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Editorial Comment

WE don't know the editor of the Lincoln News, but the following from his editorial column ought to cause his worst enemy to have some respect for his honesty:

"The News is heartily in favor of prohibition. In making this statement we may as well go a step further and say that we are not, and never have been, a total abstainer. The writer has always taken a drink whenever he wanted one—and could get it—and doesn't care a rap who knows it. He frequenetly goes for months without tasting whiskey and on the other hand some times sits down with congenial friends and imbibes a quart with the greatest complacency. Hours thus spent are very delightful, but we are free to confess that 'there is a difference in the morning.' Constituted as we are, being 'hale fellow well met,' ready always to 'weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that rejoice,' to be dry with those that are dry and to drink with those that are wet, we feel that personally, prohibition is the thing for us. We also believe that are thousands of other men similarly constituted. If whiskey is easy get-at-able they will drink it, and if not get-at able they won't go to any great trouble to get it. We are all better off without it, so let's let 'er go."

THE Statesville Landmark strikes a key to which a great many minds in North Carolina will readily vibrate in the following:

"Just why a tough who breaks down the door of a freshman in college and maltreats him is entitled to any more consideration than the drunken brute who forces his way into a private house and maltreats the inmates, nobody can explain. The public has stood for as much of this sort of couduct at the A. and M. or any other college, as it is going to stand for. Unless an iron hand is laid on the criminal classes in the colleges The Landmark for one intends to use its influence to cut off State support from the institutions supported by the State and public patronage from all of them. The newspapers can do something to stop this business if they want to and it is The Landmark's opinion that they are going to do it."

THE Monroe Journal plays the following;

"Well, I be blankity blank blank," said a Monroe grocer, jamming the 'phone receiver down on its hook, and swearing like a trooper.

"What's the matter with you?" asked several at once.

"Oh, nothin'," he replied. "Some people's got about enough sense to stand up straight, that,s all. Five minutes ago that woman 'phoned here for a package of soda to come at once, and I sent a whole wagon and horse and driver with it a-flyin out to her place, three quarters of a mile, and the wagon ain't got half way before she is 'phonin' to send her a can of tomatoes. There's more people do that than you might think, too. Some times I got a notion to tear out this telephone and sell my delivery wagon."

Now watch us match it. Recently a good woman who lives in the suburbs of Wadesboro, phoned to one of the dry goods stores for an errand boy to come to her home, get a spool of thread, take it to the store, get another of the same color and return both to her in a hurry. Now Mr. Journal Man, what else have you in the shop?

Says the Wilmington Messenger:

The Wadesboro Ansonian says Messrs. Kitchin and Craig typically represent their respective sections—"Kitchin with his polished manner of speaking and attractive appearance, while Craig comes with all the rugged strength of his native mountains." Hasn't The Ansonian got things a little mixed about the latter? Wasn't he born and reared in the eastern part of the state—in the un-mountainous county of Bertie? But maybe he has lived in the mountains long enough to acquire the rugged strength by association.

We don't say how he got it, but that is the way he impressed us and the golden nuggets of truth that fell from his lips, pleased a big portion of Anson's citizenship, if their words count for anything.

SAYS an exchange:

"Country boys are far more accommodationg than city boys, and what is more appreciated by an employer, they are steady and reliable. Their time and thoughts are not so engrossed with the so-called pleasures and they are anxious to learn and make progress in the world. The city boy feels satisfied to earn a little money and squander it, thinking only of the present. The country boy wants to get on in the world, and he suceeds while his city cousin wastes his time."

To which the Monroe Journal adds:

"Thinking only of the present. That is it; the boy or man who is satisfied with the present has reached his top. The secret of success with the country boy is that he is not satisfied with the present as a rule; he has in quiet contemplation surveyed life as a whole, and is not content to live only for the pleasures of the moment. This is one reason why famous men's sons, as a rule, do little in comparison with their fathers; they are satisfied with the glory they have inherited, so to speak and feel nothing pushing them forward."

And yet it is true that many boys in the country, and town too, are doing little that will count in the future. So many are simply living out their lives as though they expected to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." They work very well during the day, doing what some one else has planned, and spend their nights in such useless dissipation that in the morning there is no energy to do the day's work and they must resort to some kind of "dope" to wind themselves up, like a clock. The amount must be increased from time to time until finally you find your once promising boy, worn down to the stump of what a man ought to be. A prey to all kinds of contagion and a weakling for life. Suppose he spent his nights reading some useful books and papers and fitting himself to do a higher grade of work; how different the result would be! He would do this too, if he honestly considered what his life might be at the age of fifty, and then acted as his better nature directed him. Young man, are you preparing for the future?

RECENTLY The Ansonian printed the best account obtainable of the life of a deceased person. In about one month came an obituary written by a friend and attached to it, was a piece of poetry, enough to fill one column of space. We did not print the article, having made a rule that such would not be printed unless paid for. As result, we lost eight subscribers in that immediate family. Some seemed to imagine that such a loss would make it impossible for another issue to come forth, but it cut a small figure among our two thousand subscribers and it happened that eighteen new subscribers were added the same week. Our reasons for not printing these is the fact that they are of interest to only a few persons and news matter and good selections are appreciated by more readers. But a gentleman said, "Leave out advertising matter and print this." We don't feel duty-bound to do so. That person would think us unreasonable if we asked for an acre of his farm on which to grow melons to treat our friends and to enjoy ourselves. We make the paper up each week as we think it should be, and if you find something that you don't like, as you do at your table, why we are not surprised. Don't stop for that reason. If things get so bad you just can't stand it, change boarding houses.

Such communications will be charged for at advertising rates.

THE man who so readily accuses every newspaper of belonging to some trust or interest because it disagrees with him, can usually be bought for a great deal less than the paper he accuses of being sold.

"Now is the time for the road overseerers to do good work on the country roads," said some men who know, a few days ago. A little work on the bad places now, work that is solid, would count for much.

THE country is in a fine condition, politically speaking, when candidates can find nothing to differ on besides a few little personalities. The state is safe so long as this condition remains.

WHILE listening to the speaking a few days ago, the people seemed to indicate a special fondness for Craig. When they came down, they informed a reporter for the M. and I. that they were for Kitchin. Now what will they do, vote for Horne?

What we would do, let us begin to-day. Every good we would have must be paid for in strokes of daily effort.—William James.

It Does the Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve: "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at Parsons Drug Co's.

STATE AND GENERAL NEWS

A Miss Blazer lost her life in a house which was burned at Marshall Thursday. She was a mill operative.

Henry Cain was killed at the mill of the Cherokee Lumber Co. near Garland last Monday by the falling of some heavy timbers.

Messrs. John A. Oates and Will D. Upshaw of Atlanta, Ga. are canvassing the colleges of the state in the interest of State Prohibition.

Miss Bettie Trimm was frightened from her home into a body of woods and assaulted by a negro, Henry Woods, near Roxboro last week.

The liquor forces of the state will meet the 15th of this month in Salisbury to arrange a fight against the prohibition bill to be voted on the 26th of May.

Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson has decided to remain for awhile as pastor the Monroe Presbyterian church, having resigned a few weeks ago to go to Oklahoma.

Miss Nellie Fields of Kinston killed herself with a revolver Thursday after a severe case of grip. On recovering she became despondent and as a result, took her life. She was 15 years of age.

While preparing some roofing tar near Greensboro a few days ago, some gasoline was poured into the heated tar when an explosion occured and the burning tar fell on a three-year-old child, killing it almost instantly.

Recently James H. Benton, Chief of Police at Fayetteville was shot and killed by a negro, Sam Murchison, without provocation. It is of interest to learn that the negroes of the place are raising money to help the destitute family of the policeman, murdered by a member of their race.

One night last week, a young man at Gastonia, John J. Fry, killed himself under pathetic circumstances. He had called on his sweetheart, Miss Willie Jenkins, and was showing her his pistol. Thinking that he had removed all the balls from it, he placed the barrel near his temple and fired with the result that a deadly ball crashed through his brain.

Wednesday night about 8 o'clock near Wilson, in a drunken brawl on the plantation of Mr. H. Walson, known as the Lane place, a shocking homicide took place. Whiskey was the cause. Both men had been drinking and, becoming enraged at the other, Warren Ward whipped out his knife and made several lunges at his adversary, slashing him in the muscle of one of his arms, from which wound the unfortunate man bled to death last night about 1 o'clock.

The Lumberton Robesonian puts it this way:

It might help those newspapers that have said unjust things about the newspapers that have no special admiration for Congressman Kitchin and are not filled with any overwhelming desire to see him get the nomination for Governor—it might help them, we say, to get at a better understanding of any opposition to Mr. Kitchin's candidacy to consider for a moment the essential smallness of the man as indicated in his eternal and kiddish whine about being persecuted by the Southern Railway, the American Tobacco Co. and certain papers. Accepting Mr. Kitchin's version of things one would be constrained to believe that these companies and papers had forgotten all things else and had set their faces like a flint in the fell purpose of accomplishing the one only thing of bringing about this man's destruction. Wouldn't it be a terrible waste of energy if any mighty forces should be bent to destroy a man who lifts up a howl if a paper but mildly suggest that he has not been perfect in his every act since he first entered public life?

Wild Cat in Moore.

(Carthage Blade.)

While out rabbit hunting Friday evening with seven or eight hounds in the northern suburbs of Carthage, John Goins started the chase of a wild cat. The chase lasted about an hour and the sport and music of the hounds was equal to that of any fox chase.

Goins and those with him saw the animal being chased leaping from eight to ten feet and were convinced that it was not a fox. Finally the chase ended in Sheriff Currie's field where the cat lay upon its back and kept the dogs slapped off with its fore paws and its long claws. It appeared at first that the dogs would be whipped entirely when the hunters came near and encouraged them and the animal was finally killed. The body was 3½ feet in length and short tail about 4 or 5 inches.

When a man writes as follows don't you think he means it? Mr. S. G. Williams, Powderly, Texas, says: "I have suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using every preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions, all without relief, until my attention was called to Pineules. After 30 days' trial ($1.00), I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

Death of Fred Hancock.

After a lingering illness of several months due to lung trouble, Fred Hancock, aged 22 years, died at his home in Burnsville township Tuesday afternoon. He was a son of the late Millard Hancock and a grandson of two of Anson county's best known citizens, who died a number of years ago, Uriah Staton and Devotion Hancock. The interment was at Norwood. Only a small brother and sister survive.

Fred was a young man of good traits of character and was admired by his associates. He fought hard against the terrible disease from which he had suffered for some years and lived fully conscious that death was steadily facin him.

Attention, Veterans!

It has been suggested that we have a few days' encampment at some suitable place on the river where we can fish, hunt and have a good old time together. I think we would all enjoy this very much and I would be glad to hear from the "boys." If anyone can make arrangements for a few tents, it would be well to do so and also to suggest the time and place. Let us hear from you through The Ansonian as to what you think of this plan of spending a few days.

Now, Boys, we will not have much longer to spend here and let's get together and enjoy a few days talking over the old times before we must answer to the roll call up yonder.

If you think you would enjoy a few days sometime this spring in such an encampment, write a letter to The Ansonian telling what you think about the plan.

Your respectful comrade,
J. C. GOODMAN,
Polkton, N. C.

Union Meeting of Pee Dee Baptist Association

To be held with the Hamlet Baptist Church March 27, 28, 29, 1908.

PROGRAM.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27.

7.30. Introductory Sermon Rev. J. L. Shinn.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, MORNING SESSION.

9:45. Devotional Service.
10:00. Organization.
10:15. "The Need Of Bible Study."—Rev. J. Crudup.
11.00. "Evangelization Our Association."—Discussion led by the association evangelist, Rev. A. B. Caudle.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

2:30. Prohibition Mass Meeting—Speakers of State prominence to be secured.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

7:45. Devotional Service.
8:00. Sunday School Mass Meeting—Addresses by Dr. W. J. McLendon, Rev. T. W. Chambliss and others.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29.

Services to be arranged at the pleasure of the pastor and members of the Hamlet Church.

Becoming A Gambler.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

"Here, my dear," said the husband, producing his purse, "here is $50 I won playing cards over at Brown's last night. You may have it to buy that dress you wanted.

Reluctlantly the conscientious wife took the money; then said, with an expression of rigid rectitude:

"I simply shudder at the thought of using money gained in such a way, Henry. Promise me that after you have won enough for me to buy the hat to go with the dress you will never again touch those awful cards. I don't want my husband to become a gambler."

Not a Soloist.

(Succees Magazine.)

The late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago Orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium Theator. He was disturbed by the whistling of Albert Burridge, the well-known scene painter, who was at work in the loft above the stage. A few minutes later Mr. Thomas' librarian appeared on the "bridge" where Mr. Burridge, merrily whistling, was at work.

"Mr. Thomas' compliments," said the librarian, "and he requests me to state that if Mr. Burridge wishes to whistle he will be glad to discontinue his rehearsal."

To which Mr. Burridge replied, suavely: "Mr. Burridge's compliments to Mr. Thomas; and please inform Mr. Thomas that, if Mr. Burridge cannot whistle with the orchestra, he won't whistle at all."

"It's nobody's business where the fleet is going," says Secretary Taft. Certainly it isn't. Whose country is this, anyhow?—Washington Herald.

"It takes a certain amount of push to master even a wheelbarrow."

"They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts."

God educates men by casting them on their own resources.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

Short Locals

—Mrs. W. A. Ingram entertained the Book Club Thursday afternoon.

—Mrs. A. H. Richardson of Charlotte was here on business last week.

—Mr. W. N. Pinkston is enjoying a short vacation in Florida visiting relatives and friends.

—Miss Violet Ratcliffe of Ansonville left Saturday to spend a few weeks with relatives in Charlotte.

—Mr. Lonnie James and Miss Eunice Billingsly were married Tuesday night by Esq. G. W. Rogers.

Mr. M. W. Bryant returned Thursday from Atlanta followed Friday by a carload of fine horses and mules.

—Mr. F. A. Rose of Fayetteville was here several days last week visiting his only brother, Mr. W. L. Rose.

—Mr. W. H. Carter left Sunday night for Raleigh where he will take a special course, better fitting himself for a business career.

—Mr. W. L. Marshall has given a contract for the erection of a residence on Lee avenue west of Mr. J. O. A. Craig's residence.

—Rev. W. S. Hales of Charlotte spent several days of last week here. He was formerly on the Ansonville circuit and has many friends in the county who gladly welcome his rare visits.

—Mr. Henry S. Boggan has moved his office into that occupied by Mr. R. E. Little in the courthouse. Mr. Boggan is a bright young man and capable of making a success of his chosen profession.

—B. D. Dunn, a well-to-do colored merchant of Burnsville township, has bought a lot, known as the Kluttz place, near the colored Methodist church. The lot contains half an acre and sold for $300.

—Mr. Will O. Harshaw of Yorkville, S. C., was here last week to visit his sister, Mrs. W. B. Kerr. While here, Mr. Harshaw bought the Indian ponies recently brought here by the Wadesboro Live Stock Co.

—Mr. J. A. Gillespie father of Mrs. J. H. West of this place, died at his home at Asheville on the 23rd ult. He was about 75 years of age and a leading citizen of his county. Mrs. West was too unwell to attend the funeral.

—A few days ago, Rich Hammond a respected colored merchant of this place, lost a purse containging nearly $200 between the colored Presbyterian school house and his residence. A liberal reward is offered for any evidence leading to the discovery of the money.

—A eolored woman, Nancy Lindsay of Lilesville township, was shot on the head and slightly wounded with a shotgun in the hands of Ellis Lindsay Wednesday. The man was passing throught the woman's yard and after a few words, fired with the above result.

—His friends in this county will regret to learn that the mother of Mr. S. B. Bundy of Monroe, died a few days ago at her home in Laurinburg. Mr. Bundy is the genial representative of the International Harvester Co. in this section and has many friends in the county.

—The Southern Savings Bank has something new in the way of a bank money order. They are just as safe and are cheaper than either express or postoffice money orders. Then too, the profits arising from the sale of these, are divided among the two hundred stockholders of the bank and thus kept in the county. Investigate it.

His Bachelor's Degree.

"I'm so happy," said Mrs. Oldcastle "My son is to get his bachelor's degree this year."

"Is he?" replied her hostess. "Well, I can't blame you for feelin' as you do about it. I never thought much of that snippy Wilson girl he's been goin' with. How did you get the match broke off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Let people talk and act as they will, your business is to be a good man. Whatever the dignity of human nature requires of you, set about it at once without its and ands, and speak always according to your own conscience, but let it be done in the terms of good nature, modesty, and sincerity.—Marcus Aurelius.

Governor Hughes, of New York, has Welsh, Irish, Scotch, English and Dutch blood in his veins. How does he propose to get the German vote?—Chicago Record-Herald.

"As soon as a man begins to love his work, then will he also begin to make progress."

Brooks-Griffin Wedding.

(Reported for The Ansonian.)

Last Wednesday afternoon a very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Brooks when their daughter, Jessie Ella, was united to the man of her choice, Mr. J. Quintin Griffin of Marshville. Rev. Cordell of Polkton officiating.

The parlor was tastefully decorated with evergreens, the bride and groom standing beneath a large bell of the same decorations. The few select friends stood in a semicircle around the room. The bride was dressed in a blue lady's cloth jumper suit, and made a winsome and attractive picture. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin left for Mr. Griffin's home, where a few friends and an elegant dinner awaited them.

Those present were Misses Annie Garris of Pee Dee, Pheobe Watkins, Ollie Moore, Leona Buchanan and Ollie Lockhart of Polkton; Messrs. Fuller Hamilton, Eugene and B. A. Watkins and W. B. Flake; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Leggett, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Allen, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Watkins and Mesdames J. B. Moore and J. M. Vick.

Mr. Griffin is a prosperous young farmer and a man of sterling abilties. Mrs. Griffiin was formerly a student of the Albermarle Normal Institute and will be sadly missed here, but we hope the community in which they make their future home, will be blessed by their union. The bride received many nice presents, the tokens of love from both friends and neighbors.

Gulledge-Hunter Marriage.

A quiet marriage of interest to many friends took place in Burnsville township Wednesday afternoon when at the home of the bride's step-father, Mr. W. H. Simmons, Miss. Lizzie Hunter was married to Mr. Frank Gulledge of Gulledge township. Rev. R. M. Mann, pastor of the Presbyterian church here, performed the ceremony in the presence of a few friends and relatives.

Mrs. Gulledge is an attractive young lady possessing many friends in the county. Mr. Gulledge is a well-to-do farmer and a son of Mr. Ben Gulledge of Gulledge township.

Noiseless Gun.

(New York Dispatch.)

Hiram Percy Maxim, son of Sir Hiram Maxim, who invented the machine gun which bears his name, has obtained a patent for a "silent firearm." This possibility combined with the use of smokeless powder, so military experts assert, may lead to the entire reequipment of the armies of the world.

By his device, which does not alter the appearance of any weapon except for a small crosspiece in the barrel a short distance from the muzzle, the escape of the gases following the discharge of explosives is shut off just as the bullet emerges from the muzzle. The result is obtained by means of a piston valve sliding across the bore of the barrel immediately after the bullet passes. This valve is actuated entirely by the pressure of the gases themselves.

Preventing the sudden escape of the gases with a consequent loud report, this valve allows them to issue through a series of small holes, with no other noise than a slight hissing. The valve then resumes an open position and a safety device prevents the firing of another catridge unless the valve is in a proper place.

By the use of this noiseless weapon skirmishers could work along the enemy's line and shoot down without their presence being noted except by the discovery of the slain. Sharpshooters would be able to pick off their victims without the crack of rifles betraying their positions. The extended front of an entire army, carefully masked by underbrush or natural formations, might even operate with tremendous execution before its position could be accurately defined by an opposing force.

In the world of sport the inventor holds, the new weapon would render it possible for a man, properly concealed, to kill at his leisure every deer in a surprised herd, as no alarm would be sounded.

Because of its dreadful possibilities as an instrument of crime, many police officials have already insisted that the manufacture and disposal of the new device should be safeguareed by law.

Pat (to farmer): I say, boss, do you know what we used to do when there was no pasture for the cows?

Farmer: No.

Pat: Well, we used to put a pair of green goggles on the cows and make them eat shavings—but milk had the taste of antique furniture.—Ex.

A High Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded at Parsons Drug Co. 25c.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Conducted By Special Editor.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8.

Scripture Lesson: Jesus the Bread of Life—John 6:22-51.

Golden Text: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life."—John 6:35.

Place: Gennesaret, on the western shore of the sea of Galilee, south of Capernaum. Time: The next day after our last lesson, April, A. D. 29.

CONNECTION.

The feeding of the five thousand caused the people to follow still more after Jesus and a movement developed to make him their king. Jesus leaves the multitude and alone spends much of the night in the mountain. The disciples start for Capernaum on the opposite shore and during the night a storm comes up and the boat with its occupants is in danger. In the midst of this storm Jesus comes to them, walking on the water. His appearance trightens the disciples but immediately they are cheered by his word, "Be not afraid." Peter asks permission to walk to him, the request granted, the impulsive disciple starts but with the boisterous wind and tossing sea is frightened and calls to Jesus for help. Reaching forth his hand Jesus rescues Peter and as they enter the boat the storm ceases. The next morning the multitude seek and find Jesus who tells them that they seek him, not for his Truth, but rather for the food and then comes the lesson of this day's study.

LESSON FACTS.

The chief end of life is not the daily food, this is not the purpose which should be in the mind of man. The labor for the daily bread should be merely a means to something higher. The one who works for food in order that he may live the Christ life and serve God in the world is not laboring for the meat that perisheth. Those who seek first the satisfaction of earthly needs are unworthy. Every step of a true life is a step toward God. This true life is to be obtained by belief in "Him whom he hath sent." Jesus said it was the work of God that we believe on him. The need is the acceptance of the Sent. Nothing can take the place of this. The gift of bread that Jesus here speaks can be compared with the manna in the wilderness but note this difference. The manna was to satisfy the body, but this is to satisfy the soul and to satisfy it throughout eternity. By the atonement and the Holy Spirit Jesus imparts spiritual life, the new life of God in the soul. We are born "of the Spirit." The soul needs food. This food is provided. Jesus feeds the soul in every part. The study of his life, communing with him in prayer, working with him in his cause, all bring us into closer touch with him and thus we grow.

ILLUSTRATIVE

A boy must eat if he would grow strong. So it is with the soul. It must have food. "If you take this food, you live forever."

Jesus knew just what the people needed most. God's love and help. Jesus came to bring it to us.

Satifying the soul with this world is like quenching the thirst with salt water of the sea, the thirst is only intensified.

"We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown;
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown."

"A traveler lost his way in an eastern desert. Without food, he had already wandered several days without food, when he saw in the distance a palm tree. He hastens and trembles as he sees the signs of a recent encampment. Searching the ground carefully the poor, starving man finds a bag containing something, and it appears to be dates. He opens it eagerly expecting to satisfy his hunger, when lo! it contains only pearls. He sat down and wept bitterly. What are pearls to a man in a desert dying for food."

Casper was walking along the road with big tears running down his face. He was hungry, for he had no dinner, but he was not crying for that. His clothes were ragged and old, but it was not that, What was the matter? A kind man asked him the trouble. The answer came, "Nobody loves me!" Poor Casper! He had no mother or father. The best dinner, the finest clothes would not make us happy if nobody loved us. God loves men and has shown his love. God said, Come unto me and receive the bread that will keep you forever.

This true bread which comes to us from heaven and which is of such value is free. All the money in the world could not buy one ounce of it. It is free to every one who will have it. If we allow Jesus to come into lives in this world, the blessed fellowship will never end. He daily sustains the soul here and will care for it hereafter. Not only does Jesus care for the soul, but he will care for our bodies.

"Some years ago an express train left Chicago for the Pacific Coast. On board was the president of the road and as the train rushed on through the darkness of the night it was wrecked. The president hurried from his sleeper to the front of the train. The engineer was pinned beneath his engine. As the president stood and watched the engineer, he noticed his lips moving and bending over him, he heard, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." "Jim," said the president, "I would give willingly my life, with all that I have, for a faith like that." "Mr. President," said Jim, "that is just what it cost me." Yes, and when we remember that Jesus gave his life, that we might believe and live, it should lead us toward him.

Obituary—In memory of My Dear Mother.

Rena B. Smith was born November 13th, 1869, daughter of William T. and Carry N. Smith, and died October 30th, 1907. On October 13th, 1886, she was happily married to Ed. S. Hough who survives her. While young she professed faith in Christ and ever since been a faithful member of the Methodist Church. Oh how we miss her! Though our hearts are buried in grief, we have full assurance that she is at rest, where she so longed to be. Though God has taken her from her suffering here to live with Him I know her loving influence will ever be with us to remind us of our angel mother in heaven. When she went to sleep that night and never opened her eyes again on earth, what a great and glorious awakening it must have been for her to awake in the presence of her loving Savior. What a blessd thought. She is within the heavenly folds where there in no more sorrow, pain, sickness nor death. Yes Mamma, we surely miss you, but what is our loss is her eternal gain; but what a comfort to know that she will meet you in the sweet by and by.

Purest, fondest, gentlest mother.
Art thou gone from our embrace,
Can we never behold another
Smile of love like thy dear face

Can we never hear the accents
Of thy voice so heavenly,
Never more receive the counsel
We could get alone from thee?

Patient mother ever ready
All our griefs with us to share,
Never of thy burdens thinking
While thou couldest another's bear.

DAUGHTER BELLE.

Town Cynic—I don't like the way they're doin' business over in our courthouse.

Friend—Why?

Town Cynic—Tom Simmonds, the court crier, tells me that some one stole the court Bible more'n a month ago, an' since then he's been swearin' th' witness on th' town directory.—Ex.

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy in Bees Lavative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children, as it is pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative, thus expelling the phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

Sale of Land by Commissioner.

By virture of a decree of the superior court of Anson county, made in an action entitled Roxanna C. Staton, widow of W. C. Staton, deceased, and others, ex parte, the undersigned commissioner will,

On Monday, the 6th day of April, 1908,

at the court house door in the town of Wadesboro, sell to the highest bidder for cash, at 12 M, the lands described in the petition in the above entitled action as the second tract, adjoining the lands B. E. Staton, J. Frank Randall, F. V. Edwards, and others, containing 40 acres, more or less. Said land being a portion of the lands owned by W. C. Staton at the date of his death and is sold for partition among tenants in common. The bidding on said land will begin at the amount of $225.50, same being the amount of the increased bid on the same. This the 28th day of February, 1908.

L. D. ROBINSON, Commissioner.

..A Fair Trial..

Will convince you that TARLTON & HANNA keep the freshest stock of Fancy and Heavy Groceries in Wadesboro. They carry a full line of Cakes and Crackers, Candies, Hams and Breakfast Bacon. A full line of nice Syrups and Molasses. Some delicious Georgia Cane Syrup, pure and wholesome.

Now when you want something good to eat, fresh and pure, don't forget to come and give us a trial. Come or phone 87 and your orders shall have prompt attention.

Tarlton & Hanna

NOTICE—I hereby fordid any person to hire or harbor one Henry Polk, my grandson who is 14 years of age and has left me without my consent. He is under contract to work for me.
3-3-3t. MACK POLK.