

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

Australia has a population of less than 5,000,000, but economists declare it could support 100,000,000 with ease.

Physicians' prescriptions would often tell the sick person something he did not know if he could understand them. Chalk and distilled water for nervousness, sugar pills for headaches, and pink water for dyspepsia are frequent prescriptions.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee decided to ask Congress for an appropriation with which to erect a statue to General Grant, in Washington. Strangely enough, neither Grant, Sherman nor Sheridan have been remembered by monuments at the Capital.

William E. Gladstone receives more requests for his autograph than any other man in the world. In one day recently twenty-five letters reached Hawarden from various parts of the world politely asking for specimens of the Grand Old Man's chirography. Mr. Gladstone is too busy to gratify the wishes of autograph collectors, and his secretary so informs correspondents.

Saved from a horrible death by prayer alone, Tom Darr, of Waycross, Ga., has turned from evil ways to become a preacher of the gospel. Darr, says the Atlanta Constitution, is supervisor of a wreck machine, which capsized a month ago. He was under 5000 pounds of machinery for thirty minutes, while scalding water poured on his body. He prayed for help. God saved him from death. He repented and was converted. Darr was a wicked man before his conversion. He says his escape was a direct answer to prayer. He is now preaching to enormous crowds every evening.

At the time of the great distress in France in the year after the Franco-Prussian War a citizen of Bourges, Delorme by name, vowed that he would never wear on his back any other garment than the blouse he was then wearing. Although twenty-five years have elapsed he still adheres to his resolutions, but the famous blouse has been patched and repatched so often that but little of the original material remains. The wearer's fame has gone on increasing. The Town Council of Bourges recently offered him \$20 for the garment with the idea of exhibiting it in the museum, but Delorme refused the offer. He means to wear the blouse till he dies.

Says the Chicago Chronicle: "The Supreme Court of Illinois has just rendered a decision to the effect that an elector does not lose his vote if he fails to make a perfect X in the centre of the party ticket circle or in the square opposite the candidate's name. When a mark is made which clearly indicates the voter's intention the vote must be counted in accordance with such intention. That ought to be plain enough without going to the Supreme Court to find out about it. Still, it is well enough to put the matter beyond all quibbling. It is well enough to have the court of last resort affirm the doctrine which to healthy minds must seem to be almost self-evident—that it was not the intention of the law to annul the Constitution by depriving any qualified elector of his vote."

The million canceled postage stamp collection which some one is always trying to make, notwithstanding the vehement protest of Uncle Sam that they are worth no more than any other waste paper, has led to a very embarrassing international postal complication in Illinois. Some one started a collection of canceled postage stamps by means of that philanthropic blackmail scheme known as the "chain system." It worked so successfully that the house, the barn, the corn crib of the crippled girl they were to benefit were soon filled with canceled American stamps. Then the "chain" spread to Europe, and the letters continue to come in by the thousands. So many of these letters have not the full postage paid that it is estimated it costs the Government \$40 a day in losses, as the girl simply refuses to take such letters as were not fully prepaid out of the office, and the Postoffice Department can do nothing but return them to the Dead-letter Office. Already 25,000,000 stamps have been received, and still they come, and nobody knows how to stop them.

THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,
To angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies.
Their radiant wings are folded, and their eyes are bending low,
As they sing among the beds wherein the flowers delight to grow—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd guardeth His sheep.
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;
And, lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender slumber song—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep—
He that guardeth His flock best
Hath them to His loving breast,
So sleep ye now, and take your rest—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;
So through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigils glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep.
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

THE WANDERING HEIR.

In a rose-shaded corner of the ball-room Lady Tiplov reclined and twittered. It was such an advantage to Lady Tiplov to find a rose-shaded corner.
"Yes, we leave to-morrow—leave this wicked London, with its artificialities and its weary treadmill, and yield ourselves to complete rest, to a life more approved by nature, surrounded by innocent pleasures."
Lady Tiplov sighed a fluttering little sigh, and languidly leaned her scheming little head, the curls of which had no right to be amber-tinted, against the velvet curtains, smiling archly up at Sidney Fielding with a thin-lipped mouth, and tapping in a caressing but cautious manner her rosy cheek, which was a protest against the mellow tinting of her throat. But she mentioned no address.
It was at this moment that Helen Seaton came in sight, and dismissing her partner with a friendly smile, came to join the group in the shaded corner. Lady Tiplov waved her imperiously to a vacant half yard of cushion.
"Ah, Mr. Fielding," she continued, "I am serious when I call this London a wicked city."
"I fear you may be right," hazarded Mr. Fielding.
"What is society? A fraud! Perhaps for the very rich and for the—the really common classes it is easy to be sincere and good; easy for those who are able to keep up appearances, and for those who have none to keep up. But for the others?"
"You were ever candid, dear mamma," remarked the frigid Miss Tiplov, with a curl of her lip.
"Ah, Alicia, you are one of the favored; it is easy for you to be good."
The Honorable Alicia Tiplov's small fortune was tightly secured to her, thanks to the foresight of an old aunt of saving tastes and Philistine notions; a fact which inconvenienced Lady Tiplov not a little.
Miss Alicia curled her lip yet more scornfully.
"Poor society seems fairly happy in spite of its sins," she remarked, with a scarcely perceptible wave of her fan towards the ballroom.
Fielding followed her eyes to the scene of light and color, beautiful women and comely men, rich gowns, bright jewels, smiling eyes and tender glances. Then his own eyes fell on Helen Seaton, as she sat gazing absently upon the floor.
"Yes, they look happy enough," he said, with a sigh, "perhaps they are all of the first class named by Lady Tiplov."
"Perhaps so," assented the Honorable Alicia, carelessly. "That would be the most sensible way of settling matters—let the rich enjoy their riches, and let the poor keep away."
Miss Tiplov knew of her own mother's struggles—as a paid chaperone—to keep pace in any way with the society which was very life to her; she had also decided that poverty was the lot of Sidney Fielding, her would-be admirer, as she deemed him. But Miss Tiplov, being somewhat independent and insolent, spoke as she chose.
"Then you do not approve of a division of benefits," Fielding inquired, "of the meeting of the poor and the rich, that love may give them a chance of leveling matters?"
He questioned Miss Tiplov, but it was at Miss Seaton he glanced the while; and he noted that her attention had returned to the conversation, and that her usually merry face was grave.
"I do not recognize such leveling," retorted Miss Tiplov, "it is impossible."
"You would not approve if a poor man should ask for the hand of a rich girl?" He pursued the subject with a smile upon his lips, but his eyes still rested anxiously upon Helen Seaton.

Helen's laugh answered him.
"Not in the least. It was not the grand passion which sobered me."
"That which has been sobering Lady Tiplov and myself is 'money,' or the lack of it," he ventured.
"Yes," she exclaimed, "that is it. Shall I tell you a secret?"
"I wish you would tell me one I very much want to know."
"What is it?"
"Where are you going when you leave town to-morrow? Lady Tiplov hinted at Arcadia, but was careful to mention no fixed point."
"Ah, I may not answer that. I've been commanded."
Fielding whistled long and low. Then he apologized.
"Oh, I don't mind," declared Helen. "So I'm an ineligible."
"Dear me," exclaimed Helen, struck by the remark; "then that's it. You are supposed to admire Alicia."
"Oh, am I? Well, what is your secret?"
She clasped her hands in tragic fashion to her breast.
"My secret is that this night is my last in the gay world. I have come to the end of my pleasuring. When these lights go out they will go out on my magnificence. To-morrow I shall be Cinderella at home."
"What do you mean?"
They had reached a little balcony by this time, and were looking into the high-walled garden below. Helen's white arms were lying bare upon the dingy stucco.
"I have been a hollow sham for one season. I am poor," she said, solemnly, "and Lady Tiplov is mad with me for the chances I have missed, and because I am on her hands till my ship is fixed. So I am to governess the children after to-morrow, and live in the schoolroom; and I can't teach, you know; I don't know how."
"But, surely, Lady Tiplov did not—"
"No," laughed Helen, "she certainly did not. It was my godmother who said: 'I will give her one season in town; let her have everything she wants, go where she will and get a rich husband.'"
The girl's unaffected frankness startled even Fielding.
"And you—"
"And I—have not done it."
"What does that entail?"
"My transmission to an unknown uncle's in India, who is not enchanted thereby."
"I imagined you a tremendous heiress, to whom the offer of a moderate income in thousands and a plain name would be an insult. But why did you not secure the rich husband?"
"I couldn't bear the ones who came my way; they were horrid." After a pause, "I believe I liked you better than any of them."
"Then marry me," suggested Fielding, quietly.
Miss Seaton laughed whole-hearted at the joke, which she considered too trivial to require an answer.
"So now you know why I was grave," she said, after a few moments' silence, during which she had contemplated a white cat on the garden wall and Fielding had contemplated her.
"But couldn't you love any of them?" he asked.
"No; I think if I had even liked one I would have said 'yes,' for I always thought I should rather like to marry first and fall in love afterwards."
"Riskier, rather! In that case do as I said before; marry me. You said you liked me."
She looked at him this time with real interest. His voice was perfectly calm.
"It's awfully good of you to offer to help me out," she began, hesitatingly, "and it really does sound better than

Alicia turned her cold eyes on him slowly.
"Such a man would be contemptible!" she replied.
"Spare my feelings, Miss Tiplov," he pleaded; "I may be such a man."
"You?" she drawled in careless interrogation, as if Sidney Fielding, barrister, must be quite beyond the pale.
"Yes, I. But of course I ought not to have come to such a rich and lofty sphere as this."
"Then, why did you come?"
"The lowly are ever anxious to gaze upon the lofty."
"You are lowly?" indifferently.
"Oh, very." A smile lay about his lips as he answered.
"Lowly horn" is the term one would use, I suppose."
"Exactly," he replied. "My parents were quite countrified people, what one may term 'honest and respectable;' they went in for horses and cows and such like, living, as Lady Tiplov would express it, 'a life approved by nature, surrounded by innocent pleasures.'"
"Indeed," she remarked, languidly, scarcely repressing a yawn. "How extremely interesting for them and you."
The merry expression returned to Helen's face, and she smiled at Fielding with a daring smile.
"Our dance, I think," he said softly, holding his arm to her. It was no such thing, but Helen rose and went with him.
"Do you want to dance?" he asked, as they walked away from the rosy shade.
"Not a bit," she answered.
"That's all right. Now I want to know why you are so grave to-night."
"Was I grave? Yes, I know I was. It is so odd," frankly, "to feel grave."
"Did my lowly origin surprise you?"

"I had never thought of you as lowly. But the passage at arms amused me. Alicia is so grand."
"Fielding laughed softly.
"Yes; but before that you were grave. I think I had never seen you so before. Is it—are you—may I ask, are you sickening?"
"For what?"
"Love."
Helen's laugh answered him.
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India"—Fielding did not even wince—"but somehow, you've always been so jolly to me—I should feel a brute, a perfect brute, to take advantage of such an offer."
"But, really, you know," said Fielding pleasantly, "I should rather like it. I love you."
She looked at him steadily, and he looked at her; then he laid his hand on her arm as it lay on the balcony.
"I want you to do, truly I do."
"How odd you are," she said; "not a bit like the others."
"You are odd," he answered, smiling; "not a bit like the others."
She placed her other hand on his as it lay there, and patted it in a friendly fashion.
"I'll think of it," she promised; "give me time." Then she turned to walk back to her chaperon.
"And where is it?" he asked, peremptorily.
"Broadelms."
He colored swiftly and looked at her; but her face was frank as usual.
"Coincidence!" he decided to himself, as he escorted her to Lady Tiplov's corner.
"It's to be a masked ball."
Miss Seaton jumped from the stile as if she had been shot, and blushed scarlet.
"Goodness! Mr. Fielding! Wherever did you come from?"
"From Lady Tiplov; and it's to be a masked ball."
"How do you know?"
"Because she has promised me."
"Oh, do explain. How did you come to Broadelms? What do you mean by it all?"
"If you continue asking questions, and I promptly answer, we shall soon get it straight."
"Well, what made you face Lady Tiplov?"
"I had a message from my aunt for her."
"Who is your aunt?"
"Mrs. Darrell, at the Court."
"Then you are!"
"Yes, I am the long-lost heir, or rather, the wandering heir."
"Miss Seaton gave a long, soft whistle.
"When I did that," remarked Fielding, calmly, "I apologized to you."
Miss Seaton laughed.
"Well!" she exclaimed. "Well! How astounding! And you are going to the ball?"
"Yes; and what are you to wear? That is the right question to ask, isn't it?"
"I am not going."
"Not going?"
"Of course not, I have not been invited. No one here knows me; I've been in the school-room, you know; and my ship sails the day after!"
"For where?"
"India."
"Ah! But you're coming to the ball?"
"I cannot. I have no dress. Lady Tiplov does not want me."
"Nonsense; I'm going!"
"Yes, of course; you have been anxiously expected." Helen's eyes twinkled. "What did Lady Tiplov say?"
"At first she would not believe in me; but when I had proved my identity, she playfully reproached me for my 'tricks.' But she did not seem angry, and even Miss Tiplov curved her lips and smiled upon me coily."
"You are a pleasant surprise, you know."
"Oh, am I? But you are coming to the ball?"
"No!"
"Yes!"
Silence.
"A costume of my great-grandmother would look rather well," said Miss Seaton paid no heed.
"With a short waist, and sandalled shoes."
Miss Seaton grew mildly interested.
"And to walk up under Lady Tiplov's very nose!"
Miss Seaton tittered—and succumbed.

"Will it do?"
The question came from a slim Old-World maiden, as she stepped from the cloak-room, clad in a narrow white silk gown, short-sleeved and short-waisted. The answer was given by a beau of a contemporary period, who drew her away down the corridor to a softly lighted recess.
"No," he answered, slowly, "My great-grandmother always wore a wedding ring." The maiden blushed hotly.
"What nonsense! As if I had one."
"If you undertake a costume it should be complete," protested the beau.
"Well, I have no ring, so I must go without."
"I have."
She looked, and from his waistcoat pocket he drew a tiny gold ring set with dazzling diamonds.
"Oh!" she cried, bending forward impulsively. Then he took her mitted hand in his and slipped the ring over her finger.
"Turn the diamonds inward," he commanded. "Put on your mask, and let us go to make our bows." Without waiting to protest, he masked himself and led the way.

In the ballroom were lights and music, wonderful toilets and merry laughter; and by the door stood Lady Tiplov, the only unmasked person, smiling and twittering at her mysterious guests. With stately tread the man and the maiden advanced to the hostess, and Lady Tiplov, smiling still, bade them welcome, noting as she did so the details of their disguises, but failing to penetrate their masks. Miss Seaton, with trembling fingers and an hysterical flutter at her throat, passed on into the ballroom, Mr. Fielding following her. With eyes twinkling with merriment through her mask she looked at him and he

placed his arm round her, and drew her into the dance.
"Under her very nose," laughed Helen, softly.
"Her very nose," he repeated, with something strangely like a chuckle.
But when the dance was done the Old-World beau led the white-gowned maiden through an open window to the lawn outside, where the air was cool, and the lanterns mimicked fairy-land. And then, as he removed his mask, she saw his face was grave, and he halted beneath a swaying light and stood facing her.
"And now," he began, "I want to know why you have served me so?"
"What have I done?" she asked, trembling.
"You have treated me badly. When I parted from you in London I asked you to marry me. When I meet you here you tell me the date of your ship's departure. Was that even civil?"
The blood rushed to her face; she tried to speak, but no words were ready.
"Am I not better than India, after all?" he pleaded.
"You—you did—not come," she faltered.
"You asked me to give you time," he declared. "That is why I did not come. I did as you bade me, and meanwhile you made plans to escape from me."
"No, no," she cried. "You did not come. I thought you had been laughing at me. I was ashamed—"
"Oh, Helen, Helen. Won't you believe that I love you, my darling?" Helen was silent.
"Once," he pleaded, "you said that if you but liked a man you would answer 'yes;' that you would marry him first and fall in love with him afterwards. Won't you do even that for me? Helen hid her face in her hands, but he saw that she shook her head.
"Helen," he drew her hands from her face, "my darling; say you will do that much for me."
"I cannot," she whispered, "I cannot."
"Why not?" he asked, and his face was white with his eagerness.
"Because—because—" she looked up suddenly, and he saw that though her lashes were wet her lips were smiling.
"Oh, Sidney, I had fallen in love with you already before."
And the lantern looked down with a winking eye on the little scene that followed. After a while the strains of the band came stealing across the lawn.
"The old 'Blue Danube,' Helen; we must not miss that. Turn the ring round, my darling; who cares now?"
—Woman.

Nothing multiplies so much as kindness.—Wray.
No man's religion ever survives his morals.—South.
Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.—Bacon.
Sense shines with a double lustre when set in humility.—Penn.
The true way to gain much is never to desire to gain too much.—Beaumont.
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Whatever difference may appear in the fortunes of mankind, there is, nevertheless, a certain compensation of good and evil which makes them equal.—Rochefoucauld.

Three-Compartment Bicycle Tire.
A Chicago inventor has devised a three compartment pneumatic bicycle tire which, while not unimprovable, still reduces the liability of injury to a minimum, because if the rubber in one of the compartments is punctured, the other two are still sufficient to carry the rider and keep the tire in cylindrical form. The partitions are arranged spirally. The tire is inflated through three separate tubes, each chamber requiring separate pumping.—Scientific American.
An Operation of a Great Financier.
One of the stories told of Russell Sage is that when a thief one day dropped a bill near him in order to draw his attention from counting some money he had drawn at the bank, Mr. Sage put his foot on the bill, thanked his informant, finished his count, stowed his own money securely away, and then smilingly put the thief's bill also in his pocket.—Detroit Free Press.

AN EXPERIENCED HUSBAND.
Mr. Blinks—I wish to get some hairpins for my wife.
Great Merchant—This is a wholesale house, sir.
Mr. Blinks—Of course. You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go on buying hairpins at retail, do you? I want a barrel.
FATHERLY ADVICE.
Daughter—This piano is really my very own, isn't it pa?
Pa—Yes, my dear.
"And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?"
"Certainly, my child; but don't tell any one. It might spoil your chances."
SHAMELESS MALICE.
First Author—Have you heard that our chum, Smithers, has married?
Second Author—Yes; he wanted to double his circle of readers.
BRIGHT GIRL.
He—Miss Reeder is a very bright girl. She—Yes, when she reflects.

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Great Merchant—This is a wholesale house, sir.
Mr. Blinks—Of course. You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go on buying hairpins at retail, do you? I want a barrel.
FATHERLY ADVICE.
Daughter—This piano is really my very own, isn't it pa?
Pa—Yes, my dear.
"And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?"
"Certainly, my child; but don't tell any one. It might spoil your chances."
SHAMELESS MALICE.
First Author—Have you heard that our chum, Smithers, has married?
Second Author—Yes; he wanted to double his circle of readers.
BRIGHT GIRL.
He—Miss Reeder is a very bright girl. She—Yes, when she reflects.

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Pasteur was the pioneer in those studies of fermentation which led to the discovery of the bacteria of diseases. It was he who found that the virulence of bacteria could be so diminished by cultivation as to be no longer fatal, on inoculation into susceptible animals. Then followed the discovery that animals thus inoculated were protected against the disease, even when afterward inoculated with virulent bacteria. The next step was the discovery that the blood-serum of animals thus inoculated, when transferred to other animals, would protect them from the same disease. From these discoveries, in which Pasteur led, but to which other biologists contributed, has come a great revolution in the defence of man against disease microbes.

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