

The Scrap Book

At Napoleon's Tomb.

An American was being shown the tomb of Napoleon. As the eloquent guide referred to the various points of interest in connection with the tomb the American paid the greatest attention to all that was said.

"This immense sarcophagus," declared the guide, "weighs forty tons. Inside of that, sir, is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and inside of that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Inside of that rests a mahogany coffin containing the remains of the great man."

For a moment the American was silent, as if in deep meditation. Then he said: "It seems to me that you've got him all right. If he ever gets out, cable me at my expense."—Success.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
Say over again and yet once over again That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated Should seem a "cuckoo song" as thou dost treat it.

Remember, never to the hill or plain, Valley and wood, without her cuckoo strain, Come the fresh spring in all her green completed, Beloved, I amid the darkness greeted, By a doubtful spirit voice, in that doubt's join Cry, "Speak once more—thou lovest!" Who can fear, Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll, Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year? Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—tell The silver iterance, only minding, dear, To love me also in silence with thy soul! —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Honesty as Good as Sobriety.

Gear of Iowa was a candidate for congress. The Prohibition sentiment was running high in his district, especially among the Quakers, who held a meeting to which they invited Mr. Gear. He accepted. "We learn," said the chairman to Mr. Gear, "that thee does not belong to any temperance society and that thee does take a drink when it pleases thee." "That is true," replied Mr. Gear without hesitation. "There is very frank," said the Quaker. "I do not like thy habits, but I do like thy honesty. Perhaps we shall be able to vote for thee." And Gear got the Quaker vote.

All He Asked.

Stephen A. Douglas was very demonstrative in his professions of friendship. One day he sat down on Beverly Tucker's knee and, throwing his arm around the Virginian's shoulder, said, "Bev, old boy, I love you." "Douglas," said Tucker, "will you always love me?" "Yes, Beverly, I surely will." "But," persisted Tucker, "will you love me when you get to be president?" "Indeed I will. What do you want me to do for you?" "Well," said Tucker, "all I want you to do then is to pick out some public place and put your arm around my neck just as you are doing now and call me Bev."

Seneca on the Ways of God.

Why does God afflict the best of men with ill health or sorrow or other troubles? Because in the army the most hazardous services are assigned to the bravest soldiers. A general sends his choicest troops to attack the enemy in a midnight ambuscade, to reconnoiter his line of march or to drive the hostile garrisons from their strong places. No one of these men says as he begins his march, "The general has dealt hardly with me," but "He has judged well of me." Let those who are bidden to suffer what makes the weak and cowardly weep say likewise, "God has thought us worthy subjects on whom to try how much suffering human nature can endure."

Well Up In Geography.

"Where was Christ born?" asked the teacher of Willie. Willie pondered awhile and finally announced: "Mauch Chunk!" "Mauch Chunk?" exclaimed the teacher. "You ought to know better than that. Why, little George knows where Christ was born. Where was Christ born, George?" And the shrill treble of the four-year-old answered: "Bethlehem!" "That's right," said the teacher. "Well," said Willie, pouting, "I knew it was somewhere on the Lehigh Valley railway!"

Health is Holiness.

Health is the holiness of the body. Girls should be as much ashamed of illness brought on by their own folly as of being whipped by the teacher for disobedience.—Mrs. Cheney.

Absence of Mind.

Dr. Jenkins of Stanford university is head professor of the department of zoology. He is often profoundly absorbed in the problems of his profession. He was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached and, touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly, "Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go upstairs and put on your other coat!" The professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping. "Oh, to be sure, the Branners!" he

said when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept right on undressing and went to bed."

Dunbar's Resignation.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, while he was dying of consumption, contributed to Lippincott's this sermon of resignation:

Because I had loved so deeply, Because I had loved so long, God in his great compassion Gave me the gift of song, Because I had loved so vainly And sung with such faltering breath, The Master in infinite mercy Offers the boon of death.

An Astonished Indian.

In one of the engagements of General Sheridan with the Indians his men, taken unaware by the Redskins, had no time to remove their mountain howitzer from the mule's back, so they blazed away, sending mule and gun tumbling together down hill upon the Indians, who fled in panic. One of them, captured a few days afterward, was asked why he ran away. He replied: "Me big Injun; me not afraid of little guns or big guns; but when white man shoots Jackass at Injun me light out damn quick."

Montaigne on Self Assertion.

Not to speak roundly of a man's self implies some want of courage. I dare to speak of myself and only of myself. When I write of anything else I miss my way and wander from the subject. I, who am monarch of the matter whereof I treat and who am accountable to none, do not, nevertheless, always believe in myself. I often hazard sallies of my own wit, wherein I very much suspect myself, and certain verbal quibbles at which I shake my ears, but I let them go at a venture. I see that others get reputation by such things; 'tis not for me alone to judge. I present myself standing and lying, before and behind, my right side and my left, and in all my natural postures.

To Get a Better Crack at Him.

A Sunday school teacher recently asked his pet scholar why they took Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death. The little fellow was silent for a moment as though absorbed with the problem, when, brightening up suddenly, he replied, "So they could get a better crack at him."

Schopenhauer on Journalism.

Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to the dramatic art, for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of their calling, alarmists, and this is their way of giving interest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs. If anything stirs, they immediately set up a shrill bark.

Preparing for the Worst.

A French gentleman anxious to find a wife for a nephew went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running through this he came to his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five—a blond preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. The lady was not at all disturbed. "Oh, yes," she said, "that is my name. I put it down when you were so ill in the spring and the doctors said we must prepare for the worst."

Indians on Education.

In 1744, at the treaty of the government of Virginia with the Six Nations at Lancaster, Pa., the Indians were invited to send six youths to Williamsburg college to be educated free. It is a rule of Indian courtesy not to answer important questions on the day they are asked. After deliberating they declined the invitation. They said that they had sent several young men to the colleges of the northern provinces and when they returned they were poor runners, ignorant of how to get a fire in the woods, could not bear cold or hunger, could not build a cabin, take a deer or kill an enemy and spoke their own language badly. They were not fit for hunters, warriors or councilors. They were totally good for nothing. "If the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know and make men of them."

How Bismarck Got Well.

"Do you not find it a great relief," asked Bismarck of Count Boust at Gastein in 1871, "to smash things when you are in a passion? One day I was over there"—pointing to the windows of the emperor's apartments opposite—"and I got into a violent rage. On leaving I shut the door violently, and the key remained in my hand. I went to Lehdorf's room and threw the key into the basin, which broke into a hundred pieces. 'What is the matter?' he exclaimed. 'Are you ill?' 'I was ill,' I replied, 'but I am now quite well, thank you.'"

The Hero of the Adige.

"I will give a hundred French louis to any one who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people," said Count Spolverini when the swollen Adige swept away the bridge of Verona on the exception of the center arch. On this section stood a house whose inmates cried for help from the windows as they saw the foundations slowly giving way. A young peasant seized a boat and pushed into the flood. He gained the pier, took the whole family into the little boat and carried them safely to land. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the count. "No," said the youth, "I do not sell my life. Give the money to this poor family who have need of it."

North Carolina at Jamestown.

The first car load of material for the North Carolina Exhibit at Jamestown Exposition was shipped from Raleigh yesterday. There will be in all four carloads, all to go forward probably within ten days the material consisting of displays in agriculture, horticulture, forestry, fish and game, mining, building stone and other material.

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