

CLIPPINGS FROM AN OLD PAPER

Interesting Bits of History
Gathered From Copies of
Papers Published in Years
Now Gone By.

The following items are clipped from The Franklin Press for April 24, 1890. At that time the paper was published by Mr. W. A. Curtis, who was publisher of the Press until his death in 1910.

The dogwood blooms decorate the hillsides now.

Mr. N. L. Whitecombe, of Ellijay, gave us a call last Saturday.

Dr. W. H. Higgins was made happy last Thursday by the arrival of a fine boy.

Mr. A. S. Bryson spent a few days at home during the past week and left Monday.

Messrs. W. W. and J. N. Zachary of Brevard, were at the Allman House Thursday night.

Mr. H. H. Webb left Monday morning for Asheville on a combined business and pleasure trip.

Prof. Wm. Beal, of Murphy, spent Sunday night in Franklin. He was on his way to Webster court.

W. J. Jenkins, Esq., of West's Mill, called in to see us last Saturday and talked of matters in general.

Mr. A. P. Munday returned from Aquone last Friday, and we are glad to note that he is greatly improved in health.

A telegram received here from Bryson City Tuesday evening stated: "H. G. Trotter's store and contents, on Alarka, were burned this morning."

S. J. May, Esq., of Briartown, spent two days in town last week and called in to see us. He is one of our clever Republican subscribers and a man of progressive ideas of business.

Mr. Ralph Beal came over from Murphy last Saturday and returned Monday with his two sisters, Misses Anna and Mary, who have been spending several weeks in Macon visiting friends and relatives. Their little cousin, Asther Morgan, returned with them for a visit of several months.

Died, in Sugarfork township, last Tuesday of bronchial trouble and la grippe, Mrs. Mary Arnold, wife of Wm. Arnold, aged 72 years. She was buried at Sugarfork Baptist church yesterday.

Temperate Ben Franklin.

The mind that can confuse Poor Richard's sagely humorous plea for temperance with advocacy of prohibition is little likely to rejoice in ironic subtleties; yet it may well consider a certain anecdote of Franklin's life in England, if only as a paralytic tries calisthenics. During a visit in a country house the company at dinner found a fly in a decanter of Madeira fresh from the cask. Reminded of the popular belief that a fly thus sepulchred would come to life when placed in the sun, the ever-curious philosopher took it to a fountain in the garden and placed it on the sun-baked marble. To the delight of all, it revived and — somewhat unsteadily — crawled away.

Did Dr. Franklin admonish his fellow-guests that except for its soaking in wine, *Musca domestica* would not have been disgraced by the conduct of its many legs? Not he. His imagination kindled in a spirit of emulation. He remarked that no fate could be kinder than to be pickled for a century or two in sound wine and then to wake up in a sunlit garden to the tune of splashing water and look abroad upon a new and better world.

If Dr. Franklin were to walk forth today from his butt of Madeira, undoubtedly he would be staggered. But it would not be altogether because his bones had been pickled in alcohol. For his kite and key we could give him electric light, the telegraph, the telephone, wireless. For Bushnell's "submerged boat" of 1775 we could give him the submarine. For James Rumsey's steamboat (which in 1789 Washington looked to as making navigation possible beyond the Alleghenies and which Franklin shrewdly scorned) we could give him the railway and the transatlantic liner. Then we could show him the aeroplane, surpassing all credulity of sober minds. Doubtless his knees would give way, but his mind would remain constant. But when we proceeded to take away his butt of Madeira and present him with prohibition, it is to be feared that the seat of reason would totter more helplessly than the eighteenth century fly on the margin of the fountain.—Ex.

Piety and Puritans.

Piety is indifferent whether she enters a the eye or at the ear. There is none of the senses at which she does not knock one day or other. The puritans forgot this, and thrust beauty out of the meeting house and slammed the door in her face.—James Russell Lowell.

YOU PAY FOR THE CAN

Why not get the best that can be put into it?
If you buy

Beechnut
Del Monte
Gold Bar
Silver Bar
Sweet Violet
Campbell's
White House
Maxwell House

You get the Best.

For the best groceries and quick delivery, call

SLOAN BROS. & CO.

Phone 85

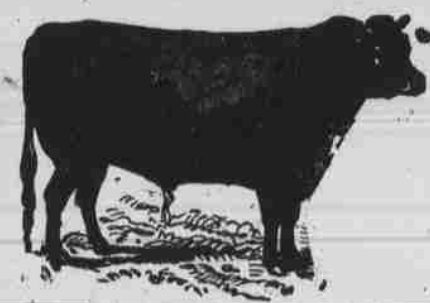
Where Quality and Price Reign

Corrected.

A zealous but untrained reformer had obtained permission to speak at the county jail.

"Brothers," he pleaded with them, "lose no time in turning to the pathway of righteousness. Remember we are here today and gone tomorrow."

Gloomy voice from the rear: "I've got eighteen years here yet."



R. L. SMART

General Merchandise
LIVE STOCK
OTTO, N. C.

Buy tan bark, pulp wood, chickens, eggs and other produce.
See Me For Bargains.

Bill Cunningham Craves Your Ear!

While Other Merchants are Yelling

SLACK BUSINESS AND HARD TIMES

Bill Cunningham is putting on EXTRA HELP and buying heavier than ever before. And you don't have to go out into the brush to find the reason. My policy of selling for CASH, of accepting the short profit and turning my money every three months, of passing the saving to my customers when I make a good buy, of meeting the price, quality for quality, of every catalogue house on earth,—in a word, of giving the people of Macon County unequalled BARGAINS in every line of merchandise, has built up a patronage that trades with Bill Cunningham good and hard times alike and has found the dollar contains more cents of buying power than it ever before had in any store in Macon County. Ask the man who trades here—he will show you a great light.

I am now in the Northern markets buying the BIGGEST STOCK of GENERAL MERCHANDISE ever brought to Franklin. This will consist mainly of Fall and Winter Goods, but will contain fill-ins of all my summer lines. And in the meantime, to make room for the STUPENDOUS BULK of merchandise that is coming, my clerks have orders to

SELL YOU GOODS AT YOUR OWN PRICE

Drop in the next time you are in town and see that they do that very thing.

And particularly I want to call your attention to

FRUIT JARS AND WHITE SUGAR

As Sandy Munday used to say, I've "shaded the price" on both of these articles, and I can fix you up at a big saving.

The boys will treat you right while I am away. Drop in and make 'em come across.

BILL CUNNINGHAM - THE CASH STORE - FRANKLIN, N. C.