

# THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

According to Hamilton W. Mabie, the "Scarlet Letter" and "Pembroke" are the best American novels.

Manchester, England, is about to erect an equestrian statue to Sir Charles Halle, the musical conductor, who never mounted a horse in his life.

A curious fact in connection with the bicycling habit, noted by the New York Mail and Express, is that the wheel is always tired and the wheelman never is; yet they invariably cover the same distance.

Some of the agricultural papers are urging some persons in each neighborhood of farmers to purchase a good spraying outfit and then announce his willingness to spray for his neighbors at moderate rates. The suggestion is a good one, and the Boston Cultivator believes such a person could build up a considerable trade.

The London Truth is making war on the "snowball" method of collecting money for charities. It seems to be the same system which in this country is known as the "chain letter" and has proved an intolerable nuisance. The particular "snowball" which arouses Truth's ire is one started by a Mrs. de Mesquita to raise funds for Guy's Hospital.

The narrow Baltic seas have a worse record for wrecks than any other portion of the globe. The annual number of such casualties exceeds one a day, ranging from 425 to 154, and in one-half of these cases all the crews were lost. In the four years from 1877 to 1881, no less than 700 lives were lost there.

There is a great future for the beef trade in the United States, maintains the Silver Knight. We know of nothing faithfully and scientifically followed up that will bring in better all round results than raising beef cattle, really first-class animals. But they must be first-class. The day when Americans will put up with tough and stringy meat has gone by.

Walter Besant has been examining into the names of English women in the early centuries, and finds that the most popular were such as are most in use to-day. Alice, Agnes, Isabella, Sybil, Edith, Lucy, Beatrice, Matilda, Amy, Agatha, Anna, Mary, Eve, Felicia, Helen, Mabel, Muriel, Margaret, Ida, Katharine, Emma, Rose, Sarah, as well as some that have dropped out of common use.

Daniel Chester French has obtained the distinguished honor of being the first American artist to whom permission has been granted to erect an outdoor statue in Europe. The statue will be of George Washington, and will cost \$20,000. A group of American women formed themselves into the Washington Memorial Association, and after raising the necessary funds secured the consent of the municipal authorities of Paris to erect a statue in the French capital on Rue Washington.

Says the Philadelphia Inquirer: Word comes from Nebraska that the reputed cures effected by Schlatter, the healer, through the laying on of hands, have turned out to be no cures at all. When anything was really the matter with the workings of the physical machinery the distressing symptoms have returned, and it is even said that a number of persons who thought that they had been healed by Schlatter and whose wonderful restoration to health was announced all over the United States are now in their graves.

Is the frightful drouth that has decimated Australia and much of the Southern Hemisphere the past six or eight months likely to be compensated for by a similar drouth in this part of the world this present summer? This question the American Agriculturist submitted to Professor Willis L. Moore, Chief United States Weather Bureau, who replies: "The most exhaustive examination of rainfall statistics that has been made in recent years shows that a period of deficient rainfall in one section of the globe is not balanced by a period of excessive rainfall in some other portion. On the contrary, the evidence tends to the belief that years of deficient rainfall are general over the greater portion of the Northern Hemisphere, at least. Many more years of observation at points well distributed over the earth's surface are needed, however, before we can arrive at any definite conclusion respecting rainfall periodicity."

UNREST.  
Love hath its tides;  
The ship that rides  
Upon their ebb and flow  
Is ever blessed  
With perfect rest,  
But swings—now high—now low.  
Life hath its cares,  
And whose bears  
The burden of its years  
Until the end  
Must hourly bleed  
Its laughter with its tears.  
—Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## A POLICE MYSTERY.

HOW IT WAS CLEARED UP.

THE true story has always remained a legend around Police Headquarters simply because there were circumstances which prevented the Chief from making it public at the time," said a retired Central Office detective, as he chewed the end of an unlighted cigar reflectively. He referred to the arrest of a murderer which gained fame for the former head of the Detective Bureau at the beginning of his career.

"The murder was one of those ordinary incidents of life in the Italian quarter, and there was nothing of any great interest in the cause of the crime and the manner in which it was done," he continued. "It was a mystery, however, from the fact that there was not the slightest clue to the identity of the murderer, and you can just bet the Chief made us hustle. I have a clipping here of the story the newspaper, printed about the murder the day after it occurred."

The ex-Central Office man pulled out his card case and handed the reporter the clipping. "It read as follows:  
Giuseppe Cassella, twenty-eight years old, of 247 Mott street, while standing at the corner of Mott and Houston streets at 11:30 o'clock last night was stabbed and fatally wounded by a stranger. Cassella, who had only been in the country two weeks, was talking with a friend named Domenico Murano, when a strange young man who was very drunk happened along. The Italian laughed at the young man, and he turned suddenly and attacked them.

In the light Cassella was stabbed in the left side. He dropped to the sidewalk, and Murano remained to attend to his friend, allowing the strange young man to make good his escape. When Murano discovered that Cassella was badly hurt he shouted for help. Policeman Rowley of the Mulberry street station, heard his cries, and when he arrived at the scene found Cassella in a dying condition. He sent in a hurry call for an ambulance to St. Vincent's Hospital, but Cassella died before the surgeon arrived.

Murano, who is detained by the police as a witness, cannot describe the murderer, as he says he was too much excited to remember what he looked like. He kept repeating in answer to the questions of the police that the young man was an "Americano." Central Office detectives are working on the case with little hope of success.  
"That was all any of the newspapers printed about the case the first day. As soon as the report of the stabbing was sent in from the station house the Sergeant at the desk in the Central Office 'phoned to the Chief's house and told him of the facts. He was told to send out the two emergency men and any others that came in during the night on the case. The next morning the Chief was around bright and early, and when we assembled for roll call he talked to all hands about the case in a general way, and said that no effort was to be spared to hunt down the murderer. Then, before we left, four of us were told that we were wanted in the Chief's private office. Two were Detective Sergeants, the star men in the office, and my side partner and myself, who were anxious to become Sergeants. The old man, as we called the Chief, had an admirable way of getting at the meat of a case, and when we entered he did not waste any time in telling us what he wanted.

"I've had a talk with this fellow, Murano, who was with Cassella when the stabbing occurred, and I'm satisfied that he had nothing to do with it," the Chief began. "Both the man that was murdered and Murano carried stilettoes, but these were found sheathed in their pockets. Now, all I have been able to learn as to the description of the stranger whom Murano says did the stabbing is that he wore a blue gingham jumper over a red undershirt. The jumper was open at the throat, showing the shirt. He is a stout, well built young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years, with dark hair and a smooth shaven face. That's the best description I could get from Murano. I want two of you fellows to drag the saloons around the Bowery and the other two to take this fellow Murano with you and see if he can't run across the stranger. I thought at first it might have been one of those Italian vendettas or a Mafia soap, but the Italian priest, who knew both men, assured me that it was nothing of the kind, and I would not waste any time on that theory. The motive was not robbery, and you needn't bother with crooks, either. It was a simple fight, and it will be a hard job, but you want to see what you can do.

"We paired off, each of the Sergeants taking one of us novices. My boss took Murano, and we started on the hunt. Murano was a stupid fellow, and I don't think that if the murderer was brought face to face with him that day he could have identified him. We certainly saw every tough in that precinct before dark, but Murano gave us no hope. The other fellows had no luck either, and we settled down to make a systematic inquiry through the district. We knew nearly everybody in the district that ran a joint such as the fellow described would frequent, but our questioning was of no avail. It was a tough job, and we seemed to be working in a blind alley. The reporters had a lot of fun with us for a week or so, and then the story died out. We kept up

the search day by day for three weeks without getting anything satisfactory, and finally something turned up which obliged the Chief to take the two Sergeants off the case. My side partner and myself had it all to ourselves. We had given up all hope of ever doing anything, although we started out with a strong burst of energy, and after the first few days that we had the case ourselves, took to soldiering. The upshot of it was that the Chief finally decided to let the case drop among the mysteries. We had tried everything. We got the Chief to give Murano his liberty, and we tailed him for several days without discovering anything which would seem suspicious.

"It was the custom to send a couple of our fellows to look out for pickpockets on the Coney Island boats during the summer. We were assigned to this job one Sunday and went down to the island and floated around. We came back on one of the late boats, as these were usually the most crowded and the best for the pickpockets to work their trade on. We didn't see anybody we knew, and went up on the upper deck and finally anchored in a little recess in the stern, where we sat smoking and enjoying the cool breeze. I called my partner's attention to a young couple who were spooning in another recess to windward of us and we took an occasional peep at them.  
"The wuod carried snatches of their conversation to us, and while we did not pay any particular attention to it we could not help hearing it. There was one thing said which made me sit up straight and almost yell right out. The young woman had apparently asked the man a question, as we heard him say:  
"He's been under cover at Hackettstown ever since he did that dago."  
"But I should think that was settled by this time," said the young woman.

"On he's as safe as a church on that thing, but he's heary about it still, and we can't get him to come back."  
"I turned to my partner and found him sitting in the same position as myself, with his eyes fairly dancing with excitement. Our Italian murder mystery occurred some nine months previous and we had quite forgotten it, but the conversation we overheard brought it up afresh, and I could hardly hold my partner still. The couple changed their conversation a moment later, and, although we did our best to listen, we heard nothing more about the 'dead dago.' When the boat reached the city we were right up alongside the young couple and followed them out in the crowd. We were so excited that we had not exchanged a word from the time we heard the bit of talk that gave us a cue, and some telepathic instinct just impelled both of us to go right ahead. We sat next to the couple in the street car going up town, my partner sitting on one side and I on the other. They got off at Houston street, and we were ahead and behind them. They walked along Houston toward Broadway and turned down Mulberry street. They stopped in front of a tenement, and the young man stood talking in the doorway for half an hour or more. We watched him from a doorway across the street. He bade the girl good night, just shaking her hand, and walked off slowly down the street. We followed him, and at Spring street he turned toward the Bowery. He had not gone far before he turned into a saloon. We entered a few minutes later and saw him drinking a glass of beer. He chatted familiarly with the bartender, and left after drinking his beer. My partner started after him while I remained to pump the bartender. It was an easy matter to get him into conversation about his late customer. I learned that the young fellow was Jim Burke, and that he lived at 85 Spring street. He had a brother Mike whom the bartender had known, but whom he had not seen for nearly a year. Mike disappeared rather suddenly, the bartender said, but Jim said he had gone to take a better job at Hackettstown. He was a bricklayer by trade.

"I left the saloon and hurried to the place where I had agreed to meet my partner. He was there, and he had tailed Burke to his home, and also had learned his name. We agreed to meet at 6 o'clock the next morning and get to work on the case in real earnest. I don't believe I closed my eyes that night, and my partner was around at my house long before the appointed hour. He found me fully dressed and we started out. After talking the matter over we decided to make a bold move. He was to arrest Jim Burke, and I agreed to question the girl. I waited outside the Mulberry street tenement for her, and at 7 o'clock she stepped out of the house with a lunch package under her arm on her way to work. When she got a block away from the house I stepped up to her:  
"Pardon me, miss, I said, 'but I am a detective from the Central Office and am compelled to place you under arrest for not telling the police about Mike Burke stabbing that Italian.'

"She drew away from me as I addressed her, and her face blanched as I mentioned Burke's name. She was scared so much that it was some moments before she could talk.  
"I don't know I had to tell," she stammered finally.  
"Well, that's the law," I said, being now sure of my ground, "and you will have to come with me."  
"I don't know anything about it. Jim only told me two months ago," she said.  
"I know all about that," I answered. "Jim has told us all."  
"Jim told you?" she exclaimed, incredulously.  
"Yes, he had to tell," I said. "Now if you come to Police Headquarters we will let you go in a few minutes."  
"She walked along with me and we were soon at the Central Office. The

doorman told me that my partner had already arrived with his man. I took the girl to the Chief's office and left her there while I talked with my partner. He tackled Jim, but found him on his guard and could get nothing but indignant denials from him. I went back to the Chief's office and started in to cross-question the girl. Her fright had worn off, however, and she had the cool assurance to tell me that she knew nothing about the crime, and even denied having made any admission to me when I first accosted her. We could not entrap her, and threats and pleadings were of no avail.

"We were in a fine fix, and I was in a cold sweat when the Chief came down. I explained the situation as fully as I could. He asked us if we had told Burke anything about the girl. We had not, and then he told my partner to take the girl out of the office and I was told to fetch Burke in. As I entered with Burke the Chief, who was busy opening the mail, just motioned toward a seat by the window, and I sat Burke in the chair. The Chief walked over to Burke and, looking him squarely in the eye, said:  
"So you refuse to tell us how your brother stabbed this man, do you?"  
"He didn't, I don't know anything about any stabbing," Burke answered.  
"Well, never mind; we have somebody who has told us, and it doesn't matter so much after all."  
"The window at which Burke was sitting overlooked a small courtyard through which we were required to take prisoners to the cells. The Chief had arranged with my partner to have him walk across this courtyard with the girl at a given signal. As the Chief concluded his remark to Burke he walked over to the other window and looked out into the courtyard. At that moment my partner walked out with the girl.

"Hum," said the Chief as he nodded in the direction of the yard. Burke looked out involuntarily and then jumped up with an oath.  
"You see, Burke, there are more ways than one of getting at the truth of things," said the Chief quietly.  
"All Burke did was to grit his teeth and nurse under his breath. He still denied that he knew anything of the crime, however, and the Chief gave up the idea of getting anything from him at that time.  
"My partner and I got a description of Mike Burke and went down to Hackettstown. We reasoned that Burke would be working at his trade, and picked up a driver at the station who knew the place thoroughly. He drove around the various buildings in course of erection, and we finally ran across our man. He was so cool and unconcerned when we arrested him that I confess I was quite disconcerted. He made no effort to conceal his identity, and the fact that he waived his right of extradition proceedings, made me nervous. He denied that he was the man who committed the crime, and all our efforts to get an admission from him were without success. We got back to town about dusk and the Chief was still in his office. He tried his hand at the prisoner, but with no satisfactory result. Then he ordered that Burke be looked up. A short while after his cell was locked the doorman remarked to him, of course under instructions, that his brother and the girl were making statements to the Chief up stairs. An incredulous smile was his reply. Half an hour later we took him out of his cell and up to the Chief's office. We opened the door and the prisoner was confronted with the girl and Jim Burke, who were sitting at the Chief's desk. The Chief was apparently listening to the reading of a typewritten statement by a clerk. Mike Burke just caught a few words and started toward his brother. Before the brother could say a word Mike had blurted out:  
"You scoundrel! What do you mean?"  
"That's all; look him up," said the Chief, and we carried Mike away to his cell.

"His brother Jim and the girl were dismissed by the Chief, and left together. The Chief was unable to get a word from either. We found Murano the next day, and stood Burke in a line of ten men, several of whom were built like him. Without a moment's hesitation Murano picked him out as the slayer of Cassella. Burke was indicted by the Grand Jury for murder in the first degree, but after a long delay he pleaded guilty of manslaughter by advice of counsel. The evidence was not very strong, consisting only of the testimony of Murano and a few circumstances. He was sent to prison for five years.  
"The Chief, for reasons which it would be impolitic for me to state, gave the reporters a different story about the arrest. To this day I don't believe any of the parties concerned in the affair knows just how the arrest was effected. It won Sergeants credit for both my partner and myself."—New York Sun.

**Icehouse Riskier Than Powder Mills.**  
A well known insurance broker said, in speaking of fire insurance risks: "Contrary to the general idea, insurance companies would rather take a risk on a powder magazine or a powder manufactory than on an icehouse. In the case of a powder manufactory there is the greatest care taken by those who work in it, or who visit it. There is no need of signs hanging about warning persons not to smoke, for they would never run the risk of entering with a cigar or pipe, even if the rules of the place allowed it. Now with icehouses it is different. Go into any of them and you will find the no smoking signs in plenty. There is but little care, however, for many people think such places will not burn. They do burn, however, and the result is the insurance companies charge the higher risk on icehouse property."—Washington Star.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

**SPINACH WRITERS.**  
Boil the spinach till it is quite tender; drain, pare and mince it fine. To one pint add half a pint of stale bread grated, half a grated nutmeg, two eggs and a teaspoon of sweet cream or rich milk; season with pepper and salt. Drop a spoonful at a time in boiling lard. Serve as soon as done.

**TO MAKE STRAWBERRY JELLY.**  
Boil three-quarters of a pound of sugar in half a pint of water, pour it boiling hot over three pints of strawberries placed in an earthen vessel, add the juice of two lemons, cover closely, and let it stand twelve hours. Then strain through a cloth (flannel is the best thing); mix the juice which has run through with two and a half ounces of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little warm water, and add sufficient cold water to make the mixture one quart. Pour into a mould and set on the ice to cool.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**DELICIOUS LUNCHEON DISHES.**  
Cold roast or stewed veal may be made into a number of delicious luncheon dishes that are better than its first estate. If for a company luncheon when mushrooms are not thought an extravagance, cut the meat in thin slices until you have about one pound. Peel one small onion, cut it in very thin slices, and brown it in two teaspoonfuls of butter. Add a tablespoonful of flour and stir until free from lumps, and brown. Add two gills of white stock and a gill of liquor poured from the mushrooms. When the sauce is smooth and hot, lay in the slices of veal; when they are heated through, add half a pint of mushrooms cut in slices, move to one side of the fire, and stir in slowly the beaten yolks of two eggs. This dish may be prepared at the table in a chaffing dish.

Cold veal is also excellent cut in dice as for salad, and heated with asparagus tips, canned fresh. Boil two eggs hard, mash the yolks and mix them thoroughly with an ounce of butter. Heat half a pint of milk, add the egg and butter mixture, and when thoroughly mixed add two cupfuls of veal and one cupful of asparagus. Season to taste with salt and pepper and cook four minutes.—New York Post.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**  
Scald your bread jars twice a week. It keeps the mould away.  
If an article that has become rusty is soaked in kerosene oil for some time the rust will become loosened and come off very readily.  
Carpets may be kept clean by going over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water, to which a little turpentine has been added.  
To kill roaches make a paste of flour, hot water and phosphorus, using a half pint of paste and about six cents' worth of phosphorus. Place on small pieces of board, where the roaches come, and they will eat and die.

A well-known medical authority says in a recent work that cheese should be eaten at least once a day. "It is the most valuable animal food obtainable," he says, "from two to three times as nutritious as the same weight value of ordinary meat."  
To prevent pie juice from running out in the oven make a little opening in the upper crust and insert a straw or little roll of white paper perpendicularly. The steam will escape through it as through a chimney and all the juice will be retained in the pie.

Jellies made with gelatine ought always to be covered, says a physician in the London Family Herald, as, when medical men want to secure minute organisms for investigations, they expose gelatine to the air or where the germs are, and it attracts and holds them.  
Candling eggs is the one infallible way to test them. This is done in a dark room with a candle, gas, or electric light. When the egg is held close to the light it fresh it will appear a pinkish yellow, and if otherwise it will be dotted with opaque spots or be entirely dark.

When it is not convenient to broil fish over an open fire it may be nicely broiled in a very hot oven. Prepare the fish as for the usual method and lay it with the skin down on a piece of oiled paper in a roasting pan. Cook on the upper grate of the oven until browned, first rubbing it with butter and dusting with a little flour.  
Fine old lace which is not too soiled may be cleaned by laying it on a paper thickly sprinkled with flour and magnesia. Cover with another sprinkling of flour and a layer of paper. Leave a few days and then shake the flour from the lace. Do not fold fine lace; lay it on strips of blue or similar paper and roll the lace and paper together.  
In making cream or lemon pies, where the crust requires to be baked before the filling is put in, an excellent plan is to lay over the paste a piece of strong brown tissue paper, pleating it to fit the pie plate and coming above the edge. Fill this with flour or meal and bake until the crust is done. Then the paper and contents may be lifted out. If flour is used it can be utilized afterward for thickening sauces and gravies.

Blankets washed in the following way are soft and light as new: Dissolve one tablespoonful of pulverized borax and one pint of soft soap; make a strong suds in cold water; put in the blankets and let them remain all night. In the morning work them up and down into another tub of cold water; rinse them through three waters and hang them up without wringing. When they have hung a little while turn them half round. Choose a sunny day with some breeze.

## Drug Store.

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**LIFTED AND DROPTED.**  
"And are you really the gentleman who writes those funny things for the morning paper?" asked the ingenious girl.  
"I am," admitted the humorist, with as much modesty as he could command.  
"There is one thing I would like to know—What makes you put the name of some other paper after the very funniest ones?"

**KINDRED FEELING.**  
Wife—"Those roses you bought me are so beautifully blown."  
Brute—"Yes, I felt that way, too, when I paid the bill."

**CURATIVE.**  
Dr. Sage—"You are troubled with headache and you do not sleep well. Evidently what you need is exercise. What is your occupation?"  
Patient—"I'm a wood sawyer."  
Dr. Sage—"Well—er, suppose you do not grease your saw for a week or two."

**THAT MRS. NAGLET HAS THE WORST ALL-ROUND TEMPER I EVER KNEW.**  
"Yes, even her hair snarls!"

**DISCREPANCY ONLY APPARENT.**  
Hungry Higgins—"I don't believe I could walk a mile a day without a drink, could you?"  
Weary Watkins—"No, I couldn't walk a mile without a drink, though I could walk ten miles to git one. Queer, ain't it?"

**JUST LIKE A CHARM.**  
Customer, howlingly—"This toothache stuff you gimme is the rankest kind of fraud. And you warranted it to work like a charm."  
Druggist, blandly—"Well, did you ever know a charm to work?"

**NEIGHBORLY ATTENTIONS.**  
"I didn't sleep a wink last night; that Tugby baby cried all the night before."  
"How did that keep you awake last night?"  
"You see, I waited until the Tugbys got to bed, and then I played on my cornet until daylight."

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