

**"Tommy's Prayer"**

In a dark and dismal alley, where the sunshine never came,  
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy, sickly, delicate and lame.  
He had never yet been healthy but had lain since he was born,  
Dragging out his weak existence, well nigh helpless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas just five years ago  
Since his drunken mother dropped him and the babe was crippled so  
He had never known the comfort of a mother's tender care,  
But her cruel blows and curses made his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar, from the morning till the night,  
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated, naught to make his dull life bright;  
Not a single friend to love him, not a living thing to love—  
For he knew not of a Saviour or a heaven above.

'Twas a quiet summer evening, and the alley, too, was still;  
Tommy's heart was sinking, and he felt so lonely till  
Flooding up the alley, wafted inward from the street,  
Came the sound of some one singing, sounding oh, so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen as the singing nearer came,  
Oh, that he could see the singer! How he wished he wasn't lame.  
Then he called and shouted loudly, till the singer heard the sound,  
And on noting whence it issued, soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden, rough and rugged, hair unkempt and naked feet,  
All her garments torn and ragged, her appearance far from neat.  
"So yer called me?" said the maiden, "Wonder what yer wants of me,  
Most folks call me 'Singing Jessie', 'Wot may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple; and I want to hear you sing,  
For it makes me feel so happy—sing the same thing, anything."  
Jessie laughed and answered smiling: "I can't stay here very long,  
But I'll sing a hymn to please you, wot I calls the 'Glory Song'."

Then she sang to him of heaven, pearly gates and streets of gold,  
Where the happy angel children are not starved or nipped with cold,  
But where happiness and gladness never can decrease or end,  
And where kind and loving Jesus is their sovereign and their friend.

Oh, how Tommy's eyes did glisten as he drank in every word  
As it fell from 'Singing Jessie'—was it true, what he had heard?  
And so anxiously he asked her, "Is there really such a place?"  
And a tear began to trickle down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a heathen; why it's up beyond the sky,  
And if yer will love the Saviour, yer shall go there when yer die."  
"Then," said Tommy, "tell me Jessie, how can I the Saviour love,  
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar, and He's up in heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden, who had heard at Sunday School,  
All about the way to heaven and the Christian's Golden Rule,

Taught the little cripple, Tommy, how to love and how to pray;  
She sang a "Song of Jesus," kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar, which had grown so dark and cold,  
Thinking all about the children in the streets of shining gold;  
And he heeded not the darkness of that drear and chilly room,  
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh, if I could only see it," thought the cripple; as he lay;  
"Jessie said that Jesus listens, and I think I'll try to pray."  
So hee put his hands together, and he closed his little eyes,  
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't know afore,  
That you cared for little cripples who is weak and very poor,  
And I never heard of heaven, till that Jessie came today,  
And she told me all about it, so I wants to try and pray.

You can see me, can't yer Jesus? Jessie told me that you could,  
And I somehow must believe it, for it seems so prime and good;  
And she told me if I love you, I should see you when I die,  
In the bright and happy heaven that is up beyond the sky.

Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no use here below,  
For I heard my mother whisper, she'd be glad if I could go.  
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes, and I feel so lonely, too,  
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to heaven, along o' you?

"Oh, I'd be so good and patient, and I'd never cry or fret,  
And your kindness to me Jesus, I would surely not forget;  
I would love you all I know of and would never make a noise,  
Can't yer find me just a corner, where I'll watch the other boys?"

"Oh, I think you'll do it, Jesus, something seems to tell me so,  
For I feel so glad and happy and I do so want to go.  
How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the children all so bright;  
Come and fetch me, wot yer Jesus? come and fetch me home tonight."

Tommy ceased his supplication; he had told his soul's desire,  
And he waited for the answer till his head began to tire;  
Then he turned toward his corner and lay huddled in a heap,  
Closed his little eyes so gently, and was quickly fast asleep.

In the morning when the mother came to wake her crippled boy,  
She discovered that his features wore a look of sweetest joy.  
And she shook him some what roughly, but the crippled face was cold;  
He had gone to join the children, in the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered, and the angel, Death, had come,  
To remove him from his cellar to his bright and heavenly home,  
Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness never decrease or end,  
And where Jesus reigns eternal, his sovereign and his friend.

VIOLA MINGA  
Wakefield, N. C., Route 1.

**SALISBURY YOUTH WINS \$1,000 PRIZE.**

T. E. Conrad, Jr., of Salisbury, son of Engineer T. E. Conrad of the Asheville Division of the Southern, has received from Alexander Williams, secretary of the American Chemical Society, a check for one thousand dollars as first prize in an essay contest which included all colleges in the United States. When young Conrad wrote the essay this spring he was a freshman in Rutherford College.

The subject was "An Outstanding Contribution of Chemistry to Human Welfare," and he wrote the essay in three hours while on class not having previously known what the subject would be. Last year Mr. Conrad won first prize for North Carolina in a similar contest among high school students.

Mr. Conrad recently married and has gone to work for an insurance company, but heartened by the reception of the prize he has decided to return to school in the fall and prosecute his studies in chemistry. The money for this and five other prizes on similar subjects was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Garvan of New York.

**MEN WHO ROASTED BOY HELD UNDER HEAVY BOND**

Marvin and Mann Thornton, who live in the southeastern part of Johnston county, were given a preliminary hearing last week before Recorder Ezra Parker at Smithfield and bound over to the Superior court on the charge of assaulting Hubert Gainey with intent to kill. Their bonds were fixed at \$2,000 each, which they provided.

The two Thorntons were charged by Gainey, 16 years old, who lives in the same community, with holding him over a burning stump on the night of March 25th last, until he was literally cooked. The victim of the alleged assault is maimed for life and is not yet considered out of danger. He spent two months in the Dunn Community Hospital undergoing treatment and has suffered greatly from his burns. The only testimony offered by the State at the preliminary hearing was that of the prosecuting witness and the defense didn't put on any evidence.

**Classified Ads.**

**FOUND**—A silver fountain pen. Loser may get same by calling at The Record Office and paying for this advertisement.

**FOR RENT**—Two rooms, partly furnished, or unfurnished. Call at Record Office, Zebulon, N. C. t.f.

**SEND** your friend who is far away the Record. They will appreciate it. Only \$1.50 per year.

**LOST AND FOUND**—The Record will help you solve such questions.



**Beauty and brains.** require a healthy body. "That tired feeling" is a foe to good looks; a drag on effective mental or physical work; a bar to pleasure.

**Dr. Miles' Tonic** brings health, energy and rosy cheeks. Your druggist sells it at pre-war prices—\$1.00 per bottle.

**Watch the Factory to You SALE!**

**Zebulon Drug Co. The Rexall Store**

perhaps thinking it part of the program as before, immediately filled her trunk with water and then emptied it into the faces of the park inspector and half a dozen of his friends who had assembled to watch her get reacquainted with the tank. This time, however, the offense was overlooked.

**BORROWING BY WIRE**

A loan of \$3,000,000 cash from Dallas (Tex.) banking institutions was recently negotiated entirely by telephone. The loan was secured by the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association and it required only five minutes to put it through.

**ELEPHANT REPEATS ACT AFTER 14 YEARS**

A decree issued by the late Emperor Francis Joseph 14 years ago, recently was vacated and the act which caused the issuance of the decree immediately repeated by the one punished for it. The victim of the aged emperor's wrath was "Maidy," the female elephant, born at Schoenbrunn Zoological Garden, in Vienna, June 17, 1906.

When about five years old "Maidy" was being admired one day by a party which included a lady-in-waiting at the royal court. Filling her trunk from the great concrete tank which had been provided for her, "Maidy" blew the water straight into the face of the lady-in-waiting. When the emperor heard of the misbehavior he ordered the elephant's tank covered and condemned "Maidy" to go without a bath for the remainder of her life.

It happened that the 19th anniversary of the elephant's birth last month was a warm day, and those now in charge of affairs in Austria figuring that no danger could come decree restored "Maidy's" bathing tan. The big beast plainly showed her delight with her first plunge in 14 years.

That plunge apparently recalled her last previous one and "Maidy,"

**DR. J. C. MANN**



Dr. J. C. Mann, the well known Eye-sight Specialist, will be at his office in the building with Dr. Barbee and Dr. Flowers, in Zebulon, N. C., every second Tuesday in each month. Glasses fitted that are correct. Headaches relieved when caused by eye strain. Children and young people's eyes given expert attention.

His next visit here will be **SEPTEMBER 8TH**

**Order Your Winter COAL Before Prices Go Up**

**A Miners' Strike is Threatened. If it is Carried Out Prices Will Go Up. Order Now For Fall Delivery.**

**N. B. FINCH & CO.**

**THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO MAKE A HOME Conspicuous**

**The Better Way IS WITH DEVOE Lead and Zinc Paint**

**FOR SALE BY Massey Bros.**

**Insure!**

PROTECT YOURSELF AND PROPERTY. INSURE YOUR CROP AGAINST LOSS BY HAIL. INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS AGAINST LOSS BY WINDSTORM OR TORNADO AND FIRE. INSURE YOUR AUTOMOBILE AGAINST PUBLIC LIABILITY AND PROPERTY DAMAGE. FIRE — THEFT — COLLISION. PROTECT YOUR FAMILY OR CREDITORS WITH A GOOD SOUND LIFE POLICY. WE ALSO SELL ACCIDENT AND HEALTH INSURANCE AND ALL KINDS OF BONDS.

**Hunt & Brantley**

**READ THIS, EVERY WORD; SIGN THE NOTE AND RETURN TO THE RECORD PUBLISHING CO., ZEBULON, N. C., AT ONCE**

Dear Reader:

If you are not a regular subscriber to THE ZEBULON RECORD, we want you to be. We are going to arrange so you can be a regular member of The Record family. We are publishing below a note. The only thing we ask you to do is to sign the note, and agree to its contents; then mail to us. We will then enroll you on our regular mailing list. On or about October the first we will come to see you, or mail the note to you, and we shall expect you to pay the note, as it will be due, as per agreement.

As money is scarce, we are doing this so that you may get the paper regularly and read it. We know that you will enjoy it, and will be willing to pay the note when it comes due. Get your neighbors to sign one of the notes and mail to use. You will help by doing so. We want 1,000 subscribers immediately and we are going to get them. Help us all you can.

The note follows:

**NOTE FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ZEBULON RECORD**

\$1.50

I promise to pay to Record Publishing Co., Zebulon, N. C., on or before October 1, 1925, the sum of \$1.50 for one year's subscription to Zebulon Record, without interest. If I fail to pay when due, come or send to us for the amount and we will pay same.

(Signed): \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_

R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_

Witness: \_\_\_\_\_