

**Napoleon.**

A little while ago I stood by the grave of Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble where rests at last the ashes of the restless man.

I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon; I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris, I saw him at the head of the army of Italy; I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with tricolor in his hand; I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids; I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blasts scattered his legionlike winter's withered leaves. I saw him in Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast; banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius, I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former King.

And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and widows he had made; of the tears that had been shed for his glory and of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition.

And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun.

I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side knitting as the day died out in the sky with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the great. And so I would ten thousand times.—Robt. G. Ingersoll.

**What's Geography Good For?**

This is from the philosophy of Mrs. Louise Schmitt, who berated a teacher in the Nixon school for not promoting her daughter because the latter was deficient in geography, says the Inter-Ocean. "Teacher, you don't know it all, I guess," said the irate Mrs. Schmitt. "I wish it that my daughter gets through school so she gets a man. Never mind about the geography; just promote her without it."

"Why, my other daughter, she didn't know geography and she got a man. I don't know geography and I got a man. And you know all about geography and you ain't got any man at all. What is this geography good for? See that my daughter gets through school."

**Large Whale Killed Near Tampa, Fla.**

Tampa, Fla., May 26.—A whale 35 feet long was captured this morning by a fishing party in Hillsborough bay, two miles off Palmetto beach. A bombardment of two hours with Winchester rifles was held before the whale was killed. It was then towed to the beach. It is the first one seen in these waters in many years.

**From Triangle.**

Triangle, May 25th. Rev. Chas. Little, pastor of Unity Presbyterian church, closed a three nights meeting at that church Sunday. Good audiences greeted Mr. Little throughout the services. On Sunday the seating capacity of the building was taxed to the limit. Rev. R. A. Miller, of Lowell, assisted in the meeting.

Saturday was Lowesville's red letter day in the Prohibition ranks. Under the name of "Prohibition Rally," was produced a most entertaining programme. The speakers of the occasion were Feimster, of Newton; McCall, of Charlotte, and Maj. W. A. Graham, of this county. To say that each effort was a strong and unanswerable argument is putting it mildly. It is still a matter of conjecture in the minds of hundreds of East Lincoln's citizens who attended, as to which speech was the greatest. It is safe to say the doubt will never be settled, for the logic and eloquence with the sarcasm that scathed the whiskey traffic is still revolving in the minds of the hearers of each herculean effort. The Reepsville band furnished music for the occasion and demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that it is the best musical organization in Lincoln county. The good people of Lowesville gave a free dinner to all present. Everybody enjoyed the day with all its attractions and no doubt, many friends of the cause of Temperance made. The most striking contrast between prohibitionists and the liquor interests, and one which was emphasized by the speakers of this occasion was the relation of North Carolina's womanhood to the temperance cause. With dramatic eloquence, Mr. McCall, asked to see the man who would take his wife and child to the polls and vote for whiskey. And said no man should vote a ticket where his own wife could not, with all decency, be present. Mr. Feimster, with a voice that carries well and his inimitable humor, charmed his hearers.

The local ball team played the Machpelah team on the Triangle diamond Saturday afternoon and lost out to the tune of seven to nine in favor of Machpelah. The visitors worked off on the locals five Stanley Creek players, therefore, cannot claim the victory. Triangle will play Terrell Saturday at Terrell.

Mrs. Minnie Derr, of Stanley, visited Mrs. Julia Luckey last week.

Mr. Simon Barker has returned home from Whitsett Institute where he has been in school.

Col. and Mrs. D. A. Lowe visited at Mr. R. C. Graham's Monday.

**ROMEO.**

**Too Late.**

A very good story has recently been told in the fleet of an incident which happened when Admiral Evans was in command of the Indiana. An old-time blue-jacket was at the mast before Capt. Evans, charged with getting food out of a mess chest outside of meal hours. This getting of food for night watches is a common and strong desire on the part of most men aboard ship.

Capt. Evans asked the man what he had to say; and the man sizing up the delicate situation said:

"Captain, I didn't take no food out of that chest. Why, Captain, there weren't no food in that chest! I looked in that chest, and, Captain, I met a cockroach coming out of that chest with tears in his eyes."—Harper's Weekly.

There is no evil comparable in its effect or character to that of a craven submission to manifest wrong.—Lowell.

**The Greatest of all the Crops.**

Latest, but largest and best of all, is the crop of leaves. These belong to the poor man as well as to the rich, and they are laid down by Nature very nearly where they are wanted on the land, and on every sort of land. Without them the world would soon grow too poor for human habitation. Only for the crop of leaves there would be, in a few years, no other crop, of wheat or apples or corn. They replenish the soil annually, and give to the earth the wealth of the air. It has come about, or will soon, that people will know better than to talk about agriculture, and will understand that they are tilling the air, and not so much the dirt. Aericulture will be the new word for the progressive farmer. Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, these three are the trinity of Nature; the elements with which she creates our harvests; and these three come to us with the crop of leaves.

Most of these leaves will go lower in the order of existence. They will become humus, then soil or dirt; and then again will reappear in higher and nobler forms. It is this humble stuff out of which are to be made our potatoes and our roses. That man is a fool who turns back into the air the magnificent contribution of the year—burning his wealth. There is nothing of more importance to the owner of a rood of land than this leaf crop. He should gather it from the fence corners, and from the highways, and store it in his compost piles. Banked about his buildings, it will keep out the cold; spread over his lawns, it will keep the frost from harming his plants; used for bedding in his stables, it will make his animals comfortable. Yet at least one-half of the leaves that fall inside our corporations are burned or otherwise wasted. Go and lift up, with your trowel, the heap that is made in some hidden corner by the decay of years, undisturbed, and note the depth of rich soil.

It is not the economy of the leaf alone that makes it valuable. Nature never separates the beautiful from the useful. What is there more exquisite than the sweet brown leaves of the beech and the oak; what more perfect than the rare gold that covers the Norway maple, and the scarlet that covers the sugar maple? Nature who made them beautiful knows also how to spread them, to retain their beauty. The lawn is far more charming when covered with the wind-shaken leaves. Along the roadside they drift into frisky rows. There are hollows full, and little winds are whirling and tossing them back toward the limbs where they grew. But they come back again to nestle in the grass. They are tired, and their mission is done among the limbs. It is a beautiful thing that change is possible—certainly if there is to be progress. The weak spot with our civilization is that there must be climbing all the time. We must be going higher, and sometimes we forget that there must be humble passages along this road of betterment. Nature is not simply destroying the beautiful when she throws her leaf crop to the ground. She is not only hurrying them forward to blush in the rose, but she is opening flashes here and there through the tree tops. The persimmon tree, completely strung with golden balls, is far more beautiful than when the leaves covered the fruit. Clusters bend down the twigs, in ones and twos and tens, making the tree a bit of clean art. Every day they grow more golden under the frost floggers.

**Why This Is Leap Year.**

The year 1908 is leap year—that is it has 366 days instead of 365 as in the ordinary year, the additional day being added to the month of February, which in leap year has 29 days. The actual length of a calendar year is 365 days, five hours and 49 minutes. To avoid the fraction of a day one day is added to every fourth year, except one year in four centuries, when leap year is omitted to make the exact calculation. It will be recalled that a few years ago leap year was omitted.

Mr. Robt. A. Love, of Gastonia, was in town Wednesday.

world; yellow, brown, red and russet! He blunders who rakes them off into windrows, leaving the grass to the mercy of the frost. Only less wise is he who burns them. What the sod can spare, and be careful not to rake too clean, those only carry to the barn, and let your horses and cows have them knee-deep through the cold days of winter. Even here they are still beautiful, and the sound of their rustling in the stables is sweet to the farmers' ear. Ah, this nice art of saving and at the same time using what Nature gives us!—N. Y. Independent.

**Galax Industry.**

Many of our readers will be surprised to know the magnitude of the galax business in western North Carolina, and particularly in our neighboring county, Watauga.

Through the kindness of a friend we have been given some figures for a little community within a radius of four miles. There are three dealers in the vicinity of Shull's Mills, and the following figures indicate the number of galax leaves handled by them during the past fall and winter season, when the galax is gathered. G. W. Robbins 11,000,000, J. F. Coffey 6,000,000, E. N. Gragg & Son 4,000,000, making a total of 21,000,000 leaves gathered and sold in this one little community.

The dealers pay 25 cents per thousand for them and they are packed in cases of 60,000 and shipped to many of the large cities of this country and some to Europe and used for decorating purposes. The leaves are gathered by women and children, and many of them in Watauga have made nice money at the business, and bought their spring and summer clothing during the winter with the galax leaves.

A good feature of the business is that picking the leaves does not injure the plant, we are told, but the next season the leaves will grow from the plant as large and beautiful as ever.—Lenoir News.

**His Democratic Spirit.**

The coming of age of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and the payment to her of some \$12,000,000 inheritance has brought out a new crop of anecdotes about the Vanderbilt fortune. One of the latest illustrates the democratic spirit of old Commodore, says the Savannah News.

Sitting on the porch of a hotel at a fashionable resort on one occasion, it is related, the Commodore saw a lady approaching with whom he was acquainted. His wife and daughter, who recognized her, could scarcely contain their anger when he arose and politely addressed her.

"Don't you know," asked the daughter, after she had gone, "that horrid woman used to sell poultry to us?"

"Yes," responded the old millionaire, "and I remember when your mother sold root beer and I peddled oysters in New Jersey."

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**CLAIMS STATE BY 42,928.**

Leader of the Prohibition Movement Issues Statement in Which He Sets Forth His Views on the Victory of the Prohibition Forces.

From The Charlotte Observer.

Raleigh, May 27.—"Our majority is around 42,000 and taking the State through and through our majorities are better than our friends had hoped for," said Chairman John Oates, of the State Anti-Saloon League tonight. He added: "Our league offered a banner to the county giving the largest majority. It goes to Buncombe, which gave 3,681. Another to the county casting the largest percentage of its vote for prohibition goes to Yancey, which voted 1,200 to 15."

"The people have spoken. This is shown by the fact that nine of the ten congressional districts have given prohibition majorities, only the fourth of Raleigh district being in the wet column.

"One of our greatest triumphs is in Forsyth, Governor Glenn's home county, which was considered doubtful. It gave 1,500 prohibition majority, a great compliment to the Governor. My own county Cumberland, where there was a heavy fight, went dry by 600.

"Another notable victory was at Salisbury, the anti-prohibition headquarters, which went dry by 126, the county going that way by 600. Telegrams of congratulations have come to us from Virginia, saying that State will be the next to get in the prohibition column.

"Our victory does not mean dissolution of the Anti-Saloon League. Headquarters will be moved to Fayetteville, and our organization will be kept up and be ready to go into battle at a moments notice."

The returns of the election on State prohibition as received at State prohibition headquarters places the majority for prohibition at 42,948, figures that are expected to vary but slightly from the official returns. The returns show that 77 counties gave majorities for prohibition and 21 against it.

**FIGURES SLOW COMING IN.**

Not until to-morrow will the figures of the vote cast for and against prohibition come in, only majorities having so far been received in most cases. The executive committee of State anti-saloon league to-night met and adopted a resolution suggesting that next Sunday or the earliest Sunday following all the churches in the State hold thanksgiving service in recognition of the great prohibition victory, and that a thank offering be then taken for the prohibition cause. The cost of conducting anti-saloon league headquarters here has exceeded the contributions some \$1,500 and for this Chairman Oates has given his personal note.

The returns are yet incomplete of Wake's vote. Those for three townships came in to-day showing majorities Oak Grove, 4 "dry;" Pollards, 34 "wet;" Buckhorn 17 "wet." Prohibitionists here estimate a majority of 750 "wet," while the antis claim 900.

**WHAT THE FIGURES SHOW.**

Revised returns and estimates of the majorities cast for and against prohibition in the election Tuesday are submitted herewith. According to these tables the bill has received a majority of 43,127 votes. Where no definite returns can be had the estimates in the prohibition column are liberal. The votes shown in the wet column are definite. The official vote will not be ascertained until the returns are canvassed, and it is practically certain that the prohibition majority will be considerably reduced when this is done. However, the fig-

ures are given for what they are worth in order that some idea may be gained of the day's net results. Twenty of the State's ninety-eight counties gave majorities against prohibition, while the other seventy rolled up majorities for prohibition.

The most striking feature of the election is the fact that while Rowan county, headquarters of the anti-prohibition forces returned a majority of 680 for prohibition, Wake county the headquarters of the prohibition advocates, returned a much heavier "wet" majority.

Forty thousand is a safe estimate of the official majority. The figures follow:

Counties which gave majorities for prohibition:

Counties	Majority.
Mecklenburg	1,896
Cleveland	2,114
Beaufort	529
Hyde	426
Iredell	1,246
Montgomery	110
Rockingham	114
McDowell	900
Ashe	400
Bertie	100
Cumberland	500
Lenoir	555
Pasquotank	24
Nash	50
Burke	550
Madison	1,519
Gaston	1,418
Scotland	523
Davidson	450
Carteret	300
Bladen	650
Brunswick	200
Rutherford	1,100
Lee	500
Craven	375
Catawba	814
Wayne	100
Forsyth	1,568
Chatham	600
Rowan	600
Vance	350
Granville	250
Union	1,208
Greene	400
Jackson	1,000
Robeson	2,000
Anson	553
Pamlico	126
Currituck	225
Buncombe	3,681
Alamance	1,112
Warren	230
Cabarrus	118
Haywood	2,000
Northampton	882
Wilson	715
Duplin	400
Pender	250
Lincoln	900
Halifax	350
Caldwell	600
Sampson	650
Macon	600
Graham	200
Dare	300
Columbus	160
Mitchell	700
Jones	200
Henderson	900
Swain	550
Clay	500
Cherokee	1,250
Davie	450
Moore	500
Richmond	275
Polk	250
Randolph	1,500
Harnett	250
Chowan	100
Guilford	1,500
Pitt	1,000
Transylvania	300
Watauga	300
Perquimans	11
Caswell	200
Gates	200
Hertford	200
Yancey	1,200
Total	57,877
Wet vote	7,500

Prohibition majority . 44,377

**COUNTIES RETURNING MAJORITIES AGAINST PROHIBITION.**

Counties	Majority.
Alleghany	225
Wilkes	1,290
Alexander	30
Camden	41
Tyrell	200
New Hanover	161
Franklin	18
Onslow	300
Edgecombe	234
Washington	250
Martin	430
Stanly	166
Wake	850
Durham	900
Orange	200
Yadkin	515
Surry	100
Johnston	1,250
Stokes	450
Person	200
Total	7,500