

**A Lost Bank Note.**

A friend of mine, writes a Scottish correspondent, recently saw a piece of paper lying on the street. He picked it up. It was a one pound note. Some men might have pocketed it, with a smile of satisfaction. My friend, however, honestly handed it over to the police. A short time afterward he discovered that he himself had lost a pound. He thought over the matter and remembered that before finding the note he had been standing on the edge of the pavement for some time. It slowly dawned upon him that the pound he had found was his own and that he had drawn it from his pocket unconsciously. He went back promptly to the police station and explained the circumstance. The officer in charge only shook his head and smiled incredulously. "Very clever," he said, "but—eh—it will scarcely do." If my friend cared to call back at the end of six months, he was informed, he would get the pound if in the interval it had not been claimed. During this time of waiting he is inclined to meditate as to whether honesty is always the best policy.—London P. T. O.

**In Case of Accident.**

Don't bluster. Be tactful. If there are dangerous germs present, ask them to withdraw. If they demur, ask them where they were brought up with gentle irony.

Be careful to render first aid to the injured. A great deal of unnecessary suffering has been caused by persons hastily rendering third or even fourth aid where first aid was indicated.

In case of drowning select a best method of resuscitation. There are 4,639 best methods in all. Have them about you in the form of loose newspaper clippings and run them over briefly before acting.

Keep cool. Stop every little while and take your temperature.

If the coroner arrives while you are at work, immediately desist. It is discourteous to save life in his presence.

Take accurate notes of the street and number. Reviving patients almost always ask where they are.

If possible, induce death to supervene rather than to take place merely or even to ensue. It gives the family a sense of dignity.—Puck.

**The Frank Critic.**

"When Sir John Millais was engaged in painting his 'Chill October' among the rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth," said an English artist, "a railway porter from the station at Kinfauns used to carry the canvas back and forth for him.

"The porter was a quaint chap. His services were called for many days in requisition. He became quite friendly with Sir John and seemed to take a hearty interest in the progress of the painting.

"Well, 'Chill October' was eventually finished and sold a little while afterward for a thousand pounds. This fact somehow reached the porter's ears. He met Sir John's brother-in-law at Kinfauns one day and said excitedly:

"Mon, isn't true that Sir John's sold 'picture and got a thousand pound for't?"

"Yes, certainly," was the reply. "A thousand pound!" repeated the porter. "Why, mon, I wadna gi'en half a croon for't."

**Retundity of Earth.**

We are assured by competent authority that Thales of Miletus taught that the earth was of a globular form so early as 640 B. C. Pythagoras demonstrated from the varying altitudes of the stars that the earth must be round. Aristarchus of Samos maintained that the earth turned on its own axis and revolved about the sun, which doctrine was held by his contemporaries as so absurd and revolting that the philosopher nearly lost his life B. C. 280. The wisdom of the ancients was, of course, lost sight of in the darkness of the "middle ages," and it took Galilei and Copernicus to restore the old knowledge to the world.—New York American.

**Murder in Germany.**

Germany distinguishes between two kinds of murder—one, premeditated and intentional, is punishable by death; the second, intentional homicide without deliberation, is punishable by penal servitude for from five to fifteen years. Duelling in Germany is a misdemeanor of a special kind. Who kills his opponent in a duel is not charged with murder or manslaughter, but with duelling, the punishment for which is detention in a fortress for fifteen years.—London Chronicle.

**Ruffled His Feathers.**

Artist (showing friend his masterpiece)—Now, my boy, that is a picture, if you like—real and natural. What do you think of it? Friend—Capital! Capital! So lifelike! Such light and shade! I don't think I ever saw a better picture of a battlefield. Artist—Great Paul Rubens! That's not a battlefield—that's a basket of fruit!—London Standard.

**Reduction.**

The old nag was jogging up the hill with the elopers. "Yes," said the old nag, "it is rather tough pulling them up to the parsonage, but it will be easier coming back." "How so?" queried the friendly goose at the roadside. "Why, can't you see that after leaving the parsonage two will be made one?"—Chicago News.

**The Editor Regrets.**

Office Boy—The editor says he's much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets he is unable to use them. Fair Artist (eagerly)—Did he say that? Office Boy (truthfully)—Well, not exactly. He just said: "Take 'em away. Pimple. They make me sick."—London Tatler.

**Why He Concealed His Calling.**

"I hope," said the young man, "that partial concealment of the truth is no lie. If it is, I am telling a whopper right now, and I'm a divinity student too. That is what I am lying about. I don't tell that I am studying theology. If I did I wouldn't find it so easy to hold this job. I'm one of the down-on-his-luck students who has to work his way through college. One of the first things I learned when I began to look for a position was that the average employer of labor has no use for the divinity student. Somehow every man engaged in business holds the opinion that a young fellow who is studying for the ministry lacks backbone, and he is afraid to trust him with important duties.

"After I had ingeniously explained my circumstances to about twoscore of employers and had been turned down by all of them I got wise. I am working now. The boss doesn't know I am pegging away nights on church history. If he did the chances are he'd discharge me, not because he has any grudge against parsons of church history, but because he, like everybody else, would think I hadn't pluck enough to earn my salary."—New York Times.

**Staggered Webster.**

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodge's will, which was tried in the Massachusetts supreme court many years ago, Daniel Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant, Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough of West Newton, was a very self possessed witness. Notwithstanding Mr. Webster's repeated efforts to disconcert her she pursued the even tenor of her way until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and, drawing out his large snuffbox, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom and, carrying a deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with gusto, and then, extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall.

He then asked, "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodge a neat woman?" "I cannot give you full information as to that, sir. She had one very dirty trick," replied the witness. "What was that, madam?" "She took snuff."

**Most Popular of Pictures.**

The best known picture in the world, it has been said, is Vandyke's portrait of James II. of England as an infant, popularly known as Baby Stuart. Two million copies of it are said to be in American homes, and it is, equally popular in England and continental Europe. This is not because it is a portrait of a child who became king, but because it is a masterly piece of infant portraiture. The plump, round cheeks and tiny nose, surmounted by a tight fitting cap, appeal to every lover of children. The figure with which the world is familiar is the central one in a group of the eldest three children of Charles I. painted in 1635, when the baby, afterward known as the Duke of York, was only two years old and barely able to stand alone.—Youth's Companion.

**She Told Him a Lie.**

He had been dining well, but not too wisely, and the next morning his conscience as well as his head smote him pretty considerably. Yet he managed to struggle down to breakfast and to make an attempt to toy with the dainty and tempting dishes which his dear little wife had thoughtfully provided.

"Ceil," said his better half gently as she watched his ineffectual endeavors to do justice to the maternal repast, "I am afraid that I told you a lie yesterday, and I want you to forgive me, dear."

"A lie?" he asked wonderingly. "Yes. As you left the house you will remember I said to you, 'You'll be home early, darling? Well, it wasn't true!'"

And he went out a sadder and wiser man.

**Mountains Had Not Moved.**

The story is told that when Judge William Rogers was chairman of the school committee in a New England town one examination day he went around questioning pupils of the middle grade. He asked a boy named Rock where the Rocky mountains were. The boy answered correctly, but failed to be promoted that term.

The following year the judge asked the same question. Rock replied, "The same place they were last year."

**Miss H.'s Fear.**

Miss H., the principal of a grammar school, was investigating a case brought her by a pupil.

"Are you quite sure that was the way it happened, Mrs. P.?"

"Miss H., that was just the way. I'm telling you the truth. I wouldn't dare tell you a lie. I'm not well enough today."—Woman's Home Companion.

**University Tests.**

One might say that the first test at Oxford is athletic ability, the next sociability and the final scholastic ability. When you have passed the first two, you are the admiration of your friends; when you have shown yourself a scholar besides, you are the admiration of your college.—Rhodes Scholar in Sunset Magazine.

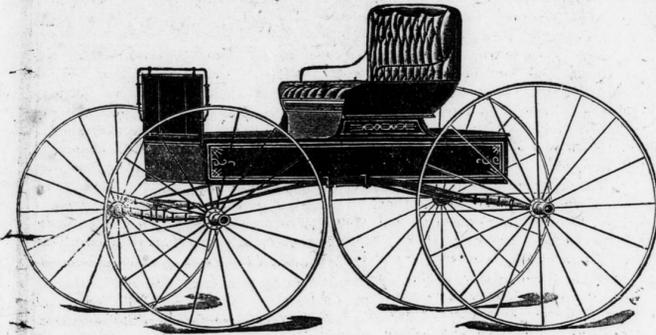
**Disproved.**

She—They say that a man becomes like that with which he continually associates. He—Ridiculous idea! I've been a fishmonger all my life and can't swim a yard yet!—London Opinion.

A patch on the trousers is not as bad as a stain on the soul.—Richmond Evening Journal.

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