

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

The State Reformatory at Concord, Mass., is credited with permanently reforming fifty per cent. of those who have been its inmates during the twelve years of its existence.

The development of the trained nurse system, although of recent origin, has assumed such wide proportions as to be National, if not universal, in character.

A New York publisher, in his announcement of a new book, prints in parallel columns all the good things, and all the bad things that the critics have said about it. Sometimes the bad things do more to sell a book than the good things.

The statistics of the British Home Secretary show that in the first three months of this year there were three fatal accidents and twelve serious bicycling accidents in the streets of London. During the same period there were 318 summonses issued for rash or reckless riding. In two cases only were the persons injured women.

The President of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Street Railroad has made estimates which puts the loss to his company from the riding of wheels at \$10,000 a year. Eight thousand five hundred licenses for bicycles have been taken out in Indianapolis, and he figures that one-fourth of these wheelmen would otherwise use the street car twice a day. That would net the company \$8000 a year, and the new riders which are now learning would easily increase the amount to \$10,000.

The practice of carrying babies on bicycles, in cages or baskets attached to the handle-bars, has become very common, in spite of its obvious dangers. Physicians say, too, that the rapid motion and the jolting are not good for the baby, and that the nervous system is likely to be seriously affected. The Illinois Humane Society is trying to put an end to the practice by invoking a State law which prohibits the exposure of children in dangerous positions. The application of the law is doubtful, for of course it never contemplated such a case as this; but the movement in question seems to be a wise one, and the practice should be stopped, if possible, both for the sake of the children and the nervous onlookers.

The New York Observer states that Bishop Potter does not know, or at least until recently, did not know what a chump is. He says: "I was walking in one of the downtown streets in New York the other day, and as I passed by two small boys, one said to the other: 'There goes the bishop. He's no chump.' Now, I don't know what the word chump means, but I am gratified that the boy was able to identify me." A chump is a short, thick, heavy piece of wood; a chump end of meat is the thick end of a joint. In the language of the boy whose friendly criticism the Bishop overheard a chump is a dull, stupid, blundering individual, dull of perception, a blockhead, in fact. The opposite to all this is a keen, astute man of affairs, a man who is bright, always on the alert, comprehending the situation and knowing just what to do in any situation.

The new High School building at Medford, Mass., is pointed to as an example of what may be done in an educational line as to interior decorations. In the twenty-seven rooms of the building there are 172 works of art of different kinds, most of them being large photo-engravings, while there are also busts, bas-reliefs and other articles of beauty and value. The busts and pictures are all carefully grouped and arranged, each room being given a separate subject or class of subjects, and these subjects being carefully graded upward in harmony with the progress of the pupils. In the halls and on the staircases the same general plan has been carried out with regard to famous natural objects. Those of our own country are found on the lower floors, and those of other countries higher up, the idea being to ground the pupil thoroughly in the knowledge of his native land before taking him abroad for that of other countries. Most of the engravings are of famous paintings or other works of art, so that while carrying the main idea of presenting an author or statesman, they also give the pupil a general knowledge of the work of famous artists of different eras. These decorations are valued at \$2100, and were presented to the school by the alumni.

AN EVENING SONG.

Sunset and star, love,
But Love's skies are clear;
Heaven's not so far, love,
But you can bring it near.
Sun, sky, may sever,
Roses bring rue;
But love lives forever,
And love lives for you?
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE TWILIGHT MINE.



As for me, I was just one of the thousands that came West to grow up with the country, and, not many moons after, had good reason to believe that I was gone up with the country instead. After a while I drifted into Gold Cross camp.

It was in the days before Gold Cross had come to the front as a good thing, and the big mills that are now eating the sides out of the hills up there hadn't been thought of. The boys were running, rockers down in the gulch then, and most of them didn't make more between meals than they could eat—and drink—up at grub time. And it was pretty quiet when Pizen Bill Johnson came to town.

But Pizen Bill woke up the camp. Bill wasn't at more than one place at one time, but his reputation was everywhere at once in the diggings, and it didn't improve with age, either. William was dressed to kill. Whenever he moved you were apt to see the handle of another weapon, that had escaped your observation before, sticking out from some new angle. His record was worse looking than he was—which is saying a good deal. You might lay his ugly looks to some dispensation of Providence that you didn't quite see the drift of, but few people would care to charge a disposition like his to anything but Satan. Sorrow was his shadow, and the wailing of widows and the crying of orphans had followed him out of more than one camp. But, somehow, when he struck Gold Cross, the general air of condensed shiftlessness seemed to take the place of his usual original cussedness, and, being above working, he just settled down and drank between meals and ate between drinks.

Finally, one day, he developed enough energy to climb up Bumper Hill, which is first cousin to a precipice and is on the west side of the gorge. After that he made several trips up there, generally after the sun had closed up his day's business, and by and by he let it leak out that he had located a first class quartz claim on a ledge where the pitch was not too steep to pile rock, and also volunteered the statement that the name of his new bonanza was the Twilight mine.

His explanation being that it was too hot to do any locating or anything else up there in the day time—which explanation was probably as near the truth as he usually got. In those days we mostly thought that quartz mining was the calling of arch idiots, it being so much easier to run a placer, and so a good many of the boys laughed at him on the sly; but those who had heard of him most, and therefore worst, just shook their heads and surmised he was up to something. Not being interested in the cemetery business, they didn't try to investigate. As for Pizen Bill Johnson, when he got his claim located to suit, he just sat down and waited.

I came to Gold Cross on the hog train, and, being discouraged with mining that didn't pan out board bills, took the first job that offered itself, which happened to be that of bar-keeper in the Golden Oriole; for, when a man is a hundred miles from nowhere, without money and without friends, his conscience gets sleepy when there is a promise of bread and butter in sight, unaccompanied by the prospect of a term in jail. The Golden Oriole was in a niche in the side of the gulch, where some enterprising idiots had washed out a few hundred tons of dirt in the hope of finding something rich, but had finally concluded that there was more money and considerable less work in holding up stage coaches. Then a jag-promoter from Sacramento appeared on the scene, and, judging from the looks of the thirsty inhabitants that there were several good openings that needed filling, built a board palace on the ruins, "heedless of the flood," and shortly afterward there was revelry in carload lots in that neighborhood. It was a pretty solid castle for those days, and hugged up close on one end to the side of the gulch. An auction piano furnished inspiration at one end of the big room that constituted the interior of the joint, and I, with the valuable assistance of the bar, furnished the inspiration at the other end. There was a window at one end of the bar, the sill of which was on a level with a burro trail that the miners had spoiled when at the innocent work of laying a foundation for our house, and I used to retire through it to gaze upon the awe-inspiring scenery outside and meditate upon the beauties of nature and the comfort of solitude, whenever the guests got to hurling solid arguments at each other and commenced shooting off something besides their mouths. It was really a big institution for Gold Cross, and the proprietor consumed considerable time in trying to make up his mind what to call it, not being able to decide whether "palace" or "pavilion" was the proper handle, and eventually compromising on "Golden Oriole." There was a big table down the center, which was sometimes used for an ex-

hibition dance and sometimes for laying out a corpse, and surrounding it were a lot of small tables.

One day Pizen Bill Johnson's wait came to an end. The young fellow that got off the stage was so green that I couldn't help looking him over to see if he didn't have an express tag on, which, in some measure, would account for his being able to get so far away from home, but the boys were feeling pretty blue about then, and he made a kind of pleasant contrast of colors. He hadn't more than passed one meal time till Pizen B. Johnson, who was a smooth smoother when he tried to be, had him in tow and knew all about him and all his folks. And pretty soon after I observed he was showing the youngster some of the finest specimens of free milling ore from his Twilight bonanza that a man ever stole. I rather pitied the fellow, but then I knew that if I had any money, somebody would get it mighty quick, and besides B. Johnson had enough to answer for without my tombstone casting any reflections on his character. So the announcement next day that he had sold a two-thirds interest in the Twilight for \$1800 to the young chap from Boston was not altogether a surprise.

The next two days it rained, but the green young cuss from the East seemed to thrive out in the damp, for he worked away developing his salted Twilight mine, while the patrons of the Golden Oriole speculated on what kind of a row he would raise when he discovered the job—if he ever did. When the wind got around in the north the mountains began to shed water lively, and the little creek that tumbled through the camp grew into a torrent and began to spread itself promiscuously over the claims along its bed. The clouds went to work in dead earnest, and when you got out from under shelter, it wasn't a difficult job to imagine that some fire department was taking you for a conflagration, and you were shortly much put out.

And so when Eddie Freeman, dripping wet, slid in with a gust of wind through the door of the Oriole that night, the racket inside didn't begin to compare with that which the creek, now taking on the airs of a river, was making outside. I felt uneasy about that creek, and wondered if the fellows who had tacked their cabins up against the hillside hadn't shown considerable horse sense after all. But there was a sparkle in Eddie's eye and such joy in his voice that I forgot all about the creek for the time being, when he slammed the door and hove up to the bar. Then he skipped over to where Pizen Bill Johnson was absorbed in reflection and gin, and held out to him a sack of ore. Bill smiled after the fashion of the evil one; but when he went to diving into the rock as big a change came over his face as a landslide makes in the side of a mountain. In another minute we were all examining some of the finest specimens of gold-bearing ore that was ever found in California. There wasn't any doubt about it. Bill Johnson's salt was merely spice for a mighty fine pudding.

Then the venom in William J.'s nature showed itself in his face, but his words were uncommonly pleasant.

"That's a mighty fine mine yer have," he said, "and I am mighty proud that I am the man that's put yer in the way of sich extraordinary luck. I knowed I wuz givin' yer a great thing, but bizness in other places wouldn't allow me to put in my time on that, and besides I took a big fancy to yer, ez I allus did to smart young men, and wanted yer to come out on top of the heap. Bein' ez I'm partner in this yer great luck, s'posin' we do a little celebratin'? Let's likker up and then hev a little sohul game to commemorate this great event." Freeman agreed, and pretty soon there was a lively four-handed game in progress, punctuated with orders for various kinds of refreshments. But about that time my attention was divided, not to say scattered. I knew that William of the tribe of Johnson was up to some evil job, for he was getting the youngster, whose beverage before he crossed the mountains had evidently been coffee, to do most of the drinking, ably assisted by two other players; but the storm outside seemed to be putting up some kind of a bad job on us all, and pretty soon the crowd commenced thin out, and I could hear the mingled sound of profanity and splashing of water as the miners stepped out, by token of which I judged that the backwater of the creek was visiting us, and so I sauntered over to my bar window and unfastened the catch.

About the time the fun over in the card party's corner began to get hilarious, the water began to creep across the floor in black rivulets, looking like moccasins seeking holes and the last of the uneasy guests sidled out, excepting my interested company in the corner. It struck me that it was a good time of year for them to leave, but a glance at Pizen Bill's countenance gave me to understand that it wouldn't be altogether to my interest to make such a suggestion, and besides, the proprietor, who was peacefully snoozing in his cabin on the hill side, would give me an everlasting farewell if I turned out paying patrons. So I stayed, with one eye on the window, one one on the party, and both ears out for the storm. The rivulets on the floor had spread out, and pretty soon we had a good foundation for a natatorium.

Talk was getting pretty loud around the card table and young Freeman's face held a better flush than his hand could raise. But even he noticed that it seemed to be rising tide time, and he remarked:

"Don't want (hie) to get my feet wet. Lesh go up in the balcony." And Bill's mouth curled up at the corners while they tossed the small table on the larger one, and followed after with

the chairs. Booze had made them all reckless, and Bill had an object worth taking risk for.

The candles flickered along the walls and the black water eddied beneath them. They had the table decorated with some large bottles to save ordering; and, while I sat on the edge of the bar and longed for home, sweet home, the game went on. Bill's yellow face looked more demon-like than ever, and the shadows of the players made fantastic figures in the dim light on the water. But it was a triumphant devil that was looking out of his eyes, and I knew that the Twilight mine was mighty near within his clutches again.

Two of the players had dropped out on a hand of William's deal, and were trying to look intelligent and interested in spite of the loads they were carrying. Freeman's brow looked troubled, and his face had kind of whitened.

"Well," said Bill, deliberately, stacking his pile of chips, which had absorbed all the others. "I thought you wuz a man uv nerve. S'posin' yer are busted? Wot's the matter with the Twilight? I'm a gentleman, an' I got san'—an' I s'posed thar was others wot wuz present. Ef yer hev a good han', thar's a mighty fine chance fer yer to show it. I hev here a leet' fortshun in chips, an' out on the hill I hev a third part on the Twilight. Jest to show yer that I'm a true sport an' that no gent this side of hell kin run er bluff on Bill Johnson, whether he's frum California or Illinois, I'll put up them valyables agin yer interest in the Twilight. I didn't want yer skeer anybody," he added, contemptuously, as he saw Freeman's face grow a little whiter, "but I hain't bin us'ter doin' bizness with anybody but men, an' never hed eny expeeryence with chicken-livered cusses wot's afared on the dars."

The blood ran up in Freeman's face till it was almost black, and his voice had the snap of a steel trap in it as he quietly said:

"I take that bet. And I don't want anything but fair play, either," and he laid a new revolver, not long from some store in Sacramento, on the table.

Now, Bill was an expert with that weapon, and so his smile grew a little sardonic, as he hitched around till one of his numerous destroyers was within easy grasp. As for me, I slid along the counter and opened my private exit somewhat. There are times when we wish to be alone. And, as the window slid up, I heard a peculiar roar—a deep growling above the minor rackets of the storm that made me wonder.

About that time Pizen Bill Johnson met with the second of the three surprises to which he was treated that night. He felt reasonably certain, being fairly sober, that he had successfully fixed the cards; but somehow that best laid plan didn't work, and Freeman spread out four aces and a king to Bill's three kings, a jack and a ten. For a moment the men sat there and glared at each other, while I reached for the window, and as I did so the meaning of that growing roar flashed upon me.

Suddenly there was a movement at the table, a flash in the yellow light, and Pizen Bill had his man covered. His voice sounded like the ripping of a buzz saw.

"Yer would play Pizen Bill, would ye?" but a mighty roar drowned the rest, and as I slid rapidly through the window I felt the building twist and shake, and more than once, as I scrambled up the hill side, the muddy water reached after me and clutched me.

The next morning, while I and the proprietor of the late Golden Oriole, were straying along the side of the gulch, trying to get an idea of the amount of damage the waterspout had done, I happened to glance up the side of the hill, and saw Edward Freeman, Esq., sitting on a pile of rock, and calmly wringing out an exceedingly damp coat.

"I guess this fool was born to be hanged," he observed, after receiving my congratulations. "I saw Bill Johnson's hat hanging on a bush down the gulch a-ways," he added, "and I think the best part of him was saved. But I believe all the rest of the outfit was buried with the Golden Oriole." —San Francisco Argonaut.

By reason of severe drought for the last three years the Australian wool clip of 1895 fell off unprecedentedly.

WISE WORDS.

Our heaviest burdens never crush us.
The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar looks.
Some very good sawlogs have big knots on them.

Friendship, like phosphorus, gives its light in the dark.
The man who makes his own god always has a little one.

A lazy man is always going to do great things—after awhile.
There are too many people who never pray until they have to.

In trying to keep all he gets, a stingy man steals from himself.
Some people become very pious as soon as they get in a tight place.

When we cannot understand a man, we are too apt to call him a crank.
When one is low enough to insult you, be too high for him to reach.

The man who has the most claim upon us is often the one we have the least claim upon.
The man who repents on a sick bed and gets well generally backslides before he pays his doctor.

Adversity shows a true man, as the night brings out the stars obscured while the sun is shining.
Poverty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impoverished, the colder it blows.

Where Anchors Are Made.
There are a larger number of ship's anchors manufactured in the little town of Camden, Me., than in all the other places in this country combined.

All of the stately ships that come out of the Maine shipyards look to the village on Penobscot Bay for their anchors. Sturdy smiths swing their hammers day after day all the year long in the black, smoky, long, low Camden shops, where only anchors are forged. Sometimes the trip hammers are going all night about the forges, and the blazing of the fires and the ring of the hammers are seen and heard for miles across the bay.

Thousands of tons of old iron are purchased by these queer Camden establishments every year, for anchors are forged largely from cast off iron. The material is cut up into small pieces by great shears, that clip through the iron as easily as a cheese knife slices a cheese. The pieces are bound into bundles by strong wires, and are then fused in the forges. Then they are pounded and welded into the various parts of an anchor, some working fashioning rings, others shaping the flukes, others hammering out the palms, and others forging the shanks. Then the "completers" take the different parts and fuse and weld them into the finished anchor. Anchors of all sizes and weights are turned out from the noisy shops of Camden, from the graceful little pleasure-boat anchor, weighing but a few pounds, to the 5000 and 7500-pound anchors for the biggest ships.

The visitor at Camden will see many interesting relics in the line of rusty and broken anchors that did duty in their day on famous merchant vessels, historic warships and sturdy whalers. The anchor of the famous frigate Cumberland was repaired and fitted with a new stock at the Camden works, and is now at sea on the forecastle of a big ship. The old stock was splintered up for the gratification of relic hunters, and there is only a sliver or two of the historic wood left in Camden. This was the anchor which went down with the Cumberland when she sank after her fight with the Merrimack in Hampton Roads, hence the great demand for splinters of the stock.

There are something like 5000 people living in Camden and anchor making is the principal industry there.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Frightened by the Ticking of a Clock.

A funny story comes from Formosa. Mr. Hiyama, a Japanese officer, was recently married to a daughter of one of the native chiefs. She was an untutored child of the forest, who had seen little of civilization, and lived in a hut of bark and bamboo near the summit of one of the great mountains in the center of the island. But she truly loved her husband, and accompanied him to Tamsui with a happy and cheerful heart. During the first night she spent in her new home, however, she was awakened by the ticking of a clock. The persistency and the monotony of the sound suggested to her mind that the instrument must be possessed of an evil spirit. She awoke her husband, and listened to his explanations, but they did not allay her fears, and when he had gone to sleep again she slipped quietly from the bed and escaped to the primeval forest, where she was safe from the influence of the ticking demon.—Washington Post.

Mammoth Cave Rats.

In the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are found blind rats which have large and lustrous eyes. When exposed for a month or so to a mild light, they acquire a dim perception of objects. The cave rat is the same color as the domestic variety, but its body is very long, like that of a weasel; its whiskers are longer and its ears are nearly twice as big. It would be interesting to breed a few generations of blind animals from the caves, and see if their descendants would revert to the original forms that had eyes.—New York Journal.

Napoleon III. said to Octave Feuillet: "To one returned from America everybody in Europe seems to be asleep."

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Made a Slight Mistake.

Mr. Chugwater entered the store with the confident air of a man who knew exactly what he had come to buy, and was prepared to pay the cash for it.

"I want a Butterworth pattern No. 99,674," he said, "for a 38-inch waist."

"Are you sure that's the right size?" asked the young woman behind the counter.

"Yes, that's the size my wife told me to get."

"Is it for her?" asked the young woman, with some hesitation of manner.

"I don't know that that makes any difference," rejoined Mr. Chugwater, slightly raising his voice, "but I have no objection to stating that it is."

"I beg your pardon, but—would you mind telling me how much she weighs?"

"She weighs about 150 pounds."

"I thought so," said the young woman, reaching promptly for something in one of the pigeon holes behind her. "It's a twenty-eight-inch size the lady wants. A thirty-eight-inch would be about the right size for a 375-pound person, and we don't keep it in stock. Twenty-five cents, please."

Mr. Chugwater paid the money, put the pattern in his pocket and walked out of the store with a curious feeling that he had shrunken three or four sizes too small for his clothes, and that forty giggling girls had seen him shrink.

FOR THE ROGUES' GALLERY.

"Yes," said the sneaking thief as M. Berillon turned the X-ray upon his palm. "This cathodic business is enough to make almost any one seem light-fingered."