The Queen's Jubilee produced at least one good poem, observes Harper's Weekly. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is edifying both to the ear and to the spirit.

The frog industry is growing. A statistician enumerates "fifty-seven frog farms now in successful operation" in various sections of the coun-

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently; they objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the run of travelers when they leave hotels and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them when they arrive.

Large farms, unless all their acres are made available in some way, are burdens instead of blessings. assessor takes in all the acres, and the taxgatherer is quite as exacting. Hence, to make all the acres pay their way, with something over for the farmer's purse, is to be in the middle of the road the leads to goal of success.

Mainz has decided to celebrate the birth of Guttenberg on Midsummer Day, 1900, in order not to interfere with Leipzig's celebration of the same event in 1899. As the exact year of the inventor of printing's birth is not known, the difference of a year or two in the observation of the 500th anniversary will not shock historical ac-

The co-operative movement has reached such proportions in Scotland that Dundee butchers have pledged "ourselves to support only those livestock salesmen, dead-meat salesmen, auctioneers, dealers and others who refuse to have any dealings, directly or indirectly, with co-operative societies, and not support any person who deals with such society in any way, or who deals with any retail butcher who declines to sign and support this resolution." The attention of Parliament has been called to the boycott.

The librarian of the public library at Kansas City, Mo., says that for a year there has been a greater call for works on Alaska than for books on any other country or section of the globe. She has supplied the library, she says, with everything trustworthy she could procure on the country during this time, wondering all the while what had aroused so much interest in that country in Kansas City. Readers, she says, have studied writings on the habits of the people in Alaska, read the Government reports on the Territory, and given especial attention to routes to the Yukon country.

Says the New Orleans Times-Democrat: One of the lacks of the age is pleasant fiction. Vapid fiction we have in large quantities, but there are few novels which are at the same time pictures of life and pleasant ones. A book to-day is seldom called "strong" or "important" unless its tone is gloomy, even despairing. Hopelessness, in most of these cases, does not seem to arise from experience or conviction, but gives the impression of being only a popular literary pose. The idea is abroad that a work of fiction ought to be a bitter and painful dose, and that it would not be fulfilling its purpose if it proved "an anodyhe" to anyone who wished to forget his suffering.

The Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph is authority for the statement that comparatively few people have any idea of the importance of the bituminous coal industry in the United States. Says this newspaper informant: "Since 1893 it has led in point of market value the mineral products of the country, the value of the output for the calendar year 1896, according to the report of the geological survey, being nearly \$115,000,000. For several years prior to 1893 pig iron was the most valuable mineral product, the total for 1892 being \$181,000,000, while the value of bituminous coal for the same year was \$125,000,000. Since 1887 there has been a steady decline in the price of coal, while the output has steadily increased. The 137,640,-000 short tons produced in 1896 sold for less money than the 118,000,000 tons produced in 1891. Pennsylvania leads all the States in the Union in the production, its output for last year having been 49,100,000 tons, valued at 235,000,000; but this was a million tons less than for the preceding year. West Virginia apparently supplanting the product of this State, the production of our neighbor increasing 1,500 .-000 tons, and aggregating nearly 13. 000,000 tons, valued at \$8,336,000."

MOWING.

Into the fields both young and old With gay hearts went; The pleasant fields, all green and gold, All flowers and scent. And first among them old man Mack, With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack— Two eager boys whose feet kept time In restless fashion to this rhyme:

Sharpen the scythe and bend the back. Swing the arm for an even track; Through daisy bloom and nodding grass Straight and clean must the mower pass There are tasks that boys must learn, not

In any book-Casks on the harvest and having ground, By wood and brook, When I was young but few could bring Into the field a cleaner swing;

But you must take my place to-day, Cut the grass, and scatter the hay. So sharpen the seythe and bend the back, Swing the arm for an even track; Through daisy blooms and nodding grass Straight and clean must the mower pass.

Straight and clean is the only way— You'll find that out— In other things than cutting hay, I make no doubt. So be sure through the nodding grass Straight and clean with your scythe to

It is far better than any play To mow the grass and to toss the hay. So sharpen the seythe and bend the back, Swing the arm for an even track; Through daisy blooms and foodding grass Straight and clean must the mower pass. -Detroit Free Press.

NOT TO BE DONE.



ful confession" is mine, John Spindler, detective, Scotland Yard, and how it came about was

For a long time I had been on the track of a gang of coiners which in my professional pride I had vowed to me. capture. More than once I had pounced down upon them in their haunts, and all vanished like magic and I being unable to produce proofs, the chief whom I desired most to convict fairly laughed at me and my

This naturally gave me considerable annoyance, and with some heat I ejac-

Jim Bradley, but I'm not John Spind-

ler if you do the next!' "When you catch me, hold me!" he grinned. "How dare you malign an

innocent man?" "Innocent! then the evil one is not so black as he is painted," I retorted. Well, it was nearly nine months before I again ran down Jim and his sowl," we mounted. gang; then I detected them in a low, wretched street near the city road.

The house they used was kept by an old Irshwoman. Having watched the house till I was sure of my game, I went to Scotland Yard, saw the chief, reported my news, got some men, and on one dark, gusty winter's night made a

swoop upon them. Leaving the police I had brought at a little distance, I knocked at the door. Getting no answer, I stepped

back and looked up at the house. It was dark as pitch, save a faint glimmer in the first-floor window. As I returned I felt certain I saw the blind of the lower room move. Trusting, if I was being inspected, that the darkness had concealed my identity, I repeated my summons, when, after a long delay, the door was opened by the old landlady, bearing a flaming

"Did you knock afore?" she said, peering feebly at me. "Sure, I'm just as deaf as a post, yer honor, and don't

hear a bit. Who do you want?" "One of your respectable lodgers, Mrs. O'Brien," I answered, entering the passage and putting my foot so as to prevent the door closing. "Thanks, old lady, I won't trouble you fur-

Giving a preconcerted whistle, my

men came rapidly forward. "Oh, the perleese! oh, holy St. Patrick! have mercy upon a lone widder woman! Oh, good jintlemen, what's the matter, sure?" shrieked the hag. Paying no heed to these ejaculations,

I placed one policeman on guard, and with the others sprang up-stairs. Reaching the landing I found all dark, save a faint glimmer which issued from under the door in front of

us. I tried the handle. It was "We have caught him this time!" whispered exultingly, for I had caught the sound of Jim Bradley's voice. "I have examined the house well, and there is no means of egress either by the roofs or the windows. They are

I exclaimed aloud. "Hullo, is that you, my dear Spindler?" cried Jim from within. "Happy to see you, I'm sure! Remember what I said: 'Hold me when you catch me,' old boy! The thing is to trap your

trapped. Open, in the Queen's name!'

bird!" "I will take care of that, Mr. Jim," I rejoined. "Open, or we shall break in the door!"

"Oh, plaze, jintlemen-dear, good jintlemen, for the love of the saints, don't make a noise. There's a poor sowl jist partin' this life up-stairs, an' his dear young widdy's a'most distracted. Sorra a one of ye jintlemen hev any pity. Don't terrify the colleen nor the partin' sowl who, sure, has trouble enough."

"Silence, you old crone!" I exclaimed, "and fetch a light, or I'll

have you arrested as an accomplice." With a regular howl of disappointment she hobbled away, declaring she'd do anything for us, imploring pity for a poor, lone woman and compassion for the partin' sowl up-stairs.

We didn't wait for her return. Aware no one could pass us on the stairs, and believing Jim might be trying to destroy the moulds, we put our shoulders against the door and drove the lock from the box.

I had prepared for the light to be extinguished and a rush made. I was disappointed. Jin sat composedly at the table with another man, playing cards.

"Hullo! you don't stand on ceremony, John, my friend," he remarked. laughing. "I thought every man's find them." house was his castle."

shield for law-breaking," I answered. be got every day."

"Prove your words, my man." "pain-"I intend to, I hope; so you will just consider yourself my prisoner while I search."

"Please yourself, and take the conwent on with his game.

Putting my men on guard, I began to examine the apartments. I sounded the walls, groped up the

chimneys, tried the flooring. No, not a sign; while Jim Bradley's utter indifference, I own, perplexed

"Done again!" I muttered, when I heard a heavy step in the room above.

"Who's that upstairs?" I asked. "You should know yourself by this time," answered Jim. "I can only say that confounded Irish hag is always screechin' as a chap's a-dying, which ain't much concern of mine, as long as he keep hisself to hisself, and don't groan too loud. 'Igh, low, game, with-"You've escaped me this time, out even the Jack, Phil," he added, to his companion, putting down his

> The sick man's a ruse, perhaps, thought I. "Come, lads," I said aloud, "we'll

Regardless of the old woman's entreaties not to disturb the poor "dyin'

The back attic was as bare as bare could be. When I was about to enter the other, the door opened, and a grave-looking, respectablly dressed man crossed the threshold.

"Hush," he said, in a low tone. 'May I asked the meaning of this disturbance? It is most unseemly and out of place! The poor fellow in here has but a few moments to live. His unfortunate young wife is distracted."

I looked keenly at him. "If it isn't an impertinent question, sir," I asked, "pray who may you be?" "Who am I?" he smiled. "I am Doctor Alexander, of Jude street, close by. Now, in my turn, who are

I instantly acquainted him with my business. He looked serious and in-

"Humph!" he said, drawing me a little aside; "I have only visited this place once or twice, but I own I have had my doubts of its respectability. We medical men see strange scenes. Still I don't fancy the poor woman and her husband have had any connivance with the people below. He is a bricklayer. Though, of course, in such matters, you are the best judge. Such persons are capable of all manner of tricks. It is, of course, your duty to make certain. Only, in case you are wrong, be gentle with the wretched I'll go to him!" wife and mother. Come in."

We entered. The room was almost devoid of furniture, and barely supplied with the commonest necessaries

At one side was a miserable mattress aid on the floor, and stretched on it was the dying man.

Kneeling by him, her head bowed down to his, her black hair streaming over the tattered patchwork covering, was the young wife weeping bitterly, as she pressed her baby to her bosom. I'm not hard-hearted, and the sight

took me back, especially the countenance of the husband, upon which the hue of death had already settled. I was following the doctor when,

abruptly, he leaned forward, then, drawing back, placed his hand on my "I thought as much," he whispered;

The words were scarcely audible. yet they reached the wife's ears.

I shall never forget the scream she gave. Starting up on her knees, she gazed wildly in the face of the dead, then shricked, turning appealingly to

"Oh, no no; not dead! Don't tell me that! Not dead! Oh, Tom, Tom -dear Tom; speak to me-speak to Then casting herself on the body,

she went off into violent hysterics. "Poor thing," said the doctor, attendant." ising her. "Pray, my good fellow, take her to a chair while I close the poor man's eyes." That done, he rejoined me.

"You want to search the room," he said. "It's a pity that this should in doubt to the last, had not my "pride have happened at such a time, but of place" been so wounded that I did duty is duty. Pray do yours quietly not rest until I had tracked Jim Bradbefore this poor woman recovers. ley again, and this time succeeded in Her trouble is enough without any capturing him and his gang, and addition."

Duty was duty, yet I felt like a more than once the disciple of Galen ance, circulated the spurious coin. aided me in my suggestions.

Nothing, however, came of it. I could not find a trace. "Yet," I said, "I'd take my oath the dies are in this house, and it's one hundred pounds in my pocket if I

"Then I most decidedly should try." "So it is, Jim, until he makes it a said the doctor. "That sum is not to

"No, and I'll keep a watch in this house till I've found them."

"In this room?" he asked. "No. I ain't quite made of stone," rejoined, a hit hurt. "But I shall inspect all who go out or comelin."

"Quite right, and I wish you success, for there's no telling the sufferings these coiners occasion.

We then descended and the doctor left, after telling the old Irishwoman he would call as he went home on the parish undertaker and give the necessary orders for the funeral.

Well, I needn't lengthen out my I rented the parlor (by compulsion)

of the landlady and established a watch night and day upon who and what went out and entered the house. Jim Bradley came and went, of course, unmolested, and chaffed me considerably when we met, while without the slightest demur he let me visit his room whenever I pleased.

What did it mean? I also made a call now and then on

the widow. Poor thing, she was always crying and so meek and full of grief as she moved about the room where her cofsequences," he replied, and carelessly fined husband was, for she wouldn't leave it, that the sight was pitiable.

The medical attendant dropped in once to inquire how I got on, and shook his head on hearing of my want

"I fear if the dies are really here," he said, "the fellow you call Bradley is too deep for you.'

"Not if I know it," I said. "I have applied at headquarters for permission to make a better search, and I'll take up the flooring.' "I fancy that's the most likely place.

What is that?" he asked. "Only the undertaker's men," I said, utting the door open. "It's the poor

ellow's funeral to-day." "Indeed! Ah, they hasten these matters with the poor. Just at the moment the wretched

coffin and its bearers passed along the passage, followed by the weeping widow leaning on the old Irishwoman. They were the sole mourners.

The doctor respectfully removed his hat, and we looked in silence until it had gone by.

"Poor-poor thing!" my companion remarked, with a sigh; then, giving me his card, and asking me to call if I proved successful, he went away.

Well, the hours crept by, and the silence of the house began to surprise me. Bradley had gone out early, and hadn't been home since. My assistant came in about eight, but neither the widow nor the landlady returned. I waited and waited. Eleven o'clock

I began to get suspicious.

Had I been done? I turned hot and cold; then seizing he candle, darted upstairs. Bradley's room was as usual; but the attic-the eight of it made me feel ready to drop. "Done-cleverly done!" I cried,

vaving my candle around. Yes; bitter the humiliation-I had been duped! I had been the victim of sensibility and a clever trick!

There was the mattress, ripped up; and there, where the coffin had stood, was a hole in the floor, where the plank had been removed. That had been the place of concealment.

But where were the dies? Where-why in the coffin, of which, no doubt, the dead man had been one of the bearers.

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated. "The man must have been dead! It isn't likely he could deceive the doctor-a kind-hearted fellow, but a keen one;

Leaving my assistant in charge, I hastened to Jude street, with his card in my hand.

The red "danger signal" indicated the house, and, knocking, I asked to see the doctor. The servant, showing me into the

urgery, went in to summon him. In a few moments he appeared—that is, a gentleman appeared; a gentleman of about sixty, with silver gray hair. "I beg your pardon," I said; "it is

Doctor Alexander I wish to see!" "Alexander! My name, sir, is Lindsay, and I am the only professional man in this house-nay, in the street. There must be a mistake."

"Impossible!" I cried. "See, sir, iere is his card." "Humph!" I have never heard the name in the neighborhood," he remarked, perusing it. "Wait a moment-if you will allow me I will

Taking down one or two thick volames from the bookshelves, he ran over the lists under the initial A. "No," he said. "As I thought—his name is not here. I fear the title of

not a certified medical man." I then told my story. "Sir," remarked Dr. Lindsay, unable to suppress a smile, "I fancy you have not only been duped by a

doctor' must be assumed, and he is

dying man, but also by his medical And so it proved.

The whole had been a clever trickfrom the widow to the doctor and 'parish" funeral.

Nevertheless, I might have remained among which I not only discovered the young, disconsolate widow of her hard-hearted, mean-spirited our as I dead husband, but the doctor, the performed mine, and professed to greatest rogue of the lot, as it was he have lacked my usual acuteness, for who, under his gentlemanly appear-

> To my satisfaction, I saw them all sent off for a considerable term in Portland, with small chance of a ticket-of-leave. I was not, after all, to be done.

> A note of the Bank of England. twisted into a kind of rope, can suspend as much as 329 pounds upon one end and not be injured.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Mrs. Rorer's Tomato Ketchup. Mrs. S. T. Rorer, the famous cooking expert, gives this, her favorite, receipt for making tomato ketchup in the Ladies' Home Journal: "Use half a bushel of sound tomatoes. Wash and cut them into pieces. Cook gently for half an hour, then press through a sieve. Cook again for one hour; then add one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of mustard, one gill of salt, half a pound of sugar, and one quart of vinegar. Cook to the proper consistency; add five drops of oil of nutmeg, and the same of celery, or a tablespoonful of celery seed. Bottle, cork

and seal."

Canning Blackberries and Raspberries. Select firm raspberries, and put them into a colander, which sink gradually into a pan of cold water. Left and drain. Arrange neatly in the cold jars, then fill with cold water, adjust the rubbers and place the lids carelessly on top. Do not fasten them. Place a little hay, straw or excelsior in the bottom of an ordinary wash-boiler, on which stand the jars. Pour into the boiler sufficient cold water to come nearly to the neck of the jars, cover the boiler and bring slowly to boiling point. As soon as the water reaches boiling point lift each jar carefully and screw on the top. Stand out of the draught to slowly cool. Strawberries and blackberries may be canned after this rule. - Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Excellent Cucumber Pickle.

Make a ten-gallon keg of strong brine on which an egg will float. Put the cucumbers in a bag made of a yard of sleezy white cotton, tie up its mouth with a string and place a clean stone on it to keep it in place under the brine, and every cucumber is safe and sound until you wish to pickle them. When that time comes, which should not be for six weeks, soak them in fresh water for twenty-four hours. Then put them in a preserving kettle with enough vinegar to cover them. Set them on the stove and boil gently until a straw can easily pierce them. Have ready a jar that will hold them. Remove from the kettle and throw the vinegar away. Put into the kettle nearly twice as much vinegar as they were boiled in and set on the stove to boil. Now weigh the cucumbers, and allow a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of cucumbers. In every ten pounds of pickle allow three onions and half an ounce of mace, cloves, alspice, ginger and two three-inch sticks of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce each of tumeric, black pepper and mixed mustard, one ounce of white mustard seed and one ounce of scraped horse radish. Slice the onions, crack the spices, mix the mustard and tumeric together into a smooth paste. Put all of the sugar and half of the spices into the vinegar that is in the kettle; sprinkle the rest of the spice with the other ingredients in alternate layers between the cucumbers as you put them in the jar. When the vinegar has been boiling just ten minutes stir into it the mixed mustard and tumeric and remove it instantly from the fire and pour over the pickles. Cover it up closely and set it away. In a few days it will be ready for use. The traveler was not far wrong when he pronounced it "glorious pickle."-Chicago Record.

Household Hints.

Vegetables growing above the ground should be cooked in salted water, those below, in fresh water.

Colors which have been changed by the application of acids may be restored by the application of chloro-

When cooking onions, set a tin cup of vinegar on the stove and let boil and no disagreeable odor will be in the

Fruit stains, when fresh, may be removed by pouring water through the stained portion until the spot dis-

Ink that is freely spilt upon a carpet should be covered with common or coarse salt or Indian meal. If all the stain is not absorbed rub with lemon

Grass stains should be rubbed with molasses thoroughly and then washed out as usual. Another treatment is to rub with alcohol and then wash Our fruit stains may be removed

wita oxalic acid; wash the stained portion in the acid till clear; rinse at once in rain water, as the acid will attack the fabric if left upon it. Now wet the spot in ammonia and give a final rinsing. When potatoes are thoroughly baked,

burst the skin, and you will have delicious, mealy potatoes that will be eatable for an hour or more if kept in a warm place. If you are not in the habit of doing this, you do not know what an excellent thing a baked pota-

Rust and ink stains should be rubbed with juice of lemon and the spot then covered with salt and the cloth placed in the sun. If this treatment does not serve to remove the stain, or if the fabric is colored and so cannot be treated with lemon juice, oxalic acid may be used as for old fruit stains.

Tea, coffee and undoubtedly cocoa stains, even those which had been previously washed, may be rubbed in javelle water, if the fabric stained be white, otherwise the color will be bleached. Take a half-pint of the javelle water to a quart of clear water and let the stained portion of the cloth soak in it for several hours, then rinse thoroughly in three waters.

Chicago's rich people returned to the assessors of last year \$2000 worth of diamonds and \$74 worth of silver N. HACKETT

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WHEAT CROP SITUATION.

Estimated Deficiency of 14,000,000 Quarters in the World's Supply. The Mark Lane Express, of London, reviewing the erop situation, says:

The weather has been adverse to the completion of the harvest, and the quantity of grain still out is considerable. The French wheat crop is estimated at 31,000,000 quarters by the chief writers of the Paris press. Correspondents of Eng. lish business firms state that the crop will amount to from 33,000,000 to 36,000,000 quarters. The Austro-Hungarian crop is stated to be 17,000,000 quarters. If this is

true, it adds greatly to the gravity of the The American crop is reckoned by careful judges to be 63,500,000 quarters, or 11. 000,000 quarters improvement, to offset a decline of 9,000,000 quarters in Russia and 6.000,000 to 10,000,000 quarters in France. "All the figures point, therefore, to a deficiency in the world's supply of 14,000,000 quarters. Should the demand be actually as large as this, the stores of old wheat will be used up, and a crisis of great seriousness will only be prevented by generally good prospects for the spring of 1893. We are not, however, entitled to argue that such prospects will be more than the aver-

STUDENTS' AWFUL CRUELTY. A Horrible Hazing Episode at the Uni-

versity of California. There will be no more "rushes" at the University of California if President Kelogg's latest mandate is exercised Half dazed, his jaw broken, his face a bleeding mass, Benjamin Kurtz, a newly elected freshman, was found wandering about the campus after the rush between the two lower classes. In the struggle some one put his heel on Kurtz's face, and as a result he is disfigured for life and may have sustained injury of the brain. An examination showed that a piece of flesh had been torn from one nostril. The upper lip hung only by a shred and the rpgged na-ture of the scar made the injury all the more serious. The front teeth were gone. Four teeth had been knocked out of the lower jawbone, in which they and been em-

Both the upper and lower jaws were smashed and the flesh of all the face crushed and bleeding. There were two

HER SPECIALTY IS TWINS

other serious casualties

Colored Wife, Under Eighteen, Has Given Birth to Four Pairs.

Not yet eighteen years old and the mother of four pairs of twins! This is the record made by Pearly Bradford, a colored woman of East St. Louis The remarkable young mother asked Dr. Woods, Supervisor of the Poor, for food to keep herself and children from starving. She has been a resident of East St. Louis five years, she says, having come there from New Orleans, where her hus-

band is now trying to get employment.
All but three of her children are dead. The live ones are healthful and strong, though Mrs. Bradford is very black. She will not be eighteen years old, she says, until November 25 next, and is again approaching motherhood. She was married when a

Dr. Woods made a careful investigation into the statements made by Mrs. Bradford and found them to be correct and the woman honest and truthful. Not Young, But They Married.

Isaac Selover, seventy-four years old, a widower and a wealthy farmer of Spottswood, N. J., and Miss Mary Phillips, a spinster, sixty years old, have just been married. Selover lived with his son, a married man, forty years old, but it is said that he and his son did not agree. So he thought he would get married again, and Miss Phillips agreed to become his wife. His children were opposed to the marriage, but Selover insisted that he knew his own

Mutineers Kill Fifty-Nine Men. mutiny has occurred among the troops of the Congo Free State in the Toro District of Africa. The mutineers, it is said, killed fifty-nine Belgian officers and men and destroyed all the forts, committing depredations right and left.

There is a strong sentiment in our part of the State for a division of California so as to give Southern California seperate Statehood," said J. N. Hazard, of Los Angeles, Cal., recenty. "This desire arises from no fricion or jealousies between the two ends of the Commonwealth, and least of all is it based on any scheme to give the politicians additional spoils from the public crib. It isn't political greed or the outgrowth of ill-feelng, but arises purely from economic necessities. In the southern part we feel the need of a State government of our own. We have in reality but little in common with the northern end. Our interests are quite as distinct from that section as they are from Oregon, and we are financially and industrially as independent as Oregon. We have also have a new population that is distinct from the population of Northern California as it is from New York. For these and other reasons we aspire to Statehood. There is plenty of territory for two prosperous and powerful States, and I think the

division is certain to come about." NO CHANCE TO STOP IT.

Gladys-Papa's going to give us a check at the wedding instead of a present, Tom. Tom-All right, we'll have the ceremony at high noon then instead of at

4 o'clock. Gladys-Why, what for, dear? Tom-Banks close at 3,