WILKESBORO, N. C.

The Baltimore News believes that there is nearly \$150,000,000 of Baltimore money invested in Southern securities.

According to the Paris Revue Horticole, the largest forests in the world are in Central Africa, Southern Siberia, North and South America.

Public Opinion thinks it is matter for congratulation that the teaching of English in our schools and colleges is at last beginning to get a modicum of the attention that it has long demanded.

The Allahabad Pioneer, the principal journal of British India, and the one on which Rudyard Kipling began his literary career, recently contained a paragraph in the "want" columns as follows: "Situation wanted as snake charmer in respectable family. P. S. -No objection to looking after the camel."

The status of the fiancee has recently come up in Texas. A railroad man had his life insured for the benefit of his betrothed. He died from injuries in a wreck. His family enjoined the insurance company from paying the money. In Missouri the Supreme Court has decided that such insurance is invalid. The family got the money.

That it costs something to launch a big battleship is shown by the statement that the expense of getting the Victorious, the latest addition to England's fleet, afloat was about \$10,000. She is a sister ihip to the Magnificent and the Majestic, and is 390 feet long, seventy-five feet beam, and 271 feet draught. There were used up on the ways over which she slid into the water 7000 pounds of Russian tallow, 160 gallons of train oil and 700 pounds of soft soap. The gross weight of the ship, equipped and ready for sea, is 15,725 tons.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon, speaking of our near approach to the twentieth century, said: "Only four summers more; four autumns more; four winters more; four springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new." It is easy to forget, recalls the Pathfinder, that there are still five more years before dawn of the twentieth century. The nineteenth century will not end, remember, till midnight of December 31, 1900, not 1899. You must spend your 100th cent before your dollar is gone, and it is so with the years of the century.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: Out in Indiana an old lady of seventyfour offered \$20,000 for a young husband. An enterprising fellow of twenty-six came forward, but the woman's family sued out a writ of lunacy to prevent her from marrying. The jury pronounced her sane, and she cloped with her purchase and married him. The Chicago Record in commenting on this case makes the point that a short time ago a young woman in New York wanted a husband with a title, and got him after a big cash sum of several million dollars had been settled upon him by her relatives. Nobody hinted that the New York girl was insane. On the contrary society thought that she had distinguished herself. Our Chicago contemporary thinks that it makes a difference when the purchased husband is an imported article with a title. If he is a home product the woman who offers a good price for him is supposed to be crazy.

The Italians imported by Austin Corbin to become land owners at Sunnyside, Arkansas, are represented in the New York Post to be superior in morals and intelligence to the Italian laborers with whom people in other parts of the country are more or less familiar. They are reported to have been carefully selected from a very respectable and prosperous class. At home they were small farmers, gardeners and fruit growers, and the methods of farming and careful cultivation to which they have been accustomed are expected to be great aids to them in their new surroundings. They have strong religious inclinations, and their first act after arriving at their new home was to conduct religious exercises in thanks to God for the kindness bestowed upon them, They were heartily welcomed at Sunnyside, and at once announced their intention to become citizens. Other ship loads of immigrants are expected to follow this first importation.

BY THE FIRE

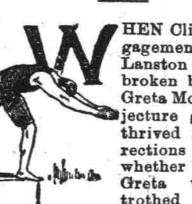
Within my door, good Dame To-day Spins by the hearthstone bright, And keeps me at my task alway, Till taps my neighbor Night; Then brushes she the hearth, betimes, And bids the wheel be still, And, with her gossip Duty, climbs The path up yonder hill.

While neighbor Night and I. alone. Beside the hearth's low flame. Sit hearkening the wind's wild moan, But speak no word nor name; For neighbor Night, right young is he, And I have heard it said That, haply, he will some time be With gay To-morrow wed.

And I am old. Each hour I track The step of Watchman Time; So soon will Dame To-day come back. Then farewell dream and rhyme! But now, with neighbor Night, a space

Is mine, he'll not gainsay, To brood awhile upon a face-My lost love, Yesterday.

-Virginia W. Cloud, in Bookman. A TEST OF THE COMMON PLACE.



HEN Clinton's engagement to Miss Lanston had been broken because of Greta Morrys, consjecture grew and thrived in all directions as whether or not Greta was trothed to Mr.

Clinton. That he had asked her to marry him, even before the break with Miss Lanston, was certain, but whether | be attractive if its foundation were she had said yes or no, nobody was poor." able to say.

Her manner to him was the same as before—a brilliant coquetry that belonged to her alone—and nobody dared | back." question her.

When early in the week it became known that Francis Greyford was coming down from Bar Harbor to Squirrel Island, apparently for no better reason than that Miss Morrys was there, those interested made sure that at last they would be able to solve this rid-

Then, the day before Mr. Greyfold came, Clinton went off to New York. There was a whisper that he went to bny Greta the handsomest diamond ring at Tiffany's, but those things are rarely to be believed, and the hotel realized with a dull throb of disappointment that now, perhaps, the riddle could not be solved.

There were, of course, several girls ready to tell Greyford about Clinton, but he did not seem to mind much, and only this morning he had been heard to ask her to go rowing, in spite of the stormy sea, because he liked to be with her where nobody else dared

She had laughed at him caressingly and looked out at the windswept ocean thoughtfully before she answered: "Yes, let us go; it will be an experience that will forever after prevent surface acquaintance between us." He gave her a quick glance.

you want it prevented?" 'Y-es. Surface acquaintance with a man cannot be anything but com-

monplace, and I do not like a man who "Will you tell me, Miss Greta, what kind of a man do you really like best?" Greyford's handsome eyes were very

earnest. Greta pondered a moment; then, with a little laugh, she brought her eyes back from the stormy sea to the man at her side.

'I would rather not," she answered.

Because there is a possible chance that you are that kind of man, and that would be an embarrassing admission for me to make." If she was really betrothed to Clin-

ton, Greyford thought, she would

hardly say a thing like that. Greyford spent the half hour she was getting ready anxiously watching the water. He was afraid he had been unwise in asking her to go out, but when she came downstairs ready to go she was such a charming picture he forgot his anxiety. A slim figure, gowned in sage green, with broad collar and girdle of white, she held a green hat, with white clovers on it, in her hand and let the brisk breeze stir her bright hair into a hundred little

ringlets around her face. As they strolled down the sandy road to the beach Greta touched again on the theme they had been discussing.

"There are, after all," she said, "few men who are not commonplace."

"No man is always commonplace," he replied, gravely. "There are times in the life of even the most ordinary generalize about them."

She gave him a surprised glance, which he did not notice, for they were close to the beach now and his eyes were on the sea.

"Would you think me very commonplace if I were to tell you that it will be most unwise for us to row round the island to-day?" "Yes, I should," she answered,

tersely. He frowned impatiently. to storm frightfully in about half an

hour." lessly. "When I said I would go I told you it was for the sake of the experience.'

You will not like it when it turns blouse. over the boat," 'Ah, I can swim, quite well, too, and think how exciting it will be out in the miast of that angry water!" "I do not like the responsibility,"

he observed.

She threw back her head and looked at him through half-closed lids. "How does it feel to be afraid?"

He gave her a wrathful glance and of a Harvard crew man swept out into the channel. It may have been that the group of girls watching them from the piazza had something to do with Greta's persistence. Now, however, they passed out of view, and Greta's attention was claimed by Greyford, She watched him admiringly; the broad shoulders, the proud poise of the head and the annoyed determination of his face; then she laughed softly.

Greyford looked at the lowering storm-cloud and then at the expressive face of the girl before him, into which no touch of seriousness had come.

"If we go round the island," he said, "we take our lives in our hands, probably to dash them to pieces on the Hypocrite rocks." He rested on his oars, still looking at her.

"I have never been near death," said Greta, thoughtfully.

His lips came together firmly. will not take you near it. Have you never a serious moment in your life? Is there nothing more to you than effervescence?"

She had said truly that in such an experience as they were now experiencing conventional acquaintance would vanish.

Very gravely she looked at him now, with all the carelessness fled.

"Yes," she said, simply, "there is much more to me. Because it has never been put to the test in your presence, you ought not to think it lacking. The effervescence would not

"Thank you," he answered. "I am glad. It is time, then, that we stopped this madness; we will go

Greta made no answer, but the woman in her approved of his quick tone of command. The boat swung round under his skilful guidance. They were almost a mile out from shore, with the wind and tide against them, and Greyford's teeth set firmly as he saw the little headway they were making.

A wave of foam-crested water rolled over the boat, dashing itself up into Greta's face and over her gown, but she did not even start. "Most girls would have screamed," thought Greyford, with an observant look at her quiet face, with the clustering curls, that the water had not straightened, about it.

Suddenly one of the oars gave an ominous crack, and Greyford's face whitened almost to his lips. "God!" he muttered. "This thing

cannot stand the strain, and we are a half mile from shore." Greta leaned forward to the white,

determined face. There was no terror in her own; the Morryses had not been used to lose their heads in peril. "It is my fault," she said in a low voice, "You would not have gone but for me. Before-anything-happens, you must let me ask you to forgive my selfishness, and to thank you with

man that you have given me." He met the bright blue eyes with a new light in his own—the approving look that bravery gives to courage. "There is nothing to forgive," he answered hastily.

all my heart for the friendship of a

Another long stroke and then once more that ominous crack. For an instant Greyford paused; then again the oar swept through the surging water. It shivered and splintered in his grasp. Greta's face grew paler as the broken oar tossed out on the wind-lashed sea. The boat swayed around in the waves, rocking and shivering. Greyford looked up.

"I can do nothing with this one oar in such a sea. I loaned Dale the other pair yesterday."

"And the storm will break in a few minutes," answered Greta, looking from the dark sky to the island, where all the girls were doubtless dressing for dinner, and then at the mass of water that lay between them and

The boat had been swept around to the south shore, where there was no chance of their being seen or assisted; the hotel and its people had long been out of sight.

"There is only one chance"-Greyford's steady voice paused, and he looked at her critically-"for life. We must swim for it. The tide carries the boat further out each moment, and if the storm overtakes us there will be nothing to hope for."

For a moment she did not answer. Perhaps she was thinking of Clinton, for her eyes grew tender. Then she threw off her hat and said:

"I think you are right. If it means man when he is unusual. Those things life or death, I must do my best to seventy-six years. Her maiden name depend too much on environment to make the swim easier; my shoes-and was Mary J. Fullerton, and she was

A faint color crept into her white face. "Yes," said Greyford, gently. "It will be hard battle-and we must both

of us do without our useless clothes.' He pulled in the other oar and turned his back to her to remove his own shoes and cost. One moment Greta hesitated; then her shoes came off and the long outer skirt. She gave a little gasp and another look at the "I should not have asked you to go. water to be gone through; then she Look at that sky and wind; it is going loosened the full blouse of her gown, removing its girdle and what other impediments to her free movement "I shall like that," said Greta, reck- that she could. She wrapped her clothes into a bundle swiftly and gave a few deft touches to her costume-a white skirt and a green and white scheme to put them on. He took off

> "I am ready," she murmured. steady performance.

"If we get the boat back they will be unharmed," he said.

The water gurgled around them and moved away to the long, narrow boat over them, the stinging waves lashed waiting on the beach. Without a their faces and tossed their bodies to word he helped her in, took up the and fro. For many minutes they were oars, and with the long, steady stroke almost at the mercy of the waves. but at length the long, steady strokes told, and both were carried slowly forward.

It was true that Greta was an expert swimmer. Each summer that had brought her to the coast had proved it. But the strain now was almost too severe. Slowly they buttled on, gaining, gaining. The shore could be seen between the great waves that the wind lashed over them.

"Can you last five minues longer?" he asked. "We will reach it thenif-only the storm does not break." Greyford's voice over the water sounded singularly tender.

"Yes," she sighed, though on her face lay an almost mortal weariness. She rejected his offer of help, and they struggled on. "What a woman you are!" he muttered.

"I-I am giving out!" she said in low gasps. "Float again," he answered, "until

you are rested. "No," she said, "no-progress." A great wave dashed over them. drowning his answer, and low peals of

thunder broke on the air, lasting the waves to wilder fury. Greta's arms fell powerless to her

side and, with a faint cry, she felt the water close over her head. Only an instant of that awful sinking down, down into death; then his strong arm went around her and buoyed her upa choking, breathless burden. She made one last effort and then her feet

touched land. She staggered and fell. With his face gray with the struggle that was not yet ended, he lifted her from the shallow water and carried her bodily up the sandy beach out of reach of the waves. Another crash of thunder pealed through the air and the storm broke over sea and land. Far out on the water a tiny boat swayed and rocked under the storm cloud.

Some minutes they rested motionless, exhausted, the salt water dripping from their hair and clothes. Then he spoke to her, with that new tenderness still in his voice, and from their friendship for each other the commonplace fled forever. - Chicago News.

#### Chinese Mail Service.

The mails in China are different from the postal arrangements of any other country in the world. In China the mail service is not in the hands of the Government, but is left to private persons to establish postal connection, how and wherever they please. Anybody may open a store and hang out a sign advertising that he is ready to accept letters to be forwarded to certain places or countries. The result of this arrangement is that in populous towns there are a great number of persons accepting letters to be forwarded to all parts of the country; at Shanghai, for instance, there are not less than 3500 stores competing with each other and carrying on a war to the knife as far as rates are con-

This system, although having great faults, has some good qualities. There are several parties accepting letters in one certain town. The Chinese merchant who writes letters two or three times will patronize several of the concerns, and asks his correspondent to inform him which he got quickest. Having experimented for awhile he will select the firm giving the best service, but he always has the choice of several mailing agencies for his correspondence. - Philadelphia Rec-

#### Warts Are Contagious.

Warts are supposed to be somewhat of the nature of a cancer, and are believed to be contagious. It is a matter of common experience that a person who milks a cow having warty teats will often have warts on his hands, and that the warts spread from one place to another is quite certain. This may be, however, the result of some constitutional tendency to these diseased growths, but, as it is best to be on the safe side at all times, it will be wise for a person having warts on his hands not to milk cows, or one who milks a cow with warty teats should wash the hands before milking another cow. To get rid of warts is not a difficult matter. Any kind of caustic applied to a wart, so as to corrode it to the healthy flesh, and then an application of carbolated vaseline to the sore, will make a cure.-New York Times.

#### Born in the Tower of London.

Mrs. John Heaton, historical personage of the Old World, and a highly respected and early settler of Virginia, Ill., died the other morning, aged born in the Tower of London, England, February 29, 1820, when her vue Medical College of New York and father, Major James Fullerton, was in command of the tower. All visitors to this famous prison of the Old World were shown the room and especial attention was called to the fact by the guides that Mary J. Fullerton Heaton was the only female ever born in the tower. She leaves a husband, Captain John Heaton, aged eighty-five, and nine children. - Chicago Times-Herald.

#### A Farmer's Predicament.

A farmer near Eaton Rapids, Mich. recently purchased a suit of clothes of a merchant there. When half way there he thought it would be a good his old duds and threw them into the river. But when he came to feel for With ready tact, he did not look at his new clothes they had disappeared. new suit hanging to the brake of the wagon. - Boston Cultivator. WISE WORDS.

All grand thoughts come from the leart. - Vauvenargues. There can be no high civility with-

out a deep morality. - Emerson. All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion.-Hume.

Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles. - Emerson. In these times we fight for ideas. and newspapers are our fortresses. -

The genius, wit and spirit of a Nation are discovered in its proverbs. -

Some to the fascination of a name surrender judgment hoodwinked .-Spiritual force is stronger than ma-

terial; thoughts rule the world .-False praise can please and calumny affright none but the vicious and the

hypocrite. - Horace. It is a man's duty to have books.

A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. - Beecher. No man who has once heartily and

wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably deprayed. - Carlyle. It is easy to learn something about

everything, but difficult to learn everything about anything. - Emmons. There are not unfrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs

that appear to us absurd .- C. Bronte. Those whose whole minds feed upon riches recede in general from real happiness in proportion as their stores

increase. - Burton. Honest instinct comes a volunteer, sure never to overshoot, but just to hit, while still too wide or short of human wit .- Pope.

It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible, -Johnson.

True politeness is perfect, ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.-Chesterfield. No earnest thinker will borrow

from others that which he has not already, more or less, thought out for himself. - Charles Kingsley. Despair is the offspring of fear, of

laziness and impatience; it argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and often of honesty, too. - Collier. There are braving men in the world as well as braying asses; for what is

loud and senseless talking and swear;

ing any other than braying?-D'Es-Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved. - Marcus An-

#### Perforated Sails.

An Italian sea captain, Gio Batta Vassallo, of Genoa, has made a very interesting innovation in the use of sails of ordinary sailing vessels. He claims that the force of wind cannot fully take effect in a sail, since the air in front of it cannot properly circulate in the inflated part, and remains stationary immediately in front of part of the sail proper. He avoids this stagnation of air, as he calls it, by the application of a number of small holes in that part of the sail where the depression is deepest when it is filled; these holes are reinforced like a buttonhole so that they will not tear out.

Trials made in various weather have resulted as follows: With a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made four knots, while the new sail increased the speed to five and a quarter knots. In a fresh breeze the respective speeds were seven and eight and three-quarter knots, and in a strong wind they were eight and ten knots per hour. It stands to reason that the doing away with a layer of air, which cannot escape past the sides of a sail, must increase the efficiency of the sailboat. Where the wind formerly struck a cushion of air, which acted like a spring mattress, decreasing the actual pressure of the wind against the canvas, this current of air now strikes the sail direct, and, of course, has a greater efficiency. Vassallo has received much encouragement from practical sailors, as well as theoretical scientists. - Philadelphia Record.

#### Dislocates Any Joint at Will.

H. S. Fitzgerald, aged forty-seven, of Harrisburg, Penn., gave an exhibition at Washington, before the students of the Columbian Medical College of his powers as a "lax-ligamentarian." He can dislocate at will any joint in his body from his little toe to his spinal column, and has absolute control over every muscle. He has been exhibiting before medical colleges for about twenty-seven years, and during the winter months has a also appears at the Vanderbilt clinics. Muscles that physicians have hitherto been unable to reach he brought into plain view and action. Ligaments so deep in the fiesh that they could only be reached with a carving knife were brought into action apparently just under the skin. - Chicago Times-Her-

#### Rare Postage Stamps

High prices paid for postage stamps at recent London sales were: Spain, 2 reals, 1851, \$140; 2 reals, 1852, \$110: Madrid, 3 cuartos, \$58; Tuscany, 3 lire, yellow, \$133; Naples, } tomese, blue, \$81; Canada, 12 pence, black. damaged, \$135; Newfoundland, one shilling, vermillion, \$140; 1 shilling, carmine, \$105; 6 pence half penny, carmine, \$65; New Brunswick, 1 shilher when he turned, but carefully He presented himself in negliges at ling, violes, 402, 2002 States, a lifted the bundle of clothes and put tire. The next morning he found his ling, mauve, \$105; United States, a new suit hanging to the brake of the set of the Department of Justice, \$58, -Washington Star,

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There are two brothers in Memphis who are so near the same size and figure that they can wear each other's clothing. One of them recently bought a fine new overcoat, which was a very styish and comfortable garment, and of which its owner was very proud. The first night after he bought the overcoat there was a rainsform. The water fell in torrents and the mud fairly swam in the streets. The young man was going out that evening, but he didn't like the idea of taking his new overcoat out in such beastly weather. His brother had a mackintosh, and when the first young man spied this hanging on the hat rack he decided to appropriate it for the night and so save his new overcoat. Without saying a word to his brother he put on the waterproof and sallied forth into the rain, calculating that he would save his new overcoat at least three months' wear that night. When he came home he found his brother in their room. "Say, old man," he said, "I used your mackintosh to-night."

"That was all right," said the brother, "I got along very well without it." "You didn't go out this evening, did you?" asked the owner of the over-

coat. "Yes," answered the owner of the mackintosh.

"Then what did you wear?" "Your new overcoat."

There are seven surnames in Ashantee corresponding to the days of the week, as follows: Kwasie indicates a man born on Sunday, Kudjoe on Monday, Kwabina on Tuesday, Kwaku on Wednesday, Yao on Thursday, Koffi on Friday, and Kwamina on Saturday. These are all accented on the final syllable.