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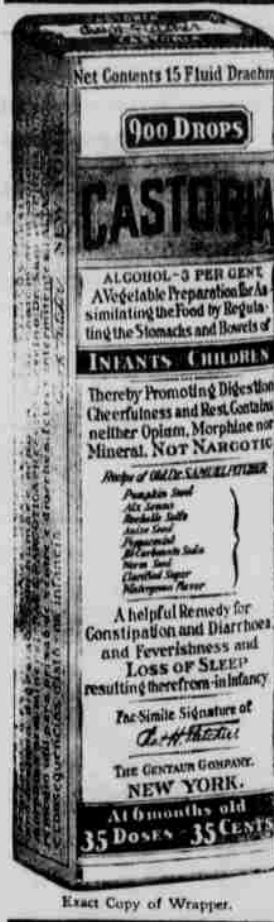
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VOL. LIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1918.

NO. 13



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AN HONEST BOY.

Look Father In The Eyes.

Disobedience to parents is the first step in the downward path. A circus was in the town, and a little boy stood watching the great tent curiously. A neighbor, coming up, said: "Hello, Johnny; going to the circus?" "No, sir," answered Johnny; "father doesn't like 'em." "Oh, well, I'll give you the money to go," said the man. "No, sir; my father would give me the money if he thought it best; besides, I have twenty-five cents in my box, enough to go." "I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't know it." "I can't," said the boy. "Now, why?" asked the man. "Cause," said Johnny, "after I'd been there I couldn't look father in the eyes, but I can now." The boy who will never do anything that will prevent him looking straight into his father's eyes will never be a rebellious son.

GETTING HIS OWN BACK.

A cook at a cheap boarding house played a trick on a grumbling boarder by serving with a piece of leather instead of steak. "You have evidently changed your butcher," said the boarder, looking up at the landlady, after seeing a minute or two on the leather. "Same butcher as usual," said she, feigning innocence of the trick of the cook, of which she had been quietly informed; "why?" "Oh, nothing much," said the man, still trying to make an impression on the leather; "only this piece of meat is the tenderest I've had here for some time."

THE POTATO BUG.

On a certain evening last autumn, says the Washington Star, a group of farmers sat round the stove in the general store and in a general and heartfelt complaint about the ravages of the potato-bugs. "The pests ate my whole potato crop in two weeks," said one farmer. "They ate my crop in two days," said a second farmer, "and then they roosted on the trees to see if I'd plant more." A salesman who was traveling for a seed house cleared his throat. "That's remarkable," he said, "but let me tell you what I saw in our own store. I saw a couple of potato bugs examining the books about a week before planning-time to see who had bought seed."

A PIECE OF STRING.

As a train was getting up steam to leave a certain station, it suddenly parted in the middle. Of course, the communication cord broke, and the end of it struck an old woman, who was standing on the platform, in the face. "Goodness me! she gasped in astonishment, 'What was that?' The train has broken in two, madam, said a man who stood near her. And I should think so! said the old woman, indignantly, as she eyed the broken cord. Did you really think that a piece of string like that could hold a train together?"

DESERVED THE TITLE.

The former Speaker of the House of Representatives, Thomas B. Reed, once went into an unfamiliar barber shop to be shaved. The negro barber, says the Christian Register, began to try to sell him a hair tonic. "Hair purty thin, suh," he said. "Been that way long, suh?" "I was born that way," replied Reed. "Afterwards I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute efflorescence, but it did not endure." The barber gasped and said no more. After his customer had gone, some one told him that he had shaved the speaker. "Speaker!" he exclaimed. "Don't I know dat? I should say he was a speaker, sure 'nough!"

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Isaiah 11:4.

Hail reign of peace! We welcome thine appearing
To still time's tumults in a long repose.
Wave wide the scepter which thy hand is bearing
Till earth's drear deserts "blossom as a rose."

Long hath the sword gleamed in the grasp of ages—
The fiercest symbol of a brutish power;
And all man's record on its storied pages,
Hath war's deep blood stains, even to this hour.

From court and cabinet, from town and village,
From vast cathedral and the cloistered cell,
Earth's ear hath caught the din and strife of pillage,
Uttering o'er human hopes a wild death-knell.

How hath it preyed upon sweet home's affections!
How hath it quenched the light of beauty's eye?
How hath it stung strong hearts with dread reflection?
And dashed out bow-tins from life's hopeful sky?

God's footstool it has curtained round with sadness,
And hid His throne of mercy from our prayer;
Resigned His image to the passion's madness,
And chained our strugglings to a fixed despair.

How hath it drowned the music of the ocean?
And hurled life's gladness 'neath the cold, dark wave?
Dashed kingdoms to the dust in wild commotion,
And 'whelmed proud nations in one gory grave.

Earth, air and sea, its strange dark deeds are telling,
And Heaven hath sighed them to the circling spheres,
Each age of time the doleful strain is swelling—
Its echoes break amid eternal years.

Oh, haste, blessed season, seen through distant ages,
In holy vision, by the Prophet's eye;
Fulfill the golden dream of sleeping sages,
And let earth symbolize the world on high.

Hush its wild jargon with thine angel voices;
Touch flinty hearts, as with a Moses' rod;
Baptize the world with love till it rejoices,
Like Blessed Eden in the smile of God.

Plume with high purposes the human spirit,
With holy thoughts the hearts of nations fill.
A home on high let all our hopes inherit,
And to the surging passions say, Be still.

Less bloodless be thy marches on to glory,
Welcome! shall greet thee from every tongue,
Angels shall bear aloft thy joyous story,
And chant thy triumphs in their ceaseless songs.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

A SHORT SERMON.

Are We Peculiarly Chosen of God for Our place in the World War?—"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praise of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." I Pet. 2:9.

These words were spoken of the few Christian Jews of the Dispersion who were to spread the faith as so many firebrands would start conflagrations wherever scattered. It is through such that the Christian faith is carried. The persecution of the early Christians which drove them to new quarters only brought them in touch with new life which was as new soil for the seed. Such are a peculiar people for the purpose "that they might shew forth the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvelous light."

Since the call of Abraham God has had a peculiar people to conserve His interests. The high privilege of the Jew was forfeited when he was no longer true to the faith of his fathers, allowing heathen and idolatrous interests to encroach upon God's interests. Their heritage as a peculiar people was taken from them and given to the Gentiles. We naturally ask ourselves the question: has God a peculiar people of the Gentile nations to whom is given the place and privilege of accomplishing His will among the nations?

The Kaiser claims it for himself and his people that he is chosen of God to chastise the nations and to force Kultur upon the world as the will of God; but does Kultur shew forth the praises of Him who hath called his chosen out of darkness into His marvelous light? Does Belgium so ruthlessly overrun shew forth His praise? Do the U-boats stealing under the seas for the indiscriminate destruction of men, women, and children, shew forth His praise? Do the bombs dropped from the skies upon Red Cross hospitals maiming and killing not only the wounded, but even the 'angels of mercy' who minister in His name, portend the coming of His kingdom? But why mention any more. It is all so hellish that it shews of whom it is born.

We didn't want war; but the cries of the helpless, overrun by this Monster of Hell, came to us and the call fell upon our ears and hearts by Him who hath called us out of such darkness into His marvelous light. In His name we answer the call to see that justice and righteousness is done in the earth.

Now why has God brought us to such a day and such a privilege? Has He not been preparing us as a peculiar people for such a task? See how His hand hath directed to fit and prepare us to be a peculiar people unto Him in this day. In the quest of freedom from religious oppression our forefathers sought the American shores. A kindly Providence protected the struggling colonies. Our government was founded upon our religious convictions. We have been blessed and prospered as no other nation upon the face of the earth. We were led by His guiding hand to a land of untold wealth, which in the very beginning of its development makes us the richest nation in the world; and then added to our normal wealth and undeveloped resources, on the very eve of our call to the world's conflict, the wealth of others was poured into our lap in staggering sums. God does not give all this to a people without a purpose.

Best of all, led by a God-fearing President, we have answered the world's call of sorrow and need with our men and our money; not for greed and power, but "to shew forth the praises of Him who hath called us."—Rev. John M. Kline, in Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

MIXED.

Knieker—Did Smith get things mixed?
Boeker—Yes, he announced a bouncing wheat crop and a bumper baby.

One great beauty of a flat is that the tenant has no use for a lawn mower.

ABILITY RECOGNIZED.

"Noah had the whole ocean to himself. He didn't have to be much of a navigator."
"Maybe. But you will admit he was a wonder as an animal trainer."

Hope raises hope, and builds monuments that despair falls from.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

A Moment of United Prayer Would Bless the Family Life of America.

"I studied for the ministry," said a successful business man, "but I broke down midway in my course of study. Four years in college and two in the theological seminary, working my way and spending my vacations in earning money undermined my health. I had to give up the ministry, but I resolved when I entered business that I would carry with me all the ideals and principles that had been mine when I planned to be a minister of the gospel. All in all, I think it is easier to practice than to preach; but I have had to modify a number of theories, often very much to my sorrow."

"I started my family life with daily worship and maintained it with increasing difficulty as the responsibilities and care of business grew. Finally—and I confess it with sorrow—I gave it up. It was almost impossible to get the family together at any time in the day, and the hurried, perfunctory attempt grew wearisome and unprofitable, and I doubt if its value repaid the effort. I gave it up, and, although I am unhappy about it, I do not see a remedy."

A similar experience has occurred in many homes. It must be confessed that regular family worship is nearly obsolete, yet the custom involves much that is precious.

It may be true that the old-fashioned forms and methods of conducting family prayers are not well adapted to the modern home with its great variety of demands and interruptions; yet any home is blessed that can gather its members for even a quiet two minutes for a united upward look. A single verse of Scripture, a good thought upon it and a moment of united prayer would bless the family life of America and unify the higher interests of the home as almost no other one thing could do.

In the midst of so many interests that tend to disintegrate home life—the separation of the children into different rooms at school and into different groups of friends outside, and the divulging avenues of life open before the feet of the older members—every influence is to be cherished that daily unites all dwellers under a common roof in a moment of uplift and inspiration. If the morning meal could be preceded or followed by a few minutes of devotion, home life would gain a quiet and repose that would have vast value for bodily health, for poise of spirit, and for all that is best in character.

WITH THE SAGES.

Endeavor to do thy duty and thou wilt know thy capacity.—Goethe.

By persistent labor man attains to all excellence.—Demosthenes.

Man's great fault is that he has so many small ones.—Jean Paul Richter.

There is a gift beyond the gift of art, of being eloquently silent.—Bovee.

He that waits to do a great deal at once will never do any.—Doctor Johnson.

No one is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—Lord Clarendon.

DISCOURAGED.

"Where is the nearest photograph gallery?" asked the stranger in the town.

"We have no photographers in town," replied the native with the long whiskers.

"How is that?"

"Well, they all moved out when the town became bone dry."

"Liked their little nip, I suppose?"

"No, not that. But, say, stranger, what action do you suppose a photographer could get in a bone-dry town when he'd ask a man to look pleasant?"

It is easier to make a dollar than it is to avoid arrest for counterfeiting.

We live in a world of our own, only when we are asleep.

WHY SPEND ALL YOU EARN?

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