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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1906.

NO. 16.

WHEN THERE IS NOT THEFT.

Well, Now, in Willie's Case It Was Quite Different.

"Where's Willie?" asked Mr. Spratt, arriving home from business the other night, says the Minneapolis Journal.

"Oh, John," replied Mrs. Spratt with a troubled countenance, "something very, very distressing happened to-day. I left 2 cents lying on the dining room table and Willie took it and went out to the corner and bought candy with it. I fixed him with the crime and he owned up. I corrected him and sent him to bed. You must have a serious talk with him in the morning. Oh, I am so distressed about Willie! I believe I should die, John, really, if the boy grew up dishonest."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," soothingly replied the husband. "I will talk to the little sinner in the morning. Willie is only 6 years old, you know, and most children of that age are apt to yield easily to temptation. Their ideas of right and wrong are not firmly fixed as yet. But what have you been doing today, love?"

"Oh, I have been shopping; and John, the funniest thing happened. I rode all the way up town in a surface car and it did not cost me a cent. The conductor never once asked me for my fare."

"And did you offer it to him?"

"Of course not, goose. It was his business to ask for it, wasn't it?"

"Do you think that was quite honest?" ventured John.

"Why, of course it was," tartly replied Mrs. Spratt. "What is the conductor paid for, I should like to know? It isn't my business to make him collect his fares, is it?"

"Well, now in Willie's case," ventured the amused husband.

"Why, John, how can you talk so silly?" rejoined his wife. "The cases are entirely different. You are absurd. Really I don't think men have any more firmly fixed ideas than children. If the conductor had asked me for my fare I could have given it to him, of course."

"Oh, yes, certainly. Of course, dear," replied John with a queer look in his eyes.

There is nothing so pleasant as that bright, cheerful, at peace with the world feeling which you get down to your breakfast. There is nothing so conducive to good and good results. The healthy man with a healthy mind and body is a better fellow, a better workman, a better citizen than the man of the woman who is handicapped by some disability, however slight.

A slight disorder of the stomach will derange your food, your thoughts and your disposition. Get away from the matter and the body. Keep your body in tune and health your mind and body will respond. Early indications of weakness, such as faint, out-of-control and you will be surprised to see how much better you are at the little lack of Dr. Pepsin after your meals.

Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

It is easy to find fault with the good things possessed by others.

Warning

If you have kidney and bladder trouble and do not use Dr. Miles' Kidney Pills, you will have only yourself to blame for the results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease.

Prepared by Dr. F. C. Clark, Weldon, N. C.

It Costs Nothing

To find out for a certainty whether or not your heart is affected. One person in four has a weak heart; it may be you. If so, you should know it now, and save serious consequences. If you have short breath, fluttering palpitation, hungry spells, hot flashes, if you cannot lie on left side; if you have fainting or smothering spells, pain around heart, in side and arms, your heart is weak, and perhaps diseased. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure will relieve you. Try a bottle, and see how quickly your condition will improve.

"About a year ago I wrote to the Miles Medical Co., asking advice, as I was suffering with heart trouble, and had been for two years. I had pain in my heart, back and left side, and had not been able to draw a deep breath for two years. Any little exertion would cause palpitation, and could not lie on my left side without suffering. They advised me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nerine, which I did with the result that I am in better health than I ever was before. I have had no heart trouble since I commenced taking it. I look upon this cure as a blessing. I have since had several bottles of the two medicines, and have not been troubled with my heart since."—MRS. ELLIEN THOMAS, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold.

Nor dares to wear a garment old,
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could scarcely earn

A living that would serve his turn,
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare,
With sated heart he hears the pains
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,

And wears in his easy chair,
A heritage it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part

In every useful tool and art,
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes or joys of humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs.

A heart that in his labor sings,
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure

To make the outcast bless his door,
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great,
Toil only gives the soul to shine,

And makes thee fragrant and benign—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove true to your heirship vast.

By record of a well-filled past—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

SAFE AT SEA.

"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."—MATTH. 14:25.

It is seldom safe for the disciple to be at sea without the Saviour. Yet we may be there by His command. He chooses sometimes to send us into circumstances that seem to be fraught with peril. The perilous place may prove the Master's approval. They toiled in rowing and at the same time the boat was tossed about with the waves. We think it is hard enough to have to work hard without having to worry. How easy to forget that the work is ours but the worry is His. We forget this, but He does not forget us. Christ praying for them on the mountain-side meant more than His presence to pull an oar in the boat with them would have done.

Perhaps they said to one another, would that this lake was dried up; at any rate they blamed the rolling, tossing waters for all their troubles. Yet, when their energies were perhaps exhausted, when the darkness had settled down and they were despairing, deliverance came. And it came by means of walking upon the very element that they had blamed; the waters that had distressed them became a way for the feet of their Deliverer. How often this is the case. Ought we not to have learned by this time that we can never be sure that any fruit will be either bitter or sweet until God has ripened it. Let your troubles grow, if you can stop them; may be they will ripen into great happiness. Let your trials come; face them, bear them; they may hold glorious triumphs. The billows of sorrow are rolling about you, but Christ is walking on them. God can come on the wings of the storm as well as on the shafts of sunshine.

Be sure you know the Deliverer when He comes. The disciples were terrified; they thought it was a ghost. It is strange that while we are ever ready to recognize the reality of our foes we are always fearful that our friends are only imaginary. There are more people who live up to the theory of a personal devil than those who rejoice in the fact of a personal, ever-present Saviour. Write this down, cut it deep in your hearts, that He has promised and He will not break His word, "Lo, I am with you always." Expect Him all the time; watch for Him, then when He does come we shall know Him, we shall rejoice in the storm that brings Him near, we shall embrace the billows and bless them; we shall stand boldly on the very element that we feared would overwhelm us and run upon it to meet our Lord, and His presence will make in our hearts a quiet harbor long ere the shore is reached.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's COUGH SYRUP has been used for over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the throat, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor, little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

When a man says "I will," something may be done, but when a woman says "I will," something has got to be done.

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Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Why does the sun burn? Why does an mosquito sting? Why do we feel unhappy in the good old summer time? Answer: we aren't. We use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and those old folk don't bother us. Learn to look for the name on the box to get the genuine.
Sold by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

The only thing in this world like a boy is a man.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

THE MAN WHO LOOKS FOR GOOD.

Take My Advice and Go Looking For Good Everywhere, and you Will Be Astonished at How Easy it is to Find.

HAVE you seen him? Do you know him? If not, I want to tell you he is a good man to know.

I met him on the main one day when every one I had talked with for hours seemed to have been a born pessimist. He came along smiling in such a pleasant way that I was glad to share my seat with him.

There was a baby just across the way that had been crying and fretting for an hour, and although I had been much disturbed over it, my acquaintance did not appear to notice at all, but he presently asked me whether I had noticed how patient the mother was. I could see it very plainly then, but I had failed to observe it before.

The brakeman called out the stations so indistinctly that no one could tell what he said, but the optimistic beside me remarked that he had a very pleasant voice. The newsboy talked through his nose in such a way that made me glad when he was gone, but the man who looked for good discovered at once that his hands were clean. I had not noticed that.

After a number of this kind of things had happened, I turned to the man and said:

"You seem to see good everywhere, where," and he replied:

"Well, why shouldn't I? The world is full of it and it is hard to miss it."

"Were you born that way?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no," he returned. "I'll tell you how it is. I used to be just the other way. In fact, I looked for bad everywhere, and I always found it, too. I was like a man I knew when I was a boy; who made it a business of looking for thorns, and it is astonishing how many he could find. He wanted them for something or other for some kind of a factory, but his constant search for thorns made him blind to about everything else. It just seemed as though he could not see any other kind of a tree; and as for fruit and flowers and sunshine, and so on, he was as blind as a bat."

"Well, there was a time when I was like that thorn hunter. I couldn't see the good at all, but oh! how easy it was to see the bad. One day I said to myself: "This way of living is foolishness. I've had enough of it, and so it's got to stop. I determined that I would stop looking for things which made me feel cross and surly, and see if I couldn't find something that would make me feel more like living. And so I turned over a new leaf, and started right then and there to look for good."

The day happened to be on Sunday, and I went to church. The preacher roared in a way that was deafening, and there was nothing while in his sermon, and yet I was able to find more than a dozen things about the man and his preaching which were commendable.

In first place, his necktie was lustrous, and his coat fit him perfectly. His pronunciation was good, and his speech was grammatical. His gestures were good, and he stood squarely on his feet, I would rather see a preacher a little weak in his theology than in his ankle bones anyhow. His theology will come all right in time, but his feet never will.

The choir sang wretchedly that morning, but I had gone to church to look for good, and I had to see that there were some very good looking people among the singers. The girl who sang the solo seemed to have neither life nor music in her, but her dress was very becoming. There was a woman in the next pew to me who had a very coarse look, but she had very pretty buttons on her jacket.

"In the next room to mine that night at the hotel was a man who snored like a sawmill, but in time I noticed that both his time and tone were very good—for snoring. As in unstudied effort, it was certainly fine. In spots it was as full of expression and surprise as any of Wagner's music. As I fell asleep I was more than half wishing that I could snore as well."

"When I awoke in the morning, I was struck with the thought my dreams had been pleasant, a very unusual thing with me, and I was fairly well satisfied with my start in looking for good, I encouraged

to try to make a good start on my second day, but when I looked in to the wash-pot I had a close call, for it was almost empty. I whistled, and looked out of the window, and the prospects from there was very fine indeed. I couldn't remember that I had ever seen a finer view from a hotel window anywhere. When I paid my bill it struck me as being large, but the hands of the clerk who took my money were small and very slantingly withal.

"And so it went on, day after day," continued my opponent, "making a constant and earnest effort to see only the good, and although my daily routine was much the same as it had been, I was able to find a bright spot somewhere. Of course, it wasn't all sliding down hill, but as becoming more and more that way the longer I tried it. The more I looked for good the easier for me to find it, and the less temptation I have to look for the bad. In fact, it is getting to be almost second nature for me to look for the good, and I wouldn't go back to the old way now for anything. I used to have a face as long as a sermon and as sober as crepe on the door, and I know I felt worse than I looked, but now it is almost as different as being in a new world. Take my advice, friend, and go looking for good everywhere, and you will be astonished at how easy it is to find Goodbye."

And the man picked up his own big grip and the heavy telescope belonging to the patient woman with the cross baby, and made his way out of the car, for the train had stopped at his station. The last I saw of him he was talking like an old friend to a man with a halyk mule. (Northwestern Christian Advocate.)

Ten Years In Bed

"For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys," writes R. A. Gray, J. P., Charlotte, Ind. "It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a great relief to me."

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