

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for its simulating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Narcotics. NOT NARCOTIC.
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
476 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES.

Pity the Sorrows of the Poor Millionaire.

Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, himself the possessor of millions, in a recent address before the Business Men's club of that city, said:

"The millionaire is an unhappy man."

Why not?

He is a disappointed man. Having made his millions by squeezing back all that is best in him, he has fancied large wealth will bring him large happiness, only to learn his mistake.

It is the human way. Humans grow tired of any state of life when it is long continued, and the state of being rich is no exception. Being a millionaire gets to be monotonous.

And the millionaire hopes by buying himself he is doomed to disappointment. He is like the boy whose appetite is cloyed with much candy. Luxury, like everything else, soon palls.

He cannot buy what he wants. Midas of old discovered that he could not eat the golden streets. The millionaire who thinks to satisfy himself with money is like the famished traveler of the desert who found a bag which he hoped might contain some food. Upon examination he, hopeless, threw it away saying:

"Oh, it's only gold!"

Tired of his millions, the rich man yearns for something he cannot get. He wants the things that are denied him, which is the human way also.

"But," you say—

"I should like to make the experiment."

No doubt. But we know not what we ask. Inexperience in the investment and conservation of money, we should no doubt make a mess of our stewardship.

Give the money away?

That is the most difficult thing the millionaire tries to do. It requires a higher order of talent than to make money. The rich man finds that he is deceived at every turn and worked upon. Seldom does he meet with gratitude.

Then it may be said, not in irony, but in very truth:

Pay the sorrows of the millionaire!



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Economizes Butter, Flour, Eggs; makes the food more appetizing and wholesome
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

SINGIN' 'LONG DE ROAD.

He was des de happiest creature dat de round world ever knowed—
Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road!
Dreaming in the night
Of a mawwin' sweet en bright,
Flingin' wide de shutters fer ter let in all de light!

Happy in de reapin' of de harvest what he sowed—
Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road!
'Cross fields whar birds wuz singin'
Dey heard his voice a ringin',
En de toilers stopped ter listen en ter bless him fer his singin'.

'Peared lak it fetched de sunshine, en lightened up de load—
Dat singin' 'long de road—dat singin' 'long de road!
En 'it's work—it's work ter do
Whilst de light shine down on you!"
(Peared lak de birds dey heard him, en dey fell ter singin' too.)

Oh, des de happiest creature dat de roun' worl' ever knowed—
Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road!
En de darkest day wuz bright,
En Trouble say, "Good night!"
Fer he des th' wed wide de shutters en let in all de light!"
—Frank L. Stanton.

WHEN THE GIRLS GO BY.

There's one thing will give me gladness when I'm bent and full o' years
When the hair is white and springy that is bunched behind my ears;
An' the thing that will rejoice me is that young girls look so sweet
Every time you see them passin' anywhere upon the street.
I can sit at home and watch them or stand anywhere I please
Where the crowds are, an' behold 'em with their hair stirred by the breeze
For there's nothin' half so pretty, sun or clouds or sky or sea,
Or the autumn tinted valleys, as a young girl is to me.

Every one of 'em is pretty; she can't help it, I suppose.
I do not care if she is shabby or has freckles on her nose,
Or her hair is straight or twisty, or her mouth is big and wide—
So it's smilin'! I'll delight to find a quiet place aside
Where the crowds go helter-skelter, lean there ag'in a wall
Seein' girls go by in dozens, an' a-lovin' of 'em all!
If God could have made 'em better lookin' I suppose He would,
But I'm free about confessin' that I don't believe He could.

So that is the consolation I shall get from bein' old—
Watchin' girls go a-laughin', with their hair like tangled gold
In the sunshine; eyes a-glimin', full o' happy hearted glee,
Chatterin' to one another, never wastin' looks on me;
Just a-usin' their whole lives up, whether poor or richly clad,
Squeezin' sunshine from their youngness, keepin' busy bein' glad!
That'll be my life's vocation, the reward for all my tears,
The sweet afterglow of toilin', the full payment for my years.

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, Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters 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 Bondy, South Rockwood, Mich., "it is certainly a great kidney medicine." Try it. 50c. at all druggists.

HE WAS WISE.

The Doctor—Give your husband six of these every two hours.
His Wife—How much will your bill be, doctor?
The Doctor—That's all right. Just tell him to remember me in his will.

HE WON'T LIMP NOW.

No more limping for Tom Moore, of Coeltran, Va. "I had a bad sore on my instep that nothing seemed to help till I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve," he writes, "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it. Only 50c. at all druggists.

The queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey.
"We can't afford butter," she explained.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NOT TRUE.

The Old Southern Cooking No More.

People undoubtedly spend too much time bewailing the passing of some "old time" thing. But this, from the Augusta Chronicle, on old-time southern cooking, under the caption quoted, is interesting:

A New York concern has bought up a lot of land down around Americus on which to grow sweet potatoes—to be canned. And that brings to mind two things, one of which is that sweet potatoes cost more than twice as much in the land where they are grown as they used to, and another that a number of those palatable dishes of the old southern housewife, which were made of sweet potatoes, are no more.

The large farm which a New York canning company has bought in Georgia is going to be used to produce 150,000 bushels or more of potatoes to be put up in cans, hermetically sealed, of eight and ten pounds each, "which find ready sale at good prices," and we folks who don't raise potatoes are going to buy pieces of potato pie made from canned potatoes—as we are already doing when we eat in a restaurant or hotel, and often in our own homes—at 5 cents per cut. Meanwhile, there goes about a million or more 'pumpkin yams,' which would or should be turned into a mighty ne part of the dinner if "roasted in the jacket." No canned potato can ever take its place, and no canning factory—yet canning factories are mighty good things in the business world—can ever produce a substitute for the old black mammy's "baked 'tater."

There is a near approach to the potato pie we used to eat from the farmer's table in the years now gone, and that served up to us from the "canned goods," if we stretch our imaginations, and a concoction or substitution can be produced that somewhat resembles the once familiar and much enjoyed "candied yams," since the inauguration of the tin covered product in place of the covering nature provided for the potato in its earlier age, but, whether or not the "modern method" has been the cause, it is a fact that, since canned potatoes became "stylish," there has been a marked absence from our tables of the old-time "potato-pone," as delicious to the taste as it was beautiful in rich, brown colored to the eye when properly prepared.

All these things were distinctly southern dishes, and common to the table throughout the greater part of the year, in those days when we lived nearer next to nature than we do now; but, somehow, they are fast disappearing. We could have them still; and we could have the canned potatoes, too; if we wanted them. There's land a plenty to produce potatoes enough for both; but the can seems to be the shortest cut in the kitchen to a dinner, and, anyhow, it is becoming more "stylish" than those old-time ways—but "potato-pone" and "roasted yams" were mighty fine.

Passing over all this stuff about canned 'taters, we just want to say that if there is a man in Dixie anywhere who is at the mercy of such food he doesn't deserve a dog-gone bit of sympathy. Yams will grow anywhere in the south—better, of course, in some sections than others—and any country-bred boy who has grown into a city man and has forgotten how to build a fire and roast 'taters in the embers on the 'h'ath, has simply gone back on his rarsin'—or married a wife who has broken into society.

Thank goodness, 'possum and 'taters are still fashionable in North Carolina, and in about 80 per cent. of the homes here you can still find yams "baked in the jackets," and piled high on the dining table, where each fellow can peel his own potato. And that fine old concoction—sliced potato pie—with plenty of seasoning and juice all around of the inside, flavored just right, is still in vogue here. It is made from potatoes, too, that never saw a canning factory.

Shoo! our southern blood rushes fast, and we blush for any southern man who comes whining around about "old time southern cooking" being a lost art and being at the mercy of canned potatoes. I wake up,

SMILE.

When You Feel Mean, Smile.

The best way in this world to get along is just to keep sweet and keep moving. There is always an open door to the fellow who smiles. When we go about with a frown on our face this busy, plodding old world of ours has business across the street. The secret of why some people are always welcome is because they always have a smile to spare. They are always happy, and as welcome as blossoms in May. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" needs no commentary. The sour man may have his place, but as yet we have been unable to locate it; and we certainly will not waste much time looking for it. We have no time to waste on his entertainment. It is a great deal nicer to lie in your hammock and listen to the song of the oriole overhead than to be tortured with the rasp of tree frogs or of katydids. Who cares to go on vacation with some old grouch whose toes are sticking out of his shoes by reason of overmuch picking and his mustache scorched with the mean things he has been saying about this beautiful world. That's the sort of a fellow you want to see miss his train. We see men occasionally who never have a good word to say for anybody, and we feel sorry for them.—Standard.

THREE MILES TOO CLOSE.

A local young man, who is going to spend part of the winter in the South and who expects to do some shooting while there, went into a hardware store one day last to buy a gun.

"I am going after big game," he told the salesman, "wild cats, deer and bear."

"Then you want a good gun," said the clerk, "and I have just the thing. Here's one that will guarantee to kill a bear at three miles."

Taking the gun in his hands, and turning it over and over in a gingerly manner, the young man stammered:

"B-b-but isn't three miles pretty close to get to a bear?"—Ex.

ONE OF MANY KINDS.

There are various kinds of fools, but the one who neglects his work in the interest of the other fellow gets the least out of his foolishness.—Athenian Globe.

"I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade. I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least exertion would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured."

MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy. is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

"IF YOU CAN'T SMILE."

A Smile is a Tonic for the Discouraged.

In the vestibule of a certain hospital, visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places, and if you can't smile don't go in."

"If you can't smile, don't go in!" It is good advice for other than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry smile? It is tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world so much that makes afraid, and it cheers the aged who finds life unspeakably lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth is built in a large part by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us.

Smiles are as indispensable to a true success in life as money, mind and might. As long as a man can smile he is not beaten. Not in hospitals only, then, but in the home and on the street there is a call for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God, and then turn the eyes to the light, for the smile that helps is the smile of heaven-kindled joy and hope.—Exchange.

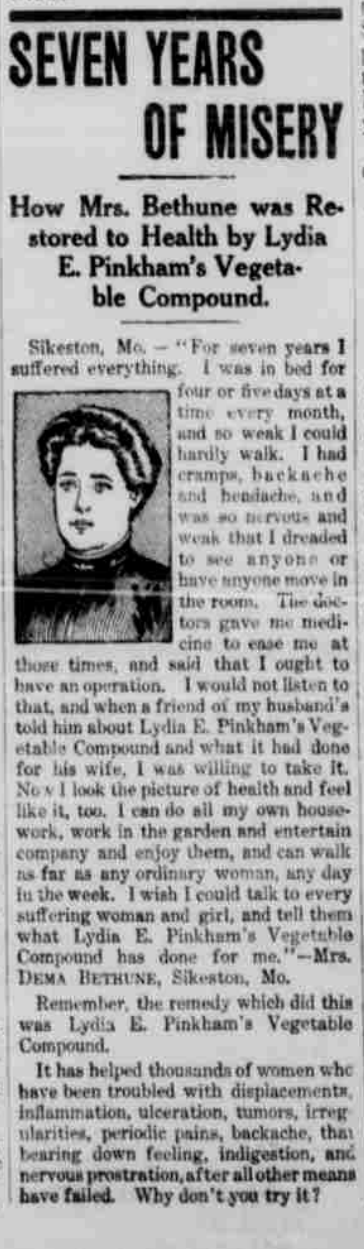
SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY.

How Mrs. Bethune was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I had cramps, backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the rooms. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband's told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do all my own housework, work in the garden and entertain company and enjoy them, and can walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the week. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl, and tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MRS. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?



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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.

Special Sale!

We have on hand several consignments of the latest in wool, Wash and Fineness ladies' suits. 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 Coat Suits \$4 to \$6, now \$1.95 to \$3. \$4 to \$5 Net Waist reduced \$1.75 to \$2.50. Black and colored silk Petticoats \$4 to \$6 now \$2.80 to \$4.75. Vole Skirts \$6 to \$8 now \$3.50 to \$4.75. 10 to 60 yards lace and embroideries to choose out at half price. 75c to \$1. Messaline silks, all colors, now 75c to 75c. 5 and 6c. calicoes 3 to 4c. 10 and 12c gingham 7 to 9c. About 3,000 ladies dress goods to choose out less than cost. Ladies hats at half price. Rugs, druggists, carpetings and matting at and below cost.

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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, \$47,000.

For more than 18 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.

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 prices mentioning this ad.

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JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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