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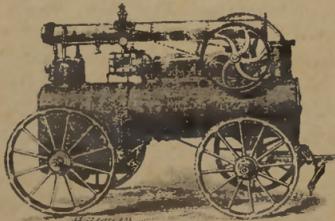
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W. E. TURNER,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

Resolutions of Respect.

To Ashler Lodge, No. 451, A. F.
& A. M., Stony Fork, N. C.

Your Committee, appointed to
draft resolutions on the life and
death of our late brother, Charles
Walker, beg leave to submit the fol-
lowing:

Whereas, our beloved brother,
Charles Walker, died at his resi-
dence, near Deep Gap, in Watauga
County, N. C., on April 13, 1903.

Bro. Walker was born on March
14, 1824, and was 79 years, 19 days
old at the time of his death. He pro-
fessed a hope in Christ at the age of
14 years, but did not unite with the
church till some years later. He joined
the church at Zion Hill about the
year 1854, of which he has ever re-
mained a consistent member. He was
baptized by the Rev. Smith Ferguson.

He was married Mach 2, 1848, to
Miss Mary E. Swanson. By their
union there were five children, all
of whom survive him but one so far
as is known. He leaves a wife and
four children, and numerous friends
and relatives to mourn their irretriev-
able loss.

He died in the triumph of faith.
By his death the family loses a kind
husband, father, but the loss is not
alone to relatives, but to those of the
community in which he lived, the
church at which he worshiped, and
especially, the Ashler Lodge of
which he was a worthy member.

He was an honored and faithful
member of the Masonic fraternity,
and had been for many years.

And, whereas, it has pleased Al-
mighty God, the great Architect of
the universe, in His infinite wisdom,
to remove our beloved brother from
the terrestrial to the celestial Lodge
above.

Therefore, be it resolved, That,
while we, the Ashler Lodge and oth-
ers, deplore our sad bereavement, we
submissively bow to His will, know-
ing that He doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we extend our sym-
pathy to his bereaved family and
relatives, believing that their loss is
his eternal gain. By his death we re-
cognize the loss of an honest citizen,
a kind and attentive friend and
nurse in case of sickness or distress,
a social, genial, gentleman, and a be-
loved and honorable brother.

Resolved, therefore, That we will
ever cherish memory while we live on
earth, and that we will endeavor so
to live that when the trials of this
probationary state are over that we
may meet our brother in the Celestial
Lodge above, where the supreme
Architect of the universe presides.

Unto the grave we have assigned
his body, there to remain until the
great resurrection, where it shall be
raised from the grave and be reunited
with the soul, which bears the
near affinity to the Supreme Archi-
tect of the universe, who will never,
no, never die. May we all, therefore,
be more strongly attached to each oth-
er during the time allotted us in our
present existence.

Resolved, That the usual badge of
mourning be worn for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these res-
olutions be spread on the minutes of
Ashler Lodge, a copy sent to the
family of the deceased, and a copy
to the Blue Ridge Baptist, and a copy
to the Watauga Democrat for publi-
cation, with the request that other
papers copy.

Our brother whom we dearly love,
Has passed from us to realms above,
From this dark world he has
passed away,
To his happy home of brightest day.

No more in earthly Lodge we will
meet,
Him in Fraternal love to greet;

But in that blissful Lodge on
high,
We hope to meet him bye and bye.

There reunited we will be,
Forever from temptation free,
And with the Holy One in Three,
Live throughout Eternity.

T. C. Land,
W. L. Hendrix, } Comm.
W. M. Lee.

In Memory of Miss Lou Smith

It is with a sad heart, yet humble
submission to God's will, that we are
called upon to write a few words on
the life and character of one of the
brightest jewels of Watauga county,
who departed this life, May 13, 1903
at about one o'clock A. M.

Miss Lou, daughter of Wm. Smith
was taken seriously ill on May 5. It
seemed from the beginning that she
was conscious of the fact that there
was a better home for her than this
world could possibly afford. Three
of our best physicians were summon-
ed, but all in vain. The cause of her
death, God only knows. The physi-
cians all disagreed.

During her entire sickness she
seemed to have her affections entire-
ly on God and her heavenly home, say-
ing she must go home. She advised
those with whom she talked, to pre-
pare for death. She had just return-
ed from Boomer High School, where
she had been for some months going
to school.

Not only has the home met with a
sad loss, but the church, the Sun-
day School and community.

She loved her church and Sunday
School and always spoke kindly of
her neighbor girls, loving them all.
She possessed all those qualities
which constitute pure, christian wom-
anhood, notwithstanding she was
only 15 years old. A short time be-
fore her death, her mother realizing
that she must soon die, was near by,
weeping. Miss Lou revived, and see-
ing her mother, said: "What is the
matter, mamma, come here and let
me put my arms around your neck,
to keep you from crying, which she
did very lovingly.

She was buried May 14, in the
presence of a host of relatives and
friends. Her remains were conveyed
in a wagon within about 300 yards
of the grave, where her Sunday
school Superintendent and teachers
met with the Sunday school children
and accompanied her remains to the
grave, the young men serving as
pall bearers. Rev. Wm. M. Lee, her
pastor, conducted the burial services.

This sketch of her life and death
is authorized by the Sunday school
of which she was a regular attend-
ant, asking all her school mates to
walk in her foot-steps, and ever bear
in mind that she is happy on the
other shore, and inviting you to join
that Sunday school army where part-
ing is no more.

A precious one from us is gone,
A voice we love is stilled;
A place in her home is vacant now,
Which never can be filled.

God in His wisdom has recalled
The boon of life he gave;
Though her body moulder here,
Her soul is safe in heaven.

A copy of this Obituary is author-
ized to be sent the Blue Ridge Bap-
tist for publication, also a copy to be
given any of the relatives and friends
who may desire a copy.

By request of her grandfather,
Rev. J. F. Eller, the following Sun-
day school hymn, which can be
found in the New Starry Crown,
is added.

When the Sunday School has gather'd
On the pleasant, Sabbath morn;
Will you miss your little Lula
Dearest teacher, when I'm gone?

Oh you'll miss me! yes you'll miss me.
In the Sunday School I love,
But your Lula will be singing
In the Paradise above.

CHORUS.

For I think I hear the Angels call-
ing, calling,

Calling me to realms of love;
And I hear their music ringing,
ringing,
In the Paradise above.

Loving schoolmates you'll remember
At the time of morning prayer,
How we sang the "Angel Chorus,"

Sang the "Echo" sweet and clear;
And "I want to be an Angel
And amid the Angels stand"—
Now I'm going to join the chorus,
Of the happy Angel band.

CHORUS.

For I think, etc.—

Farewell! mother, I am going,
See the Angels coming near,
How they crowd around me mother,
How they do my spirit cheer,

O to quit this vale of sorrow,
And to rise on wings above
O to be an angel, mother,
Where the angels dwell in love!

CHORUS.

For I think, etc.—

Colder, colder, I am growing.
Chilly waters round me roar:
There's my Savior—blessed Jesus,
Smiling on the other shore,—
Take me Savior, take me to thee—
Kiss me, mother—let me go—
Safe beyond this rolling Jordan,
Safe from sorrow, sin and woe.

CHORUS.

For I think, etc.—

W. L. Hendrix, Sec'y.
R. L. Wagner, Supt.

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Lemons at the Henry Terry Co.

Candies, Raisins, and figs at ½ the
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Cabbage just received at Henry
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CHORUS.

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