

Home and Fireside.

"What Think Ye of Christ?"

Sunday's Richmond Times.

It is a mere coincidence that Easter falls on the spring season, yet it is an interesting coincidence and most significant, for spring is the season of resurrection and the gospel of the resurrection is unfolded and taught in every bursting bud and fragrant flower. Easter is the season when nature rises from her sleep, when germs that have lain dormant in the earth during the long winter months are warmed into life by the kiss of the sunshine.

"The bursting of the buds, the return of the flowers, the bird breaking from the shell and the butterfly from the chrysalis, the power of life after death which they had tried to personify in a goddess of spring, became at once the symbols of a great spiritual revelation, and the part of Easter was identified with the Paschal triumph."

And so it is most significant that at this season of the year the Christian world should celebrate the resurrection from the dead of its Lord and Saviour.

"What think ye of Christ?" Our Lord himself asked this question more than nineteen hundred years ago as a challenge to that generation and to generations that were to come. It was a challenge for investigation—in investigation of his personal and religious life, investigation of the new gospel that he preached, investigation of all the prophecies that were made in Scripture concerning him, investigation of the prophecies which he himself made. The challenge has stood from that day to this and still stands. Men have been investigating from then until now. These search light of scientists and philosophers and theologians has been turned upon the life and work and gospel and prophecies of Jesus Christ, and with each investigation the proof of his divinity has become more and more overwhelming. The gospel of peace has been spreading year by year, bringing the world more and more under its influence, and in the twentieth century of education and enlightenment the Church of Christ is stronger than ever and true religion is more than ever implanted in the hearts of the people. No such conqueror, no such conquest did the world ever see. "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself established empires," said Napoleon, "but always by the employment of force. Jesus Christ established his empire by the methods of peace, by gaining the affections of his followers, and to-day there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women who would willingly sacrifice their lives for him."

What think ye of Christ on this first Easter day in the twentieth century? Leaving out the question of empire and dominion, leaving out the question even of his divinity, he was pre-eminently the most intensely interesting personality that the world ever knew—the most interesting person and the greatest teacher who ever lived. He taught by precept, by example, by incident, by parable, and most of all by his daily living. His whole life was a grand, sweet lesson. He began his ministry by setting the example of self-denial and demonstrating the triumph of the spirit over the flesh. His forty-days' fast was not a miracle, but the exercise of human will. That he might be in touch with the lowest classes he chose to be poor, and one evidence which he himself mentions of his divinity was that the poor had the gospel preached unto them. It is no wonder that "the common people heard him gladly." None, not even the blind Bartimeus, nor the despised leper, was too poor to receive his notice, his sympathy and his divine help. Little children he took into his arms and blessed; timid women he treated with divine tenderness—and may we not say with divine gallantry—and even fallen women, repentant, were lifted up and comforted and told to go and sin no more. While never using his divine power for display, while ever turning a deaf ear to those who would see a sign, he never denied the petition of any who applied in faith to him for aid. Twice did he weep—once over Jerusalem, which knew not its day of grace, and once through sympathy with his friends at Bethany, upon the occasion of the death of Lazarus. "He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

Yet behind his tenderness and sympathy was a sublime courage which knew not fear. He boldly rebuked the Pharisees and de-

nounced their pretense and hypocrisy. He antagonized the chief religionists of the day and exposed them to the world, opening the door of the sepulchre and showing that, with all its outward beauty, within it was full of dead men's bones. Gentle and compassionate as he was, he had no tolerance for the hypocrite, either in or out of the church. And with that same spirit of gentleness and forbearance and yet of heroic courage he went up to Jerusalem to be crucified, to suffer the shame and the agony of the most humiliating and at the same time the most cruel death, that man might be saved and the law established through his atonement and vicarious sacrifice.

And so even in his last moments and in his last agony he taught—taught his followers how to suffer and to die for principle, and in his rising from the dead he taught glorious lessons of the resurrection of the glorified body, assuring us that this corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality and that then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." That is the greatest and most glorious of all lessons which this great and glorious Teacher taught, that is the lesson and the significance of Easter. If there be no inspiration to the Christian in the Easter season, if those who believe are not moved to be good by the influence of Christ's life and love, if they be not touched by his tender solicitation and won by his sacrifice, they will never be driven into a genuine religious life by the threat or fear of the powers of darkness. The Easter season is essentially a season of love and joy and glad tidings.

Some Lessons From the Plow.

Referring to the season of plowing, the Central Presbyterian says:

There is no plowing like that which the great Husbandman of the nations is doing. The plow of God's providence is driven through the nations. He turns and overturns among kings and counsellors, and accomplishes his own wise and righteous purposes among the peoples. Kings and nations, wise men and foolish, drag his plow and fulfill his will, whether they know and consent or not. Then comes the time of planting. When he has made the land ready, the seed-corn of his truth will find a lodgment.

"Where prophets trod his deserts broad, Where monarch dragged the plow, Behold the seedtime of His word: The sower comes to sow."

The plowman may find some useful instructions in the word. He that putteth his hands to the plow must not look back, as there must be no regret, no unbelief, no lack of courage and hope in the service of God. And he that ploweth should plow in hope, as the one who serves Christ must keep before him the vision of his faith, the golden harvest, and the gathering of the nations. It is Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, who brings his prophecy to this fine climax, "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper." So rapid and constant will be the harvest of the gospel among men that in the same season plowman and reaper will be close together, the seed sown will so promptly bring its fruit.

Humble love, and not proud science, keeps the door of heaven.—Young.

The North Carolina Booklet.

The Daughters of the Revolution are to publish a monthly at Raleigh, "The North Carolina Booklet." It will be devoted to great events in North Carolina history, among the first numbers being "Virginia Dare," by Maj. Graham Daves; "Colonial Newbern," by Mrs. Sarah Beaumont Kennedy; "Liberty, Property and no Stamp Day," by Col. A. M. Waddell; "Edenton Tea Party," by Dr. Richard Dillard; "Betsey Dowdy's Ride," by Col. R. B. Creecy; "The Hornets' Nest," by Mr. Heriot Clarkson; "Green's Retreat," by Prof. D. Hill; "Monsieur le Marquis de LaFayette," by Maj. E. J. Hale; "An Admiral and his Daughter," by Dr. Kemp F. Battle; "Pettigrew's Charge," by Capt. S. A. Ashe; "Reminiscences of a Blockade Runner," by British Vice Consul James Sprunt; "KuKlux," by Mrs. T. J. Jarvis. The first will be issued May 10th.

They always talk who never think, and who have the least to say.—Prior.

Hope.

Hope is a beautiful meteor, and like the rainbow, it is not only lovely because of its seven rich and radiant stripes, but as the memorial of a covenant entered into between man and his Maker, telling us we were born for immortality, destined, unless we sepulchre our greatness, to the highest honor and noblest happiness.

Hope proves man deathless. It is the struggle of the soul breaking loose from what is perishable and attesting her eternity, and when the eye of the mind is turned upon Christ, delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification, the unsubstantial and deceitful character is taken away from hope.

It is good then that he hope; it is good also that he quietly wait. There is much promised in the scriptures to the waiting upon God. Men wish and really expect immediate answer to prayer, and think themselves forgotten unless the reply or answer be instantaneous. This is undoubtedly a great mistake; the delay is often a part and a great part of the answer. It exercises faith and hope and patience, and what better thing can be done for us than strengthening those graces to whose growth shall be proportioned the splendors of immortality? It is good, then, that we wait.

It is not good that a man hope for wealth, since "riches profit not in the day of wrath"; and it is not good that he hope for worldly things, since the mean and mighty go down to the same burial. But is good that he hope for salvation; the meteor then gathers like a halo round his head, and as he presses forward in the battle of time, no weapon of the evil one can pierce through that helmet.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary."—Atlanta Journal.

The Presidential Train.

About May 1, President McKinley and his Cabinet will make a trip to the Pacific coast by way of New Orleans. The train in which they will cross the continent on this trip is a marvel of luxury. It will consist of two sleeping, a dining, and a composite car, consisting of smoking room and baggage compartment. The President will sleep in the magnificent Pullman, the Olympia. A description of this car would fill an Oriental Prince with wonder. It contains five private rooms, finished in Mexican mahogany, maple and koko. The private dining room, at one end, is furnished in vermilion. Apartments fit for monarchs are provided for the servants.

Silk, satin, plush, and velvet are lavishly used in furniture decoration. Oynx and marble fittings are in evidence. Large mirrors and wardrobes are provided. Each private room contains three complete fittings of a bedroom. All have separate toilet rooms. The car is 70 feet long and is used only for the accommodation of nine persons.

The drawing room car is finished in vermilion, elaborately carved, and the rooms are decorated in ivory and gold. The ceilings are beautifully tinted and the upholstery draperies are of the finest. Two staterooms connect with the salon by folding doors. Wide vestibules line the smoking car. There is a fine barber's shop in it and a bathroom with tiled flooring and wainscoting.

The smoking room is 21 feet in length, fitted with upholstered chairs, lounges, secretary, cabinets, and library. A buffet is also provided. The exterior of the train is in keeping with the interior splendor.—New York Times.

Andrew Carnegie's Wife.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, wife of the Philanthropist, has been his ablest helpmate in all his projects to do good to his fellowmen. It was in fact through his benevolent work that Mr. Carnegie met his wife. She was Miss Louise Whitfield, with a little fortune of \$60,000 in her own right which she was using in charitable work. She had also beauty, good humor and good health. Since their marriage, her benevolent activities, though continued, have been observed by her husband's prodigality. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie have one pretty daughter.—Ex.

To Cure a Cold in one Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

Largest Vessel Ever Built.

The new White Star Line steamer Celtic, the largest vessel ever built, was successfully launched at Belfast, Ireland, last week.

The christening was performed by the Marchioness of Dufferin. Among the prominent persons who participated in the ceremony were the Countess Cadogan, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; the Marquis of Dufferin, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury.

The arrangements for the launching were similar to those when the Oceanic was launched, and the new vessel glided from the ways and was pulled up within her own length by dropping three pairs of anchors. The launching took place amid enthusiastic cheers and the blowing of sirens and fog horns.

The Celtic's dimensions, are as follows: Length, 680.9 feet; beam, 75 feet; depth, 44.1 feet. Her gross tonnage is 20,880, and net tonnage 13,650. She will have a displacement of 33,000 tons. She is not intended for speed, but is designed as an emigrant carrier, and will comfortably carry 1,700 emigrant passengers.

The Celtic has nine decks and capacity for 2,859 passengers. She will carry a crew of 335. Her tonnage is 3,600 greater than that of the Oceanic. Her displacement is 10,300 tons over that of the Great Eastern.

'Tis Easy to Feel Good.

Countless thousands have found a blessing to the body in Dr. King's New Life Pills, which positively cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Jaundice, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all Liver and Stomach troubles. Purely vegetable; never gripe or weaken. Only 25c at Hood Bros. drug store.

Scribbler—"Do you think it requires genius to write poetry?" Scrawler—"Not necessarily, but it undoubtedly requires genius to sell it."—Ex.

"I have been troubled with indigestion for ten years, have tried many things and spent much money to no purpose until I tried Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I have taken two bottles and gotten more relief from them than all other medicines taken. I feel more like a boy than I have felt in twenty years."—Anderson Riggs of Sunny Lane, Tex. Thousands have testified as did Mr. Riggs.—Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

Even in a civil suit the lawyers can be very uncivil to each other.—Ex.

"I had piles so bad I could get no rest nor find a cure until I tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. After using it once, I forgot I ever had anything like Piles."—E. C. Boice, Somers Point, N. Y. Look out for imitations. Be sure you ask for DeWitt's. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

The man who lives on the top of a mountain shouldn't object to climate.—Ex.

Spring coughs are specially dangerous and unless cured at once, serious results often follow. One Minute Cough Cure acts like magic. It is not a common mixture but is a high grade remedy. J. R. Ledbetter, Hood Bros., Hare & Son.

"This is tough on me," groaned the boarding house platter as it was carried in with the usual Sunday chicken.—Ex.

Skin troubles, cuts, burns, scalds and chafing quickly heal by the use of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is imitated. Be sure you get DeWitt's. J. R. Ledbetter, Hare & Son, Hood Bros.

Blobbs—"We don't hear so much about Mrs. Nation now." Slobbs—"Perhaps the liquor people have induced her to bury the hatchet."—Ex.

NOTICE.

The undersigned have this day bought that part of the stock and business of Mr. Polie Gardner pertaining to the sale of buggies, wagons and harness, and have rented the building now occupied by Mr. Gardner, where we shall keep a full line of Hackney and Barbour open and top buggies, one and two horse wagons, buggy and wagon harness. The riding public are requested to examine our vehicles and get our prices. Respectfully, H. D. ELLINGTON & Co.

JOHN M. TURLEY.

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Of Every Description
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You are invited to call and examine my stock.
Respectfully,
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That is going as cheap as it can be had. We also have a nice line of Coffee, which we are selling at 10, 11, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 15 cents.

OUR Groceries are Fresh and Nice.

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We have just received a nice line of Ladies' and Gents' Shoes that must go at very little profit. We also have a few Notions, that we wish to close out at cost. All we ask is a trial to convince you.
Yours to please.

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Building Material—such as Sash, Doors, Blinds, Locks, Hinges, Screws, cut and wire Nails, Window Glass, Putty, &c.
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