

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Home Reading Columns.

A Mother's Love

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 services 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 out the remembrance of the first fond yearnings of your affection, or the latent memorial of primal innocence; nay, it seems as if the very consciousness of the abject state of her erring child more fully developed the mighty force of that mysterious passion, which can forgive and forget 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.

Old Age

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 and trembling hands, the tottering, uncertain steps of an old man or woman, they seem to forget that in that warm and homely prison house are a heart and soul which yearn for recognition, for kindness in word and deed, and for a little love, with an intensity that youth in its fulness 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 our 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 hill, remember; a hill with steep, stony paths, and at its foot there is only a grave. Don't buy impatient words push them along its precipitous ways; don't glance 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 lead 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 hill side with sympathy and love. Let us give them back all they gave in other words and give with interest; for, believe us however useless 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 tread 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.

Tell some deserving Rheumatic sufferer, that there is yet one sure way to certain relief. Get Dr. Shoop's book on Rheumatism and a free trial test. This book will make it entirely clear how Rheumatic pains are quickly killed by Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—liquid or tablets. Send no money. The test is free. Surprise some disheartened sufferer by getting for him the book from Dr. Shoop, Kansas, Wis.

Guide the Children Aright

However worldly and sinful people are they want their children good. How are you going to have them good? Buy them a few excellent catechisms? Bring them to church? That is all very well, but little final results you do it with the grace of God in your heart. Do you realize that your children are started for eternity? Are they on the right road? Those little forms that are now so bright and beautiful—when they have been scattered in the dust, there will be an immortal spirit living on in a mighty theater of action, and your faithfulness or your neglect now is deciding their destiny.

The Man Chained to the Bottle Has Sorrow

The story is told of a group of handsome young men laughing and drinking in a bar room when a poor tottering tramp peeped open the door and with sad eyes looked at them appealingly. "Come in, Senator, and drown your cares in the flowing bowl!" they said jeeringly. "I will come in, thank you," he said, for I am cold and hungry. "Take this brandy, Senator," they said mockingly, "and drink to our health." After swallowing the liquor the tramp gazed at them for an instant and then with dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale he began to speak.

"Gentlemen, he said, I wish you well. You and I complete a picture of my life. I was, alas, a senator, my bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This splendid figure once walked as proudly as yours, I too, once had a home, friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an angel's dream and I dropped the priceless pearl of honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra like saw it dissolve and quaffed it down. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring and I saw them fade and die under the curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it and I put on the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings and at last strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife; a father with out a child; a tramp without a home; a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink. "Young gentlemen he said, as he passed out into the darkness which ever way you go—whether you follow your mother's wives' or children's prayers and enjoy their love on earth and dwell with them in Heaven or whether you become a sullen and fatal foe to me—I wish you well.

Tears dimmed the eyes of the young men as they watched a despairing soul disappear.

A few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransom Black, who after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance who asked:

"Well, what did they put you at in the prison Ransome?"

"Devil, started in to make an honest boy out of me, sah."

"That's good Ransome, and I hope they succeeded."

"They did, sah."

"And how did they teach you to be honest?"

"Dev done put me in the shoe shop, sah, mah's' pasetboard outer shoes for leather soles, sah."

Hard Callouses Quickly Cured

Soak the feet in hot water and then apply Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It removes the corns quickly. Be sure you get "Putnam's" only.

Alcohol to Children

Ask your doctor how often he prescribes an alcoholic stimulant for children. He will probably say, "Very, very rarely. Children do not need stimulating." Ask him how often he prescribes a tonic for them. He will probably answer, "Very, very frequently." Then ask him about Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla as a tonic for the young. Follow his advice. He knows. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The first great rule of health—"Daily movement of the bowels." Ask your doctor if this is not so. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. Sold for nearly sixty years.

The Mining Industry

According to a comparison instituted by Harper's Weekly the mining industry now ranks in magnitude and importance, second only to agriculture among the foundation industries of the United States. It now contributes over \$2,000,000,000 annually to the national wealth, as compared with \$7,500,000,000 from agriculture; but it contributes sixty-five per cent. of the freight traffic of the country, as compared with only 10 per cent. from agriculture. Its manufactured products in 1907 amounted to a total of \$4,318,598,661, and the wages paid to the men engaged in such manufacture amounted to \$863,538,487, as against \$735,101,760 paid to those engaged in agriculture. The mineral industry is increasing in its complexity and importance with relation to the other branches of industry. In addition to its contribution of sixty-five per cent. of the total freight traffic of the United States it requires more than three million men to do the work connected with the mining, handling and treatment of the mineral products, one million of whom work in the mines; it is the bases of the larger portion of the nation's varied manufacturing interests and of the supplies of heat and light. The production and consumption of mineral products are now increasing so rapidly that, it is estimated, the value of the products of the mines for the current decade will be nearly two and one-half times that for the preceding decade.

Magellan in the Straits

The steady wind blew west
Along the tortuous strait;
And still the lean and scowling crew,
Consumed with helpless hate,
Beheld Magellan smile
As if he joked with fate.
All day they cursed the ship;
All night they dreamed of Spain.
They called the strait a river of hell—
He swore it was the main;
For oft at eve he dipped
And found it salt again.
The sailors sickened fast;
Their eyes began to stare,
Now, wofulike ravens, from the mast
The lanterns throng they bear.
For none of their small lives
Did that great captain care.
At even and at morn
He bade their labors halt,
To swing some luckier comrade down
Into the foaming vault;
And still he smiled and said:
"The water still is salt!"
The water still was salt;
The west wind still blew free—
Sadden the sailors crowding ran
From starboard and from lee.
And lifted up their eyes
Upon the western sea.
—Sarah N. Cleghorn, in *Mansey's*.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars to any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

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WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as strictly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The best physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its ingredients on its outside wrapper. There's no money. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers pass off a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trade with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Physicians, Buffalo, N. Y.—take the advice received and be well.



Great Clearance Sale

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We have carried over too much stock and must dispose of it before winter sets in.

For the next thirty days we will sell all kinds of Crockeryware at unheard of low prices.

Yarn, Stockinet, Mittens, Socks, Hosiery, Unshrinkable Underwear at low prices.

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Everything to be found in a first class general store.

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Have your Watch Repaired here in St. George by Geo. C. McCallum

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Have also on hand a stock of brooches, stick pins, lockets, rings, bracelets, watches, chains, charms, etc., which I will sell at a great discount.

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Prices reasonable for first-class goods

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A. & M. J. WILSON, Proprietors.

Passengers by the N. E. S. Ry., will find this hotel convenient, as it is near the station. One can avoid taking the ferry in the morning.

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