

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of 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.

Chas. H. Fletcher

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. 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, 77 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK CITY.

From the Wigwam

By Belle Marjorie

It was a small and not fashionable resort, such as spring up in mushroom multitude in the lake region of the north. Roger Sheldon had sought the obscurity of a night's fishing, out to sea, to be alone with his thoughts and to seek solace in the pine forests for an untroubled rest.

He had been weary, or, perhaps, why he should have turned to the material for absorption, but he was a quiet, self-contained man with a becoming suspicion of gray already at his temples. He was so entirely engrossed in the "oldest set" that he had scarcely entered into the thoughts of life of young Judith (ary until he asked her to marry him.

She had said him nay, but she had been so startled by the look she had met in his eyes that the impression had served to keep him in her memory, but Roger, who had worshipped mostly from afar, quietly and manfully accepted his refusal and withdrew to this remote spot that he might not suffer the acute anguish of witnessing her acceptance of the devotion of another man.

By the time of late the names show his on the register were "Mrs. Richard Cary, Miss Cary."

While deliberating whether to submit to Nemesis or to beat a retreat unseemly for his arrival was at a very early hour in the morning, Judith appeared before him on the dock, with some and winning.

"Oh," she said, coloring with the consciousness of a young girl.

"I thought you always went to the seashore," he said, after they had formally shaken hands.

"Mother is not very well, and the doctor prescribed a quiet, secluded spot."

"Isn't this an early hour for you to be out?" he asked.

"I was going to row over to that stretch of woods across the bay to see some Indians who are camping there."

They are civilized Indians, but mother would not approve, so I am running away."

"I was running away, too," he said, smiling. "Suppose we run away or row away together."

"From whom are you running away?" she asked as she stepped into the boat.

Myself.

"You can't do that, you know," she said sagely, and feeling that they were on dangerous ground, she deftly changed the subject.

When they were rowing the woods, he looked up anxiously at a darkening sky.

"Storms come up quickly in these parts," he said, bending to the oars with renewed strength. Before they could land, the rain came down in torrents, the wind blew a gale, lashing the waves to a fury, and the sudden darkness was only relieved by lurid flashes of lightning. Sheldon glanced at his young companion keenly.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, curiously.

"No," she replied gravely, but she thought came to her that she was entirely unafraid because she felt such entire reliance upon his protection.

After a short tramp through the dense woods they came upon a clearing, the white tents were pitched, standing like a sentinel before one of them was an Indian. At the sound of their voices, a white woman, soft-eyed and well-mannered came forth. She pointed to Judith inside the tent and brought forth clean dry clothing.

While donning these garments, Judith chatted with the woman, who told her that her husband had attended school at a mission for some time, and that she had then met and married him, but that his wandering nature finally prevailed against new ways, and they camped and traveled during the summer.

"Doesn't it seem odd to be married to an Indian?" Judith couldn't resist asking.

"I never think of his being an Indian—and I love him," the woman replied gravely. "You will understand how that is some day. Maybe you do, now, is the gentleman with you your sweetheart?"

"No—I don't know—maybe," she stammered, blushing.

"They came outside the tent as she spoke and she at once knew by an odd look in Roger's eyes that he had overheard their conversation.

"Mr. Star-wo-ga-shig is preparing

un a breakfast," he said, pointing to a nettle suspended from a slanting stick.

After a palatable breakfast they walked down to the bay. The storm was over, but its effects were still visible on the tumulous body of water.

"Our host informs me that it is sometimes 24 hours before the bay is visible after a storm."

"Oh! Mother will worry!"

"We will walk around to the light-house and telephone to the hotel. How would you like to be a prisoner in an Indian camp for 24 hours?"

"I think it would be novel and interesting," she declared. "Will you like it?"

"His eyes glistened.

"It will be a day to remember."

"An Indian summer day," she suggested.

After telephoning they returned to the camp and expected the Indian warms. Later in the afternoon a beautiful young Indian girl, the sister of Star-wo-ga-shig, returned from a neighboring village.

"She can tell your fortune," suggested the white woman, knowing the weakness of her love.

"That will be lovely!" cried Judith enthusiastically. "Wouldn't you like to have yours told?" She appealed to Sheldon.

"My fortune has been told," he said significantly, with a shade of sadness in his voice.

"She dropped her eyes and followed the Indian girl to the tent. When she returned she was light-headed."

"She foretold me a beautiful future," she informed Roger. "Won't you let her tell yours?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"Please," she urged, her eyes on voice pleading.

With a little laugh of compliance he went into the tent.

"Was it a good fortune?" asked Judith shyly when he came out.

"Very good; too good to be true," he said, looking at her intently.

At twilight the waters of the bay became suddenly tranquil. After a liberal purchase of baskets and Indian wares, they had the family adieu, and went down to the landing place. The west wind of the evening sighed through the rustling branches, wafting the fragrant odor of balsam. The first glint of the stars came out and the shadows gathered closer.

Roger suddenly turned from the boat and led Judith a few feet distant to a pine tree that covered its solitary grandeur from its fellows.

"Judith, I am going to tell you again that I love you. Is there any hope that you can come to care for me?"

"There was a second's tremulous silence.

"I love you now, Roger?"

"When did you come to love me?" he asked, as they stood away across the water.

"I knew this morning—in the storm."

"If I hadn't consulted the young prophesies of the old-woman," he said musingly, "I never should have ventured to ask you a second time. She told me I loved a shy maiden who had refused me because she didn't know her heart at the time, and that if I would ask her again at twilight underneath a solitary pine, she would say yes. I owe my happiness to her."

"Roger!"

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

HOW JIM'S SCARS SAVED HIM.

BY DUVAL PORTER, BERRYVILLE, VA.

Old Jim was up for murder, and the color of his skin was fearfully suggestive of the nature of his sin; And when the prosecution with argument was done, "Old Black Jim is guilty" convinced was every one.

Then arose an old Confederate, whose bent and wasted form And empty sleeve spoke mutely of battle's awful storm: "Your honor, if it please, a word I'd like to say in the prisoner's behalf, sir before I go away."

"Speak on," says his honor; "that day will never be When an old Confederate appeals in vain to me. My right arm will be palsied, my tongue forever still Before I treat one coldly or do him any ill."

"Your honor, in the sixties that negro at the bar Went joyfully with me and brother to the war. And he was always true; sir, as need to the pole, And in the day of battle would answer to the roll."

And on July the 3d, sir, my brother wounded lay Beyond the line of battle on Gettysburg's high day. And none would brave the bullets which flew so thick and fast That death seemed almost certain in facing such a blast.

And yet, sir, there was one man who even dared to go In face of such a fire now coming from the foe; And though a piece of shell nearly tore his breast away, Yet on he rushed undaunted to where my brother lay.

He took him in his arms, sir, though bleeding from his wound, The blood of both commingling and falling to the ground. And brought him back to safety and, I may say, to life, For he survived the battle and lived beyond the strife.

Your honor, Jim's not guilty in any moral sense; He would not kill a fly, sir, except in self-defense. I have known him all his lifetime, and I would venture mine To save him from the gallows, that punishment condign.

Now open your collar, Jimmy, and let the jury see The proof of my assertion and they will set you free." Then up rose Jim, though slowly, and laid his bosom bare, Once torn and rent and bleeding, and all the scars were there.

The jury without leaving arose and spoke out then: "The prisoner is not guilty, your honor, gentlemen." "Old Black Jim" spoke not, but down his withered face The burning tears were stealing; his scars had won his case.

HAPPY DAYS.

Long, long ago, when the harvest time was near 'Twas then we met, at that happy peaceful year, Love then was young, love then was true, Sad days have passed since then love, Both for me and for you.

Blue eyes can fade, loving hearts be laid to rest, Kind words remain, cherished like a spirit-blessed, Love never dies, but lasts until the end Lighting us to Heaven, as our way we mend.

Happy Days gone by, happy moments fled Ne'er to come again, naught but memory in its stead, Tender words and thoughts, numbered with the sleeping, Only come again in dreams, and with the morning sun have fled

Shocking Sounds

In the earth are sometimes heard before a terrible earthquake, that warn of the coming peril. Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidneys need attention if you would escape those dangerous maladies, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bites at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. "My son received great benefit from their use for kidney and bladder trouble," writes Peter Boudry, South Rockwood, Mich. "It is certainly a great kidney medicine." Try it. 50c at all druggists.

CATCHY ADVERTISING.

A Dutchman had a cart from which he peddled wieners-wurst sausages. One day he saw on a bake wagon: "You need a biscuit." It struck him as a good advertisement, so he painted on his cart, "You need a biscuit, but you need a wieners-wurst."

A man is always willing to get himself in trouble; he wants every body to lend a hand in pulling him out.

He Won't Limp Now.

No more limping for Tom Moore, of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad sore on my inner thigh that nothing seemed to help. I used Fletcher's Arnica Salve," he writes, "and this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, screech or piles. Try it. Only 25c at all druggists.

SOLE'S KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache, Headache, Stomach, and all ailments.

WHAT DOES HE WANT.

A very absent-minded professor was busily engaged in solving a scientific problem when the nurse hastily opened the door of the library and announced a great family event.

"The little stranger has arrived, professor."

"Eh?" said the professor.

"It is a little boy," said the nurse.

"Little boy, little boy," mused the professor. "Well, ask him what he wants."

HE RAISED IT ONE BETTER

"Now, what do you want?" asked the sharp-nosed woman at the back door.

"I called to see if I couldn't sell you some baking powder," answered the weary-looking peddler with the straggling whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' powder here, an' furthermore, I ain't got no time to waste on agents nor no tramps whatsoever!"

"Come to think of it, madam," deprecated the seedy gentleman, as he fastened his little black valise, "I wouldn't keer to sell you none of this here bakin' powder. This here dinky little kitchen is so low in the ceilin' that the bread wouldn't have no chance ter rise, anyhow. I see yer next-door neighbor is tetter fixed. Good mornin'!"

SLEEP.

We Must Be Thoroughly Wound Up Every Twenty-Four Hours.

Get plenty of sleep. If you get on the average much less than eight hours' sleep in twenty-four you do not get enough for good health and long life.

Napoleon affirmed that six hours' sleep was sufficient. Of ten he got only four hours in the twenty-four, snatched at such times as he could get a chance.

Napoleon died at fifty-two. Moreover, some historians say he lost the battle of Waterloo because of loss of sleep.

On the other hand, Victor Hugo lived to be eighty-three. He permitted nothing to deprive him of his eight hours and invariably took a short nap at noon.

C. C. Cole, of Des Moines, Ia., ex-chief justice of the State Supreme court and practicing law at eighty-four, says the secret of his vitality and longevity is the nap he has taken for years in the middle of the day.

Balzac, the novelist, robbed himself of sleep in order to write. He died, a physical wreck at fifty-one.

George Washington believed in plenty of sleep. Invariably he withdrew from company at 10 o'clock, some member of the family coming in to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, the general bids you all a very good night."

Early hardships and experiences like those of Valley Forge shortened his life. Yet he lived to be sixty-seven and died of an acute attack.

We are like clocks. We must be thoroughly wound up every twenty-four hours. There are no human eight-day clocks.

Shakespeare tells that sleep "fills up the ravell'd sleeve of care," and it is nature's surest restorer.

One may not burn the candle of life at both ends. One cannot flourish from nature. Physicians say that loss of sleep is often the source of fits attributed to other causes.

Poor Richard was right when he said: "Early to bed and early to rise Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Victor Hugo puts the same truth in a couplet which being translated, reads: "Dinner at six, bed at ten, Life to last ten times ten."

A GOOD IMITATION.

Maggie Lady Bug—"I hear you were on a regular toot last night?"

White Love Bug—"Yes, I was. I slept in a garage on a motor horn."

"The Liver Pills act So Naturally and Easily."

Such a statement, coming from the cashier of a bank, shows what confidence responsible people have in these pills. Mr. A. L. Wilson after trying them writes:

"I have used Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and also your Anti-Pain Pills, on myself, with good results. The Liver Pills act so naturally and so easily that I scarcely know that I have taken a pill. Frequently being troubled with headaches I take an Anti-Pain Pill and get immediate relief in every case."

A. L. Wilson, Sparta, Ill.

Mr. Wilson was for a number of years cashier of the First National Bank of Sparta.

Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills

are different from others. Many kinds of liver pills are "impossible" after one trial on account of their harshness. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills do not act by sheer force but in an easy, natural way, without gripping or undue irritation. They are not habit forming.

If the first bottle fails to benefit, your druggist will return the price. Ask him.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

The Thrice-A-Week Edition OF THE New York World

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

No other Newspaper in world gives so much at so low a price

The great political campaigns are now at hand, and you want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record of impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-A-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-A-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything to be found in first-class daily.

The Thrice-A-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the ROANOKE NEWS together for one \$1.65 year for

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50.

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hooper, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles and I was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used blood treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to sit up nights to sleep and my friends thought I could not live long. At my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. At one time for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen boarders with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine after seeing what it did for me. I would not take \$1000 and be where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone." Mrs. Starr Templeton, Hooper, Nebraska.

The Pinkham Compound is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns

For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine in the world. McCall's is the reliable fashion guide monthly in one bulletin are hundred thousand homes. It shows all the latest designs in McCall Patterns, each issue is filled with interesting about dresses and is full of information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing to the McCall's Magazine. Cost only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, and variety. They are sold by mail. Most of the best styles are not available in stores. Do not miss a chance to get them by mail from

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

236-242 W. 37th St., New York City

Special Sale!

We have on hand several consignments of the latest in wool, Wash and Princess ladies waists. Rather than return these suits our headquarters decided to put them on sale at half price for each only. \$15 Suits \$7.50. Princess, white and all other colors \$5 to \$7, now \$2.50 to \$3.50. Wash Cost Suits \$4 to \$6, now \$2 to \$3. 24 to 25 Neck Waist reduced \$1.75 to \$2.50. Black and colored silk Petticoats \$4 to \$6 now \$2.50 to \$3.75. Voile Skirts \$6 to \$8 now \$3.50 to \$4.50. 10,000 yards lace and embroidery to close out at half price. The \$1 Mossline silks, all colors, now 50 to 75c. 5 and 6e. Calicoes \$1 to 4c. 10 and 12c. ginghams \$1 to 4c. About 3,000 yards dress goods to close out less than cost. Ladies hats at half price, Kups, druggists, carrying and mailings at and below cost.

SPIERS BROS

WELDON, N. C.

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, 1896.

State of North Carolina Depository. 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 depositors 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, 4 per cent. Six months or longer, 5 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 6 per cent. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: W. R. SMITH. CASHIER: H. S. TRAVIS.

WELDON SHOE COMPANY

A complete line of new shoes from the makers. The store where Quality Counts.

Best line of high grade shoes in the city. Edwin Clapp Shoes for men of good taste.

\$6.00 AND \$6.50

Holeproof Hosiery. Let us show you.

WELDON SHOE COMPANY, WELDON, N. C.

FURS AND HIDES

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES

Wool on Commission. Write for price list mentioning this ad.

Established 1867.

JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



Standing Like a Sentinel Before One of Them.

They are civilized Indians, but mother would not approve, so I am running away."

"I was running away, too," he said, smiling. "Suppose we run away or row away together."

"From whom are you running away?" she asked as she stepped into the boat.

Myself.

"You can't do that, you know," she said sagely, and feeling that they were on dangerous ground, she deftly changed the subject.

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"Doesn't it seem odd to be married to an Indian?" Judith couldn't resist asking.

"I never think of his being an Indian—and I love him," the woman replied gravely. "You will understand how that is some day. Maybe you do, now, is the gentleman with you your sweetheart?"

"No—I don't know—maybe," she stammered, blushing.

"They came outside the tent as she spoke and she at once knew by an odd look in Roger's eyes that he had overheard their conversation.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

It's easy for a man to go wrong if he has no particular aim in life.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

It doesn't take a fast young man long to run through a fortune.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

SOLE'S KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache, Headache, Stomach, and all ailments.