

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

Mulhall estimates that the civilized Nations pay annually \$13,700,000,000 for food.

Fitness in women is regarded as a mark of beauty in the Orient. Since their advent in the World's Fair grounds as sedan-chair carriers, the Turks have had a good deal to do with fat women, and the Argonaut avers that they have revised their esthetics.

Joint-stock farming, by which larger agricultural operations can be carried on under one management than is possible for the single-handed farmer, will probably be one of the future developments of our agricultural system. This is a practical way of reducing the cost of production.

An aerial electric railway, invented by Albert Leslie Widdis, of Detroit, is expected to perform wonders. The owner claims that it will send cars whizzing through space at the rate of 500 miles an hour! Think of it, exclaims the New York Ledger, a letter mailed in Chicago will reach New York in two hours!

Observes the Detroit Free Press: "There is a certain amount of scientific interest in knowing that it is not the high temperature that makes the people uncomfortable, but the humidity with which the air is charged. But unfortunately the scientific fact does not lessen the suffering. One is just as hot after finding it out as when he was in total ignorance on the point."

France is soon to adopt an interesting innovation in the postal-card system, announces the Argonaut. The cards will be issued in the form of check-books, with stubs. The sender of the postal card can make memoranda of its contents on the stub, and can have this stamped at the postoffice before the card is detached, so that a verified record of the correspondence can be kept.

At the moment when horses have taken a back seat in this country camels have come to the fore in Australia. It is said that five lines of traffic have been already opened up and are in regular operation there. Two thousand camels are in use daily. It is not necessary to carry any food for these animals, as they are able to subsist on the coarse grass and shrubs where horses or bullocks would starve.

Statistics concerning the failures of farmers in the first six months of 1893 throw bright lights on the present depression of agriculture in England. From last January 1 to last July 1 the number of failures among farmers has been forty per cent. larger than in the corresponding months of last year. In England and Wales more than 16,000 persons engaged in agriculture are living in sheds, barns, tents, vans and in the open fields. Thousands of unemployed agricultural laborers are hovering on the outskirts of London. In the same volume of statistics 52,484 persons are reported to be living now on coasting merchant vessels and inland barges.

Evidence of the most direct variety places the blame for the destruction of the British battle ship Victoria on the Admiral who went down with his ship, states the Washington Star. All the witnesses who testified before the court-martial at Valetta agree on that and every other material point and two of the officers heard Sir George Tryon confess the responsibility. In all great catastrophes there is generally an effort made to place the burden on a corpse, and when Admiral Tryon was first declared guilty many people imagined that the accusation was due almost entirely to the fact that he was dead and could not, therefore, defend himself, but it is now certain that he blundered and did so with persistence that brooked no interference.

It is satisfactory to the Scientific American to learn that the gentlemen who have urged the New York botanical garden project are nearly now in a condition financially able to begin actual preliminary work near the Bronx River. At least the sum of \$215,000 has been received. There are several large subscriptions yet expected from wealthy citizens, and when these are received it is probable the general public will be asked to contribute. There will be no pains or expense spared to make the garden worthy of the State and of the Nation. Kew Garden is the model which the far-seeing men who have undertaken the charge of this enterprise have in view, and there is every reason to believe that their efforts will be crowned with success.

PATIENCE.

Be patient! Easy words to speak
While plenty fills the cup of life,
While health brings roses to the cheek,
And far removed are care and strife.

Falling so glibly from the tongue
Of those—I often think of this—
Whom suffering has never wrong,
Who scarcely know what patience is.

Be patient! when the sufferer lies
Prostrate beneath some fell disease,
And longs, through torturing agonies,
Only for one short hour of ease.

Be patient! when the weary brain
Is racked with thought and anxious care,
And troubles in an endless train
Seem almost more than it can bear.

To feel the torture of delay
The agony of hope deferred;
To labor still from day to day,
The prize unwon, the prayer unheard.

And still to hope, and strive, and wait
The due reward of fortune's kiss;
This is to almost conquer fate,
This is to learn what patience is.

Despair not! though the clouds are dark,
I'm comin' to his weddin', and if he
won't be took back when he sees me
marchin' in on him, my name, ain't
Susan Elizabeth Dake! Don't you
reckon his wife'll be tickled with that
quilt, Elviry?

"They'd ought to be, that's sure,"
said Elvira.

"I think it's a kind of special Providence
that I put in the frames when I
did. I didn't call 'em on quiltin' it
until next winter, but I had a kind of
feelin' that I'd better do it when I did,
and now it's turned out that there was
a good reason why I should quilt it
then."

There was quite a company of Aunt
Susan's friends at the little station to
see her off on the morning she started.
There was unusual color in her cheeks
and unwonted sparkle in her eyes.
She bade each of her friends good-bye
two or three times, and promised to
take good care of herself. Some of
them she promised a crumb of Jimmy's
wedding cake, and a full account of
the wedding festivities.

"An' if you could git me a scrap of
the bride's weddin' dress an' of any of
her other dresses for my silk quilt,
Susan, I'd be so pleased with 'em!"
said old Mrs. Gray.

"I will if I can, Nancy," said Aunt
Susan. "There's the train comin'!
I'm so glad I could get my trunk
checked clean through! I'd be in a
nice fix if that trunk should get lost
with Jimmy's quilt and my black silk
in it! Where's my lunch basket? Oh,
you're goin' to carry it away on the
train for me, are you, Hiram Drew?
I'm bleeged to you, but mind you git
off the train 'fore it starts. Good-bye,
Nancy; good-bye all!"

In a moment the train was on its
way, Aunt Susan's handkerchief fluttered
from one of her windows as long as
the train was within sight of the little
station.

All the people in the car noticed the
happy old lady in her queer, old-fashioned
garb. Some had not seen for
many years a shawl like the one she
wore, with its fringe a foot long and
silk embroidery in the corners; but
nothing was coarse or amiss in her
dress, and there was a quaintness and
charm about her that attracted the
sympathy of all the passengers.

She had not gone twenty-five miles
before she was telling some of them
nearest her all about Jimmy and Jim-
my's quilt, and the wedding to take
place on the coming Wednesday.

She was delighted to find that a middle-aged, kindly-looking woman who was one of the passengers lived in the city in which young Mr. Larkin lived, and could easily show her his boarding-house.

"I'm so much obliged to you!" said
Aunt Susan. "I've been dreadful nervous
'bout trying to find the house myself.
I hated to write to him to meet me,
'cause it'd take off the best part of
the s'prise. I jest want to walk right
in on him."

That was just what she had the
pleasure of doing the next afternoon.
James Larkin was taking his wed-
ding suit from the box in which it had
been sent home, when there came a
knock at the door of his room.

Aunt Susan was trembling with excitement when her nephew opened the door.

"Why, Aunt Susan!" he cried, and
then he took her into his arms and
kissed her on both cheeks.

There was no lack of tenderness in
her nephew's greeting, yet the change
in him was painful to her. He was a
beardless, boyish-looking young man
when she had seen him last. Now he
was a tall, broad-shouldered, full-
bearded man with a way that made it
a little hard for her to call him
"Jimmy." He did not say so, but she
felt that he would rather have her
call him "James," and that sounded
so cold and formal to her.

He now had the graces of a city-
bred young man. She found it hard
to accommodate herself to them, and
to the usages of the fashionable board-
ing-house in which her prosperous
young nephew lived.

He might, perhaps, have wished that
Elvira Hodge had made his aunt's
garments more stylish when he took
her down to dinner, but he was in no
sense ashamed of her. When they
were going down stairs with her hand
timidly resting on his arm, he made
her very happy by looking down into
her face and saying tenderly and heartily,
"I am so glad you came Aunt Susan."

"I thought you would be," she said,
patting his arm affectionately. "You
know you're the only boy I ever had."
"And you were always the best of
mothers to me."

But when she was alone in her room
she wondered if it had been wise for
her to come after all. She did not
doubt now that James was genuinely
happy to see her, but she had discov-
ered that his betrothed was the daugh-

ter of a rich man, and that the wed-
ding was to be an elegant affair. Aunt
Susan feared she would be out of
place—that she might in her inno-
cence do or say something to give
James and his bride cause to be
ashamed of her.

The wedding was to take place the
next evening, and there would be no
opportunity for her to meet the bride
or her family until then. All was so
new and strange to her!

She had expected to "take right
hold" and help Mrs. Holbrook with the
wedding dinner, even if she did "keep
a girl." There was a big, new kitchen
apron in her trunk, brought with Aunt
Susan to be worn while she was "mak-
ing herself useful in Mrs. Holbrook's
kitchen." It disappointed her to be
told by her nephew that her services
would not be required, and that a
caterer would provide the supper.

She did not know what a caterer
was, and felt confused and uneasy, and
went to sleep half wishing herself
home.

When, the next evening, she found
herself in the beautiful house of Mr.
Holbrook, surrounded by finely-
dressed ladies and gentlemen who
looked curiously at the odd-looking
little old woman in the queerly-made
and old-fashioned black silk, she heartily
wished that she had not come.

Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook were so at-
tentive to her as they could be with a
house full of guests; but Aunt Susan
soon found it convenient to slip off
to a corner, where she hid like the
little country mouse she was.

But she was glad, after all, that she
had come when James, looking so tall
and happy and handsome, came into
the great parlors with his bride on his
arm in her trailing, white satin dress
and long veil. Aunt Susan was so com-
pletely overawed by this magnificence
that, instead of going forward with the
others to offer her congratulations, she
slipped off up-stairs to the room in
which she had taken off her bonnet and
shawl. In it was her wedding gift to
Jimmy—the quilt that had but yester-
day seemed to her as beautiful and ap-
propriate a gift as she could bestow
upon him.

Across the hall was the open door of
a room almost filled with shining silver
and glittering glass, with pictures, and
rare ornaments, and beautiful books,
gifts to James and his bride.

Aunt Susan felt that her own offer-
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labor and love, would be out of place.
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bride to see it there. Some one might
laugh and jeer at it, and she could not
bear to think of that. It seemed so
poor and trifling, now; she could not
bear to think of allowing Jimmy and
his wife to know that she had brought
them such a gift.

She turned back a corner of the
quilt, and looked at a piece of the pink
and white muslin of which one of
Jimmy's first garments had been made.
A flood of tender memories
filled her heart, and she buried her
face in her gift and cried as she had
not cried for years.

There she sat for a long time, pay-
ing no heed to the noise and merry-
ment downstairs. Presently she heard
a rustle of silk and satin in the hall,
and a low murmur of voices. In a
moment a pair of soft arms were
around her neck, and a girlish voice
was saying:

"I am so glad that we have found
you at last! We have been looking
everywhere for you!"

When Aunt Susan looked up she
found the bride kneeling by her side,
while James was bending low over her.

"You haven't been up here all this
time, have you?" he said. "We have
wondered where you were. Helen was
so anxious to see you."

"Of course I was," said the bride.
"There is no one here I am so glad to
see. James has told me all about you,
and it was so good of you to come so
far to see us married. You must kiss
us both and wish us joy, won't you?"

"If you'll let me," said Aunt Susan,
with the tears still in her eyes.

"Let you?" said James. "We should
think it very strange if you didn't.
What have you here? It looks like one
of the quilts you used to make. It is
a quilt, isn't it?"

Aunt Susan tried to conceal the quilt,
but James took it from her and un-
folded it. Suddenly he said:

"Why, Aunt Susan, didn't you bring
this for a wedding present?"

"Well, I—I—did think I'd give it to
your wife, James," said Aunt Susan,
soberly. "I thought that—well—well,
you see, I made it ev'ry stitch myself
and—there's lots of pieces in it
from the first clothes you ever had,
and—I thought maybe she'd like it be-
cause I did it ev'ry stitch myself, and—"

"Like it?" cried Helen. "I shall
value it above any gift I have had! It
is beautiful—I never saw such exquisite
needlework! What weeks of labor
it must have cost you. I am so proud
of it!"

"She said them very words," said
Aunt Susan to half a dozen of her de-
lighted friends who came to see her
the day she reached home. "She was
so tickled over the quilt. She fairly
cried when I showed her the blocks
made out of pieces of Jimmy's things."

"She said she'd think the world and
all of it. She and Jimmy had to go
off their weddin' tower in about an
hour, and I expected to come on home
that night; but Mr. and Mrs. Hol-
brook wouldn't hear of it."

"They made me stay there a whole
week, and they treated me as if I was
one of the greatest ladies in the land.
They took me to ride ev'ry day, and
they never seemed to mind a bit
about my old-fashioned ways and
clothes."

"It had a beautiful time; and the
best part of it is that Jimmy and his
wife are coming to make me a visit on
their way hom from their tower next
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AUNT SUSAN'S QUILT.



F Jimmy and his
bride ain't
pleased with
that, I don't
know what would
please 'em," said
little Mrs. Dake
with arms akim-
bo and head
twisted to one
side, as she
stepped back and
glazed with admiration at the object
spread out on the bed. It was a care-
fully-pieced quilt, of a somewhat in-
tricate pattern.

"Jimmy's bride can't help being
tickled with that," said Mrs. Dake, as
she smoothed out a fold; "and if she
knows anything about nice quilting,
she'll see that wa'n't quilted in a day.
Well, I guess not! I quilted ev'ry last
stitch of it myself, and there's a good
half-day's work in some of them blocks
with the feather and herring-bone
patterns and the shell border all 'round
the edge. I had that quilt in the
frames five weeks and three days, and
I put all the time I could get on it, and
there ain't no slack work, tired as I
did get of seeing it 'round."

She smoothed out another crease.
"Lemme see," she went on. "There's
2147 pieces in the quilt, and a good
many of 'em are pieces of Jimmy's little
baby dresses. That'll please his
wife, I jest know. Here's a block made
of calico like a little pink dress he had
when his ma first put him into short
dresses. I remember it was made
with a low neck and short sleeves, like
they made baby dresses in them days,
and his little shoulders and arms was
almost as pink as the dress."

"And here's pieces like a little double
gown he had 'fore he went into short
dresses. And this piece of blue cham-
berly is like a little sunbonnet he had,
all lined with fine white jaconet. And
here is a piece of fine muslin with a
little pink sprig in it like the first short
dress Jimmy ever had. He did look
so cunnin' in it, with the sleeves looped
back, and a tumble-curl on the top of
his head!"

"I'll show his wife-to-be all these
pieces, and if she ain't tickled with the
quilt, she'll be a queer one."

Then Mrs. Dake went over to an
old-fashioned mahogany bureau with
brass knobs, and took from the upper
drawer a large, square cream-tinted
envelope, out of which she carefully
drew the "invite" to Jimmy's wed-
ding.

"Mr. and Mrs. William P. Holbrook
invite you to be present at the mar-
riage of their daughter Helen and
James Barclay Larkin, Wednesday
evening, September 14."

Then followed the address of the
bride's parents, in a city 400 miles
from Mrs. Dake's home.

"But I'm goin'!" she said gleefully,
as she slipped the invitation back into
its envelope. "I'd go if it was twice
as far. I ain't seen Jimmy for near on
to five years, and he always seemed
like my own boy to me 'cause I never
had none o' my own, and I helped to
bring him up after his own ma died,
when he wa'n't but just in his first little
trousers."

"I aint been so far from home in
many a long year, and I reckoned my
travelin' days was done, but I've got
to go and see Jimmy married. I must
see Elviry Hodge right away about
turning and making over my black
silk, and I must see Samantha Rose
about a new cap. I guess I'll have to
have something kind o' smart for a
city weddin', where they'll all be fin-
ished up so. I don't want Jimmy to be
ashamed of his old aunty; but lawsy
me! Jimmy wouldn't be ashamed of me
if I went in my plain calico house
dress. He wa'n't raised to set clothes
above his relations, and he ain't got
nothing to be 'shamed of in any of his
looks."

Then Jimmy's aunt, her face aglow
with loving thoughts of seeing Jimmy
again, folded up the quilt carefully in
an old sheet, and laid it away in a
lower drawer of the bureau, saying:

"I s'pose they'll have lots of nice
presents, but I'll warrant you they
won't have one that represents as much
lovin' labor as that quilt. I had to
cry a little when I quilted them blocks
with the pieces of his baby dresses in
'em. His wife ought to think the
world and all of the quilt. I hope to
the land she won't go to using it com-
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MILLER BROS.,

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To suit the Stringency of the Times.

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We desire to thank our people for the liberal patronage they have given this house under the different names of J. A. Cooper & Co. and T. S. Miller & Co., and assure our friends that we are better prepared than ever to satisfactorily meet their wants. We solicit your continued support.

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Keep on hand a full line of Fresh Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Varnishes and Everything kept in a First Class Drug Store. Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Store in the Old Steve Johnson Building, just opposite the Court House. Be sure to call and see them.

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Prescriptions promptly and accurately filled. Situated in the BRICK HOTEL BUILDING.

Dr. N. R. Holcomb, REMEMBER:

DENTIST.

Graduate of Vanderbilt University.
Will be in his office in Miller Building from 1st to 10th of each month, when he will practice his profession in all its branches in the latest styles at reasonable rates. A trial solicited.

The Soldier's Pace in Marching.

Appropos of marching, Colonel Hutson reminds us that the marching value of an army is that of its worst regiments rather than of its best, for we cannot afford to march so as to outmarch our worst regiments and thus deplete them of their men. The rate of marching laid down in the infantry drill, 1892—that is, 120 paces of thirty inches per minute—gives a rate of three miles 720 yards per hour, or including five minutes' halt, 3 miles 220 yards per fifty-five minutes. This pace is, in the opinion of this officer, obviously too great for the movement of larger units of command than a battalion or perhaps of a weak brigade without baggage train. It is universally accepted by continental authorities that the rate for marching under campaigning conditions is two and a half miles per hour, including five to ten minutes' halt. The French, who have the tradition of being the best marchers in Europe, lay down in precise form the rate of march for their infantry at two and forty-eight one-hundredth miles per hour, including ten minutes' halt, giving, therefore, two and forty-eight one-hundredth miles in fifty minutes, or eighty-seven and five one-hundredth yards per minute. The Alpine Chasseurs—the pick of the French infantry, who take special pride in their marching powers—march at the rate of five kilometers or three miles and one-tenth per hour, including ten minutes' halt, or three and one one-hundredth miles in fifty minutes.

Tropical Roofs.

The natives of the interior of Ceylon finish walls and roofs with a paste of slaked lime glutten and alum, which glazes and is so durable that specimens three centuries old are now to be seen. On the Malabar coast the flat bamboo roofs are covered with a mixture of cow-dung, straw and clay. This is a poor conductor of heat, and not only withstands the heavy rains to a remarkable degree, but keeps the huts cool in hot weather. In Sumatra the native women braid a coarse cloth of palm leaves for the edge and top of the roofs. Many of the old Buddhist temples in India and Ceylon had roofs made out of cut-stone blocks, hewed timber, and split bamboo poles. Uneven planks, cut from old and dead palm trees—seldom from living young trees—are much used in the Celebes and Philippines. Sharks' skins form the roofs of fishermen in the Andaman Islands. The Malays of Malacca, Sumatra and Java have a roofing of at-pats, pieces of palm leaf wicker work about three feet by two in size and an inch thick, which are laid like shingles and are practically water-proof. The Arabs of the East Indies make a durable roof of slaked lime, blood and cement. Europeans sometimes use old sails—made proof against water, mould, and insects by paraffine and corrosive sublimate—for temporary roofs. [Scientific American.]

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