

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DR. WM. A. HAYES
DENTIST

High Point, N. C.
Office over Clinard's store.

F. E. PERKINS,
DENTIST

HIGH POINT, N. C.
Office over Petty's Store.
Associated with Dr. Pitts.

W. P. RAGAN,
Attorney-at-Law.

High Point, N. C.

John A. Barringer, Wescott Roberson,
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A Historic Bible.
Asa W. Waters of Philadelphia has presented the Bible of his pilgrim ancestor, Governor Bradford, to the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth. This historic Bible was printed in London in 1502 and was taken to Holland by William Bradford when the pilgrims emigrated to that country early in the seventeenth century. In 1620 it was brought over in the Mayflower and used as a family Bible by Governor Bradford until his death in 1657, when it became the property of his son Joseph, whose name, with the others of his family, is written on the fly leaf. The order in which it was handed down from that time follows: From Joseph Bradford to his son Elisha, then to Alice Bradford, daughter of Elisha, who in 1757 married Zebulon Waters of Stoughton, Mass.; then to their eldest son, Captain Asa Waters, who fought valiantly in the Revolution; then to his grandson, Asa Bradford Waters of Marietta, O. Asa W. Waters of Philadelphia inherited it from his father upon his death in 1885. The book is about 3 by 8 inches, bound in black leather and printed in Gothic text. The margins are covered with annotations, but the writing has become too faint to be seen with the naked eye.

Child Study.
The time at which a child should begin to study is a vexed question of education, and one which shows no signs of being settled. The superintendent of the Quincy (Mass.) schools raised the question a few days since and asserted that a child should not be sent to school until it was seven. Other educators, however, do not agree with him. President Elliot of Harvard thinks the little girl or boy should enter the kindergarten at four, and the superintendent of the Boston schools, Edwin P. Seaver, suggests five as a suitable age at which to begin the school life. The superintendent of the Cambridge schools, Frank Cogswell, thinks that even three is not too early for the kindergarten.

Romance of a Lockout.
During the distress among the Copenhagen workmen an account of a lockout in 1887 the public was appealed to for contributions.

An old couple in Jutland, having no money, sent in their wedding rings as their humble contribution for the relief of the starving people. The organization kept the rings as a memento of this kind act.

Recently the old couple celebrated their golden wedding under very distressing circumstances. They were actually starving. This came to the knowledge of the Copenhagen workmen. A collection was organized, and in a few days the old couple received \$80 in cash and two new wedding rings, with a grateful acknowledgment of their kindness during the time of trouble.

Egg Rolls.
A quick snack will be needed for the egg rolls. Into a scant quart of flour stir one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix and stir. Rub into this three tablespoonfuls of shortening. Beat an egg, add one cupful of milk and stir into the dry mixture, adding more milk if necessary to make a soft dough. (Some flours require more wetting to the quart than others.) Turn on a floured board and knead slightly, then roll out a little less than an inch thick. Cut into strips an inch and a half by four inches, lay a little apart on flat greased pans and brush with beaten egg or with milk. If the oven is hot they should be done in about twenty-five minutes.

The Hot Water Bag.
With all the ills that flesh is heir to a hot water bag is a household necessity. Why suffer even with cold feet when a few cents invested in a hot water bag will quickly give returns in comfort? A small bag, slightly larger than the bag when it is filled, makes the hot water bag more pleasant as a companion. After the bag is filled and thoroughly dried on the outside it is but the work of a moment to drop it into this soft woolen slip, which, provided with a drawstring, makes the bag far more pleasant to handle.

The Fairy of Spring.
I wish that I knew—
Oh, I do, so I do—
The wonderful, beautiful fairy of spring
Who sets all the country to blossoming.
I wish she would tell
Whether whistle or bell
She uses to make that mysterious sound,
Causing crocus and tulip to peep above ground.
And I wish she would say
Just exactly the way
That she weaves the green carpet, almost
In a day,
To spread in the sunshine where children
may play.
Is it with her wand tip
Or the breath of her lip
That she makes the brown trees just a
bower of bloom
And wakes all the bird songs and banishes gloom?

Reverence Shown to Policemen.
The Jap policemen are not very dignified looking contrasted with our big American "cops."
They are short, lean back too far to stand straight, dress in bad fitting white duck uniforms, wear huge blue goggles on their eyes and earn about \$5 a month.
But the Japanese stand in the deepest awe of them and obey their slightest command.
When a policeman makes an arrest all he has to say is "Come!"

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

A Plea For the Old Way of Roasting as Against Baking.

It is to be feared that many excellent modes of cooking which prevailed in the past are now abandoned simply to save trouble. The modern cook, or the person who calls herself such, although she may be positively instructed to roast meat in the good old fashioned way in a screen in front of the fire, commonly ignores her instructions at every possible opportunity and puts the joint in the oven. The introduction of the "kitchen" or the closed range and of the gas cooker probably accounts for the preference which is given to baking, while it does away with the necessity of basting and other little but important culinary attentions which roasting involves. There can be little doubt that by this exchange of method not a few persons are dietetic sufferers.

The preference for meat openly roasted before the fire is not a mere sentiment, for the flavor of meat so cooked is infinitely superior, and the tissue is generally more tender than when it is baked. Now, the flavor and tenderness of meat have much to do with its digestibility and consequently with its real value as a food.—London Lancet.

Earthenware Stewpans.

Stewpans and baking dishes of heavy glazed earthenware are more cumbersome than the convenient agate, but where long, slow cooking is desired they are very necessary. The humble earthen stewpan with close cover forms a substitute for the French casserole, and meat cooked properly in it reaches a fullness of flavor and nutritive value never approached by the same piece when cooked rapidly in a thin metal saucepan. An elderly hen slowly cooked in the earthen vessel with appropriate seasoning is a vast improvement over any other mode of cooking, and cereals long boiled in a similar vessel reach a wholesome palatability that is missing in many of our three minute breakfast foods.

Vaccinating Dogs.

The veterinary surgeon was vaccinating a big Newfoundland dog. The animal was muzzled, and an assistant held its head. A space the size of a silver dollar was shaved clean on its back, and here the virus was being applied. "I choose this spot to work on," said the surgeon, "because the dog can't scratch himself here. If I vaccinated him on the leg, he would be apt to irritate the wound and make it very sore. The vaccination of dogs is new," he went on, "but it is a very good thing. I wonder that it was never tried before. Many valuable dogs have died from time to time of smallpox. There have, indeed, been cases where whole packs of hounds have contracted the disease, and their killing has been necessary. I advocate every pup's vaccination. When dogs take smallpox, they take it badly. Their death is nearly always bound to follow. When they recover, they are not disfigured, their hair hiding the pock marks, but they so seldom recover that this fact hardly counts for much. Vaccination is the thing for valuable dogs."—Philadelphia Record.

Chinese Slumming.

A Chinese woman, young and pretty, with a girl companion of about her own age, was making a tour of inspection through New York. It could not be determined by an onlooker what her object might be. She was intensely interested in the skyscrapers and went in and out of buildings with the activity and persistency of a book agent. However, she carried nothing in her hand but a paper fan, which she opened and closed daintily, with a rattle of jade bracelets. She and her friend went in and out of elevators and rode to giddy heights. With no purpose that any one could detect they peered here and peeped there, all of the time opening and shutting doors with sly eagerness and much curiosity. Finally some one who had met them repeatedly in the course of the day asked what they were doing. The Chinese maid answered quick as a flash, "Me all the same slumming today."—New York Herald.

Lovely Porto Rico.

It is said that if you put a toothpick in the ground a broom will sprout and grow, the soil is so very fertile. Think of living in a country where you can have strawberries all the year round, a country where you can stay out of doors all through the year, literally under your own vine and fig tree, and where, as fast as you eat one batch of green peas, corn and other good things you have only to plant another lot of seeds to have a continuous performance of green vegetables; a country where you can go out in the cool of the morning and gather fresh oranges and bananas from the trees and pick a luscious pineapple from the bush.

This surely is a country where every prospect pleases.—Dexter Field in Boston Transcript.

Realism in the Pulpit.

There is danger of making pulpit realism too melodramatic. A conservative old Scotch dominie, desiring to revive a healthy fear of the orthodox bade in his frivolous congregation, preached a hot brimstone sermon and had his sexton howl dimly and clank chains at a tolling juncture in the discourse. In the panic which ensued many were injured, and the church is now divided against itself.—Atlanta Constitution.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

What Little Miss Sunshine Dreamed In Church.

The sermon had been deplorably long, there could be no disputing this, and little girls are not supposed to understand what is being said anyway. Even grownups fidgeted in their pews, and the funny little man with the white side whiskers was seen to yawn behind his hand. Little Miss Sunshine, in her crushing Sunday hat and her long cloak, had finally given up. The heat and the music and the never ending sermon were too much for her. Entirely unknown to any one, she had leaned against her mother's arm and fallen off to sleep.

"Ora, wake up! Aren't you ashamed?" said her mother, who discovered the child, and little Sunshine was rudely disturbed from slumber.

She straightened up, blinked her eyes two or three times and whispered so that all the people in the pews around could hear her. "It was a 'ligious dream, mamma," she sobbed in the defensive; "I thought a crowd of angels came to our house from the sewing society and you sent Nan down to say that you were out."—New York Herald.

Midget Shetland Ponies.

An Italian nobleman owns the smallest Shetland ponies in the world. These midget ponies are rarely less than two feet eight inches in height and often very much larger, but the animals owned by the Marquis of Curran are exactly two feet high. The marquis believes in little horses, for, he says, they do more work in proportion to their size and cost less to keep than big horses. His ponies cost only 12 cents a day to feed.

In Milan, a famous city of Italy, he drives his midget four-in-hand and attracts a great deal of attention from passersby.

CONDENSED STORIES.

How Scott Found a Word and How a Boy Read "Waverley."

There is a new Scott anecdote remembered as coming from the lips of a long dead Scotchman. When a boy, he was one day watching some building operations, "probably near Abbotsford," when a lame man, bareheaded and with a pen behind his ear, came up. Taking hold of a pail, the lame man turned it over quickly and asked the workman what he was doing with it. "Whamblin' it over," one of them replied. "Thank you, thank you, my man. That's the very word I've been trying to get all the morning!" cried Sir Walter gratefully and straightway returned to his desk. "It was the teller of this story," says the London Morning Post, "who, when some years younger, saw in a shop window as he was going to school the new romance of 'Waverley' lying open at the first page. The schoolboy stopped to read it through the glass, and his eager absorption so took the fancy of the bookseller that each day as he passed the pages were turned for him in the shop, and he was thus enabled to read the whole story without touching a leaf of the book."

PINGPONG IN CHINA.

"Chinamen are not devoid of humor, as is usually supposed," said a young Yale man. "I must admit that one got the better of me and left me uncertain as to whether he was poking fun at me or not. One night one of our pingpong balls was knocked out of the clubroom window and lay all night by the curb, where I found it the next morning and put it in my pocket. 'John, did you ever see a little egg like this?' I asked him. 'No egg,' he answered, with an indifferent glance. 'What is it, then?' I inquired, wondering what he would say. 'Pingpong,' he replied quick as a wink. 'How do you know?' I asked. 'Read all about pingpong in book,' he said; 'in old Chinese book. Chinese play pingpong very long—thousand thousand years. Pingpong in China first, before Columbus, before Greek men. Chinese stop pingpong, write about pingpong, then forget pingpong.'—New York Herald.

It Was No Picnic.

Representative Blumle's large family bill (this may be read two ways) recalls the story of the mother who boarded a street car with her brood of ten. "Are these your children," snapped the rude conductor, "or is this a picnic?" "They are my children, and it's no picnic," she answered.—Philadelphia North American.

Sense Versus Poetry.

"What is more welcome than a full moon?" whispered the poetic young man. "Why, a full coal scuttle," replied the practical girl and then he said no more.—Chicago News.

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