

# The Chronicle.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

There are 7000 millionaires in the United States, where, in 1860, there were only two.

A San Francisco undertaker has fitted up a large and handsome funeral parlor, where funerals may be held. It is intended to meet the needs of families who live in hotels and boarding houses. All the employees are attired in black and wear black silk hats.

A French railroad has hit upon a new source of revenue. In future people who accompany their friends to any of the stations on that line to see them off will be admitted on the platform only on payment of a fee of one penny, in return for which they will receive a special ticket of authorization.

Since Explorer Henry M. Stanley last visited the United States he has surrendered his citizenship in this Republic, and has become a subject of the King of the Belgians. In connection with that action, it is said that he has forfeited his copyright on his books in this country, but that, asserts the *New York Star*, is a question for the courts.

A report of the outdoor athletic season of 1890 says it is "the most memorable, from the point of view of record breaking performances, in the history of American amateur athletics. Records previously held by Englishmen alone have been equaled by Americans, and world's records have been broken. The records, too, made by collegians in their championship contests have been greatly improved."

A Cincinnati paper attempts to prove that Thomas West, of Lexington, Ky., father of the famous painter, invented and successfully worked a steamboat in 1797, six years before Fulton's boat was operated. It was tested on the town fork of the Elkhorn, and the identical engine used is said to be in the Asylum at Lexington now. The engine took the boat to Cincinnati on one trip.

The annual report of the Secretary of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts "is a gripper" is treated of as a result of his investigation. Secretary reports that human intercourse is as potent in spreading the disease as atmospheric communication. He estimates that 730,000 wage-earners in that State took the disease, that 191,100 of these had to leave work and that the time lost was at least 985,500 days.

The Philadelphia Record very wisely says: "There is nothing which will more strongly mark the record of the nineteenth century when it shall be written than the patient research and intelligence which have unearthed the past, given it voice and utterance, and made the daily life of ancient Greeks, Egyptians or Babylonians as plain to the people of to-day as are the habits of the English under Alfred or our own ancestors in the days of Cotton Mather."

Munsey's Weekly observes: "The late eminent Mr. Rube Burrows, of Alabama, who by common consent stood at the head of the train robbing profession of this country, is reported by the daily papers to have left an estate of only twenty thousand dollars at his lamented demise. This shows that Mr. Burrows chose a comparatively unprofitable field for the exercise of his remarkable talents. Had he gone into the business of robbing railway stockholders instead of railway passengers, he might have died worth twenty millions instead of twenty thousand."

Dr. Brooks, Professor of Biology at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., who has made a special study of the oyster, and has embodied the results of his investigations in a large volume, makes the startling statement, says the *New York Post*, that unless dredging is stopped the Maryland oyster will in three years cease to be a factor in the market. That the yield this year is far short compared with a corresponding length of time in all previous years is attested to by the dredgers and packers. It was estimated that by November 1 only 148,000 bushels had been steamed, against 308,000 bushels during the corresponding month in 1889. A prominent packer in Baltimore, a man who has paid special attention to the future of the oyster industry in Maryland, says the yield this year is less by fifty per cent. than that of October 1889, and he thinks the ratio will hold good during the rest of the year. It was not an unusual thing last year and the year before for casing establishments to steam 50,000 bushels every day, and sometimes the figures were greater than that, but this season the preservers think that they are doing well if they steam two-thirds as much in a week.

## WHOM OTHERS ENVY.

Through years of patient toil and sacrifice He climbed Fame's ladder, round by round, Nor rested till his hand had grasped the prize For which he toiled. Self-made, self-crowned, He stood among his lofty dreams, and weighed Their worth, together with the price he paid.  
A millionaire—he bartered love for this— Love binds the wings of him who would arise.  
He rose unfettered. Now with famished eyes He gazes on another's Paradise, While memory taunts him with a shy, sweet kiss.  
A frightened, fluttering thing, the first, the last,  
No childish voices echo through the past; He wears his laurels, but he paid their price.  
—Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in *Lippincott*.

## THE DEACON'S MISFIT.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG.

"I do wish," exclaimed Mrs. Deacon Appleby, "that everything wouldn't allus come in a heap!"  
"Wall, wall, Samantha, don't fret," said the deacon, who sat in a corner mending a "hold back," which had broken while driving home from town that afternoon.  
"I guess if somebody didn't fret, things would git wuss than they be, for of all the procrastinat' critters you beat the wuss of 'em. The idea of your waitin' till Saturday afore you went to town to git them clothes, and not a thing to put on your back for Sunday!"  
"No use of stewin' about that, now that I've been and got back, and bought the clothes," said the deacon, his temper not the least ruffled by the lashing of his consort's rather sharp tongue.  
"You've bought 'em, but they ain't here," returned the good woman.  
"I couldn't wait for 'em to be fixed. The misfit parlor man said that they alius cal'lated to have the goods a perfect bang-up nobby fit afore he delivered 'em to customers. Lucky, Samantha, that I see that advertisement of the misfit parlors, for there you can git custom-made spoods at ready-made prices!"  
"You picked up a good many slang words, for one trip to town, it seems to me," said Mrs. Appleby, amid a great clatter of tea kettle and other domestic utensils upon the kitchen stove.  
"Them 'ere ain't slang. They're terms that belong to the trade," explained the deacon.  
"Wall, I dunno what a suit o' clothes'll amount to ye, with you in one town and they in another, 'sposin' they don't come."  
"I could wear a shawl o' yours to meet'n, and have it given out from the pulpit with the rest of the church notices that I'd got a new outfit somewheres on the way," suggested the deacon, with a humorous twist of his lips, which always had a smile lurking about them, ready to spring into visible existence.  
"I wouldn't make sport out of sacred subjects, if I was in your place," said Samantha, with unabated asperity.  
The current of debate was turned at this point by the appearance of Doris, whose twenty years of life had developed the energetic qualities of her mother with the never-failing good temper of her father—a combination, by the way, which went very well with a sweetly simple manner and a full share of beauty.  
"The coach is coming, father," she announced, "and I think it brings Mr. Graves, the new minister."  
"For pity sake!" cried Mrs. Appleby. "I never thought of his bein' time for the coach yet," exclaimed the deacon, hastily thrusting the piece of harness which he was mending into a pocket, and running to the sink to wash his hands.  
"Doris has got to meet him at the door. I sha'n't, with this faded caliker on," said Mrs. Appleby.  
"I will meet him, mother, and show him to his room," said Doris, and she added, "You and father will have time to brush yourselves up a bit before he comes down to supper."  
With nothing but sunshine upon her sweet face, she adjusted a ribbon at her throat, and another at her waist, with the effect of a general change of attire, for it took but little to adorn her simple beauty.  
She opened the front door just as Mr. Graves alighted from the coach. He was a pleasant-faced young man—a student sent there for one Sabbath as a "candidate." As yet he had not gained a very ministerial look, especially since he wore a traveling suit of gray, with russet slacks and crush hat.  
Doris greeted him with unconscious grace, but he was a little embarrassed.  
"If I may tax your kindness so soon," he said, as he paused in the doorway of the pleasant chamber to which she conducted him, "I would like a needle and thread. I caught my coat sleeve on the door of the coach, and the result is a sad-looking rent."  
And he held up his arm to show the extent of the damage.  
"That is too bad, but I can soon mend it for you. I'm afraid," she added, with her sunny smile, "that unless you are more nimble with the needle than father is, you would have a hard time mending that. It is a dreadful tear, and it will show the best I can do."  
Mr. Graves laughed, and handed her the garment with a grateful look.  
"The worst of it is," he added, "I had a parcel checked on the cars, and the station when I arrived. It contained more suitable garments than these for to-morrow."  
"I hope it is not lost!" said Doris.  
"Probably it will be found in time for me to check it back again when I return."  
In the meantime Mrs. Appleby was bustling about in the preparation of tea, and the deacon, having finished mending the harness, was out attending to the

chores, which always hurried him at that hour.

Six o'clock came; supper was all ready. Still no express bundle arrived for the deacon. It ought to have come on the coach.  
Mrs. Appleby grew more and more uneasy; even the calm deacon began to brush with his hand the clothes he had on, wondering if they couldn't be made to answer in case his new suit did not come.  
But no—they would not do. He had been humiliated enough by being compelled to wear them to town that day. The truth was, his thrifty wife had undertaken, a few days before these events, to sponge the deacon's clothes with a famous cleansing soap which had been recommended to her.  
The soap was indeed effective. It removed all the stains and grease. But it at the same time took out every vestige of the original dye wherever the sponge was applied. The result was a generally mottled effect which was so ridiculous that the wearer laughed every time he looked at them.  
He had hoped that the new suit would arrive before the young minister came down to supper. But it was a vain hope.  
"I guess he'll think we're mortal poor, for you to wear them things," said Mrs. Appleby.  
"Maybe he'll think I'm all the more stiddy for a deacon if I don't pay so much attention to dress, like the world's people," was the ready reply.  
As a matter of fact, Mr. Graves did not think of noticing his general host's attire, and although Mrs. Appleby's "fidgety" at the table, Doris and her father were pleasant enough to make up.  
But when nine o'clock—the deacon's bed-time—came, and Mr. Graves retired for the night, the Applebys looked at each other in dismay.  
"Now what d'ye think?" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby.  
"Looks as if I'd got to stay at home from mornin'-to-morrow, or go and wear these here brindled trousers," said the deacon, with a rather dismal smile.  
"If it only wasn't wicked to preke to be ill and not to go," said Doris faintly.  
"But it is wicked," asserted her father.  
"Just as I expected 't would turn out when you come home without the new clothes," said Mrs. Appleby.  
"I don't see how I could help it. They needed fixin' over and I knew you'd scold if I axed you to do it with so little time."  
"You oughter got 'em the fust of the week as I told ye to. It all comes of your procrastinat' that I'm allus tellin' ye about."  
"There is somebody at the door this minute," cried Doris, as she flew to answer the knock.  
A boy stood on the steps with a bundle.  
"Express for the deacon," explained the youngster. "Carried by on t'other train, and come back on the one from the west. Dad told me to fetch it right up, as ye might be wanting of it."  
"There, there, Samantha!" cried the deacon, holding the bundle exultantly close to the good lady's face.  
"Now what comes of all your talk? Here 're the clo's, and they sent 'em just as they said they would."  
Samantha relented in spirit, as she usually did after the worry of the day was over, and so they retired in peace. The deacon would have liked to try on his purchases before going to bed, but it occurred to him that that would appear like boyish impudence, so he contented himself with tearing a hole in the wrapping paper and obtaining a glimpse of the dark morning, for some unaccountable reason, the Applebys all overslept, and when the deacon saw his energetic wife arose they found that they had a narrow margin of time in which to do the ordinary morning work of a farm, which cannot be omitted even on the Sabbath.  
This tended to irritate Samantha, and even the deacon found it hard to keep his Sunday countenance during a hastily prepared breakfast. Mr. Graves was a little anxious over the coming ordeal of preaching, for the second time in his experience, a regular written sermon.  
"We'll be late, just as sure as the world!" said Mrs. Appleby for the twentieth time, after Mr. Graves had gone to his room for a half hour of meditation.  
"Time enough, mother; don't fret," said the deacon.  
"But you've got your clothes to change yet, and no knowin' whether they'll come within a rod of fittin' ye," persisted Mrs. Appleby.  
"I'll risk it. I'll wear 'em anyway, fit or no fit," said the deacon impatiently.  
"I will hitch up the horse for you, father, so you can have more time," said Doris.  
"That's a good gal. I wish ye would, for I declare for it, I hate to have to hustle round so like a house afire Sunday mornin'."  
Mr. Graves came down ready to start. Mrs. Appleby tried to entertain him with becoming before-meeting topics while the deacon was getting ready. Doris came in and said the team was ready.  
Still, Deacon Appleby did not put in an appearance. His wife fidgeted, Doris became uneasy, and Mr. Graves looked at his watch.  
"What in the name of natur' can that man be doin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby at last.  
She started to go and see, when the door opened and Deacon Appleby came in. His face was very red and there was a queer pucker about his lips as though he were suppressing an inclination to laugh.  
"Good land!" ejaculated Mrs. Appleby.  
"Why, father?" Doris exclaimed.  
Mr. Graves stared at the apparition in the doorway, then looked down at his own slim length, and back again at the ample figure of his host, while his pale

cheeks became almost as red as the deacon's.

"Get the boss ready?" ventured the latter.  
"Yes, father. But—" "Wall, we haint much time to spare. Ye see—" the good man was on the point of making an explanation, but checked himself, and began, with short, cautious steps, to cross the room, adding: "Come, come, if the boss is ready."  
A more ridiculous figure than that cut by the deacon it would be hard to imagine.  
He had put on his new suit of clothes. They were made of dark goods of fine quality. But the legs were several inches too short, and so tight that they set like the costume of a circus performer. The coat was equally short, and to introduce the buttons to their respective button holes would have been an impossibility. And every moment the deacon made a vain attempt to stretch the too-economical waistcoat down to cover a zone of white shirt and suspender buttons betwixt that garment and the trousers.  
"What in the world did you buy them duds for?" gasped Samantha in the deacon's ear, when they were seated beside each other on the forward seat of the beach wagon.  
"Don't say a word, please don't, and mabbe there won't nobody notice it!" was the hurried response.  
"Not notice 'em!" echoed Mrs. Appleby.  
"There's a pesky mistake, unless the clo's shrunk tremendously after I left them," said the deacon.  
At the meeting house the latter glided into a pew near the door partially unobserved, after the services were begun. And in peering miservly he sat through the hour of worship. While coming out after the congregation had been dismissed he was aroused by a touch upon his arm. It was the boy who had brought the express bundle the evening before, and he had another bundle now.  
"Dad didn't see this one when he sent me 't night, and so I fetched it. 'Knowin' you always was ter meet me," said the boy, handing over another bundle.  
"What have you there, father?" Doris exclaimed, noticing the bundle hugged under his arm.  
"Oh, yes—I forgot—but it's your'n, I guess," he stammered, giving it to Mr. Graves.  
The latter looked at it and shook his head.  
"I think not. Mine was larger, and in plain wrapping."  
The deacon stared at the bundle which was returned to his charge, and the words—"misfit parlors," in large letters, swam before his gaze.  
On the way home Mr. Graves and Doris did all the talking. The deacon went into the house with the bundle, and the first thing he did was to open it.  
"Wall, I do vum!" he exclaimed, holding up coat and trousers which were certainly a fit for himself.  
"Them are the clo's I bought!" he declared.  
"Then whose are them you've be tryin' to squeeze yourself into, I'd like to know?" demanded Mrs. Appleby.  
Both glanced towards the doorway. Mr. Graves and Doris stood on the threshold, and both were smiling.  
"Father," said Doris, with her sweetest laugh, "the parcel which came last night was for Mr. Graves. Those are his clothes which you have on."  
It hardly seemed like Sunday in a deacon's household, with a minister for a guest, during the next half hour. It would be difficult to say which laughed the hardest, for even Mrs. Appleby did her share in that line.  
"Wall, we'd better swap back, if 'tis the Sabbath," said the deacon, at last. And Mr. Graves laughingly assented.  
Mr. Graves remained through his vacation and preached regularly at the little meeting-house.  
With the next term he graduated, was called to the rural parish and set up his home there, with Doris Appleby to furnish sunshine for him. —*Tankee Blade*.

## TESTING CHURCH CHIMES.

DETERMINING THE CORRECT NOTES OF NEW BELLS.

Heaviest Set of Chimes in the Country—How 50,000 Pounds of Music Were Tested.

In August last the *Herald* made mention of the fact that the Clinton H. Menely Bell Company, of Troy, had received contract for the casting of a double set of chimes to cost about \$15,000. They will be the heaviest in the country, more than double those in Trinity Church. Following is the description and weight in pounds of each bell:

|             |        |             |      |
|-------------|--------|-------------|------|
| B flat..... | 6500   | A.....      | 1025 |
| C.....      | 5150   | B flat..... | 830  |
| D.....      | 3900   | C.....      | 650  |
| E.....      | 3350   | D.....      | 530  |
| F.....      | 3050   | E.....      | 500  |
| G.....      | 1600   | F.....      | 450  |
| A flat..... | 1225   | G.....      | 400  |
| Total.....  | 30,000 |             |      |

The 6500 pounds bell, which is the keynote of the chime, was cast a few weeks ago. This work William F. Pecher, the organist of the Cathedral, went to Troy to test it. Mr. Pecher did not care to go alone and asked Alexander Mills, the organ builder, to accompany him. Mr. Pecher brought along his tuning forks and Mr. Mills an organ pipe reed. The bell was to have been B flat and they discovered that it was B natural. Mr. Menely was at first inclined to believe that Mr. Pecher's tuning fork was too high, but Mr. Mills's pipe reed had the same pitch, and Mr. Menely had to concede that the bell was not what it should be.

The bell was only half a tone out of the way, but the quality was excellent. Instead of being 6500 pounds it was nearly 7000 pounds. It is six feet nine inches in diameter and five feet high. Another bell will have to be cast to get the right note. The weight will be reduced very little, if at all, for the bell was found to have a full resonant tone. Therefore the weights of the other bells will have to be raised in proportion. As Mr. Pecher described it, it is like tuning a piano or arranging for basses in a choir. If you start with a certain quality of tone in a piano the next note must be the same, or you will have a clanging note with a full rich one. So if two basses with different qualities of voice sing together the result will not be harmonious.

The conditions for producing a bell with a certain note are well defined and specific. But practice has proved that you cannot always attain that note exactly. The casting may prove to be a half or quarter tone out.  
Small bells are generally cast in sand, like iron, from models, and not in lead moulds made by sweeps. Bells are always cast mouth downward, so that the sound bow, which is by far the most important part, may have the best chance of being sound by having the greatest pressure of metal on it.  
Usually when a bell does not come out of the mould with the exact note required it is either shaved or cut to get the note. If it should be flat then the inside of the bell is shaved to sharpen the note; if too flat then a portion of the mouth is cut. Each process, however, invariably results in damaging the quality of the tone, and therefore a new casting is almost always made.  
A good bell when struck yields one note, so that any person with an ear for music can say what it is. This note is called the "consonant," and when it is distinctly heard the bell is said to be "true." A bell of moderate size (little bells cannot well be experimented upon) is tested in the following manner:

The bell is tapped just on the curve of the top and it yields a note one octave above the consonant. It is next tapped about one-quarter distance from the top and should yield a note which is the "quint" or fifth of the octave. Then it is tapped two-quarters or a half lower and it yields a "terce" or third of the octave. Finally it is tapped strongly above the rim where the clapper strikes, and the quint, the terce and the octave will now sound simultaneously, yielding the consonant, or key note of the bell.  
If the terce is too sharp the bell's note—that is, the consonant—wavers between a tone and a half tone above it; if the terce is flat the note wavers between a tone and a half tone below it. In either case the bell is said to be "false." A sharp terce can be flattened by filing away the inside of the bell just above where the terce is struck. But if the bell when cast is found to have a flat terce there is no remedy. The consonant or key note of a bell can be slightly sharpened by cutting away the inner rim of the bell, or flattened by filing it a little higher up inside, just above the rim.

The quality of a bell depends not only on the casting and the fineness and mixture of metals, but upon the due proportion of metal to the calibre of the bell. The larger the bell the lower the tone, but if it is attempted to make a large E bell with metal only enough for a smaller F bell the E bell will be puny and poor. It has been calculated that for a peal of bells to give the pure chord of the ground tone or keynote—third, fifth and octave—the diameters are required to be as 30, 24, 30, 15, and the weights as, 80, 41, 24 and 10.  
The tones of a bell are secured by a close measurement in making the patterns, and the bell in every chime which gives the exact octave above the "tenor" or keynote bell is just half the diameter of the tenor bell. This proportion follows throughout the whole scale.  
It is surprising how little even musicians bear in mind the distinction between making bells in tune with each other, which a set of cast-iron pots might be, and making them individually good in tone. And the best musician in the world, it is said, is no judge of that unless he knows by experience what sort of tone is attainable by good bells of something like the same size as those he has to judge of.

Mears, one of the great English founders, cast two peals for the London Exchange. They were duly certified by musicians of repute, and they were probably in perfect tune, but most of them turned out to be thoroughly bad bells—so bad that after being twice paid for they were condemned to be recast again in spite of the musical certificates. A peal of bells can be tuned, but the tone or quality of a bell cannot be mended. —*New York Herald*.

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## WISE WORDS.

To seek the truth is better than to dig for gold.  
We cannot own anything that we do not enjoy.  
Love can only be measured by what it will suffer.  
If we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.  
The man who knowingly does wrong is the biggest of all cowards.  
Bootless grief hurts a man's self, but patience makes a jest of an injury.  
The greatest blockhead is the one whose mistakes teach him nothing.  
The love that never goes away from home had better die and be buried.  
An enemy is an enemy, no matter whether he carries a flag or a musket.  
Little snakes are the most numerous, and little sins are the most dangerous.  
Humility is a grace itself, and a spotless vessel to entertain all other graces.  
Too much to lament a misery, is the next way to draw on a remediless misery.  
A foolish man in wealth and authority is like a weak-timbered house with too ponderous a roof.  
There are no riches like to the sweetness of content, and no poverty comparable to the want of patience.  
To master a man's self is more than to conquer a world, for he that conquered the world could not master himself.  
Fair words without good deeds to a man in misery are like a saddle of gold clapt upon the back of a galled horse.  
Wisdom is always knocking at the front door and wanting to come in, to hang up pictures and give away treasures.  
Harsh reproof is like a violent storm, soon washed down the channel; but friendly admonitions, like a gentle rain, pierce deep, and bring forth reformation.

## Six Quarts at One Gulp!

Writing about the siege and capture of the Bavarian town of Rothenburg by Marshal Tilly, in 1631, a *Harper* contributor says:  
"Tilly and his principal officers proceeded to the Rathaus hall, and summoned before him the Burgomaster and his colleagues. He condemned them to be beheaded, and the executioner was summoned. Meanwhile the women and children of the town had been appealing to Tilly and his officers for mercy and leniency, and finally he relented and spared the heads of the town fathers, but levied such a heavy contribution from the people, and made his occupancy of the place, which lasted some weeks, so burdensome, that the town never fully recovered its former prosperous condition.  
The Rothenburg legend relates that Tilly's change of mind about the execution of the Burgomaster and his associates was brought about in this wise: while waiting for the executioner, the trembling Councilors ordered wine brought from the cellars and offered to the officers. They drank freely of the wine presented them in a large pokal (goblet) by the master of the cellars. The generous wine warmed the hearts of the Councilors, and finally Tilly offered to pardon the Burgomaster and his brethren if one of them would empty at a single draught the large pokal from which they had been drinking. The Councilor and ex-Burgomaster Nusch made the attempt, and although the pokal held thirteen schoppen—fully six quarts—he succeeded. Tilly kept his promise, and spared the lives of the Burgomasters. The family of Nusch was pensioned by the town, and was given possession of the pokal, the pension and pokal being in possession of the family at this time.

## What Wales Eat.

The surface waters in the Gulf Stream teem with minute life of all kinds. There the young of larger animals exist, microscopic in size, and adult animals which never grow large enough to be plainly visible to the naked eye occur in immense quantities. By dragging a fine silk net behind the vessel there minute forms are easily taken, and when placed in glass dishes millions uncounted are swimming backward and forward. When looked at through a microscope we see young jelly fishes, the young of barnacles, crabs and shrimps, besides the adult microscopic species, which are very abundant. The toothless whale feeds in these his only food. Rushing through the water with mouth wide open, by means of his whalebone strainers the minute forms are separated from the water. Swallowing those obtained after a short period of straining, he repeats the operations. The abundance of this kind of life, says *Popular Science Monthly*, can be judged from the fact nearly all kinds of whale exist exclusively upon these animals, most of them so small that they are not noticed on the surface.

## Rubinstein and Queen Victoria.

The British Queen, although fond of being entertained, is not disposed to pay liberally for entertainment. London artists are in constant terror lest they shall be commanded to perform at Windsor; it puts them out of pocket every time. They say that after Rubinstein, the great pianist, played for the Queen he was escorted by a page to a chamber where a wretched cold luncheon awaited him; at the same time the page thrust into the great artist's hand a bit of paper in which ten sovereigns (\$50) were rolled up. Rubinstein disdainfully tossed the gold pieces into the midst of the luncheon and strode angrily out of the palace, using language more forcible than elegant. —*Chicago News*.