

THE WELDON NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

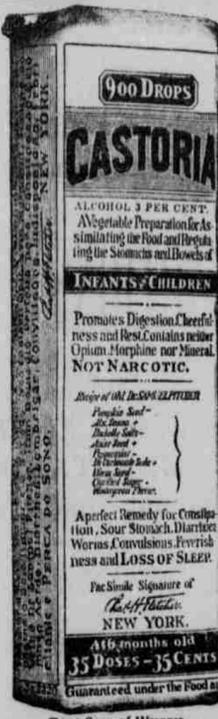
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum

VOL. XLIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

NO. 9



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hutchins

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE GRANDEST WOMAN.

The Chariots of God Came Down To Fetch Her to Heaven.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the old sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! Mother!" Ah, she was a queen!

THE OLD FASHIONED COOKS.

Poets have sung of the old-fashioned glories, The old-fashioned pictures that hung on the wall, The old-fashioned people, the old-fashioned stories, The old-fashioned fashions they loved to recall, The squeaky arm chair that our grand mothers sat in, The old-fashioned shelves with their old fashioned books, Immortalized have been in Saxon and Latin, But I sing my song to the old-fashioned cooks.

O come, all ye gods, and give grace to my ballad, Today I would sing as I ne'er sang before; I'm heart-sick of dining on lettuce and salad, And canned goods warmed over delight me no more. I wish I could go once again to a dinner That hadn't been planned out of style sheets or books— They may be all right for a sweet young beginner, But they were not needed by old-fashioned cooks.

How well I remember the table-cloth spots, The dishes that shone like the cheek of a child, The jellies and relishes, O there were not less Than eight or nine kinds on the festive board piled, There no little dabs served to make you ungrateful, They took it for granted, I guess from your looks, That hunger was yours, and they gave you a plateful Of viands most toothsome, those old-fashioned cooks!

You came to their tables to eat, not to chatter, And heaped were the plates that they passed up to you; In richest of gravies the meat in the platter, Was swimming, and side dishes never were few. They fed us with plenty, not starved us with fashion, They gave us enough and they cared not for looks, And just now with me, it is almost a passion— I yearn for a dinner by old-fashioned cooks.

GOOD-BYE SWEET DAY.

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee. Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee; Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away; Good-bye, sweet day!

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor, Sadly thou yielded to the evening tender, Who were so fair from the first morning ray; Good-bye, sweet day!

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! Thy glow and charm, thy smile and tones and glances, Vanish at last, and solemn night advances; Ah! could thou yet a little longer stay! Good-bye, sweet day!

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers, The while I watch thy sunset's smouldering embers Die in the west beneath the twilight gray. Good-bye, sweet day!

Celja Thaxter.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife and Translated by Helen Roland for the Washington Herald.

OH, my daughter, heed my wisdom and learn my ways, and men shall follow thee all the days of thy life—even as a kitten followeth a tree. Yea, the eligible thing shall regard thee almost seriously and the married man shall sigh that he did not meet thee first—but the confirmed bachelor shall look upon thee with fear and trembling.

Verily, verily, there is a time to be merry, which is before luncheon, and a time to be sentimental, which is after luncheon.

A time to be silent, and a time to be confidential.

A time to be tender—and a time to be cold.

A time to be "at home"—and a time to be "out."

A time to be formal—and a time to be merry.

Lo! the man who fascinates a woman is the one which putteth a stop-watch on all her emotions and timeth all her moods.

Yea, she is a constant variety and a greater surprise than the contents of a Christmas stocking.

For a man liketh something different every day; but she giveth him a change of bill every thirty minutes.

Then, let no man find thee sad for two days in succession; for this shall get upon his nerves.

Rather let him find thee smiling in the morning and weeping in the afternoon; ready to make an engagement at 4 o'clock and to break it at 7, at his side on Monday and at another's side on Tuesday, that he may never say unto himself, "I'm sold."

Behold, many a man has been won by a little quarrel, where much flattery failed, and many another by "friendship" where flirtation hath not worked.

But when all else hath been tried in vain the man who is ignored shall succumb. For a man can endure to be trampled under any girl's feet, but he chafeth to be avoided by them.

Then, so let thy light shine that it shall flicker like unto a firefly; for what man pursueth a woman who doth not dodge him?

Verily, verily, a small boy yearneth for the complicated toy which it requireth skill to work; man seeketh capricious woman whom it taketh two hands and all his time to manage.

Go to! What man wasteth his evenings upon a play with one plot, when he can get a vaudeville show for the same money? Selah!

Tortured On a Horse.

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being tortured from piles," writes L. S. Napier, of Ruggles, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed, Buckle's Arnica Salve cured me." Infalible for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Boils, Fever Sores, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Corns, etc. Guaranteed by all druggists.

Too late to look the stable door when the horse is gone. Zoo-Cole Relief is the only one that requires no drenching and guaranteed to cure Colic in horses and cattle instantly. Bottle contains enough for ten cases, price \$1. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

When a man spends all his salary himself it's a sign that he isn't married.

Get DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used but it is especially good for piles. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

A BLIGHT ON THE MANNA.

It May Be That the Most Melancholy Chapter of Lamentations Remains to Be Written.

The most distressing information that has come over the wires for a long time is the story that a number of negroes in Louisiana have died from the effects of eating blackberries.

The shock of this statement is about what it would be if we suddenly discovered that the trout were beginning to drown in the mountain brooks or the cows had caught enteric fever in the sweet fields of clover.

From a period beyond the memory of man the blackberry crop in the Southern states has been to the negro population like manna in the wilderness, while to the white people themselves it has been one of the most important adjuncts of daily diet in the good old summer time. The latter, for the most part, were not their own purveyors. They bought the dusky bucketfuls at the back door, and served them fresh for breakfast, made them into jam or cordial, in fifty-seven different varieties finding them wholesome and delightful.

It was the country darkey to whom they belonged as of right. Never a land-owner in all this Southland was so heart-heard as to maintain that he had any vested or prescriptive rights to the blackberry vines which wove themselves along the rail fence, giving white promise in the spring of rich largeness when spring rounded into summer. This succulent fruit, wild as the crab and "sweet as remembered kisses," was in the category with dogs—valuable, but not property.

It was the spontaneous usufruct which belonged to all the people, and most especially to the country negro.

The news that the blackberry crop had failed would have created greater consternation and infinitely greater hardship than the failure of the Barings or the arrest of the tide.

The beauty of it all was that it was a crop which never failed. It could be relied upon with the implicit faith we place in Johnson grass.

Nor has it failed yet; but the tragedy of it all is that a parasite—the ever present and all devouring—has made its appearance, and this parasite, it seems, is poisonous.

At any rate, the Louisiana negroes are dead, after a hearty al fresco meal, partaken from the vines on the roadside.

We have scarcely caught up with our sleep since the San Jose scale gave us such a jolt, when the staple crop of the South seemed threatened. What cotton is to the Southern negro as raiment, the blackberry is as food throughout the summer months. He could lie down and rise up, and there was no one to make him afraid of going hungry so long as the blackberries held out. It was a kind of suspension bridge between the two ends of the "possum season."

And now this most delectable of fruits, so free and abundant, has fallen under suspicion if not actual contamination.

We are told "there's death in the pot."

If these fears should prove well founded, the most melancholy chapter of Lamentations remain to be written.—Goldsboro Argus.

Sees Mother Grow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick, of Danforth, Mo. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 30 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health. They invigorate all vital organs, cure liver and kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50c. at all druggists.

All work is drudgery to those who are not interested in honest labor.

The best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, gentle, pleasant, easy to take and act promptly. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

Lois of high steppers overstep themselves.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WHY HE DIDN'T WHIP HIM.

Was Not Prepared For Him and Never Hit Him a Lick.

In making a speech in Charlotte on the 20th of May, Gov. Kitchin by way of illustration, told this story, which is good enough to pass around:

The other day in reading over the papers in an application for pardon, from Burke county, I read the cross-examination of a witness (Judge Jones, I believe it was, who was doing the work). He made the witness admit that he had taken part in fights in Swain, in Madison, in Lenoir, and in Transylvania counties. He made him admit that he had been fined in police courts and in Superior court. He made him confess to about 25 different offenses:

Finally Judge Jones said: "Didn't you whip a Baptist minister over in Swain county?"

"No, sir; I didn't do that, was the answer."

"I ask you if you didn't whip Rev. Mr. Jones because he reported you for blockading?"

"No, sir; I never did that."

"Look-a-here, witness," thundered Judge Jones, "didn't you meet him out on the public road between such and such points on such a day and administer a whipping to him?"

"No," said the witness, "I didn't do that; but since you ask me, if you'll wait a minute I'll tell you how it was. Mr. Jones was coming along the road in his buggy, when I stopped him and says, 'You're the man that reported me for blockading, ain't you? I've been wanting to see you, and now's my chance.' The preacher, he jumped right down out of his buggy, came over to where I was, pulled a gun out of his pocket about this long, shoved it in my face, and says: 'Yes, Cathey, I'm prepared for you.' No, I never whipped him. I just says, 'Well, Brother Jones, I ain't prepared for you,' and I never hit him a lick."

No Rest Day or Night

"I would lay awake for hours without any apparent cause, or dream terrible dreams which would bring on extreme spells of nervousness. After taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and Tonic for awhile I could sleep well, and the nervous spells have left me." MISS ALMA HUG, R. R. No. 4, Canal Dover, Ohio.

Without sleep the nervous system soon becomes a wreck, and the healthful activity of all the organs obstructed. Restful, body-building sleep accompanies the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine because it soothes the irritable nerves, and restores nervous energy. When taken a few days according to directions, the most restless sufferer will find sleep natural and healthful. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

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 headaches, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it! Sold in This City

E. T. CLARK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C. Practices 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 KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. E. CLARK.

EMERGENCY

Telephone in Your Residence

EXTREMELY VALUABLE

Have You One? FOR RATES

APPLY TO LOCAL MANAGER

Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, HENDERSON, N. C.

PATENTS

D. SWIFT & CO. PATENT LAWYERS, 303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stop the cough and hoarse lungs

DAY PHONES 25. NIGHT PHONES 24 and 54.

P. N. STAINBACK,

UNDERTAKER.

Weldon, - - North Carolina.

Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES.

Day, Night and Out-of-Town Calls Promptly Attended to.

H. G. ROWE,

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, 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.

SEA BOARD

AIR LINE

Quickest and most direct line to Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and all Points South and Southwest.

TWO TRAINS EVERY DAY

With Vestibule Coaches, Dining Cars and Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars.

Connections made at Weldon with A. C. L., at Raleigh with the Norfolk and Southern from Eastern Carolina points, trains leaving as follows:

	No. 41.	No. 33
Leave Weldon,	12:07 p. m.	11:38 p. m.
" Raleigh,	4:10 p. m.	4:10 a. m.
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.

No. 41—Through Coaches and Pullman Sleepers to Atlanta, direct connection for Memphis and New Orleans.

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

CLEVELAND E. CARTER,

Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C.

Or write to

C. H. GATTIS,

District Passenger Agent,

1 Raleigh, N. C.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Do you Want A Bridal Suit AND Choice Druggett?

It will pay you to come and see us.

SYDNER & HUNDLEY, (Incorporated) LEADERS, 709-11-13 E. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA. EVERYTHING IN FURNITURE

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 AND 15 ONE HOUR

McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50 YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

McCALL'S PATTERNS Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and adaptability nearly all years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More or any other make. Send for free.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE More subscribers than any magazine—contains a month's best styles, patterns, dress-making, plain sewing, fancy work, etiquette, good stories, year work double columns. Subscribe!

WONDERFUL to Agents and Dealers