CHRONICLE

WILKESBORO, N. C.

Socialism , is said to make rapid progress in Spain. 11月1日1月

Ordinarily when a European says "America" he means "the United States."

The census of 1895 shows that the German Empire now has a population of 51,758,000, despite emigration, an increase of 2,380,000 in four and a half years.

They are raising a row in Wisconsin over the State university. It is charged that it is being converted into an institution for the sons of rich men, and that poor men have no show there.

"Rarely does the death of a public man call forth such generous, almost unqualified, and practically universal tributes of esteem both for the man and the political leader," notes Public Opinion, "as have been accorded the late ez-Senator Thurman."

By the official census of 1811, taken in the year preceding the beginning of hostilities with the United States, the population of England was 10,-200,000, of Scotland 1,800,000, and of Ireland 6,000,000, a total of 18,000,-000. The census of the United States taken in 1810 showed the total population of this country to be, States and Territories, 7,239,000. The last official census of Great Britain, taken in 1891, showed the population to have been 37,888,000, and the census of the United States, taken the year previous, showed the population of this country to be 62,622,000.

EVER & SONG SOMEWHERE,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear There is ever a something sings alway: There's a song of the lark when the skies are

And the song of the thrush when the skies are grey.

The sunshine showers across the grain. And the bluebird thrills in the orchard

And in and out, when the eaves drip rain, The swallows are twittering carelessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, Be the skies above dark or fair; There is ever a song that our hearts may

hear-There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear. In the midnight black or the midday blue: The robin pipes when the sun is here,

And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

The buds may blow and the fruit may grow, And the autumn seaves drop crisp and

But whether the sun, or the rain or the snow, There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear. Be the skies above dark or fair:

There is ever a song that our hearts may hear-There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

There is ever a song somewhere! -James Whitcomb Riley.

A PERILOUS WOOING.

daunt. My only pupil was his only daughter, May, and both Sir William and Lady Mordaunt were the kindest and most generous

docile child about seven years old at the time the event I am about to relate took place.

Dudley, a younger brother of Lady Mordaunt. Frank was in the army and had been in India for some time with his regiment, but was invalided home for six months. Before that six months was concluded Frank had fallen desperately in love with the pretty governess-I am a staid old married woman now, so this is not conceit-but when it came to the cruical point I could not find it in my heart to say the little word that would make him happy. For one reason, though I liked him and was pleased with his attention, I was not sure enough of my own heart to marry him; and for another, kind as Sir William and Lady Mordaunt were, I did not feel by any means certain that the marriage of their young brother to a penniless governess would be altogether to their mind, and I was too proud to enter any family where I should only be received on sufferance. So I sent poor Frank away very desolate. He went up to London for a few weeks, and was thence to go to

thousands, and numbers were involved | they have been trying to keep us apart in this ruin, among others the three all day, but now we have found each sisters I told you of. Then the man other and will never part any more." shot himself. flow, that man had not the soul of a man at all-he had the though I imagined I must have resoul of a rat, a miserable, speaking sembled a frightened thunder cloud vermin of a rat, and when he died his more than any of the above similessoul went into a rat's body. It was late one evening when I'saw a big black rat run through my room, which was ou the other side of the wall to his. It was an enormous rat, quite black, with long, white whiskers and very bright eyes, and it run squeaking and Jasper; I came here to be alone, and shricking through my room and then disappeared. I could not see where it went to. The next morning I heard the man had shot himself. Then I knew it was the man's soul which had gone into the body of the black rat. Of course, they had an inquest, and brought in the verdict, 'temporary insanity,' and they had a big funeral, and all his relatives came. They in-

vited me, and I went, out of politeness, you know; but when they came soul of our dear brother resting in peace,' why, I could have laughed in their faces, for I knew it was not resting in peace at all, but careering away rat."

Sir William, who had been looking grave during this tirade, here broke into a smile, and observed :

see the rat again?"

"Yes, many times: but the last time of all was here, in this very house,' cried Jasper, excitedly.

"Indeed !" said Sir William. "Why, then you must have brought it with you."

ing a black, shiny bag. I watch him voice rang in my ears: every day as he passes, and I always "Jasper, Jasper, what are you though, and look out for that rat. I yourself and her?"

"His gem, princess and star"turned on him indignantly, and I did the most foolish thing under the circumstances that I could do-I forgot that I was dealing with a lunstic, and spoke to him as if he were sane.

and the second second

"Please to go away at once, Mr. do not wish for company."

"Oh, now you are going to be cross, just like my wife; she is always scolding and nagging, never gives me a minute's peace. But I love my wife. I do," he added, reflectively, as if by way of afterthought : "I love my wife: do you believe me?"

This, under the circumstances, was a satisfactory assertion on Mr. Jasper's part, and I hastened to assure him of my perfect confidence in his conjugal to that bit in the service about 'the fidelity, adding: "But she would not like to see you behaving in this way; loose my hands, please, Mr. Jasper, and go away."

For answer he drew me closer to somewhere in the body of that black him; I could feel his hot breath on my face, and my terror was increasing every moment.

"I love my wife," reiterated Mr. Jasper, "but I love the morning star, "Well, old fellow, I dare say you and you, you are the morning star. are not so far out; it would be the fit- | Come, let us jump over this precipice test punishment for such a scoundrel into the glorious space, and we will as you describe. But did you never circle round the moon together, and be happy evermore."

Then to my horror, Mr. Jasper placed his arms around me and forcibly lifted me off my feet. In another instant we should have started on that aerial journey Mr. Jasper wished to take. To struggle in that vice-like "No such thing," retorted Jasper, grip was unavailing; there was not a scornfully; "a rat like that does not human being within reach to come to want to be brought anywhere. But," my assistance; one more step, and we he continued, "I am confident it is should be over the cliff, and must also identical with a little dark man inevitably be dashed to pieces on the who has taken the lawyer's house, and rocks below. I uttered one long, who goes to business every day carry- piercing scream. Then a loud, clear

say, 'Good morning, Sir Rat,' under about? For heaven's sake loose this my breath. You mark my words, young lady; do you want to kill both

got up and chased it all around the Then I felt myself wrenched from

SELECT SIFTINGA

The Tigris is 1150 miles long. On the Pacific coast are well-defined wet and dry seasons.

Illinois's corn crop yields an average of thirty-nine bushels an acre for the entire State. This has been exceeded but four times-in 1875, 1877, 1879 and 1888.

Doylestown (Penn.) people were treated to a novel sight several days ago, when a coach passed through the borough with a little red pig trotting along behind like the proverbial yellow dog.

A man released from jail in Winchester, Ind., a few days ago, after serving a long term, went straight to the railroad station to take a train for his home, and in attempting to board it fell under the wheels and was killed.

Lee, Mass., prides itself considerably on its spry old people. Mrs. Swan celebrated her 103d birthday recently. Captain Norton is ninetynine years old, Mrs. Harriet Hinckley is ninety-four and Mrs. Baker is ninety-three. Octogenarians are too young to be taken seriously there.

At Waterloo, Mo., midway between the towns of Napoleon and Wellington, is a tree sticking out through the roof of a mill, which the owner obligingly built around its trunk. The tree is dead and rotting now, and will have to be removed, but for many years it grew right alongside the chimney of the steam engine.

After seventy years of married life together Mr. Snowden Files and his wife Eliza, of Sheperdstown, W. Va., died on the same day, within a few hours of feach other. Mr. Files was ninety-one years old and his wife was eighty-eight. Up to within a year the old man was in full possession of all his faculties, and rode about the country on spirited horses. Indeed, he broke several colts when he was nearly ninety years old.

Justice in Norway.

Speaking of our courts and their unsatisfactory and expensive methods, the Savannah Press says:

It is a Norwegian saw that "a poor settlement is better than a fat judgment." Founded on this idea are its unique and admirable courts of conciliation. Every city, village and district in Norway has such a court. It is made up of two members, one of whom is clerk. The best men in each community are given the places. Politics have never entered into their selection. The court is secret even to the higher courts. The law courts will throw out any case that has not been submitted first to the court of conciliation. Litigants must appear in person. Lawyers are rigidly excluded except when litigants. Fees are but twenty-five cents, fifty cents being added if conciliation is effected. There are no rules or forms. Documentary evidence may be submitted sometimes. The plaintiff, the defendant and the two members of the court get together secretly and informally talk the case over. The court weighs all matters well. It reasons with the litigants and asks both sides to make concessions and settle their differences. The costs that follow, the vexations, the uncertainties and the delays of law are made plain to them, and we have it from Nicclay Grevstad, a magazine writer, that seventy-five per cent. of all cases coming before these courts of conciliation in Norway are settled therein.

Drug

A Contract of the second se

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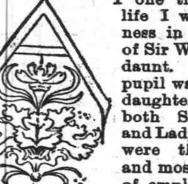
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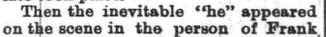
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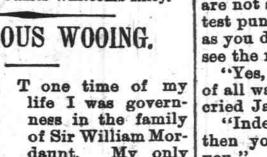
Cigarettes, Fancy and



of employers. My

pupil was a sweet,





Dr. H. K. Carroll, in the Independent, says that the aggregate of colored church members in the United States is, in round numbers, 2,674,000, distributed as follows: Baptists, 1,403,-559; Methodists, 1,190,638; Presbyterians, 30,000; Disciples of Christ, 18,578, and Protestant Episcopal and Beformed Episcopal together, somewhat less than 5000. According to the census figures, there has been an increase of 1,150,000 colored church members during the last thirty years, which Dr. Carroll thinks is unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church. The value of colored church property is \$26,626,000, and the number of edifices is 23,770.

An Australian agriculturist, Mr. Krichauff, has called attention to the fact that the potato will celebrate the 300th anniversary of its introduction into Eugland this year. It was in 1596 that Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England from America with the first tobacco and potatoes, which originally grew in Peru. Although the potato, it is estimated, now furnishes onesixth of the nourishment of the human race, for a long time it was a delicacy for the rich alone. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century noblemen paid two shillings a pound for potatoes and seasoned them with sterry. People often visited the gardens of the botanist Gerard at Holborn to see the plants in bloom. There is talk of a celebration in honor of the anniversary.

The American Cultivator remarks: The fire fiend is an enemy to forestry. More stringent measures are necessary to prevent forest fires. The forests are becoming too valuable to be neglected. Their destruction by fire means not only the loss of property, but the serious loss of employment to woodsmen, teamsters, sawyers, wood workers and all the kindred trades. Ordinary cutting of trees need not destroy a forest, but a heavy fire works destruction. Dr. Rothrock, of the Pennsylvania forestry commission, thinks it an outrage that while a man under our laws cannot set fire to a hen coop without severe punishment, he may carelessly or willfully set fire to a forest and burn up many thousand dollars' worth of property without being molested. Pennsylvania loses \$1,000,000 *annually , through forest fires, and \$50,000,000 would not cover the annual loss to the country from this cause. It is found in many cases that when a man is pursued by one holding a mortgage on his woodland he sets fire to it to spite the man who forecloses. It is very difficult to convict such a man. Carelessness and ignorance are responsible for many fires, yet thousands of dollars' worth are burned every year from this cause without anybody ever being punished. Why one kind of property can be burned up with improperty can be burned up with im-punity when other kinds are protected by the severest fines is one of the curiosities of legal administration that is beginning to be looked after none is beginning to be looked after none is beginning to be looked after none too early.

he had exchanged. . Our next visitor was Mr. Jasper Mordaunt, a brother of Sir William. Mr. Jasper had been ill, suffering with severe mental strain and nervous depression. He was not happy in his married life, and it was thought the complete rest and change in the bracing air and lovely scenery of our Welsh home would be beneficial in restoring him to health. Sir William and Lady Mordaunt went to town, but only the former returned with his brother, Lady Mordaunt having gone to Brighton for a week or two with Mrs. Jasper.

It was late in the evening when Sir William arrived, but I own I felt somewhat scared as I caught a passing glimpse of our new visitor's sallow, cadaverous face and wild, dark eyes. His appearance next morning did not tend to reassure me, more especially as he immediately singled me out as the object of his exclusive attention, and kept fixing his eyes upon me as I sat at the head of the table dispensing the tea and coffee, in a manner which was, to say the least, slightly embar-rassing. He addressed nearly all his remarks to me, and kept paying me such broad and unnecessary compliments that I felt myself getting crimson, partly with vexation and partly with amusement. Sir William looked on laughing, and at last said :

"Come, come, Jasper, this won" do; if you say so many things to Miss Monroe, I shall have to send for Susan (Mrs. Jasper) to keep you in order. And, by the way, you have not told me how you slept last night. I hope you were comfortable." That set him off. "Slept!" he cried excitedly. "Why. I never slept a wink all night-not

room and out into the passage, and I the grasp of the madman, and almost am confident it disappeared in the flung to a safe distance on the grass. drains. Yoù have not seen the last of

it yet."

Before Mr. Jasper had been very long in the house it became evident that his mental derangement was of a more serious character than had been imagined. At times he was quiet and lucid enough, and then he would suddenly break out into some incoherent rhodomontade. His inconvenient penchant for me still continued, and he would haunt the school-room with gifts of fruit and flowers, or sweets and music, or anything for which he had heard me express a liking.

One morning, soon after breakfast, was on the lawn with May. snipping dead roses off the bushes, and gathering a fresh supply for the table.

"Here comes Uncle Jasper; let us hide," said May.

I turned, and beheld Mr. Jasper advancing in his peculiar ambling fashion. Flight was impossible, so I held Ireland, with the regiment into which May's hand, and waited until he came up with us. He held an enormous full-blown crimson picotee in his hand, and came eagerly up to me.

"Ah, my princess, I have found you; I have been looking everywhere for you to give you this," pressing the gaudy blossom into my hand. "Don't you remember the old rhyme, Miss Monroe!

The rose is red, the violet's blue, Carnation's sweet, and so are you.

"You, you," he cried; "you are my rose and my carnation, and my morning star, all rolled into one, I-"

Where this outburst of poetic eloquence would have ended, I do not know, for at this moment Simpson, the butler, came up to Mr. Jasper. "Mr. Jasper, he said, "will you please come and speak to Sir William in the study? He wants to see you on business, very particular."

"Now, why do you come and talk about business when you see me talking with Miss Monroe?" demanded Jasper testily. "Go away ! I cannot attend to you or business now."

On my representing to Mr. Jasper, however, that I must attend to mine, and take May in to do her lessons, he consented to accompany Simpson to the study, saying as he walked away: "Well, I will go now, but I shall it will dam it and form a vast lake. come again; I have something very The forests at its foot are being graduparticular to say to you."

* About a week after this Sir William and Lady Mordaunt-warned by the doctor that though Mr. Jasper was not dangerously violent at present, he might at any time become so-went up to town to see Mrs. Jasper and arrange about having her husband placed under proper control, even if only for a

"Frank, Frank," I cried, "oh, how

thankful I am you have come.",

Later in the evening I was sitting in the same drawing room, pale, but quite recovered, when Frank Dudley came in.

"Ob, Mr. Dudley," I said, "I can never thank you enough-you have saved my life; but for you I should now be lying crushed and lifeless at the foot of the Great Tor.'

"Mr. Dudley," he said, seating himself on the couch beside me. "I was 'Frank' this afternoon; please, may I not stay so?"

"Oh, I forgot then; I was so frightened, I did not think what I was saying," I replied, and I know I got very red as I said it.

"Well, it was very nice. I wish you would always be so frightened, and not know what you are saying when you are talking to me. But you have not asked me how it is I am here instead of far away in Ireland."

"No, I have not; but how was it?" "Well, you see, the regiment is not to sail for a week later than was at first arranged, so, having time to spare, I came down here. They told me you had gone on the cliffs, so I went out to find you. Eleie, I came back to see if you would reconsider what you said to me-if you would give me any hope."

I don't know who spoke next nor precisely what was said, but I know I found Frank's strong arms around me and felt his kisses upon my lips.

All this happened many years ago. My husband is Colonel of his regiment now, and my two little girls will leave their play in the compound and come and sit in the veranda while mother tells the story of how poor, mad Uncle Jasper tried to jump over the cliffs with her, and father came and rescued her. -Household Words.

A Moving Monntain.

This province is stated to have a moving mountain. It rises near the Cascades, a gigantic mass of dark basalt, six or eight miles long, 2000 feet high and with a three-pronged pinnacle to tempt the adventurous. Year by year this mountain is moving down toward the river, and some day ally pushed beneath the water, and are fringed with submerged stumps. The railway that runs along it has been displaced to the extent, in parts, of ten feet within a few years. The cause of the phenomenon is supposed to be a gradual subsidence of the soft sandstone at the base of the mountain,

Suspicious of the Cake.

Hans Christian Anderson received a box of cakes from an unknown admirer, says the Critic, and was all gratification at the compliment. Suddenly a strange apprehension assailed him. He had just read some account of poison conveyed in this fashion ; possibly the gift was the murderous device of a rival. With more aptitude than grace, he decided, in a half absent fashion, to send them on to his friend, Mme. A, to test their quality. A day or two later he called. "Is Mme. A in?" "Yes, sir." "Is she quite well?" "Quite, sir." "Could I see her?" "Certainly, sir." Face to face with Mme. A, he recurred to the same anxiety. "She was well? Yes. The children well? Yes. And had she received the cakes he sent? Eaten some? And was quite well? And the children had eaten some? And were quite well?" And then at last the old man's excitement boiled over. "You can't think how pleased I am," he said ; "those cakes were sent me by an unknown admirer, and I was afraid they might be poisoned. So I sent them on to you. And you have eaten them, and are quite well. You can't think how pleased I am !" And he passed out smiling and in high good humor. Scalded by a Volcano.

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Fighting a Deer.

A fearful battle took place at the ranch of J. H. Mullison recently, one mile north of Saratoga, Wyo., in which a mad buck and three people were the combatants.

A tame deer, owned by W. B. Cowan, extered Mullison's premises, and when he returned from town attacked him viciously. He caught the animal by the horns, and until his strength gave out held it at bay. His wife and 12year-old son came to his assistance. and all became involved in a desperate struggle, lasting nearly an hour, before they could escape from the furious brute.

It was a frightful ordeal, and the ground in front of the house bears evi-San Augustine Peak, forty miles dence of the desperate struggle for life. The deer dragged them, mauled them and trampled them in a fearful manner. They were covered with bruises, their clothing torn in shreds, and Mr. Mullison got two-bad flesh wounds in his leg that will lay him up for some time. After they had succeeded in getting away from the beast and dragged themselves to the house, almost fainting from exhaustion and loss of blood, the animal tried to get at them through the window. A charge of shot did not turn it from its purpose. Finally George, the boy, slipped out through a window, secured a horse and aroused the town. A posse of armed men went to the rescue, and the vicious brute was dispatched with a couple of rifle balls.

one blessed wink, Miss Monroe." I expressed my regret, and Sir Willinsomnia.

"Well, I'll tell you all about it," he in the transmigration of souls?"

ploded superstition."

nothing of the sort, but a real certain afternoon on the cliffs. fact, and I'll prove it to you, and tell For a little while I read undisturbed you why I could not sleep last night. Then a sudden shadow across my book Some years ago I knew a lawyer; he made me look up, and there, with a lived next door to me, and was reck- wild glare in his eyes and a look of oned a very respectable member of the savage frenzy on his face, stood Mr. profession. Now, this man was an awful Jasper.

short time.

"Simpson has experience in mental cases, and will take charge of Jasper, so you need not feel nervous," said iam inquired the cause of Mr. Jasper's Lady Mordaunt to me, as she went away.

I resolved that I would spend the said; "but, first of all, do you believe day in the school-room, and give my eccentric lover a wide berth. In the "Certainly not," replied Sir Will- afternoon, however, May complained being shown by the color-for a boy, iam, with conviction. "It is an ex. of a headache, and I sent her to her nurse to lie down. Then, tempted by the "Oh, is it, then?" answered Mr. beauty of the day, I took my book Jasper. "Well, I can tell you it is and went out, intending to spend the

man failed for I don't know how many he cried, "I have found you at last; San.

which is continually washed away b the swiftly flowing waters of Columbia River. -- Vancouver (British Columbia) World.

A Curious Dutch Custom,

In several towns in Holland a birth is announced by exposing at the door a silk pin-cushion, covered and edged by plaited lace, the sex of the infant, red; a girl, white. The house which shows in this manner that the number of its inhabitants has been increased enjoys, by ancient law and custom, various immunities and privileges.

The Organist Expressed His Feelings. After waiting half an hour for the contracting parties to turn up at a ewell wedding in a Providence (R. I.) church last week, the organist, having going up his trousers and scalding his legs, and, fearing a repetition of the volcanic eruption, he hastened away

from the spot. -St. Louis Globe-Dem-

east of Las Cruces, New Mexico, is in a state of eruption. A week ago last Tuesday Day King and Lige Davis, who were out upon the mountain. heard a rumble in the earth, which was followed soon by a distinct explosion. About half a mile from them on the north side of the peak a large granite boulder soared aloft and fell with a crash among the loose rocks. The flight of the boulder was followed by a puff of steam and ashes. The family of Mr. Hufford also saw the eruption. The next day Mr. Bergernot went to the place where the explosion occurred and found a depression partly filled with ashes, from which the boulder had been ejected. The snow was gone for some distance around the hole, and the ground was perfectly dry. Mr. Bergernot soon became aware that his feet were uncomfortably warm and that steam was

ecrat.

Giant Lumber Trust.

The largest trust ever formed on the Pacific coast and representing a capital of over \$70,000,000, has been consummated at Port Townsend, Wash., and put into effect. It is the Central Lumber Company, of California.