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VOLUME 2.

NUMBER 50

The Making of a Successful Wife

By CASPER S. YOST.

KEEPING UP SOCIALLY.—Don't Try to Kick Over Your Financial Traces—Can't Treat in the \$10,000 Class on a \$5,000 Income and No Use to Try It—Avoid the Dull Thud.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, I have just been a witness to a tragedy. Within sight from the window of my room in the little country hotel where I am stopping today is a pretty cottage. I don't know how it looks from the street, for the rear elevation, as the architects say, is turned my way, but what I can see of it from this side leads me to believe that the owner is in a little better than moderate circumstances as circumstances go in town of this size. He has a large and commodious back yard, in which he is



She wears one of those Japo-American kimonos.

raising chickens for pleasure. I know it for pleasure because he graciously permits his wife to do all the work. At least I suppose it's his wife. Anyhow she wears a faded red sunbonnet, one of those Japo-American kimonos that stop just a little too quick, and an air of authority that is quite unmistakable. There are a number of pens or runs of whatever they call them in this back yard, and each is occupied by a lot of birds of a feather. One pen, however, is evidently reserved for a bunch in which the owner takes a special pride. I don't know what kind of chickens they are—Pulled Angus, maybe—but they're sweet birds all right, and they're fed on the fat of the land, while their neighbors must be content with the crumbs that fall from Dives' table.

In one of the adjoining pens, however, was an ambitious young pullet who thought she was something of a swell herself and wanted to get into the pushy mixed bag. She was bigger and handsomer and could cackle louder than some of the aristocrats on the other side of the fence, so why not? After misting up the bright of the barrier she took a running jump, landed into the wire and fell to the ground, with a great squawking and flapping of wings. Not discouraged by failure, she tried again and again and finally got high enough and sailed majestically over into the faded red sunbonnet.

Then the lady of the kimono emerged from the cottage and after much showing and delecting, caught the pullet and put her back in her own pen. Three times this performance was repeated while I the lady of the kimono watched, but when the mistress of the robes came sweeping down the path for the fourth time I saw there was no more to be done. And something was done. Grasping Miss Pullet firmly by the neck, she gave a simple twist of the wrist, and just now the fragrant odor of fried chicken comes stealing, gently stealing, through my open casement.

Flying High Socially. I may be away off the track, but I have got the impression from sundry remarks in your letters of recent date that you are beginning to fly pretty high in a social way. I want you to have all the fun you can. Lord knows, dearie, I wouldn't cut you out of any real pleasure, not for worlds. And yet—well, it reminds me of the time when I used to think I was getting a barrel of sport skating around a hole in the ice trying to see how close I could get to the ragged edge. One day I broke my record, and when I got over the spell of pneumonia I couldn't for the life of me understand how I could have seen anything funny in that form of amusement. It's a good deal that way with this social whirl society. Now, I don't want to misunderstand me, my dear. Society is all right, I don't want you to get me mixed up with those long haired and frayed trousers and monocle and I don't think society is one of the devices of the gentleman with the red tights and the overbeated griddle. Not on your life. I've got nothing against society. It would be a mighty lone



A basket of sport.

Good For Everybody. Mr. Norman R. Cnutler, a prominent architect in the Delbert Building, San Francisco, says: "I fully endorse all that has been said of Electric Bitters as a tonic medicine. It is good for everybody. It corrects stomach, liver and kidney disorders in a prompt and efficient manner and builds up the system." Electric Bitters is the best spring medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter. It is a blood purifier it is unequalled. 50c at Parsons Drug Co.

some world without it. What would our newspapers do? But that's getting away from the main road. The point I want to get into your pretty little thinking box is that society is a good thing so long as you stay in your own class. Yes, my dear, I know you're as good as anybody else. My personal opinion is that you're a whole lot better than anybody else, but you're not. But you haven't got quite as much money as some people I know, and that's the thing that makes class distinctions in this country so far as society, strictly speaking, is concerned. Take us Americans up and down the social ladder and we're pretty much the same. Mrs. Smith on the bottom round is just as good and sweet and sensible, possibly just as refined and accomplished, as Mrs. Van Twiller at the top. The difference is purely a matter of dollars.

Depends on Billy's Rating. And that brings me around to you and Billy. Now, I don't know anybody on this green earth better entitled by beauty and grace and intelligence to shine in the very top tier of heaven of society than is my daughter. That's no flattery, my dear. That's the real goods, straight up, footnote. But these things are not accepted as a standard of measurement. It's Billy's rating in Dime's or Bradstreet's that does the work. If he's A1 in the financial register, he's A1 in the social register. The trouble with Billy is that he isn't A1 or even Z1. He might sing the old Sunday school song, "My Name Written There" and get a negative answer, for Billy trains with the great majority, and doesn't figure in the financial reports. Consequently his place and your place in the social scale are some distance below the top. And the quicker you get your location surveyed and make up your mind to play in your own yard until your bank account justifies a move the better it will be for both of you in more ways than can be indicated by dollars and cents.



Grandpa Speed! Gee! you can out of life, honey, but be mighty sure that Billy's got the price and got it to spare. Your loving father.

All Were Notables. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery were returning from the theater one night. While crossing the street they were accosted by a ragged boy who, after sweeping the mud from their path, asked for alms.

Lord Rosebery was about to give the boy a coin when an idler struck him on the back and turned and ran, but to the dismay of Rosebery, the officer caught the boy after a chase of a few yards. Not wanting to leave the boy in a fix, Rosebery tried to fix things up with the idler, but the worthy gentleman would not listen and took them all three up to the station.

They were taken before the judge of the station, and after surveying them through his glasses, he took down a book and, turning to Chamberlain, asked his name. "Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," was the reply, and the judge smiled.

Rosebery responded also with his full title, "Lord Rosebery."

The boy was next, and, stepping to the front, he drew himself up to his full height and waited for the usual question, "Your name?"

"My name?" said the boy. "Well, judge, I'm not the kind as what goes back on me pals. I'm the Duke of Wellington."

I never play poker with a man who starts the game with a five dollar ante. No, street. I politely but firmly draw out. He ain't in my class, and I've got sense enough to know it. My bay mare is as fine an animal as ever came off the blue grass, and when I'm out for a spin with her nothing on four legs is going to pass me. But if a man comes along with a sixty horsepower automobile do you think I'm going to try to keep alongside of him? Not much, Liza Jane. I pull to one side and wait till the dust settles, then I trot ahead just as contented as if I had won the Derby. And I don't have any hard feelings against the man in the auto either. If he's got the money to pay for it, why shouldn't he have one and ride in it too? I would.

And it's just the same to you, little girl, and the swells around the corner. They're nice people. There's good and bad among them, just as there are on the side streets, but they'll stand up just as high as any of us. No use to rail at the faults of the so called high society. That's mostly sour grapes. They have their faults good and plenty. So have all of us. But they are able to set a pace that it would be foolish for you or me to try to keep with.

Maybe some day, if you are wise now, you and Billy will have money to burn. Then you will be justified in setting a pace to match to a little of it and cutting as wide a swath in society as you please, provided you do not lose sight of the fact that you have a home and a husband, possibly children, who are of more importance to you and your happiness than all the social victories you could win in a thousand years. Get all the pleasures of life, but don't let them get the best of you.

JOHN SNEED. P. S.—I have just received a personal and confidential communication from your mother which tickles me almost to death. Grandpa Speed! Gee!

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Prof. Bruce Craven On Prohibition

(Elizabeth City Star)
After briefly explaining the details of the coming prohibition election, he stated the only danger is in indifference, in the spirit of luke-warm Christianity and citizenship that gets people to vote if they happen to feel like it. The other side is organized, and though "a single man clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts of error," it will not do for that single man to go to sleep. The question means much to every one who has any feeling for the general good of the State and humanity, and we should find enough inspiration in the fact that a vote for prohibition is an act for the protection of womanhood, for the safety of property and prosperity, for the hopes of childhood, the ennoblement of manhood and the glory of God.

The various arguments in favor of liquor were mentioned, such as it will hurt the party, kill prosperity, increase taxes, and infringe personal liberty; and each of these arguments was completely answered. The liquor traffic insults the memory of Patrick Henry by crying "give us liberty or give us death;" and for my part I shall have death and the people shall liberty from its bondage and degradation. People will get liquor and drink anyway, they tell us. Yes, and some people will go to Hell anyway, but that is no reason why the churches should be closed or why we should help them on the road to ruin.

The people who talk about being temperate in temperance are only beclouding the issue. They would be as logical to argue for temperance in honesty and virtue, or temperance in heeding the words of Christ. You cannot serve God and Mammon and there is no compromise with the prince of darkness. If one drink of liquor is good for an individual or one bar-room for a community, then there is no logic in the world to confute the statement that several drinks and numerous bar-rooms are more good than the more the better.

Every intelligent person knows that liquor is all bad and has not one redeeming virtue for its multitude of sins, and we all know what its effect is on mind, body and soul. What we need therefore is not information, but inspiration to put our knowledge to good use. The friends of liquor say we are fanatics and talk sentiment instead of cold facts. If you want some cold hard fact, go with me to the city cemetery and I will show you some monuments to the memory of liquor's influence. Or, if you prefer, look at some of the bloated derelicts on the highway of life that you can see about you anywhere, and then talk if you can about the exaggeration of the prohibition fanatics.

Professor Craven closed by reciting that fine poem of Rudyard Kipling's entitled "The Truce of the Bear." The analogy between "Adamzad, the Bear that looks like a man" and the liquor traffic in this state, he declared to be close and striking.

"Yearly with tent and rifle our careless white men go
By the pass the Muttanee to shoot in the vale below
Yearly by Muttanee he follows on
Matured by leggar, bandaged from brow to chin
"Eyes, noseless and lipless—toothless,
broken of speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway,
he mumbles his tale to each
"Over the story, ending as began,
"Make ye no truce with Adamzad, the Bear that walks like a man!"

"There was a flit in my musket, pricked and primed was the pair, when the Bear that stands like a man, I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow,
When I went hunting, Adamzad, fifty summers ago."

"Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night, I came on my enemy, Adamzad, all panting from his flight. There was a flit in my musket, pricked and primed was the pair, my finger crooked on the trigger, when he reared up like a man.
"Horrible, hairy and human, with paws like hands in prayer, Making his supplication, rose Adamzad the Bear.
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the naunched away and swing, and my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous pleading thing.
"Touched with pity and wonder, I did have no right to collect revenue from it; and if you do, you are stealing; and if it isn't any right to exist, then in collecting revenue you have sold your manhood and your conscience for money." That hit some folks hard. They never had looked at it in that light before.

Continuing her arguments, Mrs. Curtis wanted to know how long the men would stand for their wives coming home from saloons, reeling drunk, kicking the children under the bed and breaking things across their husbands' heads. Once, she said, she asked that question, and a man arose and said "We'd quit you, madam." Of course he would quit such wives, Mrs. Curtis said, and there would be more grass widowers than pasture could be found for, between here and the Gulf of Mexico. And yet men treat women this way, and when a woman

A WOMAN ORATOR

Extracts from Speech of Mrs. Maudie Curtis of Texas at Lexington. (Lexington Dispatch)
WOMEN IN FUTURE
"If you men had done your duty, there would be no women in the pulpit. You say that you do not want a woman ranting around in a pulpit; and yet you would not go to a vaudeville unless you could see a woman ranting around on the stage; you will pay five dollars to see her kick the lights out, and you say, 'Boys, she's all right.' You say 'it is none of my business to be speaking for prohibition. It is my business, and the business of every woman. A mother has the right to follow her boys when they climb out of the cradle, where they are safe, and wander away to the man-made saloon; the female wild beast fights for her young, and an old hen protects her chickens while the old rooster sneaks under the woodpile whenever a hawk sails by. This is a woman's fight. She has no vote. She can neither vote nor pay. All she can do is to 'rant around' and plead with men to vote for her against whiskey."

THE NEWSPAPERS AGAINST WHISKEY
The 20th century press is against whiskey. Mrs. Curtis said she knew that some papers were not, but that they no more represented the 20th century press than the old tall candle represented the arc light of today. The newspaper man who is not against whiskey, she said, is either influenced by money, has saw dust for brain or moss on his back a thousand miles long. She said people could not say what should go into newspapers, but they could say what newspapers could come into their homes, and a rattlesnake was preferable to a vile newspaper. She said the whiskey association failing to get space in decent newspapers, had gone to sending out one of their own, called "Town and Farm."

ABOUT PROHIBITION PROHIBITING
If prohibition won't prohibit, said Mrs. Curtis, why is it that the whiskey organizations are spending \$15,000,000 to defeat prohibition? No law prohibits. Law against murder doesn't; but should we say that and go and license some men to kill, and tell them only to kill bald-headed men or ugly men? What a time we should have! But there is as much sense in that as licensing a bar room because we say prohibition won't prohibit, and in telling the bar keeper he musn't sell any to the old soak in the gutter, but to sell it to that man who has his home to wreck, a wife and children to bury and money to pay for his booze.

Mrs. Curtis came out strong on blind tigers. "Blind tigers," she said, with unutterable scorn, "b-l-i-n-d t-i-g-e-r-s!" It grated like a file. The very idea of blind tigers! You great, big, grown, broadshouldered men say you can't stop them. If you can't you ought to go home and pull off those collars and cravats, climb into the cradle and let your mother raise you. Talk about being helpless before a little old blind tiger. If you have blind tigers, your citizenship is blind, your mayor is blind and you have blind policemen." Spontaneous applause broke forth throughout the church.

SALOONS FOR WOMEN.
"Now I am going to make you men a proposition" she announced. "It's a pretty tough dose, but you'll feel better after you have got it down." Then she quoted from the Bible, which said God created man and woman equal; and from the constitution, that all men were created equal before the law; and that the government was of, for and by the people. "Who are the people?" she asked. "I am the people," they answered. "What are the people?" she asked. "I am the people," they answered. "What are the people?" she asked. "I am the people," they answered.

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 Pinesol. After 30 days' trial (\$1.00, I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

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takes the pulpit, they say she is "ranting around" and not attending to her own business. "You wouldn't want ballots to knock out those saloons," she cried to the men, "but you'd take ball, and instead of elections, you would use dynamite, and there isn't a jury on earth that would convict you. You wouldn't live in hell for revenue, and yet you make women do it. And you say you love us," she sneered. "Where do you stand?" she challenged again. "For the bar keeper or your wife; for the beer bottle or your baby? There is no middle ground."

Primitive Baptists for Prohibition.
Elder P. D. Gold editor of Zion's Landmark, and a leader of the Primitive Baptist church, in expressing his views on the prohibition question, writes: "I have never from the outset of this prohibition campaign intended to vote for the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks. I would love to live in a country where every man is sober. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—Rome 14:21.

Mr. Gold says: "Let every man vote in this matter as seems right to him, or not vote. Bitterness should not be encouraged, but liberty of conscience should be allowed."

The News and Observer says this deserved tribute to the Primitive Baptist church: "In North Carolina, strong in numbers and strong in character and sturdy independence, there is a church that in all its long life has stood firm against any encroachments upon the rights of individuals or any possible connection between Church and State. In their adherence to true personal liberty, the right of every man to worship God in accordance with his own views, and faith in the Bible as the only light for men the Primitive Baptists set an example to men of every church. It is the right of every man to vote as he thinks right and to be free in his religious liberty. No church has or should not have control over these inherent rights of man. Therefore when preachers go into politics they do err, for they are called to preach a higher gospel than any political party ever created."

Atlanta Has Big Fire.
Atlanta, Ga., May 8.—One million and a quarter is the loss conservatively estimated tonight on a fire which started at 3.30 o'clock this morning and which swept two blocks of Atlanta business property.
How the fire started is a mystery. It was discovered in the building occupied by the Schlesinger-Meyer Company, bakery. From there it ran its way in all directions until it struck the Terminal Hotel, one of the largest in the city, and gutted it. During the early morning hours everyone in the Terminal Hotel and in numerous other smaller hotels in the district had warning. There was no loss of life and no injuries.
The insurance on the property destroyed is placed by insurance men at \$750,000.

Doesn't Like "Willie Music"
(Chesterfield Advertiser)
The latest piece of music goes something like this:
"Swing again Willie—
Swing again, again!"
We like good, healthy singing, but there's nothing in such a "conglomeration" as the above that will strengthen the heart. We like to hear a fragrant sentimental song—something like "Blue Bell," "Bonnie Eloise," "Joe Harlee," "Edinborough town," "Sweet Afton," "Scotch Lassie Jean," "Annie Laurie," and others, but that "Willie" piece is simply nothing. You can sing it a hundred times and get not an idea out of it.

And after all—we believe in sentiment. We like to see people to whom the beautiful and airy message. If there is a disgusting character in this world, it is the hard, callous life that sees no beauty in the sunset—that does not like flowers or a sweet song.
A primrose by a river brim
A yellow primrose is to him
That and nothing more."
Reader, you cannot put the dollar mark on many of the sweetest things of life. A man who sees no beauty in anything save that which bears an intrinsic valuation mark—is lost to his own heart. Talk about darkest Africa—a sad scene is a great physical body lost to its own heart.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Conducted By Special Editor.

SUNDAY MAY 17TH.
Lesson VII.—Jesus Betrayed and Denied—John 18:1-27.
Golden Text.—Jesus said unto them, The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men.—Matthew 17:22

FUNDAMENTALS.
Time.—Thursday evening and early Friday morning, April 6th and 7th, A. D. 30.
Place.—The Garden of Gethsemane, on the slope of the Mount of Olives. The house of Caiaphas in Jerusalem.
Place in the life of Christ.—The last night before the crucifixion.

CONNECTION.
Immediately following the lesson of last Sunday, we have the necessary prayer, as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John. At the conclusion of the prayer, Jesus with his disciples went to the Garden of Gethsemane, one of the places to which the Master often resorted for consultation and prayer. The story of the agony of Gethsemane is not told by John. That should be read by every student of the lesson.

LESSON STORY.
Jesus with his disciples in the garden, hears the sounds of the coming of the arresting party. Judas is in charge. Chief Priests and Pharisees, with torches and weapons, seek the Christ. The story is that Jesus, knowing all things, went forth to meet them, asking the question, "Whom seek ye?" They answered "Jesus of Nazareth." To which he replied, "I am he." To these words the mob went backward, falling to the ground. Jesus told them to let his disciples go their way, and Simon Peter, courageous and impetuous, drew his sword and smote the High Priest's servant. In another place we are told that Jesus healed the injury, and told Peter to put his sword back in its place, and then spoke these words: "The cup which my father has given me shall I not drink it?" The disciples left him and fled. Jesus, bound, is led first to Annas. The incident of the examination before Annas as recorded in verses nineteen and twenty-three is both touching and interesting. Following this, Annas sends Jesus to his brother-in-law, Caiaphas, the High Priest. The denial occurred during the examination before Annas. We are told that Peter, another disciple, followed Jesus to the examination hall. Peter, standing in the rear of the room warming himself in the midst of the high priests, is charged with being a disciple of the Christ. He denies and repeated his denial three times. At the third denial, Jesus turns and looks upon Peter. Peter remembers the warning which he had received several hours before, and the Scripture says that he went out and wept bitterly.

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Self confidence is a sure prophecy of the lapse of sin so, that, in proportion to self trust, is all danger.
Judas, after the betrayal, seeing Jesus condemned, repented himself and driven by remorse sought refuge in suicide.
Peter, while also untrue to his Lord, and even repeatedly denying him with increasing emphasis, did not deliberately sin. He was led into it by cowardice.
Peter's fall was the fruit of seed that he himself had sown. Men fall in private long before they fall in public. The tree falls with a great crash, but the decay that was the cause of it is often undisturbed until the tree is down on the ground.

ILLUSTRATIVE.
It was the time of severe persecution and terrible suffering during the Boxer trouble. Calling his last boy to him, a Christian Chinese said, "If the boxers come now to kill you, if you say you are a believer they will kill you; if you say you are not a believer, they will not kill you. Do you dare to tell them that you believe in Jesus?" "Father do not trouble," he replied, "I shall certainly say that I believe in Jesus." The story is that the boxers came, and the little boy, trusting, did not deny, but died for his Christ.
"A picture in the royal gallery at Brussels represent Judas wandering about in the night after the betrayal. He comes by chance upon the workmen who have been making the cross upon which Christ shall be crucified tomorrow. A fire near by throws its light full upon the workmen, who were peacefully sleeping while resting from their labors. The face of Judas is somewhat in the shade, but is wonderfully expressive of awful remorse and agony as he catches sight of the cross, which his treachery had made possible. But still though in the very torments of hell as it appeared, he clutches his money bag and seems to hurry on into the night."
"We lock and bolt the main door and the thief breaks in at the tiny window, which we had not thought of. We would burn for Christ at the stake but in our social intercourse with our friends or in the trivial business transaction we say the word which fills our life with regret."—Meyer.
"The same possibilities of sin are before all men, while every day our Lord is betrayed, some times by those who should be his best friends, and denied by some that have protested most loudly their own courage when assailed by the tempter.

THE POET'S WORD.
Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forsook, forsook,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forsook with love and shame.
But the olives were blind to him;
The gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn tree had a mind to him,
When into the woods he came
Out of the woods the Master went,
And he was well content,
Out of the woods the Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would you him
Let the gray leaves be kind to him;
The thorn tree had a mind to him,
When into the woods he came

LESSON HINTS.
This lesson brings us two characters, Judas and Peter. Both unfaithful to their Lord and Master, and yet unlike each other in real character, conduct and ultimate result.
Judas will always remain a mystery of depravity. It would seem that having been in the company of Christ three years, would of itself have made such treachery impossible.
Even close contact with the perfect Being does not necessarily change a bad man. Badness does not yield by proximity to goodness. The love of money is the root of all other forms of evil, and may lead to the basest treachery. The most faithful warning may fail to prevent wrong doing or arrest terrible back sliding from God.

Hamlet News—Hamlet Defeats Cherraw—A Large Hotel, Water Works, Etc., for Hamlet.
(Correspondence of The Ansonian)
Spring is here in full bloom, and candidates are on a boom. Oh! my hand! Please don't squeeze so hard.
Hamlet and Cherraw crossed bats last Tuesday, which resulted in a score of 15 to 1 in favor of Hamlet. About 200 went to Cherraw on a special train to see the game.
Hamlet is so dry that it is against the law to strike a match inside the incorporate limits, for fear the ground will catch on fire. The blind tiger stands a bad hand. Some of the boys hope it will rain soon.
A dance was given in the town hall Tuesday night. The music was furnished by the Cherraw string band.
Our town is building right along. Mr. E. A. Lacky is building a 32-room hotel for Mrs. A. J. Hunt.
The Hamlet Carbonating Co. is also building a large house for the soft drink business.
Mr. W. R. Bonsal is putting in water works for the city, and will also furnish Rockingham.
May 9th. WHEEL HORSE.

Some Funny Advertisements.
(Exchange).
For Sale—Baby carriage slightly used. Going out of business. Just received a fine lot of Ostend rabbits. Persons purchasing the same will be skinned and cleaned while they wait.
No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other.
When the baby is done drinking, it will be unscrubbed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled.
Wanted—A furnished room for a single gentleman looking both ways and well ventilated.
Wanted—A good girl to cook, and one who will make a good roast or broil and will stew well.
Wanted—A young man to take care of a pair of mules of a Christian disposition.
Wanted—A laborer and a boy; with grazing for two goats; both Protestants.
Wanted—A competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker.
Wanted—A boy to open oysters fifteen years old.
For Sale—A bulldog. Will eat anything. Very fond of children.
For Sale—Capes, victrolas, etc., made up for ladies out of their own skins.