

# THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

Chile is woman's Utopia. There she can vote on all questions.

With some six thousand homicides in the United States last year there were but 123 legal executions. Judge Lynch, though, contrived to attend 195 more.

The success of the French postal savings banks, which were established ten years ago, is shown by the report for 1890. At the close of that year the total deposits were over \$20,000,000, the number of depositors numbering over 2,000,000.

Not content with planning an underground railway, one of Berlin's civil engineers plans underground streets. They are to be covered with a close grating of steel, well supported, which admits air, light and rain, and over which the usual street traffic is carried on.

A company, backed by Eastern capitalists, has been incorporated in Chicago, Ill., for the manufacture of American fax. The capital stock is \$2,000,000. Speaking for the new company its attorney said: "At present nearly all the fax used in this country is imported. This company has experimented to its own satisfaction that it can manufacture the American article much cheaper than it can be imported, and, at the same time, furnish as good an article as that made in foreign countries."

The gross receipts of the Philadelphia and Reading system will hereafter be \$80,000,000 annually, and the number of its employees will approximate 100,000, being more than are employed by any single corporation on this planet. The acquirement of the Poughkeepsie Bridge and the lines tributary thereto throws the Reading and its entire augmented system into the very heart of New England, giving it the only all-rail route from the Middle and Southern States to the East, with connections with all important New England roads, and enabling it to virtually control the coal traffic of that entire region.

The Boston Transcript says: The decision of the Supreme Court that the "habitual criminal" act is constitutional is a gratifying one. The act provides that on conviction of a third felony a person may be sentenced to the State Prison for twenty-five years. The principal which underlies this legislation is a sound one. The man who proposes to live by preying upon the community has no right to live in the community. This is one of the propositions which prison reformers long ago laid down, and in securing the passage of the law, which the court now sustains, they have done the community a great service.

Asafotida as a cure for "grip" has been ridiculed by a great many physicians, but most of them admit, adds the New York Post, that they have never prescribed it. In the West asafotida in pills of four grains has been tried with gratifying results. Quick recoveries are reported in nearly every instance, without the usual sequel of debility. In Louisville about 20,000 of the pills were sold in one day recently. No bad effects can follow the use of asafotida, for of all things it is a sedative. In Asiatic countries it is employed as a condiment, but this is a use to which few persons will care to put it. Many old people in the West who were far gone with the disease have, it is asserted, been cured by the asafotida pills. They should be taken, according to their admirers, three times a day with a glass of water, and taken in this way are warranted not to taint the breath.

Occasionally, something turns up to prove, remarks the Boston Transcript, that some of our homelier remedies in therapeutics, "old women's methods," as the doctor's sneeringly call them, are found to be reasonably scientific after all. Lately, for instance, an expert, who has been experimenting in M. Pasteur's laboratory, has discovered that no living disease germ can resist for more than a few hours the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon, which seems to be no less effective in destroying microbes than is corrosive sublimate. Its scent will kill them. A decoction of cinnamon is recommended for influenza cases, typhoid fever and cholera. Perhaps some of us can remember when elderly ladies used to carry in their wonderful pockets, the capacity of which was enormous, bits of cinnamon or other pungent and fragrant spice, the odor of which would betray their coming many feet away. Whether it was carried as a preventive or merely for the satisfaction of having something to nibble was not revealed to us youngsters of those days. Peppermint candy was always a recognized stimulant against attacks of somnolence at sermon time at church.

**EVERY DAY.**  
And the tumult of the street  
And ceaseless tread of restless feet;  
What varied human forms we meet,  
Every day.  
Some burdened with unwhispered woe;  
Sad secrets God alone can know;  
We see them wandering to and fro,  
Every day.  
Some seared by time's decay or blight;  
With furrowed brow and fading sight,  
Who haunt our feet from morn 'till night,  
Every day.  
Some swayed by passion deep and strong,  
Enkindled by some burning wrong,  
Unheeded by the listless throng,  
Every day.  
The lust of power, the greed for gain,  
Twice tyrants of the heart and brain;  
We see the ruin of their reign,  
Every day.  
The crafty ghouls that throng the street,  
Wearing the garments of deceit;  
Who breathe to lie and live to cheat,  
Every day.  
And some aspiring to be great,  
With beaming eye and heart elate,  
Scorning the thrush throats of fate,  
Every day.  
The youth enthralled by some fond dream,  
Or borne along on fancy's stream,  
Believing all things what they seem,  
Every day.  
The aged tottering toward the tomb,  
No light to lift their rayless gloom,  
Nor hope their weary way illumine,  
Every day.  
The rich and poor, the old and young,  
With silent lip or fluent tongue,  
And griefs untold or joys unsung,  
Every day.  
Thus in the drama of the town,  
Some bear a cross or wear a crown,  
Until death rings the curtain down,  
Every day.  
—D. B. SICKELS, in New York Press.

**SARAH**  
BY LUCY C. LILLIE.  
**U**RRIEDLY Sarah Molyneux crossed the hall of her aunt's house in Chelster and stood irresolutely for a moment at the head of the old-fashioned staircase. Her hand moved a little nervously on the balustrade, and the line between her delicate dark brows deepened.  
"If it were only over with—or needn't be at all," she reflected. But there was no way to avoid the unpleasant task ahead of her, and accordingly Sarah passed down the stairs and into the square parlor over-looking the garden. In about half an hour old Mrs. Thorpe in her room upstairs heard the front door close, and a quick step go down the garden pathway. Presumably Sarah came back.  
The old lady was gopped up in bed and turned a pair of very bright, clear eyes upon her niece as she entered the room.  
"Well," Mrs. Thorpe exclaimed with impatience. "Sit right down and tell me all about it. And don't oblige me to ask too many questions. You know how I hate to have to wring anything out of you."  
Sarah laughed. "I'll do my best, Aunt Polly," she answered, sitting down in the window and looking with gentle indulgence at the old lady. "I suppose I must begin at the beginning. I found Mr. Morison, of course, in the parlor and he fairly jumped at the business question."  
"Humph, what'd he say?"  
"Said that he would not think of disturbing you while you were ill but that it was very important for him to know when he could take possession of the house. He intends putting up the factory at once, he says. He observed that Mr. Beecham had explained how fond we were of the old house and all that, but of course we could hardly expect him to be sentimental in a business matter."  
"Did he talk like that right to your face, Sarah Molyneux?"  
"Yes, Aunt—I can't say—well it didn't sound quite so bold; but those were his words."  
"Who does he favor in looks—the Turners, I guess," Mrs. Thorpe leaned back and closed her eyes a moment, visions of the high cheek bones and prominent noses of the Turners floating before her. Sarah thought of them too, sharply in contrast with the looks of her recent guest.  
"He's not a bit like the Turners," she said presently. "I don't know the Mr. Morison much," she added. "Let me see—he is not very tall—rather slight but looks strong and has a clean-shaven dark face."  
"Handsome?" Mrs. Thorpe's eyes opened for an instant.  
"Oh, no—not at all—oh no, not the least bit handsome; but he has a quick, bright sort of look."  
"So he's going to put up a factory—dear, dear—I did not think—but well no—of course the property's his since your uncle Ezra left it to him by will—I never thought Ezra'd do it. Always took for granted he meant it should be mine outright and—after letting me live here forty years."  
"I said something of the kind to Mr. Morison. He's coming back this evening."  
"What for; he isn't going to build tonight, is he?"  
"Oh, no. He wanted to see the garden very particularly."  
"Well, you make it clear I want the plants."  
When the objectionable guest had paid his second visit, Sarah came back to her aunt's room looking very much discouraged.  
"Well, what now?" demanded the old lady with a scorn.  
"He says we can't have those gardens disturbed, Aunt Polly," said Sarah, sitting down dejectedly. "I took him

down to the arbor, and we had a very nice talk at first. I really almost liked him. We began about country life, and he told me how much he had longed for a real country home—a place something like this, he said—then he asked who took care of the garden, and I told him I was your gardener, and how much we both loved the flowers. I showed him the tree planted when I was a baby, and then the rosebud for my tenth birthday; and he said that he should think we'd hate to leave it all—then I explained you wanted the plants; but he said oh, no! they were part of the property."  
"Turner straight through and through," declared the old lady. "Grasping all they can get. I will have the plants, though; I guess Ezra's will had nothing to say to them."  
"I could scarcely be civil after that," pursued Sarah, her face flushing in the dusk. I chanced the subject, and asked him how nearly he was related to the Turners; but he said it was very distant. He told me where he lived as a boy. It seems his father had a paper in some country village—Saul—I think he called it, and he was a very visionary, unpractical, enthusiastic kind of man. I guess he didn't provide much for the family. Anyway Mr. Morison says he started out young in life to carve his own future, and he has been quite successful—only he intends to be thoroughly so, he says, if possible."  
"By way of my garden. Humph!"  
"He says he enjoys obstacles. He likes something to conquer. I told him I had no fancy for battlefields; he said a skirmish was as good as success to him. Oh, Aunt, by the way, do I look like the Turners?"  
"Well, some," said the old lady, reluctantly. Sarah crossed the room and in the faint light regarded her face attentively in the long, narrow mirror. It was a thin, clear-cut face, rather shadowy as to what might or might not be its owner's strong or weak points; the face of a girl to whom events or emergencies were unknown. Life had written almost nothing upon it that gave it charm, and the eyes were a pretty hazel with black lashes and delicate brows.  
"The Hatfield Turners," pursued the old lady, as Sarah sat down again. "You do look some like them. Why?"  
"Oh, Mr. Morison said I had a Turner look," the girl answered. "He tried to make out we are cousins."  
"Well you are—twice removed. His mother's your cousin, I think."  
"I must ask him. He'll be back in the morning, he says."  
Well, I declare to gracious the man means to force me out of this bed, I believe. Sarah, you must speak up and not let him impose upon you."  
About eleven o'clock the next morning very unusual sounds floated up to the old lady from the parlor where Mr. Morison was again "interviewing" Sarah. Some one was playing on the old piano; then a man's voice, a clear fine tenor, could be heard. The song was one the old lady remembered in her youth—"Phyllis is my only love"—and her withered cheek flushed with pleasure.  
"Sarah," she said, directly her niece appeared, "did you ask that young man to sing? I want you should inquire if he knows another piece like that."  
Sarah's eyes were very soft and bright.  
"Aunt," she said eagerly, "would it look bold if I sang a duet with Mr. Morison? He's coming back this afternoon."  
"What'll you sing? You don't know what you're talking about, Sarah."  
"Does he think the piano's his?" demanded the old lady with a sudden return of severity. Sarah looked miserable.  
"He says it is Aunt," she admitted. There was an ominous silence; then Mrs. Thorpe closed her eyes again.  
"Well, it was Ezra's," she admitted. It was with mingled feelings that she listened that afternoon to the singing from below. Love of music compelled her to enjoy keenly the way in which Sarah and the audacious Mr. Morison sang. "I would that my love" and "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast." While resentment against what she felt an unjust will, depriving her and her niece of her cherished home, made her consider everything done or said by Mr. Morison objectionable, yet somehow she found herself looking forward eagerly to her niece's next report of their unbidden guest.  
"He is going to be married soon, Aunt Polly," Sarah related. "Perhaps that is why he is in such a hurry about the house. He's been telling me about the young lady."  
"Well, upon my soul. Seems to me he's very free with his confidences. Married? What'd he say about her?"  
"Oh, I don't know exactly," said Sarah; "he said she was the kind of girl I'd get along quickly with; it seems, ever so long ago he made up his mind never to marry any one but her."  
"Well, and were there any of those obstacles he talks about?" sniffed the old lady.  
"Oh, yes. But he says there's quite a touch of romance in the whole affair. He's a very—well, masterful sort of person, Aunt. I can quite understand what he means when he says he enjoys overcoming difficulties. He isn't the sort of person any one could trifle with easily."  
"I guess I will when I get around. What with the garden and the piano and the dear knows what all—I'll be grateful if he leaves us the clothes to our backs. What else'd you talk about?"  
"Oh, a great many things. Books some. He's fond of German—and, oh, I meant to tell you, he's coming tomorrow morning and going to read a little German with me."  
"Well, Sarah, you just see here. Let that young man know you've something to do besides fool around with him. I know; he wants to force me up. I'll see Dr. Baker, I guess, before that Tom Morison gets me out of the house."  
"Oh, Aunt! It's just because he wants, he says, to familiarize himself with the place."

"Well, he's got all the time there is after we're gone. I want you should be very distant with him—and, Sarah, I guess you'd better not begin any German readings."  
During Mr. Morison's next visit Sarah appeared in her aunt's room with a very anxious expression.  
"Aunt Polly," she said, with an effort at composure, "Mr. Morison brought the German books, and I don't know what to say about it—!"  
"Well, go on," said the old lady, "I suppose you're bent on it any way, and perhaps he'll help you some."  
She lay very still when she was alone, sometimes with her eyes open, but generally keeping them closed as pictures from the past, and visions of what might be ahead of her floated through her brain, and the peculiar cruelty of her brother's will smote her heart afresh. When she had been left a widow forty years ago, Ezra Turner had promptly bade her stay on in the house which had seen the happy years of her married life, and which had been endeared to her by a hundred different associations; when the sorrows it had witnessed consecrated the place almost as tenderly as its periods of joy, while from the time she had brought her little orphan niece Sarah home, a new interest was given her life, yet one inseparably bound up with the old mansion. Ezra's will fell like a thunderbolt upon the old lady and her niece. Indeed, there was little question but that it caused the weak turn which confined her to her room; and as she lay there now, faintly conscious of the voices from below, something like a wish never to leave the old home save for a final resting place brought a hot moisture into her eyes.  
It seemed a long time before Mr. Morison went away. When the door had closed upon him at last Mrs. Thorpe alert for every sound, heard Sarah lingering on the stairs. Presumably the girl appeared. Her cheeks were scarlet.  
"Well," demanded the old lady, "what now!—what new thing's he going to claim?"  
Sarah's color now swept all her face.  
"Oh, Aunt Polly," she said, "it's all as queer as queer can be. Oh, if you'll only let me. Please—oh, Aunt Polly, it seems Mr. Morison made his mind up right away, the very first day, he says—and he never wanted anything so much before."  
"Sarah Molyneux," said the old lady, sitting upright, "what ails you? Speak English."  
"Oh, he's asked me to marry him, Aunt Polly," said Sarah; "that's it; and he says I mustn't say no—he made all that up about going to be married—or rather, he says he was bound to make me say yes."  
Mrs. Thorpe remained rigid in the same attitude for a moment without speaking. Sarah flushed and paled and flushed again.  
"What'd you tell him?" at last demanded the old lady, with an accent of fine scorn. She was very proud of Sarah's conquest. She knew all about young Morison, and was well aware how highly he was esteemed.  
"Oh—he says it's settled," observed Sarah; "and of course—he was only going on, he says, to try me about the factory and the garden and the piano; he says, bless your heart and he wouldn't take a thing belonging to you more'n he'd steal."  
"Only—my girl," said Mrs. Thorpe, grimly. But when Sarah bent to kiss her there was the kind of tenderness in the old woman's embrace that the girl remembered only when she was a little child.—The Independent.

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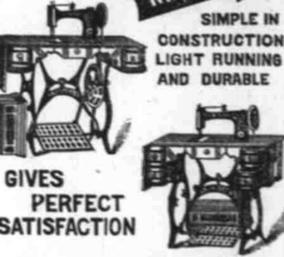
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Queen Victoria's Dogs.

Her Majesty, as is well known, is fond of dogs, and Mr. G. B. Krehl, in a supplement to the Stock-keeper, gives some interesting particulars, ascertained on a visit to the kennels at Windsor, respecting the royal canine pet. It goes without saying that the animals receive every attention and are admirably housed. Their sleeping apartments are carefully ventilated, and hot-water pipes run through the length of the building.  
In the kennels are dogs of nearly every breed. For collies the Queen has always shown a preference, and this accounts for the number kept at Windsor. The Princess Beatrice's "fancy" lies in the direction of fox-terriers, which are also well represented. We are glad to note, by the way, that the fox terriers in the royal kennels are not docked. It would be a good thing if the royal example in this respect were generally followed. How any one can imagine that mutilating a dog adds to its beauty, we fail to understand.  
Some of the royal fox-terriers are certainly game enough. One of them—Jock by name—when a store was recently cleared out had a chance of distinguishing himself, killed twenty-two rats in a quarter of an hour. Her Majesty, it should be said, frequently inspects the kennels, "inquiring into everything affecting the health and comfort of the inmates and giving each animal a caressing pat and kindly word of recognition."  
When the royal dogs die they are laid to rest "beneath the turf where they gambolled as puppies and were exercised when they grew up. Each little grave is marked by a stone tablet about a foot long and eight inches across, whereon a few words are engraved, giving the name and date of death." Among the inscriptions on the tombstones of the dogs are the following: "Maurice, favourite Mount St. Bernard of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, died November, 1864." A little further away lies "Princice, Scotch Terrier. Brought from Balmoral June 14, 1865. Died February 6, 1874; and in the shade of a small fir rests "Nellie (Collie) mother to Bess, Flora and Sailor. Died October 12, 1886."—[Fall Mail Gazette.

Winter Houses of the Eskimos.

The igloos, or winter stone huts, were not far from the summer tupiks. They were built upon the hill-side, a portion of which is dug out to form the interior. The domed roofs were made of large pieces of flat sandstone, carefully arranged and held in place by pieces of bone. These protruded somewhat into the hut, and were utilized as hooks upon which hung harpoon lines, pouches of seal and bird skin, skin drinking-cups, bonedrills, etc. At the back of the hut was a platform raised about a foot from the floor. Opposite this, which served as the bed, was the opening of a tunnel six or eight feet long through which the family must crawl to enter their abode; and here the dogs find shelter during the storms of winter. The tunnel slopes down from the floor, so that water from the melting snows of spring may not run into the house. Over the inner entrance of the tunnel, about four feet square, is another opening of about the same dimensions, which allows light to enter the dwelling. This hole is closed in winter by having stretched thin and soaked in oil. At Herbert Island, several of the igloos were double, that is, two igloos were built close together, each with a separate tunnel, but the dividing inside, partition was left incomplete.—[Scientific.

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A Solid Fog.  
The deleterious influence of fogs may be estimated from some results obtained from examination and analysis last month at Kew Gardens, London, England. The director speaks of the leaves as being covered with a substance like brown paint—"tarry hydrocarbon"—which can only be scraped off with a knife. On analysis this shows over fifty-one per cent of carbon and hydrocarbon, with forty-one per cent of metallic iron, magnetic oxide of iron, and mineral water. Any one at all acquainted with the physiology of plants and animals can appreciate in a moment how such a mixture must affect both the lungs of man and the leaves—both are the lungs—of plants, as regards respiration. Strangely enough, the deposit appeared to be more marked at Kew than at Chelsea.—[The Young Man.