WILKESBORO, N. C.

Old English names are frequent enough in Winthrop, Me., so that on three stores side by side appear Ingham, Oldham and Dillingham. The neighbors crack jokes because there isn't a ham in either store.

One man in Chester, England, has been before the police justices 130 times for drunkenness or assault; his father was up thirty-five times, one sister sixty-seven and another twentynine. The cost of prosecuting the family and keeping it in prison has been over \$10,000.

Cuba's sugar crop and her tobacco crop are failures this year, more's the pity, exclaims the New York Herald. She sells us \$10,000,000 worth. It doesn't look as though Spain could get any taxes out of her for some time to come. There isn't any blood in a stone, and there isn't any money in Cuba.

The Japan Gazette says that the Kissa Emigration Company contemplates sending 20,000 emigrants to Brazil, who will be chiefly employed in the coffee districts. It is estimated that if the project proves successful this first draft of Japanese emigrants to Brazil will be followed by many others, and that the authorities of Japan look with favor on the movement because it is calculated to relieve the pressure of population in the Mikako's empire.

According to a Copenhagen paper the largest encyclopedia in the world is the Buddhistic work "Tangym," which has been from ancient times preserved in several of the larger Buddhistic cloisters. In comparison to this book of reference the Encyclopædia Britannica itself sinks into insignificance, at least as regards size. It consists of 225 volumes, each of which is two feet high and six inches thick. The 225 volumes weigh 3000 pounds, or twelve pounds a volumerather heavy reading even for a Buddhist priest. The original edition seems to have been limited and comparatively few copies still exist. One of these is owned by the British Government and another by the Russian. The latest price noted is 7000 francs.

Here is something to alarm "scorchers." In two or three cases that recently occurred in Philadelphia, the Ledger says, the doctors diagnosed a derangement of the intestines, caused by bicycling, setting up appendicitis, from which death resulted. It appears that the victims were young men who used their bicycles to an excessive extent and took a wrong position in riding them, bringing the abdomen down against the saddle, as done in "scorching," with the results that the contents of that sensitive part of the body were pusted out of position, complicated together and pounded into inflammation. But if riders will sit upright on their wheels and keep their bodies in a normal position it is believed that they will be in no danger of appendicitis.

We have had, in the past five years, a recrudescence of Columbus, of Napoleon and things Napoleonic; now, it appears, there may be an infliction of Robinson Crusoe. A learned society of London, England, has come to the conclusion that readers of De-Foe's charming fiction have all along been misled as to the island on which their hero was landed when he experienced shipwreck, says the New York Post. It has been hitherto assumed, much to De Foe's discredit, that he stole (or "appropriated") the story of one Alexander Selkirk, who passed several years on the island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean. But members of this society declare they have discovered that the novelist did losition a little to get a better view and some is all dried up. That young not-steal his narrative at all; and, moreover, that the island where the original Robinson was wrecked lies not in the Pacific Ocean but in the Atlantic. They are going to send out an expedition next winter, as soon as the sickly season closes, to ascertain beyond all peradventure just where his island is located. In the interest of all true narratives (of fiction), and for the benefit of all lovers of Crusoe, it is to be hoped that their mission will be a success. The true island. they say, is situated somewhere on the north coast of South America, not far distant from the mouth of the Orinoco; for Crusoe himself says in his journal that the last recorded observation, taken just before his shipwreck, was in latitude eleven degrees north, between the islands of Barbados and Trinidad.

Over \$5,000,000 is spent yearly b Londoners on funerals.

NAY, ASK NO VOW.

ask no vow, dear hear! Too lightly time to sift it." The word "forever" from our careless lips.

We pledge eternity—who in one day, Forgotten, silence, mingle clay with clay! How do you know your eyes will always

With that glad welcome when they meet

To answer yours-knowing its frailty well? | feigned amazement. To-day sees plighted troth and clasping

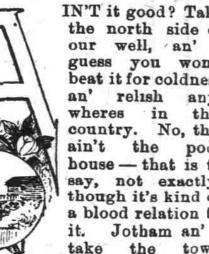
Oh, pitiful for mortal lips to swear! fore fitting this: unceasing fervent prayer

That our love's flower, escaping frost and

-Catharine Young Glen, in Century.

ANGELINE'S "BRQUEATH."

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.



name of bein' the poor house, an' it's story. another glass?"

the potatoes for her pot with her own out at last she warn't just herself." stout hands. She nodded toward the shady doorsteps.

it hard work turning them branks up tion of the explanation.

good humor. He looked up the long an' me an' Jotham was runnin' it for head, alighted gently on Mrs. Jothdusty road, peering from under his her-hired out to her, you know. am's tight, faded hair. Somehow it did hand. It stretched away blank and She's thought so ever since. We ain't not look out of place to the stranger. lonesome-looking, and he turned back had the heert to undeceive her, poor crowning, though it did, her sallow, toward the pleasant, vine protected soul! We'd ruther stan' a little or- unbeautiful face, and contrasting with steps relieved.

don't mind my resting my wheel here lassin' for me an' for Jotham." across your poppies? It won't touch

sat down together, and Mrs. Jotham | Jotham in undisguised relief. took up her berry-pan again. The stranger, with his hands clasped again. around one knee, tilted back and forth

"Scarce, are they, round here?" he said. "That's a good sign."

"Not for me an' Jotham, it ain't. Yes, they're dreadful scarce this season. Since old Uncle Elnathan died an' Mis' Parkman got married, an' Hester Ann fell heir to her uncle's place an' live stock, we've run real low of paupers-only her, an' she don't know she's a pauper.'

Mrs. Jotham's berry-reddened finger pointed out a slender neat little old high and there were indefinable tokens | met. of gentle refinement about her everywhere-in her slender fingers, her laces at throat and wrists and the poise of her little shapely head. She

nodded drowsily over her knitting. "She don't know it," Mrs. Jotham said with a little laugh that had an the bluff, unsentimental general as- their wheels. The stranger got up. pect of Mrs. Jotham, made the

"She doesn't know it?" he queried. "No. Bless you, she sin't so much too, only a remove or two higher up

of the little old gentlewoman through | man's one of the juicy kind." the whitewashed pickets of the front- They watched the bicycles glide vard fence. She had let the knitting away out of sight, and then Mrs. slip out of her fingers, and her head lay over on one shoulder.

"Tell me the rest of it," the stranger Mrs. Jotham dropped the last berry into her yellow nappy and got up

clumsily. "You wait till I get these berries set away down sullar," she said. "Mis' set 'em down in the cool an' in the dark."

"Mis' Angeline?" Simeon Fairbrothers's oldest son. She's wheel, and she remembered. dreadful particular with me some

"A pauper? Did you say she was a pauper?" "Bless you, yes! She ain't got a down?"

know it." "Do you always sift salt for your paupers?" The stranger's hands un- "She's dead, that's about all there clasped and his leg fell limply. He is. She kep' a failin' right along last

Jotham sort of scolds me for it, but | teenth." To-morrow, shattered faith and broken his scoldin's ain't only skin-deep. He Mrs. Jotham looked over the strangproud of ownin' this place an' keepin' said: it up so nice an' neat. Mis' Angeline 'At a quarter to five in the mornin'. May bloom immortal, as we hope to-night!

> sin' sometimes. "Generally Jotham can get along all right without lettin' Mrs' Angeline "Yes, it seemed to upset her a sight. IN'T it good? Take know about everything. But I've She didn't breathe real easy till 'twas the north side of known Jotham to swaller some dread- all over with. She kep' at Jotham our well, an' I ful big farmin' pills for Miss Angeline. till he hitched up an' fetched over guess you won't He planted the medder-patch to corn Lawyer Higginbotham from Forks beat it for coldness this year, when he was all planned Village, an'he fixed it up for her, jest an' relish any to sow it to oats an' lay it down to suit. He put in all the 'whereases' wheres in this next season, jest to humor her. an' 'aforesaids,' too. Mis' Angeline country. No, this An' he fenced in the new was dreadful pleased. You see, Lawain't the poor pasture with rails when he wanted to ver Higginbotham understood how house - that is to make a barb-wire fence. He done 'twas." Mrs. Jotham touched her foresay, not exactly, that to humor Mis' Angeline. Jo- head in unconscious explanation of though it's kind of tham's bark's a good deal worse'n his how it was with Mis' Angeline. a blood relation to bite. Mrs. Jotham plunged the sifter 'After the will was made she failed it. Jotham an' I into the bowl and held it over the up fast, and breathed her last the 13th take the town blue-edged platter on her knee. The of March, at a quarter to five." paupers to board. stranger watched the fine snow gather

She was tall and plump and com- near broke her heart. She's real fortable looking. Her calico sleeves, proud feelin'. She thought 'twould rolled high, revealed a distinct divid- kill her to go to the poor house, an' it upper arm and the tanned skin below. grieved so it sent her into a fever an' your own house.' Evidently she had many a time dug she most died of it. When she come

Mrs. Jotham laid down the wire dignity. strainer to touch her own forehead "Set down," she urged cordially. with explanatory significance. The Jotham an' me," she answered. "You look real tuckered out. Ain't stranger bowed silently his recogni- guess she liked us; we laid out to use

The stranger laughed with easy this place, every stick an' stone on it, the mesh of thick-laced leaves overderin' an' geein'. She's real happy it oddly. "I will sit down and rest a bit," he an' contented, an' she don't mean to

The bees buzzed round the salt bowl in evident anticipation of finding "Bless you, no! But I guess it'll it sugar. The stranger watched a be a new experience to the poppies. growing dust cloud down the road Bisickles are scarce around here, materialize into a farm wagon, clatabout as scarce as paupers are." They tering past. He turned back to Mrs.

Jotham was walking wearily. He came | where they have to a large extent disout and sat down on the lower step, appeared, undoubtedly by burial untoo, nodding sociably to the stranger. | der ground for the purpose of hoard-Mrs. Jotham glanced up from her sift- ing and concealment. The motive

"Yes, I be; all creation tuckered!" "You got the dreen laid yet?"

he fence to Mis' Angeline's, involun- mainly by reason of their inaccessitarily. She was still dozing, and a bility, and partly by the recognized beam of sunlight had crept through policy of the Government to avoid dilady sitting in the front yard in a high- the syringa leaves and played over rect taxation of active capital, and enbacked rocking-chair and knitting her cheek. It cast little quivering courage, by making safe its employsomething white and soft. She held shadows of the leaves. Jotham looked ment, the tendency of these buried her stately little white-capped head back, up at his wife, and their eyes treasures to come to light and enter

> Hannah," he said reflectively. "It's shown by the fact that within recent a good thing. Mis' Angeline done us | years there has been an increasing disa good turn that time, orderin."

Another dust cloud rose at the road's vanishing point, and the stranger eyed it with increasing suspicion. echo of good-hearted compassion in It took on greater proportions and places and invest them in Government it. The implied tenderness of the shot suddenly into a reality of two laugh, and the odd contrast of it with men pedaling something along on

"I'm much obliged," he said. "I've stranger on the lower step glance up been a good deal interested in your anticipated in the perhaps not distant more to the story?"

"There sin't any more to it," Mrs. as a suspicion. You see, she's only Jothan said simply. With a few more been here a short spell, since the other | polite words the stranger mounted his paupers went away-all except Uncle | machine and went to meet his friends. Elnathan, an' she thought he was a He lifted his straw hat to Mis' Angehand to help Jotham do the chores. line as he passed by her, though she Jotham an' me's kind of hired hands did not look up to notice the salute. "Now, warn't that nice in him, Jothan poor Uncle Elnathan, she tham," Mrs. Jotham murmured appreciatively, "takin' all that pains to The stranger drew in his breath in please her? Some folks has plenty of a subdued whistle. He shifted his the juice of human kindness in 'em.

Jothan went in to get Mis' Angeline's

It was two summers afterward that the same stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no little, prim old lady sitting beside the syringas in the front yard. The whole Angeline's real particular to have me story came back to him at sight of the house, and he was wondering where

she was. "Is Mis' Angeline sick?" he in-"Her." Mrs. Jotham nodded across quired, the minute the door opened the fence pickets. "Mis' Angeline and Mrs. Jotham stood in it. She Fairbrothers. She was a Peterson looked at him in blank surprise. Then from over Bickford way. Married her eyes caught the sun's glint on his

won't eat a mite of salt that ain't Its lines melted imperceptibly and the sifted. It takes quite a good deal of network of laughing wrinkles round her eyes melted, too.

"Mis' Angeline's dead," she repeated, quietly. "Won't you set

red cent in the world, but she don't "Tell me the rest of it," the stranger said, dropping at her feet, on the lower step.

How dare I say this heart for aye will swell looked up at Mrs. Jotham in un- fall an' winter, an' come March, there warn't nothin' left of her scarcely but Bless you, no! But I humor her. her shadder. She died the thir-

humors her, too. He stan's a dread- er's head, away into the field where ful lot of orderin' an' geein' round to two or three new pauper recruits were humor her, an' Jotham's a real inde- helping Jotham stack up hay. She pendent man, too. He's dreadful did not speak for a while; then she

tries him a good deal. Her notions She went real easy an' happy. Along of farmin' don't just match Jotham's, about the middle or last of Feb'uary an' she makes it realkind of embarras- she was dreadful upset over makin' her will."

"Her will?"

During the pause ensuing the been We've done it so in a little drift under the sifter. He buzzed insistently among the syrconstant now that it's give us the waited impatiently for the rest of the ingas, and the voices of Jotham and the paupers drifted over to them softa real cross to me. Won't you take 'She was brought here to board- ened and mellow. The stranger unthe town brought her-an' it pretty tilted his machine from its resting place against the house and stood leaning on its saddle.

"It must be a relief to you," he ing line between the fairness of the almost did. She took on so an' said, "not being ordered around in

Mrs. Jotham's plump figure straightened and she spoke with unconscious

"We miss Mis' Angeline a slight, her well. We humored her some."

"She come to thinkin she owned A mist of sunshine, driting through

"Mis' Angeline left a bequeath," said. "The other fellows are not in be too particular with us. It's only she went on soberly. "She left sight. I took a spurt on shead and special particular days she has-to- Jotham an' me the place-the farm an' left them loating under a tree. You day's one-when it's kind of embar- live stock an' all. She made Jotham her administer."-American Agri-

India's Hoard of Specie,

For a long period of years India has been characterized as a "sink hole" of the precious metals, or, in other "Tell me the rest of it," he said words, there has been for many years a continuous flow of the precious Up across the field toward the house metals-gold and silver-into India, for this under the Mogul and native "Tuckered out, Jotham?" she said. rulers was unquestionably to escape direct plunder or confiscation; but under British rule these hoards, Jotham shook his head dejectedly, amounting unquestionably to many He followed his wife's glances across hundreds of millions, are not taxed, into the channels of trade. And that "Well, that dreen's a good thing, this policy has been a wise one is position on the part of the Indian owners of concealed treasures-especially the Indian princes or rajahs—to withdraw them from their hoarding bonds or other desirable interestbearing securities; and in this way a very great addition to the world's active stock, the money metals, may be boarder over there. Is there any future. - Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

## Preserving Flowers.

A florist of many yours' experience gives the following receipt for preserving bouquets: When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water: then put it into a vessel containing some soapsods, which nourish as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways in fresh water, the stock entera minute or two, then take it out and fire and let scald. Let one pint of hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soapsuds, and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapsuds need to be changed every third day. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least one month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention to the fair and frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed.

## Horses That Take Frequent Baths.

The horses which are used on the Kennebec ice fields are so accustomed to dropping through the ice that they don't seem to mind it. They are "O, it's you!" she said, re- yanked out a little roughly, to be sure, lieved. "You ain't forgot the but they take their medicine like the Mrs. Jotham sighed. The sigh water out o' the north side of chickens belonging to the family that echoed back from her retreating form our well, have you? It ain't the kind was constantly moving which, every as she took the berries into the house. of water to forget! I tell Jotham—" time they saw a covered cart stop in Presently she came back. She had a "Is Mis' Angeline sick?" the strang- front of their house, would turn on salt," she said explanatorily. "She tham's rugged face suddenly softened. transportation, -Portland (Me.) Press. | ist writings.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

LAUNDRY CONVENIENCES. Desirable conveniences to incorporate in a laundry, particularly where one is building a new house, is the providing of a chute from the second floor down to the laundry, so that soiled clothes can be dropped down whenever a change of clothing or of bedding is made. Such a chute may well start from the bathroom on the second floor, if the situation is right. Such a chute should open out of the wall in the bathroom or other room on the second floor. Where the laundry is in the basement and the china closet is in a position to make this possible, a small chute may also extend from the interior of the closet to the laundry, for the easy disposition of all soiled table linen and other soiled articles on the first floor. Another laundry convenience is a rack to be placed against the wall, with long hooks for hanging up pails and mop cloths. The bottom of the rack should have a zinc or galvanized iron pan the length of the rack and shallow, to catch all drip from mops or pails. The laundry should also have a small closet where soap, washing powders, etc., may be kept. As to the floor of this room, it is safe to say that unless care can be exercised to keep water from being constantly spilled upon it, a hardwood floor would better give place to one of soft wood with joints kept constantly full of paint. If it is to be hard wood, then use a wood "filler" to fill the grain, and keep the wood full of oil, oiling it occasionally with raw linseed oil and washing it when necessary with kerosene. - New England Homestead.

HOW TO MEND KITCHEN UTENSILS.

It sometimes happens that a granite saucepan or chafing dish gets a fall, and in this fall a bit of the granite enamel is loosened and finally peels off. The dish is of little value, for a hole will soon ensue. Granite is supposed to be unmendable, but we have proved that it can be mended. If the granite is not weakened all around the hole, a copper rivet, such as is used by harness makers, may be used to fill up the break. There are different sizes of the rivets-they come with a small head, something like carpet tacks. The rivet proper is slipped through the hole in the granite, and then over the end that passes through is slipped a copper washer (which comes with the rivet), then with a few taps of a tack hammer the rivet is flattened down on the washer. This effectually mends the break in the granite, and makes it practically as good as new.

If only a very small hole is found a bit of copper wire is used to mend it. The wire is slipped through the hole, after being out the right length, and then with a tack hammer it is flattened on both sides of the granite vessel which is being operated upon.

The process is so simple that even a woman is doing "light housekeeping" need not fear to undertake it, providing she can strike a straight blow with a hammer, which women are not supposed capable of doing, though it may be among the new women there may be found a few who can do this. The only thing to be avoided is striking promiseuously upon the granite surface, and so scaling more of the enamel off. The mending is almost as simple as the eld method of putting a

rag into a hole to mend it. It once happened that a high wind played havor with a paper tub, and, after rolling it around promiscuously, it threw it against a stone and virtaally wrecked it forever. It also happened that the tub belonged to a woman who had some original ideas, and she straightway went to work to demonstrate that, although ventilated, it

was not wholly beyond repair. First she secured some putty and put this over the hole and smoothed it down carefully until it was about the same thickness as the papier mache itself of which the tub was made, etc. In case of an article needed for such use it might be well to paint it all over, and then it might be decorated if desired. I have seen this paperware decorated with nasturtiums, and it really looked pretty. An occasional coat of paint would be a good deal toward making such utensils lasting. -Chicago Inter-Ocean.

RECIPES,

Broiled Chops-Put the chops in a double broiler and broil over or before the fire for eight or ten minutes. Serve in a hot dish with one-quarter teaspoonful of butter and a small pinch of salt for each chop after they are cooked. The fire for chops should the roots and keep the flowers as bright | not be as hot as for steak. Turn several times while cooking.

Cream of Beet Soup-Four bunches of blood beets; pare, then grate and ing first into the water; keep it there | strain through a cloth. Put on the sprinkle the flowers lightly by the milk come to a boil and add it to the hot juice; one saltspoon of salt; cream two tablespoons of sifted flour with two of butter and stir them slowly into the soup and continue stirring until the mixture is thick as a rich cream. Add a sprinkle of black or red pepper as preferred.

Peas-Peas should be cooked in boiling, fresh water, enough to cover them well, and not be dished until perfectly tender. It is impossible to give an exact time for cooking, as the younger and more freshly gathered the more quickly they will cook; from forty minutes to an hour and a half will be needed, according to size and fresh-When tender drain off all the water, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of melted butter to a pint of peas and serve in a hot covered dish.

A bust of Victor Hugo was recently seized at Prague. Austria, by the custom house officials. Inside the bowl of salt and a little wire strainer. er persisted, interrupting her gently. their backs and stick their legs into custom house officials. Inside the "Mis' Angeline's dead." Mrs. Jo- the air to be tied together, ready for but were found a number of anarch-

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Why a Cat Falls on his eet

An experimenter recently undertook to discover why a cat invariably fell on its feet. He finds that a cat always falls on its feet, providing it has a distance of a yard to fall in ard enable it to make a half turn in the air, so as to get its feet undermost. It holds its paws vertically and manages to preserve this position during the rest of its fall, in spite of the initial movement of rotation taken by its body. The mechanical explanation is simply that the animal, by thrusting forward its left limb, shifts the center of gravity of the whole body so as to make it revolve upon the axis of the spine until the feet reach the ground. Moreover, a cat doe not hurt itself by a fall from a height. not only because it invariably falls on its feet, but because the structure of a cats back-and spine is extremely flexible. The muscles of its legs also are extraordinarily strong and numerous and, further, it has elastic pads or cushions consisting of a mass of fibrous tissue and fat on all its feet. seven in each forepaw and five in each hindpaw.

Worth's Predecessor.

The first man who made a name as a woman's dressmaker was Rhomberg. the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. One day in 1730 a beautiful carriage appeared on the boulevards of Paris with an escutcheon in the shape of a pair of corsets and an open pair of scissors paintd on the panel of each door. This was Rhomberg's coat of arms. He owed his rapid success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure. He left an annual income of \$1,000 a year to his heirs.

INDULGE in procrastination, and in time you will come to this-that, because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it,