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NO. 10

PRAYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

He Thought the Old Blind Horse Would Fall in the Well On Top of Him.



An old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin, having lost his hat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked man named Neal detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse, approached the well, bell in hand, and began to tingle-ling.

Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said: "Hang the old blind horse! He's coming this way, sure; he ain't got no more sense than to fall in on me. Whoa, Ball!"

The sound came closer. "Great Jerusalem! The old blind fool will be right in on top of me in a minute! Whoa, Ball! Whoa, Ball!"

MATRIMONIAL AMENITIES.

Neal kicked a little dirt on Jack's head and Jack began to pray. "Oh, Lord, have mercy on— whoa—Ball!—a poor sinner—I'm gone now! Whoa Ball! Our Father who art in—whoa, Ball!—hallowed be thy—gee, Ball, gee! What'll I do! Now I lay me down to sleep—gee, Ball!" Just then in fell more dirt. "Oh, Lord if you ever intend to do anything for me—back Ball! Oh, Lord, you know I was baptized in Smith's mill pond—whoa, Ball! Ho, up! Murder! Whoa!"

Neal could hold in no longer, and shouted a laugh which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out.

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THE QUARREL.

She had begged and beseeched me to change my position. To view the affair in the same light that she had done, but I vowed under no such condition could I be inveigled with her to agree.

Then she argued the question at issue with fervor, and emphasized strongly her "darlings" and "dears." But seeing that none of these antics would serve her, she used a woman's prerogative—tears.

She had scolded me sharply, with sarcasm cut me. She'd flayed me with irony's torturing tools, and vowed if her wish wasn't respected they'd shut me in some close asylum for obnoxious fools!

But seeing that none of these things seemed to move me, and keenly discerning with only deaf ears I'd listed her outburst, she sought to reprove me by sobbing her heart out in copious tears.

And then—(what would you do? I ask it sincerely!)—I pardoned her temper and owned, by the way, that I'd been a brute, but loving her dearly I could not get mad at a thing she might say.

For it's easy to turn from a plea that's appealing, and it's easy to list an arraignment that sears, but show me a man who's so cold and unfeeling he'll not yield a point to a woman in tears.

THE IDEAL HOME.

There's a modest home, a cottage in a quiet shady nook, In the suburbs of a village, by a winding, babbling brook, Where the clear and rippling waters of the mountain springs run by, Flowing onward down the valley, where the summer swallows fly.

'Tis within this humble cottage earth's true type of heaven gives, For within its quiet circle doth a happy people live, They are not immensely wealthy, neither are they very poor, They have food and raiment plenty, fragrant flowers around the door.

They have, too, a pretty garden, where the blooming roses grow, And they raise their own potatoes with the garden plow and hoe; But they cultivate much richer, better treasures in the home, There is joy and full contentment and a hope for time to come.

Here the father, and the mother, and the children, four or five, Make each other very happy, here within their little hive, They are busy with their duties, help each other with their work, And they love each other's labor, neither is inclined to shirk.

Now the secret of the pleasure which they draw from such employ, Is that they are always cheerful, doing all their work with joy, But the spell which binds together all this happy little band, Is the richest gift of heaven, fresh from heaven's Beulah Land.

First of all, with leading honors, is the Bible, "mong their books, And it tells them how to daily live with constant, pleasant looks, It's the way to heaven teaches in this earthly vale below, Ere they cross the darkened river, and through heaven's portals go.

This is heaven's school, primary, where to practice living right, So that when the Master calleth, they may come as angels bright, Then, within the Master's college in the mansions bright above, Shall they learn to perfect fullness all the richness of His love.

Come you, now, ye rich or humble, look my little picture o'er, See if there's not here a lesson that you never knew before! For the riches universal, heaven's rarest, richest prize, Cometh not of earth's bestowing, but is given from the skies.

The merchant or miser, for riches and gold, May toil in his business until he is old, Then die without peace and be laid in his grave, Unhappy while living, and no one to save.

In hoarding his money, his life is all spent, When old and decrepit he is not content; While those who well contented, whose labor is love Are happy in earth-life, more happy above.

The "Ideal Home" is where joy has its birth, The sweet joy of heaven begun here on earth.

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BILIOUS? CONSTIPATED? HEADACHE?

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

FOR SPEEDY RELIEF.

Nearly Everybody TAKES SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR WHY NOT YOU?

OLD AGE.

Let Us All Stop and Think.

We wish to say a few words for the old folks, believing that the infirmities of advanced years are often treated with an indifference that is hard to bear.

Not by all, of course, for there are many, we will hope the majority, that are thoughtful of the aged and kind to them.

Then again there are others who, to put it mildly are harsh and cold. It is very natural to smile on what is lovely and strong, and frown on the reverse.

Without even observing that we do so, and it often follows, with the young especially that as they look on the furrowed face, the dim eyes, the trembling hands, the tottering uncertain steps of an old man or woman, they seem to forget that in that warm and homely prison house

of a heart and soul which yearn for recognition, for a little love, with an intensity that youth in its fullness does not know. They must forget, or one would not so often hear such remarks as "Oh, grandma, don't bother; grandma forgets everything; grandma, what do you want to go for? Old folks ought to be contented at home."

In our words to others, in all dealings with them, it is our duty to stop and think; and with the old it is positive cruelty not to do so. It is down, remember, a hill with steep, stony paths, and at its foot there is only a grave.

Don't by impatient words and looks push them along its precipitous ways; don't bruise their weary feet with rocks of ridicule and uncalled-for jest, don't glaze that downward slope with the ice of indifference; and, above all, don't hang on every bush and boulder placards of their own deterioration. It is not necessary to remind them that they have left their prime and strength behind. They know it; none so well.

Yes, let us sometimes stop and think; let us turn from our own ambition, from our ambitions for our children and lend a hand to the old folks. Let us smooth their path, let them lean on us as they step over the steep ledges and let us warm the chill of that bleak hillside with sympathy and love. Let us give them back all they gave in other days and give with interest; for, believe us however unless you may deem them now, you will miss them when they are gone. It may be as you stand by their coffins; it may be in years to come, when you read the path once was theirs; you will stop and think; thoughts will come. Then God help you! God help us all. That in those thoughts there may not be that word of flame—remorse.

ALL OUT.

The Reporter—Where's the lady of the House?
Maid—Out.
Reporter—Well, where's the owner?
Maid—Out.
Reporter—Any of the family?
Maid—Out.
Reporter—Well, say—we have a report that there was a fire here this morning. Is it—
Maid—Out—Cleveland News-Leader.

CHILDREN TEETHING

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over 30 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

"Is he a great poet?"
"I'm no judge, but I don't think any one would ask to get him pardoned if he were in prison."

PUTTING AWAY SMALL SUMS

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An account in our Savings Department does not always imply small transactions, far from it. Many large depositors are using our Savings pass-books. They are using them for the interest they get; they are also using them because of the convenience afforded. 4 per cent. interest allowed, compounded quarterly.

BANK OF ENFIELD,

ENFIELD, N. C.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Absence Cannot Chill a Mother's Love, Nor Can Even Vice Destroy Her Kindness.

It is not prosperity, with her smile and beauty, that tries the purity and fervor of a mother's love; it is in the dark and dreary precincts of adversity, amid the cold frowns of an unfeeling world, in poverty and despair, in sickness and in sorrow, that it shines with a brightness beyond mortality, and, stifling the secret of its own bosom, strives but to pour balm and consolation upon the sufferer, and the cup of misery, filled to overflowing, serves but to bind them more firmly and dearly to each other, as the storms of winter bid the sheltering ivy twine itself more closely around the withering oak. Absence cannot chill a mother's love, nor can even vice itself destroy a mother's kindness. The lowest degradations of human frailty cannot wholly blot the remembrance of the first fond yearnings of your affections, or the faint memorial of primeval innocence; nay, it seems as if the very consciousness of the subject state of her erring child more fully developed the mighty force of that mysterious passion which can forget and forgive all things, and though the youth of her fairest hopes may be as one cast off from God and man yet she will not forsake him, but participate in all things save his wickedness.

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Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weakness they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR STOMACH, LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

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WELDON, N. C.

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WELDON, N. C.

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State of North Carolina Depository. Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$45,000.

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PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: W. H. SMITH. CASHIER: R. S. TRAVIS.

BINGHAM SCHOOL 1793 1810

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL, Weldon, N. C., has prepared plans for the 111th Year. Apply to the Secretary, Bingham School, Weldon, N. C. The school is open for the 111th year. The school is open for the 111th year. The school is open for the 111th year.

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