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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 *Chas. H. Fletcher* 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 Syrup. 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
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 31 HURDY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DON'T READ THIS, GIRLS.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

A man's conscience is made of India rubber—warranted to stretch as long as the fun lasts.

Husbands are like Christmas gifts—you can't choose them; you've just got to sit down and wait until they arrive and then appear perfectly delighted with what you get.

The only people who believe in a personal devil nowadays are the ones who are married to that kind.

There is something about one cocktail that makes a man want another the moment he has swallowed it; and there is something about one woman that makes him want another the moment he has married her.

The only way to be happy with a husband is to learn to be happy without him most of the time.

Strange how joyfully a man will pay a lawyer \$500 for untying the knot that he begrudged paying a clergyman \$50 for tying.

The average man looks on matrimony as a hitching post where he can tie a woman and leave her until he comes home nights.

Bridegrooms have that sheepish look because every one of them is morally certain that he is a lamb being led to the slaughter.

It's a wise woman that knows how little she knows about her husband.

Nothing bores a man worse than the devotion of the girl before the last.

In a man's opinion a kiss is an end that justifies any means.

A wise lover, like a good cook, is one who knows when the fire is out.—By Helen Rowland.

LEARN TO BE SHORT.

Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasure grows insipid, and pain intolerable if they are practiced beyond their limits of reason and convenience.

Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main facts in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace, boil down two words into one, and three into two. Be short.—Philadelphia Press.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, are easy to take and act gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

REMINDED HIM.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?
Restaurant Patron—I'm glad you spoke of it. My wife told me not to spend any money foolishly, and I was just going to give you a tip.—Kansas City News.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from indigestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomachic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. B. B. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, Phila.; Prof. H. H. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hulse, M. D., of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. J. M. Scudder, M. D., Author of Specific Medicines; Prof. N. Y. Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. in Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Send your name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive free booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authorities and many others endorsing, in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of this "Golden Medical Discovery" is mentioned.



Republished by Request.
JIM BLUDSO,

BY JOHN HAY.

Wall, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leasways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—they engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-Under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keersless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never he passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-vale,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And as quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar:
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure 's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestack fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Bell.

He weren't no saint—but at judgement
I run my chance with Jim,
Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hand with him.
He seen his duty—a dead-sure thing—
And went for it that and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

Some of us never seem to learn
To take our troubles as they come,
To meet each worry in its turn—
We look ahead and borrow some.
Just when the rose is ruddiest
We grieve because it will not stay—
Our hands upon the thorns are pressed,
We make tomorrow of today.

Some people—that is, you and I—
Hush half the laughter on their lips,
Send it a-scurrying with a sigh,
Or stule the wine another sips,
By brooding on some fancied grief
That may await us on the way,
To his own gladness each plays thief—
He makes tomorrow of today.

We trade the gold of on: day's joy
For dross of doubt and discontent—
The fine gold dull we will alloy
Of baser metals meanly bent,
And yet tomorrow never shows
A dawn so dark or noon so gay
As drawn by one whose borrowed woes
Have made tomorrow of today.

'Tis best to think each day is made
With all the goodness it shall hold,
With all the sunshine and the shade,
And some small sorrow to enfold,
Then waited from the Master's hand,
Where all of the tomorrows stay—
But still we cannot understand,
We make tomorrow of today.

The more daring a man has
been on the battlefield the less
courage he has in a sick bed.

HER JUST SUSPICIONS.

In Dry Territory Satan Has All Sorts O' Schemes and Devices.

"Sence Prohibition, broke out in Georgy State," said the Old Lady, "I'd be suspicious after the ol' man of he should come home with a big seal ring on his finger, for I'd think it had some connection with drammin', an' that thar wuz a secer pipe-line runnin' from it to some pocket where he had a flask hid, an' that you just pressed the button an' the flask done the rest!"

"I thought it was bad enough when the ol' man wuz carryin' a book aroun' marked 'New Testament' an' lo an' behol, it wuz as holler on the inside as the ol' man's head is, with just room enough fer a flat pink flask! An' what wuz the worst of it, the pint flask wuz thar, an' hit plumb full!"

"But now I'm a-comin' to what wuz wuss'n that: Deacon Jones spent the night with us las' Tuesday wuz a week, an' ater the supper wuz rook away an' we wuz a sentin' roun' the table—the ol' man smokin' an' me knittin'—the deacon lowed that he had a ragin' headache. Now, it so happened that once, when the ol' man come home full, an' I had the favorable opportunity to sarch his pockets, I found a purty big box—with a label on it, sayin' thar wuz 'Headache Pills' well."

"Well, I put it in the medicine chest an' fergot all about it till then when I gets it out, an' tells the deacon 'bout it. 'I'll jest try one o' them pills,' he says, 'mebbe it'll ease the 'pain.' As the deacon took the box in his han' I noticed that the ol' man looked mighty intelligent and said that as he likewise had the misery in his head, he'd jest try the remedy hisse'f."

"An' now I'm a-comin' to the story: Both han' an' the deacon took one apiece; then the deacon said that the one he took only eased one side o' his head, an' he reckoned he'd take another. 'Same here,' says the ol' man; and down went two more pills. 'They're mighty big ones,' says the deacon, 'an' they bust in yer mouth an' slide down yer throat like they wuz greased!' 'They do,' says the ol' man—swallerin' two more—'That's the beauty of 'em.'"

"Well in less time than it takes to tell, the deacon riz up an' hit the table with his fist, sayin' that he wuz a better man than the preacher; the ol' man knocked the lamp over an' said he wuz a better man than the deacon, an' to my ever-lustin' horror, both of 'em started fer the front yard to settle the difference of opinion. You see it now, don't you? Them 'pills' wuz nothin' more n'er less than you might call 'concentrated hicker in dis-guise'! To prove it to my own satisfaction, I took one of 'em myself an' in less'n two minutes I had a holt o' the broomsick beamin' both the deacon an' my ol' man! Ater that experience I sot down with my hands crossed in my lap, wonderin' what on airth wuz a-comin' to the country through the machinations of Satan, an' the work of evil Spermis, by the pint or pill."—Frank L. Stanton, in Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine for April.

'I'd Rather Die, Doctor.

"That have my feet out off," said M. L. Bingham, of Provesville, Ill., "but you will die from prangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Instead, he used Buckley's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Boils, Burns and Piles astounded the world. 2c. at all druggists.

An engaged man is a terrible liar to make out he doesn't mind being stuck with pins every time he shows her how much he loves her.

You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequalled for weak, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes; insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

The comfort a woman can find in growing stout is it's because of what a happy nature she has.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates.

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

BEAUTY.

What is Beauty After All? Each Eye Makes it for Itself.

You think Smith's lady-love raw-boned and hard-featured. He calls her a "magnificent woman," and wonders what you see in your little angel with her baby face and stature. So it is the world over; and yet, we would each give something to be beautiful after our own fashion. How the powders and lotions which are to bestow upon poor billions mortals skins of satin and snow, and the hair-dye and pomades, and cosmetics of all sorts, sell, we need not mention to prove the facts. In France old ladies are being made over, at the cost of half their fortunes. Yes, we all want to be beautiful; and, if only our ideas of beauty were what they should be, we might accomplish our desire easily. Meekness and love make all faces pleasant. Were we good we should be beautiful. We all feel this. There are plain features so charming with the sparkle of good humor, that we love them. There are bleached faces so sweet that they are pleasanter to look at than the most perfect. After all, it is in the expression that the actual charm lies. So that were anyone to promise the secret of beauty for twenty-five cents and a post-paid envelope, he would scarcely be an impostor should he return the golden rule with instructions to learn and practice it. If we only could do this earnestly and truly for one generation, the next might wonder whether it were not a fable that such a thing as ugliness was ever known upon the earth.

Headache



Take ONE of the Little Tablets and the Pain is Gone

NEURALGIA BACKACHE

25 Doses 25 Cents

Practises in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of the State. Special attention given to collections and prompt return.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

For coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. No opiates. Non-alcoholic. Good for everybody. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago. E. CLARK

Spring Opening!

I have a large assortment of men's up-to-date suits and an especially attractive line of Merchant Tailored Trousers, in all sizes and at astonishingly LOW PRICES, also a large line of Boy's Knee Pants, Boy's Suits and late variety of patterns. Ladies' Beautiful Voile Skirts in the very latest and best patterns.

Ladies' & Gent's Furnishings. Including a beautiful line of Oxfords and Shoes. Come and get my low prices and compare with others. Sewing is bearing.

We Ask You

to take Cardui, for your female troubles, because we are sure it will help you. Remember that this great female remedy—

WINE OF CARDUI

has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, nervousness, may have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!

Sold in This City

HELLO!

That Parker's got? Yes. This is Mrs. Wilkins' Boarding House. Please send round one barrel of

J. E. M. Flour and one 50-lb stand Shaffer's lard. Want flour to make bread for supper.

A SOUR FACE



AND A SOUR STOMACH ARE SIGNS THAT YOUR LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER.

Simmons Liver REGULATOR

And Feel "Like Yourself Again."

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Real Rose Hat Pins

It does not seem possible, yet it is true, that these Hat Pins are made out of live roses, and changed into metal by a secret process. This discovery is without doubt one of the lost arts of the ancient Egyptians. They are the most beautiful of all Hat Pins. No two are alike. Made in finishes to conform to the prevailing fashions in millinery. Six sizes at the following prices:

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.75, \$4.50

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Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES. Day, Night and Out-of-Town Calls Promptly Attended to.

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FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER. Seventeen Years' Experience. Hearse Service Anywhere.

THE BANK OF WELDON

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, \$42,000.

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, 1898, 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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