

# THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

Socialism is said to make rapid progress in Spain.

The students of the University of California have pledged themselves to improve and beautify the grounds of the institution by their own labor, thus making improvements, for which the university has no money.

The Rev. H. R. Haws, who has returned to London after a prolonged sojourn in this country, says that the distinctive thing about American religious congregations is that they prefer what is unconventional and up to date.

It is a curious fact, and one not generally known, except by those who carefully study their almanacs, that the last month of last year had two full moons, an event which has not occurred in any December since the beginning of the Christian era.

Sir Walter Besant, the English novelist, in commenting on Hall Caine's views of the United States, and published in the London Daily Chronicle, says: "We don't know the American people in this country, and we ought to know them; they come over here by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, and we do nothing to entertain them or to make their acquaintance or to show them that we should like to know them. Are we ashamed of ourselves—of our homes—of our women, especially—that we do not want to show ourselves to them? We have no reason to be ashamed. The Englishwoman is not so intellectually cultivated as the American, but she need not fear comparison. As for the people generally, I am right glad to see Hall Caine proclaiming the truth about them; that is, that they are almost childlike in their singleness of heart, easily moved by simple things, the youngest minded and the youngest hearted people in the world. As I did not say this myself, I copy it, I steal it, and I adopt it. The material greatness of America takes away one's breath; the kindness of the Americans takes away one's power of criticism. One does not go away from a delightful evening and begin at once to carp and sneer and insinuate suggestions. Only, if by any machinery we could do something to make the American visitor feel at home with us, we should be doing a great thing for ourselves. I don't want him to be introduced to belted eais, but I want American men and women of culture to be able easily to meet English men and women of culture."

The Atlanta Constitution says that the trouble between the Boers and the British in South Africa has directed public attention to the Dark Continent. Twenty years ago very little was known of Africa. A few explorers penetrated its forests and wrote books, but the tide of immigration did not turn in that direction. Recently there has been a big change in the situation. The Boers have gained their independence, but the British in Cape Colony have never given up their idea of extending their dominion into Central and East Africa, thus establishing an empire extending from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope. The Germans, however, occupy a large portion of East Africa, and the Congo Free State and also the Portuguese possessions. The discovery of gold and diamond mines of course draws people to these regions, and now the country has a large white population, with railway and steamboat lines, and flourishing cities equipped with every modern convenience. There are railways 500 miles long, and the country is being settled by a good class of colonists. Nearly twenty-five cities have a population of over 10,000 each. All indications point to Africa as the continent upon which Europe will hereafter expend her energy and her capital. There will never again be such a rush of immigrants to this country as we have had in the past. In future they will go to Africa, and gradually turn it into a white man's country. They will exterminate the natives as we exterminated the Indians, and before many years the native Africans will be in the minority. Under European methods this heretofore almost unknown land will become a thickly populated and civilized group of States. Later the colonies will throw off their allegiance to the European Governments, and they will repeat the example of the United States. Perhaps the main point of interest to us is the fact that immigration will never again be as great a factor in our upbuilding as it has been in the past. The tide is turning to South Africa.

## DOWN THE STREAM.

Level! It began with a glance,  
Grew with the growing of flowers,  
Smiled in a dreamlike trance,  
Reeked not the passage of hours;  
Our passion's flood rose ever,  
Flowing for her and me,  
Till the brook became a river,  
And the river became a sea.  
Grief! It began with a word,  
Grew with the winds that raved;  
A prayer for pardon unheard,  
Pardon in turn unavowed;  
The stream so swift to be free!  
Till the brook became a river  
And the river became a sea.  
Life! It began with a sigh,  
Grew with the leaves that are dead;  
Its pleasures with wings to fly,  
Its sorrows with limbs of lead;  
And rest remaineth never  
For the wearier years to be,  
Till the brook shall become a river,  
And the river become a sea.  
—Lord Houghton.

## FOR ERIC'S SAKE.

EARLY 3 o'clock in the morning had arrived when Norah's carriage drove up to the door of the house in South Andley street. The footman rang the bell, and, alighting, she entered the hall, running quickly upstairs to the drawing room. Her tall figure was still slight and girlish; her blue eyes wore a look of elation; for her beauty had never aroused greater admiration, her success had never been more triumphant than that evening.

"Has baby been all right?" she asked her maid. "Oh, and can you tell me whether Mr. Fordyce has come home?"  
"Mr. Fordyce came home at 10," was the answer. "He has been in the study."  
Not waiting for the end of the sentence, Norah went downstairs again. "Too bad, Digby, Shabby not to turn up!"

She had begun to speak as she opened the door, but as soon as she saw his face, stopped abruptly. The room was cloudy with tobacco smoke. Though the June evening was hot, the fire had been lighted and the grate was full of papers burned to cinders; but what astonished her the most was Digby's own appearance. As he stood upright their eyes met for a moment; then his were cast down shamefacedly. He had shaved off his heavy black mustache, transforming his swarthy, handsome face; he wore a shooting suit instead of his evening clothes.

"What is the matter, Digby?" she demanded—"if you really are yourself."  
"I—I—by heaven I can't tell you, Norah."  
Drawing nearer she rested her hand caressingly on his shoulder.  
"Anything serious, darling?"  
"I've got to make a bolt of it. There's not a minute to lose. Tomorrow will be too late. I only wanted to see you. I couldn't go without, happen what might."  
"But I don't—I don't understand," she faltered, gazing into his face in bewilderment.

"I've played my game and lost; that's all. For the last four years I've been a— heaven help me! It will be all over the town to-morrow. I lost my last chance to-day. My name will be a byword."  
Sitting down, she could still stare up helplessly into his pale, haggard face. The diamonds in her hair, brown hair caught the gaslight and sparkled.  
"Barford will know everything directly he gets to the office to-morrow," Digby continued. "I must be out of the way before then. Norah, I should like to see the youngster."  
Automatic ally she rose and left the room, shivering as she drew her rich plush cloak round her shoulders. On her return, she made a charming picture, standing with the four-month-old child in her arms just as she had taken him from his cot.

"Poor little beggar!" muttered Digby, bending over him.  
Laying him gently on one of the large armchairs, Norah faced her husband.  
"I—I can't realize it yet," she said. "I have looked forward to nothing else the last four years."  
"Before—before you married me?" she demanded. "You knew this when you first met me! You knew it, and asked me—"  
"I loved you, Norah."  
"Love!" she cried, contemptuously. "And you loved me?"  
"I loved the man I thought you were. A man who never existed."  
"For heaven's sake be merciful!" he said, buttoning his coat.  
"You have made me a party to your crimes," she cried, and raising her hands, trembling with anger, she tore from her hair the diamond tiara.

"At least a word of forgiveness," he said, taking up the jewel quietly, and thrusting it in his jacket pocket. "Just a word before we part—it will be forever, Norah."  
"I can't forgive you," she answered. "It is no use. I could forgive much; if it had begun since our marriage, it might have been different. But you deceived me too utterly."  
It had fallen upon her like a bolt out of the blue, without a warning sign, at the moment of her supreme success. Henceforth she would be known only as the wife of a defunct solicitor. Her love seemed to be crushed, together with her hopes. Long after he had gone, while the child lay sleeping on the chair, Norah stood in the smoky room, half dazed by the recent disclosure, till the day broke, and a new era in her life began.

Major Armistead glanced round the dining room. He was tall and spare, the more noticeably because he always buttoned himself tightly in a long frock coat. His darkly tanned face appeared above a very high collar; he wore an enormous iron-gray mustache. Long a widower, since Norah's marriage two years ago he had lodged near Hyde Park, possessing only a small income besides his pension.

She took his hand and kissed him, then looked out of the window.  
"A delicious morning after the rain," she faltered.  
"Come, come, you didn't drag me out before breakfast to tell me it was a fine morning, Norah. Little chap all right?"  
"Oh, Eric is splendid," she said. "Then what on earth is it? You're not looking well this morning—too much dissipation. Isn't Digby down yet?"  
"He's gone—gone away. He is ruined."  
"Ruined! Digby! Bless my—" "Worse," she continued; "he has committed a crime. You can hardly realize it? Neither could I. But it is true. He has committed a crime. All this," she waved her hands as she glanced round the large, handsomely furnished room, "all this is the result. I am wearing some of the proceeds. I can't stay, father; take me away from it all—me and poor little Eric."

The evening papers were full of the news, and sold largely in consequence. The hue and cry being raised, and a reward offered, a few days later the fugitive was arrested. Tried and convicted in due course, Digby Fordyce was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Major Armistead rented a small house, almost a cottage, on the outskirts of the town of Tunbridge Wells, and there Norah lived with her boy. Only twenty-three, she had bidden good-bye to the world; instead of thousands a year, her income consisted of but a few hundreds, and these not her own.

Yet she was not entirely unhappy. Compelled by her altered circumstances to devote herself to the child, he soon afforded a new interest in her life. She watched his developing intelligence, listened for his earliest lisping utterances. The day he first stood alone was a red-letter day. Her father became Eric's guide, philosopher and friend; and later was fought a battle royal to decide who should teach him to read. Major Armistead took his defeat so much to heart that Norah magnanimously gave way, and would sit always working, sometimes laughing, at others half crying, to observe the impatient man's patience.

When Eric was more than commonly winsome, Major Armistead always said the same:  
"Pity his father was a scoundrel." And Norah never demurred. It was the simple truth.  
Eric was now six years old, tall, thin, delicate, with his father's handsome features and black hair.  
"I hope to goodness Digby won't begin to pester us," cried Major Armistead one evening. He was an old man now and inclined to peevishness.  
Norah looked up quickly.  
"It isn't seven years."  
"They don't serve their full time if they behave themselves. In prison Digby would behave himself."  
"He will not trouble us, father."  
"I don't know. Scamp enough for anything. He may think you will take him back."

"I shall never do that," she replied. "After what passed between us he knows I shall not."  
"I hope not, Norah. I hope not, for Eric's sake. Is that Eric coughing?" he asked presently.  
After listening attentively for a few moments Norah laid aside her work and ran upstairs, where he still slept beside her own bed. The child was feverish. Next day a doctor was called in, and now began a period of intense anxiety, till one night the end seemed imminent.

Major Armistead did not undress; at regular intervals he looked into the room, and Norah shook her head despondently. When the morning sun broke through the clouds at 10 o'clock, all the blinds in the little house were drawn down, and the light had gone out of Norah's life.  
A few days later she stood with her father—white-haired and bowed now—beside the open grave. The gray clouds hung low, and the October wind blew chillily across the cemetery.

Henceforth she spent many hours there, always alone, since the distance was too great for Major Armistead to walk. She always pictured Eric's grave as a kind of bed, and himself asleep, as she often used to watch him.  
"I should like to put up a handsome tomb," said the old man. "It isn't much, but it's all I can do for the little chap. I feel I must do something."  
"If we could make some other children happy," Norah suggested. "That is what I should like; to endow a cot in a children's hospital."  
Major Armistead entered into the scheme with immense enthusiasm.  
"Of course," he said, presently, "you must remember that you won't have much to live on after I am gone, dear."  
"That does not matter," she answered. "Nothing of that kind matters now. Nothing matters in an empty world. There is nothing left to live for."  
"I will write to Ormond street and inquire how much it would cost," said Major Armistead. "We will call it Eric's Cot."

Two days later, going to the cemetery in the afternoon, Norah came to a sudden standstill a few yards from the grave, then hiding herself behind some headstones, watched the shabby-looking man who stood bareheaded at

his foot. In spite of his black beard, and mustache, in spite of his white, haggard, dissipated face, she recognized him on the instant.  
After standing there a few minutes he covered his face with his hands, and presently, stooping, broke off one of the faded flowers from the solitary cross Norah had placed there.

Having stayed until he went away, she also left the cemetery, but on reaching home said nothing to her father. All the rest of the afternoon she busied herself in various ways, her father gazing at her from time to time, wondering what transformed and illumined her face.  
Despite her troubles, she was a beautiful woman. Her figure had developed, and albeit sad and gray, her face had retained all its former charm. To-night it seemed to Major Armistead like the face of an angel.

At 8 o'clock the postman brought a letter, but when he would have broken the seal she came to his chair, resting a hand on his arm.  
"From the hospital, Norah."  
"Father," she said, "I—I have thought of another way."  
"Well, let us see—"  
"I saw Digby this morning," she faltered.  
"Ah, I know the scoundrel wouldn't leave us alone!" cried Major Armistead.

"He did not see me. He was standing by the grave. Before he went away he stooped and— and broke off a piece of stephanotis. He is, in very low water."  
"He deserves to be!"  
"Yes, he deserves to be. But I—I am afraid he is sinking lower. He looks utterly broken—degraded. He can have no hope in life—nothing to help him upward—"  
"Norah!" her father exclaimed, "you're not going to play the fool! You know you don't love the man."  
"I—I don't know. Since Eric's death I feel differently about many things. I am not certain about myself. I see what he has fallen to, but he is still a young man—clever—oh, might there not be some chance for him if—"  
"But I doubt my own strength. I am not sure I can do it. As I watched him at the grave the thought flashed upon me. We talk of a memorial for Eric! Could anything be better than to save Eric's father, body and soul?"

"Too late, Norah, my dear; too late!"  
"Ah! but is it— is it ever? If there were not a germ of good in him, would he have come to the grave? You don't know that the cot at the hospital will actually save a child's life, yet you would endow it. So with Digby. He has fallen very, very low; he may be incurable, but is that any reason why I should not make the effort?"  
Major Armistead leaned forward and kissed her forehead. For his own part, he sincerely hoped she would never see her husband again, and yet he was more liked to interfere than he would have done with her performance of some religious rite in which he could not participate.

For several days Norah walked to the cemetery at the same hour, but it was not till a few days before Christmas that she saw Digby again. As he stood lost in thought at the foot of the grave she drew near.  
"Digby!"  
He started like a man whose nervous strength is sapped.  
"Norah!"  
Instinctively his right hand went up to his cloth cap, as he stepped a few feet away. They stood one on each side of the grave, which was now hidden by young evergreens and plants.

"You have been here before," she said, hardly knowing what to say.  
"I did not intend to come again. I saw the announcement of the boy's death. Tell me of him, Norah."  
Across the grave she gave him information concerning Eric's short life and last days, and then she asked:  
"Why—why did you come to-day Digby?"  
"I came in the hope of seeing you. I had no right to put myself in your way—but I am leaving England. I have fallen very low."  
He threw out his hands. "You see what I am. The first time I came simply to look on the spot where the boy lay. I saw you had put my name. 'Eric,' he read from the headstone, 'dearly beloved son of Digby and Norah—'"

"I hesitated," she admitted. "I hesitated, till I was looking for a text. Then I thought it ought to be there. Where—where are you going?"  
"Heaven knows. I neither know nor care. What does it matter? Look at me. Do you think I can sink lower?"  
"You can rise higher, Digby. Is it ever too late?"  
"Oh," he cried, "I dare say you are right. Sometimes I feel I have it in me. It is memory that throws me back. Norah, you don't know what the utter desolation of it is. Ah, I know; you have lost your child, and he had a scamp for a father; but you don't know the curse of being your own accuser. On all the earth there is not a human being who cares whether I go under or how soon—"  
"Yes," she said; "there is one who cares."  
He stared at her for a few moments, then leaned eagerly forward across the evergreens.

"What—what do you mean?" he muttered.  
Norah held out her right hand.  
"Digby," she said, "I will bury the past, and if you will let me, I will do my best to help you in the future."  
"Do you mean you will come—come away with me?"  
"For Eric's sake," she said, quietly.  
The caretaker of the cemetery stopped to look at the poorly clad man, beside the grave, and Norah standing with her hand on his shoulder.

At first Digby shrank from facing

Major Armistead; but she served him to this as to much besides. Norah had found once more a purpose in life, while Eric's father began a new career that day. And a career which went far to make atonement for the past.—Household Words.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Some experiments at Leavenworth, Kan., show that packed snow offers an excellent resistance to bullets.  
The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand, that objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.  
The mouth of the lobster is small, and he must tear his food to pieces with his claws before he can devour it.  
Telegraph poles in Switzerland are preserved from rapid decay by being charged with a creosote compound, pressed by gravity into one end of the wood.

As speaking tubes are found not to work on the English war ships owing to the rattling of the machinery, the Admiralty has determined to try telephones.  
The electric stevedore is a movable conveyor for loading a ship with flour or grain in bulk. It works on the endless chain and bucket plan, and has a record of seventy-five tons per hour.  
A new knapsack attachment without straps is being tried on the Gordon Highlanders. The pack is fastened to the shoulders by metal hooks, and is prevented from wobbling by a back plate.

Egyptians are very prolific. The native births in 1894 were 335,549, while the deaths were only 192,103; the native population of Egypt up to the Second Cataract and including the oases, is about 8,000,000.  
A proposition has been made recently by bicycle riders to several agents and manufacturers of bicycles that the manufacturers get together in a convention and agree to reduce numerous parts of their different machines to standard proportions.  
An examination of the two products, butter and oleomargarine, for microbes, reveals an average in the former of from 700,000 to 1,500,000 to the grain, against 25,000 to 40,000 in margarine. Cold, moreover, reduces the microbes in margarine thirty-three per cent, and in butter but three per cent.

A change of 100 degrees in temperature changes the length of an iron post in one of the monster buildings by an inch and a half. In case of fire a change of 1000 degrees may result, causing an expansion of fifteen inches. This would wreck the building, as the brick and tile would not similarly expand.  
Among illustrious personages with queer fads must be numbered Prince Luitpold of Bavaria. His collection of beetles is the most extensive and complete in the world, and the Prince is a skilled entomologist, deeply versed in the habits of ants, bees, moths, flies, earwigs and all creatures that creep and crawl and wriggle.

Where They Should Go.  
Singers to Alto, Ga.  
Bakers to Cakes, Penn.  
Jewelers to Gem, Ind.  
Smokers to Weed, Cal.  
Printers to Agate, Col.  
The sleepy to Gap, Penn.  
Cranks to Peculiar, Mo.  
Poets to Parnassus, Penn.  
Dead heads to Gratis, Ohio.  
Actors to Star City, Ark.  
Perfumers to Aroma, Ill.  
Aparitors to Beville, Ind.  
Tramps to Grubtown, Penn.  
Bankers to Deposit, N. Y.  
Small men to Bigger, Ind.  
Widowers to Widows, Ala.  
Brokers to Stockville, Nev.  
Old maids to Aniquity, Ohio.  
Lovers to Spoonville, Mich.  
Hunters to Deer Trail, Col.  
Young ladies to Bangs, Va.  
Cockletoes to Yellowville, Ark.  
Politicians to Buncombe, N. C.  
Theosophists to Mystic, Conn.  
Physicians to Doctortown, Ga.  
Fuzzle fiends to Riddleville, Ga.  
Drummers to Modest Town, Va.  
Druggists to Balsam Lake, Wis.  
Prohibitionists to Drystone, Cal.  
Political orators to Stumptown, Penn.

The gum brigade to Chewtown, Penn.  
Newly married couples to Bliss, Mich.  
Three-card monte men to Trickum, Ky.—New York World.

Electric Light for Invalids.  
There has been designed by a clever Englishman a little electric-light fitting for the bedroom that deserves to be widely appreciated. It is intended more particularly for the use of invalids, especially in houses still unequipped with the electric light. The lamp is of two-candle power, and gives a beautiful soft illumination. It can be fastened to any part of the bedstead and concentrated in whatever direction may be required. The accumulator is contained in a small box, which may be placed beneath the bed.—New York Mail and Express.

An Engineering Freak.  
"If you want to see a curiosity in the way of railroad engineering," said a prominent railroad officer, "you must take a ride over the Guerneville branch of the Donahue road. It is a narrow-gauge line, with more twists and curves in it than you would think possible. In one place an immense redwood stump stood directly on the surveyed line, and instead of blasting it out the men who constructed the road built around the stump, and there it stands to-day, the only stump in the country that ever made a railroad turn out.—San Francisco Post.

Didn't Like Tea.  
C. E. Davis has just returned from a timber inspecting trip in North Carolina. While in the mountains of Swain County he says that a peculiar kind of drink was served by his host, and he asked:  
"What is this drink made of?"  
"Willer leaves."  
"Do you drink it all the time?"  
"Mostly, 'ceptin' sassafras season. I reckons you'n's drinks tea."  
"Yes; and coffee," said Davis.  
"I don't keer for tea, but I know it's kin' o' fashionable," continued the mountaineer. "We tried some o'ct. A peddler sol' it to us. We cooked a mess of it, an' the soup war too bitter, while I'd rather hev danderline than the greens part. Samantny kin' o' liked it with molasses poured in, so I planted the rest in the garden, but it wouldn't grow, so we didn't buy no mo' of the stuff."

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Birth of "Tip."

There has lately been much speculation regarding the origin of the word "tip." The truth is that in an old English tavern a receptacle for small coin was placed in a conspicuous place, over which appeared in writing, "To insure promptness." Whatever was placed in the box was divided among the servants. Other taverns followed the example, and soon the words were abbreviated to T. I. P.; everybody knew what they indicated. Then the punctuation marks were dropped, and "tip" was born.