

THE MESSAGE OF MUSIC.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

What's that the fiddle's sayin' which the others never hear?—
Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear!—
Somethin' of the past time—the shadow an' the beam,
An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

"The old lads are weary—
Youth must have a chance;
Too old to dance now—
Too old to dance!"

On merry nights I hear it from my chimney-corner place;
Rosy cheeks aroun' me, with the dimples in a a race!
An' I seem to feel their freshness—a breath of golden curls,
As movin' to the music they swing the sweetheart-girls!

"The old lads are lonesome—
Youth must have a chance;
Too old to dance now—
Too old to dance!"

That's how the fiddle's singin' in a tune to them unknown—
A sort of farewell message to the heart of me alone!
"You've reaped the youth-time roses—you've had your day and time:
The twilight round you closes, where bells of Mem'ry chime:—

"The old lads are lonesome—
Youth must have a chance;
Too old to dance now—
Too old to dance!"

THE LONG AGO.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

There's a magical isle up the river of time,
Where the softest airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fair shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

MINISTER TO THE SICK.

Anything Which We May Do for Them, in Love, Will Be Seed Sown in Good Ground.

It is a grand, good and beautiful thing to minister to the sick—to the wants of those laid low by affliction, and doubtless there is not a human being but will acknowledge this fact, but it never so forcibly strikes us as when we, ourselves, are lying prostrated by disease. How many times have we, when suffering almost unbearable pain, or tossing with a burning fever, resolved that if ever we did get well again, we would do all we could for the sick. It is a sad pity that with returning health our good resolutions oftentimes flee away. It is not expected that busy mothers be Florence Nightingales, to go out and nurse wounded soldiers, and indeed this is not at all necessary, for they can find sick ones nearer. In almost every neighborhood there is one, perhaps more, whose well days are over. They are usually spoken of as invalids, and so accustomed are we to their being sick that we may often times seem indifferent to their suffering and confinement. But to them it never grows old, and much is the good, right here, that we can do. Many and varied are the ways we can help them, these unfortunate ones. In fact, anything which we may do for them in love, will be seed sown in good ground. A bunch of flowers, a new book or magazine, a dainty morsel from one table, all these are trifles, but may brighten up their dreary lives; and then we should visit them, or if they live at a distance we should write them a tender, sympathetic, though cheerful letter.

THE REASON.

"Do you mean to tell me you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for twenty years?"

"That's right, stranger, twenty years."

"But I don't see what you find to keep you busy?"

"Nothing, stranger. That's the reason I like it."—Louisville Herald.

Diamonds are going up—also the chins of their feminine wearers.

At times when you don't feel just right, when you have a bad stomach, take something right away that will assist digestion, not something that will stimulate for a time but something that will positively do the very work that the stomach performs under ordinary and normal conditions, something that will make the food digest. To do this you must take a natural digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is a scientific preparation of vegetable acids with natural digestants and contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Each dose will digest more than 3,000 grains of good food. It is sure to afford prompt relief; it digests what you eat and is pleasant to take.

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

Never do any worrying today that can be put off until tomorrow.

He—I suppose you wouldn't love me any longer if my money was gone.

She—Well, I certainly couldn't love a man who was shorter.

Stop that tickling cough! Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure will surely stop it, and with perfect safety. It is so thoroughly harmless that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else with very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub furnish the curing properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other.

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

Good intentions never seem to get beyond the crawling stage.

Grippe is sweeping the country. Stop it with Preventics, before it gets deeply seated. To check early colds with these little Candy Cold Cure Tablets is surely sensible and safe. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh or sickening. Pneumonia would never appear if early colds were promptly broken. Also good for feverish children. Large box, 48 Tablets, 25 cents. Vest pockets, 5 cents.

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

Tomorrow never comes—unless you have a note to meet.

Everything taken into the stomach should be digested fully within a certain time. When you feel that your stomach is not in good order, that the food you have eaten is not being digested, take a good, natural digestant that will do the work the digestive juices are not doing. The best remedy known today for all Stomach troubles is Kodol, which is guaranteed to give prompt relief. It is a natural digestant; it digests what you eat, it is pleasant to take.

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

Some politicians have long fingers and short memories.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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THE HUMAN HEART.

This Is a Subject which Gets Very Near To Us All.

The subject of hearts is one that gets very near to us all. The heart is the center to all our feelings. It is the scale in which we weigh the acts of our friends, and ought to weigh our own. It is the bar at which we judge our enemies. It is the fountain head of all our thoughts and deeds. It is the safe deposit where we treasure up all the sweet memories of the past, and the tablet on which is marked the scars of ill-treatment. It is the captain of the little craft in which we journey down the stream of life. It is the dwelling place of the soul—that indestructible spiritual life that dwells within us.

There are glad hearts and sad hearts, and hearts that are broken. Did you ever think that no human being was ever born whose destiny was not linked with the heart of some one else. There's mother's solicitude for her child; the heart is its abiding place. The two hearts are bound together by the tender cords of affection, and distance that separates them can not break this binding force.

The head is receptacle in which to store knowledge; the heart is a monitor that directs the knowledge. The glad hearts! How welcome they are in this old world! The hearts that wear a smiling face and extend the glad hand! They scatter sunshine wherever they go. They inspire us with good thoughts and the desire to do noble things. They smooth down the rough places in life. They remove the obstacles from our paths, and sweeten the pleasures of this old world.

Then there are the hearts that are sad, and appeal to our sympathies. They water our own hearts with their tears and keep alive the spirt of love and compassion. They, too, have their God-given purposes.

And what shall we say of the aching hearts? The mother's heart that aches for her wayward boy, the wife's heart that yearns for a caress from an erring husband. What can equal a mother's love for the boy? You boys have grown up from tender babies under a mother's watchful care. Ah, boys, how many heartaches do you cause that dear old mother? Do you realize the world of affection in a mother's heart? What joy can you have in her sorrow? What pleasure in her pain? Stop, my lad, and think of your mother's heart. You have it in your power to make it sad. Let your heart warm to hers as it did when it was a babe in her arms. Kindly stroke the gray hairs on her head and assure her that in your heart there is seated a deep and lasting love and reverence for her.

Do you know that this subject of hearts is the grandest one on earth? The more you study it the longer it grows. It is as broad as the earth, as high as heaven and as deep as the unfathomable abyss. Hearts are the trump cards of life, and the ticket we must present at the door of heaven.

The heart is the bookkeeper of our actions. How do you keep it? Is it clean and pure enough for public inspection, or is it scarred over with bad thoughts and worse deeds? Ah, keep thy heart diligently, for out of it are the issues of life.

HE AIMED HIGHER.

He kissed her hand.

She withdrew it hastily and gazed reproachfully at him.

"I didn't think it of you," she said, almost tearfully. "I had always considered you a young man with ideals and—"

"I—I am sorry if I have offended," he stammered. "I"—

"Well," she said bitterly, "I certainly expected you to aim higher."

So he took heart and made new resolutions and things.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

GIRL FROM ALABAMA.

A Dapper Young Man Gets Into Trouble Trying to Flirt.

A dapper young man on upper Broadway last evening was following a girl, whose hands were in a huge muff. Suddenly, at Forty-fifth street one of her hands, clad in a two-ounce boxing glove, dashed out and sent the masher rolling into the gutter. He lay there a few seconds, while some humorist in the little crowd that witnessed the feat slowly tolled off the "one, two, three, four, etc." of the regulation referee.

The masher picked himself up with difficulty and scurried away just as Detective Leigh, head of the uptown detective bureau, came along. Leigh said authoritatively:

"Young lady, you mustn't come around here knocking people down."

In an instant the girl had swung around again and Leigh saw the two-ounce glove coming his way, and, being a boxer himself, just managed to dodge enough to receive a glancing blow. Leigh threw his coat open and displayed his shield and the mysterious woman dropped her guard.

"I beg your pardon," she said sweetly. "I am a stranger here. I came from Alabama, and am a stenographer, alone in town. But I'll tell you, officer, there's no man in this city can insult me with impunity. I taught women boxing in the South—and I'll teach New York mashers boxing in the north."

Leigh stood petrified for an instant and then made a movement as if to shake hands with the girl.

"I admire you," he said, after spectators had declared the girl had acted in self-defense. "Won't you tell me your name?"

"No, sir," she said. "But I'll tell you other things. I put this boxing glove on and hid it in my muff, because every time I walk down Broadway to get the fresh air some hoodlum accosts me, and as the police can't be everywhere at once, I decided to take care of myself. I've knocked about four of them this evening—and there'll be more."

Whereupon the dainty athlete thrust her padded hand into the muff and strolled away, while the masher hurried to some place of safety.—New York American.

ALWAYS TAKE TIME.

"Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for His glory during the day.

Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile or a pleasant word falls like a sunbeam upon the hearts of those around us.

Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "Excuse me," etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity, and you know—

"True politeness is to say the kindnest things in the kindest way."

Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over almost any child.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs even if they crown the head of a beggar."

SULPHUR BATHS AT HOME.

They Heal The Skin and Take Away Its Impurities.

Sulphur Baths heal Skin Diseases and give the body a wholesome glow. Now you don't have to go off to a high-priced resort to get them. Put a few spoonfuls of HANCOCK'S LIQUID SULPHUR in the hot water, and you get a perfect sulphur bath right in your own home.

Apply HANCOCK'S LIQUID SULPHUR to the affected parts, and Eczema and other stubborn skin troubles are quickly cured. Dr. R. H. Thomas, of Valdosta, Ga., was cured of a painful skin trouble, and he praises it in the highest terms. Your druggist sells it.

HANCOCK'S LIQUID SULPHUR OINTMENT is the best cure for Sores, Pimples, Blackheads and all inflammation. Gives a soft, velvety skin.

A woman thinks her husband is smart to be able to tell what makes the furnace smoke, though he can't stop it.

Postmen can tell there's nothing in women's letters by their being so thick.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be considered. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The formula of Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—an topical gynecological suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue and all blood affection.

The Night Cure, as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, quiets nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

W. M. COHEN.

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:—"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat.

Bottles only. Relieves indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas, etc.

Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

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

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FEELING LIVER-ISH This Morning?
TAKE
THEDFORDS Black-Draught
Stops Indigestion Constipation
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A Gentle Laxative And Appetizer

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