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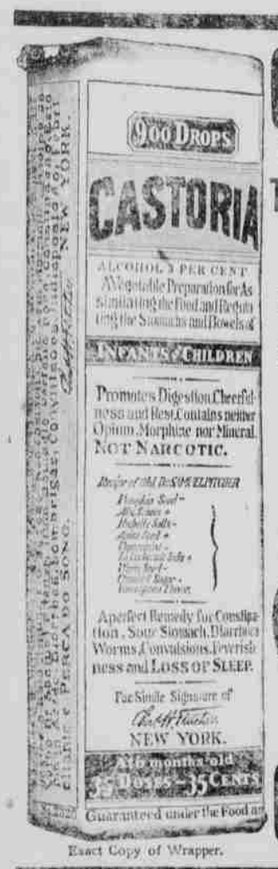


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WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina.

AUGUST 29TH, 1902.

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.



SEABOARD

AIR LINE RAILWAY

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE JANUARY 5, 1908.

These arrivals and departures are only as information for the public and are not guaranteed, and are subject to change without notice.

Trains will leave WELDON as follows:

No. 32 for Portsmouth and Norfolk at 6.50 a. m.
No. 38 for " " " at 2.45 p. m.
No. 29 for Raleigh and Oxford at 6.45 a. m.
No. 41 for Raleigh and points South at 1.10 p. m.
No. 33 through train South at 11.03 p. m.
No. 30 Shoo Fly arrive at Weldon at 8.00 p. m.

For further information relative to rates, schedules, etc., apply to

CLEVELAND CARTER,
Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C.

Or write to

C. H. GATTIS,
Traveling Passenger Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.


## OUR DAUGHTERS.

**Home-making the Ordained Life-work of Women.**

The idea that daughters must be fitted for taking care of themselves by their own labors is heard often now-a-days. The idea is put into practice in many cases. It is popular. The training at home, as well as in the course of study prescribed at school, have this in view. The young woman, whose mind has been filled with thoughts of making her own board, clothes and saving above this enough surplus to take an outing in summer for recreation and pleasure, comes to the end of her school days with little or no training for any thing, expect the bookkeeping, typewriting, or whatever it is she has studied to be able to do. Indeed there is an aversion to any other thing on account of the anticipations in her mind for years. Yet it is said, about nine out of ten of them get married without great delay. And they ought to get married. That is the divine plan. But their parents at home and at school have bent their energies to prepare their daughters to go out into the world alone to labor for their own living, often under circumstances where the attraction is not most refining nor the moral forces strongest. It is assumed that the varied kinds of work into which parents guide their daughters, and which people generally approve, is easier and more lucrative than house-keeping. The cooking stove, the dining hall, the nursing, as forms of drudgery, are sought to be avoided. But no one can prove that the real pleasure of the former is equal to that of the later. Certainly most young women after trying the former very gladly turn away to the latter. What we want to emphasize is that home-making is the ordained life of women. Nine-tenths do it. Thereafter this should be uppermost in the home culture and school training of our daughters. The glory of the state, and the prosperity of church, turns upon the rearing of a Godly seed. The home is the place where this is done and the work is chiefly that of mothers. What the church is to be in the future depends upon its Christian homes, and mothers constitute the chief reliance to make homes Christian. Exquisite interest and pleasure should inherit in parental training that has for its ultimate end the rearing of a queen to reign in the home of coming years. This ambition is high enough to call out the best efforts of the parent. And this work is within the scope of the divine plan for the enlargement of the church to the uttermost part of the earth.—Presbyterian Standard.


**No Use to Die.**

"I have found out that there is no use to die of lung trouble as long as you can get Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. J. F. White, of Hughsboro, Pa. "I wouldn't be alive today only for that wonderful medicine. It loosens up a cough quicker than anything else, and cures long disease even after the case is pronounced hopeless." This most reliable remedy for coughs and colds, la grippe, asthma, bronchitis and hoarseness, is sold under guarantee at any drug store. 50c. and $1. Trial bottle free.


Did you ever see a pretty girl who didn't know she was pretty?


COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody. Dr. Pierce, being desirous of having the search-light of investigation turned fully upon his formulæ, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great, blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a *thorough* and *fair* trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.


## THE COST OF LIVING.

Love is the cost of living—pay it and go your way;
Love is the cost of the bloomy place of rest at the end of day;
Love is the cost of living—beggar and thief and king
Pay it for life that is all of life, the true and the only thing!

Love is the cost of living—the green-girt hills are thine,
The low, sweet vale with the bird and bloom, the bough and the tangled vine;
The murmur of many waters, the cool of the calm, grave wood,
The wide domain of the simple fields with their noble and quiet good!

Love is the cost of living—and only Love's service can buy
The day-by-day of the tender way that leads to a starry sky;
That leads the toil at morning, and home to the sweet, sweet night,
With dream and rest on a faithful breast till the rose-dawn blooms in light!

## WHAT IS LIFE.

"What is Life?" I asked the child who romps all the happy days;
Without a care, without a cloud to mar the sunshine of his life.
No thought has he of days to come, of sorrows and bitter strife
He looks at me, bewildered first, then answers, "Life is play."

"What is Life?" I asked the youth who looks up at the sky above,
And sees therein the promise fair of all that earth holds dear to him.
Naught recks he now of blasted hopes, of withered heart, and eyes made dim
By tears that came when hope is dead, He answers gayly, "Life is Love."

"What is Life?" I asked the man in whose brave face no shadows lurk,
Whose days are filled with healthful toil, whose plans reach out and compass all
That man holds dear. No time has he to dream and sigh, 'Tis duty's call
That he is listening for He answers promptly, "Life is work."

"What is Life?" I ask the sage whose days are gliding like a dream
To join the ocean near at hand; his life is all behind him now
The world has lost its charm for him. He puts a thin hand to his brow
And seems to pause, to muse awhile, and then he answers, "Life's a Dream."

## GOOD-BYE, GOD BLESS YOU.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Way down into your feelings;
That some folks deem it rude I know,
And therefore they abuse it,
But I have never found it so—
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "au revoir," "adieu ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting and addresses you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Goodby, God bless you."

I love the words perhaps, because
When I was leaving mother
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another;
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eyes
But, kissing me, she said good-bye,
And asked our God to bless me.

—Eugene Field.

### DON'T BE A GROWLER.

When one finds he is out of sympathy with his town, and can only say a good word for it coupled with an apology, he ought to get out. Many people fall into a sort of unconscious growling. But it's a miserable habit. Such people make of themselves a dead weight while of course they imagine themselves particularly independent. The individual has about all he can do to get along under his own loads, and he wants help and encouragement from those going his way, and who are identified with him in interest. So with the town. It has its interest to care for and it needs all the co-operation and helpfulness its citizens can provide and bring to bear. Every man is a part of his town. The town embraces the fortunes, and in some measure at least takes on the character of the man. So loyalty to one's self, and this loyalty is in the line of all well-shaped human nature. Therefore it is right to say that the man who does not stand up for his town is in some way dwarfed. There is something wrong about him. His fellows will pass this judgment upon him and the chances are that while he may add to the discomfort of others he will not escape making himself unhappy.

The candidate who is so glad to shake your hand before election is very apt to shake you entirely after election.

A very easy way to get a bad reputation is to be perfectly frank and truthful.

### HE "FOLLOWED COPY."

Mrs. Marble, after the death of her husband, went to Mr. Stone (a dealer in headstones) and consulted him in reference to an inscription. She said: "Put on it: 'To my dearest husband,' and if there be any room left, 'we shall meet in heaven.'"

Entering the cemetery and going to her husband's grave, she noticed the headstone, and quickly rushed to see how he had engraved it. The poor old widow's heart beat with pain when she read the following on the headstone: "To my dearest husband, and if there be any room left, we shall meet in heaven."—Port Chester Record.


This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol for dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sirs: I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of corn bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs., in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mind recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and I was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity will be benefitted. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 10, 1904."

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


When a girl kisses her brother she watches to see how it would be if it were you.


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ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE


## THE FATHER'S DUTY.

**He Should Make His Children Feel That His Wife is Sustained By a Firm and Steady Hand.**

We estimate a mother's importance in her family as high as any one can; and yet we do not believe she monopolizes all the qualities needed in the great work of training up human beings. Her familiarity with her children places her in some respects, at a disadvantage for the exercise of wholesome authority. The wise father will not indeed take the reins of the family government from his wife; but he will make his children feel and know that her gentle sway is sustained by a firm and steady hand; that behind their mother's tender heart stands a cool judgment, and a will stronger even than their own, and that they cannot impose upon the one or resist the other. But if he would be truly the father of his family, he must not be a stranger to them. It will answer no purpose for him to come in once in a while to meet some great emergency, and awe down rebellion by hard authority. He must be the companion, the friend of his children. Strong, natural must be the basis of all beneficial discipline. But this is also, we had almost said, equally necessary for the father himself. Nothing keeps the heart so fresh and young saves it from bitterness and corrosion through the cares and conflicts and disappointments of life, as the daily enjoyment of a happy home. A man of business, or a scholar, who thus allows himself time for relaxation, and for the play of domestic affections, will in the course of years have accomplished more, with less wear of mind and body, than one who has been all the time on the stretch, seeking to catch the nearest way to wealth or any other object of personal or public good.

### TODAY.

If you made mistakes yesterday, forget them. No strength was ever built on continued regret. To-day is the result of yesterday, but it is more important to remember that to-morrow is the result of to-day. The result of the actions of today we can determine, but no amount of dwelling upon yesterday's regret will reshape today.

If we fell yesterday there is nothing to do today but to pick ourselves up, shake off the dust and start afresh. Rise above yesterday. It is hard work to hold up the head and live down a black yesterday, but the blacker the yesterday, the greater need of rising above it, the higher the head must be held.

Yesterday has passed, let it rest in peace; don't keep dragging it out on parade. Do not waste energy on what cannot be undone. Let yesterday alone.

### MOTHER OF 200.

The veterinary surgeon paused in his lecture to display an aged cat in a basket lined with pink flannel.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this cat holds, so far as I know, the maternity record. She is 18 years old, and she is the mother of 200 kittens.

"I know of many cases of tabbies of 12 or 14 that have brought 100 and even 125 little ones into the world but there is no other case recorded of a feline mother of 200."

He patted the aged animal's head. "You splendid old thing," he said. "I wish I could introduce you to the President."—New York Press.

### ANOTHER FAKE.

Teacher—Of what profession is your father?

Scholar—Am I obliged to tell you?

Teacher—Certainly!

Scholar—He's the bearded lady in a show.

## STORY OF A RARE COIN.

**And How Many Denied Ownership but Afterwards were Sorry.**

"Mr. Peaberry," said the man with the frazzled mustache, "I bought a bottle of tomato catsup here last Wednesday afternoon and—"

"Anything wrong with the catsup?"

"No; I'm only mentioning it to bring the matter to your recollection. I handed you a five dollar bill, and you gave me the change. Perhaps you don't remember that the change was nearly all in silver dollars."

"I certainly don't, Mr. Clayburg."

"Are you sure you didn't have this silver dollar in your money drawer?"

Here he produced the coin.

The man behind the counter took it and looked at it.

"Are you sure, Mr. Clayburg, that I gave you that dollar in change?"

"No, I'm not. But—"

"Then how do you expect me to remember?"

"I didn't expect you to, but I thought it might be possible—"

"What's the matter with it? Doesn't it ring all right?

"Yes, but you notice it has a peculiar—"

"It looks all right to me. You will have no trouble in passing it."

"I don't want to pass it. If I got it here, I want you to take it back; that's all."

"If you thought there was anything wrong with it, Mr. Clayburg, you should have spoken about it at the time."

"I didn't notice at the time."

"Then what makes you think you got it here?"

"I've inquired at every other place where I bought anything that day, and I can't get any satisfaction."

"That's no proof that I gave it to you."

"I know it. I'm the last man on earth to want to do anything unfair, Mr. Peaberry, but—"

"It seems to me you're taking too much for granted. If you don't know where you got that coin what right have you to ask me to take it off your hands and give you another one in exchange for it?"

"No right at all if you absolutely refuse to do it."

"I certainly do. To the best of my recollection I never saw that dollar before."

"Well, that let's me out, Mr. Peaberry," said the customer, putting the money back in his pocket. "I found out a little while ago that it's an odd and exceedingly rare old coin and worth $50 to any collector. I've tried honestly to find where I got it, and I can't. I can sell it now with a clear conscience. Good afternoon, Mr. Peabody."—Chicago Tribune.

### FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

If friends would have the good taste to place a few simple flowers about the departed ones such as she or he was fond of in life, it would be very fitting but it is surely not in taste to overload the casket with flowers representing an amount of money which would do much good to the poor. And then the custom of exposing the face of the dead to the gaze of those making the tour of inspection, which is now almost universal in country churches, is to us another very unpleasant feature of funerals. We often read with interest of the burial rites of comparatively unknown nations, and are surprised and amused with their peculiarities. Would not ours, in their turn, present some features as curious, if read of by distant people? If personal friends wish to take a last look of a deceased friend, it is surely due to them to do so alone, and without being gazed at by a crowd.

Automobile jokes are growing scarce. The automobile has grown altogether too serious for jokes.

After all it is enlightened selfishness to reach down and lift up. The man lifted up can not drag you down.


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A Gentle Laxative And Appetizer



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