

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

China has to-day twenty-six ports open to foreign commerce.

The silverware belonging to Queen Victoria's table would keep her from starvation for the rest of her life, if the worst came to the worst. It is valued at \$12,500,000.

The Chicago railroads have decided to elevate their tracks, and will go right at it. "They are tired of paying for the people they kill," explains the New Orleans Picayune.

If Turkey should be wiped out, it would mean the loss to Russia of an annual sum of \$7,500,000, which Turkey pays her by way of indemnity, and will have to pay till 1977.

Rudolph Cronau declares that he has indisputable evidence that the remains of Columbus still rest in the cathedral at Santo Domingo, Hayti. He asserts that the remains transferred to Spain in 1795 were those of the great discoverer's son, Diego.

The Louisville Courier-Journal states that the question of keeping down the cotton acreage for 1896 is attracting a great deal of attention in the South. The cotton exchanges are urging planters to diversify their crops and plant no more than they did in 1895.

The Statemen's Yearbook for 1885, an acknowledged authority on statistics, gives the area of British Guiana as 76,000 square miles, while in the issue of 1895 the same country is credited with an area of 109,000. No treaty is cited to account for this increase of 33,000 square miles. This seems to the Pathfinder a matter for scientific investigation. Of the increase of species there is definite knowledge, but the matter of territorial multiplication is anomalous, in fact without explanation, unless it be due to alluvial deposits along the coast.

The New York Herald says that "the cable despatch of congratulation addressed by the Emperor William to President Krueger, of the Transvaal Republic, which is worded in the customary phraseology of messages from one Chief of State to another, is an historic document of far greater importance than it appears at the first glance. It is the recognition of the absolute independence of the Transvaal Republic and a repudiation of the rights of suzerainty which England claims to exercise over the South African Republic by virtue of the convention of 1884, which provides that the South African Republic shall conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or Nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, unless the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen. This passage is the sole foundation for England's claim to suzerain rights over the Boers, which is now denied in the German Emperor's message, issued after calm deliberation in council with his Imperial Chancellor and with his Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Navy."

The Atlanta Journal says that "Georgia is to have another immense colony of Northern and Western settlers, if the plans of four gentlemen who are now in this State materialize. The names of the members of the party are: Messrs. W. W. Taggart, of Breckinridge, Minn., who was in the last Legislature; C. H. Fairall, of West Branch, Iowa, and a brother of Judge Fairall, of that State; John J. Gamble, of West Branch, Iowa, and A. E. Sansburn, of Breckinridge, Minn. These gentlemen, who are all well known in their localities as business and professional men of high rank, have been in nearly all of the States of the South prospecting for suitable lands on which to establish the colony which they have in mind. They have about concluded to negotiate for a tract of 80,000 acres in the southern part of this State, having been more impressed with Georgia than with any other State in this section. It is their purpose to secure this land and divide it into lots of farms, which will be sold or rented, at the choice of the settler. The movement which started some time ago and culminated in the great Fitzgerald colony in Irwin County, has caused a deep current of interest in the South to be awakened throughout the Northwest, and in Minnesota especially there is a strong desire on the part of people to come to this section. The winters are so severe in the Northwest that the people are growing tired of the country."

THE "OUT-OF-DATE" COUPLE.

We are "out of date," they say, Ned and I;
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king
We met in no romantic way
"Twist 'glow and gloom,"
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in—a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When crisis befell,
Love kept our small home corner warm,
And all was well.
Ned thinks no woman like his wife—
But let that pass;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass;
Even if the prospects be not bright,
We hold it true
The heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.
Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by;
We are behind the times, we know—
Ned and I
—E. Matherson, in Chambers's Journal.

THE POOR DUCHESS.

It was really very hard on the poor Duchess, especially after all the toil and labor she had ungrudgingly expended on her unattractive progeny. Her lot had always been hard enough ever since she had been a Duchess; even before her wedding cake had grown stale she had been coping with difficulties, brutal difficulties which required all her strength of mind to face; and now, when a good share of these difficulties were laid to rest with her husband, the late Duke, in the family vault at Longlands; now, when she had just managed to retrieve the shattered dual fortunes by bringing off the engagement of her ugly, dissipated son, the present Duke, to Claudia Putnam, the richest American heiress of the season, now for this blow to fall upon her, it was really too bad. The only balm to her anguish was that it had fallen at Longlands, in the wilds of Yorkshire, and that the whole thing might be hushed up and hustled into oblivion without any one being any the wiser. She had gone to Longland to recruit after her superhuman expenditure of energy during the London season; her only guest was Claudia Putnam, her son's fiancée, with whom she was busy planning alterations and renovations for the new regime.
But the moment was robbed of all its savor by this horrible catastrophe; this—what else could she call it?—this drivelling idiocy of the least plain and most hopeful of her six ungainly daughters. She would have kept the hateful story entirely to herself if she could, but her heart was too full for silence, besides Claudia had her fair share of Yankee shrewdness—she might suggest a brilliant solution of the problem—so, as they sat over a cup of tea in her boudoir, the Duchess opened her new trouble to her future daughter-in-law.
"I'm afraid, Claudia, dear," she began, "that we are going to have serious trouble with Henrietta." Claudia was very fond of the Duchess, so she tried to look sympathetic, though with Lady Henrietta, who was wrapped up in parish work, who wore impossible clothes and did her hair grotesquely, she had no sympathy whatever.
"Dear me!" she replied, "I'm sorry to hear it; I hope she's not sick."
"Sick!" repeated the Duchess, "I wish she were, or anything half so sensible. The fact is, she has been and got herself entangled in a most unbecoming love affair."
Miss Putnam opened her blue eyes very wide, and set down her teacup with a jerk. "My!" she exclaimed, "and who on earth has been making love to Henrietta?"
The Duchess lowered her voice. "My dear," she said, impressively, "it is Mr. Gibson, the curate. She vows she will marry him; isn't it awful?"
"Rather awful for the curate," thought Claudia to herself; aloud she said: "Have I ever met Mr. Gibson?"
"Certainly not, dear. We do not invite him here. He's not a gentleman."
"Then where did Henrietta meet him?"
"Oh, in cottages, and at the school. You see, she likes parish work, and I encouraged her—it sets such a good example—and we've always had a married curate before; however, when Mr. Gibson came I never thought of obsequing her, because, you see, he isn't a gentleman."
"But I suppose Henrietta thinks he will make her a suitable husband?"
"My dear," cried the Duchess, "she can't possibly think so. Why, his father keeps a saddler's shop! He hasn't been to the University. Oh, it's altogether dreadful, and she's as obstinate as a mule about it."
She broke off as the door opened to admit a young man in a shooting suit. He was a plain, insignificant looking personage, with an air of extreme self-approval.
"I've just been telling Claudia about this stupid affair of Henrietta's," went on the Duchess.
"And what does Claudia think about it?" asked the plain young man, who was Claudia's accepted lover, and who deposited his long limbs on the sofa beside her and tried to bestow a festive caress on the hand nearest to him.
"I guess I'm pretty well taken by surprise," said Miss Putnam, drawing her hand out of her lover's reach.
"So'm I," said the Duke, placidly

"I'm dashed if I can imagine what he sees in Henrietta. She ain't pretty; 'o'er her way about, rather; she's got no money, and she's years older than he is. I'm dashed if I'd marry a woman like Henrietta, even if I was a saddler's son. I'm dashed if I could even feel spoony on her."
Miss Putnam looked at him. She was going to marry a man very like Henrietta, and she did not feel very spoony on him. She had accepted him for sundry reasons, love being by no means the first or foremost.
"He must be an awfully susceptible chap," went on His Grace, "to lose his heart to a girl like Henrietta. And he's so obstinate, too, about it; seems as if he really cared about her. I thought, perhaps, it was mostly ambition—her title and that sort of thing, you know—and I've offered him all my influence in the way of a leg-up to preferment, but he won't hear of it. Funny thing, ain't it! Now, if it had been a girl like you, Claudia—"
"Duchess," cried Miss Putnam, suddenly interrupting her lover, "I have an inspiration. You just send Henrietta away. She can go to Jericho, or anywhere else, for a month or so, and when she comes back the engagement will be broken off. I'll manage it."
She wouldn't answer any questions. She said she thought she understood the exact lay of the land. They might leave it all to her. So to her it was left, and the next day Lady Henrietta was packed off to a married cousin-in-law in South Wales.
The following day, at Lady Henrietta's customary hour, Miss Putnam walked into the village schoolroom. She wore a dainty blue cambric frock, which fitted her as no frock in Henrietta's lifetime had ever fitted her. The little boys and girls opened their eyes wide to look at her, so did the school mistress, and so did Mr. Gibson, the curate, who was hearing the whole school in its church catechism.
"Good morning," said Miss Putnam, sweetly. "I am staying at the Towers. I have come in Lady Henrietta's place this morning. She has gone away for a few weeks, and she would like you all to know it."
She looked around the room as she said it, and finally fixed her eyes on the curate's frank, simple face.
"I hope," he began hesitatingly, "that Lady Henrietta is not ill. This absence is so un—unforeseen."
"Guess not," said Miss Putnam.
"She isn't ill, she never was better in her life, but the Duchess thinks a change will do her a world of good."
"Her Grace is very cruel," murmured the curate.
"I beg your pardon?" said Claudia, blandly.
"I was about to say," resumed the curate, turning to the expectant children, "that as her Ladyship is unable to come this morning, you will be deprived of the interesting object-lesson she generally gives you. I'm sure you will all be very sorry."
"Oh, they shan't miss their object-lesson," said Claudia, still more blandly. "I've promised Lady Henrietta to give it to them for her."
The curate had been in the habit of staying for Lady Henrietta's object-lesson—to keep order for her, he would have said had the Duchess questioned him. So he stayed to keep order for Claudia, which was quite superfluous, for if her manner of administering instruction was not of a nature to keep the attention of restless children, there were her fascinating gown and her pretty trinkets, not to speak of the charm of her face, to hold her audience spellbound. And when the lesson was over he had got into the way of walking with her Ladyship along the school lane and through the park. He escorted Miss Putnam to-day, because he wanted to ask how long his liege Lady's banishment was to last.
"I don't know," was Miss Putnam's reply. "I suppose she won't come back till the Duchess chooses."
"The children will miss her sadly," moaned the curate.
"Guess she must make it up to them," said Claudia, graciously; "I've promised Henrietta to stand as much in the gap as possible."
He gave her a grateful look.
"When shall I come and give another object-lesson?" she went on—"to-morrow?"
"Oh, no," said the curate; "to-morrow's geography day. Her ladyship always gives a geography lesson on Thursday."
So Claudia put on another bewitching frock, varied her trinkets and did her best with a geography lesson on Thursday. On Friday she wrestled with sums, and by degrees she learned the whole school routine. She also visited, under Mr. Gibson's escort, one or two of Henrietta's old women, who, he thought, would feel themselves neglected in her absence.
Her fiancée laughed at her.
"I see what you are up to," he said; "of course, it's a clever move, but it's rather rough on a susceptible ass like Gibson."
"Why do you call him an ass?" asked Miss Putnam, sharply, "because his father is a saddler?"
"It's a splendid opportunity for you to make yourself popular in the parish, dear," said the Duchess. "Of course, when you are mistress here, you will like to be popular among the people."
"I suppose I shall," said Claudia, mutely.
But in spite of her incipient popularity she would not have the marriage hurried on; she was equally deaf to the Duke's impatience and the Duchess's hints.
There are such heaps of things to do and to think of before anything can be fixed," she said vaguely when her fiancée urged the matter upon her.
"Well, get on with the heaps of things, then," he retorted, "and don't piffle away so much time at that confounded school."

And Lady Henrietta was still in banishment in South Wales.
Finally, Miss Putnam's stay at Longlands came to a rather unsatisfactory end, for she went away to London leaving the wedding day unfixed and the hangings for the new drawing room unchosen.
The day after her departure there were two letters for the Duchess, one from the curate, the other from Miss Putnam. She opened the former first, because she felt more curious as to its contents.
"Madam," it ran, "Although Your Grace did not seriously entertain my proposal for the hand of Lady Henrietta, I feel myself in honor bound to let you know that my eyes have been opened to the folly and unsuitability of the marriage for which I would have had your sanction. I have written to Lady Henrietta explaining, as far as I can, the folly of our past, and begging her to forgive me if she be in any way a sufferer by our mistake. I am leaving Longlands at once, therefore the embarrassment of any further meeting will be avoided. Yours faithfully,
W. GIBSON."
The Duchess heaved a sigh of intense relief. This was Claudia's doing. Claudia was a right down clever girl. She had certainly spent a great deal of valuable time in treading in Henrietta's footsteps, but she had disenchanted Mr. Gibson, and lifted a horrible incubus off the family shoulders. She was really far too good for that stupid, muddle-headed son of hers; still she, the Duchess, supposed that a title was an infinite attraction to a born democrat, so things were, after all, not so very uneven. Then she took up Claudia's letter. "Dear child," she murmured, as she broke the seal.
"My dear Duchess," she read, and with each succeeding line her dismayed astonishment increased; "I'm glad I came to stay at Longlands before I took the irrevocable step to the altar. I don't want to say anything nasty or mean, but, really, I never did care for the Duke. I only accepted him because I thought you'd make up your mind to have me for a daughter-in-law; I should have made him perfectly miserable if I had married him. Mr. Gibson finds, too, that he made a great mistake in thinking he cared for Henrietta. He explained it all to me, and I am quite satisfied. He and I are going to be married before Advent. I shan't mind having a saddler for a father-in-law. Yours always,
CLAUDIA PUTNAM."

The Duchess threw the letter across the table to her son. "Read that, Southdown," she said; "we've got Henrietta out of her scrape most splendidly."
"It really was too hard on the poor Duchess,"—St. Paul's.

A Victim of Reform.

For twenty years an old clerk in the appraisers' building had worked in the same little room. In all that time the single window which was intended to light the room had never been cleaned or opened, and was covered with cobwebs and dust. For twenty years the old clerk had worked by artificial light and the walls that were once white had turned black and grimy.
During all the twenty years the floor was never swept and the door was never opened except to let the old clerk in or out. For twenty years the old clerk worked away at his desk, smoking an old pipe almost continuously, but he would never let a speck of the old dust or so much as a breath of the moldy and fetid air escape from the room. For twenty years the old man worked in that room and was never sick a day. A short time ago Collector Wise ordered the window cleaned, the place swept out, the walls whitened, the old furniture removed and new substituted, and gave the old place a general overhauling. A ventilator was put in the window and the transom was propped open, so the room was well aired and lighted.
The old clerk sneezed all day when he went back and sat in the fresh air, and the light hurt his eyes so that he had to go over and buy a stronger pair of glasses. On the third day he took his bed, and it was a week before he was out. Since then he has not been well a day, and he is begging the Collector to stop up the ventilator, close the transom and put a shade over the window.—San Francisco Post.

Lodging in a Rope House.

The latest addition to the curiosities of St. Louis is what Secretary Saunders of the election commission calls a rope house. It is a combination saloon and hotel at Levee and Spruce streets, kept by a man named Peterson.
Across the room the proprietor has a rope stretched tighly, and in front of it and parallel with it is a row of ordinary wooden bottom chairs. Every lodger, upon payment of five cents, is given a chair and is allowed to sleep with his head resting upon the rope. They are allowed to sleep until 6 o'clock in morning. Promptly at that time the bartender is required to see that every lodger is awakened and made to move on.
This is accomplished by striking one end of the rope with a bung starter. The blows have pretty much the same effect as striking the sleeping boarders on the head with a billy, and they generally move on.
If this fails, one end of the rope is unfastened and the remaining sleepers are allowed to fall sprawling on the floor.—Chicago Tribune.

A Rare Copper Coin.

Fred D. McDonald, a druggist, of Kennett Square, has just sold an old copper coin for \$200. The coin is very rare. It is of the date of 1783, and on one side has the bust of Washington and the words "Washington and Liberty," and on the other "one cent." He took the coin in trade at his store for its face value, one cent.—Philadelphia Record.

Scarcity of Cuban Cedar.

There is said to be a scarcity of Cuban cedar for cigar boxes since the outbreak of the revolution in that country. A good substitute, and one often used, however, is amber wood, which is dyed in the popular color.

WISE WORDS.

Frenzy is the safety-valve of folly. How fast we learn in a day of sorrow. If thou desire rest unto thy soul, be just.
Nothing multiplies so much as kindness.
The fire of hate usually flashes in the pan.
Humility is the truest abstinence in the world.
Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.
A sunbeam in the heart is bound to light the face.
Sometimes a man doesn't like justice when he gets it.
A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs.
It never does any good to talk religion with a snap like that of a steel trap.
It is easy to discharge a man who realizes that he is not entitled to anything.
The woman who marries a man to reform him is a noble example of wasted effort.
When you call a fellow a gentleman and he gets his back up it's a sign that you are lying.
The dignity of the law is interesting to contemplate. The men made the laws and then they represented justice by a woman with a bandage around her eyes. They have hoisted this travesty around on monuments and court-houses too much. Justice has been "going it blind" long enough.

An Enormous Tortoise.

There is reported from the Isles Egmont, in the Indian Ocean, not far from the Isle Maurice, the capture of an enormous male land tortoise, the largest thus far known. These islands are without fresh water, though one of them has a salt lake of considerable area. They have not been known hitherto as the resort of land tortoises, though the neighboring islands have them in abundance. This tortoise and his mate have been on the island recently at various times. Here are his chief dimensions:

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Inches. | |
| Height when walking..... | 39.92 |
| Vertical circumference..... | 126 |
| Horizontal circumference..... | 157.4 |
| Length of back..... | 65.35 |
| Length of breast plate..... | 32.97 |
| Depth of concavity of breast plate..... | 4 |
| Length of tail..... | 14.97 |
| Length of hind foot..... | 23.62 |
| Circumference of hind foot..... | 19.68 |
| Length of fore foot..... | 24.49 |
| Circumference of head near the eyes..... | 16.63 |
| Length of neck..... | 19.97 |
| Weight..... | 529 pounds. |

A curious fleshy excrescence on each side of the shell is conjectured to be designed as a protection to the latter when the creature is in certain positions. It is not known in other land tortoises, though it may be a peculiarity of aged males. This tortoise is 126 pounds heavier than the one now living at Port Louis, Isle Maurice, recently known as the largest captured living.—Cosmos.

A Detective Mystery.

"The most mysterious affair I ever knew in detective circles," said a well known sleuth, "was a case in the West. A detective had become famous by reason of his success in ferreting out heavy robberies. It seemed that none of the professionals could escape when he once started upon their trails. After a time all such cases were placed in his hands. The first one that he could not discover the thief was a big bank robbery, then after a year or two another, then another; his reputation was suffering, but it was still good, as during the same period he was successful in other difficult cases. He was taken sick with fever, and while delirious told how he himself had perpetrated the robberies, describing every movement in detail. When he recovered, it was claimed that his failure to unravel the mysteries had caused the raving confessions, but other men were put upon them and they failed to find any clue whatever. The detective retired and lives in elegant style, but whether or not he was as successful in eluding law as in enforcing it will probably never really be known."—Washington Star.

Winds Affecting Lake Levels.

The subject of lake levels being just now a subject of discussion it seems appropriate to call attention to one factor of the subject not generally understood, namely: the vast influence of the prevailing winds as affecting the level of water at any given point on the lake. Here in Chicago a strong southerly or westerly wind will lower the water eighteen inches in the course of ten or twelve hours, while a northerly or easterly wind will as promptly bring it back. This driving about of the water by the winds in the great lakes affects lake levels by driving the water over the Falls of Niagara as much or more than any other factor. A strong west wind drives the water of Lake Erie to the eastern end and greatly increases the flow over the falls, which, in turn, is replaced by an increased flow from Lakes Huron and Michigan, and so lowering all in turn.—Chicago Tribune.

Curious Claim to Distinction.

A Scotchman with a curious claim to distinction has just died in Edinburgh. His name was William Cairns, and he had read through every line of the twenty-four thick volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." He was a brother of the late Principal Cairns, head of the United Presbyterian College of Scotland, and after devoting the best years of his life to teaching he settled down in Edinburgh with his brother, and found congenial work in preparing an index for the "Britannica." This necessitated the reading of every line in that ponderous work.—New York Post.

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A Painter's Damaged Hand.

There is no more skillful right hand in the world than that of the Russian painter Verestchagin. Yet his right hand is thumbless. His right thumb was bitten by a leopard some years ago, and had to be amputated. The middle finger also of his right hand is lamed and useless, as the result of a shot-wound which the artist received on the battle-field. More than this, the small bones of the centre of his right hand were also partially shattered by a fall on the Russian steppes, and his right arm was broken in the same accident. Nevertheless it is with this damaged right hand that Verestchagin paints his wonderful pictures.

Crowing Good Coffee in Iowa.

Considerable interest has been created in Marion County, Iowa, by the experiment of Jacob Bruce, a farmer north of Knoxville, at coffee-raising on a small scale. In the spring of 1894 Bruce planted seven grains of fine Rio coffee, and in the fall harvested half-a-gallon of an excellent quality. Most of this he replanted last spring in a fifteen rod plot of ground, and now has eight bushels of coffee, or an average of eighty-five bushels per acre. He is satisfied that the crop is a sure one in his locality, and thinks it can be grown on a large scale and at an excellent profit.

A man can never be a true gentleman in manner until he is a gentleman at heart.

You should trust your wife as your very best friend.