

THE WELDON NEWS

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum

VOL. XLIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1908.

NO. 4.

HOME--WOMAN'S REALM.

Home Without a Woman Is a Misnomer.

Home is the habit of woman. In the home all that is characteristically feminine in woman unfolds and flourishes. Home without a woman is a misnomer, for woman makes home and home is what she makes it. If she is illiterate, her home partakes of this quality; if she is immoral, her home cannot be the abode of virtue; if she is coarse, refinement does not dwell where she resides. If she is cultivated, pure, refined, those qualities will characterize the home which she creates. The higher the degree of her culture, her purity, her refinement, the more will these qualities characterize the home of which she is the center. The self that a woman takes with her in her marriage is her real dowry. If her dowry can be reckoned in numerals only, no matter how many they may be, wretched indeed will be her husband, impoverished her children; but if she possess industry, self-abnegation, purity, intelligence, combined with capability, she is in herself a treasure of treasures.

THE WOMAN HATER.

The unexpressed woman's proverb is: Man is money. Woman has the courage of her defects; seldom of her virtues.

The hair was given to women long to give her occupation. The great advantage to man in marriage is that it protects him from his pleasures.

It is the age of the topsy-turvy—all our young women are old now, all our old women young!

The rigid concealment of her imperfections is woman's first law; man has more the courage of his defects.

However masculine a woman is, she reverts to the woman when necessary.

The first words of the bride when driving from the church were: "I am so glad we are married; I was getting so tired of pretending to be in love with you."

The president of the divorce court met a newly married woman at dinner, and courteously said: "Mind, you, come to see me at the court." "Of course I shall," was the answer, "but it would not be becoming as yet."—London Daily News.

Food nerves, with that "normalization" feeling that is commonly felt in spring or early summer, can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. It is a pleasant, palatable, and easily absorbed, and a changed feeling within a few hours after beginning to take the Restorative. The bowel gets sluggish in the winter time, the circulation often slows up, the kidneys are inactive, and even the heart in many cases grows decidedly weaker. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is recognized everywhere as a genuine tonic to these vital organs. It builds and strengthens the worn-out weakened nerves; it sharpens the fading appetite, and universally aids digestion. It always quickly brings renewal strength, life, vigor, and animation. Try it and be convinced.

All Dealers.

Philanthropy is charity plus publicity.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliant bloom that the blossom from a peach which is really handsome. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the value of the system through which change comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that the secret drain is robbing the cheeks of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate woman's organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form will witness to the fact in a most convincing manner. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native American medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

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.

THE UNBROKEN HEART.

He was sitting at the window, and his little nose was flat. As he pressed his face to kiss me, with his lips against the pane; But I bent—but without kissing—in vexation seized my hair; It had jostled, and I knew that I would barely catch the train. Came, just faintly, "Papa, kiss me!" as I hurried out the gate, But my time was all too scanty and I really couldn't wait, For I heard the distant whistle and I knew that I was late, And my work accumulating in the town.

He was sitting at the window, and as toward rolled the train. I looked back to see the house and into distance watched it pass, And I knew that he was crying with his little might and main. For the kiss I hadn't time to press against the window glass. I could see him with his "choo-choos" quite disowned upon the floor, And his wooden blocks forgotten—and my parent heart grew sore, And I thought—"Dear God, what, what! I should never see him more At the window when I started for the town!"

He was sitting at the window, and his cry a little moan, As my mental vision saw him all that long and wretched day, And my foolish, fearful fancy knew him dying there alone, With his kiss that still was waiting for his papa, far away. He was dying of the grieving—of the awful, awful ache Of his little baby heart that love had only filled to break— And I pushed the papers from me and declared that I would take The returning train and hurry from the town.

He was sitting at the window as I clattered at the gate, And his tiny nose was flattened as he pressed it to the pane, And I heard his joyful clamor, as with baby heart elate He screamed out a loyal welcome with his little might and main. With a brown and sugared doughnut held in either chubby fist, And his cherry lips a-pucker in the quaintest sort of kiss, To my arms he came leaping, and he clamored as I waded:—"Now, ven, papa, what you bling me f'om ve town?"

BETTER THAN GOLD.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men, You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them, When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys, Something that will help to pass the time away." "I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip, "Let us have three wishes, something good and true: We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here," Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee, Just to hear her sing the same old melody, Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy, Just to kiss her lips again, Just to have her fondle me with tender care, Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair, There is no wish in this world that can compare, Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard, While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word, For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts.

When, as children, they had played at mother's knee, Then at last the spell was broken by another travelling man, "Your attention for a moment I do crave; I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all, 'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days, Just enough with which some starving soul to save, Just enough I wish to help me on my way, Just enough to happy be, Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again, Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain, You may wish for many things, but all in vain, Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor passing through the train, stopped in the smoking car; He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight To your wishes, both of them so good and true; Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold, Though a single one perhaps you all will say, 'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life, 'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

Just to open wide my little cottage door, Just to see my baby rolling on the floor, Just to feel that I have something to adore, Just to be at home again, Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear, Just to know my darling wife is standing near; You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer, But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

HOW TO WIN VICTORIES.

Forgetting Those Things Which Are Behind, and Reaching Forth Unto Those Things Which Are Before, I Press Toward the Mark.—Phil. iii, 13-14.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoings; and the manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face and see what can be made out of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes, organize victory out of mistakes.

By puning of things beyond their proper times, one duty reaps upon the heels of another and all duties are felt as irksome obligations, a yoke beneath which we fret and lose our peace. In no case does the consequence of this is that we have no time to do the work as it ought to be done. It is therefore done precipitately, with eagerness, with a greater desire simply to get it done than to do it well, and with very little of God's through-out.

Every one will generously share his troubles with the world, but who will divide his joys?

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.

A checked career frequently ends in stripes. Courtship may be said to be sort of coo-partnership.

PUSH.

It Is Just the Word for the Grand Clear Morning of Life.

If there was more push in the world there would be fewer hungry, half-dressed, homeless, suffering children; fewer broken-down, dispirited men and women; less need of almshouses, houses of correction and homes for the friendless. Push means a lift for a neighbor in trouble. Push means a lift for yourself out of the "lough of despondency and stiffness, out of trouble, ruff and rancor. Push never hurts anybody. The harder the push the better, if it is given in the right direction. Always push up hill—few people need a push down hill. Don't be afraid of your muscles and sinews; they were given you to use. Don't be afraid of your hands; they were meant for service. Don't be afraid of what your companion may say. Don't be afraid of your conscience; it will never reproach you for a good deed—but push with all your heart, might and soul, whenever you see anything or anybody that will be better for a good long, strong determined push.

Push! It is just the word for the grand, clear morning of a life; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for the world that is full of work as this is. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back, push! If there is anything good being done in any place where you happen to be, push!

THE OLD FLAME.

Eva—Yes, she used to keep his love letters under her pillow.

Edna—And now?

Eva—Oh, she keeps them over her pillow now.

Edna—Over?

Eva—Yes, she uses them as curl papers.

HE WAS RIGHT.

"You are to fly," he said to her, In a straightforward fashion; And then, as if to prove his words, She flew into a passion.

Love is as necessary to a woman who has acquired the habit as tobacco is to a man.

Fast upon DeWitt's Whole Family Relief. These are substitutes, but there is only one original. It is healing, soothing and cooling and is especially good for piles.

How eloquent the silent lady on a silver clasp is!

Weak women should read my "Book No. 4 for Women." It was written especially for women who are unwell. The book, No. 4, of Dr. Shoop's "Mild Cure" and just how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories can be successfully applied. The book, and strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Write Dr. Shoop, Raleigh, Wis.

Men do a lot of moralizing, but women are more moral.

"Health" often is really the closest coffee imitation ever produced. The finest coffee substitute ever made has recently been produced by DeWitt's of Raleigh, Wis. Not a grain of real coffee in it. Health coffee is made from pure roasted cereals, with nutrients, etc. Really it would not be an expert—who might drink for coffee. Not only is it strictly antiseptic, but it is also a most delicious beverage. "Made in a minute," says the doctor.

For sale by W. T. Carter, Weldon, N. C.

Women have no respect for men who listen to everything they say.

When you think of digestion, think of food for it is without doubt the only preparation that completely digests all classes of food. And that is what you need when you face indigestion, or a swollen, tender, sensitive, and inflamed stomach. It is not only a most powerful but thoroughly something that will get right at the trouble and do the very work hard for the stomach by digesting the food that you eat and that is health. It is pleasant to take.

If men were less stupid women would have to be a lot more clever.

It Reached the Spot.

Me. E. Humphrey, who owns a large general store at Onega, Ohio, and is president of the Adams County Telephone Co., as well as of the Home Telephone Co. of Pike County, Ohio, says of Dr. King's New Discovery: "I signed my life away. At least I think I did. It seemed to reach the spot—the very seat of my trouble—when everything else failed." Dr. King's New Discovery not only reaches the tough spot, it heats the sore spots and weak spots in throat, lungs and chest. Sold under guarantee at any drug store. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

It's awful deceitful for a child to like to go to school.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small, safe, sure and gentle little pills.

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

INEXHAUSTIBLE.

Everett's Oratory Described by Senator Hoar.

Everett's oratory was inexhaustible. If any speaker has ever been in a hurry for a great occasion, let him look through the index of the four volumes of Everett's speeches, and he will find matter enough, not only to stimulate his own thought and his own efforts, but to illustrate and adorn what he will say.

But pretty soon the orator rises into a higher plane. Some lofty sentiment, some stirring incident, some patriotic allusion, some play of fancy or wit comes from the brain or heart of the speaker. The audience is hushed to silence. Perhaps a little mist begins to gather in their eyes. There is now an accent of emotion in the voice, though still soft and gentle. The Greek statue begins to move. There is life in the limbs. There has been a jump kindled somewhere behind the clear and transparent blue eyes. The flexible muscles of the face have come to life now. Still there is no jar or disorder. The touch upon the nerves of the audience is like that of a gentle nurse. The atmosphere is that of a May morning. There is no perfume but that of roses and lilies. But still, gently at first, the warmer feelings are kindled in the hearts of the speaker and hearers. The frame of the speaker is transfigured. The trembling hands are lifted in air. The rich, sweet voice fills the vast audience chamber, with its resonant tones. At last the high, the trumpet, the imperial clarion, rings full and clear, and the vast audience is transported as to another world—I had almost said as to seventh heaven. Read the welcome to Lafayette or the matchless eulogy on that illustrious object of the people's love. Read the close on the oration of Washington. Read the contract on Washington and Marlborough. Senator G. F. Hoar, in describing.

RICE AND FLOWERS.

In the neighborhood of Shanghai an English sailor on his way to the foreigner's burial ground to lay a wreath on the grave of a former comrade met an intelligent-looking native carrying a pot of rice. "Hello, John!" he hailed, "where are you going with that rice?" "I take out on grave—grave of my friend," said the Chinaman. "Ho! Ho!" laughed the sailor "and when do you expect your friend to come up and eat it?" John was silent a moment, and then replied, "All time since your friend came up, and smeller your flowers."—Cleveland Leader.

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Heart Strength

Heart strength is the foundation of all health and vitality. It is the power that enables us to resist disease and to recover from illness. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a powerful heart tonic that builds up the heart muscle and improves the circulation of the blood. It is especially beneficial for those who suffer from heart disease, high blood pressure, and other conditions that affect the heart.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

All Dealers.

Kennedy's Laxative

Cough Syrup

Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels.

Relieves coughs by cleaning the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar.

Children Like It.

For BACKACHE—WEAK KIDNEYS Try DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—Sure and Safe.

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

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