NORTH WILKESBORO NEWS.

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SOME TIMES.

Some time I think you will be glad to know
That I have kept you ever in my heart,
And that my love has only deeper grown
In all the time we have been apart.

Some time, when you have slipped away from care,
And idly fall to dreaming of the past,
And sadly think of all your life has missed,
You will remember my true love at last.

Or it may come to pass some dreary night,
After a day that has been hard to bear,
When you are weary, heart-sick and forlorn,
And there is none to comfort or to care.

That you will close your tired eyes to dream
Of tender kisses falling soft and light,
Or restful touches smoothing off your hair,
And sweet words spoken for your heart's delight.

Oh! then you will remember and be glad
That I have kept you in my heart,
And that your heart's true home will still be there,
Although we wander silent and apart.

The Latest Determination of the Sun's Distance.

Prof. C. A. Young in the Cosmopolitan

An extensive series of observations was made in 1889 upon the planet Victoria (asteroid No. 12) for the purpose of ascertaining the distance of the sun, and incidentally also the mass of the moon—quantities which to the uninitiated would seem to bear no obvious relation to the motions of the little asteroid, though in fact the connection is close and positive.

The work was very thoroughgoing, moving the cooperation of no less than twenty-one different observatories in determining with their meridian circles the places of the stars which were used as reference points along the planet's track. Then all through the summer the position of the planet itself, with references to these stars, was assiduously observed by Gill and Auwers at the Cape of Good Hope, by Elkin and Hall at New Haven, and in Germany by Hartwig at Gottingen and by Schur at Bamberg. The instruments employed in their observations were heliomesers of the most perfect construction, and the measurements made with them rank among the most accurate and refined known in astronomy. Altogether, between June 15 and August 27, while the planet was near its opposition and for a time at a distance from the earth less than four-fifths the distance of the sun, over eight hundred complete sets of measures were secured, and only six nights were wholly missed.

The reduction of this mass of material has occupied nearly three years, and the result has only just been published. Dr. Gill, who originated the campaign and has reduced the observations, finds for the parallel of the sun 8:809", corresponding to a distance of 92,890,000 miles; and he further finds that the hitherto accepted mass of the moon must be reduced somewhat more than one per cent to satisfy the observavions; in other words, the earth's monthly swing, due to her motion around the common center of gravity of earth and moon, was found to be about one per cent less than had been assumed, It is intererting to note that this newest value of the solar parallax agrees to the very last decimal with that deduced two years ago by Profesor Harkness in his elabcrate "least square" discussion of all the then available data relating to the constants of the solar system. The still outstanding error in our knowledge of the astronomical unit can hardly be as great as one part in a thousand.

Iron Trade is Bettering.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 25.—The Iron Trade Review to-day says: By putting stress on the tonage of orders, week by week, and taking no account of the still unemployed productive capacity that is causing a steady sagging of prices, the iron trade is able to report betterment. It is certain that there have been larger sales of pigiron in the past weeks than in either of the two preceeding, and the inquiries from Eastern and Southern markets indicate that buyers are more willing than heretofore to take large lots.

Tha grand jury at Fayetteville have found a true bill against J. L. Starling for shooting his father-in-law, M. Denning, who was crazy, Sunday, January 21. This makes five true bills of murder on the docket. All of them will go over to the May term except that of Fuller, now on trial. Evidence for the State was taken in the Fuller case Saturday.

A SPOOK IN WINSTON.

BOB CARMICHEAL HAS IT SPOTTED ON HIGHLAND AVENUE.

What the Family Which Were to Occupy it Have to Say—Strange Things Seen—Local Physician's Story.

Daily Sentinel.

There is quite an exciting ghost story going the rounds in Winston-Salem.

A family residing at the northern terminus of Highland avenue, East Winston, purchased a carpet for their parlor recently and the gentleman of the house, assisted by his wife, were tacking it down. When they had tacked down the second side they were astonished to find that the first side they had tacked was completely pulled up. A little later a member of the family attempted to remove a framed photograph from the wall when they were seized by an invisable adversary and almost choked to death

Several members of the family attempted to pull up the side of the carpet that remained tacked and was ordered to vacate the room by a voice that seemed to proceed from the wall.

Several other occurrences of a similar character have transpired. The family are greatly mystified as well as frightened. They offer the carpet and picture to anybody who will remove them from the room. Here is an opportunity for those who boast of having no fear of ghosts and "hob-goblins" to ferret out a mystery and prove their valor.

A local physician tells The Sentinel that he has heard strange things at the house himself when he was called there several weeks ago. After knocking at the door and waiting for some one to open it, he heard a peculiar noise from the cave trough. When the gentleman of the house came to the door he remarked that there was so much knocking about the house that it was hard to tell when a caller did come. At this time the family were only paying $2 per month for the house. The gentleman said he could stand a great deal of noise at that rent.

Not Talking.

Washington Star.

"It makes me tired to see the manner in which these newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking car as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees.

The man who sat next to him had one lock of hair—an oasis in a desert of scalp—which he spent most of his time in smoothing reflectively.

"I s'pose," he said, slowly, "that you could give 'em all points."

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?"

"No, don't think I could."

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed the kicker in a tone that had absolute dismay in it.

"I do, indeed," replied the man with the oasis, earnestly.

"Well—I must say there are not like you."

"I know it. I used to be like you are. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I'll tell you, my friend, I'm not sayin' a word. Not a word."

A Sure Cure.

Detroit Free Press.

The merchant was rather blue, and his wife, noticing it, asked what the matter was.

"Matter enough," he sighed, "I've been looking over my books and find I've lost money every month for the last year."

"How did you lose it?" she inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, wearily, shaking his head.

"Nor where?"

Then she thought a minute and remembered what she did when she lost her pocket-book, and her face brightened.

"Why don't you advertise for it?" She asked, innocently.

"By George" he exclaimed, "I never thought of that," and the next day he had a big display ad in the paper, and the next, and in three months he was in clover up to his chin.

The Asheville Y. M. C. A. has called F. E. Willis, secretary of the association at Merrimac, Mass, general secretary is andexpected Februrary 1st, Mr. C. E. Graham has been elected president of the association for this year.

A SOUTHWESTERN POSTMASTER.

A Government Official Who Failed to Turn in His Regular Reports.

Some years ago the postoffice at Gallup, N. M., paid the incumbent $1,000, "and fees out." The citizens were chiefly miners and gamblers. Captain Swan was a pioneer in the territory. He knew everybody and was recommended by the governor of the territory, all of the ex-governors, the railway officials and other influential men. Behold letters from the martyred President Lincoln testifying to the writer's fitness and fitnessmen for Swan. Naturally Swan was appointed postmaster. He did excellently so far as taking in cash for stamps and money orders went, but he failed to make reports of the fiscal operations of his office. In due time an inspector was sent to visit him.

The inspector reached Gallup at 3 a. m. one raw and rainy morning. The only visible light came from a small frame building near the depot, to which he hastened to get warm. It was the village barroom. Three men were snoring on the bar, and there were several other very groggy customers playing faro. The most disreputable looking was an old man with a greasy slouch hat, a blue flannel shirt, a big pistol in his belt and a very "bad" look. He was rambling stupidly and losing fast. This was Captain Swan, the postmaster.

A few hours later the inspector called at the postoffice, which occupied the poorest frame building in the town. Captain Swan sat on a packing box near the front door, looking out at the beauties of nature, while a clerk was tying up the letters for him. On hearing his visitor's errand the postmaster said:

"So you are a postoffice inspector. Well, you'll find there ain't nothin wrong with this office—not since I had it. Can't say much for it before that."

The inspector hinted that his accounts were a little overdue, and Swan replied:

"Yes, that's right. Say, Jimmy, how about them money order bills? They been paid yet?"

"Oh, no, captain," said the clerk, "You remember I've been trying a long time to get you to fix them up."

"Yes, that's so, Jimmy." Then he added, turning to the inspector, "You see, I've been so busy."

The postmaster assented to the inspector's proposition to look over the books. They amounted to nothing more than a small passbook which contained a few entries of stamps, whisky accounts, paid and unpaid, money paid on a house that Swan was building and various other private memorandums. It took a week to approximate affairs and to find out that he owed the government over $2,000. A gambler who was on his bond paid over the full amount on demand, and the captain got a brief term in jail.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

A Critical Moment.

The history of the casting of statues is one long story of patience. When Benvenuto Cellini cast his great Perseus, according to rules which his own genius had laid down, overwork and exposure had so undermined his strength at the critical moment he was obliged to take to his bed and leave the rest of the process to some faithful workmen who understood his plans.

Finally, however, one of them came rushing into his sickroom, where he lay dazed and groaning with pain, and told him with many lamentations that the process was a failure and that the metal was caked.

Cellini sprang from his bed, ran across the street and rapidly dragged a load of dry oak wood back to his furnace. He made a roaring fire, and finding that the base alloy in his metal had been burned out he threw in all the pewter vessels of the household. Then the metal bubbled, the great Perseus was cast, and the maker and his faithful friends exulted.—Youth's Companion.

A Bandit's Pension.

The Italian papers report that a bandit, famous in his day, is now living in peaceful retirement not far from Civita Vecchia. Many years ago he gave up the active pursuit of his business, but not before he had arranged with a certain number of rural proprietors to contribute toward his support a sum proportionate to their means. This income tax is levied with the greatest regularity, and twice a year the genial brigand, accompanied by his secretary, collects it, and, according to all accounts, without much difficulty.

Recte to a Sore Death.

Jacques du Chastel, bishop of Soissons, had accompanied Louis IX (St. Louis) on the African crusade, and finding that nothing had been accomplished and that the army was about to return in disgrace to France refused to go, took leave of his friends, partook of the sacrament, mounted his horse fully equipped for battle, and in the sight of the whole army charged alone into the Saracen camp, where he was at once cut to pieces.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How the Baby Looked.

A child who had been attending a kindergarten for some months, on being introduced to the new baby, regarded it critically for some moments and remarked, "Its nose is an oblate spheroid!"—Washington Star.

A FATAL WRECK

EARLY THURSDAY MORNING AT HENDERSON.

One Freight Train Run Into by Another And a Caboose is Telescoped—Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Portsmouth, and Mr. L. Bowman of Richmond, Killed.

HENDERSON, N. C., Jan. 26—A freight on the Seaboard Air Line carrying a passenger coach from Raleigh to Henderson, was about seven hours late here this morning at 5 o'clock and stopped at a water tank for water and the flagman went back to flag the train following, but it seems not far enough. The rear train slowed up for the yard limit, but as the first freight stood upon the track some distance, it ran into the coach and telescoped the light caboose just ahead of it, killing L. Bowman, of Richmond, Va., and Mr. Shaw, a Baptist preacher, of Portsmouth, Va. W. G. Brodie, of Warrenton, has a thigh broken. The dead are being taken care of by the railroad people. Mr. Brodie was sent to Warrenton by special train this morning. Supt. Whisnant, of the northern division of the Seaboard Air Line, is on the ground.

A special from Henderson on the 27th says that the coroner's jury investigating the cause of the accident on the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad return their verdict and find Conductor Coley guilty of neglect in not sending out proper signals soon enough. The coroner's proceedings were all ex parte. No evidence was offered by the railroad people. There is a rumor of a warrant being issued for the arrest of Conductor Coley. This will probably come up Monday.

Strange Mind Impressions.

Some of the most interesting experiments in telepathy were made with two young ladies, about 20 years of age, employed by Malcolm Guthrie, a partner in a large drapery establishment, in Liverpool. Various persons were found to be successful as agents with these subjects, and the hypothesis of fraud on the part of the agent becomes absolutely excluded. At first contact was used, but later the most striking successes were obtained without any contact whatever.

The percipient is blindfolded and seated, while the agent in another room draws some figure and incloses it in a folio. He returns, opens the folio on a small stand placed between himself and the percipient and concentrates his attention upon the drawing with a view to impressing it on the mind of the percipient. The percipient announces when she is ready to draw, and the agent then closes the folio. The percipient frees her eyes and proceeds to reproduce the figure drawn by the agent.

Out of a total of a series of 118 experiments with diagrams, without contact, there were 66 estimated as complete successes, 23 as partial successes, 23 as misdescriptions, while in 6 cases nothing was perceived.—Richard Hodgson in Chautauquan.

Ate His Boots.

The story goes that the bootmaker to Don Carlos, the son of Philip II, took him a pair of boots which were too small to be comfortable, and by the order of the angry prince they were cut to pieces, boiled and forced down the wretched fellow's throat, so that he was well nigh killed.—Exchange.

French Proverbs About Women.

A provincial French saying—the Gauls are the most gallant as well as the most ungallant nation—is, "These women are like horses, none without faults," and another one runs thus in similiar vein, "One is oftener cheated in women and horses than in any other animal."

In a Furniture Store.

"Who is that very homely woman?"

"She is one of our best customers."

"What did you sell her today?"

"A full length mirror."—Chicago Record.

There are 65,000 Russians in the chief cities of the United States—48,000 of them in New York, 7,800 in Philadelphia, 4,300 in Boston and 4,000 in Baltimore. They don't go west.

Wisdom may be compared to water, as water leaves the heights and gathers in the depths. So is wisdom received from on high and preserved by a lowly soul.—Talmud.

The mother, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather of a 6-months-old baby at Rural Retreat, Va., all live under the same roof.

Salt and water is one of the best remedies for sore eyes and if applied in time will scatter the inflammation.

The first wooden bridge, so far as known, was the Sublician bridge at Rome, built in the seventh century.

ALLOW FOR IDIOSYNCRASIES.

The Way the Psychological Girl Cultivates a Spirit of Charity.

The psychological girl is purely a product of the nineteenth century. She never could have existed under any circumstances except those of fashion of to-day.

Left behind one of the young fellows of the neighborhood the other evening late. Almost everyone of the fellows at the dance seemed to be in a hurry to get home and made every one in the row get up to let them pass. The psychological girl's escort, a weak looking youth, made some remark about people being late and disturbing half the house, when his companion said:

"You have no right to blame them for being late. Probably the woman kept the man waiting for three quarters of an hour. But that was not her fault, and she is not to blame. She can't help being late. It is one of her idiosyncrasies."

"Can't help being late?" the young man exclaimed incredulously.

"No," was the answer. "She is simply mentally constituted so. Now, for example, continued the young lady, "take the young man who is always behind time. He never allows himself time enough to do things. It always takes him longer than he thinks. It is not that he overestimates his own work, but he simply underestimates time. This same person will underestimate the value of things and underestimate the cleverness or the goodness of his friends.

"On the other hand, the man who is always a few minutes early for an engagement is the man who overestimates time and everything else. Other things being equal, he will be affected by the eloquence of the best speaker in debate. He is apt to think the last good book the best he has ever read. He is conceited, and he probably overestimates the ability of his friends. He thinks they are better or smarter or more generous than they really are. He is as unreliable as the other person. The strangest thing is that in the matter of idiosyncrasies we are all astonishingly consistent.

"I am always watching people and studying their idiosyncrasies. I find it makes me much more charitable."

Just then the curtain rose, and the psychological young woman turned her attention to the stage, while I relapsed into thoughtfulness. I decided that I would forgive Miss F——hereafter for keeping me waiting half an hour, for I now know that she was not to blame.—New York Herald.

The New Brakeman.

Among the employees of the Consolidated railroad is a recent requisition whose ultimate ambition is the ticket punch and rebate check, but who at present officiates as an auxiliary to the airpump in the engine, which retards the progress of the train when a stop is desired. On his first trip a few days ago the conductor proposed to initiate him into another phase of the brakeman's duties—the announcing of stations.

The instructions of the conductor were couched as follows: "When I say the name of a station from one end of the car, you say the same at the other end. The brakeman intimated that he was "head on to the act," or words to that effect.

The train was Providence bound, and as it reached the ambitious city of pols and politics the conductor and brakeman stationed themselves at either end of a car. "Pawtucket! Pawtucket!" ejaculated the conductor. Scarcely were the words uttered when "Same at this end! Same at this end!" came in stentorian tones from the brakeman at the other door.—Providence Journal.

How Mice Enter a Piano.

A piano tuner tells of finding within the past year mouse nests in four different pianos. The other day he was called into see a piano, the hammers of which struck the strings several times when a key was touched. He knew that this was because something was the matter with the hammer tapes, the purpose of which is to hold the hammers so that they shall strike the strings but once. He found that every one of the 89 odd pieces of tape had disappeared, and the mouse's nest was soon discovered. It was a bunch as large as one's fist, composed of the missing tapes chewed into a pulpy mass. The mice generally enter a piano by climbing up along the pedal shafts, and almost invariably make use of the hammer tapes for their nest.—Exchange.

A Suggestion for Dinner Parties.

A correspondent mentions a Boston lady of his acquaintance who has had a breakfast service of cups, saucers and plates prepared for her large family, on which were given from photographs the likenesses of the members, so that a latter could properly place the china to be used. He suggests that at any memorable dinner party the same complimentary process might be arranged for each expected guest, in lieu of dinner cards.

A Beautiful Mountain Sprite.

A girl who is known as "the white rider" is frequently seen in the mountainous regions of North Carolina at odd hours of the night. Mounted on a swift horse she shields the moonshiners from detectives by warning them of the approach of revenue officers. She is said to be a very beautiful girl.—Atlanta Constitution.

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