

# THE RANOKE NEWS.

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## THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

The Comfort We Find For Others Waits for Us.

The Saviour taught that they that mourn are blessed. They shall be comforted. Others have as much cause to mourn; but sorrow is unpleasant, and they put it away. This is a busy age, and we have no time for sorrow. This is a joyous optimistic age; we have no toleration of grief. Our mothers read sad stories, our fathers sang sad songs, but now the minor key is avoided in music and in novels. It is strange that with all our light-heartedness we hold to the fashion of wearing mourning for the dead—a fashion that can hardly be regarded as in good taste or altogether consistent with the Christian faith.

It is not wholesome to shut ourselves away from the world's sorrow. We should at least know something of that burden. He bore who carried the load of human woe. If there is no grief in our repentance, there can be no joy in our pardon. Where there is no mourning there is no comforting. He was a true philosopher who said: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." If we help others bear their sorrows, our own will be lighter when they come. The comfort we find for others waits for us.

## BILLY, HE'S IN TROUBLE.

(ANONYMOUS.)

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West. An' my heart's as heavy as an anvil in my breast. To think the boy who's fur'r I had once so proudly planned Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end! I told him when he left us, only three short years ago, He'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty crooked row— He'd miss his father's counsels, and his mother's prayers, too; An' he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the West, But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist; An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere. Our Bill, he promised faithful to be, keepin' an' allowed He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud; But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind, An' now the boy's in trouble of the very wuest kind!

His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed That Billy was trampin' on a mighty rocky road; But I never once imagined he would bow his head in shame, An' in the dust would walker his o' daddy's honored name. He writes from out in Denver, and the story's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother; it'd crush her poor of heart; An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her— Bill's in the Legislature, but he doesn't say what fur.

## THE LAST CONFEDERATE.

(BY DAVID J. WEISIGER, OF ATLANTA, MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL 26, 1907.)

I stood on the streets of Atlanta today As the noble old heroes passed by, And pardon me, friend, for the weakness I showed, But a tear slowly dropped from my eye.

The curious crowd little knew what it meant, As they saw that old battleflag wave, Which Lee and brave Gordon and Jackson loved, And followed so gallant and brave.

But I knew what it meant, for I stood years ago On the streets of old Richmond and saw These same gallant men, this same flag unfurled As they bravely marched off to the war.

I watched by the bedside of wounded and sick, And carried them food day by day, In dear old Virginia, that noble old State, As the war slowly dragged on its way.

Well, their number grew less, while the foe still increased, Till all hope of resistance was gone, And I saw them leave Richmond on April the third; In ashes—forsaken—forsaken.

That grandest of chieftains, brave Robert E. Lee, Whose watchword was duty through life; Unwilling to slaughter his brave, noble boys; Gave orders which ended the strife.

The years have flown by—the days are forgot, When that old tattered flag used to wave; But I love it, I love it, I honor it still, And I will till I go to my grave.

So I thought as I stood with uncovered head, Of that sad—but that last—coming day, When the last old Confederate shall hear from his Lord The summons to march and obey.

And in vision I see him—pass through the bright gates Of Heaven—and meet with our Lord, 'Neath the shade of the trees—with his comrades of old— To enjoy everlasting reward.

## A COMPLETE EDUCATION.

A girl's education is most incomplete unless she learned—

- To sew.
- To cook.
- To mend.
- To be gentle.
- To value time.
- To dress neatly.
- To keep a secret.
- To avoid idleness.
- To be self-reliant.
- To darn stockings.
- To respect old age.
- To make good bread.
- To keep a house tidy.
- To be above gossiping.
- To make home happy.
- To control her temper.
- To take care of the sick.
- To take care of the baby.
- To sweep down cob-webs.
- To marry a man for his worth.
- To read the very best of books.
- To take plenty of active exercise.
- To be a helpmate to her husband.
- To keep clear of trashy literature.
- To be light-hearted and feet-footed.
- To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## AN OLD JOKE REVAMPED.

Mrs. Brown awoke her husband in the dead of night with the startling information that she had just heard a burglar in the room below. "Now," she exclaimed, excitedly, "he's lighting one of those cigars I gave you for your birthday. I heard him pick up the box and put it down again." Then John sat up and listened. "By Jove, Mary, you're right!" he answered. "He is! He's actually, smoking one of those—er—those cigars." Then he nestled once more comfortably beneath the blankets. "Go to sleep again, Mary," he said complacently. "We'll find the poor wretch in the morning."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## WHAT MONEY CANNOT BUY.

Recollections of the Mother Love, That Had Long Been Dormant In the Breast of Wayward Boys Had Been Stirred and the Floodgates of Memory Broken Down.

The following touching incident, a recent occurrence in a Western county jail, as related by a keeper, is retold with the hope that the good begun that night may go on and on.

Last evening, just before the lights went out in all the rooms of the county jail, and while the prisoners of the ground floor were gathered in the corridors telling couch stories, uttering oaths and indulging in the low, vulgar conversation so often heard among many who go to make up the crowd in the jail, the attention of the boisterous throng was suddenly arrested by the sound of a strong, sweet baritone voice singing "Something Money Cannot Buy," which came from one of the rear cells. In a moment every sound was hushed except the sweet voice of the vocalist, singing:

"Gold hath its power, sages will say; Riches in life hold a wondrous sway. But there's a power that hails from above, Richer and grander—the power of love. There strolls a noble, money and land, Lives in a mansion, costly and grand. Yet lie's unhappy, no one knows why. Love is a power no money can buy."

The voice quavered as the last lines were sung. The sound of the sweet music reached the office of the turnkey, and softly the door leading to the cell room was opened and those who were in the office when he started tipped into the hall.

Several of the prisoners meantime were noticed with a suspicious moisture about the eyelids. The voice of the singer was choked for a moment, and then clearing his throat as if with an effort, he began the chorus:

"Love of a mother for her darling child. Love for a son, tho' he's wayward and wild—

"Here audible sobs were heard, both in the cell of the singer and from other part of the corridors. Recollections of the mother love that had long been dormant in the breast of wayward boys had been stirred and the floodgates of memory broken down. For a few moments it seemed as if some of them could not control their emotions, but it finally became still again and the singer once more began, starting at the commencement of the chorus:

"Love of a mother for her darling child. Love for a son, tho' he's wayward and wild—

As the singer ceased, those in the corridors rushed to the cell, and hands were shoved through the bars in their desire to grasp those of the vocalist.

"Put her here, old chap, that song has done me more good than all the sermons I ever heard," said one. "I've got a mother, boys, and she's a grand, good woman, too! It would break her heart if she knew where I was. I have got twenty-seven yet to serve in here. When I get out I am going to write to my mother that I'm comin' home and goin' to work, and I ain't never goin' to take another drink of whiskey as long as my mother lives."

"Here's another in the same fix," said a second boy. "I have not written to my poor old mother in two years. God only knows what she has gone thro' on my account. I'm goin' to reform right now."

"The sweet singer, scarcely twenty, a vaudeville vocalist, who was arrested for drunkenness just before he completed his engagement, saying as the tears streamed down his handsome face:

"I'm with you, boys! This is the first time I was ever in jail, and got to thinking of the disgrace, and how broken-hearted my mother would be if she knew where her only son was tonight, and I could not help singing those lines. This is the song I sang when I made my first hit."

## OLD TIME SLAVES.

Refused to be Sold and Came Back to North Carolina.

Many of the old slaves who were freed by Lincoln left their old home with regret and finding there was "no place like home" soon returned and lived until called home with their old masters. The kindness shown these negro slaves will never be fully known and appreciated by the South leaders. This in the early forties Mr. John Buxton Williams, of Buxton Place, Warren county, N. C., took to Alabama at what was then known as Gee's Bend, two hundred of his negroes to make a new settlement and open up the fine farming land of that section. The method of travel was by wagons and by walking and the time consumed on the route was six weeks. Before leaving home Mr. Williams called each one to him, explained the situation and voluntarily promised if they would go willingly he would also remain with them and should circumstances ever be such that he decided to come back to North Carolina he would bring them with him.

After a year finding himself home sick and prospects not as bright as he anticipated he concluded to sell the slaves in Alabama and return to his home in Warren county. Calling the negroes up, he reminded them of his promise and said, "Now men, I shall not break my word and if you do not care to be sold and remain here I shall take you with me, but if you will agree to be sold I will give each one of you and your wives and children fifty dollars in gold." This they refused, resulting in every one coming back to North Carolina where their descendants still live.

## Heart Strength

Heart strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. The cause of all this painful, irritating, ineffective, and unproductive suffering, is a diseased heart. The heart is the center of the body, and it is the source of all the life-giving power. Without it the body would be a mere mass of inert matter. The heart is the engine that drives the blood through the arteries and veins, and it is the power that keeps the body in motion. If the heart is weak, the blood is not pumped properly, and the body suffers. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the only medicine that acts directly on the heart, and it is the only one that has been found to be effective in all cases of heart weakness.

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## Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys, Agricultural Implements.

Having bought out Steel & Alexander foundry and machinery, with all patterns we are now prepared to furnish parts to machines formerly made by them.

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- 2 1/2 Moquette Rugs, \$2 75
- 2 1/2 Smyrna " " 2 25
- 25 00 Moquette rugs, 9x12 ft. 17 75
- 12 1/2 China Matting, 10c.
- 25c " " 18c.
- 25c Japanese " 17c.
- 25c " " 18c.
- 5c Wool Carpeting 40c.
- 25c Window shades, 20c.
- 6c 2-year wide Linoleum, 75c.
- 75c " " 65c.
- 6c Floor Oil Cloth, 48c.
- 1 3/4 Axminster Carpeting, 80c.
- 1 40 18x28 Picture Frames, 85c.
- Wall paper, 4, 5 and 6 per roll.

## For Cash

A LARGE STOCK OF Talking Machines, Graphophones, Kodaks, Cameras, and supplies on hand at all times, at the very lowest prices.

## SPIERS BROS.

## ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup

Pleasant to take. The new laxative. Does not gripe or nauseate. Cures stomach and liver troubles and chronic constipation by restoring the natural action of the stomach, liver and bowels. Refuse substitutes. Price 50c. For sale by E. CLARK, Weldon, N. C.

## Grand Display

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Prices will be made to suit the times. Hats and Bonnets made and Trimmed to order. ALL MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. MRS. P. A. LEWIS, Weldon, N. C.

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Conover Piano, upright \$195.  
Wellington Piano, \$45.  
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Stieff Rosewood Piano \$80.  
Guilt Piano, small size \$30.

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Special Rates from Weldon: Round trip season tickets, \$3.85; Round trip 60-day tickets, \$2.90; Round trip 10 day tickets, \$2.90; Round trip coach Excursion ticket \$2.65.

Coach Excursion rate sold prior to opening date and on each Tuesday thereafter, limited seven days and endorsed "Not Good in Sleeping and Pullman Parlor Cars." Other tickets on sale April 18th and continue until close of Exposition.

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