

HAYDN'S UNHAPPY WIFE.

The Composer Married Her Merely to Oblige Her Father. Haydn married the girl he was in love with, but her sister...

The Penalty of Curiosity.

Among the packets received at the Birmingham (England) postoffice one day was being sent from Derby...

A Holiday With Joy.

"Life isn't so full of trouble but that we kin sometimes steal away an' spend a holiday with Joy," said the old philosopher...

Making It Useful.

The many blunders in statutory inscriptions recall a story of one which a worthy citizen of Glasgow was ready to perpetrate upon the city's statue to Nelson...

MEDICAL FALLACIES.

Some Fanciful Notions About Boils and Fevers.

"The fanciful notion that a breaking out of boils, pimples or other eruptions rids the system of poison is firmly rooted in the minds of ninety-nine of every hundred persons," said a physician the other day...

"As a matter of fact, boils, carbuncles and similar eruptions are collections of germs and pus and not blood diseases, whose origin is usually at the location found. A sweat gland becomes clogged with germs and dirt, a hair turns in with its numerous bacteria, or, as is the case of the so called 'bone felon,' the germs are scratched in with the point of a file or by chipping the matrix of the finger nail...

"Mothers who give children with measles and other eruptive diseases home remedies to 'bring out the rash' do harm in many unseen ways. The worst and most fatal cases of measles, scarlatina and smallpox are those with the dark red eruptions—the well named 'black' measles, scarlatina and smallpox.

"There are very few today who still cling to the old method of withholding water from the burning, dry, parched lips of the fever stricken. Yet who of us still living fails to recall the tortures inflicted upon the thirsty sufferer with pneumonia, typhoid or other burning malady?

"It has been finally demonstrated as a perpetual truth that water internally and externally is the best antipyretic known. Cold water administered internally in unlimited amounts is the ideal fever reducing agent. It is harmless, desired by the sufferer, reduces the temperature, dilutes the toxins, replaces the destroyed fluids and washes away the accumulated waste products...

England's First Bank Note Forger.

Whether the trick of forging notes was indulged in within the limits of China, Venice, Spain and other countries where banks first had their existence history does not record. But the man who first forged a note of the Bank of England was thereby, to quote a phrase too often misapplied, 'damned to everlasting fame.' It was in 1758, sixty-four years after the Bank of England was founded, that Richard William Vaughn, a linen draper, of Stafford was most unhappily led by mingled vanity and affection into this crime...

Pleasant For James.

When Mr. Ransom won his bride, he felt properly humble at securing such a prize, and in the after years Mrs. Ransom never allowed him to lapse into forgetfulness of her condescension. "You really cared for me, I'm sure," said Mr. Ransom. "That is a great comfort—to think I didn't urge you against your wishes."

Seesaw and Sawsee.

Weary Walker told this to Bathless Broderick, whom he met on top of a haystack: "Say, a lady says ter me: 'Go inter de back yard an' yer will see a wood pile. Saw a couple uv cords an' den come an' git yer breakfast.' After awhile I comes up to de house an' asta fer me breakfast, an' she says, 'Did yer see de wood?' An' I says, 'Yes.' An' she says, 'Did yer saw de wood?' An' I says, 'Yes.' An' she says, 'I didn't see yer saw it.' An' I says, 'Well, yer saw me see it, didn't yer?' An' she says, 'Yes.' 'Well,' I says, 'if you'd 'a' seed wot I sawed you'd 'a' knowed.'—London Spectator

A Story of Henry Clay.

The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends:

While making the journey to Washington on the National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the presidency, he was traveling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back seat of the stage-coach when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.

"What did Harry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true!"

It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping place he hurried away and took another coach lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rudeness.

Impertinent Lady Holland.

In "A Family Chronicle," a book of gossip, is a story about the fearful and wonderful Lady Holland which is comparatively unacknowledged.

She was at Lord Radnor's, and they could not get rid of her. Lord Radnor thought of unroofing the house, but tried first what prayers of a Sunday evening would do. She was highly pleased (very gracious, Lady Morley said, because she knew they longed to get rid of her) and said she would go down for prayers. Whether she was ill I do not know, but it seems she had to be carried downstairs and wrapped herself up in cloaks, etc. In the midst she called out for more cloaks, which were brought her. When she went up to the drawing room again she said to Lord Radnor (he having finished with the Lord's Prayer): "I liked that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it. It is a very nice one. Pray, whose is it?" Did any one every hear such a thing? I cannot imagine why people should bear her impertinence.

Eight Points of the Law.

A correspondent signing himself "So-and-so" overheard some men—"evidently lawyers," he says—talking over a case recently when some such expression as this reached his ears: "Well, he couldn't help winning. He had the eight points of the law in his favor."

Ever since he heard this "So-and-so" has been wondering what were the eight points referred to, and he asks me if I can enlighten him on the subject. The eight points of the law, "So-and-so" are these: First, a good cause; second, a good purse; third, a good counsel; fourth, a good judge; fifth, able counsel; sixth, an upright judge; seventh, an intelligent jury; eighth, good luck.

It is well understood in forensic circles that if you have all these in your favor you stand a sporting chance of winning your case. But, on the other hand, of course you may lose.—London Standard.

Bonaparte as a Deadhead.

Frederic Febvre publishes in the Paris Gaulois an interesting document preserved in the archives of the Theatre Francais. It runs as follows: "Pass the citizen Bonaparte to this evening's performance of 'Manlius.'—Talma."

This shows, of course, that the Emperor Napoleon when he was only a lieutenant of artillery was very glad of "orders" for the theater. M. Febvre adds a story which he heard from Talma's son to the effect that the future ruler of France used to lie in wait for the tragedian in the galleries of the Palais Royal and that the tragedian used often to whisper to his companion: "The other way, if you don't mind. I see Bonaparte coming, and I'm afraid he'll ask me for seats."

Evidence Against Him.

"I am proud to say," said the man with the loud voice, "that I have never made a serious mistake in my life."

"But you are mistaken," said the mild mannered man with the scholarly stoop. "You have made one very serious mistake."

"I'd like to know where you get your authority for saying so."

"Your declaration is evidence that you have never tried to see yourself as others see you."—Exchange.

The Marvelous Resistance of Water.

If it were possible to impart to a sheet of water an inch in thickness sufficient velocity, the most powerful bomb shells would be immediately stopped in their flight when they came into contact with it. It would offer the same resistance as the steel armor of the most modern battleship.—Strand Magazine.

Why He Was Anxious.

Buloz, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Victor Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly every other year a novel to the columns of the Revue, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical. The guests had been out for a walk and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.

This reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it with gusto.

Thereupon Buloz showed sudden and intense alarm. "Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Remember that you haven't finished your story in the Revue!" "Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished.

It Was a New "Team" to Him.

Heinrich Conried told the following story once when chatting of his experience as an operatic director: "It happened in Chicago," said he. "I went there to superintend our first season in Chicago. I got there early in the afternoon. As I was registering at the Auditorium a young, a very young, newspaper man came up and talked to me. He begged for an interview. I told him I had arranged to see the press at 5. That did not satisfy him. He was on an afternoon paper. It would be a feather in his cap if he could scoop the town. 'Very well,' said I to him. 'I shall give you an interview, but it will have to be while I am taking my bath.' He seemed an intelligent and earnest young man, and I was willing to do that much for him. 'I turned on the water and divested myself of my coat, and the interview proceeded.

"What do you open with?" said he. "I open with 'Tristan und Isolde,'" I answered. "Have they ever been here before?" he queried.

Iron Eaters.

"The first time I ever swallowed a tack," said a carpet layer, "I jumped to my feet and tremulously asked the way to the hospital.

"What's the matter?" my mate, an old hand, asked. "I've swallowed a tack," said I. "Good gracious, what will become of me?"

"The old hand sat back on the carpet he was laying and laughed. 'Why did you swallow it?' he asked. 'I was mending a tack. Every professional carpet layer swallows half a dozen or so daily. It's a thing that causes no inconvenience. If it did, I'd know it. I bet I've swallowed a hundredweight of tacks in my life.'

"And I'm sure," the carpet layer concluded, "my mate was telling the truth, for since then I've swallowed half a hundredweight myself." He gulped. "Hang it," he said; "there goes one now!"—New York Press.

Aroused His Wrath.

"Were you ever done in oil?" ventured the wandering portrait painter. The old farmer almost leaped out of his boots.

"Was I ever done in oil?" he roared. "Well, I should say so! A long legged, fox eared individual that looked something like you came past here last week and sold me a bottle of what was supposed to be genuine olive oil to eat on lettuce. When I poured it on the lettuce it turned out to be sewing machine oil, and, by heck, if I thought that you!"

But the wandering artist was gone—gone in a cloud of dust.—Chicago News.

Haiti's Legion of Honor.

It is not generally known that the famous order of the Legion of Honor was adopted at Haiti in 1849. When Souleouque became emperor under the name of Faustin I., he instituted an order in imitation of that which had been established by Napoleon in 1802. Statutes, ribbons and insignia were precisely identical, and since the sovereignty of Haiti distributed his honors to all and sundry with lavish hand the French government was considerably embarrassed. The death of Souleouque ended the difficulty.—Paris Gaulois.

A big cut or a little cut, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Get DeWitt's. Sold by May & Gorham.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Sold by May & Gorham.

GOT HIS MONEY.

The New Depositor Made Quick Work With His Check Book.

During a financial stringency a Swedish farmer in one of the middle west states had sold some hogs on the local market and upon receiving his check in payment immediately went to the local bank to realize on his sale. Upon presentation of the check the banker said to him, "Do you wish the money on this check?"

"Well, I think I just so vell take him," was the quick reply. "You really want the money?" "Yah; I think I take the mon-e."

"But do you really need the money?" asked the banker. "Well, no; I don't exactly need him, but I think I take the mon-e."

"Well," said the banker, "if you really want the money of course I will give it to you, but I thought if you did not need it perhaps you might open an account and deposit the money and then check against it as you needed it."

"Den ven I send my shecks here you vill refuse to pay dem." "Oh, no, we won't. If you open the account, we will pay your checks whenever they come in."

This seemed assuring to the Swede, and he said, "Vell, if you pays my shecks, den I open de account." And the account was opened and passbook and check book handed to the new customer.

Half an hour later a close friend of the new depositor appeared at the cashier's window and presented a check signed by his friend for the full amount of the deposit, which was promptly paid by the banker without comment.

In about an hour the Swede appeared and, walking up to the cashier's window, handed the banker his check book minus only one check, with the remark, "Vell, I don't tank I needs him any more."—Youth's Companion.

AN ISLAND IN THE AIR.

One of the Wonders of Prehistoric Pueblo Architecture.

Three miles south of the Mesa Encantada, in Mexico, is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion—an "island" in the air, a rock with overhanging sides nearly 400 feet high, seventy acres in area on the fairly level top, indented with countless great bays, notched with dizzy chasms. The greater part of the island overhangs the sea like a huge mushroom, and on the top stands a town which for artistic charm, ethnological interest and romantic history has no peer.

This little town of Ancoma is one of the most perfect types of the prehistoric houses remain of the type invented when every house must be a fort. One climbed a ladder to his first roof and pulled up the ladder at night, living on the second and third floors and using the ground floor as a cellar.

Against enemies armed only with bows and arrows this was a fair defense. Comfort had to be sacrificed to safety. Nothing except the eagle sought such inaccessible eyries as these victims of their own civilization.

Because they were farmers instead of freebooters, because they had homes instead of being vagrants, they were easy to find, and they were the prey of a hundred nomad tribes. With inconceivable labor this island town in the air was built and fortified. It was reached only by a mere trail of tree holes up the stem of the "mushroom." The age of the island is not known, except that it was already old in 1540, when the first explorer visited it and wrote an account of its wonders.

No Need of Them Some Day.

At a monthly examination a boy of fourteen failed to spell 15 per cent of his words correctly. The tutor told him this was surprising and must not happen again. The boy replied that he thought he had done pretty well on the whole.

"You must study those words over and over again," replied the tutor. "This must not occur at any future time. Study them so that you can remember them forever."

The boy stood still in silent contemplation for a few moments and then remarked: "I was just thinking that I wouldn't live that long."—Harper's Weekly.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by May & Gorham.

Suffering and Dollars Saved.

E. S. Loper, of Marilla, N. Y., says: "I am a carpenter and have had many severe cuts healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It has saved me suffering and dollars. It is by far the best healing salve I have ever found." Heals burns, sores, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c at Griffin's drug store.

To The Voters of Nash County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds of Nash county subject to the result of the Democratic Primaries.

Candidate for Register of Deeds.

Subject to the action of the Democratic primaries, I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds of Nash county.

Candidate For Treasurer.

I hereby announce to the voters of Nash county that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Nash county, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Notice of Administratrix.

Having qualified before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Nash county as administratrix of the estate of R. S. Ferring, deceased, late of said county, his is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present same to me duly verified on or before March 9th 1908, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery, and all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to me. This March 9th, 1908.

Notice.

Having qualified before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Nash County as executor of Mrs. Lizzina Bulluck, deceased, late of said county, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present the same duly verified to me or my attorney on or before Feb. 22, 1908 as this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery, and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to me. This Feb. 22, 1908.

400 Bushels of King's Improved Cotton Seed For Sale 50c Bushel Apply to W. E. FENNER. Rocky Mount, N. C.

Dr. J. B. Bulluck, Executive Lizzina Bulluck, T. T. Thorne, Atty.

400 Bushels of King's Improved Cotton Seed For Sale 50c Bushel Apply to W. E. FENNER. Rocky Mount, N. C.

Franklin University.

We have a faculty of Specialists, representing some of the highest colleges of the nation. We teach exclusively by mail and can educate you at home. Write for free catalogue. Address

Julian R. Pennington, Pres., Wilson, N. C.

At the Waist Wine of Cardui Mrs. Annie Hamilton, of Stetsonville, Wis., writes: "Cardui saved me from the grave after three (3) doctors had failed to help me. It is a good medicine and I recommend it to all suffering women." For sale at all druggists, in \$1 bottles. WRITE US A LETTER