

Roanoke-Chowan Times.

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NUMBER 12

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I have just received a large Car Load of the American Field Fence which I am offering at low prices. My sales of this Fence are doubling every year, and I have yet to hear of the first complaint.

I have it in several styles. I also have a lot of Ellwood Fence for gardens.
Write for prices or call on
M. H. CONNER,
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Advice.
Friend, when your heart is heavy,
And you know not where to turn,
When the years lie dark behind you
And their blustering memories burn,
Arise, and fling them from you—
The thoughts that poison sleep;
And pray the Lord's good angels
Around your ward to keep.

Nay, dwell not with the sorrow
Or the fruitless might-have-been;
Nor waste in vain repinings,
The strength to fight with sin.
Arise, and march straight forward,
And face the years to be,
And pray the Lord of angels
To send you victory.

The Essentials of a Happy Married Life
(By Rev. Thos. B. Gregory)

The following communication has all the ear-marks of perfect sincerity, and on that account, if for no other, it would seem to call for such answer as we may be able to give:

I am a young woman, twenty two years old, in perfect health, fairly intelligent, and with a high school education. I have always lived a good life and am happy. But this is merely introductory to the main fact that I wish to speak of—my marriage. I am to be married in about two months, and naturally, I am doing a great deal of thinking about it, wondering whether it is going to prove to be a happy marriage or one full of trouble.

It will be perfectly proper for me to ask you a question, which I hope you will answer as frankly and truly as you know how. The question is this: What are the essentials of a happy married life? Some married people, you know, have homes that are anything but lovely; while others get along beautifully. What makes the unhappy homes? and what makes the happy ones?

You will do me a great favor by answering my question through the columns of the "American," the paper that so many look to for advice.

Speaking broadly, it may be said that the chief essentials of a happy married life are true love and sound sense. The chances are that the husband and wife who really love each other and have good judgment will get along together fairly well.

If they have good sense they will understand the folly of looking for absolute perfection in each other, and if they have the love they will be very patient with the little faults which they know are bound to exist, even in the best human beings.

But it might be well to be a trifle more specific, and, therefore, it may be said that there are certain things which the husband who loves his wife and has good sense will not do.

He will not go home the worse for drink, disgusting his wife and heavily taxing her respect for him.

He will not squander his means on games of chance, thus jeopardizing his family's comfort and possibly its very necessities of life.

He will not spend his evenings at the "club," or the "lodge," or somewhere else away from home, thus rendering himself almost a stranger to the members of his family.

He will not attempt to be a "boss"—that most despicable of all the offices to which a husband ever thought of applying himself. He will share with his wife in the wise and loving administration of the affairs of the home and stop right there.

He will not be a bear when he enters his home, cross, surly, brutal, or which is almost as bad cold and indifferent; on the other hand, he will be a human being, gentle, considerate, bland like a day in June, not chilling like old December.
And the wife? Will the wife who loves her husband and is fortunate enough to have the good sense we are talking of also refrain from certain things? She will not get into the wretched habit of nagging her husband after every turn up worrying the very life out of him about nothing.
She will not call her husband a "brute" or a "cruel, heartless wretch" should he, semi-occasionally, feel like wheeling his easy chair off into a corner to do a lit-

tle bit of quiet dreaming over his cigar.

She will not forget that trousers and coats, and vests, and shirts are supposed to have buttons on them, and that, to the average husband, a missing button is a source of great inconvenience and unrest.

She will not neglect her personal appearance, remembering that in the sight of every husband who is worth talking about, a slouchy wife is an eye-sore rather than an attraction.

She will not insist upon having a hundred-dollar dress and a thirty dollar hat when she knows that generous as her husband may be at heart, those figures are beyond the reach of his purse.
She will not be insanely jealous if her husband happens to look at, or speak to, a woman on the street, she will not fly up into a passion or accuse him of wanting to run away with her.

These are some of the most dangerous foes of marital happiness that are obviated by the two great essentials—love and sense.

Of course, if these two things are lacking—if the husband and wife care nothing for each other and are deficient in good sense—a happy married life is out of the question.—New York American.

Taxes and Poll Tax.
The urgency of the tax collectors, and especially the published request from the Sheriffs of different counties for tax delinquents to come forward and settle promptly for what they owe in the way of taxes, is equally important to those who owe, as well as to those who are elected or appointed to collect these taxes.

More especially is the matter of the payment of the poll tax important, for failure to pay this tax before May 1st, this year, means that those who have failed will lose their right to vote in the elections of this year.

It is the penalty, which those who do not pay their poll tax before May first, 1904, must suffer, the forfeiture of all right to vote in the important elections which are to take place this year.

The failure to pay this poll tax before May first, with the consequent loss of the voting privilege, does not mean that this exempts the delinquent from payment, for the tax must be paid any way.

The importance of a vote this year, and every year, ought to be sufficient to cause every poll tax payer to meet his obligation long before the day when the limit is set.

And it is not too much to say that all taxes should be paid, so that no taxpayers name goes upon the delinquent list.—New Bern Journal.

A Successful Bank.
The Bank of Weldon is an institution to be proud of. It began business here August, 1892 with a paid up capital of \$10,000. It has been steadily growing ever since, and today is one of the safest and most conservative banking institutions in North Carolina.

Its president, Hon. W. E. Daniel, cashier, Mr. W. R. Smith, and assistant cashier, Mr. R. S. Travis, have been with it as officers since its organization. A few years ago Mr. R. T. Daniel entered the institution as book-keeper and was later elected teller.

At the close of business February 23, 1904, it had assets of \$211,411.04. Capital and surplus \$29,500.00, and deposits of \$181,803.52.

The man who said "a bank in Weldon will not pay," when this institution began business about 12 years ago, has since gone into winter quarters with the ground hog, and is still afraid of his own shadow.—Roanoke News.

Specialties in Agriculture
The specialties in farming are relatively as important as the great staples, and these are strongly emphasized each week in American Agriculturalist, which we are offering in connection with our own paper at very low rates. It is the recognized authority on such crops as apples, potatoes, onions, cranberries, hops, tobacco, peppermint, etc., and also devotes much attention to live stock, and dairy interests, feed crops, etc.

It is earnestly recommended as worth the consideration of everyone engaged in any branch of agriculture.

How I Met General John B. Gordon.

I first met General Gordon in Nashville, Tenn., in 1892. He came to that city to deliver his great lecture, "The last days of the Confederacy." Of course he received an enthusiastic welcome.

My son, at that time a lad twelve or thirteen years old, had been an omnivorous reader of Confederate history, and was well up on General Gordon's record. He was eager to see and hear the war-battered hero who led Lee's advance into Pennsylvania, and the last charge at Appomattox. He had imbibed, in some way, sentiments of intense bitterness toward the North. I was troubled about it, for while I am myself a "dyed-in-the-wool" Southerner, I have only the most fraternal sentiment toward our friends "up North."

One day, in conversation with Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, I told him of my son's juvenile ultra-bourbonism, and of my inability to understand where he got his impressions. Mr. Page suggested that there was probably "a woman in the case." And, sure enough, upon inquiry, I found that a favorite aunt, who lived in Petersburg, Va., during the war, had been entertaining the little folks with stories of the siege of Petersburg. It was easy to see, then, where the boy got his views. Grant's shells, as they went screaming and bursting in lurid splendor over "the cockade city," and driving the women and children into the cellars for safety, were not very fraternal messengers.

I took my boy with me to call on General Gordon at the hotel. The general put his arm around him, and spoke to him very kindly, which of course pleased him greatly.

That evening we went early to the tabernacle to hear the general's lecture. Just as we took our seats, General T., of the Federal Army, also took a seat just in front of us. A very large Union flag had been hung on the wall behind the platform, and we were scarcely seated when my son observed it, and said: "What have they put the flag up there for?"

I suggested in an undertone that he would better be careful; that there was a Yankee general just in front of us, and he might overhear him. He "didn't care if he did." They had no business putting that flag up there!

The colloquy was interrupted by the manager, who discovered us, and invited us to occupy seats on the platform. This brought us in front of General T., who preferred to retain his seat in the audience.

Immediately thereafter General Gordon came upon the platform, and while a storm of applause was shaking the very roof, he beckoned me to him, and asked if I would do him a favor.

"Certainly," I replied.
"I have left the manuscript of my speech in my trunk at the hotel. I think I know it, but, unless I have it by me, am afraid I may forget some parts of it. Here in the key to my room, and this one is the key to my trunk. I wish you would go and bring my speech."

"All right," I said, "but will I have time?"
"General Jackson is to introduce me, and I will keep him speaking till you get here," he replied.

I hurried to the hotel, opened his trunk, rummaged among a lot of papers, and finally found "The last days of the Confederacy," and rushed back to the tabernacle. A jerk on General Jackson's coat-tail arrested an eloquent oration, and brought General Gordon to the stand. He spoke two hours, with the manuscript lying before him on the table, and he never once referred to it.

At one point in his speech he paid a glowing tribute to General Robert E. Lee, which, of course elicited loud applause from the audience. My son fairly went wild. He cheered with hands and feet and voice. So did General T., whereupon my son leaped over to me and exclaimed: "What is he cheering for? Lee was our man."
"Oh, yes," I said, "but the war was over long before you were born. General T.—is cheering because he admires Lee."
A little further on, General Gordon paid a high compliment to General Grant. Again there was deafening applause, such old Confederates as Jackson and Kelley and Morton, General Forest's chief of artillery, joining in lustily. I watched my son to see if he would take part. He did, but in a feeble way. He was probably thinking of Grant's shells, and of his mother hiding from them in the cellar. Poor fellow!
Several days passed and I was walking with my boy in the woods around our home in the neighborhood of Nashville, when he said: "Papa, I think I have a subscriber for the Youth's Companion in that house yonder."
"What?" I exclaimed, in assumed surprise. "Are you circulating that paper?"
"Yes, sir," he said, "isn't it a good paper?"
"Oh, yes," I replied, "it is an excellent paper. But it is printed in Boston; and I didn't think you would circulate a Yankee paper."
"Oh, pshaw, papa!" he said, "what in the world is the use of keeping up the fuss?"
And then I saw that General Gordon had done his work well. The example of this old hero of a hundred battles, bearing the scars of the conflict on his body, pleading for fraternity and speaking of the Northern soldiers as brothers, had exercised the evil spirit of sectional prejudice, and left the boy free—not the less a Southerner, but more an American. I have always been profoundly grateful to General Gordon for the valuable service he rendered me on that occasion.
I believe that was the effect of his speech on all who heard it, and I know it was the aim of his work as a lecturer to promote love and good fellowship between the North and the South.

What is a Hobby?
(By J. Rex Jay.)
Our hobbies Did you ever stop to think of them?
They exist in direct ratio to the population of civilized countries. Their names, therefore, are legion.

The washerwoman, the woman of pink teas, the bootblack of the street and the millionaire all have their hobbies. They appear in a vastly diversified array of forms—for forms they have and their lineaments are as easy traceable as tracks in a fresh snow.

Every man has his hobby. A certain citizen, who, from his standing in the community, is adjudged an intelligent man, is defined by another citizen as being on a certain topic or pursuit, at least of unusual mind. The citizen making this observation is recognized also as being intelligent.

A third citizen comes along and tells you that the second citizen, on a certain topic or pursuit, is of unsound mind, while the first citizen volunteers the information that the third citizen is perhaps wholly, or at least on a certain subject or pursuit, mentally unbalanced.

All of these observations are made candidly, and are, seemingly, the serious thoughts of those giving them expression. The query therefore arises, is one man competent to judge of the mental condition of another? Or, as long as a man lives in accordance with the rules of public opinion and the law, has any man a moral right to judge him insane?

One man embraces the law as his vocation; secondarily, he becomes a sociologist and makes that study his chief diversion in life; another man becomes a carpenter, and incidentally a worker in wood, the latter serving as his favorite diversion, his point of interest and conversation; and another man, who has been spared the pain of physical labor through financial endowment, becomes first, a student and club man, incidentally a globe trotter, the customs of every country in interest him and form his favorite topic of conversation, as well as of study.

Because of their tenacious adhesion to their favorite pursuits, the onlooker of the friend will tell you that these men are mentally unbalanced, not realizing that he himself has a favorite diversion, and the query again arises, is man competent to judge?

Their country's freedom was the hobby of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Question For the Lawyers.
The State Bar Association composed of lawyers, not bar-keepers—will meet in Charlotte in June. The landmark makes bold to suggest a question which we trust the association will discuss and elucidate, and we bespeak the aid of The Charlotte Observer, which is on the ground, getting the matter before the association. The question is, "should a pogram dog eat 'pogram, and if not why not?" It is becoming more apparent every day that a "pogram dog won't eat 'pogram—a lawyer won't prosecute a lawyer if he can help it, and only half heartedly if at all. An apparently conspicuous example of it occurred in the State the other day. If this is a settled rule of the legal profession, the lady, who furnish the business, are interested in knowing the whys and wherefores.—Statesville Landmark.

Not Far Wrong.
At a dinner party in Washington the new Chinese ambassador discoursed on American fashions satirically.
"Now, in China," he said, "our fashions never change. I wear the same sort of hat, the same sort of coat, the same sort of shoes, that a man in my position wore a thousand years ago. And it is the same with the Chinese women. Their fashions also have not changed in I know not how many dynasties. Long ago, in China, we found the costumes that seemed to us the most graceful and the most comfortable, and we cling to those costumes. I love them."
"But you—here in America—how often is it—every week, every fortnight—that you change your fashions? Only the other day I met on the street an American naval officer of whom I am fond. He had a parcel under his arm. I stopped my carriage.
"Come," I said, "let us have a little chat—a comfortable little chat."
"But the naval officer shook his head. He said, hurriedly, 'No, I cannot. In this parcel there is a bonnet for my wife, and were I to stop and talk, the fashion in bonnets might change before I reached home.'—Woman's Home Companion.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?
Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not a medicine. It is a natural remedy, and does not weaken or injure the system. It is a simple bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your name to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

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CAR HAY
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Rich Square, N. C.

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