

# RAMBLES OF THE RAMBLER

## BREEZY NEWS, VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

### What He Sees and Hears While Roaming the Streets.

"How fleet is a glance of the mind compared with the speed of its flight," says the poet. And what a little thing will often start the mind to action and send the thoughts back in wavering flight along the years, to dwell longingly and lovingly on scenes that may be lulled in the chambers of the heart, but can never fade from memory.

The Rambler in his rounds yesterday afternoon, saw young couples returning from the country, driving, and their vehicles were laden with dogwood blossoms and yellow jessamine, and instantly, on the winds that blow, at last, from the South, the Rambler was wafted back to the Springtime of his own youth-time; and, slowly wending our way among the real, we listened to the lutes of memory playing the "unheard melodies" of the "land of the leal."

And the winds—the blessed winds from the South, my beloved, they whisper a story—they tell softly a tale infinitely sweet and tender and odorous of perfume of the long ago that no language can interpret; the old, old story that has been told over and over again for a hundred thousand years, and will be told with infinite tenderness so long as the heart of man realizes and beats in unison with the highest attribute of God—love.

The dogwood blossoms the honeysuckle, the jessamine, the bay, the magnolia, the happy whistle of the mating partridge and the glad song of the nesting birds, all sweet and gracious things in this life are borne to us on the winds that blow from the South: here the flowers bloom earliest, the birds sing sweetest and in gayest plumage, the bees wheel their droning flights, the eternal arch of blue spans the South with a radiance that does not dim, the stars are brighter, the sun swings in vast space with a nobler lustre, and love born of Southern hearts is more lasting, more true, more noble in its great qualities of sacrifice and immolation.

It is good to be a dweller in the South—"to the manner born;" but better still to be a dweller here in Goldsboro, the best town in the State, "Where smiling Spring her earliest visits pay, And 'parting Summer's lingering blooms delay."

Selah.

The Rambler is informed that it has been rumored over in Frog Pond that a bill is going to be introduced in the next Legislature to annex it to Goldsboro, and the Frog Pond citizens are greatly stirred up over the report, and a mass meeting has been called for next Saturday night to give expression to their opposition to such a bill.

It is certain that the meeting will be a lively one, and there will not be any doubt about a subject for a funeral next Sunday over there if any man has the hardihood to show himself in that meeting in favor of the proposed bill to make Frog Pond an annex to Goldsboro.

Those people over there have got the big head bad about the future of their burg, and it certainly will not be safe for any one who takes issue with them in their opposition to annexation.

The Rambler's righteous outburst in last Saturday's ARGUS against cigarettes, and his ethical disquisition on teaching children to be good seem to have



**Almost Crazy**  
with pain—faint with weakness—ready to give up life itself. That sounds exaggerated, but women know what it means. Many undergo it every day. They bear it sweetly and patiently, but they are doing wrong. They owe it to their friends and family to be strong, and they will be if they take **Bradfield's Female Regulator**. This is not talk, it is fact. The Regulator reforms and rebuilds. It is like a fairy's wand. It is for nervousness, backache, dizziness, inflammation, periodical suffering and all weakness and irregularities. These are the diseases which it cures. Get it at any drug store. \$1 per bottle. **THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.** Write for our free illustrated book, "Perfect Health for Women."

touched a responsive chord in many hearts of ARGUS readers, judging from the number of approving letters we have received this week.

But the Rambler would not confine his admonition to children alone to be good, but he would extend it to grown-up people, as well; of all conditions, of all ages, of whatever shortcoming, be such one or many.

Within the volition of every human being is the power to be good. While life lasts there is open to every one the way, bright shining and glorious with eternal love and mercy and righteousness. To whatever depths of wretchedness men or women be fallen, the gate to the way stands wide open for those who will to enter.

It does not matter what the error, or shame, or sin, there is hope for the lowest fallen, inspiration for all who will see and hearken and act. In the gloom of wickedness truth may appear, and lo! there is light. The sinful, low-lying in noxious vapors, may rise and go out into the pure light of the sun, the inspiring atmosphere of the real heaven, gaze upon the glory that beats around the heights of faith. Yea! all who seek can reach beatitude.

The poorer offender, the wretchedest of all the wretched, will be uplifted if they but accept the plan and ask for the dispensation. They have but to reach out with hands that tremble and quiver and are palsied with sinful or unwise indulgence, and touch the hem of that garment that is forever in reach, and that Power which punished in the Red Sea and blessed on Calvary will soothe all pain; will steady and give nerve to the feeble and transform them into full-armed soldiers to fight for the world's regeneration. That Power is ever waiting, waiting, waiting, and is ever ready to heal and to help.

How fleet is time! It seems but yesterday since the Rambler wrote, in last Saturday's ARGUS, his Sunday sermon against smoking cigarettes and on giving good advice to children, and yet tomorrow will be Sunday, again.

Sunday, which is the Sabbath of the Christians, and under the temporal law the rest day of all men, is without spiritual significance if it do not teach us the lessons of joyful humility, and of human charity. It is meaningless of good if it do not extend the horizon of our view; if it do not make the depths of our souls ever deeper in the way of truth; if it do not make the world brighter, more beautiful, more filled with joy the space between the golden bridge of love-birth and the black river upon the other side, where fall the shadows. The exultant notes of the church bells on the morrow morning, the majestic roll of anthem, are merely brazen noises if they lead us not towards the higher heights of the higher life of mankind's fellowship and comradeship.

Next to the newspaper man, one of whom the Rambler is, the poorest paid class of professional men are the doctors—and they are

made the target of much witticism, as well.

But the doctors and newspaper men will have their "inning" some fine day, or time, or eternity, as the following recently published poem would indicate:

#### THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.

Last evening I was talking  
With a doctor, aged and gray,  
Who told me a dream he had,  
I think 'twas Christmas day.

While snoozing in his office,  
The vision came to view,  
And he saw an angel enter,  
Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven,  
The Lord just sent me down,  
To bring you up to glory,  
And put on your golden crown.

"You've been a friend to everyone,  
And worked hard night and day,  
You have doctored many thousands,  
And from few received your pay

"So we want you up to glory,  
For you have labored hard,  
And the good Lord is preparing  
Your eternal, just reward.

Then the angel and the doctor  
Started up toward glory's gate,  
But when passing close to hades,  
The angel murmured, "Wait.

"I have a place to show you;  
It's the hottest place in hell,  
Where the ones who never paid you  
In torment always dwell."

And, behold, the doctor saw there  
His old patients by the score,  
And grabbing up a chair and fan,  
He wished for nothing more:

But was bound to sit and watch them,  
As they'd sizzle, singe and burn,  
And his eyes would rest on debtors  
Whichever way they'd turn.

Said the angel, "Come on doctor,  
There's the pearly gates I see;"  
But the doctor only murmured,  
"This is heaven enough for me."

He refused to go on further,  
But preferred to sit and gaze  
At that crowd of rank old deadheads  
As they lay in the blaze.

But just then the doctor's office clock  
Cuckooed the hour of seven,  
And he awoke to find himself  
In neither hell nor heaven.

—[Woodyard Kindling, in the Franklin, Pa., Evening News.

"A day like this makes me long for the fields and the woods for the blossoms of the wild flowers and the songs of the wild birds," declared a beautiful woman to the Rambler yesterday. "Woods, fields, birds and flowers make me to rejoice, to love, to love everything and kiss my hand to the sky and the sun and to whatever else I like."

The birth of the new moon last week was of unsurpassable beauty and splendor. The moon hung a silver crescent inverted against a grey-blue sky, and it went its westward way in great glory, the evening star hanging above it in glorious radiance. The scene was one never surpassed in the upper deep. There was no cloud. The crescent of the silver moon was suspended there in the vast depths of the firmament, and the star far above, seemed to be the rear guard in the splendid march of the heavens! It all of it was wondrous splendor! It was the death of a day of glory, of richness, beauty, light and worship.

The going down of the new moon and the evening star were sublime. A more glorious night never veiled the earth. The stars seemed to sing a song of matchless music in the vast cathedral of space. The man who had no soul to see the beauty of yesternight is not worthy to know the greater glory!

The big advance and the upward trend of the price of cotton is setting the farmers of these parts cottonward with their planting to a degree that is truly alarming.

The Rambler has been taking observations personally, and re-

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is the name of a valuable illustrated pamphlet which should be in the hands of every planter who raises Cotton. The book is sent FREE.

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ceiving information by mail and this is his deliberate judgment.

We are in receipt of a letter from a neighboring county to the effect that a large crop of cotton will be planted this year in that section, and that if a crow flies across that portion of the country the coming spring he will wish that he had carried his rations, if he expects to depend on spring corn for his food.

It can hardly be so bad as that. We can dispense with the crow and the thrasher and the lark, but we trust that this indigenous grain crop will have a show. The horses and the mules, the cattle and the pigs and the poultry raise their hungry mouths in supplication.

It is opportune yet for a few more acres in corn. There was a time in North Carolina when a crow was seriously inconvenienced about his rations when he journeyed across the State, but that belonged to another generation—another era. There need be no occasion for it now.

**Rheumatism Cured in a Day.**  
"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro., druggists, Goldsboro, N. C.

Keep your blood rich and red by taking Roberts' Tasteless Chilli Tonic. 25c. Pleasant to take. Cures chills by purifying the blood, and producing appetite, health and vigor. Try it, and get the genuine, with red cross on label.

When a man falls in love it is usually head foremost.

Chills, fevers and malaria yield to Roberts' Chilli Tonic, if you get the genuine, with a red cross on label. 25c. No cure, no pay.

Web Davis is now considered in his native west a literary gent.

"Safe Bind Safe Find" Fortify yourself now by purifying and enriching your blood and building up your system with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you may expect good health throughout the coming season.

All liver ills are cured by Hood's Pills. 25c

No crown need is considered popular who is not shot at now and then.

Your blood is thin and yellow, your system weakened, your appetite gone, your liver idle, and you are all out of order when malaria lurks in your system. Drive it out with Rogers' Chilli Tonic. It will make you well and happy. 25c. per bottle.

New York's biggest borer is John B. McDonald.

**\$100.**  
Dr. E. Detchon's Anti-Diabetic  
May be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro., Druggists.

**Relief in Six Hours.**  
Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro., Druggists, Goldsboro, N. C.

Two cats on a back-yard fence can improvise a nocturne such as Chopin never dreamed of.

**The One Day Cold Cure.**  
Kermack's Chocolate Laxative Quinine for cold in the head and sore throat. Children take them like candy.

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Brought us a line of very beautiful  
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