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VOL. XLVI.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1911.

NO. 3

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE BABY IN THE BATTLE.

An Incident of the Battle of Fredericksburg.

It will be remembered that at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, the Confederates were driven out of the city on the 12th, and did not recapture the town and enter it again till the 19th. On the 12th the last regiment to leave the place was the 21st Mississippi, and the last man who brought up the rear, being closely pressed by the invading troops, was Buck Demman. He was a Mississippi bear hunter, a superb specimen of manhood, tall and straight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. With the eye of an eagle and a voice like a bull of Bashan, he was rough in manner as a bear and tender in heart as a woman. When the invaders were charging up the principal street and shells from the siege guns across the river were bursting over the hotspots, Buck Demman was kneeling behind a house-corner to take a last shot. Just as his finger tripped on the trigger a little baby girl, three years old, toddled out an alley, and with a Newfoundland dog ran after a big shell that had spent its force and was rolling along the pavement—the dog snarling at it and the little girl clapping her hands in glee. To rescue the child from such deadly peril was Buck's only thought. Without pausing to consider he rushed to her and gathered her to his bosom. Next there was nothing to do but run, which he speedily did, pursued by shot and shell, holding the baby with one arm and trailing his gun with the other, as he sped up Marye's Heights to join his retreating comrades. And there behind that historic stone wall and in the adjacent trenches from the 12th till the 16th of the cold December month while the shells were striking and the storm of battle raged—Buck fought Buenside and nursed the baby girl by turns. Never was child so cared for. There were other nurses as fierce and bear-like as he who took turns patting and soothing her engaged in sharp rivalry for her quiet slumber under their soldier's blankets. Couriers were sent far and near to procure milk and the camp ransacked for a dainty morsel to feed. And so the days and nights passed on. When the Confederates captured the city on the 19th, the 21st Mississippi was the first to enter, and what happened as they passed with yells and shouting through the streets may be best told by Buck himself, as reported by Adjutant Soles, who published the story: "I was holding the baby high, Adjutant, with both arms, when above all the racket I hear a woman scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico and she fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell, and laying her down gently put her baby on her bosom. She was most the prettiest thing I ever looked at, and her eyes were shut, and—and I hope God'll forgive me, but I kissed her just once." —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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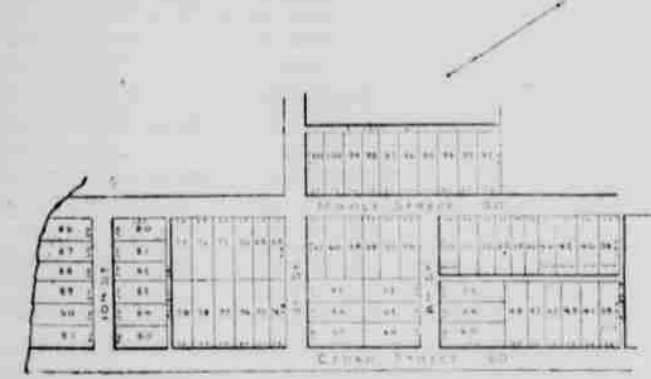
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Weldon, N. C.

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

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Halifax County Depository.
Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, **\$47,000.**

For more than 18 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have 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: R. S. TRAVIS.

Old Papers for Sale at this Office.

REVELATIONS.

When a woman is lovely, light-hearted, or glad,
She looks at herself in the glass;
If it happens she's worried, or peevish or mad,
She looks at herself in the glass;
In fact, if she's pretty or if she is plain,
If she's ever so modest or ever so plain,
If she's wearing a rainy-day skirt or a train,
She looks at herself in the glass.

If her age it is twenty or fifty or more,
She looks at herself in the glass;
If she lives on an income or works in a store,
She looks at herself in the glass;
If her hair is crooked, don't worry or fret,
Or if by some chance on quite straight it is set,
If it's not on at all, it's a pretty safe bet,
She looks at herself in the glass.

If a maiden's expecting her sweetheart to call,
She looks at herself in the glass;
And after they've said their good bye in the hall,
She looks at herself in the glass;
Her cheeks they are crimson, her hair is a mess,
Her collar is wilted, as you may well guess,
And the print of an arm marks the waist of her dress,
When she looks at herself in the glass.

A preacher once thought he would spring a surprise,
On women who look in a glass;
And he said: "Now, all of those sisters please rise,
Who have not looked today in a glass?"
One sister alone stood up in her pew,
Her hair was awry, her clothing askew,
The preacher said: "Sister, well next time pray do,
Just look at yourself in the glass."

SCANDAL.

A woman to the Holy Father went—
Confession of sin was her intent;
And so, her misdeeds great and small,
She faithfully rehearsed them all.
And chief in her category of sin,
She owned that she a tale bearer had been,
Had carried a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.

The Holy Father for her other sin
Granted the absolution asked of him,
But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
He told this offense was very grave.
And that to do fit penance she must go
Out by the wayside, where the thistles grow,
And gather the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds, and that when this was done,
She must come back another day,
To tell him his commands she did obey.

The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling glad she had escaped so well,
Next day but when she went the priest to tell,
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still to do:
Those little thistle seeds which you have sown,
I bid you go to gather—every one."

The woman said, "But father, 't would be in vain,
To try to gather up those seeds again;
The winds have scattered them both far and wide,
Over the meadow, vale and mountain side."

The father answered, "Now I hope from this,
The lesson I have taught you will not miss—
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown,
By any penance be again undone."

MUTUAL SURPRISE.

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity.

"Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?"

"Yassum," blithely responded the backslider, "I's charged with stealin' a barrel of sweet potatoes."

The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I'm surprised!"

"Yassum," said Jim. "So, was I or I wouldn't be here."

ALL BY HIMSELF.

Here's a nicker," said a thrifty housewife to a tramp at her door. "Now what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, mum," replied the hungry man, "if I buy a touring car, I shan't have enough left to pay my chauffeur; if I purchase a steam yacht, there won't be enough left to defray the cost of manning her; so I guess, mum, I'll get a schooner and handle it myself."

It Startled the World.

When the astounding claims were first made for Buckle's Armea sassafras forty years of wonderful cures have proved them true, and every part is now known as the best salve on earth for Burns, Bala, Scalds, Scars, Ulcers, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Fever Sores and all other ailments.

Even an investor can't guess wrong all the time.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

JUST THINK.

Whatever Things Are Just—

"One evening a stout gentleman, nestled in a crowd at Brooklyn bridge, had a dem made in his hat. He said to a neighbor beside him, as they sat afterward in a car: "Not a day passes but I see something to convince me that men are no better than savages." "I'm afraid you see only one side," said his neighbor. "There are lots of good things to be seen every day. You I used to feel as you do—that people are very selfish, but when I began to study, I saw so many pleasant things that I got in the habit of making notes. Here is what I jotted down today." He took a note book from his pocket and read:

"My hat blew off. I chased it, but before I reached it three other men were after it, and one of them caught it for me."

"At City Hall Park a woman in front of me dropped a glove without knowing it. Two boys made a dive for it and shouted, 'Lady, lady, you've dropped your glove.' Another act of kindness."

"As I reached Broadway, a truckman's horse fell; the drivers of three other trucks stopped, got down, and began to raise the horse."

"When I went to luncheon, I left my umbrella in the restaurant. Before I reached the door a stranger tapped me on the shoulder and handed me the umbrella."

"When I entered the Havemeyer building, the man just ahead of me carefully held the big door so that it might not swing back into my face."

"These little things," he said, "show something very differently from savagery. Watch when we get off the car, and you'll see half a dozen men give papers to the newsboys. They know the boys can sell them again, and make a few extra pennies."

When they reached the foot of the stairs, the stout man himself dropped behind his neighbor, and hastily slipped his paper into the hands of a ragged newsboy. Thinking justly made him act generously. —Sunday School Illustrator.

JOHN D.'S TREASURE CHEST.

Rockefeller's Wealth Reposes in Specially Constructed Vaults.



The long and closely guarded secret as to where John D. Rockefeller preserves his snags of stocks and bonds has been disclosed at last.

The bulk of his immense treasure of collateral, estimated at over \$200,000,000, reposes in a specially constructed bomb-proof and fireproof vault of the New York Produce Exchange. Entrance to it is gained from Beaver street, a stone's throw from the Standard Oil headquarters at 26 Broadway.

Between the street outside and the repositories of the Rockefeller securities are 10 locks, varied in character. Three men are required to open the various locks several of which are combinations. The interior of the vault is 9 feet high and 15 feet deep. The wall of the vault has a thickness of 40 inches. In the centre of 36 inches of concrete are 90-pound steel rails set six inches apart in double rows, interlocked so as to be practically three inches apart. The remaining four inches of the wall are four one-inch thicknesses of solid steel.—Cleveland Star.

FOR HEARTBURN, Sour Belching, Poor Appetite and Constipation, you need

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(THE SCOTCH PURE)

It sweetens the stomach and purifies the bowels. It is a fine tonic for a torpid liver. Helps digestion, makes you feel bright, vigorous and cheerful.

Sold by Dealers. Price, Large Package, \$1.00.

J. B. ZEIN & CO., Proprietors, St. Louis, Missouri

CHRISTIANITY IN BUSINESS.

Is It Possible for a Man to be Engaged in the Activities of Our Modern Life, And Be a Christian?

Men are asking everywhere this question: "Is it possible for a man to be engaged in the activities of our modern life, and yet be a Christian? Is it possible for a man to be a broker, a shopkeeper, a mechanic—is it possible for a man to be in business today and love his God and his fellowman as himself?" I do not know what transformation those clear business of yours must undergo before they shall be true and ideal homes for the child of God, but I do know that upon Christian merchants and Christian brokers and Christian lawyers and Christian men in business today there rests an awful responsibility to prove—if you can prove it—that these things are capable of being made divine; to prove that a man can do the work which you have been doing this morning, and will do this afternoon and yet shall love his God and his fellowman as himself. If he cannot, what business have you to be doing them so poorly, carnally and unspiritually that men look on them and shake their heads with doubt? It belongs to Christ in men, first, to prove that a man may be a Christian and do business; and, in the second place, to show how a man, as he becomes a greater Christian, shall purify and lift his business, which he himself makes it the worthy occupation of the son of God.

—Bishop Phillips Brooks.

FROM A VICTIM.

"What does it mean to inherit?" asked the teacher.

"To have to wear your big sister's clothes," replied a subdued little girl.

AT THE LUNCH COUNTER.

Said a bald-headed man to a waitress bold:

"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold!"

She scornfully answered: "I can't help that!"

If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat!

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Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

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