

RAMBLES OF THE RAMBLER

BREEZY NEWS, VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

What He Sees and Hears While Roaming the Streets.

In his rambles the Rambler meets with all sorts of folks, and he is constantly reminded of one of Josh Billings' trite truths: "It is dreadful easy to be a phool—a man can be one and not know it."

It comes to this in the end, my beloved. It is woman that works for the redemption. Woman was first at the Cross and last at the Tomb. About her is wreathed and consecrated all that we hold dearest in the world. She calls us from sin, from unrighteousness from the wayfarer's darker path. She calls us to God! As sweetheart, she blesses and is blessed. The bride at the altar in the consecrated house of God is the incarnation of purity and the noblest sentiment of the human race. Nothing more beautiful reaches the infinite Master of us all than the hushed whisper of a woman's prayer. Give us the prayers, the good will of women, and we care not what men may say.

The latest intelligence arriving by ox cart from Frog Pond is to the effect that another brass band has been organized. The Board of Aldermen have already granted license to the organization to disturb the peace of the village all they desire while practicing. As a result a large number of the oldest inhabitants are moving out beyond Sand Hill, about five miles away. The whole population have been aroused and the Populists have called on Governor Russell to send the State Militia to suppress the attempt to create the band. We don't look for any peaceful settlement of the affair before cold weather comes again.

The Rambler's mail has multiplied so late that the postmaster informs us that the receipts of his office have so increased from the sale of postage stamps as to entitle the city to "Free Delivery," and application has been duly made, accordingly, to the Post Office Department in Washington City.

So that while the Rambler is being harassed by the almost illegible scribbling and horrible spelling of importuning correspondents, some wanting one thing and some another—and all, something, the community is reaping a permanent convenience in thus securing free mail delivery.

We hope our public spirited fellow citizens will push the matter of securing the order from the Post Office Department for the free delivery while this rush of correspondence is on; because, confidentially, the phenomenal volume of our mail is due to the fact that it is a campaign year, and the bulk of it is from aspirants for political office, and when the nominating conventions are all over there will be a great falling off—a collapse, in fact of this correspondence, and a consequent reaction in the sale of postage stamps.

In the meantime, we want to say to the numerous office seekers who are so anxious to secure the support of the Rambler that we are not averse to specifying our choice for the various and numerous offices to be "let out" this year when our choice is made up; but that choice depends upon the candidates themselves. In other words, "the root of evil" is far-reaching and very fetching, but the candidates don't seem to have much of it, so far as we can see.

The Rambler has been so busy hauling fertilizer for his garden from the banks of the big ditch that it has been impossible for us to give this column the attention that it deserves. We are satisfied that our readers will overlook this inattention when they understand that we are more dependent upon our garden than we are upon our salary, which is governed by the subscriptions we collect. Our children seem to thrive better on vegetables than they do on the promises of subscribers.

Some time ago the Mayor* and Board of Aldermen of Frog Pond were extremely anxious to buy the water works plant. They did considerable negotiating and parleying with the company who owned the plant. Some money had been spent trying to buy the plant and they were fixing to spend some more when an officer of the company appeared before the Board of Aldermen and told them that the water works plant was for sale. There has not been a word said about buying the water works since; not even a murmur. The board of Aldermen were crazy about water works until they found out they could get them and then they did not want them. That has always been the way with those Frog Pond people. They are continually after something they can't get, and when they find out they can get it they don't want it.

Some time ago the Rambler mentioned the fact that we would soon begin the publishing of society news in connection with this department of the paper. We have secured the services of Miss Penelope Facepowder to conduct that department. We are satisfied that we have one who knows her business. We have seen her at social gatherings talk all the evening without saying anything. She seems to be a born social leader. In order to get in the swim the Rambler has ordered a full dress suit from Frog Pond and will hereafter perform social functions himself. The suit is very expensive and to secure it we had to part with \$1.98, but this is not all the additional expense which this department will incur. We have contracted to pay Miss Penelope the fabulous salary of \$1.65 per month. We hope our readers will pay up as promptly as possible, so we will be able to meet this heavy expense. We trust that we will have the liberal support of the whole town, as a result of the social department which we have inaugurated.

The fretful, the uncharitable, the ungenerous, they unite in the common purpose of robbing our little lives of sunshine. In their breath the flowers fade, the grass withers, the birds cease to voice nature's hymn of praise; and so fall the shadows upon the peaceful places we are striving to reach.

Lc! the spirit has fled, and only the casket is left
In its emptiness here!
Of voices and feet, of laughter and sorrow bereft,
There remains to us—fear!
In the glory of noon, if open the shutters you throw.
Flooding chambers to gold,
The silence will breathe of a past that we never may know;
'Tis a tale that is told!

Many a hope has been vanquished, many a purpose made abortive, many a journey turned from the daffodil-path by human unkindness, and only fear and some vague dream of a tale that is told left to them that ask why, and to whom no answer comes under the cold moon's pale way.

The latest wrinkle in musical circles in Goldsboro, is the famous "W. A. B. S." Quartett. Their leader is an "Angel," a

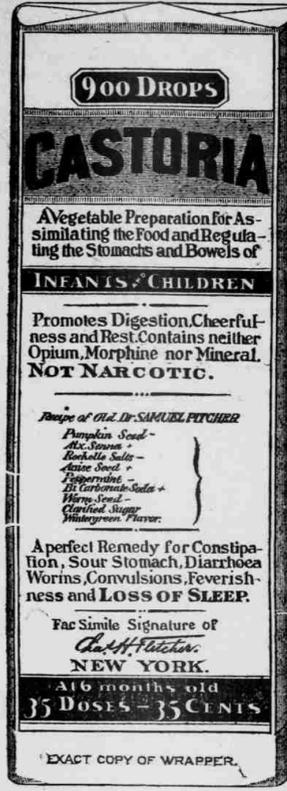
"Boss" tenor also, Wilson, known in the Quartett as Boots, has a charming tenor voice, and rushes with long strides to the assistance of the "Boss." Stroud, who has charge of the Basso Profundo, pours it fourth in grand style. When the leader calls "Sound" you should hear the sweet melody. After they get down to business, the natives come flocking around looking for "that Organ." Should they decide to give an open air concert, the public will be duly notified.

The whisper of prayer is heard tenderly in heaven when men cry for strength to resist the little meannesses of life. Hate, envy, jealousy, covetousness, scandal, disregard of neighborliness, deafness to charity's pleading, narrow-mindedness, intolerance—these weaknesses make men to appear very small and mean in the eyes of their fellows and very wicked in the eyes of the Master. Amazing it is that such men inhabit the earth in the highnoon of civilization. Yet there number is small, and it is for honest men to pity them and not be angry. Such men sometimes seek high places, for which they are no better fitted than they are for priestly office. They constitute the muffled discord that would hush the universal harmony, and make sorer the widow's bruised heart, more tearful the eyes of the orphan without comfort. They would stifle the baby bird that begins to fly and to sing, and trample upon the flowers blossoming along the daffodil way of them that love and rejoice in loving; that catch the first notes of dawn's sweet music from the mountain's summit.

But goodness and charity govern the world, and shall continue to sway its vast destinies, its immeasurable virtues. Even some of the unworthy shall be lifted from the dust, cleansed and robed in the white garments that are appointed for them that toil upward to the crest of the mount of the spiritual transfiguration. There is always a voice to cheer and to soothe, a hand to guide, a prayer to uplift and to strengthen. When sorrow comes there is the blessed benediction of the beloved. When pain racks, the merciful stand by the couch, and outside the door await in hope the loving. Flowers come to lend their beauty and fragrance, and messages counseling hope and courage. Reason may depart for a time and the low moan fall like a sigh, but love reels not in its course, and comes in the end with its precious gifts and promises and prophecies. Then, indeed it is that he who has come through torture's terrible trial realizes the goodness of the world: Through all the blackness of pain, the gloom of the unrestful night of suffering, there shine cherished faces luminously as white-robed angels uplifted by the Angelus, or gladdened by vesper bells! Ah, marvelous power of human love and human sympathy to soothe human suffering.

Robbed the Grave.
A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physician had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50cts., guaranteed, at J. H. Hill & Son's Drug Store.

The One Day Cold Cure.
For cold in the head and sore throat use Kerol's Chocolate Laxative Quinine, the "One Day Cold Cure."



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Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Hitcher*
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See their display in front window of the Ghamleoite Beds.

They are beauties and have to be seen to be appreciated.

Yours truly,
Royall & Borden.

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- 2,500 Tons Prolific Cotton Grower.
 - 1,000 Tons F. F. F.
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Special inducements offered to Merchants and Large Buyers.
Respectfully,

H. Weil & Bros.
Jan 17 4ms

Coffins and Funeral Supplies

CASKETS—Metalic, Cloth-covered and Varnish-finish, Burial robes and wrappers. Funeral car free!
PHONES 81 and 96.
Goldsboro Undertaking Co.

New Store! New Goods.

We have just opened a new stock of Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes,

and many other things on Walnut street, in the store recently occupied by Stephen Pittman. We propose to sell close for cash, and will do our best to please those who patronize us. Come to see us.

J. E. Peterson & Son.
March 2nd, 1900.

T. C. Bryan

Tin and Sheet Metal Worker. Tobacco Flues, Stovepipe, Valley Tin, Roofing, Plumbing, Repairing.

You can save money by seeing me before placing your orders. All work done by experienced men with dispatch, and guaranteed. Thanking the public for their past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same. Respectfully,
T. C. BRYAN,
Walnut St. THE HUSTLER

Shoemaking AND REPAIRING

IN ORDER to meet a pressing need in the community, I have employed a first-class workman and fitted up a shoemaking and repairing establishment, on Walnut St., op. Fonvielle's.

Fill in need of work in this line may be sure of satisfaction.
Respectfully,
T. R. ROBINSON.

Water-Ground MEAL

I can supply families with fresh water-ground meal, made from home-raised white corn, by leaving your orders at my residence, corner of Walnut and William streets.
F. C. Overman,
Jan. 22, 1900.

NOTICE.

State of North Carolina, Sup'r Court, Wayne County. Jan. term 1900
W. A. Finlayson and others vs. George L. Kirby and others.
Whereas, there is now pending a suit in the Superior Court of Wayne County as above stated, which is an action to recover land, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court by affidavit, James Moses, Cora Ham and husband Robert Ham, Mary E. Wright and husband Arnold Wright, heirs-at-law of the late Waitman Thompson, are non-residents and necessary parties to this suit, returnable to the next term of this court, to be held at the court house in the city of Goldsboro, on the 16th day of April, 1900 when and where the above-named parties are required to answer or demur to the complaint. It is further ordered by the Court that publication be made once a week for six weeks in the Goldsboro ARGUS.
I. F. T. ORMOND, C. S. C.
March 6th, 1900.

Sealed Bids!

Proposals are solicited for the construction of the addition to the building located at "Odd Fellows' corner," according to plans and specifications in the hands of the committee, and will be opened at Goldsboro, on Tuesday, April 17th, 1900. The right to reject any and all bids is retained. Copies of plans and specifications may be had upon application to the chairman.
W. T. Harrison, ch'm.
W. T. Hollowell,
Allen Moore.
Neuse Lodge, No. 6, I. O. O. F. Com Goldsboro, N. C., March 20, 1900.

New Blacksmith Shop!

I have just opened a blacksmith shop next door to my saddle and harness shop, and have a first-class horse shoer, whose services I offer to the public, and guarantee prices and work to be satisfactory.
Geo. D. Bennett.