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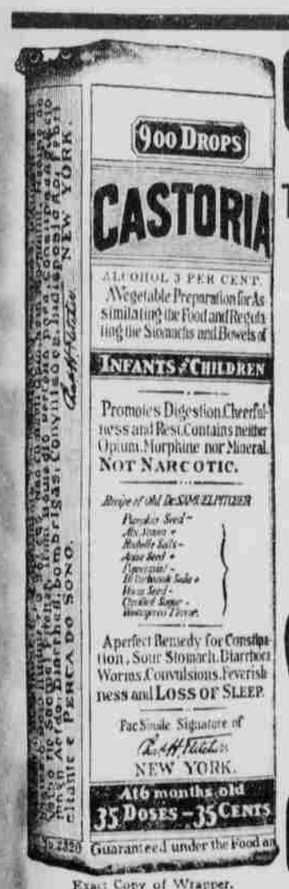

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Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES.

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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.

Capial 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.

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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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	No. 41.	No. 33
Leave Weldon,	12:07 p. m.	11:38 p. m.
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Arrive Charlotte,	11:30 p. m.	10:05 a. m.
" Atlanta,	8:45 a. m.	5:00 p. m.
" Birmingham,	12:10 p. m.	9:50 p. m.
" Memphis,	8:05 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

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THE COMING OF THE CHRIST.

Could It Be Possible That He May Be Upon The Earth Now?

It appears that nearly all of the phophecies of the Bible for the "Time of the end" have been fulfilled, as have also been those of the books of the other great religious systems:—"Knowledge increased," "Ends of the earth brought together," "Gospel preached to all nations," "Every man's hand against brother," "Famines, pestilences, earthquakes in divers places," "Nation against nation, kingdom against kingdom," "Changes of times and seasons," "Running to and fro—falling away of belief in God," "False Christs and prophets," and the fulfillment of the predictions for such things as battleships, bullets, automobiles, incubators, threshing machines, water meters, electricity, telegraph, trusts, streets of cities filled with boys and girls, etc., etc.

We are warned that his coming would be silently "As a thief," that it would come in so subtle a manner that "If it were possible it would deceive the very elect," that it would come upon us silently "As a thief," that it would be even as a "Snare upon all them that are upon the whole surface of the earth"—and finally that caution and the query:—"Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," "When the son of man cometh, will he find faith upon the earth?"

Could it be possible that history may have repeated itself and He be upon the earth now, in humble and obscure way, as before?

Were we to hear of a Holy Soul—most likely in the East, as before—how might we satisfy ourselves whether he was the Christ or the anti-Christ?—Word and Works.

"HELLO, SWEETHEART!"

We were on a trolley car a few days since, and near the noon hour the car slowed up in front of a cosy little cottage. The motorman's wife ran out with a basket of dinner for her husband. As he leaned from the car platform to receive the basket, the motorman greeted his wife with "Hello, Sweetheart!" Her pleasure was gladly evinced by a smile and a hasty thrown kiss over her shoulder as she tripped back to the porch. The sunshine of the incident pervaded the whole car, and even the staidest passengers smiled their approval. We venture the prophecy, there is a happy home, and that motorman has the choicest bits that can be prepared by dainty hands. We can almost hear the little wife's heart beat with a song of joy all day long, just for that cheery "Hello, Sweetheart!"

But, you may say, what is that to me? Oh, well, we don't know, but we have seen and heard so much of the other kind of greeting that the practice of this method might be a new idea to some of you. May all of us who have wives try the "Hello, Sweetheart" method and see if the world, our world at least, is not the brighter and sweeter for it.—Durham Sun.

TOMMY'S PERSISTENCE.

Tommy, after going to bed, became thirsty, or thought he did. He called out:

"Ma, I want a drink."

The mother's voice answered back:

"Tommy, you go to sleep."

Tommy grunted, turned over, and was silent for ten minutes. Then again:

"Ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, you go right to sleep" was the answer.

Intense silence again for ten minutes. Then:

"Say, ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, if you don't go right to sleep I'll come and spank you."

More silence, this time for about two minutes. And then:

"Say, ma, when you come to spank me won't you bring me a drink?"—Detroit News.

If you expect to get the original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, you must be sure it is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for cuts, burns, and bruises, and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitutes.

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

Absolutely Pure

Grapes give the chief ingredient, the active principle, and healthfulness, to

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Insures wholesome and delicious food for every day in every home

No Phosphates
No Alum

DREAMING DON'T PAY.

Dreaming don't pay—ah, that's what they say,
But the dream of the night brings the strength for the day;
Dreaming don't pay, and it's no doubt so funny,
To some that there's anything worth while but money;
Dreaming don't pay, yet the dreamer is blest
With the dream through the darkness that drifts unto rest!

Dreaming don't pay—so the world laughs along,
But what would we do without dream of the song
And dream of the sweetness and dream of the light
To light the high soul to the dreams of the night?
Dreaming don't pay—not a dollar to jingle,
But the heart, how it leaps; and the veins how they tingle!

Dreaming don't pay; dearie, don't let us care,
Just the love and the dream are enough for our share;
The song and the bloom and the rose by the door
And the faith of the weak and the trust of the poor;
And the birds and the flowers and joy by the way
Of the little child singing the dream-song of play!

Dreaming don't pay—but it will in the end,
Dreaming life sweeter wherever we wend;
The dream through the darkness, the dream through the bloom,
The dream through the light and the dream through the gloom;
Dreaming don't pay; oh, that's what they say,
But the dream through the night brings the strength for the day!

LIFE.

Dear life, thou art a mystery to me;
Through every phase for years I've studied thee,
And while thou teachest me so much of good,
I cannot understand thee if I would.
Like one vast field of beauteous, fragrant flowers,—
Like joyous songs from birds 'mid verdant bowers,—
Like sweets from out the blossoms in that field,—
Thou art, but whence thou cam'st,—this is concealed.

In my meanderings 'long thy crystal streams,
Reflections of thy beauty, like the gleams
Of sunlight after gentle showers of rain,
Make an imprint which will for aye remain,
For every ill thou offerest a balm;
For every storm a welcome, peaceful calm;
To overcome the darkness of the night,
Thou givest me the riches of thy light;
And e'en when wandering on thy deserts bare,
Sometimes pure gold, or sparkling diamonds there
I find, and in a land that seems unblest
A gushing spring,—an oasis,—a rest.

A moving picture, Life, thou art to me,
And in the constrasts which I daily see,
Thy many lessons are so plainly taught
That much proclaimed as evil seems but naught.
I study thee, yet do not understand,
And so, while being blessed on every hand,
I am compelled by thy divining rod,
Forsooth, to say thy mystery is God.

THE VALUE OF GOOD CHEER.

There is a mission for humor. The man who can make others laugh may be a great blessing to his fellows. There are times in one's experience when a bit of fun is better, more a means of grace, than a serious sermon would be. There are times when the best help we can give to a friend is to make him laugh. "A merry heart is a good medicine," says the wise man. A hearty laugh would cure many a sickly feeling, driving away the blues and changing the whole aspect of life for a man.

They tell us that laughter is dying out among men. If so, it is a pity. It would be a sad thing if laughter should be altogether crowded out of life. There are other exercises which we could much better afford to lose. Think of a world of human beings with no laughter—men and women wearing everywhere and always serious, solemn, faces, with no relaxing of the sternness on any occasion. Think of the laughter of childhood departing from the world, and the laughter of youth—how dull and dreary life would be!

CASTORIA.
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Won't Slight a Good Friend.

"I'll ever need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley, of Beals, Me., "for, after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced that it is the best medicine made for Coughs, Cold and Lung Trouble." Every one who tries it feels that way. Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Croup, Laryngitis, Sore Throat, pain in chest or lungs it is supreme—50c and $1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

Our neighbor's faults are magnified seven-fold, but as to our own short comings we can not see them with a microscope.

Lived 152 Years.

Wm. Parr—England's oldest man—married the third time at 120, worked in the fields till 152 and lived 20 years longer. People should be youthful at 81. James Wright, of Spurlock, Ky., shows how to remain young. "I feel just like a 16-year-old boy," he writes "after taking six bottles of Electric Bitters. For thirty years Kidney trouble made life a burden, but the first bottle of this wonderful medicine convinced me I had found the greatest cure on earth." They're a godsend to weak sickly, run-down or old people. Try them. 50c. at all druggists.

It is easier to grasp some opportunities than it is to let go.

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BILL NYE ON HORNETS.

They Have Odd, Quint Way that Is Forever New.

Last fall I desired to add to my collection a large hornets' nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gay and airy house of the hornet. I procured one of the large size, after cold weather, hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until spring. When warm weather came something reminded me of it; I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though when he touched me he awakened a memory; a warm memory with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip, he thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could go through the folding doors and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off, because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet. I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him with a club, more as a practical joke than anything and he came and lit in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and walked around through my gleaming tresses quite awhile, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smokehouse in order to smash him; and I had to comb him out with a fine comb, and wear a waste-paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet; but he has an odd, quaint way after all, that is forever new.

SING TO THE CHILDREN.

Take Time to Sing a Sweet Song Before Retiring.

All children are found of music and enjoy hearing those they love sing, especially if they sing those old familiar hymns so dear to us all.

After the evening prayer is said and they are snugly tucked in bed, their mother should sing a hymn or two, no matter if her voice is weak and lacks culture, it will be very beautiful to the children, and their sleep will be sweeter and dreams pleasanter because of mother's singing. As we look back in memory to the days of childhood, we can plainly see the old "trundle bed," and hear mother singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "I Need Thee Every Hour," and peace rested over our home, when mother sang, like a benediction from Heaven. Even now though mother is old and feeble she sometimes sings those old quaint hymns and there comes to us again that same feeling of peacefulness and rest.

All children should be blessed with the music of the Gospel, sung only as mother can sing it.

It does take a little time from other things and often mother is almost too weary to make the effort, but the reward is so great that she feels more than paid when she hears the children singing bits of hymns about their play.

Sing at least one hymn each night and it will help the children in after years as no other influence can.

GOVERNMENT.

Teacher—What are the duties of the President?

Pupil—He appoints the postmasters and they in turn nominate his successor.—St. Louis Post.

THE WANING HONEYMOON.

"I forgot something," said the husband.

"Yes," pouted the wife, "you forgot to kiss me."

"That may be, but what I came back for was my overshoes."—Kansas City Journal.

TOO BEAUTIFUL TO KILL.

The Creature Broke From Cover With Head Proudly Up, Eyes Alert and the Scotch Lad Could Not Shoot.

This is a story of Fergus, a Scotch lad fourteen years old. His father had given him a new rifle and a new canoe, and now in the Adirondacks, near Upper St. Regis Lake, he was expecting to shoot his first deer. On an August day he went from camp with Calvin, the guide, and was about to embark on the lake.

It was so lovely that Fergus held his breath to look, till all at once he felt Calvin's hand on his shoulder. One look at the guide's face and he knew that something was happening.

At first Fergus heard nothing but his own heart beats. Then as he recovered himself a little, he could hear a rustle and an occasional crackle and presently looking up the bank, he discovered the swaying of a bush. Something was moving there.

Suddenly the bushes parted and a head looked through! It was the head which Fergus had lovingly and longingly dreamed; a beautiful antlered head, held proudly up, the eyes alert, the nostrils wide apart. As the creature broke from cover his mouth was open, he was hot and thirsty and eager to get at the water.

"Does he see us?" whispered Calvin. Fergus shook his head.

"Let him get well out of the bushes, then raise your rifle," whispered the guide.

Inch by inch Fergus had already lifted his rifle and was now looking along it when the deer advanced, coming twenty feet nearer. Then assuring himself that all was safe, he stood, his eyes at a sharp angle, directly facing Fergus.

Fergus could see the beautiful, scared eyes of the deer.

"Fire!" said Calvin.

But instead Fergus dropped his rifle to his side. There was a sudden movement, a crashing of boughs, and the place was empty.

"Why, Fergus!" cried Calvin disappointed and amazed; "why Fergus?"

He looked curiously into the boy's face and discovered that each bright eye had a tear in it, and that the underlip was quivering.

"Oh, Calvin!" cried Fergus, "I couldn't do it. I hadn't the heart to do it. I'd die myself before I'd kill anything so beautiful."—Southern Churchman.

THE CALL.

The pastor had received a call to a large church at a larger salary. Members of his congregation were much perturbed and one of them decided to find out for himself what was going to happen. So he called at the parsonage and rang the bell. The pastor's little daughter opened the door.

"Mary," asked the visitor, "is your father going to accept the call?"

"Papa hasn't decided yet, sir. He is upstairs praying over it now, but the trunks are packed."

First, a girl makes a man think he is in love with her, then she makes him imagine she is pretty.

A SOUR FACE

AND A

SOUR STOMACH

ARE SIGNS THAT YOUR LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER.

—TAKE—

Simmons Liver REGULATOR

And Feel "Like Yourself Again."

THE GENUINE has the RED Z Trade Mark on the front of each package and the signature and seal of

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on the side,

IN RED.

Nervous Collapse

"I have traveled for thirty years continually. Lost a great deal of sleep, which together with constant worry fell me in such a nervous state that finally, after having two collapses of nervous prostration, I was obliged to give up traveling altogether. I doctored continually but with no relief. Dr. Miles' Nervine came to my rescue—I cannot describe the suffering which this Nervine saved me. Whenever I am particularly nervous a few doses relieve me."

N. G. C. LIBBY, Wells, Me.

"There are many nervous wrecks. There is nervous prostration of the stomach, of the bowels, and other organs. The brain, the kidneys, the liver, the nerve centers are all exhausted. There is but one thing to do—build up the nervous system by the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. Its strengthening influence upon the nervous system restores normal action to the organs, and when they all work in harmony, health is assured. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

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CURES

Constipation, Stomach and Liver Trouble.

by stimulating these organs and restoring their natural action.

Is best for women and children as ORINO does not gripe or nauseate.

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 a 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. seeing is believing.

I. J. KAPLIN,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

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, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!

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HELLO!

That Parker's Store?

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.

W. T. PARKER,
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