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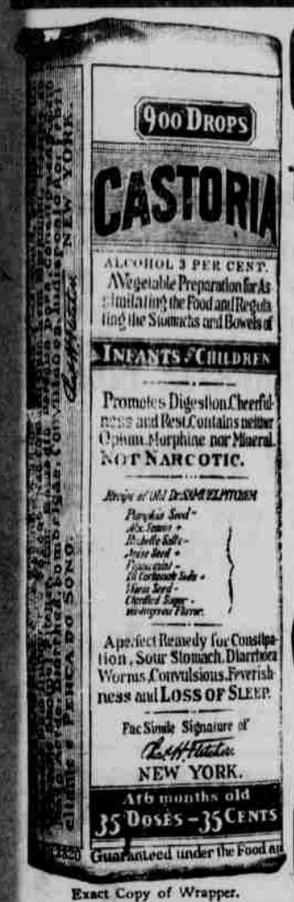

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The present low prices have created a very large demand for Spanish Peanuts. Always communicate with us when you have peanuts for sale.

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WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina,

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

Capital and Surplus, $50,000.

For nearly 20 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers are identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties.

A Savings Department is maintained for the benefit of all who desire to deposit in a Savings Bank. In this Department interest is allowed as follows:

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White, Tan, Gun Metal and Nubuck Pumps.....

The smartest styles in Spring Footwear. Pumps are the thing. We can suit your taste and more easily your POCKET BOOK. No better values possible for the money

Prices: $2.50, $3 and $3.50

Similar to cut above.

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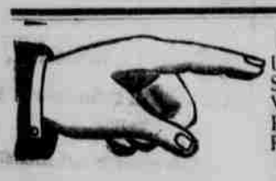

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Woman's World,	"	.25
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Roanoke News,	"	1.50
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HEALTH AND WALKING.

Take a Walk Every Day if You Want to Live Long and Be Well.

There is no form of exercise more healthful than walking; none that Americans, especially American women, are more careful to avoid whenever possible. English and German women are fond of walking, many of them being able to walk ten miles at a time, and come in fresher than when they began.

Walking strengthens the action of the heart, nourishes all the vital organs and tissues, increases the circulation, and feeds the muscles, which are the first portions of the body to decay with approaching age.

To be most beneficial, walking ought to be combined with deep breathing, for breathing exercises are in themselves splendid for quieting the nerves and refreshing the whole body.

Taken in conjunction with muscular exercise, the blood is doubly freshened, and the various organs are completely strengthened.

Take a walk every day if you want to live long and be well. Pleasantness will result as surely as the improvement in health, for walking brings not only physical blessings, but refreshment to one's soul.—E. C. Cline.

Dr. J. T. R. Neal, Prop. Riverside Drug Co., Greenville, S. C., writes recently, "I have been a practicing physician and druggist for over 35 years and have sold and administered many kidney medicines but none to equal Foley Kidney Pills. They are superior to any I ever used and give the quickest permanent relief."

E. CLARK

SURE THING.

A scientist says that people would have more sense if they did not wear hats. Yes, and husbands would have more dollars.—New York Sun.

Mrs. Rose A. Freeman, Clifford, Va., says they have long used Foley's Remedies and want to say a good word for them. She writes: "Foley Kidney Pills cured my husband of a long standing kidney trouble, after he had taken other medicines without relief. We would not be without Foley & Co.'s medicines in our house for many times their cost."

E. CLARK.

What makes a man know so much is he thinks he does.

"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 excitement 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.

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For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Beautifully showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

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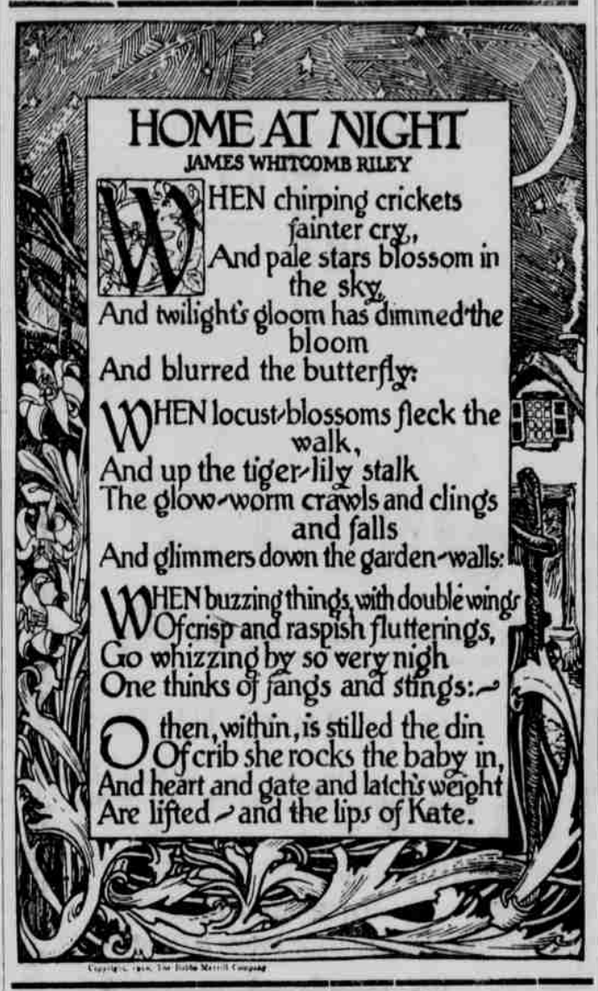
ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE



COMPANIONSHIP.

There's a time when the fires of passion
Burn out in the years of strife;
There are times when we like the fashion
Of a wife as a friend through life.
There's a time when there's something holy
And sweet and noble and true
In the way you are her companion.
And she's a companion for you.

Well, the roses of youth are splendid,
And the yearning of lips for lips;
But there's dust where dreams have wended,
And a teardrop sometimes slips;
But there need not be sorrow or worry,
Nor regret when a wife is a wife
In the beautiful comrade spirit
That lasts to the end of life.

The best of us tire and weary
In the end of the things once sweet
When we swung in the dances giddy
With the tingle of youth in our feet;
But the end is the old, old fashion
Of twilight misty and gray,
With a wife as a loved companion
To the end of the long, long way.

And, ah, what a beautiful beauty
Is that confidence and trust,
When two of the world together
Go down in the silvering dust,
Friendly and happy and gentle,
Comrades of old, old dreams
At the little window of memory
Where the light of the future gleams!

If that's what the world calls marriage,
Thank God for the gentle leaven
Which makes on the earth such marriage
As we look for alone in Heaven!
The marriage that outlives passion,
And ardor of swift, swift youth,
And stands entwined in eternal
And gentle and unstained truth!

John R. Staton, Joyce, Ky., had an exceptionally severe attack of whooping cough. He says: "If it had not been for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound I would have been compelled to quit work. Instead, I never missed a day, and Foley's Honey and Tar Compound gave me instant relief and is the only cough medicine we ever use." Contains no opiates.

E. CLARK.

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

Billy—Say, what did the old jay want to know?

Reddy—Wanted ter know where Wall street was?

Billy—Gee! Why didn't yer get him up de alley and skin him at craps?—Puck.

J. W. Jordan, a well known dentist of Hopkinsville, Ky., recently had an operation for his kidney trouble, but he says. "The first relief I got was after taking Foley Kidney Pills. They eased the terrible pain in my back and accomplished more good than anything I had tried. I gladly recommend them."

E. CLARK

ABOUT TIME TO MOVE.

The small town boy had been sent to a farmer uncle's to remain for two or three months, but at the end of the second week he showed up at home, much to the disapproval of his father.

"Why, Willie, what have you come back here for?" the parent inquired in no pleasant tone. "I sent you to your uncle's for a long stay."

"I know you did," Willie replied; "but you see, it was this way: The first week they killed a sheep and we et that; the next week we killed a hog, and we et that; and yesterday the hired man died, and I thought it was about time to come home."—Chicago Post.

Some men work hard trying to accomplish useless things.

The world owes every man the privilege of earning his living.

"NEARER, MY GOD TO THEE."

The Band Played As The Ship Went Down.

The brave men and women who perished with the sinking Titanic went to their last resting place on the ocean's bed with "Nearer, My God, to Thee" on their lips.

They were true martyrs, who gave their lives that others might be saved.

What more impressive and what more pitiful spectacle can the imagination conceive, and what more heroic? "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was the funeral dirge chanted as the giant took the final plunge.

The great ocean was flecked with foam, the drifting lifeboats were lost in the distant darkness. The lights on the Titanic burned to the last. The eyes of those who had been saved were directed to the trembling and shattered mass of steel. Their hearts were with those who in a few moments meet certain death. Then from the decks of the great ship came the song, like a sob—"Nearer, My God, to Thee." It floated with impressive echoes over the restless water. There was a hush. The boats floated on silently. The sound of the song grew fainter. There was a sudden noise. The once powerful vessel rose in the air, then plunged into the ocean.

It was a fitting requiem, it was a noble anthem, it was a beautiful death song.

Nowhere in the world's history can be found detailed a tragedy of such pathos, nor can the mind of man imagine a scene more exquisite in its impressive agony.

Here were 1,595 human souls facing certain death, knowing that their lives were about to end, and their souls were preparing for that eternal flight, turning their eyes toward the dark heaven above and letting their hearts make a final appeal for peace in a hymn so beautiful, so sublime.

It is finished. The story of the disaster has been told. Men and women in this great world are easy to forget. Soon the great tragedy of the Atlantic will become but a memory, but the song will live forever.

What an opportunity there is for a master mind to paint this tragic picture, what a chance for the poet to pour out his soul in descriptive eloquence, but none are so great that they can portray the pitiful pathos of the midnight scene, nor can any one, unless he stood on the decks of the sinking ship, realize the infinite power there is in this wonderful hymn.

It brought peace to those who felt the cold clutch of death. It lessened the pangs of parting. It paved the way for the final dissolution.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," and in a few brief seconds 1,595 agonized souls were gathered to the arms of their Maker.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

THE GENTLE CYNIC.

Always do your best, but never your best friend.

***

The one particular brand of love that isn't blind is self-love.

***

The penalty of a stolen kiss is frequently a life sentence at hard labor.

***

All locksmiths are not bachelors in spite of the fact that love laughs at them.

***

Ever notice that the wolf generally comes to the door disguised as a bill collector?

***

A man seldom knows who his friends are, but his friends are more considerate.

***

It requires almost as much force of character to be a book agent as to turn one down.

***

Many a girl would promise to marry a man if she thought he wouldn't be so silly as to expect her to live up to her promise.

***

No woman is competent to advise a young girl in her love affairs unless the aforesaid woman has been married at least four times.

Welcome, like everything else, will wear out sooner or later.

Are you the kind of man you think your neighbor ought to be.

GEOGRAPHICAL LINES.

A Little Story By The Late Bill Nye.

The story is told of Bill Nye that when he went sightseeing up Lookout mountain the boy who was acting as guide told him that from the summit where they were standing they could see four states.

"Let's see 'em," said Bill. "Where are they?"

"That," said the boy, "is Tennessee, that yonder is Georgia, that is Alabama, and that is North Carolina."

"No, you don't," replied Bill, shaking his finger at the youth. "You may stuff some folks with that, but not me. I studied geography in school, and I know that Tennessee is yellow, Alabama is green, Georgia is blue and North Carolina is red. I'm sure North Carolina is red," he added, "for I helped paint it red myself last week—Me and Bill Vischer."

I remember very well the first time I crossed the boundary line of my native state of Illinois into Indiana, and how surprised I was to find no "line" at all; not even a fence; nothing but a muddy stream; to discover also that the ground was the same color.

Since then I have learned that more things than geographical boundaries are purely imaginary.

Brought up a Protestant, I was amazed to find, when still quite a lad, that Roman Catholics are just as human and kind a Methodists.

Another shock came when it was revealed to me that one of the gentlest, wisest teachers I ever had was a Democrat: I had thought all Democrats chewed tobacco and carried guns.

One by one I have seen the partitions of humanity's house fall. I have found that the people in every class room are "just folks."

I have lived in a family of Italian wage workers in Tivoli, I have sat at the mahogany table of an Italian prince, I have mingled with German farmers at the Passing Fair, I have dined with English nobility and passed the night at the house of an English shopkeeper, I have visited with the president of the United States, senators, mayors, and governors and have also sopped my bread in the bacon gravy at the woodchopper's family board in Sangamon county, and as far as I can see there is no difference; that is, none to speak of. A bright boy could adjust himself to any of these situations in a week or so. Social barriers are also imaginary geographical lines.

We are learning, too, that all sciences shade into each other. Pasteur was a chemist and slid over accidentally into biology. Melchnikoff was a zoologist and became the discoverer of immunity from disease.

Nobody knows where the vegetable kingdom leaves off and the animal kingdom begins.

Who can put his finger on the line that runs between socialism and democracy?

What is the difference between the Democratic and the Republican party? A prize will be given for any answer at all.

The fact is classifications of all kinds are merely mental "labor-saving machinery." They are useful for purposes of discussion, just as Kentucky's difference from Tennessee is useful for purposes of taxation.

But we're all folks. We all love and hate, laugh and cry, eat and sleep. Girls and boys love about the same way in Teheran and Texas, at European courts and Iowa crossroads.

Every mother loves to look at her baby, and every baby smiles back at its mother, and the good God is over us all.

Helps a Judge In Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c. at all druggists.

The man who is really his own worst enemy always attempts to shift the blame.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

No man is an optician just because he makes a spectacle of himself.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, and the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

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"MOST AVAILABLE MAN."

Underwood and the Democratic Year. Strong In New York.

"Long before I saw any mention of Oscar Underwood's name as a possible candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination I had selected him as the most available man to lead the Democracy," writes Albert B. Kerr, son of the late James B. Kerr, M. C.

"I am a Democrat, and I believe this to be a Democratic year," he further adds. "There is no man in my judgment who would prove so strong a candidate as Mr. Underwood. It is refreshing to Democratic partisans on the side lines to have a leader of the demonstrated capacity of Mr. Underwood. The Democrats of New York expect to win, and incidentally we shall take much pleasure in victory if it be over Colonel Roosevelt. I do not belong to the 'interests' nor to 'big business,' so that my opposition to Mr. Roosevelt may be accounted for in some other way." Washington Post.

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Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right