

BROUGHT HIS TOOTHBRUSH.

But Saint-Saens, the Composer, Didn't Shock Parisian Society. The Cri de Paris told the following story of Saint-Saens, the composer: A rare visitor to Paris, he is on his visits much sought after as a social lion. One lady succeeded in persuading him to accept an invitation to dinner, promising to send to fetch him and also to deposit him at his door when he left, his only stipulation being that he should be allowed to make his adieux at 10 o'clock. The son of his hostess was dispatched in good time and found M. Saint-Saens in a velvet coat seated before his piano. He rose at once, however, and asked for ten minutes to dress, at the end of which he appeared, tying his white cravat. As he was shutting his door behind him he ejaculated: "Good gracious! One minute more! I have forgotten my toothbrush!" The young man, to his amazement, saw his guest dive into his dressing room and reappear with a toothbrush, which he put away in his breast pocket. On arriving home he told his mother, who in some uneasiness informed her friends, and everybody was in wonderment as to what the great composer was going to do with his toothbrush. Every eye was fixed on him throughout the dinner, watching him as he ate and drank and used his finger glass. In the drawing room Saint-Saens talked with the ladies and played any piece that was asked of him till 10 o'clock struck, when he bade farewell politely to the company. The journey home was without incident, and when they reached his house M. Saint-Saens simply offered to shake hands and say good night. Curiosity was too strong, though, for the youth, who said: "Excuse me, mafter, but I should so much like to know why you so particularly wanted to take your toothbrush with you." "Oh, my young friend," replied Saint-Saens, "it is very simple! My lock is very stiff, and I always hurt my fingers in turning the key. So I now pass the handle of my toothbrush in the ring of the key and turn it easily. Voilà!"

THOROUGHLY WARMED.

An Old Time Schoolboy's Experience on a Bitterly Cold Day. An old time gentleman of Newburyport, describing his school days in the opening years of the nineteenth century, has this to say of a wintry day: "We found our inkstands all frozen up. These required to be thawed out. To do this there was a board held up by bricks over the stove on which the pewter inkstands were placed, but before the copy was written down the ink would be again frozen. Then the boy took his ink to the stove again and while it was thawing laid in a store of caloric for himself, standing by the stove, watching closely that the pewter should not melt. "The clothes of the boys were made of corduroy, jacket and trousers in one, and nothing under but a shirt. These absorbed the heat like sheet iron, so that when a boy returned to his seat he was often compelled to carry his inkstand in his mouth, employing both hands to hold his trousers off from his knees, and with every precaution the skin was often mottled and scorched." Another old time schoolboy in his later years recalled an even severer experience. "I can remember," he recorded, "how, crowding close to the stove to toast the shivers from my poor little body, I scorched a hole in my trousers in front and exclaimed aloud at the disaster, whereupon the master thrashed a hole into them behind, and when I went home to my mother she told me grimly it was well that things should match and that as my shirt was such an old one she was willing to risk fraying it on the back, and she reached for a strap and did! "I was thoroughly warmed, and it was the coldest day of the year, but I regretted my shivers after all."—Youth's Companion.

Helpful Son-in-law.

"So you asked my wife for our daughter's hand, did you?" said the stern father. "I did, and she began to give me a piece of her mind about my presumption, and I"— "And you beat a retreat and came to see me. Well, sir?" "Oh, no! I didn't retreat. I argued it out with her, and before I left she had given me her consent. So I!" "You did? Bully for you! You can have the girl, and you can live right here with us. I want to study your system of defying my wife for a year or so anyway."—Woman's World.

Little Pitcher.

Lady Visitor—I am coming to your mamma's company tomorrow, Tommy. Tommy—Well, you won't get a good supper. Tommy's Papa—Tommy, what do you mean, talking like that? Tommy—Well, you know, pa, you told ma you'd have to get some chicken feed for her old hen party tomorrow.—Baltimore American.

The Widow.

"I noticed as I came in," said the caller to her dear friend the widow, "that you have made a change in your servants. You have a white butler now." "Yes," sighed the widow, "a white butler, but a negro cook. I go into half mourning this season."—Harper's.

Inherited It.

"What a matchmaker that woman is, to be sure!" "Yes, but she comes by it honestly. I understand her father was a promoter."—Detroit Free Press.

DEATH BY FALLING.

Pain and Fear Seem to Have No Place in the Ordeal. It is difficult to imagine a more horrible accident than falling with an airship, yet in the opinion of a German psychologist, Fritz Kahn, death resulting from such a fall is not exceptionally painful, says the New York Evening Post. He argues that it is likely to be met in a state of indifference or even an agreeable half-conscious condition of mind. He witnessed the fall of Helm—a fall which lasted a number of seconds, as the airship fluttered to and fro like a piece of paper before the final descent. The distance was about eighty yards. On recovering consciousness after several days Helm remembered only the ascent. Everything between that and his awakening in the hospital was a blank. Mountain climbers have had similar experiences. A French geologist who fell over a precipice attests that he swooned and never knew what happened. Whympier, on the other hand, remained fully conscious when he fell on the Matterhorn. Bounding from rock to rock, he calculated the intervals between the shocks, wondered how long he could stand it, felt no pain and came to the conclusion that death through a fall must be one of the least disagreeable ways of ending one's life. A boy of eight who fell twenty-two yards declared that his only thought was that he might lose his new pocketknife. At a meeting of the Swiss Alpine club the geologist Helm described his feelings during a fall. His first thought was that now he would be unable to deliver the address he had promised; then he thought of the effect on his family of the news of his death. He wanted to take off his spectacles to save his eyes from being damaged by broken glass. Various scenes from his past life flitted across his consciousness in rapid succession. There was no fear, no pain, but rather an agreeable state of mind, like that which is brought on by soft music.

RADIUM RAYS.

Their Velocity the Highest Known Speed of Matter in Motion. The earth travels in its orbit round the sun nineteen miles a second. The sun itself, like all the other stars, has its own proper motion through space. Some authorities have calculated its speed at twelve miles a second. A few stars move more slowly than this, others much more rapidly. Arcturus maintains a speed of not less than 100 miles a second, and the star called "Groombridge 1830" travels 150 miles in the same brief time. But the speeds of the heavenly bodies are slow compared with the motions of the tiniest known particles of matter. The sun would seem to stand still could we compare its velocity with that of the radium "rays." These radiations are produced by successive explosions of tiny groups of the tiny atoms of radium. The "alpha rays," being themselves infinitesimal fragments of matter, are thrown out with a velocity of perhaps 12,000 miles a second. The "beta rays" travel still faster. In the emanations of this wonderful radium we find the highest known speed of matter in motion. At 12,000 miles a second it would take little more than two seconds for a particle of matter to travel all the way round the earth. Look at your watch and note the duration of two seconds; then imagine that in a chariot drawn by "alpha rays" you have been round the world. There is hardly time in two seconds for you to think the journey. The highest measured speed, however, is not the speed of matter, but the speed of that etheric vibration which we call light. And light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.—Youth's Companion.

"The Thunderer."

It was the mud flinging of an earlier mode of travel than the motorbus that gave the London Times its nickname of "The Thunderer." Two ladies at Kew had been splashed by an unmannerly horseman passing them too closely, and the Times came out with a strong leader alleging the offender to have been the Duke of Cumberland. In due course it was found that the horseman was not the duke, and in a further article by way of apology the Times used the words "We thundered out," an expression that so tickled the public that the name of "Thunderer" was bestowed on the paper forthwith.

A Notable Statute.

In the beautiful city of Buenos Aires is perhaps the only statue in the world erected by white men to a negro. This is the statue of Falucho, a negro soldier who refused to haul down the Argentine flag at the bidding of the Spanish soldiery during the first Argentine revolution and was shot down by the Spanish.

The Last Word.

"What's the first word in the dictionary?" asked the student. "The article 'a,' of course," replied Mr. Growcher. "And what's the last word?" "Ask my wife. She's an expert on the subject."—Washington Star.

His Chief Anxiety.

Defendant's Wife—Don't worry, dear. The judge's charge was certainly in your favor. Defendant (moodily)—I know that. It's the lawyer's charge that I'm thinking about.—Boston Transcript.

No life is so strong and complete but it yearns for the smile of a friend.—Wallace Bruce.

PLUCKY PITCHING.

Vedder Sitton's Feat That Landed a Championship Pennant. In the greatest finish that ever marked a minor league race New Orleans and Nashville, Southern league contenders, had come to the wire neck and neck. On Sept. 19, 1908, they met in a contest which was a real battle. With the situation drawn as it was, disaster looked to be imminent. Bernhard immediately rushed his entire remaining staff back of the clubhouse to be ready for the call, while two physicians worked above the unconscious Sitton. He came to life again just as the Nashville team was taking the field for the eighth inning with another in his place. Staggering to his feet, Sitton insisted upon finishing the contest, and Bernhard, against his better judgment, gave way. The heavy batting end of the New Orleans team was up in order. With bandaged head, his face still white and drawn from the shock, in no condition to stand, still less to lead a desperate charge, Sitton electrified the crowd by striking out two of the first three men that faced him. In the ninth he added two more victims to the list in bringing home the victory by the score of 1 to 0, winning the pennant by the margin of one point. And then he collapsed. It was over two weeks before he recovered sufficiently to be up and about, and yet New Orleans batsmen relate that in those last two innings he had shown more "stuff" by a wide margin than at any other stage of the battle.—American Magazine.

First American Letter Box.

A little more than a half century ago the letter box was unknown. The inventor was Joseph William Briggs, nephew of a former governor of Massachusetts, who, as head clerk in the Cleveland postoffice, studied the needs of patrons and after correspondence with Postmaster General Dennison upon the subject took a train for Washington, bearing a pasteboard model of the letter box under his arm. The postmaster general saw the merits of the plan and appointed Mr. Briggs as special agent to establish the letter box and letter carrier system. The first letter box was attached by clamps to a lamppost that stood in front of a Cleveland drug store, and not a year had passed before fifty-two different cities had adopted the system.—National Magazine.

Where Miners Lose Their Nerve.

Men accustomed to working in mines cannot stand great heights. It is almost an invariable rule that a miner will get dizzy and uneasy if you take him to a high place, such as a monument or the top of a house, and will try to get back to earth as soon as possible. And yet he can stand underground on the edge of a 500 foot shaft, look down into the black abyss and never feel a tremor. He can climb up the face of a shaft, knowing that there is a straight drop of a thousand feet under him, and feel perfectly at home.—Popular Magazine.

Scanty Ammunition.

Colonel Stark's regiment just prior to the battle of Bunker Hill was quartered at Millford, some four miles distant, and was destitute of ammunition. About 10 o'clock on the morning he received orders to march, however, each man received a gill cupful of powder, fifteen balls and one flint. As the muskets were of varying caliber it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them.—Magazine of American History.

About the Size of It.

"Why is it," queried the youth, "that so many people fail to mind their own business?" "There may be one of two reasons, or both," answered the home grown philosopher. "They may have no mind or no business."—Philadelphia Press.

The Forbidden.

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am so sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship." "Bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."—London Telegraph.

Easier.

"If I buy you a seat in the Stock Exchange will you agree to go to work?" "I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the senate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Art Versus Nature.

"How came she to get such a sudden craze on to visit the beauty doctors?" "She wants to look like her photograph."—Houston Post.

The desires and longings of man are vast as eternity, and they point him to it.—Edwards.

Dennis G. Brummitt, Attorney at Law. Upstairs in Hunt Building. Phone No. 91. OXFORD, N. C.

ANTIQUE Colonial Mahogany Furniture, Sideboards, Sewing Stands, Bureaus, etc. Pewter, Sheffield Plate, Rare Engravings and Brass, which I sell 50 per cent. cheaper than any other dealer. sent. aug. 25, 10 w

The Lapidary, noebus, - - - Virginia.

FOUNDED ON MERIT

Our Confidence in the Perfect Materials and Workmanship That go into Every STIEFF & SHAW PIANO

[Is Expressed by Our Guarantee.] Our opinion is sustained by the Great Public that buys more and more of them each year. SIXTY-NINE years of increasing sales would not be possible without

REAL MERIT

If you are thinking of purchasing a Piano call at our Warerooms and see "WHY" the STIEFF & SHAW Is the Piano for You to Buy. A large stock of Slightly used Pianos and Organs Always on Hand. Write for Special Price List of Used Pianos.

Chas. M. Stieff Leon C. Steele, Mgr. 114 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.



Copyright 1909, by C. E. Zimmerman Co.—No. 49

IT is not as easy to get a foothold in business or to own real estate as it was a generation or two ago. The easiest and surest way to be prepared for the winter of life is to put money in the bank. Money in the bank goes a long way towards insuring a happy Christmas and it always enables Santa Claus to visit your home. You can see examples every year at this time of unhappy families who have no bank account. Start your bank account at once and you will always be prepared for this event in the future.

Oxford Savings Bank & Trust Company. H. G. COOPER, B. S. ROYSTER, W. T. YANCEY, President. Vice-President. Sec-Treas.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK Oxford, N. C.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - \$100,000.00 SURPLUS AND PROFITS - - - - - \$25,000.00



This bank calls your attention to its large capital which places it in position to easily take care of the interest of its many customers, and the interests of those who are desirous of forming relations with a bank of large Capital and Resources. We pay 4 per cent. interest in our Savings Department. Call and talk with us about it.

This bank does a strictly Commercial Banking Business, and confines itself to banking as set forth in the laws of the United States Government. This bank gives the same attention to a deposit of \$10 as it does to a deposit of \$1,000 or \$10,000. All we ask is for you to give us a trial.

The First National Bank, OXFORD, - - - - - NORTH CAROLINA.