

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM

Last evening I was talking
 With a merchant, old and gray,
 Who told me of a dream he had.
 'Twas just the other day,
 While standing in his office,
 The vision came to view,
 For he saw an angel enter
 Dressed in garments white and new,
 Said the angel, "I'm from heaven,
 The Lord just sent me down
 To bring you up to glory
 And put on your golden crown.
 You've been a friend to everyone
 And worked hard night and day,
 You have supported many
 And from few received your pay
 And we want you to be up in glory
 Where you desire to be.
 So place your trusting hand in mine
 And come along with me."
 Then the angel and the merchant
 Started up to glory's gate,
 But when passing close to Hades,
 The angel murmured "Wait!"
 I have a place to show you—
 It's the hottest place in h—l
 Where the ones that never paid you
 Do in torment always dwell."
 And, behold, the merchant saw them,
 His old patrons by the score,
 And grabbing up a chair and fan,
 He wished for nothing more,
 But was bound to sit and watch them
 As they'd sizzle, singe and burn.
 And his eyes would rest on debtors
 Whichever way he'd turn.
 Said the angel, "Come on, merchant,
 There's the pearly gate to see!"
 But the merchant only murmured,
 "This is heaven enough for me."

What counts in a man or in a nation is not what the man or the nation can do, but what he or it actually does. Scholarship that consists in mere learning, but finds no expression in production, just as ability to shoot well at clay pigeons, may be of interest and value to him, but it ranks no higher unless it finds expression in achievement. From the standpoint of the nation, and from the broader standpoint of mankind, scholarship is of worth chiefly when it is productive, when the scholar not merely receives or acquires but gives.—Theodore Roosevelt.

The fair at Smithfield is for you. See it. Profit through it. Its yours. Use it.

Whose Daughter?

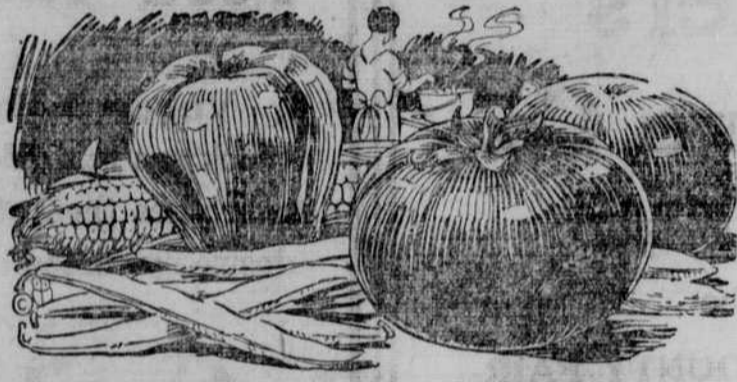


Francis Atta Miller is looking for her mother—who left her a week old babe with a Miller family in Wichita, Kas., 24 years ago. She is married now—but she has the diamond necklace her mother left—when disinherited from her wealthy St. Louis family was threatened.

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Let everybody be a booster for the fair.

The largest and best display of exhibits. Looke them over.



John Ruskin
 Best and Biggest Cigar
 Was 8¢ Now 5¢
 Same Quality—Same Size
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Limit The Intake

Let's talk awhile about absorption. It acts invisibly and also independently of our will. It is the one process of nature that never ceases unless, mayhap, there is nothing to absorb. It is our friend, until we over-crowd it, in which instance it becomes an unrelenting enemy. Our absorbing glands and channels know no taste—no discrimination. They take up strychnine or other deadly poison with the same avidity with which they welcome taffy or gruel. Absorption takes no cognizance of results. It goes on after we are dead!

The safe-guard against absorption is not to overburden it. Heavy meals are dangerous. Many people complain of being over-fat. The trouble is, that they are crowding their absorbents. Large quantities of fluids are taken with meals, rendering absorption quicker and faster than it should go on. It is possible to reduce flesh by taking no fluid of any kind with meals. No amount of physical contortion called "Physical Culture" can displace over-supply of readily absorbable food. It is wrong to tax the sweat-glands with work that the more gross eliminants should do. The man or woman who expects to sweat out "three squares a day" will be disappointed. Neither can their billows be removed by massage. Limit the intake and get plenty of walking exercise—

thus stimulating elimination, and let the absorbents rest.

A six o'clock dinner is too often absorbed—not digested. Food in the average alimentary canal undergoes fermentation, and even in some cases decomposition! The longer it remains there, the more advanced the process. What can be worse for mental torpor than the absorption of such poisonous matter?

Tom Tarheel says he is selecting his material to exhibit at the fair this fall.

The biggest and best fair ever held. Look over the big premium list. Compete for premiums offered.

Four thousand pounds of clover seed and 200 bushels of Abuzzi rye were ordered by farmers of Halifax county during the week ending September 5, reports county agent C. E. Littlejohn.

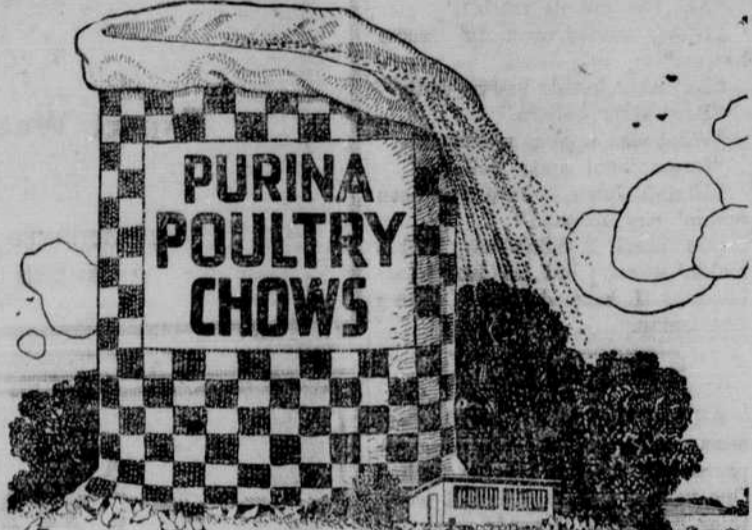
Six new water systems have been installed by farmers of Lee county this summer, reports county agent E. O. Mehon. Two surveys for installing hydraulic rams were made recently, he states.

Let everybody be a booster for the fair.

Look over the big premium list. Compete for premiums offered.

Don't miss the first day or you will miss a big one.

The fair at Smithfield is for you. See it. Profit through it. Its yours. Use it.



Summer Feeding Pays

Eggs pay any time, but when other flocks fall off yours pay best. Feed plenty of protein now. Hens need it for eggs and for the coming moult. If they don't get enough, they will rob their body-tissues to get it. Then it will take twice the feed to get them back.

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 The Most varied Program of Sensational Free Attractions Ever Seen on a Johnston County Midway.
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Friday will be queen's Day. A Johnston County girl will be crowned queen of the Fair and will be presented with a handsome diamond ring.

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 Children between the ages of 7 and 12... 35c
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