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NO. 8



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hatcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Infants and Children.
Not Narcotic.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Dangerous Narcotics.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hatcher* NEW YORK.

476 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE LONGEST LOVE AFFAIR.

Pair Have Been Married for Sixty-nine Years and Are Still Happy.

James and Mary Maxwell of Caledonia, N. Y., have passed the place where their marriage seems matter-of-fact. Indeed, now that they are in the seventieth year of their wedded life their love of seventy years seems to them as wonderful as it did at first. To us of 1910 it is marvelous.

One woman—one man for sixty-nine years!

They sit together in the parlor, side by side, and tell about it.

Her eyes are bright and blue, her hair is white. Her eyes are dark and a little heavy, and his hair is still well sprinkled with black. His tricks of facial expression and speech are not hers. She never did try to be like a man. No suffragette for her. You make her frown by mentioning it.

He is ninety-four years old; she is ninety. They were married April 29th, 1841.

"You remember when you proposed?" you ask the man. He doesn't seem old; he drives to town alone, every day.

"No," he says mischievously. "Father!" comes chidingly from her, as she looks at the company, with smile-covered face. He does remember," she explains. "It was in June, 1839—one evening at the fence."

King Edward was a baby then. Theodore Roosevelt had not been born. How many millions have lived and loved and wedded and borne children and seen them become men and women and then passed out into eternity, their life-work done, since that soft June evening in the Tennessee Valley? Seventy Junes have followed, and yet you hear these two tell with their own lips of that star-blessed evening and see them sitting before you, side by side, smiling with happiness because, so long ago, she said "yes."

"I whispered it," she explains, almost blushing.

What a potent whisper to cover seventy years!—Boston Traveler.

JUST FOR PRACTICE.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" promptly responded the prisoner.

"But you snatched the man's pocket book," said the judge.

"I admit it."

"And was pursued three blocks by an angry crowd."

"Yes."

"And still you say you are not guilty?"

"Guilty? Never! I was just in training for a foot race."

NOT FOR HIM.

Johnson—That girl is a jewel.

Morrison—Why don't you marry her?

Johnson—I can't furnish the setting.—Smart Set.

SADDLE-BAGS OF GOLD.

BY JOHN HENRY BONER.

In bridle-path days, when steam was unknown, A horseman rode into a forest alone. Through the wonderful Land of the Sky rode he, From North Carolina to Tennessee. He bestrode a strong horse, and he went withal Well armed with pistols and powder and ball. For bloody highwaymen were none too few In the laurel dells of the mountains blue. Through the gloom of the forest this traveler rode Each day, from the dawn till the sunset glowed. When, seeking for rest from his journey sore, He drank from the gourd at some cabin door.

Again he would travel far into the night, In vain keeping watch for some settler's light, And doubly alert, though weary and cold, For he rode with his saddle-bags full of gold. And day after day his journey he kept, And night after night he unweary slept, For his treasure was great, and the charge that lay Upon him he honored in ancient way— The charge he honored, though not from a sense Of punishment or of recompense By One who watches, for heaven and hell Were myths to this honest infidel.

It was autumn. Who knows what a splendid domain Is the realm of the Blue Ridge and great Alleghenies— How wildly romantic—what lights and what shades Play over the scene—how the green summer fades Like a veil blown aside to reveal magic things Unspeakingly grand—how the waterfall sings To the cliff, and the cliff to the far sky of blue— He may know what enchantment this horseman rode through. In the morning the valleys were lakelets of mist; The tree tops were isles in a haze amethyst; At noon the bright woodpecker shot like a flash To the green of the pine from the crimson red ash; In the afternoon sunshine the bronze lizard played On the vine of the moonseed; the bear unafraid Loped over the trail; and as evening drew nigh The horseman heard often the panther's sharp cry.

One evening at sunset, just when the last gleam Was gilding the mountain tops, at a swift stream His horse with an eagerly impatient lip Was flirting the brink, when all suddenly—zip! A bullet half parted the rein. At a leap The streamlet was cleared, for the spur was sunk deep. And fast over pebbles that clattering rolled The horseman went flying for life with his gold. He rode till his beast made a staggering pace, When he paused, with no hope of discerning a place Of refuge—no sign of man's home was in sight, And cold grew the north wind and black grew the night. Then slowly ascended a great gibbous moon Up the east, like a luminous wind-blown balloon, Which was caught in an ocean of cloud, and whose glow Was downed in the deepening turbulent flow. He hopelessly peered in the fathomless dark Below him. His eyes caught a scintillant spark. And he gazed and it shone, and he gazed and he knew That a cabin was there; and he gave a halloo, Which was answered in time, but so faintly he feared 'Twas reverberant echo. The horse, surer-eared, Loudly whickered, and soon—through what peril Heaven knows, They stood at the door, where a tall figure rose And returned his salute; but the welcome was rough. 'Twas permission to rest, though, and that was enough. So, by light of a torch the poor beast was made snug. "You are kind, very kind." The reply was a shrug. A grim old colossus, with shadow gigantic That leaped here and there like a great specter frantic, The traveler followed. On entering the cabin He shudderingly thought—what a fit place to stab in! An old hag of ninety was crouched by a fire, Resenting encroachment with evident ire, Till her eyes, with that furtive glint solely a hag's, Grew agleam at the sight of the guest's saddle-bags! The man, with shock hair and piratical beard, Had but one eye—a fierce one, that fendishly leered— And that eye seemed to glare with the gleam of the hag's When he covertly glanced at the full saddle-bags. "We was 'bout eatin' supper," the host grumly said, And with this invitation to table he led. A tallow-dip dripping the crone brought and sat With tremulous fingers, and mumbled threat. "Why this," said the guest, feigning ease, "is good cheer." "Yes, if you can eat 'possum and drink simmon beer," The cyclop replied, as he kicked at a hound— One dog of a score that went skulking around.

That night, having talked till the fire had burned low, The stranger, all weary, was anxious to go To the bed which the crone in a corner had spread, But he felt his dubious companions a dread. Many a throat had been slit for a fortune of gold. Should these know what was his, would that giant withhold? He cautiously felt of his weapons, and thought If his life were at stake it should dearly be bought. Deep silence ensued, and the owl's cry was heard— He felt strangely thrilled by the ominous bird. A dog howled. He wondered if ever indeed Wise men had to such simple things given heed. And he doubtless had sat there till morning light shone; But the grim giant, speaking in most solemn tone, Said: "Stranger, me'n mother afore gwine to bed Has prar. Will ye jine us?" The stranger's fear fled. He knelt in confusion. When called on to lead, He stammered—"too weary, too tired, indeed!"— And he secretly smiled at his ludicrous care. When he heard that old Methodist wrestling with prayer, He slept 'e'en to snoring that night, and next day Through the falling leaves peacefully went on his way. But he questioned philosophy vainly to say Why it was he felt safe with a man that would pray.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

He that sleeps feels not the toothache. You can't please everybody; it makes half the people sore if you please the other half. A woman always selects a good listener when she wants an entertaining companion.

TIME HE WENT HOME.

Levy, the Father of Some Celebrated Musicians.

No more popular figure in the old Theater Royal, Dublin, than Levy, the conductor. He was the father of some very celebrated musicians—one of them was Levy, the cornet player, who made such a sensation with his cornet and his diamond rings in the promenade concerts at Covent Garden, under Riviere's direction twenty-five years ago. Old Levy had a very large family ("Paganini redivivus" was another of his famous sons), and a story is told that when conducting the overture to an opera in the Theater Royal a boy jumped up from under the stage and said: "Misther Levy! Misther Levy! Your woive has just had a baby!" "The Lord be praised for all His mercies!" said the conductor, keeping the baton going. In a few seconds the boy again appeared. "Misther Levy! Misther Levy!" "Well, boy, is anything wrong?" "Misses Levy hav had another baby, sor."

"Thank heaven! All's well!" And the baton waved with greater vigor, working up the orchestra at a tremendous flourish. Once more he was disturbed by the same messenger. "Misther Levy, Misther Levy!" "Get out, boy! What's the matter now?" "Behorrah, there's another. As y' call 'em trins!" The conductor rose and putting down his baton, said: "Gintlemen, it's toime I wint home and put a stop to this durm thing!"—Strand Magazine.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

The doctor man bringed us a baby, To me it sounds just like a cat; But they say its a dear little baby, A darlin' all dimples and fat. Nussy says it's because the Lord loves us, 'Cause I've been such a good girl this year, He has sent us this dear little baby. An' I have such a terrible fear! I don't believe I'll be quite so good now, 'Cause I'll whisper it in your ear, He might like us as well as the Joneses. An' send us a new one each year, —Margaret G. Hays.

NO JACK POT FOR HER.

"Among the gambling stories that the late Pat Sheedy used to tell in his art shop," said a New York reporter, "was one about a jackpot," says the Detroit Free Press. "A beautiful young bride, the story ran, entered a corner grocery one morning and said: 'Have you any jackpots, Mr. Sands?' "No, ma'am, Sands answered, and he had a smile behind his hand. 'I've got teapots and coffee pots, but Jack-pots, I don't keep in stock. "Oh, dear," said the bride. A frown wrinkled her smooth and beautiful brow. 'I'm sorry! You see, Mr. Sands, my husband's mother used to cook for him, and nearly every night he talks in his sleep about a jackpot. So I thought I'd get one, for since he mentions it so often he must be used to it. Could you tell me Mr. Sands, what they cook in jackpots?' "Greens, ma'am," was the quick answer."

FISHERMAN FROM BILLVILLE.

A fisherman killed two rattlesnakes yesterday. That is, the snakes bit him, and the liquor that was circulating in him killed the snakes.

WORK.

Work is the ladder upon which Men Climb to Success. Work is what you make it—a drudgery, or a joy. Work is the bread upon the waters. Work is the genius of application. Work is the cure of laziness, riches and indigestion and poverty. Work is the philosophy of life. Work is what the loafer shuns, and see his reward. Work is prosperity. Work gives you back self-respect. Work keeps the wolf from the door, also the rent agent. Work keeps some people out of the poor house, others out of jail. Work is a substitute of genius. Work dispels sorrow. Work shortens the day and lengthens the pay. Work is the great leveler of mankind. Work is good enough for any one. Work makes play all the more enjoyable. Work makes life worth living. Work is economy of time. Work is forgetting the clock. Work is concentrating the mind on something you are doing. Work is the hardest thing in the world to avoid, and the easiest to take up, when you get the habit. Work is the ladder upon which men climb to success. Work is always at your hand. Work, and you will find it. Work is oil upon the troubled sea of our lives. Remember, there is money in oil.

PUTTING AWAY SMALL SUMS

Here, you can put away small sums not needed for present use. And while waiting your call they will draw interest. An account in our Savings Department does not always imply small transactions, far from it. Many large depositors are using our Savings pass-books. They are using them for the interest they get; they are also using them because of the convenience afforded. 4 per cent. interest allowed, compounded quarterly.

BANK OF ENFIELD, ENFIELD, N. C.

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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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DAILY THOUGHT.

Men grow old more quickly from having nothing to do than from overwork. A running machine will keep bright for years. An idle one will soon rust out.

2 Spring '10

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NEW Spring and Summer styles on sale - Now! If anything a little bit smarter and more exclusive than usual. The kind you see on Paris boulevards - Fifth Avenue too. Every last and leather that a woman could possibly want at any time.

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New Spring Goods!

FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF CLOTHING, Furnishings, and GENERAL MERCHANDISE fresh from the Northern markets. Call and see our new goods for spring and summer.

Respectfully, I. J. KAPLIN, ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

THE BANK OF WELDON WELDON, N. C.

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State of North Carolina Depository. Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$45,000.

For more than 17 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: W. R. SMITH. CASHIER: H. S. TRAVIS.


THE CHILDREN LIKE IT

DEWITT'S CARBOLIZED WITCH HAZEL BALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Bloomdale, Ohio.—"I suffered from terrible headaches, pains in my back and right side, and was tired all the time and nervous. I could not sleep, and every month I could hardly stand the pain. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health again and made me feel like a new woman. I hope this letter will induce other women to avail themselves of this valuable medicine."—Mrs. E. M. FREDERICKS, Bloomdale, Ohio.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.