

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

German iron now finds its way into India, Australia, South America and even Great Britain.

People who object to the cost of good roads are asked to figure out what the bad ones cost the people who have to use them.

The statement that the population of Kansas to-day is 100,000 less than it was in 1890 is probably within the truth.

Charles Dudley Warner says that New York could better afford to board all its criminals at a hotel at \$8 a day than to maintain its present system of treating them.

An advocate for the eating of horse flesh claims that it is the healthiest flesh in the world, as the horse is not subject to tuberculosis, like cattle and trichinosis, like hogs.

The Rev. Dr. Alice K. Wright, who is the pastor of a Universal Church in Brooklyn, has fixed up a new marriage service, in which the contracting parties vow to live faithfully together "until the death of love do us part."

Armenia, which is now playing so important a part in the politics of the world, is an indefinite extent of country—its boundaries being variously estimated to contain all the way from 50,000 to 150,000 square miles. Part of it is in Asiatic Turkey and part in Russia and Persia.

Edward Simmons, the artist who designed the decorations for the new Criminal Court building in New York City, rejects the idea of blind justice, and has depicted that deity with both eyes open, holding her scales in one hand and the American flag in the other.

The Chicago Times-Herald thinks some uniformity should be introduced in the pronunciation of Iowa. It is variously spoken in Congress. "I-owah," "I-oway" and "I-ow," with the accent on the first syllable; "I-o-wy" and "I-o-way," with the accent on the second syllable, and "I-a-way," with the accent on the third syllable. None of these is correct. Senators Allison and Gear and the members of the Iowa delegation agree that "I-o-wah," with a little accent on the first and emphasis on the final syllable is the only right thing.

The conference of mutual accident insurance companies of the United States, which assembled in Boston recently to discuss the bicycle rider as an accident risk, has finished its deliberations. The results are disastrous to the bicycle riders. The following resolutions were unanimously passed: "Resolved, That the use of the bicycle should be covered by additional cost or a reduction of the amount of death and indemnity benefits, and it is recommended that this be provided for by either of the following methods: 1. The adequate increase of premiums to cover the added risk; or, 2. The classification, an occupation of bicycle riders in a class twice as hazardous as the preferred risk. 3. That benefits by accidents by bicycle riding be specifically reduced. 4. The including of bicycling under the policies to be covered only by specific permits at an extra premium." The next thing to come, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, may be the refusal of life insurance companies to take risks on the lives of bicycle riders.

Perhaps the most curious incident growing out of opposition to railway monopoly is found up in Minnesota. A farmer named Hines, who owned nothing in the world but a quarter section of mortgaged land and a spavined team of horses, suddenly concluded that the country was being ruined by railroads, and that the farmers must build a road of their own. He started out. The farmers did not have any money with which to subscribe for stock, but they pledged so many days' work on the road. (Others made a gift of the right of way. Still others went into the woods and cut out the ties. Farmer Hines was much ridiculed when he started his agricultural road, but he has stuck manfully to his task, and now the chances are the road will be actually built. He has 150 miles of right of way, pledges for the earthwork, ties enough to cover the line, and is now in New York negotiating bonds for the rails and rolling stock. The road will run for Duluth west through the Red River Valley into North Dakota, opening up a new section of country. That is what an American farmer with a spavined team and faith in himself can do when he sets about it.

FROST AND SUN.

O Autumn, hide your gold from sight!
It tempts the thief, it tempts the thief,
The thief that walks the hours of night,
And vanishes at dawn.
When all your blush is turned to blight,
That mourns the more when suns are bright,
There will not be one golden leaf
To tell of glories gone.
O Spring, put all your frowns away!
And greet the King, and greet the King,
The King that through the gates of May
Will come to claim his own.
When every cloud has lost its gray,
And breezes tread a flowery way,
No tear upon your cheek can bring
The thought of sorrow down.
—E. Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

AN OBSTINATE BACHELOR.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

HE Albany runs—or rather saunters—from Vigo street to Picoadilly. It is a quiet space, and the glass-roofed avenue gives it an added air of seclusion. Bachelors live in the Albany, and are tended by discreet, pale faced housekeepers, to whom they commonly leave in their wills £50 and several old silk hats.

"I think," said Mr. Robert Mepsted to himself, with one foot pressed hard against the mantelpiece at No. 6 M., "that I should like to see her just once again. Only once, mind! There are one or two things I should like to say casually to her, just to show that I am quite contented as I am."

The youngest tenant in the Albany sighed. Now, it is not usual for men who brag of being contented to sigh. "There's a popular impression," went on Mr. Robert Mepsted, argumentatively, "that a bachelor must be lonely. It is a most mistaken impression. It is high time that the world recognized what a blunder this is. There is no more preposterous—"

Mr. Robert Mepsted, turning round in his easy chair to argue with an imaginary opponent, stopped. In the doorway was Mrs. Long, his housekeeper, with a card on a brass waiter—a squarish card, which Mrs. Long presented with an air of some reluctance.

"Lady Westenhanger and Miss Westenhanger," read Mepsted. He turned away, that Mrs. Long (whom he feared) should not see his face redden.

"Are they—or—waiting, Mrs. Long?"

"I have shown the ladies, sir," said Mrs. Long, trembling with the knowledge of having done the right thing, "into the sitting room. Shall I tell them you are not at home, sir?"

"I will come in there."

"Ho!" said Mrs. Long, disappointedly.

Mepsted stood for a moment at the door of the room. He wanted, above all things, to regain his self-composure; he desired also to remember the few satirical remarks that he had proposed for this emergency. The sound of her voice within, arguing gently with her shrill-voiced mother, sent the sarcasms—and they were uncommonly good sarcasms—effectually out of his head.

"My dear Mr. Mepsted, I am so glad we found you in. Mary and I were in town, and we were making calls, and Mary suggested—"

"We had not seen you for some time," interrupted Mary Westenhanger, hurriedly.

"It's too good of you both to call," said Robert Mepsted. "Can I give you tea or something? I am rather awkward at playing host at present, but I shall get used to the game with practice. Some bachelors I know manage very well."

"I want," said Lady Westenhanger, "to call in at Bond street and see a jeweler man. So that I don't think we'll trouble you, Mr. Mepsted."

"Do you want to go to Bond street, Miss Westenhanger?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Mepsted. I don't like jewelry."

"That's a most outrageous remark to make," said Lady Westenhanger, with severity. "I consider it almost impious. Every woman should—"

"Then how would it be," suggested Mr. Mepsted, genially, "for you, Lady Westenhanger, to drive round to Bond street, for you, Miss Westenhanger, to remain here, and for my housekeeper to give us tea? I've been writing all the afternoon, and I want a cup."

This was where Mary Westenhanger showed strategy worthy of a field-marshal.

"I think I had better go with mamma," she said, mildly.

"You haven't discarded everything, then?"

Mr. Robert Mepsted made a mental note of the score. Sarcasm number one.

"I wanted particularly to see you," she said. She lifted her cup, but her hand trembled, and she replaced it on the table where it was safe. "I'm afraid that I was very stupid and unreasonable when we met last."

"I don't like to contradict you," he said.

"And I—well, I want to apologize, Robert. In a general way, I can bear my mother pretty well, but on that day she had been more than usually trying."

"I don't think we need say any more about it, Mary."

"Do you really mean that?" she asked, quickly.

"I mean that we need not trouble to rake up old grievances. It is a species of gardening that I don't care for. All that we need do now is to see that we remain good friends for the future."

"—and nothing more than friends?"

"What more could we be?"

"Well," said Mary Westenhanger, crumbling the cake unnecessarily, and making of it a carefully-built pyramid, "you said once—you would be my husband."

"And you said once that I should not."

"Only once," she remarked, nervously.

"The number is small, but sufficient." Robert Mepsted felt quite a glow of admiration at his unbending sternness. He was behaving with much more courage than he had credited himself with. "The fact of it is, Mary, life in the Albany, with pleasant rooms and plenty of work, is rather enjoyable. One has no cares, no tammels, and—"

"And no companion."

"The fact," said Robert Mepsted, with an effort, "is the comble de joie."

She rose from the table and walked again to the portrait.

"She was the kindest friend I ever had," said Mary Westenhanger. "How good this is of her?"

"My mother," said Robert Mepsted, rising and standing beside her, "was always good. She was the only person that knew of our engagement."

"I am glad that nobody else knew. We have been saved the congratulations of our friends. And I want to ask you something, Robert. There is no necessity for anybody ever to know, is there?"

"No necessity at all, dear. I would rather keep it as a pleasant secret, to remember all my life. They were the brightest of days, those, and I shall never forget them."

"It is worth coming here," she said impulsively, "to hear you say so. I should not have called if I had believed that. And I thought that perhaps there might be more such days in the future."

"The stock is exhausted," said Mr. Mepsted, decidedly.

She took very slowly a ring from her finger. It was a little reluctant to move, being a ring that studied appearance and liked an effective background.

"I did not send this back," said Mary Westenhanger, "because I did not like to give it up. But I believe that it is usual in these situations to do so."

"I have had little experience," he said, "but if that is the rule let us make an exception. I would rather you kept it. It will be something to remind you of me when—when we are older."

Mrs. Long, looking in to see if anything was wanted, noted with some disturbance that the two young people were standing rather closely together. Mrs. Long coughed the cough of warning and withdrew with an apology.

"Will Lady Westenhanger be much longer?" said Mepsted, anxiously. He felt that his reserve of sternness was giving out, and to listen to her quiet voice and to watch her eyes for many moments longer would be fatal.

"Mamma usually has a good deal to say to shopkeepers, but she will be back directly."

"And then we shall say good-by again, I suppose?"

"Somehow, in spite of all this, I'm not sorry that I've called," she said, thoughtfully.

"It has been a great delight to me." "I blamed myself for quarreling with you before, Robert, but that now—now that this afternoon has happened, why, nobody can blame me."

"That's true. However long I live I must always feel that my bachelorhood is due to myself and to no one else."

She looked round swiftly.

"Are you going to be a bachelor all your life, Robert?"

"Why, yes. Of course. I don't want to marry anybody else—I mean to say, I'm comfortable enough as I am. And I dare say when we're twenty years older we shall meet somewhere and we shall decide that it's all been for the best. I, as a bachelor, you, as an old maid, will—"

"I thought it better to wait, Robert. It is not wise to be impetuous in these matters."

"But surely, Mary you would never dream—"

He stopped, because his indignation half choked him.

"I do, sometimes. I dreamt once that you and I were going to be very happy together. But as that is not likely to occur, why, an alternative course has to be adopted."

He took her hand suddenly.

"Mary, you mustn't do this. I said I was happy, but that was all brag. I'm miserable without you, and I'm punishing myself more than I can bear. Let us see what we can do."

"Hadn't we better put our heads together?" suggested Miss Westenhanger, shyly.

Mrs. Long explained the whole affair the following morning to a lady friend who managed the rooms of Colonel Dunkerley at No. 7 M.

"I could see it all, Mrs. What-is-it, with 'alf an eye," said Mrs. Long, discontentedly. "There's him with the 'ump, as you may say, and a way of looking at his coffee before he drank it, as though he was, in a manner of speaking, lost in thought; there's her, a tall, good-looking, cheerful girl, with tears in her eyes before she'd been there five minutes; and there's her mother a-trotting off to Bond street to 'aggie with a shopkeeper, and when my lady came back and caught them kissing one another, and had her tantrums, why, as I said to myself, 'What on earth could you expect?'"

The lady at No. 7 M. said, philosophically, as she frightened a kitten away with her brush, that human nature was much the same, no matter what "spere" of life you come across it.

"That's all very well," said Mrs. Long, aggrievedly; "but how about me? As likely as not I shall 'ave some cantankerous old military gent to look after now. What I think is, people ought to 'ave more consideration, one for the other."

Wild Hogs of Arizona.

The wildest of wild hogs live both above and below the Yuma, Arizona, on the Colorado River. When the late Thomas Blythe was trying to settle a colony at Lerdo, forty-five miles below Yuma, on the Colorado, he sent down a large number of very fine full-blooded Berkshire and Poland-China pigs and turned them loose on the banks of the river near Lerdo, where they lived on roots, grass, weeds, tules and mesquite beans, bred and multiplied, kept fat and filled the low and tule lands with a large number of fine porkers.

Never seeing a human being except now and then a lone Indian, they soon became wild, and wilder still, and scattered until the wood and lowlands were full of them. Notwithstanding that the coyotes slaughtered the little ones in great numbers, they have increased until it is estimated that at the present time there are more than 10,000 of them roaming up and down the Colorado and Hardie Rivers, from their mouths up as high as the tide runs, or from sixty-five to seventy miles from the Gulf. Their range gives them the finest of feed—wild sweet potatoes, tules, stach fish, clams, dead turtles and seaweed along the river bank at low tide. They are unmolested except now and then by a hunter who finds his way down the river.—Montana Stockman and Farmer.

Cellulose for Warships.

Lewis Nixon, the former superintendent of construction at Cramps' shipyard, read a paper the other evening in Philadelphia upon corn pith cellulose packing for warships. Mr. Nixon explained that when this substance was punctured at the water line by a shot the cellulose expanded like a sponge and stopped the leak. The tests of the new material under Government supervision were so satisfactory that the Navy Department contracts call for this substance in the offer dams of the new battle ships Kearsarge and Kentucky. Mr. Nixon said he considered that one of the chief points of superiority of our vessels lay in the use of the cellulose belt, that, in fact, he considered its use vital. A cellulose belt three feet thick, he added, was equal to one of steel armor six inches thick; or, in other words, 100 tons of cellulose was equal to 1000 tons of armor, while the cost was one to ten.—New York Telegram.

A Terrible Punishment.

Herr Hager, a wealthy and absent-minded banker, frequently had watches picked from his pocket. At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains; then one fine morning he took no precaution whatever, and quietly allowed himself to be robbed.

At night on returning from his business he took up the evening paper, when he uttered an exclamation of delight. A watch had exploded in a man's hands. The hands of the victim were shattered, and the left eye gone.

The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded during the operation of winding.—Pearson's Weekly.

The New Hen.

H. B. Tucker, a farmer, who lives four miles south of Sedalia, Mo., had a colony of fifty Plymouth Rock hens and five roosters. The latter were all killed last Friday, it being Mr. Tucker's intention to replace them with younger fowls. On Saturday morning, the roosters not yet having arrived, the entire colony of hens set up a vigorous cawing, almost in perfect imitation of the crow of a rooster, and have continued it each morning since.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

REMARKABLE PENMANSHIP.

A SAN FRANCISCO MAN WRITES 5454 WORDS ON A POSTAL CARD.

Putting on a Space of 3x5 inches as much Writing as is Contained in Eighteen Printed Pages.

MOST remarkable feat of penmanship is that just accomplished by L. A. Grincourt, a young Frenchman now residing in this city. So remarkable is it that its accomplishment would seem beyond belief were it not for the positive and tangible evidence that no man, no matter how incredulous he may be, can dispute. As it is, the perfected work stands as the best known record for diminutive pen writing, and marks the author as the possessor of a peculiar talent of which he is easily a master.

On the back of an ordinary postal card Mr. Grincourt has written 5454 words. In doing this he used a steel pen of the pattern commonly used by card writers.

It must not be supposed that the words written on the card were selected because of their brevity, for such is not the case. The written words are a portion of a story—the first eighteen pages of Emory Zola's historical romance, "La Debacle" ("The War"). Each word is on the card in the order in which it appears in the original text, a space of 3x5 inches containing the same phrases, sentences, words and letters as are contained in eighteen pages of printed matter. So minute are the letters formed by the pen that the naked eye can scarcely distinguish them, and the most perfect vision requires the aid of a powerful magnifying glass to enable one to read them.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of this most wonderful piece of work is the perfect form and alignment of the letters. Each of the 110 lines across the card is perfectly straight, every word and letter being as exact in form as if printed from a copper plate. Nothing is missing. The shading of the capitals, the dots of the i's and crosses of the t's and the punctuation marks are all in proper place and form. The most critical teacher of penmanship would be content to take any portion of the written words, and after magnifying them to the proper size, use them as a copy to set before his pupils.

The magnitude of the task which Mr. Grincourt set for himself can be better understood when the result of his work is considered in comparison with more homely facts. For instance, to a person writing at ordinary speed from dictation it would require between four and five hours' time to write what is written on the postal card. If the person wrote in the size and style used as copies in Spencian school copy books, it would require between seventy and one hundred pages of ordinary note paper to contain the words written on the card. If the words on the postal card were set up in the style of type used in printing the more important news in the Examiner and leader, they would fill about five full columns of space in the paper. If the printed words were set together in a continuous line they would reach a distance of 1864 inches, or 155 feet. In all no less than 25,834 letters appear on the wonderful postal card.

The best previous record for a similar performance was made by a New York man about eighteen months ago. He succeeded in writing 4200 words on a postal card, and the performance was considered to be out of reach of competition. Previous to that Mr. Grincourt had written 3500 words on a piece of paper of equal size, and it was to exceed this record that the New York expert set to work with such wonderful results. Now Mr. Grincourt has set a new mark so far in advance of anything yet done in this line that it is fair to presume it will stand as the record for a long time to come.

The author of this remarkable example of penmanship was born in France twenty-nine years ago. After leaving school at the age of eighteen, he, through the influence of his family, secured a Government position as clerk in the Naval office at Brest. There he was afforded an excellent opportunity to perfect his handwriting and to acquire the skill with the pen necessary to perform the feats of penmanship of which this last is the crowning example. About three years ago he resigned his position to accept the California agency of a firm of wine merchants in Bordeaux, France. Since then he has been living in San Francisco, his peculiar accomplishment being now used only as a means for his own amusement.

The postal card with its microscopic characters has been mounted by Mr. Grincourt in a manner best calculated to accentuate its character. It is placed in the center of a white field almost four feet square. Within a circle, the extreme circumference of which touches the outer frame on four sides, is written, in handwriting of the ordinary size, the same text as appears on the postal card in the center. Four ordinary postal cards, stamp side out, are placed one in each corner, that the beholder may be sure the card containing the writing is not larger than the regular card. The whole is enclosed in a heavy antique oak frame, and forms an exhibit as rare as it is wonderful.—San Francisco Examiner.

Blaine's Favorite Saddle Horse.

Denman, the favorite saddle horse of James G. Blaine, died on a farm near Trenton, Me., a few days ago at the age of twenty-five. After Mr. Blaine's death the horse was sent to the farm by Mrs. Blaine, and she paid for its keeping in comfort and without work for the rest of its days.—New York Sun.

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Making of False Teeth.
"Where do false teeth come from?" said a well-known bone-importer, echoing a question that I had put to him. "Wouldn't you like to know? Most people, I imagine, think all false teeth are made from ivory. That is quite a mistaken idea, as the majority of false teeth are now made from anything but ivory. We import large quantities of walrus' tusks, for no other purpose than that they be made into false teeth. You can go into some big dental establishments where teeth are made and you will doubtless find the remains of walrus tusks lying around, and, indeed, a highly-polished tooth made from a walrus tusk is just as handsome, although not so lasting, as an ivory one.

"A dentist once came to me for an elephant's tusk, from which a good set of permanent teeth might be made for a wealthy client of his. He was to spare no expense. I found a tusk, which, being an especially good one, I sold for \$12.50 a pound, the usual price being from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a pound. I afterward learned that the dentist made \$500 out of that set of teeth.

"Of course, it would be impossible for dentists to sell teeth so cheaply as they do now if the teeth were all made from elephants' tusks. As a matter of fact, so many people are now wearing false teeth that I doubt if the ivory suitable for this purpose would ever be found. I am told a good many false teeth are being made from vegetable ivory, ivorine, etc. If so, the price of teeth must naturally go down, and in time the toothless one will probably be able to replenish his mouth for an absurdly low sum. A set of teeth for \$1.25," continued the dealer, laughing, "would create a boom in false teeth."—Philadelphia Times.

Utah's juries now consist of eight men instead of twelve.