

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

The London Engineer notes the growing favor in which the American-made files and rasps are held in England.

Professor Crocker, of Columbia College, says that the talk of electrical science being in its "infancy" is all boast. To-day it is one of the most exact of the known sciences.

"The worst kind of bicyclo face is the long face your oldest daughter puts on when she has asked for a wheel and you have told her that you can't afford to buy her one," avers the Boston Globe.

John Swinton, of the New York Sun, recently declared that over every American writer hangs the fear of the editorial blue pencil, and that not until men dare to be themselves and not the echoes of others can the country hope for a literature that will compare favorably with that of England and France.

Dr. Brown, of St. Louis, was walking home late one night when he was accosted by a footpad. "Gimme your money," said the thief. As quick as thought the doctor turned and in an offended tone said: "What are you doing over here? Go on the other side of the street; I'm working this side myself." With a muttered apology for his breach of etiquette the would-be robber vanished in the darkness.

Richard Atkinson, the last of the "potwallopers," has just died at Pontefract, England, at the age of ninety-seven. The potwallopers were legislated out of existence by the reform act of 1832; they were the men who "boiled their own pot," that is, earned their own living and were not a charge on the parish, and who if they resided for six months in a borough, either as householders or lodgers, were entitled to a voice at Parliamentary elections.

The New York Department of Education has hit upon a plan of circulating useful books in all the school districts of the State, which has worked well in practice. Small libraries, packed in a suitable case, are sent to any recognized teacher or school on application, a fee of \$3 being charged for fifty books and \$5 for 100, cost of transportation included. Out of 11,900 books sent out last year only one was lost, and that was paid for. Very few volumes have been damaged, although each library averages 290 readers.

William D. Howells presided at a dinner given in New York City to Stephen Crane, the young author whose reputation has become international in a few months. "The Red Badge of Courage" was spoken of recently as having placed its writer in the position of the "Rudyard Kipling of the American Army." Yet Mr. Crane tells us, adds the Sun, that he got his notions of warfare on the football field. He never saw a field of battle. For the matter of that neither did Kipling. The best descriptions of carnage and bloody struggle have been written by men who evolved them out of their inner consciences. This was so with Beyle, Carlyle, Balzac. The fact is that the man who is on a battlefield sees so little of what is going on that if he wrote down his actual experiences they would not be striking or convincing. Even Tolstoy, in his more effective work, described a good deal more than what he had actually experienced.

Says the Baltimore Herald: A novel experiment is about to be tried in Chicago. In brief, it is the application of the Hungarian zone system to street railway traffic, and the realization of travel for a cent a mile. A street railway company has been given a charter and the right to build lines over certain streets in Chicago. The passenger is to provide himself with coupon tickets or pay cash, as may suit him. The first mile from the downtown terminus costs one cent, and one cent extra is charged for each additional mile or fraction thereof. In case a passenger boards a car at a distance from the terminus, and alights before it reaches its destination, he is charged one cent a mile for the space over which he rides. The advocates of this plan argue that the rate thus established is equitable and fair to all concerned. It is maintained that such payment will bring in proper revenue to the companies, and that the downtown passenger is not continually paying for the long rides of the suburban resident. The plan has been effectually worked out in European cities, and it is ready for adoption in America.

MAKING RAINBOWS.

"The heart could have no rainbows had the eyes no tears."

Making rainbows!
Smiles through tears,
Light through darkness,
Hopes through fears.

Making rainbows!
Ease through pain;
Peace through suffering,
Hope again.

Making rainbows!
Joy through grief,
Rest through trouble,
Sweet relief.

Making rainbows!
While you may,
In the storm-clouds
O'er life's way.

Making rainbows!
Hearts are sad,
Share your gladness,
Make them glad!

Making rainbows!
Blissful art,
Healing every
Broken heart.

Making rainbows
One by one,
Till the Master
Says "Well done."

Making rainbows!
Mid earth's sighs;
Making rainbows
For the skies!

—H. E. Banning, in Folk Lore.

RIDING FOR A FALL.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

It was a perfect day for wheeling. Even the slight sea breeze that took the curl out of their bangs as they sat on the piazza of the O'Shunn House, seemed to invite Florence and her chaperoning Aunt to go for a spin. But that good-fellowship necessary to an enjoyable trip did not exist, because Florence had a well-founded suspicion that her dear Aunt had that morning intercepted a letter from Fred Lumsden, and the Aunt was feeling that her wholly unprejudiced lecture on the evanescence of misplaced love and the durability of American dollars was not being properly appreciated. It is probable that, in spite of the glorious weather, nothing more exciting than an ordinary family quarrel would have happened had it not been for the effervescent energy of Fred, who appeared on the scene in that unexpected way peculiar to true lovers.

"Good morning, ladies!" he called, with an effort at boldness that only made the blood mount to his cheeks. "Beautiful day—er—isn't it?" "Beautiful! I'm so glad to see you," said Florence, with an accent of sincerity that was perhaps emphasized in order to spite her Aunt. "Perfectly charming," said the aunt, in the tinkling tones that reminds one of the chink of the ice in a glass of frappe tea.

"I did myself the honor to call on you," Fred explained, as he leaned his wheel against the hotel steps and took a chair near Florence, "because I am going West to-morrow. I have secured a position as civil engineer with a Western railway company that is projecting a branch line, and as I had the day to spare, I thought I'd come down and bid you good-bye."

"So kind of you, I am sure," said the dear Aunt. "I am so glad—for your sake, Fred—that you have this position, for I think a young man should begin his life work as soon after leaving college as possible. I have no doubt that, in a few years, you will be a railway magnate."

She rattled on volubly in this vein for a couple of minutes, and all the while her words had the glib sound of wine being poured out of a narrow necked bottle. It is a note that you catch only in the best society, and it means that the accomplished lady who is talking is all the time thinking hard about something else. The tenor of the Aunt's thoughts were as follows: "I mustn't allow them to be alone together. I know what these partings mean. He has come down to propose to her, and she—the little hussy—will accept him. If I look her in her room it will cause talk, and I can't keep track of them all day in these corridors. O, what shall I do?"

When the light finally broke, a practiced ear could have detected a change in her tone, as she exclaimed enthusiastically: "Really, Fred, I am glad you have come down, for I have been planning for several days to take a party from here to the little casino they have at Clam-Shell-on-the-Sea, about fifteen miles down the coast. We can spin down there in a couple of hours, have some refreshments, and then spin back in time to catch your train for New York."

self, "they are cleverer than I think." For the first mile the crowd was well bunched and nothing happened. At length Fred found himself at Florence's side and managed to stammer: "Don't you feel you'd like to spin a little faster?"

A glance showed that she understood, and a moment later they were quietly drawing away from the party. "Hello!" exclaimed the inevitable idiot; "have we scooters with us? Well, I feel like doing a little scorching myself!"

With that they all struck into a gait that left the chaperone behind, but overhauled the runners. That scheme was undoubtedly a failure. "Let us fall behind then," suggested Fred. After a slight hesitation, for she did not wish every one to see what her feelings were, Florence slowed up and soon she and Fred were abreast of the dear, good Aunt, who had noticed their ruse and was following, panting but triumphant.

"Really, it is kind of you," she panted; "I am so glad you were thoughtful enough to wait for me. I am willing to go along just as slowly as you please, for I love to look at the scenery."

Fred groaned and Florence bit her lips. Now, so many wonder why they did not strike down a side road and leave the party altogether, but it must be remembered that their love-making had not progressed yet beyond the language of the eyes and of the hand-clasp. It was only the prospect of a parting—perhaps for years—that made their love so intense at this time. Fred's attentions had been frowned on for the past year by all of Florence's relatives, for they all were agreed that a student has no right to make love to a girl whose friends are ambitious for her future, unless he is heir to millions. Fred was not, so, of course, he was ineligible in every way. When he found that both attempts to be alone with Florence, and tell her what was in his heart, were unsuccessful, and the dear chaperone grew happier every minute and prattled gaily about the weather and the scenery. In the meantime the scooters slowed up, as no one had any real object in keeping up the pace, until the party was reunited.

It was then that an idea occurred to Fred that proved that he has engineering skill that will enable him to rise in the world some day. "I'll tell you what let's do," he called out. "Let's scorch from here to the casino, and have the last man who gets there pay for the refreshments, and let the first lady to arrive be given a prize of her own choosing."

He had gauged the enthusiasm of the party to a nicety, and before the good chaperone could protest effectively, all the young people had gripped their handle-bars, leaned forward and commenced pedaling for dear life. They drew away from her rapidly and were coasting down a long incline before she had time to even guess at the significance of Fred's scheme. Soon a turn in the road took the whole party from her view, and she showed the wholly bitter end of reflection. The best laid plans of mice, men and chaperones are very apt to go agley from time to time.

Fred's heart rose correspondingly as he saw how well his scheme was working. He calculated that they were traveling at about twice the rate of speed of the chaperone, and that within half an hour they would be far enough ahead for his purposes. Florence didn't understand exactly what his plan was, but she kept the pace along with the foremost. She appeared to advantage on the wheel, and, as her color rose with the exertion, he thought he had never seen a lovelier sight. Her little athletic figure seemed to swim through the air with that peculiar grace that the poets ascribe to the gait of goddesses. Though he could, if he wished, have scooted ahead and distanced her with ease, he could not bear to have her out of his sight. So it was soon evident that he would have to pay for the refreshment. Up hill and down they went without abating their speed until the chaperone was properly three (or four miles) behind. Presently they coasted down a hill into a little valley where the road was wooded on both sides, and Fred saw that the opportune moment had come. Guiding his wheel till he was near enough to Florence to whisper, he said:

"Wouldn't you like to rest for a few minutes?" She made no response, but kept right on. "We have both lost the wagers anyway," he urged. Her only notice of his remarks was a slight heightening of color. "Miss Camden—Florence!" "I mustn't," she half-gasped, "I did wrong to run away from Aunt."

"Well, wait for her, and I will too." "No." The truth was that Florence's maiden modesty was beginning to assert itself, and she had been thinking that in attempting to rush ahead with Fred, and then to fall behind, she had been too forward. Poor Fred! In his college course he had been taught to deal with the laws of nature, but not with the whims of a woman, and he was almost nonplussed. Already the others of the party were passing over the crest of the hill, and they were in danger of leaving the little valley without anything being accomplished. But still Florence kept scorching along. Even despair adds to the resourcefulness of some men, and suddenly the lines of Fred's face hardened and he raced past her up the hill. When he had gauged the distance and direction accurately, he turned and waved his hand at her as if waving "good-bye," while his wheel went directly towards a log that lay by the roadside. A moment later he struck and whirled through the air entangled with his wheel, with his arms and legs flying like a windmill. He was picking himself up as she

passed. She wavered, the wheel wobbled as if she were going to alight, but she straightened up and disappeared over the crest of the hill.

His despair was complete. He didn't care if he had ruined his wheel or shattered his anatomy. His heart, however, was the only part of him that ever was injured, and it was rapidly sinking out of its normal position. He had certainly been mistaken. She didn't care for him. He hadn't had such a fall in his life, and yet she had left him there to die—for all she knew. Of course he had intended to fall, but the next time he fell to attract the attention of a heartless girl, he would do it on a bed of moss rather than on the side of a chestnut log and the rough edge of a gravel road. Without looking to see how much he had damaged himself, smarting inwardly and outwardly, he sat down on the log, buried his face in his hands and felt utterly miserable. He was beginning to hate himself, Florence, her aunt and the whole world, when suddenly he felt a light hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, Fred, are you really hurt? I saw that you really intended to take that tumble, but it was horrid of me to go along without asking if you were hurt—when I knew you had done it for my sake."

The humor of taking a header for anyone's sake did not appeal to either of them just then.

"Are you hurt?" It was his chance to sulk, and what man can resist sulking when he has the most charming girl in the world to coax him into good humor?

"Speak to me, Fred. You are not hurt, are you? O, you must be! Your jacket and—and knickerbockers are torn, and you must be. Shall I get you some water from the spring? O, do speak! Look up at me!"

She pulled his hands from his face, and as he looked up, he saw that there were tears in her eyes. Just then Florence gave a little scream.

"O, Fred, there is Auntie coming over the hill!"

That was all the tonic he needed. Seizing her hands, he exclaimed hurriedly: "Florence, you know why I wanted to be alone with you. I love you—have loved you for months! And now that I am going away I want to know if there is any hope for me. Will you be my wife?"

She looked down the road at the approaching Nemesis. "Will you be my wife? I know I don't deserve you, but I will work; I will work. Some day you may love me a little."

She blushed, then glanced at the figure coasting down the hill.

"Yes, Fred! Yes! O, do let us hurry away. Aunt will be here in a minute or two."

"Then you do love me!" A moment later she was folded in his arms. What the sun saw and the chaperone suspected need not be described.

A moment later they were wheeling along side by side, utterly oblivious of everything on earth but each other. When they reached the casino the rest of the party had ordered their refreshments, and were piling up a goodly bill for the loser—who was so infinitely a winner. He explained his loss by the tumble he had taken, and praised Florence for her kindness in waiting for him. When the chaperone arrived, Florence's absent-mindedness and high color and Fred's elation told her all. Not buttermilk, nor ice-cream, nor all the soda syrups of the world, could medicine her to that sweet peace of mind she had enjoyed before Fred had appeared on the scene. If she were not so far from home she would probably have indulged in a fit of cultured hysterics; but she consoled herself with the thought that match-breaking is almost as enjoyable a sport as match-making.

Fred and Florence are not married yet, and much is being done to worry them; but the reader may rest assured that it will not be long before a youth so resourceful will win the success that will enable him to come East and claim his bride.—New York Truth.

Gold From Sea Water.

Again they are talking of extracting gold from sea water. The Electrical World describes a method suggested by the London Electrician, as follows: It consists in using plates of iron as anodes and plates of amalgamated copper or zinc as cathodes, which in some cases may be arranged to hold a certain quantity of mercury; these plates form, in conjunction with the sea water, an electric battery, or may be connected to a dynamo; the gold, it is claimed, will be deposited on the copper cathode or on the mercury, it being supposed to be in combination with iodine; the chief point is to have the greatest possible volume of sea water pass between the plates.

Waste Energy of an Avalanche.

A French engineer has thought it worth while to calculate the waste energy of the great avalanche of Gemmi, in the Alps, which fell last September. He makes it 4,400,000,000 metre tons, or, roughly, three times the same number of foot tons; that is to say, the energy needed to lift some 13,000,000,000 tons a foot high. The fall lasted a minute and in that time developed about a million horse-powers. If the energy could have been turned into electric current it would have fed 90,000 sixteen-candle-power incandescent lamps five hours a day during a whole year.—Chicago Record.

Origin of Bagpipes.

Those who imagine that the "akiri" of the bagpipe was first heard on Caldonia's shores will find their belief disturbed by the fact that the instrument was known in Babylon. The Assyrians took it to India, while it was played in the temple service of Jerusalem. In England it was used soon after the Roman conquest.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Photographs have been taken of the sea 500 feet below the surface.

It is said that the March of 1896 was the coldest March in the history of the weather bureau.

There are in the German Empire to-day about 180 electric factories, distributed in 168 localities.

Electric power is so cheap at Great Falls, Montana, that nearly all the machinery there is moved by it.

The largest spider known to entomologists makes its home in the most hilly section of Ceylon. It spins a huge net of yellow silk sometimes ten feet wide.

The frog deposits its eggs in shallow water, where the warmth of the sun promotes speedy hatching. The common snake often selects a bed of decomposing vegetable matter. The crocodile and the clumsy sea tortoise go ashore to lay their eggs.

When the common earth worm is cut in two to the tail there grows a head and to the head there grows a tail, and two animals are formed. As the wound heals a small white button is formed, which afterward develops into rings and a perfect extremity.

Dr. P. M. Johns, a San Francisco scientist, who has been conducting a series of experiments with the X rays, declares that they are not cathode rays, as has been held, but emanate from the anode. Professor Sanford, of Stanford University, says that he is right.

Mme. Cavaignac, wife of the French War Minister, had a bit of a broken needle in her hand which the surgeons could not find. She went to the Ecole Centrale, had the hand pictured by the Roentgen rays showing the needle, took the picture to a surgeon, and had the needle taken out.

An editor in Graz, Austria, had his skull photographed by Professor Roentgen's process, but absolutely refused to have the picture reproduced or shown to any but men of science. The effect startled him so that it was a long time after he saw the photograph before he could sleep in peace.

The duration of sunshine in the various countries of Europe was recently discussed at a scientific meeting in Berlin. It was shown that Spain stands at the head of the list, having on the average 3000 hours of sunshine per year, while Italy has 2300 hours, Germany 1700 hours and England 1400 hours.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

It is old-established fact that oil spread on the surface of water will calm the waves, and often save a ship; but it will be a new idea to many that soap-suds will have the same effect. An English steamer was caught in a heavy storm on the Atlantic, and being without oil to use for this purpose, the captain conceived the idea of utilizing a quantity of soap which he found among his stores. The soap was dissolved in water, making a compound the consistency of gruel. This was flung over the bows of the boat, and with startling results. Almost immediately the waves were calmed and the vessel rode in safety. A similar experiment was tried on a French steamer which was struck by a squall. The officer dissolved three kilograms of soap in seventy liters of water. This solution was allowed to trickle over the bow of the boat, and it so smoothed the water that for a space of about ten meters wide the waves gave them no disturbance, not even breaking over the sides of the vessel. As an alternative this discovery is an exceedingly valuable one. Soap can be compressed into small space and a sufficient amount might be carried to insure comparative safety to any vessel without occupying any appreciable space.—Ledger.

Romance of General Grant's Grandson.

Algernon Sartoris, the grandson of General Grant and the eldest child of Nellie Grant Sartoris, is being educated at Oxford. He came to America last summer to spend his vacation with his mother. At Narragansett Pier he was much taken with a young society bud nearly his own age. His mother would not hear of marriage so early, and the lad of twenty years went back to England disconsolate, but hopeful. Not long ago he received discouraging news. He became jealous about the attentions shown the girl by society men, and young Sartoris did not wait for his mother's consent to leave school, nor for remittances. He had money enough to pay his passage to America, and he came. In fact, it is reported that he came in the steerage and concealed his identity. He appeared on the scene rather unexpectedly, and a week or more of visiting soothed his troubled spirit, and he went back to school, where he is now.—New Orleans Picayune.

Would Cause a Sensation.

"There are some things that the patent office does, and there are some things that we are too highly educated to touch," observed an official of the patent office. "A few days ago the office received a letter from a leading clergyman in Cincinnati, in which he said: 'I am anxious to buy a bicycle for my daughter, but cannot decide which of the many machines now on the market is the best. Please advise me what machine the patent office thinks is the best?' To answer the letter would have caused a bigger sensation than a proclamation by the President declaring war with Cuba, and so we simply said in reply that he could ascertain for himself by reading the advertisements of the various machines in the newspapers. Yesterday came a further letter from the writer, in which he said: 'I have read so much on the bicycle question that I am nearly driven to despair, but up to this writing I have not been able to decide.'—Washington Star.

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ROMANCE OF A FALL.
The proverb that to stub one's toe while looking at one of the opposite sex is a sign of matrimonial bonds between the two will probably be proved true by a young couple of a New York village. It happened on Broadway, Troy, not long ago, that a pretty young lady made a misstep and fell into the arms of a total stranger. Restoring her to a state of equilibrium, he said: "I'm glad you're pretty." The compliment struck rich ground, and they became known to each other by a formal introduction. "They are now engaged, and it is said that Easter bells will ring their bans. The young man says he will never object to rough sidewalks again."
"Muggins—Do you thing the north pole will ever be found? Muggins—I didn't know it was lost.—Philadelphia Record.
"Willie—I knew you were coming to-night. Castleton—Why, Willie? Willie—Sister has been asleep all the afternoon.—Truth.
"Passenger—Is that Chicago we are coming to? Conductor—Certainly. Can't you make out the snow-capped buildings?—Hill.
"Do yer study grammar?" "Now, I done got t'rough grammar."—Judge.
"Hiland—The temperature got down to zero last night. Halker—That's nothing.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.
"Traveler—May I take this seat? Mailman (from Boston, icily)—Where do you wish to take it, sir?—Christian Advocate.
"Doctor to former physician—Yes, sir, the sovereign remedy for all this is fresh air and plenty of it. People don't let enough air into their houses. Well, I must hurry off; I'm on an errand. Another physician—Going fast? "No, only down to the hardware store to get half a mile of weather-strips.—Philadelphia Telegraph.