

Home and Fireside.

More Than A Dream.

Live up to the highest that's in you, Be true to the voice in your soul.

We fall in the moments of weakness, Borne down by the passion for sin.

I know not what creeds we should cherish, Or if they may all be astray.

I know not the kindred immortal, Yet feel in my innermost soul

I know not the realm where my spirit Sojourned ere I came into birth;

I know with the wisdom of Sorrow, The lessons I've gleaned by the way;

With voices seraphic and tender Our loved ones are calling afar.

The Good of Being Good.

In one of his early stories, William Black represents a sour-tempered Scotchman protesting against the idea that a sinner he has in mind should be allowed to escape the consequences of his acts.

There is no doubt that this conception of the relation of obedience to reward has its uses in the earlier stages of the spiritual life, whether of men or of races.

To this need, indeed, the Bible adapts itself very wisely. Its pictures of the life beyond death, for instance, with crowns of glory and golden harps, and other details of the apocalyptic vision, appeal to the untrained perception of the beginner.

Jeremy Taylor reproduces from some Oriental mystic the story of the King who, when riding out to the chase, met a woman bearing a torch and a pitcher of water.

This is a Boil. It is on the Man's Neck. Would you like to Feel it? If you Do, the Man will Feel it, too.

The truest conception of hell is

that it is life prolonged in a condition of unmitigated selfishness, with each human atom flung into ceaseless and unmitigated strife with all the rest, and each enduring the essential misery of the ceaseless fall in the black pit of atheistic despair.

As for the life of the redeemed, the Apostle John takes us as far, in a few words of his great Epistle, as in all the visions of the Revelation: "He that hath the Son hath the life."

For this life and for the next, therefore, the good of being good is just in being good. It is the good of spiritual health, in which every function of our spiritual nature has the tone of true vitality and energy.

"Thou art the source and center of all minds, Their only point of rest, Eternal Word! From thee departing, they are lost, and rove At random without hope, or peace.

And John Had To.

"John," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat buttons, "this is leap year, is it not?"

"Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on her golden head that was pillowed on his manly bosom.

"I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?"

"Why, Mamie, dear, I never gave the matter a thought, I—er—to—to tell the truth, I've only known you for—that is to say—"

Ideal Enough for Earth.

Miss Bridesoon—"What is your idea of the ideal lover?"

Miss Yellowleaf—"The one who marries."—Smart Set.

The Boil.

This is a Boil. It is on the Man's Neck. Would you like to Feel it? If you Do, the Man will Feel it, too.

If troubled by a weak digestion, loss of appetite, or constipation, try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

There is Never a Time.

They say there's a time for everything, But it isn't exactly so: There's a time to shout and a time to sing

They say there's a time for everything, But they haven't expressed it right: There's a time to parley, a time to fling

Self-Help.

As the commencement season approaches many persons who are supposed to have skill or ability in writing are receiving from college students, both boys and girls requests to prepare speeches or essays for them.

The boy or girl who has sufficient intelligence to win a place on the list of commencement speakers or readers should be able and willing to make preparation for filling that place creditably.

To put forth one's own efforts, to use one's own knowledge is to strengthen both mind and character. The habit of relying upon others for work to be displayed upon special occasions is, we fear, quite general among our college students.

It is impossible for professors to prevent it, except in those cases where the proffered speech or essay is palpably beyond the capacity of its alleged writer.

Many of us have heard at college commencements so-called original productions which we knew were not written by those who delivered them. The teachers of such institutions must have known it also if they were capable of filling their positions.

There is a sort of assistance in such matters which is perfectly proper, and even commendable. To refer the young writer to authorities on the subject he or she is to discuss or to some good book that treats of it is all right.

Give the young mind the material and then let it assimilate it as much of it as it can and put the result in its own way.

It is not the part of true friendship to prepare the work which the student should do for himself and leave him or her to merely memorize it.

The son of a man of great ability once wrote his father to prepare for him the speech he was to make at commencement. The father replied: "My boy, I sent you to college and have kept you there four years that you might fit yourself to do that sort of thing for yourself.

That was a seemingly harsh answer, but it was really a kind one.

The young man struck out for himself and wrote and delivered a speech which won for him very high praise. Better still he learned a lesson that has been of incalculable value to him.

Let us encourage our young friends to practice the noble and elevating habit of self-help.

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.

The Bigger Boy's Side of It.

"Don't you know," said the kind-faced old gentleman who stops to talk to the children, "that it is very wrong for you to fight a boy smaller than yourself?"

"Yes," was the reflective reply. "I'm willing to take my share of the blame. But I think he ought to have a lecture, too, on the impudence of speaking rudely to boys that are bigger than he is."

WHAT ALARMED HIM.

A story is told of a gentleman who is at present serving in one of the largest European capitals as ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the United States which, though it seems hardly credible as being related of the suave and elegant minister, is vouched for on unquestionable authority.

The present ambassador had just graduated from college and was enjoying a stay in Paris with some of his chums. One evening after a dinner in which considerable liquid refreshment had been imbibed the merry company took cab for a theater.

The show was a pantomime. The young men arrived late, and all rushed into a box without stopping to obtain programmes. After they had arranged themselves and all quieted down it was noticed that the future ambassador's eyes opened wider and wider, and he seemed to be in great terror.

Finally, just before the curtain fell, he rose slowly. All eyes turned on the box, while the young man, in a husky voice, which was audible to every one sitting in the lower part of the house, cried:

"Take me home! I must be fearfully drunk, for I haven't heard a confounded word of this show!"—New York Sun.

Good For the Enemy.

"I have been reading about the latest German army innovation," remarked the gentle optimist, "and it certainly seems to me it fills a long felt want. It is a sleeping bag, just large enough for a man to crawl into, and when he once gets in it is pulled up over his head and tied, the air for breathing purposes being supplied by tubes. The advantages of this bag are said to be that it keeps out bugs and snakes and rain, but it seems to me it has another, which its advocates have overlooked.

"Think of the value it would be in case of an unexpected night attack—the value to the enemy, I mean. It is so difficult to handle men at large, even when they are surprised, and it is so easy to handle them in bags. The attacking force would only have to tie extra hard knots in the cords that close the bags and then dump them all into wagons to be carted away, for even the inventor admits that it requires time and patient effort to get out of one of these new army beds.

"The distressing confusion that usually follows a night attack would be lacking, and the results could be summed up by the officer in command of the sortie as follows: 'Sir, I have the honor to report that we captured 487 bags of men. Where shall we pile them up?'"—Chicago Post.

Peculiar Presents.

Two elephants were once offered to King Edward, and not long ago two fine Bengal tigers arrived at Sandringham. "I have accommodation at Sandringham," he said, "for horses, cows, dogs, cats, mice and even rats, but I must draw the line at tigers." The German crown prince received a fine steak from a society of butchers on his eighteenth birthday recently, which reminds us that Bismarck once received a lump of coal from some miners. But the record in gifts belongs to a speaker of the house of commons (Mr. Brand), who received an old pair of trousers, carriage paid.—St. James Gazette.

He Wants the Money.

Here is a characteristic letter which Andrew Carnegie is said to have received from Mark Twain the other day:

Dear Mr. Carnegie—Understanding that you are blessed at present with an unusual surplus of income and knowing well your generous spirit and desire to do good to those who will help themselves, I want to ask you to make me a contribution of \$1.00. When I was a young man, my mother gave me a hymnbook, which I faithfully used. It is now, thanks to my efforts, worn out, and I think it should be replaced, and you are the man to do this. Appreciating to the full the generous deeds that have made your name illustrious in this and other countries and believing that in making me this donation you will be carrying on the spirit of your work, I am yours faithfully, Mark Twain.

"Baby Is Sick."

The state of Kansas has for long years been nominally a prohibition state, and the law has been enforced perhaps as well as such drastic laws can be. Spirits are allowed to be sold only as "medicine," and that is how the following story came to be told: A bronzed and stalwart cowboy planted a two gallon demijohn on the counter of a chemist's shop. "Fill her up," he said. "Baby's sick." London Chronicle.

Yet It Was Appropriate.

A company recently playing one of Hoyt's farces in Kansas, says the Kansas City Journal, has an advertising hanger which reads, "Everybody goes to a Hole In the Ground." One of these hangers appeared in the window of the most solemn and conventional undertaking shops in Emporia and gave the town a fit.

Come and Examine the big stock of Farming Tools of all Kinds. HARDWARE Of Every Description

HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, And Fertilizer Distributors.

PAINTS, OIL, VARNISHES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, BUGGY AND WAGON HARNESS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, SADDLES, &c., we have.

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The best stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods ever brought to Clayton just received at my store. Ready-to-wear and Dress Hats. Newest styles and shapes.

Dress Hats 50 cents and up.

Laces, Trimmings, Neckwear, Belts, Baby Caps, Veiling, Gloves, Collars, Stamped Linen, Embroideries and everything in the line of Notions that is usually kept in a millinery store.

Standard Designer Patterns for Sale.

You are invited to call and examine my stock.

Respectfully,

MRS. J. A. GRIFFIN,

CLAYTON, N. C.

M20-2m

SOME 1901 PRICES.

- Dixie Plows, \$1. Stonewall Plows, \$1.75. Traces, 40, 60, 75. Breast Chains, 30, 50. Hames, 30, 40, 65. Collars, 45, 75, \$1 and up. Collar Pads, 25, 30, 40. Bridles, 65, 75, \$1, \$1.25. Plow Lines, 12 1/2, 15, 20. Back Bands, 10, 15, 20, 25. Grub Hoes, 45, 50, 75. Cotton Hoes, 30, 40. Axes, First-class, 50. Shovels, 75, 90, \$1.10. Spades, 50, \$1.10. Forks, 40, 50, 60. Rakes, 25, 30, 60.

Stonewall, Dixie, Clipper, Ward,

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AS LOW AS ARE SOLD ELSEWHERE.

White Lead, Oil, Ready Mixed Paints, as low as can be sold. Doors, Windows, &c.

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My line of Spring Goods is now in and is the nicest I have ever had. My line of staple and fancy Dress Goods cannot be beaten. In LAWNS, ORGANDIES, DUCKS, PIQUES, PERCALES AND DIMITIES, I have as pretty colors as can be had. In heavy and staple Dry Goods. I have the goods and the prices that will suit you.

Latest Styles and Lowest Prices

on Ladies' and Gents' Belts and Neckwear. I also have latest style in a STRAIGHT FRONT CORSET.

FANCY SHIRTS.

Be sure and see my line of fancy shirts before you buy. I can give you a good Negligee, Madras, Silk Front, Percale or Pique Shirt from 50c to \$1.25.

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My line of Shoes is as good as you can get anywhere. I challenge any man on quality or prices, for my spring and summer trade. I have a nice line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Oxfords, both black and tan. A good line of Gents' Oxfords from \$1.25 to \$2.50. A complete line of HATS, CAPS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS always on hand. Be sure to see my stock before buying.

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