

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST—Services every first Sunday morning and third Sunday evening. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M. Rev. S. P. Douglas, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Services every second Sunday morning and evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Church meeting Saturday evening before second Sunday. Rev. W. R. Bradshaw, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN—Services third and fourth Sundays morning and evening. Sunday School at 10 A. M. First Sunday morning and evening at Wilkesboro; second at Elkin. Rev. C. W. Robinson, Pastor.

Song of Love.

I know not if the moonlight or starlight Be soft on the land and the sea— I catch but the near light, the far light, Of eyes that are beaming for me; The scent of the night, of the roses, May burden the air for the sweet— 'Tis only the breath of thy sighing, I know as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or singing, Thy touch may be fervent or cold, The night bells may toll or be ringing— I care not while these I enfold! The feast may go on, and the music Be scattered in ecstasy round— Thy whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!" Hath flooded my soul with its sound!

I think not of time that is flying, How short is the hour I have won; How near is the living to dying, How the shadow still follows the sun; There is naught upon the earth, no desire Worth a thought, though 'twere had by a sign!

I love thee! I love thee! bring nigher Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine.

LIST-TAKERS APPOINTED.

The Names of Those Who will List and Assess Your Property.

Antioch—J. F. Martin, lister; Enoch Staley and H. Foster, assessors.

Beaver Creek—J. E. Phillips, lister; J. H. Hartley and C. C. Ferguson, assessors.

Brushy Mountain—W. O. Hendren, lister; J. H. Castner and Enos Moore, assessors.

Edwards—J. T. Edwards, lister; P. A. Lomax and Robert Spencer, assessors.

Elk—N. H. Robinett, lister; J. C. Land and A. N. Proffit, assessors.

Goshen—W. B. Revis, lister; W. T. Minton and J. W. Walker, assessors.

Jobs Cabin—W. S. Hall, lister; W. M. Lee and John Be-shears, assessors.

Lewis Fork—W. C. Fletcher, lister; L. L. Church and T. D. Hall, assessors.

Lovelace—Rufus Transon, lister; J. L. Parker and R. N. Garner, assessors.

Moravian Falls—W. G. Meadows, lister; J. B. Leach and J. A. Lowe, assessors.

Mulberry—E. M. Adams, lister; Franklin Absher and J. O. Owens, assessors.

New Castle—A. L. Hendrix, lister; J. B. Martin and Jacob Smith, assessors.

North Wilkesboro—W. B. Henry, lister; A. M. Church and C. N. Hunt, assessors.

Reddies River—R. P. Yates, lister; W. A. McNeil and J. W. Gaither, assessors.

Rock Creek—E. M. Blackburn, lister; W. F. Wood and J. W. Felts, assessors.

Somers—D. C. Jarvis, lister; W. A. Myers and L. W. Lunsford, assessors.

Traphill—S. L. Spicer, lister; J. H. Johnson and J. S. Holbrook, assessors.

Union—L. E. Whittington, lister; D. F. Shepherd and Marion Pierce, assessors.

Walnut Grove—F. Brewer, lister; W. B. Gambill and T. M. Joiner, assessors.

Wilkesboro—R. M. Staley, lister; S. J. Ginnings and Eli Anderson, assessors.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill. Writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At Dr. Geo. Doughton's Drug Store.

Just keep it in mind that N. M. Allen is closing out his stock of hardware, tinware, crockery and glassware.

SCIENTIFIC HOUSE DECORATION.

A Young Woman of Observation Speaks of Color Schemes For Rooms.

"I have been helping an old school chum to refurnish her house," said a young woman of observation, "and I have learned more about color effects in one week than I ever knew before. You see, houses are not painted or papered as they used to be, on the old, simple plan of 'that will look well here,' and 'such a pattern will be all right there,' but according to settled laws, canons and rules. It's quite a scientific matter now, I assure you.

"Yellows, for instance, are all right for a hall or vestibule, but they must not be used in any room in which one rests or reads or works. Why? Because yellows do not absorb any light, but are strong reflectors, and the reflected rays of light are not only trying to the eyes, but positively affect the brain and the spirits, creating a distinct disturbance of the nervous centers. So the modern scientific decorator, at any rate, tells us, and we believe him.

"On the other hand, buffs and creams are recommended for the nursery and children's sleeping rooms because of their tonic qualities. They are better than white, which is apt to disturb the young optic nerves by its brilliancy, and are calculated to impart a cheerful but not too boisterous temperament as well as a good complexion to the youngsters.

"For the library or workroom there is no color like coffee. Coffee, in fact, is the most soothing thing in the color world, it seems. It induces a pleasant nirvana feeling, such as nothing else does. It conduces to habits of speculative thought. It produces a philosophical calm, and it is eminently successful as a mild incentive to literary efforts. Indeed there seems to be some delicate and abstruse connection between coffee as a beverage and coffee as a color for domestic decoration. I suggested something of this sort to the handsome and interesting young artist who was superintending the decoration, and he condescended to agree with me.

"I have learned one really important fact about colors, however. I used to imagine that there was no color so cool as white, but I have been taught that, to the contrary, the coolest of all colors is red—not the flaring, glaring red, but the dull Pompeian red and terra cotta. These are cool because of their peculiarly absorbent qualities. It is almost impossible to light or warm them, and I had today a most convincing object lesson of this fact—that while the cool white room of the Wordsworthian poem is all very nice to read about, and does at first sight impress one as being such, it does not begin to compare in coolness with one in dull red. A visit to the two rooms had just the same cooling effect on me that is produced by passing from sunshine into shadow. Of course you know I am speaking all the time of interior decoration, although I am not sure whether a terra cotta town would not be considerably cooler than a whitewashed one.

"So you see the old Pompeians were right when they cooled off their atria and patios by painting the town red. The only other color which approaches Pompeian red for coolness, so the elegant and artistic young workman told me, is dark green, but it has been found to have so depressing a mental effect on most people that it is very sparingly used. Then I was told lots about mass effects, distance shadows and length lines, and I don't know what else, but quite enough to convince me that the decoration of our house interiors is conducted upon a plane so lofty that it is impossible to say whether it is an artistic science or a scientific art."—New York Sun.

A Historic Elm Shoot.

Says the Philadelphia Record: "A direct descendant of the old elm tree which cast its shadows over William Penn and the Indian chiefs during the famous session when the Penn treaty was drawn up has been planted by Chief Eisenhower of the bureau of city property directly on the spot which the old tree is supposed to have occupied. The old treaty elm stood on the Vandusen estate, which has since been formed into Penn Treaty park, and shoots from the tree have been carefully treasured by the Vandusen family. This particular shoot was donated by Paul A. Oliver of Oliver's mills, Luzerne county, who came into its possession through marriage into the Vandusen family. The shoot is healthy, and is expected to thrive in its appropriate situation."

Lincoln on His Re-election.

Commenting on the result of the election of the day before, Lincoln said, with great solemnity: "I should be the veriest shallow and self-conceited blockhead upon the footstool if, in my discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place, I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from God and not from men."—Noah Brooks in Century.

NAPOLEON'S INSUBORDINATION.

He Contemptuously Swept Aside the Plans of the Directory.

When the news of the successes in Piedmont reached Paris, public festivals were decreed and celebrated, but the democratic spirit of the directors could brook neither the contemptuous disregard of their plan which Bonaparte had shown nor his arrogant assumption of diplomatic plenipotency. Knowing how thoroughly their doctrine had permeated Piedmont, they had intended to make it a republic. It was exasperating therefore that through Bonaparte's meddling they found themselves still compelled to negotiate peace with a monarchy. The treaty with the king of Sardinia was finally signed by them on May 15, but they had previously determined to clip the wings of their dangerous falcon by assigning Kellermann to share with Bonaparte the command of the conquering army, and by confirming Salicetti as their diplomatic plenipotentiary to accompany it.

This news reached their general at Lodi on the eve of his triumphal entry into Milan. "As things now are," he promptly replied to the directory, "you must have a general who possesses your entire confidence. If I must refer every step to government commissioners, if they have the right to change my movements, to withdraw or send troops, expect nothing good hereafter." To Carnot he wrote at the same time: "I'd believe one bad general to be worth two good ones. War is like government, a matter of fact. I do not wish to be hampered. I have begun with some glory. I wish to continue worthy of you." Aware probably that his own republican virtue could not long withstand the temptations opening before him, he began the latter missive, as if to excuse himself and anticipate possible accusations: "I swear I have nothing in view but the country. You will always find me on the straight road. I owe to the republic the sacrifice of all my own notions. If people seek to set me wrong in your esteem, my answer is in my heart and in my conscience." It is of course needless to add that the directory yielded, not only as to the unity of command, but also in the fatal and vital matter of intrusting all diplomatic negotiations to his hands.

In taking this last step the executive virtually surrendered its identity. Such, however, was the exultation of the Parisian populace and of the soldiery that the degradation or even the forced resignation of the conquering dictator would have at once assured the fall of the directors. They could not even protest when, soon after, there came from Bonaparte a dispatch announcing that the articles of "the glorious peace which you have concluded with the king of Sardinia" had reached "us," and significantly adding in a later paragraph that the troops were content, having received half their pay in coin.

Voices in Paris declared that for such language the writer should be shot. Perhaps those who put the worst interpretation on the apparently harmless words were correct in their instinct. In reality the directory had been wholly dependent on the army since the previous October, and while such an offensive insinuation of the fact would be, if intentional, most unpalatable, yet those who had profited by the fact dared not resent a remote reference to it.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Jealous of a Stage Lover.

Too much zeal in the discharge of his stage duties led a jeune premier at a Paris preparatory theater into a disagreeable, not to say painful, adventure. The young actor was acting with a lady of his own age in a new piece and had to make a declaration of love. He held the mirror up to nature so well in the matter that the young lady's intended husband, who was looking on from the stalls, flew into a towering passion and thirsted for blood. When the performance was over, the man possessed by the green eyed monster waited at the stage door for the jeune premier and whacked vigorously at the actor's face with his cane. The player—bruised, bleeding and tearful—did not make any effort to return blow for blow, but holding up a manuscript which contained his part in the play remarked to his aggressor that he had done no more than follow the instructions of the author of the little love comedy in which he had acted with the beautiful young lady. The affair ended there.—London Telegraph.

Philadelphia Revenge.

There is a Philadelphia shopkeeper who believes that he does a public service by keeping a stock of cheap valentines all the year round. "The demand out of season," he says, "for this class of valentines is from those who have quarreled with their neighbors. They know I have the valentines, and instead of using clubs or knives on one another they come here and get something that answers the purpose just as well."—New York Tribune.

IN AN OLD ATTIC.

The Many Quaint Treasures of the Olden Time It Contained.

Yesterday I found a delightful book, and of course it was in an attic. Our ancestors may not have stored things in attics expressly to have us discover them, but we continue to do so from time to time, and they are undoubtedly more interesting from being a bit cobwebby and mysterious. The attic in which I found the delicious book had in it hidden things which looked as if they might be the first patterns of everything we use now. Probably the most desirable trait about this attic was that it did not possess a place for anything or anything in its place.

For instance, I found a bonnet hanging on a pair of andirons.

But for the green silk strings no one would ever dream it was a bonnet. It looked much more like a coal scuttle and had as many enormous bones as a prehistoric skeleton. It must have belonged to a very great grandmother. No one without several greats before her name could have worn that bonnet! Behind the andirons was a cradle, and in the cradle was a long pole with a red silk arrangement which once meant a fire screen. Beside it stood a clock, with a moon face and long chains and weights. It looked so much like a Dutch doll, with just head and legs, that I laughed aloud. But an attic is not a place in which to laugh unless one has company. Everything was rebukingly still, and so was I immediately.

Near the clock was a table shaped like a long legged spider. It looked as if just ready to walk off alone. I was quite sure it belonged to the bonnet and the fire screen, and that somewhere there were blue cups and saucers, which one might break by talking too loud, and that they belonged to the table.

In a far corner stood a picture with its face to the wall.

I drew it out and rested it against the table. Of course it was dusty. I never heard of the right sort of an attic which was kept dusted. It was the picture of a lady. I knew that at once, just as we always know a lady when we see one. The picture was rather dim, but I could easily discern that she was young and slim, with a white throat and bright, dark eyes. Her hair, done very high, was of a ruddy brown, and she had on a short waisted white satin frock, and held a half open fan primly in her hands.

It was easy to see that she was just where she belonged—beside the spider legged table. I had no doubt that she could have told the whereabouts of the blue cups and saucers. Thinking about this lady, my eyes encountered another pair of eyes staring straight at mine. My heart jumped once and stood still until I recognized the eyes as my own.

I was gazing into a mirror. It was a dim, queer mirror, with a crack like an enormous smile across its face and pale enough to hold only the ghost of light which once shone in it. Two rods supported it. They held a brass candlestick apiece and rested on a little stand which had a drawer. I sat down on a hair trunk before this letter stand. The drawer had brass knobs and might have been locked once, but time or rust made it open easily, and then—such an assortment of odds and ends! Faded ribbons and flowers and beads and a feather fan, which, when I opened it, filled the air with a musty dust that made me sneeze! Under these scraps was a box, and under the box was a book—the book.—"The Black Duck," by Virginia W. Cloud, in St. Nicholas.

Burnbrae's Prayer.

"Almighty Father, we are a' thy puir an sinfu' bairns, who wearied o' hame and gae awa' intae the far country. Forgive us, for we didna ken what we were leavin' or the sair heart we gied oor Father. It wes weary wark tae live wi' oor sins, but we wad never hev come back had it no been for oor elder brither. He cam' a long road tae find us, and a sore travail he had afore he set us free. He's been a gude brither tae us, and we've been a heavy charge tae him. May he keep a fair hand o' us, and guide us in the richt road, and bring us back gin we wander, and tell us a' we need tae know till the gloamin come. Gither us in then, we pray thee, and a' we love, no a bairn missin, and may we sit doon for ever in oor ain father's house. Amen."—"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

The Income Tax.

Hicks—What do you think of the income tax?

Wicks—If you mean the way my wife taxes me with neglect when I come in from club late at night, I must say that I do not think very much of it.—Boston Transcript.

Shoes In Japan.

Japanese shoes vary for the use. Mud stiffs four inches high keep them up in sloppy weather. Wooden clogs are ordinarily used, but big straw sandals, costing only a cent or so a pair, are used in walking or mountain climbing.

Spring Medicine

is a necessity because the tonic of winter air is gone, and milder weather, increased moisture, accumulated impurities in the blood and debilitated condition of the body, open the way for that tired feeling, nervous troubles, and other ills. The skin, mucous membrane and the various organs strive in vain to relieve the impure current of life. They all welcome

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to assist Nature at this time when she most needs help, to purify the blood, tone and strengthen the laboring organs and build up the nerves.

"I was almost sick in bed last spring and I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I grew better in a short time and now whenever I feel tired and drowsy in the morning and do not sleep well at night I take some of Hood's Sarsaparilla and about one or two of Hood's Pills." J. W. SANDERS, Wise, West Virginia.

Purifies The Blood

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found that it gives me an appetite. It strengthens me and purifies my blood." MISS LYDIA MADDOX, Partlow, Virginia.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

J. Geo. FINLEY'S AD.

Since you must needs invest your money, or send it to another State for sensible interest, I beg to offer to the wise investor a number of acres of Mineral and Timber Lands, which, in these days of depression, render so cheap that investment seems NOW especially opportune.

For particulars apply to J. GEO. FINLEY, REAL ESTATE, North Wilkesboro, N. C.

HACKETT & HACKETT Attorneys-at-Law, WILKESBORO, - N. C.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSE OWNERS. For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

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CHEAP!

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BE STILL!

Let Me Talk to You—Let Us go Over the Alphabet bet and See what We Can Find that You Want and that I Can Sell You.

A Adz handles, Anvils, Anvil tools, Auger bits, Augers, Auger handles, Awns, Awn handles, Awning pulleys, Axe handles, Axe stones, Axes, Axle clips, Axle washers.

B Babbit metal, Back band loops, Back bands, Back saws, Bakers, Baking dishes, Baking pans, Balances, Barbed wire, Bar iron, Barrels, Bells, Black knobs, Basins, Bedsteads, Bed springs, Bed cases, Bedsteads, Bellows, Bells, Bench lathes, Bench screws, Bench vices, Blades, Blacksmith hammers, Blind hinges, Boilers, Bolas, Borax, Bung borers, Bowls, Braces, Brad awls, Brad nails, Brass butts, Brass cocks, Breast knives, Breast chains, Brick trowels, Bridle bits, Broad hatchets, Brooms, Brushes, Buckets, Bucksaws, Buggy shafts and single trees, Buggy whips, Bull rings.

C Cabinet makers' clamps, Cake moulds, Caliper rules, Calipers, Call bells, Cans, Can openers, Cap screws, Carriage cloths, Cartridges, Cart shafts and springs, Carving knives and forks, Castors, Cast steel, Chains, Chair bolts, Calk lines, Chandelier hooks, Chisels, Churns, Clamps, Clothes lines and pins, Coat and hat hooks, Collar pads, Collars, Curry combs, Cow bells, Cross cut saws, Curtain rings, Cutlery.

D Dies and stocks, Dishes, Dish pans, Dividers, Dog collars, Door bells and bolts, Door keys, Door buttons and springs, Door knobs and springs, Door latches and locks, Drawing knives, Drills, Dynamite, Dynamite caps.

E Egg beaters, Elbows, Emery stones, End gate hinges, End bolts, Expansion bits, Extension bolts.

F Farmer hammers, Farmer Pin-cers, Faucets, Feed cutters, Files, Forks, Frying pans, Fuse.

G Garden hoes and rakes, Gate hinges, hooks and eyes, Glass gaugers, Gimlets, Glass cutters, Glue, Grass scythes, Graters, Grindstones, Guns, Gun locks.

H Halter chains, Halters, Hames Hammers, Hand drills, Handles, Harness finishers, Hinges, Hoops, Hollow-ware, Hooks, Hubs.

K Kettles, Keys, King bolts, Knives, Knives and forks.

L Lanterns, Lamps, Lead, Lines, Loaded shells, Locks, etc.

M Machine belts, screws, etc., Mallets, Mandrels, Mattocks, etc.

N Nails, Needles, Nippers, Norway iron, Nuts.

O Oil, Oil cans, Oil stoves, Ox balls, Oilers, Ovens, etc.

P Packing, Pans, Paints, Paint brushes, Pegs, Picks, Plows, Putty, Plow stocks, etc.

R Rakes, Razors, Rins, Ropes, Rope, Rules, etc.

S Saws, Scissors, Shafts, Shoemakers' tools, Shot, Shovels, Sifters, Spades, Spoons, Steel, Stoves.

T Tacks, Tapes, Tea pots and kettles, Thread, Tongs, Tools, Tinware, Tumblers, Tubes, etc.

V Valves, Varnish, Vases, Vises.

W Wads, Wagon fixtures, Well buckets, Wicks, Whips, Wrenches, Wire cutters, etc., at N. M. ALLEN'S, North Wilkesboro, N. C.