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##  <br> The Bawle d Walime,

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dose, but it did you good. But you had to take a whole lot to get any beuefit,
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## Baltimore, Md.

| ASONG OF WINTER |  | PRAYYMG. <br> if ts one thivo to say youn pany. ERs, AND tr's asotiks thisa to pasy. <br> Mr. Moody once related this pretty incident conecraing his own little son: naid she had some trouble with one the childree. He was not villing obey, and he bisd gone off to bed wit out asking her forgiveness I weat up and sat down by the side of the litte ebild nud said, 'Did gou pay to-night?' 'I said my prayers.' 'Did gou pray?' 'I papa, I told you that I siid my prayers.' 'Yes, 1 beard you; but did you pray?' he The lithe fellow wat struck; bo koew to pray whe thereme wen giog in bis beart? He could not do it. <br> 'Well, now,' naid I,'are you going to go off to sloep without prayibg? After a atruggle he said: 'I wish you Would eall mamea, She came up and was glad to forgive him, and then he wanted to get out of bed and pray. He had said his prayers, bat now ho wanted to pray. Lote of people say their prayern juth as a nalre to their cooscienees, and go out and do some mean, contesprible thing after they hare naid them. But they bada't prayed, and that's the dif. ference." $\qquad$ <br> HIS DIPLOMACY. <br> "How did you wark my father so beautifally? <br> "With diplomner, my dear, pure diplomacy. Itold him I manted to marry othe of hiu daughters. He glared at me and asked which one of the six. I ssid Mytie <br> You said Myrtie?" <br> "Wh-hub. All diplonseg, wy dear. Fieflewinto an anful rage and said I conidn't have her. He said she sus too good for me. I insisted. Hie grew mandet. I atillianised. Thes be roared out: <br> You cant have Myrile, ycu koow nothing! Grweo is plenty good inough for you I <br> Aad that ; the way / ent yow, (tram dear. Wann't it beantiful diplomney?" <br> A FRIGHTENKD HORSK. Ramiage like mad dowa the areet dumping the occupants, or a hasdred other aecidents, are evers day oocar reboes. It bebooves everybody to bsve a reliable 8 alre handy and there's none ${ }^{\text {as }}$ good an Backles'r Araion Salve. Burns, Cutr, Sores, Eczema ad Piles, disuppear quickly under its noothing effect. 25c, ot W. M. Cohen's Drag Store. $\qquad$ <br> The best notrew gets the mont flowers -25 she buys thetu. |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| YFRANK L. STANTON. |  |  |
| Thankful for the winter-the front, $\mathrm{an}^{\prime}$ sleet $a n^{\prime}$ inow We'll tell by cabin fires all the tales of long apoThe stories of arreet childhood that we all believe was no, Good times ste comia' set, believers! |  |  |
| Thankful fot the wioter, with the folkse a sititio roond $\mathrm{A}^{\prime}$ ' rammin' of the hick 'ryauts, or shakia' of "em down, Ot niginin' io the wagos os the frosty road to towaGood times s-owmio' yet, believera! |  |  |
| Thaskful for the wioter-let us siog it just hat way 1 A merry winter morniog beats the rewe of the May: As' there's life an' jay amaxia' where we dance till break o' dayGood time a-eocmin' yet, believers! |  |  |
| THE BIRD TAKEN IN AT THE WINDOW, |  |  |
| Poor little wanderer of a stormy $\mathbf{k g}$, <br> The night with darkness and with sterms o'ereast, Who bid you to my wiedow, sweet, to fy ? To seek a shelece from the raging blant? |  |  |
| Did you, my anctess one, perecive the light <br> That from wy chamber window glimenered far? And atrightwny trin your awif, unerriog aight As stipa at sea parsue some beason star? |  |  |
| Have you no home in all thir wotid so wide, <br> No coay pest wihhin aome green retrent, Where nfe from harm wecorely you may hide, Though storms around tempestuousty may beat ? |  |  |
| Where is gour birthplace? thit for nnyy, <br> Where gobled roofs of some old farmers rise, Where firt on timid wings with birds ut play, You learoed the mysteries of the naure skica? |  |  |
| Your secrets, litile one, I may bot know, <br> But thou this dark temptentaoas night has taught, A lesson that with me through life alhall ga, <br> In journoging through a world with tempents fraght. |  |  |
| When atorms of sorrow overwhelm my head, And bide my eyes from Hape's ethereal blue, III turn a pray ful eye to Him who said, Koock and it shall be openrd unto you |  |  |
| fón oven sixty reshs. <br> Mas. Wiselow's Soothiso Syate has beea und for overe 60 yerre by milih ions of mothers lor thrit childerea while teatbiog, with perfect nuemes. It matioes the chilid, weflean the guas, alibse sil: |  |  |
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| the phild, seftent the gums, allays ail pha, cures wind eolie, sud is tbe best the poer litele suff ret inumedistely. Sald by Drugelans in every part of the world. Treenty-five cents a botile. Be ware and ask for"Mrs, Winsloa'2 Soothing Syrup," and take boo otber kiad. |  |  |
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| "That's so Well, he did pretty well, ocosideriog he hado't had any briogiog ap "-Iediesaspolis Journal. |  |  |
| A COSTLY MISTAKE. <br> Blanders aro wimetimee very exper |  |  |
| sies. Ocandionally life itent is the prime of o mintake, but yoa'll sover be wroug |  |  |
| if sou take Dr. Kingt, Now Life Pilio Fie Dyppepia, Dininese, Headache, Liver of Bowel troubles. They ate geatle yet through. 25 se at W. M. Cohon': Drag Store. |  |  |


| A WOMAN AT THE BANK. |  |
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| chiks the patienoror jon | MACHINERY |
| Ment witu nowe women. | comute tourmis a sptawi. |
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| villet extrat. "Fatily actip" | GBBGIS Machicriry compaN. |
| "Oh, yen, wity well What cas I do |  |

C. G. EVANS.
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DONT EXPECT


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STIEFF PIANO




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WELDON, . . N. C.


