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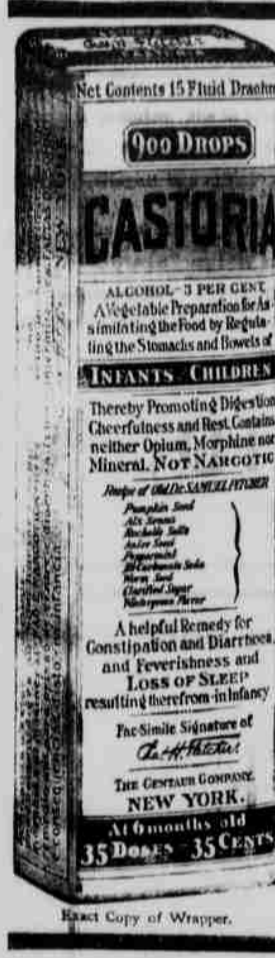
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 19



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Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces
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ALCOHOL - 3 PER CENT.
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Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
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THE Dining Room should be a cheerful place for when you eat your meals amid pleasant surroundings you do much to aid digestion. And good digestion means health.

HAVE US FURNISH YOUR DINING ROOM
The variety of designs in Tables, Chairs, Sideboards, China Closets, Serving Tables and the like, is ample to satisfy your desires, whatever they may be, in the matter of style, finish and price. Come in and talk it over with us. We are as eager to GIVE satisfaction as you are to receive it.
Weldon Furniture Company,
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Boys * Girls * Men * Women

If not needed on farms come to work for us. Pleasant work--good wages
MEALS AT COST IN FACTORY
BEAUTIFUL ROOMING HOUSE FOR GIRLS
(JUST FINISHED.)
Write or Come to See Us.

British-American Tobacco Company,
Brown and Perry Streets
PETERSBURG, VA.

HE BOASTED TOO MUCH.
In That Way a Justice of the Peace Lost His Job.

Never get into the trough with your feet, when you strike a good thing don't advertise it, but save it and string it out, thereby thinning out continuing joy to durability; otherwise you stand to lose the whole business. A justice of the peace who prided himself on his marrying record has just lost his job because he went in whole hog and bragged about it. This fellow announced to a critical world that he had kissed ten thousand brides in his time, and asked for a reelection on his record. You know a thing like that gets on your nerves after a while, so the cross and unsympathetic public went after this boy's number. They went after the marrying squire with an opposition candidate on a platform of "Shake hands with 'em, that's enough," and cleaned him up in the primaries.

This justice began kissing brides as a matter of form. He heard about the insatiable kiss, and he had a lurking fear that he would acquire mumps, or scarlet fever, or chicken pox, or measles, or something, but as time wore on and he acquired none of these, he began to like it, and as soon as he began to like it, the perverse public began to lay plans to take it away from him. The public cannot stand anything like candor, and it can't stand it to see a man too successful.

What the squire now sees should have been done to complain in public of what a nuisance it was to kiss the bride. Then the public would have allowed him to marry people for the remainder of his life. The candid man is everlastingly getting batted around in this world. If we all spoke our real minds there would be fights and joint debates on every block, and it is doubtful if anybody could be elected to office.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Theories cause more worries than facts.

Life Was a Misery
Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Palmer, Okla., writes:
"From the time I entered into womanhood . . . I looked with dread from one month to the next. I suffered with my back and bearing-down pain, until life to me was a misery. I would think I could not endure the pain any longer, and I gradually got worse. . . Nothing seemed to help me until, one day, . . . I decided to
TAKE
CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic
"I took four bottles," Mrs. Jones goes on to say, "and was not only greatly relieved, but I can truthfully say that I have not a pain. . . It has now been two years since I took Cardui, and I am still in good health. . . I would advise any woman or girl to use Cardui who is a sufferer from any female trouble."
If you suffer pain caused from womanly trouble, or if you feel the need of a good strengthening tonic to build up your run-down system, take the advice of Mrs. Jones. Try Cardui. It helped her. We believe it will help you.
All Druggists

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LET HIM LIVE.
As long as flowers their perfume give,
So long I'd let the Kaiser live—
Live and live for a million years,
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears,
With nothing to quench his awful thirst,
But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.
I would let him live on a dinner each day,
Served from silver on a golden tray,
Served with things both dainty and sweet,
Served with everything but things to eat.
And I'd make him a bed of silken sheen,
With costly linens to lie between,
With covers of down and fillets of laces,
And downy pillows piled in places;
Yet when to its comfort he would yield,
It would sink with rot of the battlefield,
And blood and bones and brains of men
Should cover him, smother him, and then
His pillows should cling with the rotten clay—
Cloy from a grave of a soldier boy.
And while God's stars their vigils keep,
And while the waves the white sands sweep,
He should never, never, never sleep.
And through all the days, through all the years,
There should be an anthem in his ears,
Ringing and singing and never done
For the edge of light to the set of sun,
Moaning and moaning and moaning wild—
A ravaged French girl's bastard child!
And I would build him a castle by the sea,
As love a castle as ever could be;
Then I'd show him a ship from over the sea,
As fine a ship as ever could be;
Laden with water cold and sweet,
Laden with everything good to eat;
Yet scarce does she touch the silvered sands,
Scarce may he reach his eager hands,
That a hot and hellish molten shell,
Should change his heaven into hell,
And though he'd watch on the wave-swept shore,
Our Lusitania would rise no more.
In "No Man's Land" where the Irish fell,
I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;
I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas;
In every wound I'd pour ground glass;
I'd march him out where the brave boys died—
Out past the lads they crucified.
In the fearful gloom of his living tomb,
There is one thing I would do before I was through:
I'd make him sing in a stirring manner,
The wonderful words of the "Star-Spangled Banner."
SEPTEMBER.
The misty morns of September when the crickets start to play,
And the sun comes up half hidden in the fog-wreaths of the bay;
The fragrance of ripe orchards, and the sparkle of the dew,
And the cobwebs in the grasses woven by the fairy crew;
Oh, take me out to breakfast
With the mists so fresh and deep
Where the sunbeams come to snatch us
From the shadowy shores of sleep!
The misty morns of September and the round red moon at night
Climbing up the promontories till it pales to silver light,
And goes sailing like a phantom of some lady fair and frail
Through the starry heights of azure looking down on earth's green vale;
Oh, take me out to supper
When the September moon once
Peeps above the peaks of purple
Over on the Eastern Shore!
The misty morns of September, with a ripple in the trees
That shall drift the misty shadows on the bosom of the breeze;
And the humming birds a-flutter in the honey-cups of bloom—
Ah, forget the old world's troubles and cast off the cloak of gloom:
Forget the troubled conflict,
And the sorrow put away
When the misty morns of September
Rise in beauty from the bay!
ONE AFTER ANOTHER.
"With me," said the tall man, "life is just a ne exposure after another."
"What is your business?"
"I'm a photographer."
"Well, life is just one exposure after another with me, too."
"Is that so? What line are you in?"
"I'm in the United States Senate."
"Gentlemen," remarked a third man, "with me, life is just one exposure after another."
"So? And what do you do?"
"I design party gowns."—Detroit News.
DECEITFUL BIDDIES.
Fogg is rather disgusted with poultry farming. He says that when he left home yesterday morning forty of his hens were bragging about what they were going to do; but on his return he found that only eight had laid—the rest of the bunch had simply lied.—Boston Transcript.
A girl is a flirt who is afraid she will be left at the post.
There is no end of trouble in a family that has two heads.
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A MODEL HUSBAND.

A Model Husband is One Who Will Share Every Hardship or Sorrow Life May Bring to His Wife.

Perhaps every married woman in our community thinks she possesses a model husband, and we should be sorry to say anything that might be the means of dispelling the delusion. We feel sure no two women weigh mankind in exactly the same scales. What one woman regards as virtues another may regard as faults. A model husband in our opinion is not a man who alone brings wealth to his home, nor one who endows his wife with a fine social position; but one who gives to his wife the best of himself; who appreciates her virtues and pardons her faults. A model husband is one who will share every hardship or sorrow life may bring to his wife, and sweetens suffering with his words of love and sympathy and when age and infirmities rob her of her personal charms and wrinkles take the place of dimples, his love is like the holly that blossoms in the winter of adversity.

A model husband does not allow his selfish nature to accord to himself all the blessings which comes with a well kept home, and permit his faithful wife to bear all the burdens; he does not fret and fume if a sick child disturbs his peaceful slumbers, declaring urgent business duties on the morrow will demand his attention and he cannot lose sleep, yet can spend several nights at the club or lodge each week and never complain of heavy eyelids.

A model husband prefers the society of his wife and children to that of club, opera or dance, and when his wife shares in these recreations they are a pleasure to him, when she is absent they cease to amuse.

A model husband is not only tender and kind, he is manly and brave. It is a pitiful sight to see a strong, well balanced woman yoked to a pigmy of a man who never had an inspiration higher than his stomach; who whines when he is hungry and grunts when he is fed.

A model husband must be a honest man; not only honest with his fellowmen, thus keeping his commercial reputation above reproach, but honest in paying his obligations to his family. When he allows vice and dissipation to rob him of his manhood and self-respect he cheats his wife out of her legal rights.

Model husbands as a rule are not the outcome of circumstances, but they are natural products. A kind loving son will become, after marriage, a model husband. A selfish, arrogant son will grow into a tyrannical, unreasonable husband because he loves himself better than any one else, and his wife will always occupy a second place in his affections; when their opinions clash, and the happiness of either party is in the balance it will be surrendered, or there will be a friction in the household.

A model husband delights to bring happiness to the heart of the one he calls wife and never forgets to cherish and protect the atom of humanity the law made his own. His marriage vows are not made on Thanksgiving to be broken on Christmas.

A model husband is not necessarily one of the kissing kind, who never enters his house or leaves it without kissing his wife, and then amuses his associates by saying his wife would rather have a kiss than a dollar, and as a kiss has less commercial value it suits both parties.

SAFETY IN SILENCE.

Commenting on the many and varied excuses offered for evading the draft, Provost General Crowder remarked that most of the would-be slackers come to grief through talking too much.
"They remind me of the young fellow who, on the spur of the moment, asked a girl to marry him."
"Yes," replied the girl.
"After waiting for five minutes for him to say something more, she said:
"Well, what have you got to say?"
"Nothing," replied the young man, "I've said too much already."—Washington Star.

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—ALSO—
Shoes and Clothing.
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Agency for Kinston Steam Laundry Collars 2½c. Shirts 12c.
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THAT is, they help him in business as well as social life, by giving him a properous, well-groomed appearance.
Men who dress in good taste say they like to buy here because of the excellent assortment to choose from. Everything in the store is carefully selected by experts and quality is the first consideration.
In men's hosiery for instance, we sell the reliable Interwoyen socks—"The Hosiery of a Gentleman." All fashionable colors; all weight-; in Silk, Lisle, Cashmere and Cotton at

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