

Our Boys and Girls

The Sign That Ned Hung Out.

A little Lie, one summer day,
Met a Bad Habit on the way.
"Come right along," it cried with joy,
"We'll make our home with this small boy
Who lives upon the corner here.
He'll give us welcome, never fear!"

But Neddy Green was not the kind
Of boy the Lie had hoped to find;
He had a sign hat he hung out
When such intruders were about,
A good big sign, with letters clear,
Proclaiming: "No Admittance here!"

"Pshaw!" said the Lie. "That's just a game.
We can get in here all the same."
So both of them began to knock,
They pushed the door, they tried the lock,

But, no! the sign was really true,
For Neddy meant it through and through.

"Well," said the Habit with a sigh,
"We can't get in here, you nor I.
If signs like this should come in style,
We'd starve in just a little while!"
And off they slunk with footsteps slow—

Oh, how Ned laughed to see them go!
—Wm. Rittenhouse, in S. S. Visitor.

Graybird Chivalry.

My attention was attracted one day to the actions of two graybirds on the lawn before me. They were feasting on a crumb of bread. The male bird would pick off small pieces and drop them into the upturned mouth of the female bird. After each tiny morsel was swallowed, they would chirp and hop about a little, then the feeding would be resumed. The male bird did not eat of the crumbs, nor did the female bird pick up any for herself. The male bird was delighted with the pleasure afforded him in catering to his mate, and she gracefully showed her appreciation of his kindness.

I had never seen a more beautiful illustration of self-sacrifice, love and devotion; nor had I ever seen generosity accepted "for love's sweet sake" in a more becoming manner.

I was charmed by the beautiful love-lesson being acted by the happy little birds, and said to myself: "How pretty! How much like human beings."

This reflection was hardly impressed upon my mind when a third gray bird swooped down from a near-by telegraph wire picked up the crumb of bread and carried it away; thus selfishly depriving two creatures of its own species of their source of happiness.

My sympathies went out to the innocent little sufferers, and again I soliloquized: "Yes, indeed! how true. Alas! too true. So much like human beings."—Outing Magazine.

We Ain't Got No Bible at Our House.

By T. G. Godwin.

The Rev. W. W. Bradshaw, missionary of the American Sunday School Union, had the following experience in the mountains of Kentucky:

One day a boy asked me to ride with him. He told me he was hauling the mail to the next village, and that he was paid \$12 a month for his work. "How do you spend your money?" I asked. "Well, I help support my mother and sister, and the balance I am saving to buy me a rifle." "A rifle!" I exclaimed. "What do you want with it?" "The day I get it I am going to kill old man

Velvinton. If he should die, I will shoot his oldest son, and if he jumps the country, I will kill the next." "What in the world do you mean, my boy?" I asked in amazement. He replied: "Just what I tell you. Old Yelvington killed my father, and the day of the funeral I swore I would fix him. I have nearly enough money to get the rifle, and when I do, something is going to drop yonder; you know what the laws of revenge is."

I was well-nigh speechless with astonishment. "My young friend," said I, kindly, "don't you know, if you kill that man you will have to fly from home, go to prison, or be hanged? Do you know what an awful thing murder is? What does God's Word say about it?" He answered: "We ain't got no Bible at our house." I talked earnestly and tenderly with him, bringing out the Gospel rule of forgiveness. He was deeply moved, and tears were in his eyes. Before we parted he promised to give up his dreadful plans. I took a Bible from my bag, wrote his name in it, and gave it to him. Some months after, it was the means of his conversion, also that of his mother and sister. It pays to teach the children God's Word.

That little Bible saved an old man's life, it saved our State a murder trial, a boy from becoming a criminal, and it all cost twenty-five cents. One good book, one kind word, often saves a child from the downward career.—Selected.

Power of Purity.

It is a marvelous thing to see how a pure and innocent heart purifies all that it approaches. The most ferocious natures are soothed and tamed by innocence. And so with human beings; there is a delicacy so pure that vicious men in its presence become almost pure; all of purity that is in them is brought out; like attaches itself to like. The pure heart becomes a center of attraction around which similar atoms gather and from which dissimilar ones are repelled. A corrupt heart elicits in an hour all that is bad in us; a spiritual one brings out and draws to itself all

that is best and purest. Such was Christ. He stood in the world the Light of the world, to which all sparks of light gradually gathered. He stood in the presence of impurity, and men became pure.—Selected.

Midnight Oil Means Suicide, Says Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

"People talk about the midnight oil as if it had some virtue attached to it," writes Dr. Hale in Woman's Home Companion for August. "In truth, four times out of five, midnight oil means over-work or it means that you have neglected some duty which should have been attended to before the sun went down. "Unless each night recovers the ground lost in the exertion of the day before, you are committing suicide by inches; and you have no right to commit suicide at all."

Amusing.

Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence, in township nineteen, range eighteen according to the Government's survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay-chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth Shorthorn and three-quarters hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell to a non-resident."—Judge's Library.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back! For there is no debtor in the world so honorably, so superbly honorable, as love. "Love never faileth."—Professor Drummond.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and not to hunt after grand far-fetched ones for ourselves. —Canon Kingsley.

HEADACHE.

Frequent, or periodical headaches, weaken the brain, and very often extinguish the light of reason. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills will cure headache quickly, by soothing the irritated nerves of the brain. They also prevent pain if taken when first symptoms of headache appear. 25 doses, 25c. Never sold in bulk.

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Seashore Excursion to Norfolk by Seaboard July 15th and 16th.

The Seaboard will operate their next Seashore, popular excursion to Portsmouth-Norfolk and Virginia Seashore Resorts leaving Raleigh and Durham at 9:30 a. m. Tuesday July 14th making connection with trains from Oxford and Louisburg and taking on passengers at all points to Weldon arriving Portsmouth at 3:30 p. m. allowing a day and a half and two nights in Norfolk. Returning to leave Portsmouth at 9:00 a. m. on Thursday July 16th. Round trip rate from Raleigh and Durham \$3.00; Louisburg \$3.00; Oxford \$2.50; Henderson \$2.50; Weldon \$2.00.

See your Agent or address the undersigned for further information.

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Norfolk & Southern R'y

Fitzgerald, Wolcott and Kerr, Receivers.

WEEK-END RATES.

The Norfolk & Southern Railway announces the following attractive Week-End low fares during the season of 1908 to Norfolk, Va., and return:

FROM	FARE
Raleigh, via N. & S. Ry.	\$5.00
Wendell, "	5.00
Zebulon, "	5.00
Wilson, "	5.00
Farmville, "	5.00
Greenville, "	5.00
Grimesland, "	5.00
Goldsboro, "	6.70
Kinston, " direct or via Goldsboro and A. C. L.	6.70
New Bern, via N. & S. Ry direct or via Goldsboro and A. C. L.	6.70
Vanceboro, via N. & S. Ry.	5.00
Chocowinity, "	5.00
Washington, "	5.00
Pinetown, "	4.50
Plymouth, "	4.10
Mackey's Ferry, "	4.10

Fares for children 5 years of age and under 12 half of the above fares.

Tickets good for morning trains only, Saturday, June 6, and every Saturday thereafter to and including Saturday, September 5, 1908, limited three days, including date of sale.

Electric service from Norfolk to Virginia Beach and Cape Henry, Va., round trip 25 cents. Trains leave City Hall Avenue, opposite Monticello Hotel every half hour.

R. E. L. BUNCH, Traffic Manager.
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