

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

It is a strange development in the business of writing, noted by Life, that as newspapers grow larger, books grow smaller.

A year's operation in Maine of the law substituting a town system for the school district system has reduced the number of ungraded schools by 348 and increased the number of graded schools by twenty-eight.

Following the example of one of the American magnates London Punch is going to erect its work shops and houses for its employes, in the county. Tonbridge, Kent, near old Tunbridge Wells, is the situation chosen.

There is a widespread belief among the Boers that President Kruger is a sort of saint or prophet, occupying a place different from and higher than that of ordinary men. This feeling is said to explain, in a measure, Kruger's control of the Transvaal Parliament.

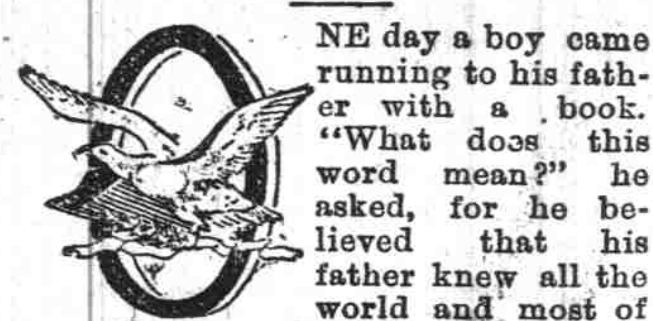
"The South is making it easy and profitable for the establishment of manufacturing enterprises in that section," declares the Trenton (N. J.) American. "We notice that at an election held in Charleston, South Carolina, to determine whether factories established there should be exempt from taxation for five years, the question was carried in the affirmative by almost a unanimous vote, only fifteen ballots being found in opposition to it."

Spanish reports of battles in Cuba are all to one effect. The rebels were beaten with heavy loss, while the Spanish loss was little or nothing. That is the story, day after day. We have not kept an account of the Cuban losses thus reported, observes the New York Tribune, but we are inclined to think that if they were all added up the sum would indicate a mortality exceeding that of almost any other modern war, in proportion, that is, to the numbers engaged on both sides. Perhaps a reminiscence of the Ten Years' War will to some extent elucidate the character of these reports. During that struggle a careful account was kept of the Cuban losses officially reported by the Spanish. At the end of the war the totals were 395,856 killed, 726,490 wounded and 451,100 prisoners—a grand total of 1,573,446. And the entire population of the island was only 1,250,000! It is safe to reckon that the Spanish reports at this time are no more accurate than they were in the Ten Years' War. Their own losses are probably much heavier, in the aggregate, than the Cubans'. In the Ten Years' War they admitted the loss, by death, of 81,098 men, of whom, however, only 6488 fell in battle or died directly of wounds. Yellow fever, cholera and other such agencies did for the rest.

Politeness always pays, even to a stranger. The force of this familiar proverb is shown in a good story which comes to the Atlanta Constitution from Pennsylvania. A young law student by the name of J. Spencer Miller found himself a few days ago the possessor of a handsome fortune valued at \$70,000. His benefactor was Bernito Mull, an Italian, who was known to be very wealthy. Four or five years ago Miller was traveling with an engineer corps up the State. He lived at Soranton for nearly a year and while there made the acquaintance of Mull. After befriending the Italian when he was set upon by hoodlums the two became fast friends and during a long illness of young Miller the Italian waited upon him and gave him daily presents of flowers and dainties. Miller returned to Media three years ago and the intimacy ceased. The Media boy had about forgotten his foreign friend until yesterday, when a letter came from a person in Soranton saying that Mull had died at St. Louis, Mo., and had left \$70,000 worth of his fortune to J. Spencer Miller. The letter asked: "Are you the J. Spencer Miller referred to in the will?" Mr. Miller at first was inclined to regard the whole thing as a joke, but on telephoning to other persons at Soranton he found that such a bequest had really been made. The only question is whether or not the J. Spencer Miller, of Media, is the person mentioned in the will. There seems to be no doubt of it. Mr. Miller believes he is certainly the man, and with his attorney has gone to Soranton to make a thorough investigation of the strange case. Mull was eccentric and was a convivial sort of a person. He was about forty years old. Miller, the legatee, is a muscular young man of twenty-two, whose parents reside at Media.

BUSY MART AND GRASSY WAYS.
I am tired of the city's sounds and sights,
Tired of the glare of the noisy town;
I long for the quiet farmhouse lights,
That shine through the trees when the dusk comes down.
I long for the scent of the berry-vines,
And the hedges climb and fall—
For the song and breath of the wind-blown pines,
And the stars and the darkness over all!
I am tired of the city's sin and strife,
Of the bargain-mart, and the busy maze—
I dream of the dear old country life,
Of the blossomed fields and the grassy ways,
And I yearn, like a homesick child, to steal
To my garret room, by the starlight's gleam,
In the dear old home of my youth—to kneel
And pray, like a child—and sleep—and dream!
—M. S. Bridges, in Ladies' Home Journal.

LOVE IN THE DESERT.



ONE day a boy came running to his father with a book. "What does this word mean?" he asked, for he believed that his father knew all the world and most of the things beyond. The parent believed that, too, and that is how the child had come to imbibing the idea. The man looked and saw the word "love." "Do you know what that word means, papa?" asked the boy.

"Oh, yes," said the father, and he began thinking. He thought for a long time, for there were so many things love is that he hardly knew where to begin defining. And the longer he remained silent the harder it seemed to find a beginning. "It is difficult to answer—" he observed, and the boy interrupted him.

"When we find a difficult problem at school," he said, "we go to the rule. What is the rule about love?" The father looked at him, but did not answer. He thought. Then he gazed anxiously about, and out through the window he saw a man passing.

"Ah," he said, "there is Mr. Brown, and I want to see him." And he hurried out to speak to the man, and the boy never heard what love is, or what is its rule.

Ford, being quite satisfied that the story was a lie from the beginning, and that his search for the wonderful lost desert tribe would result in no benefit to the Smithsonian Institution, stopped to rest in the shade of the water wagon, the wheels of which were sunk eighteen inches into the roasting sand.

"Look out!" he yelled to one of the drivers, "or this Nevada sun will get action on you and you will pop like corn. Isn't it hot!" and he looked about at the blistering white and blue and nudged out of his memory certain verses:

And when grim spirits come to that curd's land,
To the where wanderers fell,
They look in terror at the burning sand
And hurry back to hell—
And that's desert Nevada, and where
We are driving and sweating through it
To find the desert tribesman, who is
A lie!

"By the powers, it isn't a lie!" yelled Graves, his assistant. "Look!" "A Chinese boy!" roared Ford. "And ye gods, a red-headed Chinese boy, and on a camel, and in Nevada!"

Hong Foy was a dismal failure. McGoggin told him so daily. He could not tramp Southern Pacific ties half as well as Yo Heave, or whatever the pockmarked Chinaman's name was, and Fon Kee could almost carry a sixty-pound-to-the-yard" rail by himself, while Hong Foy, being young and pale and calm, found it difficult to lug even the spike maul or the pinch bar. Wherefore the investment of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in Hong Foy was denominated by Mike McGoggin, the section foreman, as a weird and wonderful failure—only McGoggin used words of the same import but of different pronunciation. Hong Foy, however, could cook, and he showed Maggie McGoggin how to make a soup out of potato sprouts which McGoggin declared to be the triumphant work of the devil. Soup, by the way, is a thing not to be experimented on when the section boarding house is at a place in Nevada where the water is brought in a tank from a station eighty or a hundred miles away. McGoggin appreciated the soup, and because of it refrained for two weeks from discharging Hong Foy. But on a Saturday night of the month of June, in the year 1881, he threw a bolt at Hong Foy, hit him with a crooked spike and made a run to the tool house to get a wrench to kill him with. He had seen Maggie when she kissed the young Chinaman in the kitchen.

In the shade of the tool house, after McGoggin had retired, Hong Foy crept like a dog which had been whipped out of its kennel but knows nowhere to go. He knew two lines of steel over which Chinamen labored while a red-headed white man swore volubly at them. He knew a blue horizon, and these things were all he knew in that land—excepting the sun. Where could he go? As he leaned dejectedly against the tool house and thought of his love making, he wept, and weeping, Maggie found him. Hong Foy had not dreamed of the future, and had not expected the coming of the girl. He had only expected to sleep in the tool house that night and be beaten again in the morning. But Maggie had planned. The best part of her plan was that she had brought a huge bottle, and it had water in it. "We will go that way," she said, pointing out into the desert.

are going to have shade in which to rest the next day. But the next day came and as Maggie and Hong Foy looked about them all they saw was what a couple of ants in a plasterer's box of lime see. Far, far, far away, round about and near it was white. And it was so flat that they seemed to look up out of a basin to a brim which was white and blue, and the alkali and the sky nestled so close to each other and the sky arched over as though it were the roof of the plain in such wise that Maggie thought they might as well have been imprisoned in the shell of a monster egg—only it would have to be the biggest egg and biggest shell ever created, and there would be room for only one of such like in the world. The sun was beautiful in the early morning, and there were roses in the desert east just as there are roses in the east of the orchard land. The sun looked on them with a friendly rotundity for an hour and then he frowned, and the frown was of white heat. And sleepily they plodded on searching for a brush big enough to cast two square feet of shade. They had no means of telling time other than by the sun, but the girl knew the secrets of the sun and knew it was 10 o'clock when the pale, calm face of Hong Foy looked into hers with a dumb piteousness and she sank in a swoon. Hurriedly the girl uncovered his head and saw for the first time the great, jagged, ragged hole made by that bent spike thrown by her father. The iron had dug deep, but the Chinaman had plastered the wound with the clean waste taken from the tool house and had wrapped his queue around it. Maggie regarded the hurt with a little bit of womanly horror, and then she thought of how her lover had walked all that night through the sands with his head wrecked by her father's effort and had not intimated that he was injured at all.

"He is worth it," said Maggie, and tenderly she dressed the wound, washing it with the precious water Hong Foy had carried in the great bottle. "He is worth it."

If you would have to guess at the smallest part of the awful journey go out on the Southern Pacific where the temperature is normally at 140 in June at 11 o'clock in the daytime; where the air is so hot that it curls itself up; where the alkali is baked into powder finer than the finest powder known to medicine, and without the slightest breath of air to agitate it sifts and scatters about over the surface of the earth, being drawn up by the sun just as you have heard of water being drawn up. It will be an unpleasant ride to you, for you will leave your coat at Ogden and your raiment along the right of way with great persistence. And beating, beating, beating with a might that makes your head thump, is the great, world-consuming sun. Yes, if you would like to guess about Maggie and Hong Foy—the crippled Hong Foy—and their twelve days' parching, famishing, agonizing journey, until they walked out of death and into a green line of paradise which ran along a clear river, you must go there and do it for yourself. And at the end of your journey, if you ever get to the end of it, perhaps you will fall fainting and deathlike at the margin of the stream as Hong Foy did, or perhaps you will drop on your knees and pray as did Maggie.

"The only thing in the cabin," said Graves, "which plainly was not made out of the things hereabouts, is a great bottle, which is apparently for water. I wonder where it came from?" "I don't," said the driver of the water wagon. "What I want to know is about that humpy-lookin' camel beast that the boy met up on. Tell me where that thing came from and I'll go home satisfied."

"They don't know themselves," said Ford. "They only know he came in here one day, and the woman says he was sent by God to help the Chinese haul wool in winter time, but the Chinaman insists that he was created out of the alkali or something, from what I gather in talking to him, as a special gift of his boss. The boy says nothing. I consider that beast the greatest object lesson in the conciliation of religious disputes that I ever struck for while holding these different views they don't quarrel about him. The real explanation is probably that he is the offspring of some of those camels the United States Government bought over in Africa several years ago for use in the Arizona army posts, but which turned out a failure and were let loose to roam where they would."

"I suppose," said Graves, "that you will say in your report that the red-headed, half-Chinese kid is the natural child of the desert?" "Yes; if this land of heat and hardship is ever to be peopled I think that will be the kind for it!" "Did it ever strike you," said Graves to Ford, after they had got back to civilization, "how that Chinese friend of yours and his wife and child out there in that desert are so fond of one another?"

"Graves," said Ford, "the word 'love' always seemed to me to be a sort of a sickly one for a grown man to use in talking to another, but do you know that is what I would call that case? I don't think I'd say fond."

"I don't understand it at all," Graves observed.

"Well you know there's no rule for that kind of thing, old man. Love is something you can't cipher and like your latitude and your longitude."—Chicago Record.

Father Kneipp, the good old priest in Worshofen, Bavaria, who believes in a cure-all by water, and among whose patients are any number of crowned heads and magnates, has just spent a week in Berlin. There were immense gatherings in several public halls to do the old man honor. He delivered sundry lectures on his method.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Sea Captain's Brave Daughter—Turned His Hair Gray—The Lion and the Lady, Etc.

DRESSED in her jaunty sailor suit of navy blue flannel, her flaxen hair hanging behind in one large braid, and with her hands thrust into the pockets of her jacket, Margaret Neilsen, as she stepped from a tug at the Barge Office yesterday afternoon, looked a typical sea captain's daughter. No one would have fancied, however, from one would have fancied, however, from her appearance that this bright-eyed, eighteen-year-old girl had but recently passed through the horrors of a shipwreck and had been instrumental in saving eighteen lives.

It was on April 1 that the Norwegian bark Julie sailed from Ninai Bridge, Wales, under ballast for West May, Nova Scotia. Captain Neilsen was part owner of the vessel and had become attached to her. His daughter, Margaret, had made several voyages with him and had shown herself thoroughly at home on board ship.

When she begged to accompany her father on the last voyage, his consent was readily secured, and her pets, a handsome water spaniel, a big black cat and half a dozen rabbits, were, of course, allowed to accompany her. She wouldn't have sailed without them. For the first week the Julie had good sailing winds, but no particularly rough weather was experienced, and the bark made fair headway. Then came a succession of westerly gales, and after pounding about at the mercy of the winds, the vessel sprung a leak. All who were not needed in the management of the boat were put at the pumps. The captain's daughter, herself, took her turn at the windmill pump, and with words of encouragement cheered the men at the hand pumps. Nearly every moment the huge waves broke over the vessel, drenching the men at their work. The water was gaining on them, and it seemed evident that in a short time they must take to the boats and trust in Providence for a deliverance.

During those trying hours the captain's daughter sang cheerily. She had a good voice, high and clear, and she seemed to know just what songs would put most heart into the Norwegian sailors. She sang the Sagas which recount the deeds of valor of the flax-haired race, and the men were inspired to renewed efforts. They even smiled as they worked at the heart-breaking pumps. The bravery and confidence of the captain's daughter were contagious. In spite of all their efforts, it was discovered on April 19 that the pumps were not keeping pace with the inflowing water. With three feet of it in the hold and the tide rapidly rising, the abandonment of the bark seemed inevitable.

The man at the wheel kept the old craft headed in the direction of the Irish coast, but strained his eyes in vain for sight of land.

Suddenly, from the poop deck, came the cry in a voice which every one recognized, of "A sail. A sail! I see it plainly." It was the captain's daughter who had raised the glad shout, and the next moment she had flung down the companion way to call her father, who, worn out by ceaseless watching, was trying to get a brief rest before he gave the order to take to the boats.

Captain Neilsen was not slow to act. The knotted flag, as well as the flags of the international code, were run up to indicate that the vessel was in distress. After what seemed an age, answering signals were run up by the other vessel, which proved to be the Norwegian bark Oscar II., bound for this port. While the Oscar II. was bearing down upon them, the wheel was made fast and the now overjoyed sailors were busy in getting together their little belongings. The crew of the Julie left the sinking vessel in their own boat. The captain and his brave daughter were the last to leave the bark. Up to this time Miss Neilsen had conducted herself with remarkable fortitude, but when she stepped into the small boat and sat down with her dog and her big black cat, taking a farewell look at the old bark, she broke down and cried like any other girl.

The Oscar II., with the shipwrecked crew on board, reached port yesterday morning. The sailors were taken to the Sailors' Home, in Brooklyn, and the captain and his daughter went to the Stevens House, on Broadway, where they will remain several days before returning to Norway.

Captain Neilsen plainly showed the strain of the experiences through which he had passed, but his daughter was in the best of spirits. She modestly refuses to take upon herself any of the credit for the rescue, but Captain Neilsen patted her head and said he didn't know what would have happened had not her bright eyes made out the distant ship.—New York Press.

Whitened His Hair.

Edward Gunnison, a prospector, while test-pitting for iron near Two Harbors, Minn., had an adventure that has turned his hair gray, but as at the same time he discovered a subterranean lake full of apparently blind fish, he figures that he is ahead.

For several weeks past Gunnison has been prospecting between this place and Duluth, and has sunk a pit on the lake shore a few miles north of here. One morning, while pursuing his investigations at a depth of twelve feet, the earth at the bottom of the pit suddenly gave way, dropping Gunnison and his pick and shovel into the subterranean lake twenty feet below the bottom of the pit. The water was shallow, and as soon as Gunnison recovered from his fright he made an examination of the cavern

inclosing the lake. This cavern, Gunnison says, covers two acres of water, and the shores of the little lake are of rock, which also form the walls. The water is clear and cold, being fed apparently by underground streams.

After a long search in the darkness Gunnison found that the lake had an underground outlet into Lake Superior. This outlet was large enough for Gunnison to creep through to the open air.

As a memento of his involuntary trip into the bowels of the earth Gunnison brought with him one of the fish of which, he says, the lake is full. This fish resembles a black bass in some respects, only it is whiter and apparently blind.

Two skeletons, probably of Indians, were found in the cavern in which the underground lake is located. They were lying side by side at the mouth of the passage through which Gunnison crept. They crumbled to pieces at the touch.

The Lady and the Lion.

The bravery of Miss Blanche Knox, the pretty young daughter of Dr. Louis G. Knox, the veteran circus man, probably saved the doctor's life during a struggle in New York with a young African lion.

Dr. Knox was formerly surgeon of a circus. He has marvelous control over wild animals, and his spare moments are spent in training them. Three young lions romp about his office like dogs. The other day an African lion named Tom Paine came by express. He is a brother of Bob Fitzsimmons' pet lion, which recently met his death. His parents are Wallace and Victoria.

When the lion was taken from his traveling cage and fastened to the floor by a chain he became furious and made a flying leap for liberty. The chain parted and the lion leaped toward the window, which was open. Dr. Knox sprang in front of the window, while Joe Thomas, the doctor's assistant, threw himself upon the lion and twisted the piece of chain about its neck.

The temper of the animal was aroused, and he fought ferociously. His strength was more than a match for the two men, and matters were assuming a serious aspect when Miss Knox seized a strap and making a noose of it walked boldly up to the lion and, evading a savage thrust of its paws, threw it over his head. Then she slipped the end of the strap through a ring in the wall and pulled it tight. The fight was all strangled out of the lion, and he meekly submitted while a new collar and chain was placed upon him. The doctor and his assistant bear several marks of the encounter.

An Elephant Rescues a Child.

Bessie Rooney, the ten-year-old sister of Michael Rooney, the bareback rider, was about to be hugged to death by a bear yesterday morning at Tattersall's, when Babylon, one of Ringling Brothers' big elephants, knocked the brute down and saved the child's life.

The bear, known as "Growler," has a vicious temper. He was chained near the elephants. The little girl is a friend of the elephants, and was romping with some of them when Growler seized her and closed his paws around her slender form.

Babylon, who had been an interested spectator, brought his trunk down with crushing force on Growler's head. The bear was stunned by the blow and released the child, who had fainted. The elephant then picked her up and placed her where the bear could not reach her. Attendents who heard Bessie's screams, ran to her assistance, but arrived too late to rob Babylon of the honor of saving a human life.—Chicago Tribune.

An Exciting Incident.

A most exciting incident happened one day last week in front of the door of a carriage factory of this city. A lady who is prominent in social circles had just arrived at the place to look at a carriage which she had ordered. She was accompanied by a lady friend. As they were about to alight from their carriage they noticed that there was some excitement in the office of the carriage manufactory. While hesitating about getting out a mad dog rushed out of the place and jumped into their carriage, an open victoria. The dog passed under their feet, jumped out of the carriage only to repeat the same performance three times, before the almost paralyzed carriage employes could dispatch the animal.—Washington Star.

This Dog Shed His Muzzle.

"You will be amused to learn," said a manufacturer of dog muzzles the other day, "that dogs very often display considerable cunning in getting rid of their muzzles. A gentleman living in Brooklyn possesses a dog that was continually being provided with new muzzles, but yet was never seen wearing one for more than five consecutive minutes.

"His owner, previous to taking the animal for a run, would carefully fasten on the regulation ornament, and a few minutes afterward the dog would be found waiting expectantly in the hall, but without his muzzle. The mystery remained unsolved, until one day a servant noticed the dog—this time wearing the muzzle—bolt at full speed into the scullery.

"Now, in the scullery wall there was a large nail fixed about a foot from the floor, and presently the girl beheld the artful animal hook his muzzle on to this nail and drag at it until he had succeeded in removing it altogether—of course, to the detriment of his nose. It is a positive fact that after this had been done the dog took the obnoxious muzzle into the garden, and did his best to bury it on the edge of the flower bed."—New York Mercury.

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Attorneys at Law,

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ISAAC C. WELLBORN,

Attorney - at - Law,

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It appears from the well-informed Railway Age that for eight years the mileage of annual railway construction in the United States has been steadily decreasing. From nearly 13,000 miles of track laid in the wonderful year 1887 the totals have gone down by thousands and hundreds, until 1895 touched the lowest round for twenty years by adding only 1893 miles to our railway system. But this does not mean that the demand for railways is nearly supplied and that construction will continue to decrease. On the contrary, there is room, and will be need for additions far greater than the entire present mileage of the country. We have now something over 181,000 miles of road. To equal Great Britain in its ratio of railway mileage to square miles, we should have a total of 492,000 miles; to equal the abundant supply of Illinois we must have 522,000 miles; while if Massachusetts with its mile of railway to every four square miles of territory be the standard, the United States will eventually boast 772,000 miles of lines. That there is much railway building yet to be done the records prove beyond a doubt. When it will be done depends on condition yet to be developed. A considerable amount of work is already under way. During the first three months of this year 253 miles of track were laid on twenty lines, and including these our books already show sixty lines on which it seems reasonably certain that 1750 miles of track will have been laid by the end of 1896, with a possibility of much more. It all depends on the times, not on the question of finding room, or of demand for more railroads.

It is not very easy for a person to take his own time without taking the time of others.