

The Chatham Record.

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The Wind in the Grass.
The song of the wind in the grass!
Come lie on the ground and listen
When the white clouds drift and pass
And the dewdrops come to glisten,
It comes with the perfume of flowers,
It chases the cares that harass,
And fraught with magical power,
Is the song of the wind in the grass.
Come lie with your heart to the clover
Out under the orchard trees
And listen the sweet tone over
A-chime with the lay of the bees,
The tired brain a throbbing quiver
Waxes quiet and clear as a glass,
Till cold thoughts flow like a river
To the song of the wind in the grass.
A rest that is sweeter than nectar
Through the soul to soothing steal-
ing.
For the touch of the dear brown earth
Hath a taint of heavenly healing;
And under the warm blue sky,
As soft as a whitered mass,
Or a dreamland lullaby,
Is the song of the wind in the grass.
— Samuel M. Peck in Youth's Com-
panion.

For Katy Delaney.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Dwight Hopkins vaulted the hedge between their lawn and the Winslow's, and went and joined Irene, who was studying her history on the veranda. "I'm going to give a party next week," he announced.

Irene turned down a leaf and shut her book with a cynical snap. "Why? Not with your mother and Madeline gone?" said she, but Dwight nodded.

"Yes, I am. They're going to be gone a month. It will be hot weather by the time they get back, and you can't dance when it's hot. I think they'll be glad to be out of the bother of it, for that matter. Father thinks I can manage it, and he's given me \$25 for it. I shall have the hotel people send the refreshments, and I'll have three or four pieces from the opera house orchestra. And if you and your mother," said Dwight, "will help me about it."

"Of course we will," Irene promised, delightfully, and she joined him in an enthusiastic discussion of details. She forgot her studying, and they made out a list of the guests, and of the dances, on a flyleaf of her history.

When Dwight went home, he went down to the back entry, to clean his bicycle.

Katy Delaney came through the entry from the kitchen, where she had been calling on the cook. She was a distant cousin of the cook's, the cook's cousin had married Katie Delaney's uncle.

ance before her. He planted himself with his feet apart and his arms folded.

"I can't have any party, Irene," he said.

"Dwight Hopkins!" said Irene, with a struggling suspicion that Dwight had lost some portion of his senses.

"It's so," said Dwight. "I suppose father would give me some more money, if I teased him, but I shan't."

"He told Irene all about it. 'You see,' he explained, 'it was a planned scheme, and I couldn't stand it, thinking about it. She's always stood higher in her class than Margaret Cary or any of those girls, and the idea of her having to miss commencement, and all the fun, because she hasn't a dress—'

"I know," said Irene. Her voice had a little tremble in it. And there was such a look in her eyes that Dwight turned red and coughed.

"I don't want anything," said he, and he began to talk about Lynn Trumbull's new shotgun.

tion high in favor, and some of the performers produced surprising results with it. Bob Logan said it beat the opera house orchestra all hollow.

"Hard time sandwiches and poverty lemonade," Dwight explained, "and to be served more than four times to any one person." But some of them went beyond the limit and all of them ate hungrily.

"Then they danced at four longer. Nobody wanted to go home then, they were having too good a time. And Bob Logan voted the emphatic opinion of everybody in a neat speech, which he made from a chair, a striking figure in a coat split up the back and a hat of which nothing remained but a ragged brim.

"I desire to thank our host," he said, "for the most unique entertainment."

"The history of our club," said Bob.

"Or any other," said the chorus.

"And if laughing is good for the health as the doctors say it is," Bob concluded, "we've all laughed enough to-night to keep us alive and well for the next twenty-five years."

GOLD DUST WITH LOVE.

NUGGETS AND ROMANCE IN THE PLACERS OF THE KLONDIKE.

Clarence J. Berry, Only Recently a Poor Farmer, Now the Barren Barnato of the Klondike—Wedding Trip of Fifteen Months—Was Worth a Million a Month.

Clarence J. Berry is the Barren Barnato of the Klondike. He took \$150,000 from the top dirt of one of his claims in five months. He kept it all but \$22,000, which he paid to his agents. He did not have to give his wife even so much as pin money. She had a part of her own. She would occasionally get time from her sewing and mending to drop around to the dump. She sifted off \$10,000 or so in her spare moments. This was her amusement in the strangest year's honeymoon that is recorded. The two started fifteen months ago as a husband and wife. She was the devoted sweet-heart of a poor Fresno farmer. They have returned to San Francisco with all kinds of gold dust, nuggets and coins. They have millions in sight, and behind the million is a pretty romance.

Berry was a fruit rarer in the southern part of California. He did not have any money. There was no particular prospect that he would ever have any. He saw a life of hard plodding for a bare living. There was no opportunity at home for getting ahead, and, like other men of the Far West, he only dreamed of the day when he would make a strike and get his million. This was three years ago. There had then come down from the frozen hills of

men were left one by one along the cliffs.

The tired turned back. The whole outfit of supplies went down in Lake Bennett. The forty men had dwindled to three. Berry and two others. The others chose to make the return trip for more food. Berry wanted gold. He borrowed a chunk of bacon and pushed on. He reached Forty Mile Creek within a month. There was not a cent in his pocket. The single claimer for him was worth three more prospects. His pay was \$100 a month. It was not enough, and, looking for better pay, he drifted from one end of the gulch to the other, always keeping his shrewd eye open for a claim to his claim of his own. There was a shun in the prospect of the district and he concluded to go back to the world.

The dump was not the only reason. There was a young woman back in Fresno who had promised to be his wife. Berry came from the hidden world without injury and Mrs. Ethel D. Bunch kept her pledge. They were married.

Berry told his bride about the possibilities of Alaska. She saw a girl of the mountains. She said she had not married him to be a drawback, but a companion. It is intended or wanted to go back to the Klondike, she proposed to him with him. She reasoned that he would be better to have her at his side. His picture of the dangers and the hardships had no effect upon her. It was her duty to face as much as he was willing to face. They both decided it was worth the try—success at a bound rather than years of cum-

among the first in. He staked claim forty, above the Discovery, which means that his property was the fortieth one above the first Aladdin. It was agreed that each claim should

have 500 feet on the river—the Bonanza. This was the beginning of Berry's fortune. He then began to trade for interest in other sites. He secured a share in those of the best of Klondike Creek. There is no one living who can tell how much this property is worth. It has only been worked in the crudest way, yet five months netted him enough to make him a rich man the rest of his life. There are untold and uncountable millions where the small ones from the top was then.

Berry wanted to bring his bride to him from the settlement and he proceeded to build himself a house. It was of logs. He built it solid and then saved holes for the door and windows. This was late last summer. The three months was getting accustomed to the climate at Forty Mile, before zero had melted out. Mrs. Berry trudged through the thirteen miles of hard snow and took her place in the hut with her husband. There was no floor, but the snow bank. It cost the couple \$200 a thousand feet to get frozen and buried, and there was but little chance to get out before they were in the snow and carbon which the Indians piled.

The new gold king and queen made the first strike of a August November. They were working about Elkhorn Creek, a branch of the Bonanza, which empties into Klondike about two miles above Dawson City. There it was the first one above where the first discovery had been made in this particular region. It took nearly a month to get into paying dirt, but when the vein was opened it was simply awful. The first prospect yielded \$2 and \$3 to the pan. It grew suddenly to \$25 and \$50 a pan, and kept increasing. It seemed they had tapped a mine, and one day Mr. and Mrs. Berry gathered up less than \$200 from a single pan of earth. This they have saved in a sack, by itself, and the people who have listened to the strange stories of the young man and his young wife have no doubt that they have been making money. They have left no room to think they are not telling the truth, which seems probable in the face of the sack and image of gold which they have not yet had time to sell to market. They have piled up in their rooms in the hotel in San Francisco.

Berry and his wife worked five months in the claims. They showed and worked thirty days longer of it. This month they gathered up out of which he paid \$22,000 to help. He then put the remainder of work in to be made into gold and started home to get some coin. He has another five claims, all of which are being worked. He has not the slightest idea how much he has made. He guesses that he has at least \$1,000,000 more ready for him by this time. He has to be or three times that amount. He has a good wagon load of the yellow stuff in the safety deposit vault. Mr. and Mrs. Berry have one of the best rooms at the best hotel on the coast. They have leaped from poverty to wealth in a couple of five months.

Mr. Berry is going to leave in a few days with his wife to see the form which he must to raise plans and people. He is going to buy the place, just for memory's sake. Mrs. Berry wants it. She will give the rest of her life to it. The first money she gained was \$10,000. The first money she gained was \$10,000. The first money she gained was \$10,000. She has had enough of the Klondike.

WORLD'S YOUNGEST CYCLIST.

A Seventeen-Month-Old Chicago Boy Rides a Wheel.

This is the picture of Harry W. Stinson, the youngest cyclist in the world. He is only seventeen months old and rides what is probably the smallest wheel ever built for practical riding. His mount weighs 5 1/2 pounds, has a frame 7 1/2 inches high, and the diameter of the wheel is ten inches. It is perfect in equipment, all the parts having been made especially for the diminutive machine. Even the lamp is a masterpiece.

Under the guidance of his father of some brand of the family the little fellow pedaled about Chicago boulevard with a solemn and dignified air, taking no heed of the attention he is attracting.

Occasionally observing a passer-by dash by crowding over the handlebars, Harry tries to do likewise, to the huge delight of the spectators. He is learning the pedal mount and is already making feeble tries at simple tricks.

Incident of Travel Abroad.

Chauncey M. Dopey tells this characteristic incident of the difference of travel on railroads in Europe and America. "It was at the station of Bingen on the Rhine. I said to the station master, 'Why is your train a half hour late?' The station master said, 'I don't know.' 'Well,' I said to him, 'I am the President of the New York Central Railroad, and if you were a station master at Peekskill, on our line, I would discharge you in twenty minutes if you did not know why the train was a half hour late.' 'Well,' said the station master, 'I don't know how over you do it, you are always going chock, chock, chock, over here, we let things take care of themselves and we live forever.'"

Long-Distance Electricity.

It is proposed to deliver electrical energy equivalent to 1000 horse power in the carhouse at Los Angeles, Cal., from Santa Ana, a distance of eighty miles, under a pressure of 33,000 volts. The power station is in Santa Ana Canyon, twelve miles from Redlands. The current will be generated at 1100 volts and transformed up to 33,000. The Santa Ana River furnishes the power. The water is to be directed from the stream by a canal flume and tunnel work along the side of the canyon to a point where suddenly it falls through 2200 feet of pipe a distance of 750 feet to the water wheels.

The chief feature architecturally of the Swedish National Exposition at Stockholm is the Industrial Hall, shown above, which is said to be the largest wooden building in the world. It is constructed of wood because lumbering is the greatest industry of Sweden and Norway. The hall is built in the middle of the exhibition grounds, adorned with a large cupola arising to a height of about 100 meters. The cupola itself is surrounded by turrets resembling minarets, in which lifts ascend to the uppermost platform, from where an extensive view is to be had of the exhibition grounds, the capital and its environs, so much renowned for their beauty.



MR. CLARENCE J. BERRY
As he appeared on his gold trip to the Klondike gold fields.

Alaska wonderful stories of reward for men brave enough to risk a three-day ride with death from starvation and cold. He had nothing to lose and all to gain. He concluded to face the dangers. His capital was \$100. He proposed to work it all—no very much to him now, but a mighty sight three years ago. It took all but \$5 to get him to Juneau. He had two big loads, the physician of a giant and the engine of an explorer. Presenting all those as his only collaterals, he managed to squeeze a loan of \$200 from a man who was afraid to go with him, but was willing to risk a little to return for a promise to pay back the advance at a fabulous rate of interest.

Juneau was alive with men three years ago who had heard from the

being different in shape from most other kites, many people on the streets who saw it looked it as an airship. It consists of two triangles, connected by a light framework, and having wings on each side after the Malay pattern. It is a combination, in fact, of the Hargrave and Malay kites. It weighs seven and one-half pounds and has nine square feet of surface. It leaves the hand at an angle of 5 degrees. The inventor says he can send it out and make it return to him without its once touching the ground, provided the wind is as favorable as it was yesterday. He says he has tested its carrying powers, and that it will bear a load of four pounds in the air. Coyne says he has a kite four times the size which he flew yesterday, and that he will experiment with that next week from a downy point to see whether it will carry a weight of twenty pounds. It is six inches high and measures fifty inches from tip to tip of the wings.

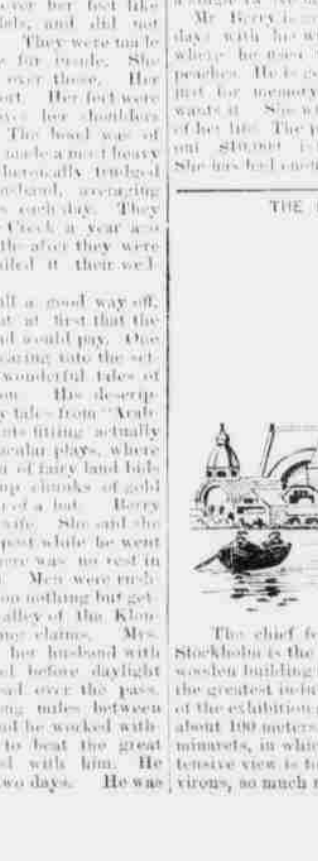
A Pigeon Post.

The system of pigeon post is established itself as a branch of the intelligence department of the Klondike. In the naval manœuvres now in progress, carrier pigeons are despatched to coasts recently established at Forts. Davoust and Sheerness at a cost of \$5,000.



HARRY STINSON, YOUNGEST WHEELMAN.

THE LARGEST WOODEN BUILDING IN THE WORLD.



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