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Avegetable Preparation for As-

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1902.

AN ANCIENT LOVE STORY. CAUGHT IN AN EXPLOSION.

He Was Willing To Die For A Miner's Description of His Feelings When he was Blown The One He Loved.

Up. One of Xanophon's works tells about A miner who was blown up while the exploits of Cyrus the Great, and the

fellowing love story is found in it : blasting a rock describes his sensations Cyrus had captured an Armenian king thus: who had been in revolt. Among the "You me, its so sudden. Its over just captives was the king's family, including about the time you begin to understand his wife, son, and son's wife. Cyrus had that something is happening. You them all brought before him, and in re- know I had the cartridge in my hand and

ply to his questions the captive king ad-mitted that by the fortune of war he and All at once everything was light. I his family rightfully belonged to the don't think I saw the flash. Any way conqueror, and bondage was what they my face was not exactly toward the exhad to expect. plosion.

"How much money would you give to "But then everything got light, lighter get your wife back again ?" Cyrus asked than day-kind of blinding. There was an awful crash. It was just at the the king. "All the money I could give," he re- same time. I was terrified and wanted

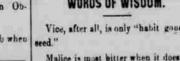
to get away. It was just as if I was hav-Then, turning to the king's son, who ing the nightmare. Somehow, though, was newly married and was passionately I knew just what the matter was. A in love with his wife, Cyrus put the same man can think faster than he has any question to him. "Tigranes, how much idea of. I knew that some of the others would you give to get your wife back were nearer the explosion, and I said to myzelf, 'They'te blown into bite, that's

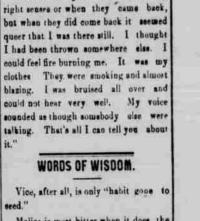
would give my very life to save her from "You understand, this was all in a see ond-all at once, really. Then it was

the conqueror was magnanimous enough with a stick. I thought it was a big to release his captives without ransom stick, bigger than any man could swing and to entertain them royally before and that it must be worked by machinery. It hit me on the head and all over.

loud in their praise of the generosity of way. My ears roared, and the wind Cyrus and of his noble and handsome blew into my face. I knew when I person, and Tigranes asked his wife if struck the ground, for I remember say

The only man I saw was the one who could not hear very well. My voice said he would give his life to save me sounded as though somebody else were







VISITOR WRITE

The spider is spinner At the Old Cotton Gin.

Ay, many a day for the old, old South, Its spun its fleece from a fiery mouth, And wove its woof in a fabric of gold-As a picture is painted, a tale that is told, And it sat in its might, this fallen thing, A hoary monarch, an uncrowned king, And over the land With an iron hand; It flung its wealth with a gesture grand, And Might was the ginner-Of barn and of bin There never was a winner Like the Old Cotton Gin.

Broad was the Kingdom he ruled in his might, Brave were the armies he rallied for fight, Bright were the wings of his ships on the seas, Bold were his merchantmen-kingly his case, True were his women in hut or in hall, Sweet the soft sunshine that fell over all, From banjo and bow And the cotton's long row, Free-song and slave song would mingle and flow, And Pride was the ginner-(Unpardonable sin !) Was there ever a sinner Like the Old Cotton Gin? Alas, for his weavings—ay, tearms for the day When out from his loom came the jackets of gray, And the locks that were plucked in despair from his head Were woven to crimson in shrouds for his dead. They died for the sin the centuries had given. And their blood is the pledge on the lintels of heaven. By river and plain They march not again, And wet was his fleece with blood of his stain— For Death was the ginner-And Riot and Din-And Sorrow the spinner. At the Old Cotton Gin.

'It's No trouble For Me To Weep Anywhere." There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each "Do you want a sitting?" I asked

HIS FLUENT FOUNT OF TEARS.

"I don't see nothin' like what I want, he replied. L told him, if he would indicate what he wanted, that I might arrange it. "I don't know as you can," he said, "for I don't see nothin' at all like what [want."

I repeated what I had already said He asked me to sit while he told me. "You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was g

ing to git married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready, when I wanted was a picture of me sittin' or

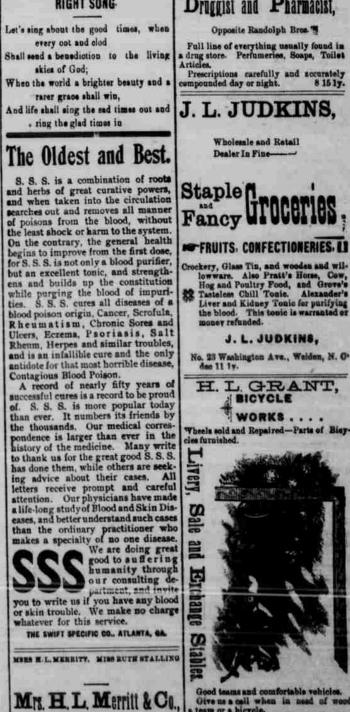
ber grave wcepin' " I was touched at the homely story of grief, and told him I could send a man

with him to the grave and have the pieture taken as he desired. "It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your trape for what I

want ?" I said it would. "I thought," he answered, "that mebbe you could rig up a grave here in your shop and I would weep on it, and is would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere "

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP

A Little Boy's Life Saved. I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I carnot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E Steere, of Goodwin, S. D., and when 1 got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then 1 thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would not be on earth today .- Joel Demont, Inword, Iows. For sale by W. M. Cohen, druggist. RIGHT SONG



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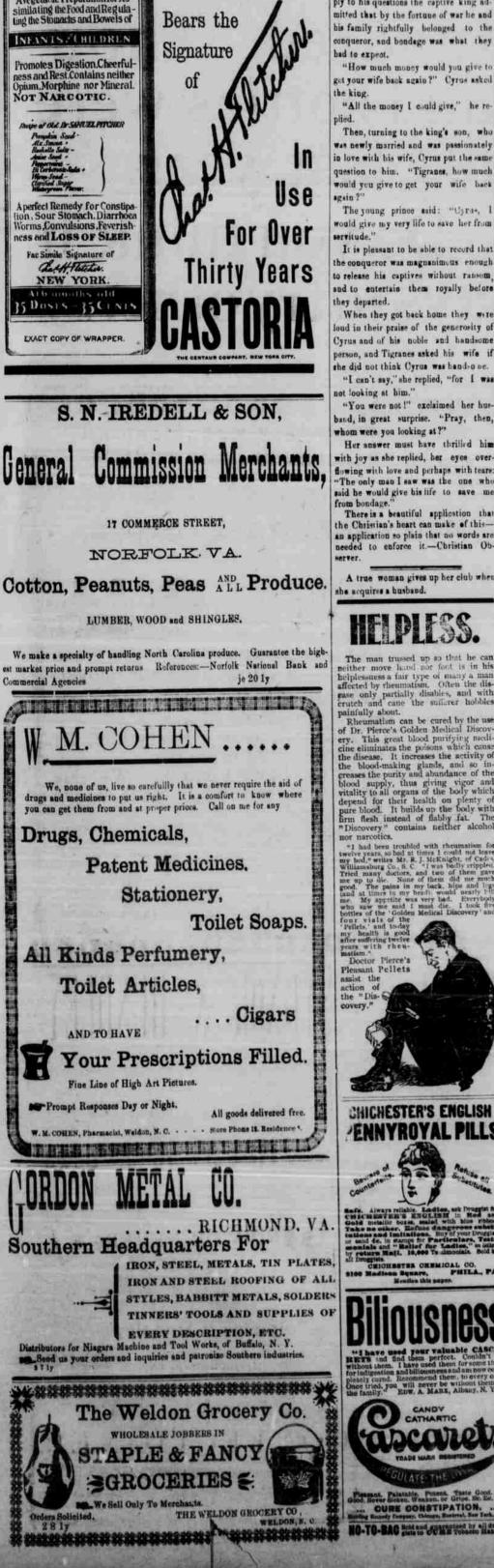
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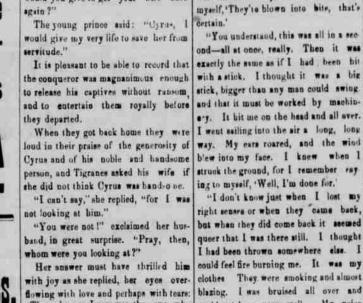


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There is a beautiful application that talking. That's all I can tell you about the Christian's heart can make of this-an application so plain that no words are needed to enforce it.-Christian Ob-

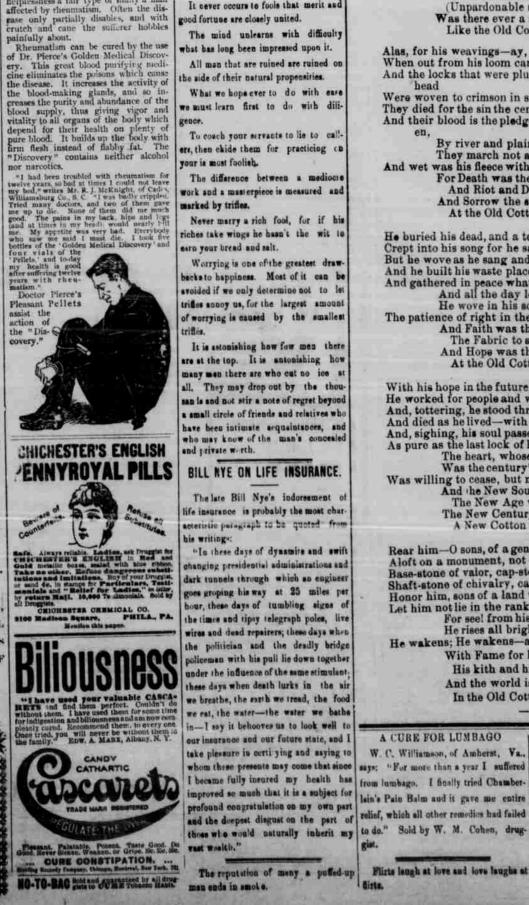
A true woman gives up her club when

kicking gun stuat that they are poor in merit.

they give you in length.

Malice is most bitter when it does the Those who are greedy of praise prove What too many orators want in depth It never occurs to fools that merit and





He buried his dead, and a tenderer tone Crept into his song for he sang it alone But he wove as he sang and the pattern was bright-And he built his waste places and conquered by toil And gathered in peace what was garnered in spoil, And all the day long He wove in his song The patience of right in the pillage of wrong-And Faith was the ginner, The Fabric to spin, And Hope was the spinner At the Old Cotton Gin.

With his hope in the future, his heart in the past, He worked for people and wove to the last: And, tottering, he stood through the rife and the reel And died as he lived—with his hand on the wheel. And, sighing, his soul passed peacefully through, As pure as the last lock of lint in the flue-The heart, whose beat Was the century's feet, Was willing to cease, but not to retreat, And the New South was ginner, The New Age was in. The New Century spinner-A New Cotton Gin. Rear him-O sons, of a generous sire-Aloft on a monument, not on a pyre

Base-stone of valor, cap-stone of truth Shaft-stone of chivalry, cap-stone of truth-Honor him, sons of a land that is fair, Let him not lie in the rank weeds there For see! from his night He rises all bright. He wakens: He wakens-a loom of new light-With Fame for his ginner, His kith and his kin, And the world is the winner In the Old Cotton Gin. -John Trotwood Moore.

Cut this out and take it to W. M Cohen's drug store and get a sample of W. C. Williamson, of Amberst, Va. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets the best physic. They also cure disor ders of the stomsch, biliousuess and

Some men wake up and find themelves famous, while lots of others stay Flirts laugh at love and love laughs at up all night and never even get a glimpe of fame

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