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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, Cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 112 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THOSE SWEET OLD DAYS.

There is Pleasure and Pain as the Memory of "Those Sweet Old Days" Flow Back to Us Again.

How they come back to us—"those sweet old days" now in the glad spring time. Even in the heart of a great city the fragrance of apple bloom, and the perfume of lilac bud and dewy violet fill our senses as fond memory carries us back to the old and cherished haunts, and wayside places, where mayhap we have paused to hear love's whisper, or laughed in pleasures deep, or wept our tears!

The birds sing, fleecy clouds float by—O, how blue and interminable the sky! How full of joy life is! Off yonder the river runs, a thread of gold in the sunlight, a ribbon of silver in the moonlight! The leaves rustle softly in the mild breeze, as overhead their giant branches spread, and here at our feet the grasses with buttercup and daisy peeping therefrom. O youth! O life! O happiness! Hope and faith make the heart strong and the footsteps light.

Ah, how well we remember it, you and I! "Those sweet old days," when to us all the world was young. Such dreamy, fragrant sweetness, when sorrow, pain, and death seemed so far away. But somehow we older grew. Time brought so many changes. There were happy "good-byes" and tearful farewells. Hands clasped, lips met and parted. Eyes looked into eyes glimmering with mirth, as shadowed with mists, but even then, 'twas but for a day; but again days slipped into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years—"hope deferred made the heart sick!" bright eyes grew dim, cheeks paled, phantom shadows crept among the hair, hands trembled, and feet faltered.

Ah, yes, there were roses, but their dewy fragrance and velvet petals did not deaden the sharpness of the thorns, and a blood-stained pathway was often the result. The lips smiled oftimes when the heart was broken. We kept silence, because it were sacrilege to speak, to murmur or to moan; the sorrow was too deep.

Misunderstood? Yes, many times, you and I. Ah, there bits of ribbon, tear-stained and yellowed with age, faded flowers and old love tokens.

Memory is rife with them all, the joys, the sorrows, the successes and defeats. Off yonder is a grave, and there, and there, and away over there, with wide waters rolling between, on southern slopes and northern vales. We have stood without when we should have sat within. We tried to be brave, when nature protested, and yet for all that has come and gone, there is pleasure and pain as the memory of "those sweet old days" float back to us. Pleasure in knowing that meanwhile we have trodden the winepress and borne the heat and burden of the day, that "come what will, we have been blessed," and so we take up our scrip and staff again, and you and I, glad in the promise of that eternal springtime when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and "those sweet old days" will be forever.

Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant breastmilk for the child. Exhausted mothers too will find it a priceless boon in restoring the system for baby's coming and raising the child comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress, low-down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks of spiders floating before eyes, have disagreeable, peevish, catarrhal, diarrhoeal, prostrating, or other symptoms, or other displacements of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weakness and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its makeup. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fairest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weakness and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition of a professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription" send postal card request to Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same. You can afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

DROP A PEBBLE IN THE WATER.

Drop a pebble in the water, just a splash and it is gone. But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on, Spreading, spreading from the center flowing on out to the sea. And there ain't no way of telling, where the end is going to be. Drop a pebble in the water, in a minute you forget. But there's little waves a-flowing and there's ripples circling yet. And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave have grown. And you've disturbed a mighty river, just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word or careless, in a minute it is gone. But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on. They keep spreading, spreading from the center as they go. And there ain't no way to stop them, once you've started them to flow. Drop an unkind word or careless, in a minute you forget. But there's little waves a-flowing and there's ripples circling yet. And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred. And disturbed a life that's happy, when you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness, just a flash and it is gone. But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on. Bearing hope and joy and comfort, on each splashing, dashing wave. Till you wouldn't believe the volume of the one kind word you gave. Drop a word of cheer and kindness, in a minute you forget. But there's gladness still a-swelling and there's joy a-circling yet. And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard. Over miles and miles of water, just by dropping a kind word.

"CAUSE UNKNOWN."

I am standing on the threshold of eternity at last, As reckless of the future as I have been of the past; I am void of all ambition; I am dead to every hope; The coil of life is ended, and I'm letting go the rope.

I have drifted down the stream of time till weary, sore, oppressed, And I'm tired of the motion, and simply want a rest, I have tasted all the pleasures that life can hold for man, I've scammed the whole world over till there's nothing left to scan.

I have heard the finest music, I have read the rarest books, I have drunk the purest vintage, and tasted all the cooks; I have run the scale of living, and sounded every tone So there's nothing left to live for, and I long to be alone—

Alone and unmolested, where the vultures do not rave; And the only refuge left me is the placid, quiet grave; I am judge and jury mingled, and the verdict that I give Is minus friends and money, it is foolishness to live.

In a day or two my body will be found out in the lake; The coroner will get a fee, the printer get a "take"; The casual verdict, "Suicide from causes unknown," And Golgotha draws another blank—a mound without a stone.

To change the usual verdict I will give the reason now, Before the rigid seal of death is stamped upon my brow: 'Tis the old familiar story of passion, love and crime, Repeated through the ages since Cleopatra's time—

A woman's lips, a woman's eyes—a siren all in all; A modern Circe, fit to cause the strongest man to fall, A wedded life, some blissful years, and poverty drops in With care and doubt and liquor, from whiskey down to gin.

The story told by Tolstoi, in comparison with mine, Is moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine; The jealous pangs I suffered, the hideous nights of woe, I pray no other mortal may ever undergo.

But I've said enough, I fancy, to make the reasons plain, Enough to show the causes of shattered heart and brain, What wonder, then, that life holds not a single thread to bind, A wish or hope to live for, an interest in mankind?

Already dead, but breathing—a fact that I regret— A man without desire, now, excepting to forget; And since there is denied me one, why should I linger here, A dead leaf from the forest of a long-forgotten year?

So an revoir, old cronies! If there's a meeting place beyond; I'll let you know in spirit, and I know you will respond; I'm going now, old comrades, to heaven or to hell, I'll let you know which shortly. Farewell, a long farewell.

NO CREAM FOR PETS.

Ordered Fancy Ice Cream for Her Pets.

The hour, 12:30, hot sultry day; place, one of the largest and best appointed stores in Newport, R. I.

A carriage drove up and a richly gowned woman and two high bred dogs, pets with red ribbons and gilt collars about their necks, alighted. After making several purchases the woman ordered fancy ice cream in china plates for her pets and placed them at their disposal.

The manager in a very pleasant manner to her while he removed the plates and cream, said: "Madam, this cannot be allowed."

The woman grew scarier and answered: "Well, it's an outrage. I shall never enter this store again," and whipping her skirts about her took the dogs in her arms, entered the carriage and drove off.

The incident was witnessed by about a dozen persons.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

As welcome as the flower of May.—Old Saying.

An honest man is as ever trod on shoe leather.—Irish.

True art is to conceal art.—Latin.

As you make your bed, so must you lie on it.—German.

The girl who forgets herself is the girl whom everybody else remembers and likes.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

Have You a Good Mother? Put Your Arms About Her Neck While You May, and Tell Her So.

The good mother is worthy of more love than she ever receives in this world. This impression grows on thoughtful men and women as they live. Patience, long-suffering, self-forgetfulness, and sacrifice are the qualities that make her the nearest human approach to the divine Father. The ingratitude of a child to such a mother is one of the most disgraceful and revolting sins. There are some mothers, sad to say, who can hardly complain of their children's neglect; but they are few. The sweetest, noblest of them are the least conscious of their merit and make the fewest demands on homage. For that very reason the family should be the more thoughtful and tender. How appreciative a mother is of her son's caress! What a summer time springs in her heart when a daughter folds loving arms about her weary body!

One of these mothers was left in widowhood with three little children—a son and two daughters. Despite poverty, she determined to educate them; and to do so required rigid economy and drudging toil. The children went to school and college, while she wrought as seamstress, teacher of music, and keeper of the home. In the course of time the young people came back with academic culture and honors. But there was a bitter dash of disappointment in the mother's cup of joy. The young people were not affectionate. Mother's stiff, red fingers and occasional slips of grammar rather mortified them in the presence of visitors. This was the blackest treason of the human heart. She felt sick, she grew pale and emaciated, and the children became alarmed. One day they gathered at her bedside, and the son, taking her thin hand in his, said: "Mother, you have been the dearest of mothers to us." There came a flush on her wan cheeks, her eyes opened wide in reproachful tenderness as she replied: "My son, you never told me so before."

What son or daughter could ever forget that awful speech? It was like standing before God's flaming judgment bar. Take a contrasting story. General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben-Hur," and won immense literary fame. Perhaps no one read it with quite so keen delight as his aged mother. One day she said to him: "Son, where did you get that charming picture of Ben-Hur's mother? It is the most beautiful thing in your book." The noble man replied: "There was just one person, who stood out before my mind while I was making that picture, and that was your own dear self." That moment the precious mother stood on the vestibule of heaven. Only the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," could ever stir a holier joy in her soul than this well-deserved praise from her son.

Have you a good mother? Put your arms about her while you may, and tell her so—Kind Words.

Forty years ago, W. M. Cohen, says, "I have only taken few doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine I have ever used. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barker refers to Dr. Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

No man on earth is rich enough to enjoy paying taxes.

There is one preparation known to-day that will promptly help the stomach. This is *Wells' Kidney Pills*. It cleanses all classes of food, and it does it thoroughly. It is the best of all. It is a tonic without doubt, helps anyone who has stomach troubles in stomach, trouble. Take *Wells' Kidney Pills* and continue it for the shortest time that is necessary to give you complete relief. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

The majority of our friends don't waste much time on the job.

"Health-Coffee" is really the choicest coffee imitation ever produced. This is the finest coffee substitute ever made. It has recently been analyzed by Dr. Shoop of Boston, Wis. Not a grain of real coffee is in it either. Health-Coffee is made from pure roasted cereals, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would not be an expert—who might drink it for coffee. No twenty or thirty minutes boiling. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. For sale by W. T. Parker, Weldon, N. C.

Many a man is out of work because there is no work in him.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system and at the same time it allays inflammation and stops irritation. Children like it. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

GRADUATING GIRLS.

We Do Not Ask That Women Should Have Greater Influence Than They Now Possess.

Some of us, at any rate, on both sides of the Atlantic, have begun to realize that serious study is less likely to injure women than pinched waists, late hours, hot rooms and unwholesome food, and we think it is better for our girls to be graduated at schools for science rather than at schools for scandal. We think it will better prepare them for the grave responsibilities of matrimony and motherhood than rapid life in which personal adornment is their chief aim, and secure a rich husband their principal anxiety. The mental companionship which is improving in common between science-minded, and the women of a man's household must be either a stimulant to his highest aspirations or a drag upon them. For the interests, therefore, of men, and of human improvement in its widest sense, there should be a purpose in the education of women quite apart from the questions of what they are to learn and preparation for so wide a sphere of domestic or social duty admits of no such low standard as that of custom or fashion. We do not ask that women should have greater influence than they now possess. We only ask that they be trained to make the best possible use of it. This will make marriage more noble and more complete, enrich and strengthen the mother's influence and give to life a dignity and strength.

A SURE LAUGH.

Levinsky, despairing of his life, made an appointment with a famous specialist. He was surprised to find fifteen or twenty people in the waiting room.

After a few minutes he leaned over to a gentleman near him and whispered, "Say, mine friend, this must be a pretty good doctor, ain't he?"

"One of the best," the gentleman told him.

Levinsky seemed to be worrying over something.

"Well, say," he whispered again, "he must be pretty expensive, then, ain't he? What does he charge?"

The stranger was annoyed by Levinsky's questions and answered rather shortly, "Fifty dollars for the first consultation and twenty-five dollars a visit thereafter."

"Mine God!" gasped Levinsky. "Fifty dollars the first time and twenty-five dollars each time afterwards?"

For several minutes he seemed undecided whether to go or wait.

"I'll wait," he kept muttering. Finally, just as he was called into the office, he was seized with a brilliant inspiration. He rushed toward the doctor with outstretched hands.

"Hello, doctor," he said effusively. "Well, here I am again."

POINTERS FOR BOYS.

In a mother's old scrap book we recently came across the following choice counsel for boys:

(1) To Throw Stones.—Fold each one carefully in a feather bed, and give notice to all the neighborhood when and where you are going to pitch it.

(2) To Carry Gunpowder in the Pocket.—Soak it well in cold water, and then wrap it up in a cover of oiled silk.

(3) To Slide Down the Banister.—Let a surgeon sit upon the lower stair. Also, carry a pail full of putty in each of your hands, as you may need it.

(4) To Cure Creaky Boots or Shoes.—Wear them always in going into the pantry to get some of mother's cakes and pies.

Just Exactly Right.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. P. Brown of the N. Y. New Life Pills follow without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, biliousness and malaria. See at any drug store.

Best the World Affords.

"It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Bucklen's China Salve," says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "I am convinced it's the best salve the world affords. It cured a felon, on my thumb, and it never fails to heal every sore, burn or wound to which it is applied. See at any drug store."

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, early point to weak Kidney Nerves. The kidneys, like the heart and the stomach, back their weakness, not in the organs themselves, but in the nerves that control and guide their functions. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a scientific preparation for weak kidneys, and it is the only one that will cure them. It is a waste of time and of money as well.

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 cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

Children Like It

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