

THE CHRONICLE.

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 fiancée 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 at the expense of getting the Victorious, the latest addition to England's fleet, afloat was about \$10,000. She is a sister ship to the Magnificent and the Majestic, and is 390 feet long, seventy-five feet beam, and 27½ 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 seventy-four 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 eloped 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 away,
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.



WHEN Clinton's engagement to Miss Lanston had been broken because of Greta Morry's, conjecture grew and thrived in all directions as to whether or not Greta was betrothed to Mr. Clinton. That he had asked her to marry him, even before the break with Miss Lanston was certain, but whether she had said yes or no, nobody was able to say.

Her manner to him was the same as before—a brilliant coquetry that belonged to her alone—and nobody dared 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 Morry's was there, those interested made sure that at last they would be able to solve this riddle.

Then, the day before Mr. Greyford came, Clinton went off to New York. There was a whisper that he went to buy Greta the handsome 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 go.

She had laughed at him carelessly 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. "Do you want it prevented?" "Yes. Surface acquaintance with a man cannot be anything but commonplace, and I do not like a man who is that."

"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 Clinton, 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 girle 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 man when he is unusual. Those things depend too much on environment to 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.

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

The water gurgled around them and over them, the stinging waves lashed their faces and tossed their bodies to and fro. For many minutes they were 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 battled on, gaining, gaining. The shore could be seen between the great waves that the wind lashed over them.

"Can you last five minutes longer?" he asked. "We will reach it then—if 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, lashing 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 up—a 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 common-place 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 concerned.

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 Record.

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 carbolic 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 seventy-six years. Her maiden name was Mary J. Fullerton, and she was born in the Tower of London, England, February 29, 1820, when her 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 scheme to put them on. He took off his old duds and threw them into the river. But when he came to feel for his new clothes they had disappeared. He presented himself in negligence attire. The next morning he found his new suit hanging to the brake of the wagon.—Boston Cultivator.

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Will Not Borrow Again.

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 stylish and comfortable garment, and of which its owner was very proud. The first night after he bought the overcoat there was a rainstorm. 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 overcoat.

"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: Kwasi indicates a man born on Sunday, Kudjoe on Monday, Kwabina on Tuesday, Kwaku on Wednesday, Yao on Thursday, Kofi on Friday, and Kwamina on Saturday. These are all accented on the final syllable.