

A Tribute From a Friend to the Memory of Eugene Speed Alston.

Can imagination conceive a course more heart-rending, that could shroud a family and community with sorrow than to chronicle the tragic death of this young man which occurred February 4th 1909. The man about the home all day except a brief visit to his uncle that morning, and to the family he seemed well and natural, though a visitor noticed he was not quite himself. Shortly after three o'clock just before he left the house for the fatal act, his sister noticed an unnatural expression though no special attention was paid it. When he failed to appear at supper, his parents became uneasy, because he never stayed out at night without their knowledge and consent; after sending to the neighbors and gaining no information concerning him, and learning that his gun was missing, a search was made fearing some accident had befallen him; and about seven o'clock his body was found just inside the pasture gate near his home, in death's cold embrace, with his gun, the means he had used to unloose the fetters that formed the soul and body together, was lying by his side, the shot having taken effect in the temple. No cause for the act seems apparent, but love: ones have been anxious about him since a severe illness two years ago, which left him physically weakened, and a serious malady was feared, but no immediate danger was apprehended. We surmise the fact that some recent development, assured him that he could not live long; though this knowledge he kept secret, if it was true, and so preyed upon him as to de throne reason. Here the beautiful trait of unselfishness presents itself, he didn't pain the family, but bore this information alone as long as he could. He was the son of Edward Thorne and Rosa Speed Alston, was born Feb. 19th 1890. His ancestors from every line, represented old and prominent families, so naturally one would have the right to expect him to be a gentleman, and he was, in every respect. He was kind, gentle, affectionate, charitable, in every way an exemplary young man. Said his father, "he was an obedient, thoughtful, and devoted son and brother." The writer has never heard a word against him. There was a home noted for its serenity, and special happiness, a family of unusual devotion. We know that this youth of scarcely nineteen years, would not in a sane moment, have torn himself from home and loved ones, and so caused them to suffer almost beyond human endurance. Was it destiny, masking as usual to shape our ends? No—it was the grim monster, whose insatiable arrows are ever aimed at human hearts, thus permitting him to gloat over victories won, and numberless are his devices, well might he boast of this strategy. Ah! monster, so eager were you for this victim, that by your wily ways, you secured his consent to work his own destruction, and so early find the grave, which is the goal of earth and starting post for Heaven.

Eugene, dear noble boy, the cause that prompted your rash act, will remain a mystery until the final day when they will all be revealed. We know that the boy we knew would have not committed the deed, he was changed by the ravage of disease on mind or body into another being. Friends had noticed, your rosy cheeks were paling, your clear brown eyes had not their usual luster, and they are but windows to the soul, and showed that something was wrong; some demon had enthroned itself, where your reason had ruled, and held away until it accomplished your earthly ruin. The cunning manner in which the recently enthroned ruler of your actions, guided you points to the fact you were not yourself. Though you allured your brother off after dinner, yet he should hinder your purpose, your entrance to the house and when assured that the inmates were occupied, you absented yourself and hastened to the spot you had always loved, and decided there to relieve your soul of the burden it could no longer carry, and send it back to its

God who gave it and who requires it of us when the temple He placed it in is no longer a fitting receptacle. But the soul the grandest part of man never dies, when we pass from this place of being to another, we enter into the presence of God, not with the dead unknown, but with the living unknown. God moves in a mysterious way, we must question no act that He permits.

When an old man with tottering frame, whose head is white with the frost of many winters, dies, we say "tis better so, earth hath no charms for thee, enter unto thy heavenly rest." And so with the infant ere it reached the age of responsibility or been tarnished by contact with the world, and then escape the judgment, and is permitted to enter the fold and bask forever in the sunlight of the Saviors love! But to see a man cut down in the morning of young manhood—whose future seems bright and promising; our hearts are troubled and we shudder when we reflect to realize it is true, he did not live long, but he lived well.

"Jesus while their hearts are bleeding,
O'er the spoils that death hath won,
Let them at the solemn meeting,
Calmly say "Thy will be done."
Thou cast down they are not forsaken,
Thou afflicted, not alone!
Thou didn't give and Thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, Thy will be done."

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. B. C. Thompson, of Warrenton, whose beautiful remarks and earnest prayer were a power and blessing to all present. The interment took place in the family burying ground, and was largely attended. The following young men acted as pall bearers: Messrs. Ballard Egerton, Robert Alston, Ed. Falk Alston, Morris Person, Joe L. Williams, Robert Egerton. May God send this comforting angel to soothe the aching hearts, and grant that they may be an unbroken family in Heaven. A FRIEND.

Baptist Churches Not in Politics.

We are not saying whether Mr. Herbert F. Seawell, of Carthage, is or is not the best fitted man of his party in the Eastern District of North Carolina for the Federal Judgeship made vacant by the death of Judge Purnell, and for which he has been nominated by President Roosevelt.

But what we do desire to say, and think ought to be emphatically, is that Baptist churches are not in politics as insinuated in the Washington correspondence of the Charlotte Observer which under date of January 25th said: It seems that the entire Baptist population of the State is rallying to his (Mr. Seawell's) aid.

Mr. Seawell is a Baptist, but for one, the editor did not know this fact until last week; and we venture the assertion that but a handful of our Baptist people are aware of his church connection. It is gross exaggeration, therefore, to include "the entire Baptist population of the State."

Moreover, while a Baptist church is an entirely independent body, a pure democracy recognizing no authority but that of the Head of the church, yet it stands for complete separation of Church and State. And by this principle it is self-limited to the spiritual sphere and self-debarred from partisan politics. In its spiritual work, however, the church would fail were it not to influence men to good citizenship and show its colors in issues where morals are paramount to partisanship as in the prohibition election last year.

But while this is true of the local church, the individual member is left free to exercise his own judgment and follow his own conscience in civic privileges and duties. And we would say that this is not only the right but the duty of every voter in the church from the minister in the pulpit to the sexton by the door. This, however, is purely individual, and does not implicate the church.

Just here seems to be the present misunderstanding of our denominational conviction and practice. It appears that among those who en-

dorsed Mr. Seawell for the coveted Judgeship were his pastor, Rev. C. H. Dowell, and the deacons of the Carthage church to which he belongs. The church took no action whatever and the officers acted solely in their individual capacity which, of course, they had a perfect right to do. And it may be that other Baptists elsewhere, perhaps many of them, but each as a citizen rather than a churchman, did the same; but the Baptist denomination is not, will not, and must not, be involved in any political pull whatsoever, no matter how worthy. He who uses it or seeks it is fore-doomed while he obscures it or reflects upon it as guilty of misrepresenting a great people.

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."—Biblical Recorder.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

We have decided to issue the "Annual Statement" of the County's expenses in this year in pamphlet form, and will have space for a limited amount of advertisements therein. This is a most excellent advertising medium, and those of our business men who wish to make use of it will be given an opportunity. About fifteen hundred copies will be printed and it will be read by over eight thousand people. You can get an inside page for five dollars or a cover page for ten dollars. Let us have your order at once for one or more pages, as we desire to go to work on it at once.

JUST OPENED UP

a nice line of summer clothing, also spring and fall clothing, prices are all right. Here is some special bargains in other merchandise that must be closed out; knives and forks, pocket knives, razors, dress lining 3 1-2c per yard, lace 1c to 4c yard, calico 4c, ladies shirt waists 25c to 65c, belts 5c to 10c. Some of these belts are silk and cost 37c only 10c, hair brushes, tooth brushes, axes, put drawers, drapery 5c yard, ladies shoes, soap, face powder, hamburg edging, men's suspenders, diamond dyes, combs, baby caps for the babies. The above are bargains.

Yours truly
J. P. WINSTON
2651 5th St.

Sale of Valuable Real Estate

By virtue of the power conferred upon me in a certain deed of trust executed to me by E. E. Marshall and wife and duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Franklin County in Book 166, page 15, and at the request of the holder of the bonds secured therein, I will on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1909, at about the hour of noon, sell at public auction at the court house door in Louisburg, N. C., to the highest bidder for cash, all that certain tract of parcel of land situated in the County of Franklin and State of North Carolina, near the town of Louisburg, and bounded on the North by the lands of J. K. Spencer and Mrs. Lou Barham, on the East by the lands of Richard Kelley and James Malone, on the South by the lands formerly owned by Mrs. Louisa Davis, now by J. K. Spencer, and on the West by the River, containing 125 acres, more or less, subject to the dower interest therein of Mrs. L. W. Marshall, widow of S. W. Marshall, and being the same lands conveyed to the said E. E. Marshall by W. M. Fowler and wife by deed dated August 25, 1906, and duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Franklin County, to which reference is hereby made for a full description of said land, and also to the 10th day of Feb. 1909, and to the will of W. H. YARBOROUGH, JR., Trustee

ANCIENT JESTS.

A Familiar Tale Told in Many Centuries and Languages.

Most of the jests that have been current in English speaking countries for centuries are known also throughout Europe. Students of folklore assure us that to a great extent these jests are of Asiatic origin, many of them having come from China and Japan, and some are thousands of years old.

Take, for instance, the well known story of the impudent Irishman at an inn who looked over a man's shoulder while he was writing a letter. When he read, "I have much more to say to you, but a fellow is looking over my shoulder and reading all I write," he cried out, "Faith, sir, I haven't read a word!" This story is found in the "Spring Garden" of Jami, the last of the great Persian poets of the fifteenth century.

The story of the countryman who tried to pick up a paving stone to throw at a savage dog and, finding that stone and all others rammed tightly into the ground, declared that these were strange folks who fastened the stones and let loose their dogs was told in the thirteenth century by another Persian poet, the illustrious Sadi.

One authority in folklore traces a familiar tale from the ancient Hindoo collection, "Ocean of the Rivers of Narrative," through various versions, in many centuries and languages.

The Hindoo tale is in brief something like this: A rich man said to his treasurer in the hearing of a musician who had entertained him, "Give this man 2,000 panas." The treasurer, replying that he would do as ordered, went out. The minstrel asked for the panas, but was refused. On appealing to the rich man the musician received this response: "What did you give me that I should make a return? You afforded a short lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short lived pleasure to your ears by promising you money."

In Gladwin's "Persian Moonshine" a poor poet recites verses in praise of a wealthy man, who promises him a quantity of grain, but later says to him: "You are a blockhead! You delighted me with words, and I pleased you in like manner. Why, then, should I give you grain?"

Lucian tells of a philosopher that complained to his pupil because his fees were eleven days in arrears and was thus answered by the youth's uncle: "Pray let us hear no more complaints of the injustice you suppose you have had at our hands, since it simply amounts to this—we have bought words of you and till now have paid you in the same coin."

In "Jacke of Dover, His Quest of Inquire For the Foole of All Fooles," an English jest book of the sixteenth century, there is a tale almost precisely like the Hindoo narrative.

A Japanese story says that Kisaburo, a man of economic spirit, took lodgings on the side of a market for eels. The appetizing odor of fried eels entered his dining room and seasoned his bowl of rice. The man with the eels presented his bill for the odor of the fish. Kisaburo laid out the money asked for on the bill and began to chat with him. When the man was about to leave Kisaburo put the money back into his pocket, replying to the other's remonstrance: "You ask me for payment for the smell of your fried fish. Is the same for the sight of my money?" This story was known in Europe in the fourteenth century.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whips From Tree.

In the island of Jamaica there grows a tree with the botanic name of Daphne lagetto, from the branches of which native workmen make peculiarly strong and excellent whips. These whips have the handle and lash all in one piece. The handle consists of a part of the stem retaining the bark. For the lash the stem is deprived of bark and then split into strips, which are woven together in a flexible cord six or seven feet long. The proper taper is afforded by detaching more and more of the strips as the end of the lash is approached.

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To My Friends And Public Generally

I desire to say to all of my friends and patrons that I will continue the business formerly conducted by Cooper and Pleasants at the same stand in Louisburg, and will be glad to have a liberal share of your patronage. I shall endeavor at all times to serve you right, and sell you goods at reasonable and living prices.

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