WILKESBORO, N. O.

This is the centennial year of the Democratic party, which became a National organization in 1796.

The annual report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane concludes as follows: "It is not work but worry that kills."

If any condemned murderer should make his last breakfast off anything but ham and eggs with buttered toast, it would make a veritable sensation, declares the New Orleans Picayune.

According to Good Housekeeping, women are the owners of one-tenth of the owned farms of the country, and of about one-fourth of the homes which are not connected with farms.

- Henry Labouchere says: "A friend of mine who has lived long in British Guiana tells me that, all told, there were only 150 white men in the disputed district between the Orinoco and the Essequibo."

A New York writer has been investigating the drinking habits of Gotham society and finds that while there is a good deal of it, the glamor of drink is gone, and it is now considered "very bad form to get full."

The latest joke about England claiming the discoveries of Professor Nansen, if he has made any, gets an additional point from a new map of the world, recently published in good faith by the London Graphic. It makes the British rossessions in Canada include all of North Greenland and reach to the pole.

When a New York audience demanded an encore from pianist Joseffy at Mr. Damrosch's concert the other night, the leader turned in his seat and told the audience that it was nareasonable and could not be gratified. A New York paper applands the action and hopes that it will do away with the encore nuisance, "encouraged, as a rule, by artists with more vanity than ability."

The Joint Committee on the Library, which has charge of the Capitol, has decided that the World's Columbian Exposition was an epoch and that it is entitled to appear in the freize which decorates the dome with other great events in the history of America, which are there portrayed by allegorical representations. The discovery of America, the landing of the Pilgrims, the discovery of the Mississippi River, the baptism of Pocahontas, the battle of Bunker Hill, the surrender of Cornwallis, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the attack on Fort Sumter, the emancipation of the slaves, the scene at Appomattox and other incidents in the history of this hemisphere have been given places, and but very little room remains for recording what may happen in the future, but the driving of the last spike on the transcontinental railroads and the World's Columbian Exposition are considered sufficiently important to have a place.

The New York Sun observes: English naval experts not only have acknowledged publicly in recent years that the quality of the new navy of the United States is better than that of any other, but they have declared that all Nations must look to this country for decided advance in the art of naval warfare. Yankee ingenuity, they expect will solve many difficult problems. Ship for ship, our naval vessels are known to be superior to ships of similar types in other ravies. The superiority of our battle ships of the Indiana class to those of the Royal Sovereign class in England, although the English vessels are nearly 4000 tons larger, is beyond dispute. Undoubtedly the fact that the United States always has excelled in naval matters leads the officials of other countries to expect greater things of us. Whatever may come of this expectation it is not known generally that already this country has four types of vessels not possessed by other Nations. Each of these types marks an advance in naval warfare, and although perhaps only one type is new, their development has given the United States Navy a defensive strength such as the navy of no other country has. These types are: The monitor type of battle ship, the best example of which is the Puritan, soon to go into commission; the so-called dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, as to whose success or failure the Navy Department seems to be in doubt; the Ammen ram Katahdin, almost ready for active work, and the submarine toapedo boat designed by J. P. Holland and now building in Balti more.

SOME DAY OF DAYS,

Some day, some day of days, treading the With idle, heedless pace, Unlooking for such grace, I shall behold your face."

Some day, some day of days, may thus we

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,

Or winter's loy chill Touch lightly vale and hill: What matter? I shall thrill Through every vein with summer on that

Once more life's perfect youth will all come

And for a moment there I shall stand fresh and fair. And drop the garment care; Once more my perfect youth shall nothing

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be, How, fact to face, each soul Will slip its long control, Forget the dismal dole

Of dreary tate's dark separating sea. And glance to glance, and hand to hand in

The past, with all its fears, Its silence and its tears. Its lonely, yearning years, Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting. -Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

#### THE MAJOR'S RUSE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



HE fair feminine society of Portville was much exercised in mind when Major Trixon bought the great Brown House opposite the park.

Year in and year out that house had stood vacant. Summer suns had woven their threads of light through the closed blinds; winter snows had piled their white drifts against the thresh-

Some said the house was damp, others that it was haunted, yet others and a little brother who was ailing shrewdly surmised that it was in liti- with spinal complaint. And Erminia ation, and couldn't show a clean

But nobody knew anything for certain, and when Major Trixon bought it, and an army of decorators, masons, painters and upholsters took possession of it, the interest and curiosity of Portville was at the culminating point.

That the major was a bachelor was very certain. That he was forty years old, if not older, appeared an incontrovertible fact. That he was immensely rich, rather eccentric, and decidedly in want of a wife, everybody in town knew before the title-deeds of the big house had been twenty-four hours in the possession of the owner.

"Yes," the major had averred, seriously, when facetiously challenged on the subject by Mr. Miles Rideau, one of a wife. You may chaff about it as much as you please, but it don't alter the fact. But I want a wife, not a bundle of giggles and frizzes and Paris mill-

"I'll introduce you to our first young ladies," said Mr. Rideau, cheerfully, "and then you can pick and choose for yourself."

Major Trixon was silent. "A regular old bachelor," said Rideau, to himself. "He'll never marry. He wants perfection, and there's no girl living that can come up to his standard.

The ladies, as a matter of course, were much interested in the bluff, brown, elderly major. Miss Serena Silver, whose grandfather had been a commodore, and whose genealogical tree had more branches than a starfish, picked out the last gray hair from her tresses, and plumed herself for conquest.

"He'll want a lady of undisputable birth and position," she thought.

Alice Wood, the pretty dressmaker's assistant, pinned on an extra blush rose as she tripped to and fro to her work past the windows of the Brown

"The old story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid is always repeating itself," she thought. "And I'm not quite a beggar."

While all the beauties in Portville brightened up their armor and prepared to enter the lists.

Major Trixon went into society, and society was puzzled to know what to

make of him. "Twelve shirts!" said Gertrude May, holding up her hands in dis

"Twelve shirts!" echoed Mrs. Lacey, who was a pretty widow on promo-

"But, my dears," said Mrs. Hedge, the mother of two dimpled, velveteyed beauties, "you must be

"We're not, mamma," said Bertha. "He really did say so, mumsey," declared Ida.

"You see, Mrs. Hedge," explained "So," Erminia Bruce, "he has founded a shirts?" And w out West, and he wants a box made up a tiny c to send to the poor people there. And one. he has asked the young ladies hereabouts to contribute twelve shirtsone each, don't you see? And they

must be made by their own hands." "So ridiculous." said Mrs. Hedge.
"But old bachelors always do have their quips and cranks," said Mrs. Lacey, complacently, as she remembered a garment of the late lamented Lacy's wardrobe which she promised herself to "do up" and pass on to the Western paupers as a piece of genuine lit room. domestic manufacture.

"Well, girls, you'll have to get out your work-boxes," said Mrs. Hedge. "If it was worsted-work, now," said

"Or Kensington

shirts?" said Gertrude. "However, graces to the Portville girls-all exwe must all try. A rich old bachelor is worth a few pinched fingers, ch. girls?"

But Erminia Bruce, who had no liking for plain needlework, looked with disgust as the Wamsutta muslin, the card of buttons and the compact paper patterns on her table.

"I haven't time for it," said she to herself, "if I practice that sonata for the Thursday evening's musical. I'll put it out, and the major will never know that I didn't make it myself. A shirt, indeed! Why, he'll be expecting us to scrub floors and make softsoap next. The Brown House is very nice, but I mean to be lady of it, without any of this odious drudgery."

So Miss Bruce, who was tall, with a superb complexion, flashing black eyes and a figure like Diana's own, rolled up the obnoxious materials and carried them to a little house around the corner, where a pale, doveeyed young woman, no longer in her first youth, sat at her sewing.

"Agatha," said Miss Bruce, curtly, 'I want a shirt made. Very nicely, now. And you must make it cheap; do you hear?"

Agatha Fontaine looked up wist-"But, Erminia," said she, "I am very much hurried just now. If you

could wait a week-' "Very well," said Miss Bruce, with a toss of her imperial head. "Then I'll take my material elsewhere. It's always the way with you suffering poor! If one takes you work, you won't do it, and then you come and tell us all sorts of stories about your privations. But, mark my words, Agatha, if you refuse to oblige me now,

I'll never employ you again!" Miss Fontaine sighed softly. years ago she and Erminia Bruce had shared the same room in Madam de Froulignac's fashionable boarding school, and were inseparable friends. But poor Harmon Fontaine had failed in business, and recklessly drawn a razor across his throat, and here was Agatha toiling for her daily bread, no less than to support a delicate mother had listened with a patronizing air to

Agatha's humble request for work. "I'll see what I can do for you, she had said, slipping the rich rings carelessly up and down her fingers. "But amateur needlework is never quite up to the mark. However, if you will consider that in your charges-" "I will endeavor to work well and cheaply," said Agatha, meekly.

And after she was gone Erminia laughed exultantly. "It's a regular stroke of good luck for us, mamma," said she. "Broken down gentry always work well, and at

quarter prices!" And so, when she turned coldly away upon this occasion, Agatha made haste to detain her.

"Leave the work, Erminia," said she. "It is true that I am very much his most intimate friends, "I do want hurried just at present, but you have been very kind to me, and I would not wittingly disoblige you."

"It must be hand made," said Miss Bruce, unrolling her parcel, "and very neatly, mind, and I will pay you fifty cents."

"Fifty cents!" echoed poor Agatha. 'Our usual charge is-"

"I don't care anything about your usual charge!" said Erminia, impatiently. "If you can't do it for fifty cents, you needn't do it at all."

And she rustled out of the room, leaving a strong odor of "Bouquet de Caroline" behind her. "Isn't it strange?" said Agatha to

herself, in a sort of sotto voce. "Isn't what strange?" said a pleasant voice from the adjoining room, where Major Trixon was sitting by Hal Fontaine's sick bed. "This is the third shirt I have had

brought me to-day to make," said Agatha, "and all in a hurry. I shall have to sit up until midnight every night to finish them.' "Indeed!" said Major Trixon.

"One is from Miss Ida Hedge and one from her sister Bertha," Agatha; "and now Miss Bruce-" "Miss Bruce, eh?" said the major. "Can't she make her own shirts, without bringing them here?"

"I don't know!" sighed Agatha. "She was the haughty young woman, I suppose, who was domineering over you just now?"

"Yes," acknowledged Agatha. "Not that she means to be unkind, but-" "No, no-of course not!" said Major Trixon, drily. "Only that she treats you as if you belonged to an inferior race of creatures.'

As he spoke he stooped over the bed and lifted the pillows, so as to alter the invalid's position.

"Is that any easier, my little man?" said he. "And now that the doctor is here, I will leave you for awhile." aine, "you are very kind!"

"Kind?" he repeated, brusquely. Nothing of the sought. Kind? Ought we not all to be kind to each other? And now good evening!" "So," said he, "these are the

And with a delicate pencil he drew a tiny cross in blue lead upon each

"These are what you call the neckbindings, aren't they?" said he. "That many is endeavoring to foster. Dismark will do no harm. See, it is so tillers of essential oils have experismall that no one would notice it but mented with the distilling of celery ourselves. I only want to identify during the past season, producing a these articles if I should ever see few pounds. It is distilled from the them again. Good evening, Miss Agatha! Mind you don't set too close at aromatic odor and taste of the plant. your needle.'

on eyed them critically. "My old mother used to say," said like purposes?

sighed he, "that a well-made shirt was the criterion of a woman's ability to make "But shirts! Who ever heard of a good wife. These shirts are discept three, and each one of the three is marked with a tiny blue cross on the inside of the neck binding."

And Major Trixon chuckled as he packed the shirts into the big wooden

He met Miss Bruce on the favorite promenade an hour cr so subsequent-She smiled sweetly into his face. "I hope you were suited with the shirt, major," she said.

"It was beautifully made," he an-"I can assure you," she simpered, "that I worked most diligently upon

His dark eyes seemed for a minute to read her very soul. She blushed, and turned her face

"Can he know," she thought, "that sent it to Miss Fontaine to be made?" The velvet-eyed Hedge twins were not far off; they advanced to meet him, with cherry cheeks and plumed

hats to match. "Oh, Major Trixon," said they "did you get the shirts? And did you find out that we didn't make 'em at all? Mamma would be horrified if she knew that we told you. But we couldn't get the gussets and the gores right, and we pricked our fingers and

lost our tempers." "And so you sent them to Miss Fontaine, eh?" laughingly questioned the major.

"How did you know?" said Ida, with wide-open eyes. "But don't tell mamma," added Bertha.

"Oh, I know a good many things," said the major, smiling. "And I assure you that your secret is quite safe with me."

Agatha Fontaine was walking absently along, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She scarcely saw the major, until he paused in front of her; then her cheek kindled into sudden fire. "Major Trixon!" she cried. "The

very one I wanted to see." "Can I be of any service, Miss Fontaine?" "The doctor's bill," she said, color-

"It is so much more than we expected; and-and if you would lend us a little, Major Trixon, I should be so glad to repay it in sewing." "I will lend you the money. Miss

Fontaine," he said; "but as for sew-

"Your housekeeper may find something for me to do," said she, wist-

He turned. "Let me walk along by your side," said he. "Let me tell you, Miss Fontaine, how closely I have studied your character since first Rideau took me to your sick brother's bedside. Let me confess to you how dearly I have learned to love you-how truly to respect your noble nature. I am a rough, brusque old fellow; I know, but I believe I could make you happy if you would but allow me to hope for your love.'

"But me?" cried she, breathlessly-"me, who am but a poor sewing girl!" "I love you," he said, simply. "I could do no more than that if you

were a crowned queen." So he married her, and the once poverty-stricken family live in the Brown House now, opposite the park, where hothouse flowers scent the rooms, and birds sing to amuse the crippled boy, while every luxury smooths his early saddened path.

And Miss Erminia Bruce never knew that her deceit about the special unit of the twelve shirts, which had fallen to her lot, was the straw which turned the current of Major Trixon's fancy. He liked and admired her before; he could never do so again. And Agatha Fontaine was so good and innocent

And, above all things, a wife's nature must be true. At least so reasoned the major, and he was no mean judge of human nature. - Saturday Night.

#### A Nihllist Tragedy.

Two years ago a Polish Count, who had joined a Nihilist club in Poland, was arrested by the Russian authorities and transported to the northernmost region of Siberia. Here he was told to till a snow-covered plot of ground or die, as seemed best to him. The Count, who had never done any other political wrong than enrolling his name as a member of an illegal institution, decided to attempt to escape, and for a year he tramped through Siberia and Russia, liable at any moment to be shot on sight, until he reached a neutral country. It is the custom of the cottagers in Siberia to place a little food and drink outside their windows for fugitives, and also to leave their barns open for them to sleep in. These courtesies, offered at the risk of losing their lives, enabled the Count to keep body and soul "Indeed, sir," said poor Mrs. Fon- together until he succeeded in escaping, when he forthwith started for London, where he and his wife have since been living reduced to great poverty. The sufferings of that terrible journey exhausted his constitution. and he died recently, few knowing the great trials that the poor outlaw had endured. - New York News.

#### Celery Oil.

This is a new industry which Gergreen leaves, possesses the powerful and may arouse considerable interest And the major took his brown face among manufacturers of concentrated and sturdy, tall figure out of the twi- soups and preserved meats and vegetables. It requires 100 pounds green leaves to make one pound of oil. If it The shirts came to the Western proves feasible to distill celery for packing-box in due time. Major Trix- flavoring purposes, why not utilize other herbs in the same manner for

Fainty, distantly is heard Faire, distantly is heard, Wafted in the summer gales, Love's awakening word. Listen! from the mountains down Soft and shadowy the sound-

Falls that trump of sweet renown Love, to earthly ground. Listen! how the silver streams

Make the music of the sea! Listen! so shall Love's mere dream Grow to majesty.

-E. Fitzgerald, in To-Day

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I'll kiss you for my sister's sake." "Pray, don't forget yourself," she said.

I straightway took her at her word,
And kissed her for myself instead. "In battle musicians are always kept in the rear." "That's not fair. Many of them richly deserve killing."-Chi-

cago Record. "I never destroy a receipted bill, do you?" said Bunting to Giley. "I don't think I every saw one," replied

Giley. -Amusing Journal. "Fine feathers do not make fine birds." But every narum-scarum Is not a prince; so heed my words: If you've fine feathers, wear 'em.

The burglar climbed over the office partition. "It is well to be on the safe side," he said. Then he began work on the vault.-Chicago Evening

"I had always been an American until I went around a curve in a cable car this morning." "What difference did that make?" "Then I became a Laplander."-Life.

After the Ball: First Sweet Thing-"Jack says Miss Passee didn't look twenty last night." Second Sweet Thing-"No. She looked thirty-five." -New York Tribune.

Wiggles-"Is that a good business college where your son is being educated?" Waggles-'I guess so. They're very prompt about sending their bills."-Somerville Journal.

She-"Yes, I am deceived in her; I was misled by her protestations of friendship." He - "What has she done?" She - "Bought a cloak and hat just like mine."-Chicago Record. Here's a motto that's as certain

As that two pints make a quart: Time and tide will wait for no man, Little, big, or long or short.
—Philadelphia Item.

"You say he is a remarkable man?" "Very." "In what way?" "He's the only scientist in the country who has not made an important discovery relative to X rays." - Chicago Evening

Tom- "That man over there has been quite successful, I believe," Bob -"Perhaps he takes a great deal of interest in his business." Tom-"Yes; he is a pawnbroker."-Princeton Tiger. Old Maid-"Is this the newspaper

office?" Clerk-"Yes, ma'am." Old Maid (blushingly)-"I see the Mayor has advertised for proposals, and I would like to advertise, too."-Philadelphia Record. "Clarence," she sighed, romantical-

ly, "do something true, something brave, something heroic to prove your love for me." "Well," he faltered, but calmly, "I have offered to marry you."-New York Herald. Cashier-"Don't think I can cash

this draft, miss. I don't know you." Miss-"Here, don't be silly; give me the money; who cares if you don't know me? I don't know you either." -Louisville Courier-Journal. Miss Newwoman-"I will have to go to the city to-morrow and make some

purchases." Miss Strongmind-"Can't you get what you want here?" Miss Newwoman-"No, there isn't a gent's furnishing store in town."-Life. "Mr. Insite, give the class your idea of optimist and pessimist." "Yes, sir. An optimist is a man who is

happy when he is miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy."-Chicago Record. Rivers-"I'm in hard luck to-day. Got in a crowd and some thief took my pocketbook." Brooks-"Shake, old man! I've just been over to the court house paying a special assess-

ment for a new sewer."-Chicago Tri-

Art is Short: Julia - "Louise showed me those beautiful landscapes. She said she had no trouble at all painting them." Mabel-"No. All she had to do was to sign her name after her teacher finished them."-Brooklyn

Aunt Maria-"Did he ever say anything which would lead one to think that he wished to make you his wife?" Phoebe-"Yes, indeed. Why, only to-day he said that nothing was so becoming to me as calico."-Boston Transcript.

Parrott-"Our friend, Dr. Lotion, is becoming quite a fashionable physician." Wiggins-"Yes, indeed where a couple of guineas' worth of medicine used to cure a case he now London Tit-Bits.

Perry Patettic (in the road)-"Wy don't you go in? De dog's all right, Don't you see him waggin' his tail?" Wayworn Watson (at the gate). "Yes, an' he's growlin' at the same time. I don't know which end to believe."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Kept Windows Clear of Frost.

Storekeepers were sceptical when assured a year ago that an electrical fan, kept in constant motion in a show window, would prevent the formation of frost on the windows, thus rendering useless the elaborate displays of goods, which they were often at great expense to make. A single trial proved that the device was effective, and during the recent cold weather the little fans were noted buzzing industriously in the clear windows of many Sixth avenues and Twenty-third street and Broadway stores - New York

Drug

# Berry Bros.

Wilkesboro, N. C.

Keep on hand a full line of Fresh Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Varnishes and Everything kept in a First-Class Drug Store.

### Prescriptions

## Carefully

Compounded

Store in the Old Steve Johnson Building, just opposite the Court

Be Sure to Call and See Them.

-DEALER IN-

# DRUGS, PATENT MEDICENES.

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

Cigarettes, Fancy and Toilet Soaps, etc., etc.

Prescriptions promptly and accurately filled. Situated in the Brick Hotel Building.

## LIVERY & FEED STABLES, A. C. WELLBORN, PROP.

Situated on Main Street, east of the Court House. Good horses and new vehicles of all kinds ready for the accommodation of the traveling public. Horses carefully fed and attended to. Give

us a trial and see how we feed. A .C. WELLBORN, Wilkesboro, - North Carolins.

### R. N. HACKETT, Attorneys at Law.

WILKESBORO, N. C. Will practice in the State and Federal ISAAC C. WELLBORN,

Attorney - at - Law, Wilkesboro, N. C. Will practice in all the courts. Desler in real estate. Prompt attention paid to

collection of claims. H. L. GREENA

#### T. B. FINLEY. FINLEY & GREENE Attorneys - at - Law,

WILKESBORO, N. C. Will practice in all the courts. Collections a specialty. Real estate sold on

A Land Without Animals.

commission.

Japan is a land without the domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows-the Japanese neither drinks milk nor eats meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of the foreigners. The freight cars in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beasts of burden nor in hunting, except by for-

There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs-pork is an unknown article of diet and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules, or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular, bears of enormous size. One or these, seen stuffed in a museum, is described as "big as an ox." Beside another stuffed museum bear is preserved in alcohol ,the mangled body of a child the bear had eaten just be-

fore being killed. War, of course, is acquainting the Japanese with the use of animals. The army has cavalry horses, and others to drag the field guns. The empress, also, in obvious imitation of European royalties, is an expert horsewoman and saddle horses are kept for her use .-Farm, Field and Fireside.

Again the New Woman. "Are you doing anything with your

camera now, Madge?" "Yes, indeed; a burglar got into our room the other night, and Nan held him while I took his photograph by ishlight."-Chicago Record.