

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

The peach blossom has been selected by a vote of the school children of Delaware as the floral emblem of the State.

"The Solid South" will be a financial phrase ten years hence, predicts the Chicago Times-Herald.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, who advises that children and youths of habitual criminal tendencies be isolated as lunatics, says there is scarcely a child who does not abuse his power over those who are weaker than he.

If England sees fit to equip its most important war vessels with wire wound guns, this country must follow suit, declares the New York Telegram. The wire-wound segmental cannon is an American device that has proved under tests by this Government to be practically unburstable.

Professor Dyche, of Kansas University, says that he has practically decided to make another trip to the Arctic Ocean in search of the North Pole, having received an offer of assistance from a source which he declines to name. His plan is to creep around the west coast of Greenland, and then make a dash for the pole by sledge or boat.

So great has been the reduction of steamboat accidents in the waters of the United States since the Federal Government introduced the inspection system that Inspector-General Dumont now asserts that travel by water is much safer relatively than travel by railroad or even by street car. He asserts, on the strength of the fatality records, that one is safer on a steamboat than in walking the streets of a city or even sleeping in one's own bed.

The New York Sun thinks it would doubtless surprise many folk to know the number of furs that are taken annually in Connecticut and Massachusetts. William Clark, of Vernon, Conn., makes a tour of Toland County, Connecticut, and Hampden County, Massachusetts, every fall collecting furs from the farmers. Last season he collected some 1500 skins, mostly skunk skins, but many of them mink. These animals are probably not more plentiful in these two counties than in some other parts of the two States.

The result of the census taken the other day in Berlin has caused some surprise. It shows the total population of the German capital to be 1,674,112, whereof 797,186 are males and 876,926 females. The estimate, based on the periodical returns of births and deaths and of departures and arrivals, which in Prussia have to be reported to the police, had shown, as worked out on November 10, a total population of 1,757,898. Moreover, the increase in the population during the last five years, according to this census, has been only six per cent., as against twenty per cent. between 1885 and 1890, and sixteen per cent. between 1880 and 1885. The explanation lies in the enormous growth of the suburbs compared with Berlin proper.

The Atlanta Constitution says: About six months ago Massachusetts created the State Highway Commission, and since that time eighty-nine miles of first-class roads have been constructed under the auspices of the new Board. The experiment is so satisfactory that the Legislature this winter is expected to make a larger appropriation for roadways, and it is now certain that the work so auspiciously begun will be pushed forward with increased vigor. The fact that the people are willing, after spending \$700,000 in 1895, to spend a still larger sum shows that the movement in favor of good roads is already popular enough in Massachusetts to hold its own, and it is natural to suppose that other States will organize their commissions and go to work on the same line. New Jersey had a somewhat similar experience a few years ago, and after a few score miles of substantial roads had been completed the people all over the State demanded their extension and expressed their willingness to submit to a much higher tax rate in order to secure these improvements. As the country fills up with population the highway question will assume greater prominence and good roadways will be constructed at the expense of future generations, instead of causing the entire cost to fall upon the people who are progressive enough to inaugurate such reforms.

OUR PICTURES ON THE WALLS.

The frames are not expensive and the pictures they are plain. A brooding there where sunlight or the freight softly falls; The stranger would not note them, yet no hope of greed or gain Would make us think of parting with our pictures on the walls!

Nay, we would have no changes in the portraits if we could. For gazing on the faces, we can see them as they were; The father strong, the sisters in their lovely womanhood, The mother sweet and tender and the baby in his chair.

Their voices come at even or on quiet afternoons, And while we look upon them we recall the dearer days; And still they seem to love us as when Hope its sweetest tunes Went chanting low and tender here among the homestead ways.

The years have been so many, and the days have gone so slow, Since we were undivided in the years the mind recalls; And yet we feel less lonely as we on our journey go, With the faces ever with us—with the pictures on the walls!

—WILL T. HALE.

HETTY'S RETICULE.

"RAIG—hallo, there!" I stopped short. Jim Studley was behind me, waving his cap. "Are you walking for a wager?" he asked, as he came up. "I have been looking for you all the morning. We are getting up a sleighing party—will you go?"

"Yes," I said, "you might have counted on that. Where is it?" "We meet at Hulda Whipple's—at her father's, I mean, and we drive to the Red Farm, and have our dance and supper there. As usual, you invite whom you please to share your sleigh, always providing it is a lady, and—But you'll meet with us to talk it over to-night. I'll not detain you here any longer."

I was in haste, I told him, and promised to meet them; and went my way. It was the same way that it had been—the short cut to the house where Hetty Harrow lived.

I had a fashion of going that way about twilight, when the school was closed and she (the teacher) had gone home for the evening, telling some little story as to how "I happened to pass, and thought I'd stop."

Any other young fellow would have owned to coming on purpose, and would have spent more time with her and said something more to the purpose than I—any one who liked Hetty as well as I did.

Liked!—that was a cool word for it—I loved her.

It frightened me to know the truth; for how could she like me? I was not hideous, perhaps. A tall, straight, angular Maine youth, with yellowish hair and blue-gray eyes. But I was certainly not handsome. Then we were poor—mother and I. I was too poor to marry, certainly; but after I had felt I could only be happy if Hetty liked me, I resolved, come what would, to make some effort which would lift us above the condition which bordered so closely upon poverty. If I could only first obtain her promise to be mine.

Yet it seemed also impossible to speak to her on the subject. I had resolved to do so a dozen times, but her presence awed me.

But that evening, having spoken with Studley of the sleigh ride, I went on with a lighter step. I could muster courage, I thought, to ask her to go with me.

The long sleigh ride, fast and furious, with jingling bells and merry laughter, each fellow with the girl he likes best nesting by his side, with a chance, for once at least, to say what he chooses to her.

If Hetty would go with me, when I had her all alone with me under the cold stars I might whisper what I had only dared to dream thus far.

I was very brave until I stood face to face with her. Then my courage deserted me. But I found, when I went away, that I had asked her to ride with me and that she had agreed to go.

I whistled merrily all the way home, and after I had met Jim and the rest, and we had settled matters, I could not help turning into the shed where our little red sleigh stood, and looking at it. It was shabby, and the cushions needed patching. I took it in for mother to do.

"It's shabby," I said, "confoundedly shabby."

"That's 'most swearing, Almon," said my mother. "What's the matter with the sleigh? It used to be good enough. Goin' to take a girl out?"

"Who ever went on a sleighing party alone?" I asked.

"'Twould look funny," said mother. "Ls, those sleighings. I was fond of 'em once. Wrap up well, Almon. There's many a death caught a sleighing. You remember speaking of my Uncle Eben?"

"Yes," said I. "Did he catch his death sleighing?"

"No," said my mother. "He proposed a sleighing. It was a dreadful thing for him. What a life she led him! Who are you going with?"

"Miss Harrow."

man, I hope when she marries it will be a rich one."

"I hope so, too," said I. "Eh?" asked my mother, sharply. Then she went on with her knitting with a puzzled face.

After mother had gone to bed I went up stairs and brought down my writing desk. There were some sheets of paper and envelopes, which had been there for months stored within.

I took them out and began to write: "Dear Miss Harrow—I am a coward. Not, I hope, in one sense, but certainly as regards you. For a year I have loved you. Yet I no more would have dared to say so than I would have dared had you been a queen. To-morrow I had made up my mind to try my fate, but I know I shall not dare to speak. So I write. I will give you this letter to read at home. If the answer be 'No' it will be easier for both of us. Will you try to think of me as I am to be my wife to some day? If I am to have that hope, give me some sign—a line, your name only, anything to show me what you mean. If I am to be miserable—well, then, make me no answer. Silence shall mean 'No.'"

"ALMON CRAIG."

I sealed this note and wrote Hetty Harrow's name on the back, and hid it and the desk from mother's eyes—sharp eyes that looked after me anxiously as I drove away with the little red sleigh the following evening.

She was ready for me. My mother's hint was in my mind, and I looked at her dress. All I discovered was that it was blue, but her furs were good.

"She must marry a rich man, or one on his way wealthward," I said. She shall, too. And I tucked her into the sleigh and drove off.

It was a pleasant drive, and a merry dance and supper; but as time went on I felt glad that I had written the letter, for I could not have said what it would say for me. It was at the last moment when we were driving homeward that I mustered courage to ask her for the little reticule she carried.

"Why do you want it?" she asked. "To put something in it which you must not look at till you reach home," I said.

I had dropped in the letter and snapped the clasp. Not a word more could I speak. But at the door I tried, for the first time, to kiss her. Her lips eluded mine, and I dared not repeat the attempt.

I took the sleigh home, and waited, and waited hopefully, as I knew after a day, a week, a month. Then all hope was over. I had seen her. She had given me a little gold, smileless bow.

"Mother," I said that night, "we must have some one to farm the place. I'm going to some city."

"Why?" said she. "To make my fortune," I said. "For that girl?" she asked.

"No; never for her."

Mother knelt down beside me, as I sat on a low stool. She put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my face.

"She didn't refuse you?" she said. "Boy, you are in trouble. I'm your mother. Tell me."

"She did not accept me."

"And that's to part us?"

"Not if you'll go with me."

But she would not leave her home, and I went alone.

I had a cousin in New York who was deep in the mysteries of Wall street. He helped me. So did luck, or fate. In five years I was a moderately rich man. My mother wanted nothing but my presence. She would not come to me, but she urged me to return to her.

At first my heart was too weak to be trusted among those old scenes. But time helps us all. At the end of five years I wrote:

"I am coming home, since you will not live here with me."

My mother had not altered much. But I was a youth no longer—a fact which troubled her. There were changes in the place, too. Girls were married. Old people dead. The church was rebuilt, and the huts in the hollow had been burnt down. A factory had risen and the factory people's houses were about it. Instead of the old frame school house was a brick building with many windows.

Who was the teacher? Was she there—Hetty Harrow? I dared not ask.

Idly I sauntered about the house, painted and refurbished now; and idly in the evening of my second day of home I went out to the shed where the little sleigh stood—the shabby old thing with a patch on the cushion.

"It ain't been touched since you left, Almon," said my mother. "Remember my patchin' the cushion?"

She lifted it as she spoke. From behind it dropped something. What? Of leather, blue with mold, crushed by its long lying under the cushion, but a reticule. Hetty Harrow's reticule!

"I opened it. There lay my letter! 'What's the matter?' asked my mother.

"For a few moments I did not know. At last I spoke: 'It is Miss Harrow's reticule.'"

"She must have lost it when you took her sleigh riding. Jest like her, to lose it and did not know. She's teaching yet; she ain't married; no doubt she'll be an old maid, and serve her right."

The rest my mother said to herself, for I waited for no more.

I took the reticule in my hand and went over the long-forgotten path toward the school house. School was over. A figure stood alone near the gate. I did not know it at first. But on a nearer view I found that it was a more mature edition of Hetty Harrow's slender frame—not so slender now, but—just as pretty in the face, and fresh and buxom.

I walked up to her. Her cheek flushed.

"Mr. Craig!" she said.

"Yes, Miss Harrow," I answered. "I am here to restore your property. You lost a reticule in my sleigh five years ago. To-day I found it. There is something in it which I asked you to look at when you were alone. I

make the same request now. May I see you this evening?"

She bowed. I walked away. That night I went once more to see her. She had been weeping; the letter lay upon her knee.

"Such an old relic of those foolish old times," she said.

I took her hand.

"You never answered it, Hetty," I said. "Will you answer it now?"

"After all this time?"

"Yes."

She said nothing, but I kissed her. Our wedding was a quiet one, and our lives have been quietly happy from that day to the present.—New York News.

Telescopic Lenses.

The great lenses, forty inches in clear aperture, for the Yerkes telescope, are now complete in the workshop of Alvan G. Clark at Cambridgeport, Mass.

An observatory, to be under the control of Chicago University, has been equipped for the reception of the great telescope, and it will soon be in use. The tube, which is of steel and sixty-three feet long, was made in time for exhibition at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, and is said to be equal to all the demands for strength, rigidity and easy movement.

The two lenses composing the objective are of the simplest form. One is of crown and the other of flint glass, each being forty and a half inches in diameter. An inch and a half is cut off in mounting, giving a clear aperture of forty inches. The crown lens is double convex, three-quarters of an inch thick at the edge and two and three-quarters of an inch thick at the center. Being well supported about the circumference, this thickness gives sufficient rigidity, although the weight is nearly two hundred pounds. The flint or negative lens is plano-concave, two inches thick on the edge and about an inch and a quarter in the center, weighing 3000 pounds. These lenses have been tested for months by Mr. Clark, and local imperfections have been corrected in the most careful manner.

The production of the rough disks of glass was a labor of great difficulty, and the final success of the makers in Paris marks a great advance in the manufacture of optical glass. One of the disks was completed and delivered at Cambridgeport long before the other was perfected, and it was necessary to await the production of both before the labor of grinding and polishing could be undertaken.

It would not be surprising if a telescope of forty-eight inches aperture were constructed within the next ten years and perhaps earlier. Of course, the possible sagging of the glass from its own weight may become perceptible in a glass of fifty inches. But the perfection of the forty-inch glass shows that the limit has not been reached, and no one can tell whether a properly proportioned glass of forty-eight inches will sag or not until the experiment be tried.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Some Rare Minerals.

"Once in a while," remarked a mining man last evening, "you hear of a man who claims to have found a mine of bismuth, and basing his calculations upon a price of say \$2 a pound, he heralds his find and thinks he has a fortune within his grasp. The fact is, there is no bismuth produced in this country and there are only about thirty tons imported. So if any one could put 100 tons on the market it would bring the price down to twenty-five cents at least."

"Of cobalt not more than 200 tons are used annually in the world."

"In regard to mica—I am speaking now of the uses it is put to in electrical appliances—the East India product is driving the Canadian product out of the market. Mica that is in the least associated with iron is useless for this purpose. It is much the same with some of the rarer minerals. Were tellurium found in large quantities its value would lessen, but as only a few ounces are found each year, not enough to supply the demand, why the value is enhanced."

Three-fifths of the nickel produced in the world comes from Canada. The production in other portions of the world is so small as to cut no figure in the statistics of mineral production.—Spokane (Wash.) Review.

The Japanese Nose.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that differences in noses constitute about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another.

In Japan a lady who has a huge proboscis is always a great beauty and a reigning belle.—Tacoma Ledger.

An Odd Situation.

The conscience and pride of good citizenship of G. Green, of McCune, Kan., got to working together recently and produced an odd situation. Mr. Green got intoxicated, boisterous and disagreeable during a visit to the neighboring town of Pittsburg, and created considerable disturbance on the streets. He was not arrested. A few days later he appeared before the county attorney at Pittsburg and swore out a warrant against himself for disturbing the peace. He was arrested, arraigned, pleaded guilty, paid his fine and went home with a shriven conscience.—New York Sun.

Built a House in a Bottle.

A few years ago the writer saw a genuine curiosity which had been made by a little blind boy in Chicago. It was nothing more or less than a miniature house, made up of forty odd pieces of wood, which was placed on the inside of a very common-looking four-ounce medicine bottle. The general verdict of all who examined the wonder was that it would puzzle a man with two good eyes to put the pieces in the bottle, to say nothing of the task of gluing them together so as to make them resemble a house.—St. Louis Republic.

Versatility.

An editor received the other day a curious application for help. The writer said "I am sorry you do not like my romance, for I feel that I have the secret fire in my veins. If, however, you cannot accept my book or my poetry, will you give me a berth as a heavy goods porter?"—London Bookman.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A DELICIOUS SWEETMEAT.

Ginger pears are a delicious sweetmeat. Use a hard pear, peel, core and cut the fruit into very thin slices. For eight pounds of fruit after it has been sliced use the same quantity of sugar, the juice of four lemons, one pint of water, and half a pound of ginger root, sliced thin. Cut the lemon rinds into as long and thin strips as possible. Place all together in a preserving kettle and boil slowly for an hour.—New York Advertiser.

HOW TO ROAST THE SUCCOLENT OYSTER.

Select large oysters and have them scrubbed thoroughly, then place them in the oven in a large tin with the round side of the shells down, so that when they open the liquor will not be lost. As soon as they do open remove the upper shell, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, add a little butter and serve hot as possible on a bed of watercress. Oysters served in this way make an excellent first course at dinner if accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

CUSTARD SOUFFLE.

A really dainty dessert is custard souffle, which is made by melting one ounce of fresh butter, sprinkling into it a half ounce of flour and stirring it till smooth and well blended. Pour over it a full gill of boiling milk and stir it over the fire for seven or eight minutes. Beat the yolk of an egg very fresh with one ounce of caster sugar, add this to the milk and turn it all out to cool. When cold, add to it the white of the egg beaten very stiff and bake in a well buttered pie dish in a very sharp oven. Serve at once, either plain or accompanied by cream or boiled custard sauce.—New York Times.

RICE FOR GARNISHING.

A rice border makes an attractive-looking dish of any warmed-over meat, fowl or fish. Wash a cup of rice and put it in a double boiler with three cups of white stock; place over the fire and cook thirty minutes. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter and let it simmer twenty minutes longer. Beat the yolk of two eggs with three tablespoonfuls of cream and one of chopped parsley, and add to the rice five minutes before it is ready to take from the fire. Butter a border mould and pack the rice into it. Let the mould stand in the heated oven ten minutes and then turn it out on a hot platter. Fill the centre with the prepared meat.—New York World.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Variety is the best culinary spice.

A good cleanser for paint is weak lye or saleratus water.

Always buy rye in small quantities and keep it well covered.

Butter should be kept in stone if possible and never in tin.

Lard and drippings should be kept in earthen ware and should not be salted.

Sugar is just as cheap in small quantities as in large, and it is better to keep only a little on hand at a time.

Provide on Saturday for Monday, so as not to take up the fire with cooking or time in running errands on washing day.

Arrowroot, tapioca, sago and all such articles should be bought in small quantities and kept in glass jars or covered boxes.

Bathe your eyes frequently in weak alum water if they are weakened by close work, such as painting, embroidery or reading.

Buckwheat, rice and hominy should be kept in small tightly covered boxes or in tin cans, and should be examined often as vermin is apt to infest them.

Cook a peeled white onion in the same pot with your mushrooms, and if they do not turn black you may eat them with a feeling of tolerable security.

Never put away clean clothes without examining every piece to see if it is in any way out of order. Stockings, especially should be carefully darned.

Vinegar is best purchased by the half barrel or the keg, and should be made of wine or cider. It should never be put in glazed ware, as the glazing is eaten off and forms with it a poisonous compound.

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Badger Dog for His Pet.

At the foot of the middle butte of the Sweet Grass Hills in Montana lives a miner named Byron Banner. He is practically a recluse, seldom associating with any neighbors or even talking to them. He works his claim all alone, and no one knows whether he is rich or poor.

Like most recluses he has his pet, but Banner's pet is so uncommon, even unnatural that it deserves to be put on record. This pet, says the Dupuyer Acantha, is a badger-dog. The animal is small and has the feet and legs of a badger while the body resembles a dog.

Its claws have to be trimmed every few months, as they grow out of all proportions to the foot. When it walks it has the peculiar waddle of the badger. Its bark is somewhat similar to that of the lapdog. It will bite savagely when teased, but is otherwise perfectly docile.

A cross between a wolf or coyote and a dog is not uncommon, nor is it so much of a freak, since they belong to the same family. But a cross between different families, as the dog and badger, is something for naturalists and evolutionists to think about.

Lincoln's Duel.

A monument is to be erected at Alton, Ill., on the spot where Abraham Lincoln and James Shields met to fight a duel on September 23, 1842. But both thought better of it, and the quarrel was amicably settled. The difficulty arose out of satirical articles contributed to a Springfield newspaper by Miss Mary Todd, then engaged to Lincoln.