

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

General Miles is heartily in favor of the bicyclo for army use, and declares that it can be used in nearly every country and in most all seasons of the year.

The safest of modern years of rail-way travel was in 1885. The proportion returned as killed and injured from causes beyond their own control to the number carried was: killed, 1 in 116,202,171; and injured, 1 in 1,599,112.

Napoleon III. once remarked to Mr. Washburne, the American Minister to Paris, that Spain could not hold Cuba, and that the result would be that she would sacrifice all her soldiers and spend all her money and then lose the island in the end.

The Melbourne (Australia) Argus called attention some years ago to the remarkable fact that three young men destined to high distinction in different spheres—Lord Salisbury, the statesman, Sir John Millais, the painter, and Thomas Woolner, the sculptor—were simultaneously in Victoria at the height of the gold fever in the early fifties.

This bicycle business is assuming tremendous proportions, and even the imagination gets tired thinking about it, observes the New York Herald. Ten years ago it was a fad, a craze, and a few cranks, so called, were seen on the streets trying to get their necks broken. Now all the world rides the wheel; policemen ride them, soldiers ride them, gentlemen and ladies of all ages take a spin. To supply the demand there are something like four hundred firms, making money hand over fist, and it is estimated that in the various plants more than \$25,000,000 is invested. Why, the whole thing has come upon us like a tornado.

China is sending out a new detachment of her youth to be educated in our schools, showing an enlightened and progressive spirit in no way diminished by her recent military reverses. If she continues in this excellent custom, equipping her chosen young men with the science and culture of the modern period, and at the same time admits, as she is now doing, progressive ideas in her administration, she will not be so easily whipped the next time, the New York Tribune observes, and will take the place in civilization which properly belongs to her, as her sister Nation Japan has already done, to the wonderment and admiration of mankind, including that of the humbled pigtailed themselves, who may, after all, gather out of the nettle of defeat a choicer flower than the rose of triumph. If she is not quite so grandiose in her general attitudes as she was before she was whipped, she knows more, a fact variously evinced, but in no particular more showily than in again sending her youth hither to be instructed in our schools.

Chief Fernow, of the Forestry Division at Washington, D. C., makes some valuable suggestions in his eleventh bulletin. The bulletin states that the South can make the cultivation of the cork oak very profitable in time. We pay about \$2,000,000 a year for imported cork, and prices are steadily rising. The Government distributed cork oak acorns in the South as far back as 1858, and there are now standing several cork trees in the Southern States, one of them as far north as middle Georgia. A large one is now standing in Mississippi City, Miss., and there are probably twenty in California. The fact that the tree will flourish in the South has been demonstrated. The wattle tree, a native of Australia, is also recommended for cultivation. It belongs to the acacia family, and contains more tannic acid than the oak. It is propagated from seeds, which are soaked until soft in boiling water before planting. This tree will do well in warm climates. This eucalyptus is recommended on account of its rapid growth, the value of the wood and the oil contained in the foliage. Some claim that it is an antidote for malaria. The bamboo deserves a trial, maintains the Atlanta Constitution. It is not a tree but a giant grass, allied to our cane. One variety grows in Florida, where it has been known to grow a foot a day in height, and reach twenty-two feet in a single season. It is in demand for many useful and ornamental purposes. We have been wasting our forests long enough. Why not turn over a new leaf and try the trees recommended by the Forestry Division?

FOR HER SAKE.

All day long, with sigh or song,
Toil I for her sake;
She is where the roses throng—
I where thunders break
From the restless city's mart;
But a rainbow's round my heart!

For I sing: "The day will die—
Toil will soon be past,
And the stars in Love's own sky
Lead me home at last!
Homes! beneath the tranquil skies,
Where she waits with wistful eyes,
"Homes! where love is kindest—best,
Where the hearth is bright;
Homes! where sweetly on my breast
Fall her curls of light!
Homes! from all the world beguiled
By the kisses of a child!"

—F. L. Stanton.

AUNT SUSAN'S QUILT.



"Jimmy and his bride ain't pleased with that, I don't know what would please 'em," said little Mrs. Duke with arms akimbo and head twisted to one side, as she stepped back and gazed with admiration at the object spread out on the bed. It was a carefully pieced quilt, of a somewhat intricate pattern.

"Jimmy's bride can't help being tickled with that," said Mrs. Duke, as she smoothed out a fold; "and if she knows anything about nice quilting, she'll see that wa'n't quilted in a day. Well, I guess not! I quilted ev'ry last stitch of it myself, and there's a good half day's work in some of them blocks with the feather and herring bone patterns and the shell border all round the sidge. I had that quilt in the frames five weeks and three days, and I put all the time I could get out of it, and there ain't no slack work, tired as I did get of seeing it 'round."

She smoothed out another crease. "Lemme see," she went on. "There's 2147 pieces in the quilt, and a good many of 'em are pieces of Jimmy's baby dresses. That'll please his wife, I jest know. Here's a block made of calico like a little pink dress he had when his ma first put him into short dresses. I remember it was made with a low neck and short sleeves, like they made baby dresses in them days, and his little shoulders and arms were almost as pink as the dress."

"And here's pieces like a little double gown he had 'fore he went into short dresses. And this piece of blue chambray is like a little sunbonnet he had, all lined with fine white jaconet. And here is a piece of fine muslin with a little pink sprig in it like the first short dress Jimmy ever had. He did look so unnnin' in it, with the sleeves looped back, and a tumble-curl on the top of his head!"

"I'll show his wife-to-be all these pieces, and if she ain't tickled with the quilt, she'll be a queer one."

Then Mrs. Duke went over to an old-fashioned mahogany bureau with brass knobs, and took from the upper drawer a large, square cream-tinted envelope, out of which she carefully drew the "invite" to Jimmy's wedding.

"Mr. and Mrs. William H. Holbrook invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter Helen and James Barclay Larkin, Wednesday evening, September 14th."

Then followed the address of the bride's parents, in a city four hundred miles from Mrs. Duke's home. "But I'm goin'!" she said, gleefully, as she slipped the invitation back into its envelope. "I'd go if it was twice as far. I ain't seen Jimmy for near on to five years, and he always seemed like my own boy to me 'cause I never had none of my own, and I helped to bring him up after his own ma died, when he wa'n't but just in his first little trouses."

"I ain't been so far from home in many a long year, and I reckoned my travelin' days was done, but I've got to go and see Jimmy married. I must see Elviry Hodge right away about turning and making over my black silk, and I must see Samantha Rose about a new cap. I guess I'll have to have something smart for a city wedding, where they'll all be finished up so. I don't want Jimmy to be ashamed of his old aunt; but lawsy me! Jimmy wouldn't be ashamed of me if I went in my plain calico house dress. He wa'n't raised to set clothes above his relations, and he ain't got nothing to be ashamed of in any of his folks."

Then Jimmy's aunt, her face aglow with loving thoughts of seeing Jimmy again, folded up the quilt carefully in an old sheet, and laid it away in a lower drawer of the bureau, saying: "I s'pose they'll have lots of nice presents, but I'll warrant you they won't have one that represents as much lovin' labor as that quilt. I had to cry a little when I quilted them blocks with the pieces of his baby dresses in 'em. His wife ought to think the world and all of the quilt. I hope to the land she won't go to using it common."

Mrs. Duke, who was a widow and childless, lived in a small, remote country town, in which her nephew, James Larkin, had been born, and from which he had gone to become a successful young lawyer in the city. He had not been back to the home of his childhood for five years. As his Aunt Susan said, he "wa'n't no hand to write letters," but he often sent brief notes and little gifts to his aunt to assure her of his affection and gratitude.

He had not announced his engagement to her, and the invitation to his wedding was one of the greatest surprises of Mrs. Duke's uneventful life.

"He jest wanted to give his old aunt a big 'prise," she said to Elvira Hodge, the village seamstress, when she came to "fix over" Aunt Susan's black silk. "I couldn't believe my own eyes at first. It don't seem no longer than yesterday that Jimmy was runnin' 'round here in pinafores; and to think of him bein' married—I declare I can't git over it!"

"But I'll give him a 'prise, too. I don't intend to give him a hint that I'm comin' to his wedding, and if he won't be took back when he sees me marchin' in on him, my name ain't Susan Elizabeth Duke! Don't you reckon his wife'll be tickled with that quilt, Elviry?"

"They'd ought to be, that's sure," said Elvira.

"I think it's a kind of special Providence that I put in the frames when I did. I didn't call 'late on quiltin' it until next winter, but I had a kind of feelin' that I'd better do it when I did, and now it's turned out that there was a good reason why I should quilt then."

There was quite a company of Aunt Susan's friends at the little station to see her off on the morning she started. There was unusual oolor in her cheeks and unthought sparkle in her eyes. She bade each of her friends goodbye two or three times, and promised to take good care of herself. Some of them she promised a crumb of Jimmy's wedding cake, and a full account of the wedding festivities.

"An' if you could git me a scrap of the bride's wedding dress an' of any of her other dresses for my silk quilt, Susan, I'd be so pleased with 'em!" said old Mrs. Gray.

"I will if I can, Nancy," said Aunt Susan. "There's the train comin'! I'm so glad I could get my trunk checked clean through! I'd be in a nice fix if that trunk should get lost with Jimmy's quilt and my black silk in it! Where's my lunch basket? Oh, you're goin' to carry it away on the train for me, are you, Hiram Drey? I'm bleeged to you, but mind you git off the train 'fore it starts. Good-bye, Nancy; good-bye all!"

In a moment the train was on its way, Aunt Susan's handkerchief fluttered from one of the car windows as long as the train was within sight of the little station.

All the people in the car noticed the happy old lady in her queer, old-fashioned garb. Some had not seen her for many years a shawl like the one she wore, with its fringe a foot long and silk embroidery in the corners; but nothing was coarse or amiss in her dress, and there was a quaintness and charm about her that attracted the sympathy of all the passengers.

She had not gone twenty-five miles before she was telling some of them nearest her all about Jimmy and Jimmy's quilt, and the wedding to take place on the coming Wednesday.

She was delighted to find that a middle-aged, kindly-looking woman who was one of the passengers lived in the city in which young Mr. Larkin lived, and could easily show her his boarding house.

"I'm so much obleeged to you!" said Aunt Susan. "I've been so dreadful nervous 'bout trying to find the house myself, I hated to write to him to meet me 'cause it'd take off the best part of the 'prise. I jest want to walk right in on him."

That was just what she had the pleasure of doing the next afternoon.

James Larkin was just taking his wedding suit from the box in which it had been sent home, when there came a knock at the door of his room.

Aunt Susan was trembling with excitement when her nephew opened the door.

"Why, Aunt Susan!" he cried; and then he took her in his arms and kissed on both cheeks.

There was no lack of tenderness in her nephew's greeting, yet the changes in her were painful to her. He was a beardless, boyish-looking young man when she had seen him last. Now he was a tall, broad-shouldered, full-bearded man with a way that made it hard for her to call him "Jimmy." He did not say so, but she felt that he would rather have her call him "James," and that sounded so cold and formal to her.

He now had the graces of a city-bred young man. She found it hard to accommodate herself to them, and to the usages of the fashionable boarding house in which her prosperous young nephew lived.

He might, perhaps, have wished that Elvira Hodge had made his aunt's garments more stylish, when he took her down to dinner, but he was in no sense ashamed of her. When they were going downstairs with her hand timidly resting on his arm, he made her very happy by looking down into her face and saying tenderly and heartily, "I am so glad you came, Aunt Susan."

"I thought you would be," she said, patting his arm affectionately. "You know you're the only boy I ever had."

"And you were always the best of mothers to me."

But when she was alone in her room she wondered if it had been wise for her to come after all. She did not doubt now that James was genuinely happy to see her, but she had discovered that his betrothed was the daughter of a rich man, and that the wedding was to be an elegant affair. Aunt Susan learned she would be out of place—that she might in her innocence do or say something to give James and his bride cause to be ashamed of her.

"making herself useful in Mrs. Holbrook's kitchen." It disappointed her to be told by her nephew that her services would not be required, and that a caterer would provide the supper. She did not know what a caterer was, and felt confused and uneasy, and went to sleep half wishing herself home.

When the next evening she found herself in the beautiful home of Mr. Holbrook, surrounded by finely-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who looked curiously at the odd-looking, little old woman in the queerly-made and old-fashioned black silk, she heartily wished that she had not come.

Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook were as attentive to her as they could be with a house full of guests; but Aunt Susan soon found it convenient to slip off into a corner, where she hid like the little country mouse she was.

But she was glad after all that she had come when James, looking so tall and happy and handsome, came into the great parlor with his bride on his arm, in her trailing, white satin dress and long veil. Aunt Susan was so completely overawed by this magnificence that, instead of going forward with the others to offer her congratulations, she slipped off upstairs to the room in which she had taken off her bonnet and shawl. In it was her wedding gift to Jimmy—the quilt that had but yesterday seemed to her as beautiful and appropriate a gift that she could bestow upon him.

Across the hall was the open door of a room almost filled with shining silver and glittering glass, with pictures and rare ornaments and beautiful books, gifts to James and his bride.

Aunt Susan felt that her own offering, although it was the gift of her own labor and love, would be out of place. It might offend her nephew and his bride to see it there. Some one might laugh and jeer at it, and she could not bear to think of that. It seemed so poor and trifling now; she could not think of allowing Jimmy and his wife to know that she had brought them such a gift.

She turned back a corner of the quilt, and looked at a piece of the pink and white muslin of which one of Jimmy's first garments had been made. A flood of tender memories filled her heart, and she buried her face in her gift and cried as she had not cried for years.

There she sat for a long time, paying no heed to the noise and merriment downstairs. Presently she heard a rustle of silk and satin in the hall, and a low murmur of voices. In a moment a pair of soft arms were around her neck, and a girlish voice was saying:

"I am so glad we have found you at last! We have been looking everywhere for you!"

When Aunt Susan looked up she found the bride kneeling by her side, while James was bending low over her.

"You haven't been up here all this time, have you?" he said. "We wondered where you were. Helen was so anxious to see you."

"Of course I was," said the bride. "There is no one I am so glad to see. James has told me all about you, and it was so good of you to come so far to see us married. You must kiss us and wish us joy, won't you?"

"If you'll let me," said Susan, with the tears still in her eyes.

"Let you?" said James. "We should think it very strange if you didn't. What have you here? It looks like one of the quilts you used to make. It is a quilt, isn't it?"

Aunt Susan tried to conceal the quilt, but James took it from her and unfolded it. Suddenly he said:

"Why, Aunt Susan, didn't you bring this for a wedding present?"

"Well, I—I did think I'd give it to your wife, James," said Aunt Susan, soberly. "I thought that—well—well, you see, I made it ev'ry stitch myself and—there's lots of pieces in it from the first clothes you ever had, and—I thought maybe she'd like it because I did it ev'ry stitch myself and—"

"Like it?" cried Helen. "I shall value it above any gift I have had! It is beautiful—I never saw such exquisite needlework! What weeks of labor it must have cost you. I am so proud of it!"

"She said them very words," said Aunt Susan to half a dozen of her delighted friends who came to see her the day she reached home. She fairly cried when I showed her the blocks made up of pieces of Jimmy's things. "She said she'd think the world and all of it. She and Jimmy had to go off on their wedding tower in about an hour, and I expected to come home that night; but Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook wouldn't hear to it."

"They made me stay there a whole week, and they treated me as if I was one of the greatest ladies in the land. They took me to ride ev'ry day, and they never seemed to mind a bit about my old-fashioned ways and clothes."

"I had a beautiful time, and the best part of it is Jimmy and his wife are coming to make me a visit on their way home from their tower next week. You never see such a splendid young woman as she is!"—The Downingtown Archive.

Old Sermons in Demand.
The wife of a minister down in Cincinnati traded a barrel of his old sermons not long ago for a new bread-pan. The next spring the rag man came around again and asked if she had any more sermons to sell.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dishes are washed by electricity.

In the new edition of the British Pharmacopoeia, the metric system of weights and measures will be adopted.

Crookes tubes, for use in taking X-ray photographs, have already appeared on the bargain counter of a Chicago department store. They cost \$6.95 each.

Dr. W. H. Halker, Superintendent of the Delaware Insane Hospital, is going to try the effects of the X rays on the brains of a number of the insane people under his charge.

The experiment of electrical traction in the Baltimore Tunnel has now been tried about a year, with results so far to the advantage of the electric motors over those propelled by steam.

By a special permit, and in mailing packages approved by the Postoffice Department, bacteria or disease tissues may now be sent through the mails to United States or municipal laboratories.

The entomological collection of M. Jules Fallon, which includes twenty-five thousand moths and butterflies, has been presented to the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, by his grandsons.

Herr Wilkens, of Vienna, has found that two full-blooded English horses transmitted the color of their coats to their offspring in 586 cases out of 1000. Where the parents were of different colors, he found the hair of the foals, in most cases, took the color of that of the mother.

A carboy of alcohol burst in the basement of a Chicago drug store, and, taking fire, a tremendous blaze, which threatened a disastrous fire, followed. A clerk turned the valve of the soda water cylinder on the flames, and the carbonic acid extinguished the flames before the Fire Department could reach the spot.

M. Meulans has examined the relation between the penetrability by the rays from Crookes tubes of various substances and their chemical nature. He finds that carbon and its combinations with hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen are peculiarly transparent to the rays, while the presence of other elements, chlorine, sulphur, phosphorus and, above, all iodine with metals increases the opaqueness.

Oil burners on a system invented by an engineer named Cunierti have been put into all the new Italian war ships and have also been adopted by the German Government. The fuel used is not crude petroleum, but petroleum residuum, which is more economical and has the advantage of not producing smoke when burnt.

The British Admiralty is about to experiment with liquid fuel on the new fast cruiser Gladiateur.

What we call light is a wave motion in the ether, and is a transverse movement, too. Molecules have nothing to do with it except to produce it. The waves of ether which affect the eye range from about four hundred millions of millions per second to eight hundred millions of millions per second, the longest waves being what we call red waves, while the shortest is called violet, though it is well known that waves much shorter than those in the common spectrum can be seen by some eyes.

His Writing Reversed.

Drs. Richards and Gordon, of Quincy, held a consultation Thursday over the case of Postmaster Charles F. Wilde, of Wollaston, which has been puzzling the public during the past week. After a careful diagnosis of the case the physicians decided that he was suffering from congestion of the base of the brain and that the disease had been developing during quite a long period. One peculiarity of his mental condition has been a change in his method of writing. Instead of writing from left to right, as he has previously been accustomed to do, he has, during his sickness, when attempting to write, reversed the style and has written backward, or from right to left. Thursday he wrote his name in his ordinary manner, however, which was considered a striking sign of improvement in his condition by his physicians and friends.—Boston Herald.

The Evacuation of Fort Ontario.

On July 15 next will occur the one hundred anniversary of the British evacuation of Fort Ontario at Oswego, which was the last place over which the flag of Great Britain waved in the United States. When that flag was hauled down the American flag took its place, and ever since has waved there. A public meeting of citizens of Oswego, called by the Mayor, has been held, at which it was determined to celebrate this centennial, with a city day, a military day, and a society day, with a sham battle and repetition of the fort's capture in 1812. The Knights of Pythias are organizing for society day. It is proposed to regarrison the old fort, and to attempt to interest the Federal and State authorities in the celebration of the centennial, which has a National significance.—Syracuse Journal.

First Cork in This Country.

What is said to be the first cork ever grown in the United States of a size suitable for commercial purposes was recently stripped from a tree in Augusta, Ga. The tree was one of a number set out under Government supervision some thirty-five years ago. The bark obtained was two and a half inches thick and of a solid and close texture.—Philadelphia Record.

Restaurants in Turkey.

In Constantinople the restaurants are now expected to provide knives and forks for their customers. In Persia, however, the diner is given no fork, and in place of it uses a bit of unleavened bread.

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Telegraphs in the Sahara.

The telephone and the telegraph are rapidly making inroads into the arid portion of the desert of Sahara. Engineer Bayolle is now on the way from Biskra to Tugurth with a working force of 100 men for the purpose of laying telegraph wires between the two places. The line is erected as the party proceeds, and the first news from Bayolle was received at Biskra when he telephoned from a point some 20 miles south of Biskra. He advanced at the rate of from three to five miles a day, and will probably reach Tugurth about the first of the year.

He reports over the phone that he has met with a peculiar difficulty; the camels which he has taken along are not used to carrying burdens of a long shape like telegraph poles, and in many cases they refuse to go on with their loads. Since the camels will not carry the poles when strapped alongside of them, he had to resort to the peculiar mode of balancing the telegraph poles across the pack saddles and fastening them in this position by means of straps and ropes.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States Senate, was one of the most popular lecturers in the "lyceum days." It is noted of Mr. Milburn that he was first elected Congressional chaplain in December, 1845, fifty-one years ago. He was then 22 years of age, and the youngest man whose voice has ever been heard in Congress before or since that date.

A short time before he died, Dr. Charcot stated, in a lecture, that semi-scientists had for more than fifty years ridiculed the idea that the full moon is a dangerous time for insane persons. Dr. Charcot stated that scientists were now going back to the old-time notion, as a result of increased learning on the subject of earth tides, which are similar to the oscillation of sea tides.