

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 ever again and yet once over again
That thou dost love me. Though the
word repeats

Should seem a "cuckoo song" as thou
dost treat it.

Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo
strain.

Comes the fresh spring in all her green
completed.

Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit voice, in that doubt's
pale

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.

Gen. 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.

"Thee 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 a while 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 let 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



Bird's Eye View of the Jamestown Exposition.

mid 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 living in the woods, could not bear cold or hunger, could not build a cabin, take

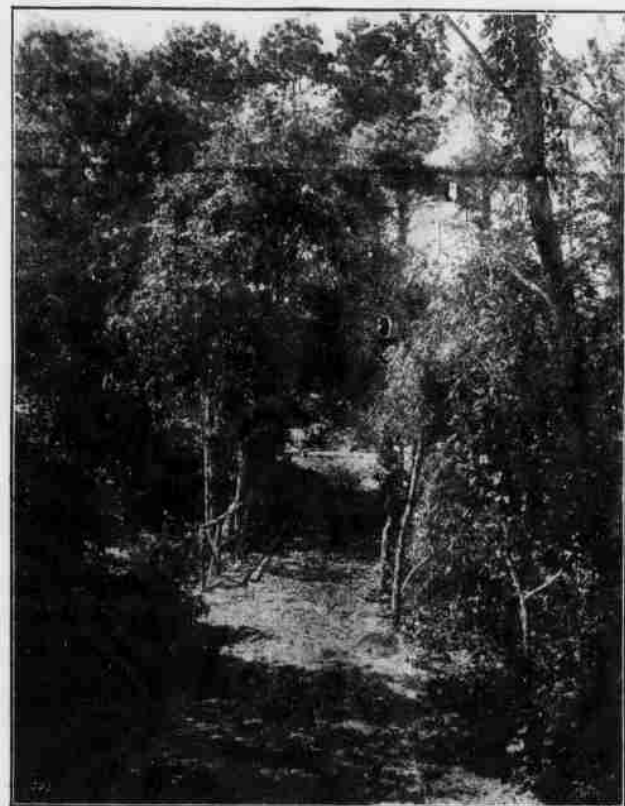
a deer or kill an enemy and spoke their own language badly. They were not fit for hunters, warriors or councilors. They were totally good for nothing. "If the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know and make men of them."

How Bismarck Got Well.

"Do you not find it a great relief," asked Bismarck of Count Reust at Gaxtein in 1871, "to smother things when you are in a passion? One day I was

Dyspepsia and General Debility.

was cured by P. P. P., the superior of all safe-purifiers. P. P. P. is the greatest tonic for the stomach that was ever known. Indigestion, flat dreams, and biliousness give way rapidly to the powerful tonic and blood-purifying properties of P. P. P. A prominent Railroad Superintendent living at Savannah, Ga., the week after he was cured, says he feels better than he ever did, and that the worst case of dyspepsia on record. He had no appetite and the food he ate passed on with little or no change. He had pains in the head, breast and stomach, but after using three bottles of P. P. P. he felt like a new man. Hence, that he felt he could not live without it he could always get P. P. P. His name will be given on application to us, sold by Ashboro Drug Co.



Lovers' Lane at Jamestown.

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 Lindorff'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.'"

Two years ago when the big railroad magnates believed Roosevelt was really going to compel proper reduction in rates, they were all earnest defenders of State's rights. Now all the big railroads are for full Federal control and so is Roosevelt. Which gave the tip?—News and Observer.

STORIES OF THE CAT.

Legends and Facts About the Still but Half Tamed Animal.

There are few tales of cat fidelity and many of dog, yet one thinks no worse of the cat for this," says an observer. "His very independence compels respect. He walks by his wild lone, waving his will tall, through the wild woods," as an inspired modern writer has set forth. All the generations have not served to tame him, and the most domestic of the race will revert sooner to a wild life at the call of the blood than any other friend of man. It is thus scarcely surprising to find that the most famous cat lovers have been drawn from the ranks of politicians and poets, those whom reasons of state or a sensitive temperament have rendered avers from trusting their fellow creatures and who consequently bestow all their affections upon the "freside sphinx." We are invited to believe that the most famous of all cats, he who brought fame and fortune to his master, Dick Whittington, was no four legged animal at all, but merely the French word 'chat'—to buy and sell at profit—and that the great merchant made a pet only of his merchandise from the very beginning. Thus in later years do the idols of our youth topple about our heads.

But other legends—nay, facts—are left us. Cardinal Wolsey, for instance, when acting in his official capacity as lord chancellor is said to have had his favorite cat always seated beside him, and another prince of the church, Richelieu, found his only relaxation in keeping a number of kittens in his private cabinet and watching their gambols during his spare moments. We cannot really reckon Richelieu as a true lover of the race, however, for directly the kittens grew to three months he had them sent away and replaced by others. Lord Chesterfield left in his will life pensions to his favorite cats and their kittens. Victor Hugo's great cat Chanoine always sat on a large red ottoman in the center of his salon and received his guests in state, showing marked displeasure if any one failed to cress or praise her.

Tasso wrote a sonnet to his favorite cat, and Petrarch had one he loved as dearly, we are told, as Laura. No doubt she was the confidant of many of his trials and consoled him for much of the fair lady's disdain, and when pussy died the poet had her embalmed in the Egyptian fashion and carried her mummy about with him everywhere. Randaire, the French poet, a very shy man, was always ill at ease in any new house he entered until the family cat was brought up and introduced to him, after which, with the cat on his knee, he was perfectly happy in his silent poet fashion.

Traditions respecting cats are, of course, legion. From time immemorial they have been regarded as somewhat uncanny, omens of weal or woe, beings to be either conciliated or crushed. The cat worship of ancient Egypt and, later, the Roman creed that the cat was sacred to Diana speak of the one; the wild charges of witchcraft—or concern in it—rise during the dark ages of Europe will attest the latter. But there is another popular belief deserving also of mention, that which sets forth the old maid as the cat's only friend, a legend arising in the medieval numerology overruin with mice, where one or more cats were always kept and were no doubt much petted by the good miss.—Chicago News.

A Hard Burial.

Some few winters ago a gang of carriage washers was engaged washing carriages on one of our northern railways when one of them remarked to his mate, an old soldier who was famous as a long bowler, "It's awful cold this morning, David."

"Cold! This is nothing," said David. "I remember when I was in Canada in 185— one of our mates died, poor chap. And you will have some idea what sort of frost it was when I tell you it froze the body so stiff and the ground so hard that we had to get hammer and chisel, make a nick in the ground and then drive him in with a pile driver. That was the only way we could give the poor chap decent burial."—London Answers.

No farm is well ordered where there are foul fields and overgrown fence rows. Bush land is a boarder, and the owner pays the board bill in the shape of taxes, while the land is depreciating because it is growing all the time more expensive to clear.

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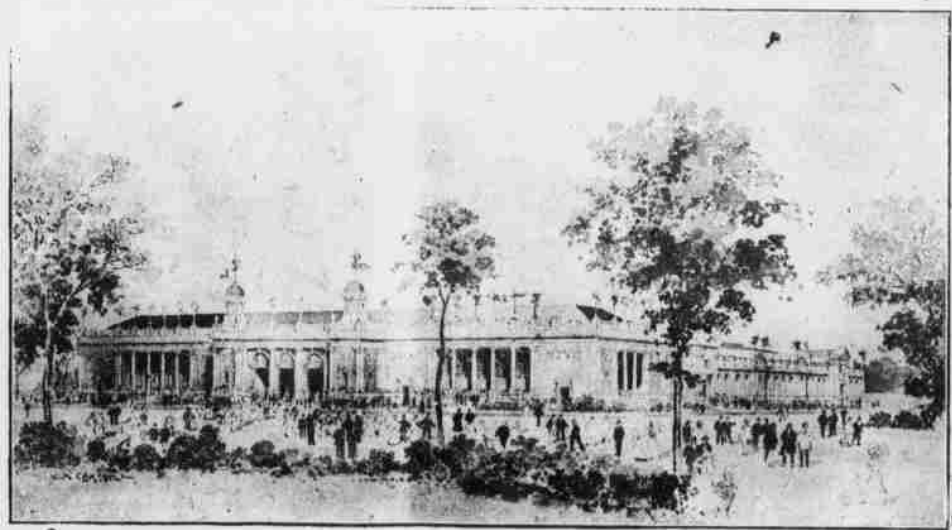
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