

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

"Link suitable for love letters" is advertised by a Paris stationer. It fades in about four weeks.

A religious publication says: "The man who whistles hardly ever swears. He doesn't need to, exclaims the New York Advertiser. His neighbors do that part of it."

The Burns anniversary was more or less celebrated in Germany, where there are many translations of the poet's works, and where some of his poems are favorite drawing room songs.

A thoroughly Dutch scheme for the defense of Acheen in Sumatra is proposed by an honest citizen of Delft. It is to surround the district, which comprises 15,000 square acres, with dikes that can be opened in case of attack, flooding the country around.

The Aftenposten at Christiania, Norway, in an article on the return of Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, declares that Dr. Nansen says he will not attempt again to reach the North Pole in a ship, but will perhaps lead a sledge expedition from Franz Josef Land, from which place he regards the journey to the Pole as not difficult.

A London servant appeared in a hat which was an exact imitation of her mistress', and was at once dismissed. She brought suit for a week's wage instead of notice and won the suit. Judge Lushington held that a mistress had a right to object to a servant's apparel if she chose, but she was not justified in dismissing her without notice merely because two hats were very much alike.

The chemists have been holding an international congress of applied chemistry, at which M. Berthelot has declared that chemistry was creating "a new man and a new earth." What he means, explain the New York Post, is that we may look forward to a time when by chemical processes we shall not only greatly reduce the cost of production, but actually produce wheat, meat, etc., at such a very moderate expense that the cost of living will be reduced to almost nothing. Chemistry will render wholly unnecessary nine-tenths of the toil which is now wasted in enabling the earth to produce.

The peoples of the earth generally have good reason for mourning the death of Herr Lillenthal, who for many years has been experimenting to the end that aerial navigation by man may be speedily made possible, remarks the Washington Star. Death came as a result of an unfortunate experiment in a series which up to the time of the fatal occurrence had been undoubtedly successful. Herr Lillenthal made many valuable discoveries along the line of his special research and fully established his fame as a scientist of note. His contributions to the theory and practice of man-flight are of great value, and will doubtless be put to good use by those who are seeking to accomplish that for which Herr Lillenthal laid down his life.

The great State of Arkansas is long on men who know how to bring a dispute in the National Game to a close by the shortest and most direct route. Arkansas has developed a baseball umpire who, according to the New York Mail and Express, stands ready to furnish the National League with points which are calculated not only to bring the game within reasonable time limits, but to head off indiscriminate outside criticism and maintain the dignity of the position of umpire, while obviating the nuisance of public wrangling that now disgraces the diamond. This Arkansas umpire began by centralizing responsibility. He held the stakes of \$5, and had his son appointed as scorer. Thus entrenched, he was prepared for the worst—and it came. A close decision against the nine favored by the spectators brought the latter down upon the umpire with a rush. Ordinarily this would have been most embarrassing, but the umpire calmly opened his valise, distributed several loaded revolvers to his adherents, and in a jiffy six men lay stretched upon the green sward in response to six distinct pistol shots. It is true that the Sheriff subsequently took a hand in the proceedings; but the fact remains that the umpire's decision was not overruled, that a war of words was avoided, and that the \$5 stake went to the umpire's side, because he disappeared with it. The National League needs men of this sort to grapple with emergencies.

SLEEP SONG.
Let's sail to Sleep, my boy—
The far-off shore of Sleep,
Where waters creep, my boy,
Where lotus-meadows sweep!
The lilies loll upon the tired tide,
The brooding birds' songs sound away and wide,
And tinkling tones fill copses through the country's side—
Let's sail to Sleep, my boy,
Let's sail to Sleep, my boy!
Bid "bye-bye" now, my boy,
We're over Slumber Sea;
And from the prow, my boy,
See—meadows motion me!
Waves touch the crinkled shores with kisses soft as mother's hand in sickness is,
And soft the sire's staid and signal coming bliss
Now rest in Sleep, my boy,
Now rest in Sleep, my boy!
—Will T. Hale.

A BABE IN THE WOODS.



AURENOE Gaydon had gone off alone on a sketching tour. The quaint old rooms in Apple-tree-court, Temple were looked up; the laundress had expressed the intention to "give 'em a good doin' hup" before his return, but had been strictly forbidden to touch anything under pain of the severest penalties. And now, at the end of his first week of ruralizing, Gaydon felt that he had nearly had enough of loneliness. The little village inn was comfortable, and Boniface sufficiently talkative; it was a pleasant thing to sit in the depths of the woods all day, painting and dreaming; it was soothing to hear the twitter of the birds in the early morning, before tumbling out of bed.

But Laurence Gaydon was a man who lived best in the atmosphere of cafes; the music he best loved was the ceaseless hum and chatter of a great city. Let it not be thought that he was, by reason of this, artificial in any sense; his sympathies were too broad for that, and one glance into his gray eyes, with that lurking fire of mischief in their depths, would have convinced any man that he was one to be trusted. Children thought so, at all events, and there are no more unerring judges than they.

He went out, on this day which he told himself should be his last, and set up his easel in the woods and began to work. A little pathway ran close to where he sat, on the borders of the wood, and a stile crossed it, and broke the tangled regularity of the wild, untrained hedge.

He had been working for some time, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Something of a frown crossed his face, for he had no wish to be disturbed, and he was well acquainted with the unmeaning stare of the average rustic and its disconcerting properties. Under these circumstances, he kept his head bowed over his work and frowned more heavily than before.

The steps which appeared rather light for a rustic—stopped near him, within a few yards, and the next moment the silence was broken by the clearest and sweetest tones he had ever heard.

"Good morning!"
He glanced up quickly, and almost dropped his palette in his surprise. There, perched on the top of the stile, was a dainty maiden, clad all in white, with a great flapping hat shading her curls, and with a little basket resting in her lap. Her back was partly turned towards him, and she was gazing over her shoulder at the canvas critically.

Laurence Gaydon pulled off his hat and returned the greeting.
"What are you doing in my wood?" she asked.
"I—I'm sure I had no idea—I didn't—I didn't know that I was trespassing," he began hurriedly.
But she interrupted him calmly.
"Oh! you needn't be frightened," she exclaimed. "I call it my wood, you see, because no one ever seems to come here except myself. Don't let me interrupt you, I like to see you work. We can go on talking just the same—can't we?"
She did go on talking in the artless, confiding manner of a child.
Before she finally jumped down from the stile, and ran lightly out of sight among the trees, Laurence Gaydon had heard her whole history, "I never get any one to talk to," she explained, with a wistful shake of the head. "Poor old dad died a year ago, and sent me over here. That's where I live—that big house through the trees. There's only my Uncle Gustave—he makes you shudder when you look at him; and Aunt Louise—she's like Lady Macbeth, only fiercer; and the servants. They look after me—and my money. Uncle's my guardian, you know; poor old dad thought a lot of him. I believe he's awfully clever. But you haven't told me your name yet."
"Well, some people have the impudence to address me familiarly as Laurie," he replied. "Very rude of them; shows they don't appreciate my dignity in a proper manner. Most people call me Mr. Gaydon."
"Oh! I think Laurie is a jolly name," she exclaimed. "It seems to go round your tongue so nicely, doesn't it?"
"Yes, I've noticed that myself," he replied, as seriously as he could. "But you haven't told me yet what your name is."
"Nellie—Nellie Meade. Now I

must run away. Shall you be here to-morrow?"
"Yes—Nellie."
"I'm glad. So shall I. Good-by, Laurie. Isn't it lucky we met!"
"Very lucky. Good-by."
It is scarcely necessary to record that Mr. Laurence Gaydon did not return to London on that day as he had contemplated doing.
The whole aspect of the country side had been altered by the appearance of this romantic little figure; the girl's loneliness and her absolute confidence in him stirred and awakened that better nature which was his chief charm.
He went again and again to the wood, and they chatted in their own unconstrained fashion, as though all the world held only themselves and the birds, and there existed no such ogre as convention.

On one particular occasion she ran up to him excitedly, almost upsetting his easel.
"You are not busy this morning—are you? I want you to come to the house. Uncle and Lady Macbeth have gone to town for the day, and there are only the three servants—we shan't see them. Do come up, Laurie; I want to show you everything."
He left his easel, and they wandered away together in the direction of the house. It was a great, rambling old-fashioned place—with strange old corridors and echoing rooms. He had a memory afterwards of seeing the white clad figure of the girl fitting on before him—a strange presence in that dismal old place. In one part of the house he noticed that she kept close beside him, although it was broad daylight.

"I hate this place," she whispered, vehemently. "My room is here, although I asked them to put it in the other wing. It's awful at night; I simply shut my eyes and race down the corridor, and rush into the room and lock the door. I hate the place!"
On the impulse of the moment he put his arm about her and drew her nearer to him; she smiled at him gratefully.
"I don't mind so much now, Laurie," she whispered.
"Dear little Nellie," he replied. "I think you do believe in me a little; I believe in myself a bit, since I have met you. Will you promise me that, if ever you are in trouble, you will let me help you—that you will come to me first of all?"
She swung round suddenly and looked into his earnest gray eyes and bent forward and kissed him.

"You're the dearest boy in all the world," she said. "I will always trust you."
He lay awake for hours that night, in the little room at the inn, thinking about this fairy princess shut up in the ogre's castle in the woods.
The next day she did not come to the meeting place; it was strange how dark and sombre the woods seemed. Laurence Gaydon tormented himself with a thousand doubts and fears, and did but little work. He went back late in the afternoon to the inn, half in hope that there might be some message for him; there was none.

After dinner, still with that strange fear upon him, he strolled again in the direction of the woods in the twilight, and thence on to the house.
There were lights in various windows, but although he walked right round, he saw nothing of the girl.
An average young man would have felt satisfied that Nellie Meade was probably dining with her lawful guardians in the security of her own home, and would have called himself a fool and gone back to the inn. But Laurence remembered her childish terror in the house on the previous day; he thought of the loneliness of this bright young creature, who rambled about the woods alone; he thought of her trust in him.

He made up his mind at last to see her, to hear from her own lips that all was well. With the light of mischief stronger in his eyes than usual he swung himself up by the ivy and elambered into a window.
"It's a good thing that I'm small and light," he muttered, "or that ivy would have given way. Now to discover my princess and defeat the wicked uncle."
He was proceeding cautiously along the corridor, in absolute ignorance as to what part of the house he might be in, when he heard the sound of voices near him; at the same moment the door opened opposite to him, letting a flood of light down the corridor. The two persons who emerged from the doorway were so intent in conversation that they did not even glance toward him, and he had time to noiselessly slip behind a curtain.
He had no doubt, from their appearance, that they were the uncle and aunt of whom Nellie had spoken. The woman was tall, handsome, strong featured and magnificently dressed; the man had the most sinister expression of countenance Gaydon ever remembered to have seen. His closely cropped hair set off his heavy, harsh features and retreating forehead in the most marked manner; he was in evening dress, and wore a brilliant star, or foreign order of some description, suspended round his neck. The woman wore a cloak, and it was evident that both were about to pay a visit. The man was the first to speak, in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper:
"Where is the girl now?"
"In her rooms, I expect; I am not sure. You fully understand the arrangements? Is there no fear of detection?"
"Not the slightest, my sweet wife," replied the man. "My reputation is too great. It will be merely a girl's mad freak. The knife will be clasped in her hand."
"It seems almost a pity—but—"
"Nonsense! It is no more than the life of a goat; we men of science view these things differently. Besides, we must have the money; but for that cursed fool Meade we should have had

it. It comes to me in the event of the girl's death. It shall come to me now."
"Yes—we must have money; you know best. But don't bungle, Gustave."
"Fear not, my wife—the verdict will be suicide."
They passed on and the voices died away.
Laurence Gaydon, with his heart throbbing wildly, crept out, and stole along in the direction of the girl's room.
This he experienced some difficulty in finding, but at length he reached it and knocked at the door softly; there was no response, and he pushed it open and looked in, whispering her name.
The room was empty.
In less time than it takes to write, he had swung himself out through the window by which he had entered, scrambled down the ivy, and was racing through the woods with no very definite purpose in his mind, save that he must find her and help her against these people.

He had emerged from the wood, and was going down the white road which led to the inn, when he met her. In all his life he had never felt so thankful as at that moment.
"I have been down to the inn, Laurie, to look for you. I am so glad I have found you."
"What has happened, Nellie mine?" he asked, tenderly, as he drew her aside within the shadow of some trees.
"Nothing, but I am frightened," replied the girl. "I dare not go back there to-night. I found this afternoon that the lock has been broken—the lock of my door."
"Nonsense, child."
"I know you will laugh at me, Laurie, dear," she continued, in agitated tones, "but I have a feeling that something awful is going to happen. I can't go back."
She clung to him, and hid her face. "You certainly shan't go back, my dear," he said. "No, listen to me, Nellie. Do you trust me completely—now and always? Will you let me look after you—will you do anything that I suggest, notwithstanding it may appear strange?"
"Of course I will, Laurie," she said, looking earnestly at him.

"Will you try to love me, dear? Will you be my wife?"
"There is no one in all the world I love so well, Laurie," she replied.
"My sweet little woman! Now, listen. This is a matter absolutely of nothing less than life or death—your life, or your death. Remember, you are to trust me. Wait here for five minutes."
He was off before she could speak, racing down the road in the direction of the inn.
In an incredibly short time he was back again and she noticed that he held a package under his arm.
Her first exclamation was of the tragic variety.
"Laurie, dear, you have shaved off your mustache!"
"Yes, my darling, but it'll grow again. Now look here, in this knapsack is a change of clothes. We're both about the same height, and they'll fit you to a nicety. Slip off into the wood and get into them."
"What!"
"For heaven's sake don't hesitate, it's life or death, I tell you—and a bit of fun on my own account. I want your frock and hat, stuff the rest of the things into the knapsack and bring it back here. Don't stop to talk."
She disappeared with the bag, and in a few moments the slim, prepossessing figure of a young man in a tweed knickerbocker suit emerged in her place from the woods, with a very blushing face. Gaydon put his hat on her head, tucking her hair well up into the crown.

"Now, get me into this frock," he exclaimed, laughing.
She slipped it over his head, and knotted the sash about him, and perched the hat on his fair hair, fastening it under his chin with some ribbon she took from the neck of the dress.
"Pins are of no use to you," she said.
"In this purse you will find all the money you want; I've ordered a fly to be ready at the inn. Here's my address in town—Apple-tree-court; here are my keys. The fly will take you across to Warmingford, and you'll just be in time to catch the night express to London. Take a hansom when you get to town, and drive straight to the Temple; if the porter says anything, answer him without hesitation. Mr. Gaydon, Apple-tree-court. You will find No. 99 on the right of Middle Temple-lane—top floor. Let yourself in and go to bed. I'll be there in the morning. Leave the knapsack here; I shall want it to put this frock in. I've got a cap, so I shall be able to come to town as a decent male."
"But, Laurie, dear, what are you going to do?"
"Give the wicked uncle a surprise, my love. I'll tell you all about it afterwards. Remember my instructions—and don't forget that for the next few hours you are Laurence Gaydon. Off with you!"
She ran in the direction of the inn, and Laurence, with a chuckle, gathered the skirts of the frock about him and raced through the woods.

He clambered up the ivy once more and found his way to the girl's rooms; turned the light low, lay down on the little white bed and closed his eyes.
He became aware presently that a hand was stealthily thrusting open the door, and that some one was stealing softly across the floor of the room. Slightly opening his eyes he saw Uncle Gustave, with a long narrow knife in his hand, standing watching him in the dim light. In an instant he sprang up and struck the man full between the eyes.
In all his adventurous career, it is probable that Gustave Caudell had never been so surprised as at that moment. For, in an instant, he found himself staggering about the place, vainly trying to ward off the attacks of this athletic girl, who was fighting him in the most scientific fashion, all around the room. At last, stunned and bleeding, he lay with closed eyes in a corner, and when he recovered consciousness the girl had vanished.

Whether from superstitious dread, or from any more real fear, Gustave Caudell and his wife disappeared. Probably a certain letter, which Laurence wrote on the day of his wedding, may have had something to do with it. "I should have given it to him a good deal hotter," Laurence explained to his wife afterwards, "if it hadn't have been for that blessed skirt. I've nearly tripped me up once or twice. I can't think how you women can move in them."—Illustrated Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

German investigations seem to show that towns strung with telephone wires are less liable to lightning stroke than others.

A new hypnotic has probably been found in the Jamaica dogwood. The fluid extract has been found efficacious in dentistry.

Paris policemen have been supplied with electric dark lanterns, by means of which they can see one hundred and fifty feet away.

The offensive weapon of the ostrich is his leg. He can kick as hard as a mule, and it is a remarkable fact that his kick is forward, never backward.

The humming bird, in protecting its nest, always flies at and pecks the eyes of its adversary. Crows have been found totally blind from the humming bird's bill.

Power developed by Niagara Falls and transmitted to Buffalo, N. Y., by electricity will cost \$36 per horse power per year, a saving of \$20 per horse power for average lots.

Beef is the most nutritious of all animal foods and can be eaten longer continuously than any other kind of meat, resembling rice and bread in that respect. Fresh beef is almost completely digested, more completely than milk is by an adult.

George W. Dunn, an octogenarian naturalist of California, who has been there since 1849, is making a collection of the butterflies of the Pacific Slope for Baron de Rothschild, to be added to the Baron's entomological museum at Trig, England.

So thoroughly practical are Roentgen rays considered by the medical department of the English War Office that two sets of Roentgen-ray apparatus, it is reported, have been sent up the Nile to be used by the army surgeons in locating bullets and in determining the extent of bone fractures.

Germany has made some bold experiments at railroad speed on the line between Berlin and Gorlitz. The best performance was 65 1/2 miles, which was twelve miles better than the highest speed of the fastest German train, the Berlin-Hamburg lightning express, which does 17 1/2 miles in three and one half hours. Ordinary German express trains make 43 1/2 miles an hour.

It is popularly supposed that the sudden downpour which usually follows a bright flash of lightning has in some way been caused by the discharge of the electricity. The most advanced weather sharps are now making experiments which it is believed will prove that the contrary is the exact cause; in other words, that it is the sudden increased precipitation which causes the lightning flash, instead of the lightning flash causing the sudden increase in rainfall.

The Expertness of Youth.

By far the most skillful of the bicycle riders who crowd the Boulevard and the asphalted streets these fine afternoons are children of from five to ten years old. They excel the older riders in every element which goes to constitute skill in the management of a bicycle, as well as in grace and ease of carriage. The fundamental reason for this fact probably is to be found in their superb self-confidence. It makes no difference, apparently, whether they are boys or girls. They ride along the crowded streets, dodging in and out among the trucks and the scooters with the greatest unconcern. Every afternoon three or four little girls, not more than six years old, ride in the Boulevard. They go out alone and unattended. The boys of that age travel alongside of the other bicyclists without any difficulty, and, in fact, seem able to make greater distances with less fatigue than the grown-ups.—Home Journal.

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Attorney - at - Law,
Wilkesboro, N. C.
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T. B. FINLEY, H. L. GREENE,

Attorneys - at - Law,
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Forty Years a Constable.

Constable John Whiteman, of Ardmore, Montgomery County, Penn., is seventy-seven years old, and has held office continuously for forty years. He has spent all his life at Ardmore, as did his grandfather and father before him. His more than threescore years and ten have been replete with stirring incidents. Notwithstanding his age, he is still sturdy, and says he would not be afraid to tackle any criminal living.

A company was formed recently to sink artesian wells and supply the citizens of Ardmore with water. They secured permission to lay pipes through certain streets. In making connections it was desirable for the company to pass in front of the old constable's house, on Church Lane. As Whiteman had all the water he wanted, he sent word to the company's foreman that any attempt at trespassing on his property would meet with resistance. The foreman sent back word that the constable could do as he liked, but the pipes would be laid the next day. Then Constable Whiteman got mad. He gathered a lot of handy weapons together, including an old musket which his father carried in the war of 1812. These he stacked alongside the fence, where he took up a commanding position, and awaited the coming of the enemy. When the workmen came the old constable roared out that he would shoot the man who attempted to strike a pick. Seeing that the old man meant business, the foreman called off his men and left the scene.

Archbishop Macbray, of Rupert's Land, Canada, and Primate of the Anglican Church in Cannania, is said to be the tallest bishop in the world.