## THE ROANOKE NEWS.

OHN W. SLEIDGE, MROPLBTOR. A N \#\#WSPAP\#R FORTHEPBO
OOL XXXVII.
WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE $26,1902$.


## Bexisisi Cunty gopery

The ACME HARROW.-.The best Zgeneral purpose harrow made.


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PUNDED. "NO CURE NO PAY." Ail to mite and pothing to lotese.

FUTPELL-HAPDY How. Go.



## Dyspepsia Cure <br> Digests what yots eat. Because your only son refers the gal he met in the car <br>  ou cannot make a citizen, The man who doesn't know enough <br> You cannot range the rooster's strut, Nor make the layers crow Though you may honestly It would be better so. <br> You cannot make a parson Of the stage-struck Romeo ha <br> here's only one thing meaner, <br> And hat's to have to see The name of your neightor Finished with <br> But ail these things, and We may expect to hear. <br> ntil the numbskull kills

## M?




FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES


But you cannot make him drink;
ou may keep your daughter thin;
From morn till afternmon From morn till afternoon,
But you can't make her a player
If she hasn't any tune.
hough you may make him plo
And whoa, and haw, and gee.
And whoa, and haw, and gee.

## 

We go our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind
Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side.
The other side is trolden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Wh Where lies the bruised ones that faint and
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guid Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfifh hearts are ofor our feet the guid
They lead us by upon the other side.
It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wound of stricken on
To take the emitten and the sick and sore
To take the smitten and the sick and sore
And bear them where a stream of blessin
Instead we look about- the way is wide
And so we pass upon the other side.
0 friends and brothers, gliding down the
Humanaiti is callingeach and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears:
In tender aceents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call
You cannot, in your cold and selfifish pride,
Passs guiltlessly upon the other side. .
-Southern Churchman.










