"LEST WE FORGET."

Sometime ago I saw these words of Rudyard Kipling, and they, together with the years stretching far back, put one to thinking. It seems but yesterday since I waded up and down the little creek out yonder, (the right fork of the Uwharrie), and displayed all the patience of Job, fishing with a bent pin, and I don't remember to have had a single nibble. I guess the hook was too large for their mouths, and I should have been in doubt even now about there having been a fish of any kind in the branch, but for my memory which is as clear as the water on that point. * * * The little branch goes chattering on keeping the even tenor of its way just as it did years ago when we listened to the little sharps and trebles as it wended its way southward. The hand of time has been right busy in and around here, since I can first remember. As I walked up Main street some time ago, where now stand handsome residences, all painted and powdered, and bells on the front doors which would wake up all the seven sleepers at one time, I thought of other days. My first remembrance of this part of town was in starting down en route for the College, which at that time was the pivot upon which everything turned (in and about Trinity). I lost my hearing though now, it is hard for me to say, for I am a little hazy about it myself but I guess the woods confused me, for as I think of it now, it was pretty well timbered on both sides of the road from the Bibb place on down. Somewhere about the place where we get such a fine view of Jackson Hall, and the College stands out in bold relief, and generally puts some kind of grand ideas in our heads, I say ideas because in some cases as in mine it was only ideas, right here I saw I was lost, hopelessly lost; and not being quite as reasonable a creature as I am now, (not having reasoned so long) I thought in a hurry what I had best do, whether to retrace my steps to the brick lodge, or go on and try and find my way down to the business part of town, for as I have said in the course of these remarks the Main street now, was not much except main road forty years ago.

Trinity College at that time was simply a square brick structure, just what we call the old college now. The new Chapel had not been built, consequently while to my childish eyes it was an immense structure, it fell far short of the imposing edifice which for upwards of 35 years has been offering great draughts of water from her inexhaustible fountain. Well I am very forgetful in writing as well as in talking. I believe I was thinking over the changes which Trinity has undergone in the last 30 years. As I sit here at the south window, I see a man ploughing in that nice little grove below the Gannon house, that might almost be called an academic grove, for it was here the College boys used to practice their speeches a little later on than this, along in April probably. You could hear them declaiming and it would also be exclaiming, as if to listening senates, oh! those were grand days; and when the bell would ring, all the people for miles around would assemble to hear the students speak; and they would speak long and loud. You could see Horatius standing at the bridge; and our eyes would water as "The noble six hundred" rode away, and I know I would be really frightened when "The Gladiator" was repeated in that peculiarly sepulchural voice in which it was always rendered. Some of these voices are now commanding listening senates sure enough, but they had to practice a good many times I suppose in sequestered vales, and shaded nooks.

I think Spring is coming at last. I heard a dove yesterday. I think that is a sign of Spring, and of which I am truly glad. They are still ploughing over on the little hill, the birds are twittering in a minor key, for it now looks like we might have rain; and I must go and look at my box where I have planted some early "Jersey Wakefield," and I believe of all earthly affections outside of my own family circle I have the greatest love for what is known as early Jersey Wakefield.

You must excuse this little letter if it is not altogether as polished as some of my earlier communications, but this is a glance backward, I will try and do better, and look upward and onward after this.

Truly,

"AUNT ANNIE."

The Southern Railway Co. has established a school of Algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and mathmatics at Spencer for the benefit of apprenticemen in the shops there.

Balfour Granite Quarry, of Salisbury, is constructing a handsome monument to ensign Worth Bagley, the first hero of the late War to be erected at Raleigh.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The only thing some people always have ready is an excuse.

Almost any one can be induced to lie if you ask enough questions.

The better you behave the better you get along. It's old, but it's true.

A man nobody can quarrel with has the life problem reasonably well solved.

Lack of opportunity has to stand as an excuse for a lot of general shiftlessness.

The trouble with some people lies in the fact that they consider their faults their misfortunes.

Are you among those who treat their new acquaintances better than they treat their old friends?

If a man has plenty of money to back up a lot of fool notions, people call him eccentric, but if he only has the notions he is a crank.—Atchison Globe.

Tamed the Box Office Man.

A theater box office man whose seats were all sold days ahead was turning away disappointed patrons more than gruffly when a man who had watched the process with glowing ire reached the window. "Selling any more seats this season?" he began. The ticket seller answered with a stare. The question, quietly but firmly repeated, finally received an affirmative answer. "Give me two." "Where?" growled the seller, recovering. "Any time," said the man. The seller was almost too crushed to ask "Where?" "Anywhere," replied the man. "How—how?" whispered the seller, his voice deserting him. "Any price," said the man. The tickets were transferred in an awed silence, and the line of purchasers that had overheard smiled benevolently at the noticeably tamed man in the cage.—New York Post.

Holmes on Shelley.

Shelley vaporized everything in his glowing crucible, but there was gold at the bottom of it. When I look at him spreading the starry wings of his fancy over his chaotic philosophy he seems like a seraph hovering over the unfathomable chasm, whose blackness is the abode of demons.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

NOTICE.

This is my last round for the collection of the taxes for the year 1906, and all who have not paid their taxes are urged to meet me at the above times and places and pay. I am compelled to settle the taxes and shall be forced to levy on all who fail to meet me and pay their taxes this round.

Very truly yours,

T. J. FISCH Ex. Shff.

This Feb. 5, 1907.

WANTED STAVES—Highest cash prices paid for all kinds of staves for Norfolk market. Apply to E A Hammer, Asheboro, N C.