

SAFE AND SANE EASTER.

Dr. Wiley's Warfare Now Directed Against the Colored Egg.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Dr. Wiley, the ever-ready chemist of the Department of Agriculture, has declared against the highly-colored Easter eggs...

Now that the movement for the "safe and sane Fourth" has robbed our American youth of the explosive fire cracker and menaced the eyesight, scared horses, and disturbed invalids, Easter eggs and valentines are all that the children have left.

The use of eggs in connection with the Easter festival represents a very ancient custom; the early Christian church imported this symbol of the resurrection from pre-Christian mythology...

APPOMATTOX APPLE TREE.

Famous Story of Gen. Lee's Surrender to Grant a Myth.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

The old apple tree at Appomattox is largely a myth. There was an apple tree, but no conference between Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant took place under it...

"The apple tree never figured in it at all," said Judge Jones, "except to this slight extent—on the morning of the day of the surrender, Gen. Lee sent a flag of truce to Gen. Grant...

"For some time after the surrender bogus apple tree relics were sold throughout the country. I remember that a Montgomery friend of mine, hard pressed for cash, sold at Lynchburg, fragments from an apple tree limb that was cut miles and miles away from Appomattox...

Kicked by a Mad Horse

Samuel Birch, of Beetown, Wis., had a most narrow escape from losing his leg, as no doctor could heal the frightful sore that developed but at last Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it completely.

Women Teachers' Victory.

From the Syracuse Post-Standard. Reducing the pay of men teachers in New York from \$900 to \$720 will, of course, reduce the number of men teachers. Increasing the pay of the women from \$600 to \$720 will, of course, increase their number.

RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

Idea Not of Egyptian Origin, but Product of Chaldaean Magi.

Frank C. Higgins, F. R. N. S., in a letter to the New York Times, permit me to challenge the alleged assertion of Prof. Reinsner, of Boston, that the "Riddle of the Sphinx" is solved by a fancied resemblance in either countenance or "millinery" to any temple, pyramid, or other monument account for its salient characteristics.

The Sphinx headdress is that found on the statues of numerous Egyptian kings and queens, and that because of the very ancient custom of embodying in ceremonial dress the insignia or attributes of gods or divinity in general.

I am prepared to demonstrate to the satisfaction of Prof. Reinsner or any one else that the Sphinx idea is older than any recorded Egyptian dynasty, and that it is not, in fact, of Egyptian origin at all, but the product of the Chaldaean Magi, and more probably inherited by them from the more ancient Medes.

LOST INDIAN TRIBE FOUND.

University Expedition Discovers Descendants of 1870 Massacre.

Berkeley Dispatch to the New York American. Living in the impenetrable crags and canyons of Mill and Dens creeks less than 20 miles from the cities of the upper Sacramento valley, a tribe of the Mill Creek Indians, long thought extinct, has been discovered by the anthropologists of the University of California under Prof. A. L. Kroeber.

A troop of United States cavalry has been asked by the university to run the tribe to earth, with the hope of preserving the aborigines, their language and customs, in the interest of science.

Though the Indians have set up an independent government almost in sight of Pullman trains, few settlers of the region know of the existence of this tribe, which numbers less than a score. Other Indians in the vicinity have scoffed at the stories of settlers that their sheep have come home with arrows in their flanks.

The evidence of the arrow heads and the rifling of ranch cabins and the Mill Creek canyon started an investigation by the University of California scientists, who took the trail heavily armed under the direction of T. T. Waterman.

They returned without having held communication with the tribe, who fled at their approach, but they obtained photographs of their abandoned huts and a large number of baskets and other utensils.

After the massacre of 1870, when the settlers of northern California arose against the Indians five of the aborigines, remnants of the Rombo, and offshoot of the Nez Perce, escaped. In 40 years these five have grown into a tribe eking out an existence by spearing salmon and eating acorns.

Statue to Franklin Pierce.

From the Boston Advertiser. The bitterness of New Hampshire opposition to appropriation of \$12,000 for a statue to Franklin Pierce on the statehouse grounds did not make a numerically impressive showing when the bill came to a vote, the house passing it by 164 to 73, or more than two to one.

Women Will Be Logical.

From Judge's Library. Mrs. Hoyle—Don't you think my boy is growing? Mrs. Doyle—Yes, he is pretty large for his mother's age.

Patience.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. "Pa, was Job the most patient man in the world?" "No. We haven't any evidence that he ever trained a dog to walk up a ladder on his hind feet of that he ever succeeded in balancing a feather on his nose."

WAGONS:—We have Studebaker Nissen Wagons must be sold.

Bullock & Crenshaw.

GAYNOR BUYS LAD A KNIFE.

Thinking of School Days When He Suggests Real Old Barlow.

From the New York Press. When Mayor Gaynor was a boy he no doubt often heard the old saying "When you whittle, whittle from you," for he took great interest in an urchin who was scarring a stick with something that might have been a knife if it had a handle and more than half a blade.

The mayor was crossing City Hall park on his return from luncheon in the early afternoon, when he stopped and looked quizzically at the lad who was working away.

"What are you doing, sonny?" he asked. The voice was kindly, though the face austere, and the lad, who didn't know it was the mayor, seemed to be on the point of making a pert remark about cutting coupons or something, but recognizing friendliness even to rags, grinned and said: "Whittlin'."

The mayor watched the painful operation for a few moments in silence, then roused himself as the boy looked up, inquiringly. "I was just thinking," said Gaynor. "Let's go 'long an' get a real old Barlow."

The little fellow trotted contentedly alongside the mayor, neither of them noticing the amused glances cast at the odd pair until they reached a store in Nassau street.

"Good afternoon mayor; what can I do for you?" inquired the clerk, respectfully. The urchin gave a start, looked at Gaynor keenly, and scratched his trouseled head, then was all eyes for a knife bought for him—four blades one a file, and a buckhorn handle. With a choked murmur that was meant for thanks, the lad tore up Park Row toward the Bowery with that precious knife gripped in his fist.

Mayor Gaynor slowly and thoughtfully, walked to city hall.

How Firewater Got its Name.

From the New York World. When the Hudson Bay Trading Company commenced trading among the Indians it was found that by selling the Indians liquor they could more easily be induced to trade their peltries. The first whiskey was brought to this country in large barrels, but in transporting it overland it was found more convenient to divide it into small kegs.

The white traders soon became aware, according to the American Wine Press, that by diluting the whiskey with water more furs could be obtained. This was practiced for some time, but the Indians learned that good whiskey poured on a fire would cause it to flame up, when as, had the whiskey been diluted the fire would be quenched.

It was by this simple experiment that the term "firewater" became a common word among Indians. A chief who had experienced the bad effects of whiskey among his people said it was most certainly distilled from the hearts of wildcats and the tongues of women, from the effects it produced.

SUSIE IN A HAREM SKIRT.

Dr. Garner's Educated Monkey Astonished the New York Zoo.

From the New York American. Miss Susie, whose native home a jungle 130 miles east of Cape Lopez, Central Africa, is about 1 degree south of the equator, was put on exhibition at the Bronx Zoological Gardens. According to Dr. Richard L. Garner, who for years has successfully trained monkeys, and who discovered Miss Susie, she is the cleverest simian he has ever seen. This opinion is shared by Raymond Ditmars, the expert animal trainer.

Soon after making her appearance in a cage at the monkey house, Miss Susie had her first glimpse of Baldy, the male monkey, who dresses himself and goes through all sorts of acrobatic stunts. Keepers at the zoo say Baldy is the freshest monkey in captivity. Miss Susie agrees with the keepers. When taken out of her cage yesterday, attired in a blue dress the lower part of which looked like a harem gown, she passed Baldy in delight, and from his actions gave Miss Susie the impression that he was the czar of the monkey house.

A keeper took Miss Susie to Baldy's cage. She sneered at him, and gave the keepers to understand that she didn't wish to see Baldy because he knew nothing of etiquette. So she was taken into Ditmars' private office, where she had the pleasure of meeting newspaper representatives. She took her seat in a high chair and after eating a hearty meal, smiled, shook her front and hind legs, and entertained the reporters by playing ball and doing other stunts.

According to Mr. Ditmars, Susie often moves her lips for several seconds when spoken to. Mr. Ditmars said that Dr. Garner believes this is a sign that Susie is trying to speak. All the keepers agree that never before did they have as clever a monkey as Susie in their care. She was brought here by Dr. Garner, who bought her from natives near Cape Lopez. She was born on January, 2, 1910, and is tall for her age. She is polite and will not eat unless a napkin is placed near her plate.

The visitors viewed her with great interest. She took hands and smiled at the little children and infants. It was reported in the park that Susie can shake dice. She takes the dice in her front feet, shakes them up, and according to the keepers, throws "seven" or "eleven" on the first throw. Two groups of keepers recently put up a stake and permitted Susie to shake the dice. The keepers who backed Susie won, and as a reward bought her some fine bananas.

Why don't hens lay at night? Because they are all "ROOSTERS." Roysters poultry powders makes them all lay. For sale by ALLEN & Williams.

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