WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1916.

NO. 18

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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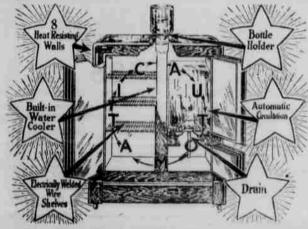
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SUPPER FOR TWO

By EARL SILVERS.

Bert Overton. But after she had given her word to Jack, Bert had gradually been forgotten, until, shortly after her marriage, his name was little more

"I never liked him and I never

doesn't expect to come East for

After that the other man's name was not mentioned in the Abbott In blissful pence.

But one afternoon in early summer Olive ready and willing for a set or two of tenuls before supper, but he was doomed to disappointment. No Olive awaited him.

going?" he asked the maid.

"Yes, sir," the girl answered, "She's gone to the city and will not be back an always active brain, Jimmy cast until this evening. She told me to tell you that you had better eat supper

suddenly to have lost its charm, so he wandered into the library in search of a book with which to while away the time. On the open desk in the corner he saw a letter addressed to familiar, and he absentmindedly single sheet of paper it contained and glanced over its contents.

He read the letter carefully, from beginning to end, an expression of wonder on his clean-cut face.

"Dear Olive," he read, "I shall be in New York Wednesday for a day's visit. Then I must hurry back to Chicago. But before I go, I simply must see you. Will you meet me at Man-ley's at four o'clock? We can have a little supper for two and talk over old

knew he did not approve of. But | for his pains. she had done it. The letter and her

that afternoon. He walked from the he heard him say the lines, and then library to the porch and into the ii- asked him if he was afraid his herve

get home, but I promised a very dear friend that I would dine out."

"To Manley's."

"What's the matter, dear?" she

"I didn't think you'd care at alt." ning was at stake,

a triffe defiant. "I don't see why I and confidence returned.

thing to me about it before meeting and by that time there'll be something

"I don't know what you mean." She looked at him wonderingly.

have done it, but I read a letter of yours which you left on the table."

you to have supper with him tonight. of laughter, her husband watching her with amazement. Finally she checked great!"

"Think!" Her laughter angered "Can't I read?"

on his arm. "That letter is from Ruberta Spencer, a college friend of We always called her Bert, and I haven't seen her for years, be-

shamefacedly, "I'm sorry, dear." He placed his hand over hers. "If you don't mind, we'll get Annie to bring in the supper again. I didn't eat very

She smiled into his eyes. "Of course," she answered. "It will be a supper for two, after all. (Copyright, 1916, by the McClura Newspa-per Syndicate.)

A Doctor's Remedy for Coughs As a cure for coughs and colds Dr.

remedies in just the right proportion morbus by Chamberlain's Colic Cholera to do the most good for summer coughs and Diarrhea Remedy," writes Mrs. or colds. A trial will prove the value of Sidney Simmons, Fair Haven, N. Y. this splendid cough medicine. Dr. Bell's "Since then other members of my fam-Pine-Tar-Honey soothes the irritation, ily have used this valuable medicine tle will more than convince you—it will remedy of exceptional merit." stop your cough. At druggists. Obtainable everywhere.

JIMMY'S PREPAREDNESS

By FANNY GRAY

engaged to Jack Abbott, Olive Alkin-son had displayed a cordial liking for through college, and had had to stop because of the necessity to earn more that of elevator boy in a summer hotel, but when the summer came to an very last minute. She knew I never tossed feverish and delirious on his than a memory. But Jack Abbott end he found he must try to get some-nursed a deep resentment toward that thing which would give him a few hours off each day for study. A playwright, who had been staying at the hotel and had become interested in will," he said. "I hope that we shall hever see him again." he ambitious young man had spoken a word for him in the Star theater. and he had made good in his position, Mrs. Jack maswered, placidly. Bert so that after two months he had been has gone into business in Chicago and promoted to be head usher. Thus he could study a part of the time, and so husten the day for taking up college work again.

There was more than one reason for household. Mr. and Mrs. Jack lived his application to work and his desire to make something worth while of himself. Louise Drake, an attractive Mr. Jack reached home at about and destrable young girl, was watch-three o'clock. He had hoped to find ing his fight, and he looked forward to the day when he might ask her to marry him.

For a while the work of usher was interesting, and listening to the plays "Did Mrs. Abbott say where she was good fun. But when a decided success settled down for an indefinite run, this became monotonous. Having

One day he discovered that he had heard the star's lines so often that he could anticipate almost every speech. This gave him a thought of something further to do. He would memorize the part.

It was not very difficult, and, having accomplished it, he turned his attenhis wife. The handwriting looked un- tion to the part that interested him most next to that of the star. It was picked up the envelope. Moved by a that of a young man who figured rath-sudden impulse, he slipped out the er prominently in the play, and was more or less Jimmy's ideal of young manhood. He became so absorbed in Suddenly his eyes contracted, his It that he frequently found himself ips forming in a straight, thin line. standing before his glass, making the gestures to fit the lines as he had seen the actor do. At the end of the third week, it seemed to him he must know

One Saturday night, the young ac-tor, a man named Langdon, was taken violently ill an hour before the performance. His understudy had been allowed a have of absence over Sunday, and had just left town. How gazed at the writing before him. It seemed hard to believe that his wife would disregard his wishes. would disregard his wishes; would ac-cept an invitation from a man whom before the manager and was criticized

Twenty minutes later, however, the bsence were conclusive evidence. manager, in desperation, reconsidered in Mr. Jack neither read nor played and sent for Jimmy. For a half hour would give out. Jimmy inwardly would grade out. Jimmy inwardly and make the following said "no." Then he was hurhad worked himself into an unusual ried to a dressing room. The clothes state of mind. But he resolved to be fitted, and someone came and "unade him up."

ing for one she knew.

At last the bell sounded, the lights

slowly grew dim, and the audience set-tled itself for the first act, little know-'Ob, a supper for two, eh?' He log that behind the scenes a young could not keep the sneer out of his amateur actor was waiting for his cue voice, and she looked at him in won- with shaking knees and fast-heating heart. The most thrilling moment of Jimmy's life was at hand, and he felt asked. "Didn't you want me to go?" he could not go through with it. Stage He smiled grimly at her apparent tright had seized him, his courage ebbed away, and he leaned against the "You know how I feel about such scenery for support. The manager, things," he answered, with a hint of close at hand, alternately swore and encouraged. The success of his eve-

The cue came. Jimmy, more dead "Didn't think I'd care!" He flushed than alive, stepped out on to the stage, angrity.

And, behold! With the first word of "Other people do it." Her tone was his part, all embarrassment departed

The curtain fell on the last act. In "Yes," he said cynically, "in these the dressing room the manager modern times a woman may do al- grasped Jimmy's hand. "Be in the ofmost anything. But you know how I fice on Monday morning at ten o'clock, feel toward the man, and I think that | and we'll talk things over. You're to you might at least have said some- have the part till Langdon gets well,

was tired. Jimmy washed the grease "There's no use in heating about the bush." He arose. "Perhaps I shouldn't as in a dream. As he passed out the stage door, the paetty girl who had so engerly watched for someone in the theater seized his arm, "Jimmy! Jim-"It was from Bert Overton, asking my! I was there all the time! Didn't you remember I was coming? I looked Suddenly Mrs. Jack burst into penis | for you and looked, and then when you came on the stage-Oh, Jimmy, it was

It was great, although it did not you think Bert Overion wrote that lead to college. The money earned that letter?" kind of study that would develop the abilities of a growing young actor. Up-"Listen, dear." She placed her hand bill work it was sometimes, but always steady. And when, after several years of hard work, the night came on which Jimmy saw his name emblaz-oned in lights above the door of the cause as soon as she graduated she star theater, his thoughts went back went to Chicago?"

Star theater, his thoughts went back to that night in his past when "prethe opportunity knocking at his door. And the pretty girl who had waited for him at the stage door that eventful night now sat, proud and happy, in the manager's box and applauded her actor husband as he achieved his

paredness. (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Cure For Cholera Morbus.

"When our little boy, now seven years Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey combines these old, was a baby he was cured of cholera

THE LITTLEST BRIDESMAID

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Jimmy Benton was usher in the Star theater. He had been part way pit taller, she might do." Marjorie gianced at the youngest member of wounded soldier, the Rateigh family speculatively. I He had been t do think it was perfectly fleudish of

> heeled slippers if I stuff the toes and about; I'll do my hair way up high. I don't

Marjoric went down to the veranda, where her mother sat planning the final arrangements for the wedding the next day, and presently Nancy heard the familiar voice call her down likewise for close inspection.
"The high beels would add to her

height." Mrs. Rundail said musingly, "and there's a little dress you wore at the Parley lawn party. You remember, dear, it has a lace underskirt and

So it was arranged, and Nancy trod on air in the seventh heaven while the dress was altered to fit her slim, alert figure. The wedding was to be at ten in the little lyy-covered chapel across the winding road from the Ruleigh estate. Nancy, as she came downstairs with the other girls, intent on her slippers and new dignity, heard one of the men saying that meant nothing at all to her who Andy was or why he was late. She almost tripped on the verands steps, but

caught her balance. "You tore the lace," Vera Kennedy whispered-the girl just behind herand Nancy, taking one backward true." glance at the tellfule shred dangling, slipped out of line and made for the sitting room for a pin. It did seem as if every pin had vanished.

"Did you lose something?" Nancy was on her knees before the lower deak drawers when the new voice startled her. It must be a be-lated guest, she thought, yet a very desirable. He was tall and athletic and just dusty and rumpled enough to look refreshing after the groomed perfection of the others.

"Have you a pin?" asked Nancy. "I tore my skirt."

"Indeed I have," he retorted heart-"Right here. Can I help the flower girl?" "I'm not the flower girl," Nancy an-

swered haughtily. "I am one of the bridesmaids." "The littlest one," he added gravely, as she rose with the ruffle pluned

safely in place. "Can you run? I've got to, because the ring's in my pocket Nancy's bine eyes danced with sudden mischief. They went down the steps and the path on a run like chil-

"You're Andy and you're always

slightest hint of guilt in Mrs. Jack's Among them was a girl who scanned big blue eyes. "I'm sorry I couldn't the face of each usher, evidently looks said a few hours later, when it was crest of matrimony's tide, "you looked very winsome and sweet and acted very nicety. I was glad you didn't make yourself conspicuous at all."

"Yes'm." said Nancy demurely, And then, oddly enough, she went up to the Raieigh daughters, and just jumped into the cushions on the window seat, crying because Andy Kincald had called her the littlest brides slippers and grown-up dress had not amusedly and had been nice just to please her in her masquerade. was all. And yet she was really go-

ing on eighteen. It was nearly dusk when the car

Namey looked out the window, trying to distinguish the two figures. One was surely her father and the other the dilatory Andy. And they came up the broad veranda steps like a couple of pals together. Nancy stood in the little room, her heart beating else," he said.

Too happy and excited to know he

fast like a captured bird, listening.

Then came her father's step on the

stairs, and she ran to meet him. "Go down and welcome Andy, Nau, spend a week with us. His dad and I were chums through college. And listen, Nannie," as she started down, "I'll tell your mother why he's here

Nan caught at the big, strong hand on the bannisters, and pressed it to her lips, then went softly, shyly down to the big, shadowy living room where

"I couldn't wait for you to grow up, dear. And when Mr. Raleigh asked me there at the station if I wasn't Tad Morrison's boy, I knew here I am." He paused and took her bands in his, waiting. "I won't hurry you, you know; I won't say anything at all until you give me the signal, but I just wanted to come back and fook in your eyes and be sure you

per, a very hurried but eager whis-"I did-the very minute you gave me the pin. But how soon you came

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Nancy's voice was almost a whis-

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A man never complains of poor eyesight because he is unable to see his own faults.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

POLLY'S SOLDIER

By ELLIS GRAHAM

wide-eyed, sat stiently fanning a

He had been brought in during the day with a shattered arm and a bu could get another girl way up here its | mattress bed, one of two dozen in the the mountains in time for the wed- ruins of the old mission. The best was almost unbearable, not a breath of air stirring in that desert region. spoke up generously. "Til be the res-cue party. I can wear your high-fanned, and this was what it was all

> It was cherry time and a girl and a man were out under the crims heart tree. The girl had a color in he cheeks almost as rich as that of the cherries the young man had hung over each of her ears, and her lips, juicestained, were too tempting to resist.

"I love you, Polly!" he declared, impetuously seizing her in his arms, "Tell me all over again." "I love you, Will I" she declared hap-

snuggling up close to his breast. "And you'll never, never forget! "And no matter what anybody ever

says, you'll never go back on me. Cross your heart, Polly!" And Polly solemnly crossed her heart.

That evening at dinner Polly's father said: "It looks as though we are going to have war. The militia has been ordered out." Poor white Polly had dropped her fork and the cheeks that had matched the cherries had gone white as the tablectoth. For Will was captain in

the local Guard and that meant-oh, what? "Are you sure, daddy?" "Yes. Pauline. I'm sorry to say it's

some of the boys we know will have to go. "I suppose so. Will Ficking bas something to do with it, hasn't he? Why, Polly-" For the girl was unable to endure it any longer, had rushed from the table to her room.

her behavior and that her conduct what of 117 She loved Will Fielding and there wasn't any reason why they shouldn't know. But, later, her mother came to her

and kindly but firmly told her that she was too young to full in love, and, besides, that although personally liked Will well enough, the family was new and she couldn't consent to a daughter of hers marrying into a fam lly no one knew anything about. And so things went on for three

days. Then something occurred something dreadful. Polly had never learned the exact truth, for no one about the diamond ring her mother

gone to the kitchen before leaving to her rings interfered with her gloves on the table in the kitchen, intending to drop them into her bag. But she was half way to the car before she remembered them and returned. Norsh and gone out for cherries for ples, leaving the doors open. That was all they would tell her, except that when her mother returned the two-carat diamond was gone, and that night her parents unde her promise never to see Will company marched away with never a goodby from Will, nor so much as a salute from him as he had passed.

The sick man monned and muttered "Polly! Good-by, Polly!" he said. Won't you say good-by? What's the matter with everybody?' More mut-tering and then; "Nobody was at home, Polly. I cut across the back way and Duke ran into the kitchen. I chased him out, and he tore your

mother's slik dress. She hates Duke. Poor Duke! Good-by, Polly, dear!" "Will," breathed the little nurse softly, "live for my sake, Will, There was some mistake I am sure, and it will come out all right."

Dawn came swift and hot and a horse galloped near. It was a messenger with mail. There were letters for Polly, one from home and she opened it eagerly. "Dear little girl," wrote her mother, "I hope you are safe and well and not working too hard. Father and I are so anxious about you." news, "You'll be surprised to hear I found my ring. It was very queer the way it was lost. We found it stickbasket. Nora must have set basket down on my rings that day In the cellar ever since until today when she found the ring. Do you ever hear of Will Fielding? We've inquired about his family, Polly dear, and find England stock. If Will comes home turns soon, daddy and I won't say a word if you still care for each other. Wasn't that a fearful battle at Tor

estos?" and so on. The letter slipped to the floor.
"Thank God!" whispered the little

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"What's wrong, Polly? exclaimed her mother.
"Nothing," she answered with dry lips, "except that I was thinking that the love we know will asse.

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