

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

An effort will be made to cultivate the sugar beet in the South.

Professor Graham Bell's claim that he "can talk a million miles on a sun-beam" sounds to the Chicago Record like moonshine.

The common belief that fine white bread contains less nutriment than coarse brown bread is a mistake. So says M. Girard, the eminent French chemist.

The German law now requires that contracts for futures in agricultural products be made a public record, and subjects all dealers in futures to a substantial tax. The law is intended to entirely suppress speculative dealings in produce.

Says the American Agriculturist: "We believe none of the reports to the savings banks commissioners of our Middle States classify the occupations of their depositors and borrowers. It would be highly interesting to have these facts, as without them it is not possible to tell to what extent agriculturists avail themselves of the savings banks."

At the congress of the deaf mutes lately held in Geneva, the surprising fact was developed that these unfortunates in general disapprove of the comparatively new labial system of instruction which in many schools has been substituted for the old method of digital signs. Many speakers, employing the latter method, argued very lucidly against the innovation. Only one advocated it. The majority said that the reading of the lips never gives to the deaf mute an exact idea of the thought or sentiment which it is desired to express. It is to them very much as the reading of a dead language is to those who can hear, but can only vaguely understand it. The digital language, they declared, was that which was most natural to deaf mutes. These views are a great disappointment to many who have supposed that the teaching of the labial system was one of the greatest booms ever bestowed upon those who can neither hear nor talk.

The distinguished scientist, Lord Kelvin, who has been termed the "prince of living physicists," has placed on record this confession: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relations between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students fifty years ago, in my first session as professor." Yet Lightning, a London paper, suggests that Kelvin's failures may be more fruitful than some men's successes. It likens the modern physicist's humility to that of the great Newton when he compared himself to a child playing on the beach, and adds: "The riddle of the universe is scarcely nearer being solved now than it was in 1696, and if our mathematical tools are better tempered than those then used, they have tougher metal to cut."

Spain is having her hands full with her colonies, exclaims the New York Independent. In addition to the war in Cuba there is considerable disturbance in Puerto Rico, but more serious still is the revolt in the Philippine Islands. For years there have been a source of much revenue to the home Government and very little expense. The exports of tobacco and hemp, as well as of coffee, cotton etc., have been very heavy, and the Government has been a curious mixture of Spanish despotism and local self-government. The original inhabitants have almost disappeared; and the Malays, who have to a great degree taken their place, are for the most part quiet, industrious, inoffensive people. Of late years numbers of Chinese have come in from Hongkong, and they and the Mestizos (children of Chinese fathers and Malay mothers) form the most aggressive element. A number of these, it is supposed, in connection with filibusters from Hongkong and secret societies in Japan, perhaps brought over from Formosa, have taken advantage of the small number of Spaniards and the weak garrison at Manila, have raised a revolt, and so far as can be learned from the meager dispatches, have seriously endangered the Spanish rule. Troops have been sent from Barcelona, but it will be some time before they can reach their destination. Merchants have been warned against shipping goods to the Philippines, and a British war ship remains at Manila to protect British subjects.

THROUGH FIELDS OF CORN.

In solemn hush of dewy morn,
What glory crowns the fields of corn!
A joy and gladness in the land
The lithe, green ranks of beauty stand;
Broad-shouldered vales from hill to hill
The lifted plumes and tassels fill,
While birds sing in the cool, sweet morn
Through fields of corn.

Like palms that shade a hidden spring
The reeded columns sway and sing;
The breathing censers swing away,
The leafy cymbals clash and play,
And when the breezy voices call,
The sea-grown willows rise and fall,
And music swells and joy is born
Through fields of corn.

To fields of corn the summer brings
The rustling blades, the blackbird's wing,
The sharded locust's strident tune,
And idle raven's mocking rime,
The bobolink's exulting strain,
And cuckoo prophesying rain
In low, sweet whistle in the morn
Through fields of corn.

In bannered fields of corn unfurled
God grows the manna of the world;
He waits to bring the yellow gleam,
The harvest song, the reaper's dream,
And still as through the Syrian gold
Of Galilee, in days of old,
He leads again this Sabbath morn
Through fields of corn.

—Benjamin F. Leggett.

TWO HEARTS' NEGATIONS.

BY FRANCIS M. LIVINGSTON.

IBYLLA ASHLEY sat at her desk and scanned a letter she had just finished. It was written in a fine, decided hand, on pale gray paper. In romances which Sibylla had read, the composition of such letters was attended with much agony and littering of the floor with torn paper. Sibylla had made one draft, which it took her five minutes to write. She read it over once and it seemed to suit her, for she folded and addressed it, and then called, in her low, musical voice, "Letty!"

A young girl appeared at the door almost instantly. She was tall as Sibylla, but had not her superb figure. One saw at a glance, however, that they were sisters.

"I want Joe, Letty," said Sibylla as she pressed the envelope on her blotting pad.

"Joe drove grandfather into town this morning," replied the younger girl.

"Call Absalom then. I want to send a letter."

"Absalom has a boil on his foot and can't walk."

Sibylla made a gesture of impatience.

"There is Chrissy," said Letty, tentatively.

"I won't have her; she bungles everything. It is very provoking that I can find nobody to do so simply an errand."

Sibylla rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking moodily out upon a lawn that was better kept than the lawns of most Virginia country houses. Letty stood in meek silence as though she had done her sister a personal injury.

"Well, send her here; I suppose she'll have to do," said Sibylla, after a moment, in a slightly modified tone.

Letty ran down stairs to do her sister's bidding with her usual alacrity. Sibylla drew the letter from its envelope and read it a second time.

It ran thus:

"Julien: It simply cannot be. I do not love you as I ought. I have known this for a long time, and I have honestly tried to feel differently, but I cannot. You are not a man whom a woman should have to try to love. Think well of me if you can, for I have been honest with you. You would be excusable for despising me, perhaps, but you will do nothing of the kind. You will remain my faithful and respected friend, as I shall yours."

SIBYLLA ASHLEY.

The swift, straight dash under the signature was drawn with Sibylla's accustomed firmness. She sealed her letter, and, looking up, saw a little colored girl standing bashfully in the doorway. The child was barefooted and her dingy frock was in tatters. She held a disreputable old straw hat by its one string.

A frown gathered upon Sibylla's brow.

"You little beggar, have you no better clothes than those? Mercy, what a messenger!" and Sibylla burst out laughing in spite of herself.

Chrissy was in dire confusion. "Deed I has, Miss S'bylla; shall I put 'em on?"

"Yes, do, for heaven's sake—try to make yourself decent and clean. I want you to carry a letter for me. If you succeed, Miss Letty will give you that little gray garden coat of mine. You must hurry."

"Oh, Miss S'bylla!" cried the child, and in a moment she was stumbling down the staircase.

In a short time she was back again. Her face and hands were clean and her tangled kinks had been combed into something like order. The torn, soiled garment had been replaced by a neat pink frock, and Sibylla's garden coat was clutched tightly between her fingers, where it had been placed by Letty.

"You're not to wear that coat now, Chrissy; you'll look too ridiculous. Aunt Lena will cut it down for you. Now listen to every word I say. You are to take this letter to the Exchange Hotel. It is for Captain Booth, and there is no answer. You are to come back immediately. Repeat that after me."

Chrissy did so without a mistake.

"That is a simple thing; see if you

can't remember it until you get to town."

"Deed I'll do jus' zactly as you say, Miss S'bylla."

After the child had gone Sibylla sat for a while with her hands clasped above her head. The sleeves falling back showed her two perfectly moulded arms. Then she took a book from the table, and, opening it, stared at it absently for a few minutes.

"Come here, Letty," she said, closing the book and holding out a hand toward where her sister sat quietly sewing at the other side of the room. She drew Letty close to her and laid her head against the younger girl's arm. "I want you to kiss me," she murmured.

Letty flushed with pleasure, and taking the beautiful head between her hands kissed Sibylla's mouth.

"I am not going to marry Julien, Letty. I have just broken the engagement."

Chrissy trotted along the three-mile stretch of road between the Ashley homestead and the town, Sibylla's letter tucked in her bosom. Anon she skipped and laughed at the intoxicating thought of the beautiful gray-coat at home. She drew in great breaths of the sweet early summer air, and trumpeted shrilly in imitation of the elephant she had seen at the circus.

Her heart was filled with the very joy of living, and she knew nothing of the heavy tidings she bore in the bosom of her pink frock.

She longed to chase butterflies through a wood, like that lovely little girl in the story Miss Letty had read to her. She looked to left and right, but saw no butterflies. A little way ahead were two cows grazing by the roadside. Cows were not butterflies, but Chrissy must chase something, and the cows were at hand.

"Hi, yi!" she cried shrilly, and ran down the dusty road, and every few steps leaping high in the air. "Hoo, hoo!" she roared, like a lion. It was great fun. The placid animals lumbered heavily along before her, but not fast enough for Chrissy. She had taken Sibylla's letter from her bosom for greater security when she began to run, and now held it in her hand.

"Wo, wo!" it's wild beasts after you!" she shouted. One big, dun-colored cow rebelled at a further chase, and turning out tried to climb the bank by the road. "Shoo!" cried Chrissy, in hot pursuit, waving her hands.

The desperate animal turned and made down the bank directly toward the girl. "Go 'way, go 'way!" she howled, and Sibylla's letter fell to the roadside on a choice spot of moist earth, just where, a second letter, a heavy bovine hoof pressed it into the mud.

Chrissy instantly forgot her own terror, and the shriek, ending in a sob of rage, which she uttered, was more dreading inspiring than any of her previous imitations of wild animals.

"Oh, you har'ble beast—yo' great foot on my beau'ful letter! Look at it, all oved' wi' nasty mud! I can't nevah, nevah take it like that, an' I was so happy jes' now!" She burst into a passion of tears. "What will I do—I might jes' as well run away from home. I nevah can face Miss S'bylla."

She trudged slowly homeward, still sobbing miserably and taking a poor consolation in the thought that "p'raps Miss S'bylla'd write it over ag'in—she writes so quick 'n so beau'ful."

Scarcely black clouds were gathering in the west and there was a muttering of distant thunder, but Chrissy feared only Sibylla's frown. She heard a sound of a horse's hoofs behind her, and looking around beheld a sight which made her heart leap for joy. Captain Julien Booth was riding slowly up the road toward the Ashley house.

"Now Miss S'bylla kin tell him herself," thought the child, "an' he won't need the lettah. But she'll ax me fo' it," she thought the next instant. "I'd better run home an' 'fess it all; I kin get there befo' Cap'n Booth if I run fast."

Then the prospect of immediately facing Sibylla with her dread confession overpowered the girl. "Tain't no use," she muttered, as she dropped back into a walk; "I might jes' as well die."

Captain Julien Booth had risen at dawn and had spent the morning riding slowly through country lanes meditating on the step he was about to take.

"It may be the act of a brave man or of a coward," he had said to himself a score of times that day.

When in the early spring he asked Sibylla Ashley to marry him he loved her passionately, or thought he did. He loved her so no longer, or believed he did not. The charm of her wonderful beauty was as potent as ever; but the imperiousness of her manner, the directness of her speech which had so fascinated him at first, had ended by making him uneasy. She had been so accustomed to homage and obedience from every one, that he feared she would exact from him more than he could give. He had a growing fear that she was lacking in womanly tenderness. He had ended in believing that they would be miserable together, and had made up his mind to tell her so and to abide by her decision.

In the woods that morning he had gone over all that he would say. He had prepared for every consequence of his determination—for her bitter scorn, for her cool contempt, for her superb, disdainful silence and forbearance, but that thought was dismissed at once. The man did not live for whom Sibylla Ashley would shed a tear.

Then he had laughed aloud at this rehearsal of a tragedy—the slaying of their happy-love life. Booth rehearsing Othello is not absurd, but Othello rehearsing himself!

He would tell her that he was ready to stand by his promise; and then he tried to imagine the look in Sibylla

Ashley's eyes when a man told her, in effect, that he did not want her, but would take her if she insisted.

That flash of lightning which almost blinded him as he reached the Ashley gate was pale in comparison.

For a moment he thought of riding by. He wanted to postpone the interview—he needed more time for thought.

Then he threw his head up and his shoulders back as he turned his horse and rode toward the gate.

"It is the act of a brave man or of a coward; I shall not make it the act of a coward," he said.

After Sibylla had been left alone she sat for awhile and wondered how Julien would receive her letter. Perhaps he would come out in the evening. She hoped he would not. Sibylla wanted to hear no entreaties; she dreaded a scene. It would be so much better if Julien would write a sorrowful, manly note and accept her decision. Then they could meet after that as friends.

Of course, he would be unhappy for a long time; she expected that. It made Sibylla herself feel a little sad, now that it was done. But that would soon pass.

She wondered how far Chrissy was on the road, and if Julien would be at the hotel when she arrived. She went down stairs and walked on the lawn as far as the gate, where she had so often parted from him. She saw the rain-clouds gathering and returned to her room. She tried to read but could not. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window and looking over her lips turned pale. Julien was riding up the drive. He must have galloped all the way from the town, she said, as she hurried from the window to her mirror.

Julien threw his bridle to Absalom, who was hopping about on one foot before the door. In the hall he met Letty, who with scared eyes told him that Sibylla was at home, and ran upstairs to warn her sister.

When Sibylla entered he was at the window. She closed the door and stood looking at him in silence. The color had not yet returned to her cheeks, and Julien, she saw, was very pale. For a long moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Will you not give me your hand, Sibylla," Julien said at last in a voice unlike his own.

"Why should I not do so?" she said kindly, and advancing placed her hand in his.

"Perhaps after to-day, Sibylla, you will never give me your hand again, for the words I have come to say to you are surely the hardest that man can speak to woman."

She drew her hand away quickly.

"Do not say them then," she said with all her old imperiousness—"I forbid you!"—then in an altered voice: "Julien, I have been a weak or a wicked woman, perhaps, but remember I am a proud woman. I know all that you have to say. Don't reproach me." She stared hard at where she stood, looking at him with kindly, sorrowful eyes; then sank trembling upon a chair. She had read what was in his mind the instant she entered the room. What a marvelous sympathy existed between them! She was making his task easy, but oh, how doubly hard!

"How long have you known this, Sibylla?" he asked after a while.

"How long? How can I measure it by time?" she said with a touch of impatience. "It was days, weeks ago that I became conscious of that indefinable something which had come between us. I felt that we were growing farther apart, and I tried to draw myself nearer you. Yes, I tried, but even when I was most affectionate, even when you held me closest, I felt it most strongly—oh, miserable sham and pretence; Julien, why do you make me speak of it?"

"Sibylla, it was not sham and pretence—it was real—while it lasted it was true."

"Think so if you can; even truth has its phases and mutations I suppose." Then she added more gently, "I want you to believe the best of me."

Captain Booth bent his head and covered his eyes with his hand. He attempted to speak, but only succeeded in making a sound like a groan.

Sibylla rose and stood beside him. "Julien," she said, "I am not wont to speak lightly of myself, but I am not the woman to make you happy. All my life I have been humored and indulged. I should have demanded much from you and should not have been satisfied with less"—his very thought. "Somewhere there is another woman who will make you a better wife than I—"

"Not that—Sibylla—think any thing but that—I swear there is no other woman!"

"Not now; but there will be one day, of course."

He was silent a moment. "You do not despise me Sibylla?" he asked in a low voice.

"Despise you—despise you, Julien?" She touched his hair softly. "I honor and respect you more than any man I ever knew."

Captain Booth raised his head and gazed at her with adoring eyes. Then, as he continued to look upward into her calm, lovely face, the slid slowly from his chair and fell on his knees before her. He bent his head, and taking the hem of her robe tenderly and as though it were a sacred thing, he raised it to his lips. Then he stood up, took a few steps backward, with head inclined, and was gone.

It was a beautiful, triumphant ending to the interview she had so dreaded, and it satisfied Sibylla Ashley. As the door closed behind Julien she suddenly realized that the rain was falling in torrents. Could she, after that magnificent exit, call after him to get an umbrella from the rack, but to be careful not to take the heavy black silk one because it was her

grandfather's, and he never lost it? How ridiculous!

Swiftly she crossed the room and opened the door. "Julien, I cannot let you go in the rain," she said.

Captain Booth was at the front gate. He did not trust himself to speak, but waved his hand without turning his head. The door closed behind him, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the house. Sibylla ran back into the parlor, threw herself upon a sofa and burst into tears.

Julien walked rapidly toward the barn after his horse. He heard a patter of bare feet and became aware that a small colored girl was running beside him trying to hold a big gingham umbrella over his head.

"You're never goin' to ride out in his rain, Cap'n Booth," cried Absalom from the hayloft as Julien entered the barn door.

The young man stood for a long time staring out at the brilliant green of the dripping shrubbery, underneath which the chickens, ruffled and sullen were huddled. He looked down into Chrissy's swollen face and brimming eyes, and wondered vaguely if she was crying because she was sorry for him. Then he looked up at the leaden, streaming sky and tried to imagine what his life was going to be like without Sibylla Ashley.

Of what noxious hellebore or nightshade had he drunk that he fancied her lacking in tenderness?—this glorious, beautiful woman whom he had just renounced, and whom, he knew now, he loved with all his soul.

He darted out into the rain again and strode back to the house. Chrissy still ran at his side. He pushed the front-door open. The sound of his footsteps on the hall floor was drowned by the fury of the storm. He heard Letty's voice, and then Sibylla's. She was sobbing.

"I sent him away in the rain, Letty. . . . He behaved so beautifully—so nobly. . . . I did not think it could be so hard."

"Don't cry, dear," said Letty. "It is better so, since you do not love him."

"But—but—I do love him. I didn't know how much till now that I have lost him forever."

The door opened softly, and Julien stood within the room. Sibylla was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the pillows. Letty stood beside her, holding her hand. She dropped it with a start as she saw Julien, who held up a warning finger.

"Don't go away, Letty!" sobbed Sibylla, and then using almost the words of Egypt's miserable and deserted queen, "Don't talk to me—just pity me!"

She reached out gropingly to take Letty's hand again. Sweet Letty simply faded out of the room, and it was Julien's hand that Sibylla clasped.

"Letty, I know he will ne—never come back! He said hardly a word, but looked so mi—miserable! How tight you are holding my hand—you hurt me, Letty!"

She suddenly sat upright. Julien was kneeling beside her, his arm was around her waist. A sob was trembling on her lips. There must be an outlet; a fit of hysterical, undignified weeping if she pushed him away, and there was his shoulder waiting for her head, so comfortable, so restful a haven. Before she realized it, and by no volition of hers, yet with no resistance, her face was buried there, and his arms held her close.

"I could not give you up, my darling," he whispered.

"And I cannot let you go," she said, between her sobs.

The storm was passing, and there were already glimpses of the sun behind the low-hanging clouds. The lower part of the house was very still. Murmured, fragmentary phrases of the talk of the two lovers penetrated to the hall, where a ridiculous little figure in a muddy pink frock lingered near the parlor-door.

"I guess the trouble's 'bout all over," thought Chrissy.

"It has brought us nearer together, Julien," she heard Sibylla say, "and I shall always hold this day blessed; but let us never speak of it again."

"Never again, my Sibylla," Julien's voice made answer.

"Dis lettah 'n good now," soliloquized Chrissy, as she drew the soiled and crumpled envelope from her pocket. "It 'ad jes' make mo' trouble if I hand it ova. Dey don't want dat mattah talked about no mo', an' I ain't goin' to bring it up. 'I'll jes' go an' put de ole ting in de kitchen fire,"—Goodey's Magazine.

The Food of School Children.

It is a lamentable fact that too little attention is given to the hygienic surroundings of the pupils in the schools, and by far too little to the nature of the food and the manner of eating. The aim often seems to be to so prepare the food that it will require little or no mastication before it is swallowed, and when solid food is taken it is not sufficiently masticated to properly prepare it for the digestive organs. Some years ago a doctor requested many of his patients to report as to the number of bites it required to masticate different foods. He especially desired to learn how much less children chewed the food before swallowing it than their parents. He got reports from one hundred and fifty intelligent people, and learned that practice in this regard varies very much; that children generally were entirely too apt to bolt their food. To encourage the habit of chewing it more thoroughly, he had advised parents to give the children chewing gum, much to the disgust of many of the parents. He thought the habit of swallowing food before it was properly masticated the cause of insufficient nourishment in many cases.—New York Ledger.

New Drug Store. Berry Bros, Wilkesboro, N. C.

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

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

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

Be Sure to Call and See Them.

R. M. STALEY & CO., —DEALER IN—

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

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

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

LIVERY & FEED STABLES,

A. C. WELLBORN, PROP.

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

A. C. WELLBORN, Wilkesboro, - North Carolina.

R. N. HACKETT, Attorneys at Law, WILKESBORO, N. C.

Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

ISAAC C. WELLBORN, Attorney - at - Law, Wilkesboro, N. C.

Will practice in all the courts. Dealer in real estate. Prompt attention paid to collection of claims.

T. B. FINLEY, H. L. GREENE, FINLEY & GREENE, Attorneys - at - Law, WILKESBORO, N. C.

Will practice in all the courts. Collections a specialty. Real estate sold on commission.

2 1/2 Miles a Minute on One Rail. Two short specimen railroads now in existence, one in France and the other in Ireland, employing the single track principle with the cars suspended in two halves on either side of the rail and drawn by a double boiler steam engine, have been able to develop a speed of about 150 miles an hour. Another is being built at Brussels for the exposition there next year. It is the economy of friction and the certainty that the train so suspended cannot leave the track that the wonderful speed is attainable with safety. The cars are held steady at curves by a buffer rail on either side against which horizontally placed wheels along the bottom of the car rest. When the train swings around a curve the weight of the passengers, motor and other heavy parts of the cars, tends to hold the wheels tightly against the track. The greater the speed of the train the harder does it cling to the rail, forced by the inertia.

A Havana paper which thinks that the United States is criminally careless in letting filibusters get away from this coast should give its opinion of the Spanish Government for letting them land in Cuba. If Spain, with a navy only slightly weaker in the number of its vessels than ours, cannot watch the trifling coast line of Cuba, how can the United States be expected to have a naval picket at every little harbor and cove between New York and Galveston? With a fleet of over 500 war ships this country only caught a small portion of the Confederate blockade runners, and can hardly hope to do better with the Cuban greyhounds by the use of the few available vessels on the home station.