

# THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

"No ticket, no washee." At Baltimore a Chinese laundryman who stood by this principle won a case in court.

It will be a disappointment to a great many persons to learn that Professor Andree has abandoned for this year his idea of crossing the Arctic regions in a balloon. The season is too far advanced to justify an ascension.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway has tried the experiment of letting each locomotive engineer hire his own fireman, and the plan is said to have worked very well. It is now proposed to let each conductor hire his own brakeman.

It pays to write a successful opera. Humperdinck, the composer of "Hansel and Gretel," who a few years ago was teaching and writing newspaper criticisms, has bought a beautifully situated castle in Germany formerly belonging to the Prince von Waldeck.

Illinois is next to Pennsylvania in the production of coal. The mines are in the southern part of the State, and employ 35,000 men. New labor-saving methods are constantly being introduced, one of the latest being the cutting-machine, with which one man can do the work of fifteen.

The frailty of the bicycle as a war horse was practically demonstrated at some volunteer cycling manoeuvres in England recently, states the Argonaut. Divining the route by which the enemy would approach, a skirmishing party of the defensive force sallied forth with their pockets full of something. Arrived at the road they commenced scientifically to sow the land, or rather the road, with the seed they had brought, again retiring when the work was done. The enemy on approaching discovered that the land had been cultivated with drawing-pins, and the collapsing of tires was so general that the greater part of the corps retired punctured.

Damage by lightning is unmistakably increasing, according to the director of the statistical office of Berlin. Various causes are assigned, such as the employment of electricity in various industries, the continual change of form of the earth's surface by deforestation, drainage, etc., and the impurities introduced into the atmosphere by the growing consumption of coal. Professor Von Bezold some time ago showed that for Bavaria the fires due to lightning increased from a yearly average of thirty-two in 1833 to 1843 to 132 in 1880 to 1882, while the number of persons struck by lightning and of those killed rose from 134 and seventy-three respectively in 1855 to 186 and 161 in 1885. An interesting fact noted is that persons struck generally perceive neither lightning nor thunder, but receive the impression of being enveloped by fire.

Everybody knows that abroad, and especially in France, horseless carriages have been used with entire success, and the long distance trials between the capital and Bordeaux have amply demonstrated the fact that the new class of gasoline motors are both practical and efficient. It may not be so well known that our American mechanics are also actively engaged upon the problem, but an examination of a recent number of a trade periodical devoted to the interests of automobile locomotion reveals the astonishing fact that no fewer than thirty-five manufacturers are preparing to place self-propelling carriages upon the market during the coming year. In the same number are described and illustrated over eighty plans for the application of power for street and road propulsion, the various systems, including steam, electricity, both storage and dynamic, coiled springs, and oil and gas engines. It is true that the recent road trials at Chicago and Yonkers were not remarkably successful, but enough has been accomplished to show that horseless locomotion is a possibility in the near future, and with the extension of the good roads system it is a certainty. The remarkable advance in bicycle construction, including the use of light steel frames, ball bearings and pneumatic tires, has been an important factor in bringing about this result, a development almost as important in its bearing upon social conditions as was the invention of the steam locomotive. And, after all, the steam railway is only sixty-five years old, while the trolley is a thing of yesterday. Truly this is the end of the century.

## COULD WE BUT SEE.

Could we but see the flowers fair,  
That bloom around us everywhere,  
And with their perfume fill the air,  
We would not rush so fast along  
To mingle with the frantic throng  
That crush with wanton haste  
The roses by the way, intent  
On phantom pleasures, not content  
With present joys by heaven sent  
And life's best treasures waste.

But, halting off beside the way,  
At fancy's promptings we would stray  
Where lulling brooks 'mid arbores play,  
Or daily 'mong the spreading trees,  
With brow bared to the soothing breeze,  
And rest awhile and dream

'Neath retrospection's shaded bow  
In tender blade and budding flower,  
Of nature's book, at noontide's hour,  
We'd wonder well the theme.

Thus far from all that sears and blights  
We'd learn to know those pure delights  
That raise the soul to nobler heights.  
Thus, far from all the glare and noise  
Of jostling crowd, illusive joys  
And empty honor's quest,  
E'er pausing oft beside the way,  
In peace we'd journey day by day  
And at life's end, content, we'd lay  
Us calmly down to rest.

—Emile Pichard, in Detroit Free Press.

## THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGES ORNET.

As she entered the room at the General's soiree smiling, fresh, a murmur of admiration went up from the groups of officers crowded into the corridors. She was followed by her mother, a little over-dressed, as is usual with women who have always lived in the provinces, who shook her white curls with pride as if to say: "This is my daughter." Next came the Colonel of the 123d, pleasant, modest, intent on keeping off the trains of the ladies.

Scarcely was the girl seated when a platoon of Lieutenants and Captains in their dress uniforms, with mustaches brown and blond, eyes modest or bold, made an assault upon her list of dances. There in the dazzling light, to the sound of sweet music, she danced, light and graceful.

All were eager to please her. Her desires were commands; her caprices, laws. A Colonel's daughter! Well they knew that when the lists for promotion were made out a careless eulogy from her, as, "Ah! Lieutenant So-and-So; such a charming officer and delightful waltzer!" might decide a career.

She was just twenty-two and her life had been all gala days, traveling over France with the garrison, with banners flying and bugles sounding. Her mother began to grow impatient; she wanted her daughter to marry. But between the girl and her admirers a formidable barrier arose upon which was written the inexorable word, "Portionless." And the officers flirted, laughed, danced, but never seemed to think of marriage.

To please the Colonel's daughter for the sake of present enjoyment was well enough. To carry matters as far as marriage was another song whose air not one of them seemed disposed to learn, at least not one who was received with favor. For about a year the girl had had a timid, shrinking admirer whom she openly ridiculed after the fashion of coquettes.

This lover was a large, boyish fellow with a red mustache and blue eyes, a native of Lorraine and educated at the Saint-Maxent school. He had joined the army at the age of eighteen, had been wounded at the battle of Coulmiers, and wore a medal. The other officers looked upon him as an inferior because he had not been trained at Saint Cyr. Of peasant parentage, he was robust and sturdy, little inclined to talk, though well informed. Brilliant on the field, he felt out of his element in a drawing room. He scarcely knew how to dance. The fear of appearing impolite had once induced him to ask the young lady for a dance. But he had so mixed up the figures of the cotillon by his lack of skill that he never attempted it a second time. He would more willingly have faced a battery in action than all those mocking smiles.

Hidden in a window recess, for hours he watched his adored one waltzing with vivacity and grace. Sometimes he was bold enough to approach the mother and engage in conversation. This was the extent of his advances. With feelings of bitter envy he saw his comrades hovering around the girl, each trying his best to secure favor. He said to himself: "Some day I shall hear that she is to marry some of these favored ones; then all will be over." In the desolate silence of his chamber he gave up to his despair. He tried to reason with himself. How foolish he was to even think of this spoiled child of fortune, suited only to luxurious surroundings. She was not intended for a poor officer.

But in spite of himself his thoughts flew towards her. He saw her in his dreams smiling and whirling in the dance. She seemed to beckon to him with irritating coquetry. He thought, "Who knows; she might accept me!" At the thought his heart beat so fast that he was nearly stifled.

At last he could contain himself no longer. His life became unendurable. He went to the Major, who had always taken an interest in him, and begged him to sound the Colonel on the subject of marriage with his daughter, without making a formal proposal. He passed that day on the borders of the Swiss lake in the garden at Versailles, watching the carp jump in the

sun, and the future looked very dark before him.

That evening the Major took him aside and said briefly: "I have seen the Colonel; he was courteous itself, and here is his answer: 'Your protégé has not a cent; my daughter has no dowry; it would be to unite hunger and thirst.' He was right. Forget the young lady. If you feel disappointed, console yourself with studying military tactics." The Lieutenant thanked him, but he did not try to console himself. As officers were needed to go to Tonquin, he offered his services. The following week he embarked at Brest. And while with a bursting heart he was borne away from France on the heaving waves of a stormy sea, the young girl, happy and thoughtless, danced in the bright light, careless of all but her joy.

Two years had passed away. The General still gave brilliant fetes at his elegant home, but the young girl who had formerly turned all heads was seen there no more. The Colonel of the 123d had died suddenly, just as he was about to receive his stars. A monotonous life had succeeded the gay one led by his wife and daughter. All the brilliant officers who had hovered around had disappeared with the pleasure and gaiety. The new Colonel also had a wife and daughter; these new rulers received all the attention, while for the old ones was reserved the distant bow in the streets, then the sudden passing on.

The widow and her daughter exchanged a bitter smile on these occasions as they continued their walk. They went into the park to enjoy the sunshine of a fine autumn which glided the marble statues and the turning leaves of the great horse-chestnuts. They sat down, and listening to the military band seemed to see a gleam of their lost happiness. It seemed to them as if nothing had changed, and as if they might hear behind them any moment the Colonel's voice saying: "Good afternoon, ladies; to-day the 124th is giving the concert; its music does not equal ours."

But the shouts of children playing on the grass near by was the only sound they heard. The mother, with a sigh, tried to read the paper through glasses dimmed by tears, while the daughter cast a longing glance toward her former admirers, who scarcely knew her now. She was nearly twenty-five, but her face refined by sorrow was more beautiful than ever. She was like a flower refreshed and purified by a storm. She had lost all that had made her so capricious and disquieting. Grave and sweet, she seemed to be doing penance for her past.

One day she saw a new face among the officers who promenade past, smoking, chatting and laughing. In a moment she was transported to the General's ballroom, and she saw again her timid lover motionless in a corner, devouring her with his eyes. "Mamma, there is the Lieutenant!" He saw her too, for he grew pale, and with kept in hand came up to her. The widow hastily folded her paper and, pointing to a vacant chair, said, with a kindly smile: "Ah! is that you, Lieutenant? What a long time since we have met. We are truly glad to see you. But pardon me; I called you Lieutenant, but I see you have a third stripe on your sleeve."

Then blushing he related how at the end of a six months' campaign he had been promoted to a Captaincy after the affair of Nam-Dimh. After that he had been shut up in Tuyen-Quan with his commander. This terrible siege lasted five weeks, and they had to constantly beat back the furious Chinese, whose living waves dashed against the walls of the ruined fortress. He had been wounded the last day in a supreme effort; then from afar, above the clamor of the yellow hordes, he had heard the bugler of the French sounding a deliverance. Oh, the joy of that moment! He saw the enemy flee, the tricolor appear, then he sank down without regret.

His condition appeared so serious that he was sent back decorated with the cross. During the voyage he had rapidly recovered, and on his arrival he found that he had been recommended for promotion to the rank of Major. The ladies listened in silence. The mother, with her knowledge of the profession, knew that he was ten years in advance of his former comrades. The daughter looked closely at the young man and found him scarcely recognizable; his pallor gave him a decidedly distinguished air. Was it possible they had ever disdained this brave soldier who, paying for his honors with his blood, had returned to an assured future!

He too looked critically at the girl. Could the serious, reflective woman before him be the frivolous, capricious girl he had once known? She was a thousand times more attractive to him in her new guise. She was all he had ever dreamed of and he was filled with a wild delight. Their eyes met, and his were filled with such adoration that the girl's lids drooped in embarrassment. When evening came the women arose, and the officer accompanied them to their home. They met regularly in the park on the days that followed. The mother read the papers and the young people talked. As autumn advanced and the yellow leaves covered the walks it was too chilly to sit, so they promenade up and down the deserted park, happy in each other's company.

December passed in an intimacy daily growing more tender. Still at times the Captain seemed nervous and worried. One day, losing his usual self-control, he pressed the girl's arm which was passed through his, and the expression of his eyes made her believe that he was about to declare his love. He was silent, however, and fell into a gloomy meditation. His agitation increased as the new

year approached. He made frequent trips to Paris and neglected the ladies. They feared they had been deceived as to his intentions, and could not account for his behavior.

At six o'clock on the evening of December 31, the widow sat reading the papers which contained a list of the promotions in the army. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Here is his name. He has been promoted!"

At the same moment hurried footsteps were heard in the hall. The door was thrown open and the one so long expected entered the room. He smiled, flushed with pleasure. He paused before the two women. The widow said, extending her hand: "My dear boy, so this is what worried you so."

In reply he turned towards the girl and said with loving pride: "Mademoiselle, I have a future now to offer you. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She grew pale at the remembrance of her first refusal; then thinking of all this brave boy had done to deserve happiness she went close to him, laid her head on his shoulder, and with her lips pressed against the rough galloway so valiantly earned, she wept for joy. —Short Stories.

## How Coffee Was Discovered.

The following is given as the original discovery of coffee: Near the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and, finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree which happened to be covered with dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and, on crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma increased to a great extent.

While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance in a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo! what a miracle! The almost putrid water was almost instantly purified. He brought it to his lips. It was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could and, having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the musti of his discovery. That worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that, in gratitude of the tree, he called it Cahwah, which in Arabia signifies force. —San Francisco Chronicle.

## A Giant Balloon Fish.

Who has ever heard of a balloon fish? Not the little, puffing fellows that are so annoying to modest anglers fishing from a dock or small boat, but a huge monster that plows the seas far away from land, and one who is a worthy compeer of the great unknown and highly-respected sea serpent.

Captain Slocum, of the schooner Saladin, out from Jaenel, Hayti, in latitude twenty-six degrees north, longitude seventy-five degrees west, described to the eastward an object which at first he supposed to be the wreck of a small vessel. Altering his course, he ran down to the supposed wreck, a distance of about five miles. The following extract from the ship's logbook will explain the adventure:

"Time, 7:30 a. m., June 4, at 6 a. m. the object was first seen—weather murky—and at 7 a. m. we came up to it. It proved to be a large and a vicious looking sea monster, such as I had never seen or heard of at any time. The body appeared to be about forty feet long and the tail about sixty feet, with forked ends, each fork about four feet long. It had two feet, or fins, not unlike those of a sea serpent. The creature stood about twelve feet high out of the water, and was fully forty feet in breadth." —New York Journal.

## Facts About Human Life.

There are 3064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. To 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 600 lives to eighty years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 33,033,033 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3730 every hour, sixty every minute or one every second. The married are longer-lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in the proportion of seventy-five to 1000 individuals. Those born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

## New Houses Are Damp.

Sanitarians give warning that new houses should not be occupied for several months after they are completed. There is a large amount of water incorporated with the building materials, and this should be given ample time for evaporation. Ventilation is imperfect when the walls are filled with moisture. The lack of ventilation and the dampness of such dwellings are causes of much sickness.

## PERILS OF SWORDFISHING.

WOUNDED MONSTERS OFTEN TURN ON THEIR PURSUERS.

The Great Fish Sometimes Pierces Both Boat and Fisherman in Its Fierce Rush Upon Its Assaultant.

FIFTEEN or twenty miles out of the old port of Stonington, Conn., on the hither edge of the Gulf Stream, is where the Connecticut fishermen go to do battle with the swordfish, whose flesh the world has just begun to prize. It is not by any means a life of ease and inactivity cruising after these solitary prowlers of the deep who carry their sabres in their snouts. It is arduous and perilous, but desperately fascinating work.

Far out on the bowsprit of every fishing schooner there is a little iron banded "pulpit" where stands the harpooner, weapon in hand, riding up to his fearless game. A swift and accurate hurl into the monster's side and away he bounds, furious with rage and pain, with a floating keg attached to the iron dart by fathoms of rope. The vessel sails after him like a tireless hound on the trail of a fox, and the marine hunters have only to keep sight of him until he has exhausted himself with his mad rushes through the seas.

When the time comes, however—it may be in half an hour or it may be twice that time—for the plucky spearman to deal the finishing stroke to the warrior of the deep, then, ever, hunter and game meet on fairly equal terms.

The harpooner quits the vessel in a yawl, armed with axe, club or spear, and pulls his frail craft to the side of the dying fish. It may be that the moribund giant is breathless and really exhausted; if so, the harpooner has only to draw up to where is measured the bulky length upon the surface of the ocean, plunge his sharp spear into heart or brain, or deal a crushing blow upon the head.

But if the big fellow is only feinting, there is likely to be trouble. Sulkily and warily, but motionless, he notes the harpooner's advance, and when the latter has driven his boat to a point not half dozen rods away, suddenly the great fish arouses himself, shakes the lethargy out of his frame and the brine out of his glimmering eyes and rushes upon his foe like a whirlwind. Rarely does he miss his drive, and the fisherman is impotent to evade it. The fish cleaves the waves with the speed and fury of a war horse; a sudden dip beneath the waves and lo! he has gone; but the next instant the oarsman, leaping into the stern of his craft hears a great rush of waters beneath him, and with the sound of ripping timbers a long, slender black rapier is driven through the boat from side to side.

Lucky it is, indeed, for the boatman, if he, too, be not in line with the straight, irresistible thrust. If he is, the sharp bone sabre will split him also as swiftly and easily as a cook skewers a chicken. Instances are not wanting in which a boatman has had both his legs speared through by the sword of a furious swordfish and himself firmly impaled to the sides of his yawl. One Stonington fisherman was cleft in that way two summers ago, and I remember when a hunter of the marine swordsmen was splintered in his seat, the boat lance penetrating into his body.

Such instances are not uncommon; the greatest wonder is that, such is the awful fury of a wounded swordfish, more men are not maimed or slain each season in this perilous sport of the Atlantic seaboard. A wounded fish seldom attacks a schooner itself but several seasons ago a big fellow drove headlong into a vessel and his sword entered its walls, protruding several inches into the cabin. The fish, in his angry wrenching to free himself, broke off the end of the blade.

Swordfish steak is as fine and savory a morsel as can be gathered in the ocean, and the demand for it is steadily growing. —New York Herald.

## Eating Slowly.

The opinion that hurry in eating is a prolific cause of dyspepsia is founded on common observation. The ill results of bolting food have been attributed to the lack of thorough mastication and to the incomplete action of the saliva upon the food. Two-thirds of the food which we eat is starch, and starch cannot be utilized in the system as food, until it has been converted into sugar, and this change is principally effected by the saliva. But there is a third reason why rapidity of eating interferes with digestion. The presence of the salivary secretion in the stomach acts as a stimulus to the secretion of the gastric juice. Irrespective of the mechanical function of the teeth, food which goes into the stomach incompletely mingled with saliva passes slowly and imperfectly through the process of stomach digestion. Therefore, as a sanitary maxim of no mean value, teach the children to eat slowly, and in giving this instruction by example, the teacher, as well as the pupil, may receive benefit. —Troy Times.

## Fresh Water Eels in Salt Water.

Up to recently the general opinion of naturalists was that even fresh water eels would only spawn in salt water. An experiment was made fourteen years ago of putting eels into three little Alpine lakes without outlets. In two of the lakes the eels died out, but in the Cauma See they have flourished, although no additions have been made since 1887, some of them being four and a half feet long. The original eels must be nine years old at least, but as there are many young eels of both sexes, the eels must have multiplied in the lake itself.

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RESTORING OIL WELLS.

An Electric Heater Designed to Renew the Flow.

The general theory concerning the exhaustion of so many oil wells is that the oil in passing upward through the stone, has clogged the porous stones with paraffin in such quantities that the further flow is stopped and the well ceases to produce. In many cases the supply in the earth has not given out since the Age of Steel, but it only ceases to flow when the exit is stopped. The stone through which the oil passes is of a very porous nature, and as the liquid is in a crude state, the thick matter becomes as drags, settling in the rock near the edge of the bottom of the well. Torpedoes have been used to shatter the stone at the bottom of the well, thus breaking up the clogged matter, but this method is expensive. A new method consists in lowering a peculiarly constructed electric heater into the well. The machine which is eight feet long and resembles an iron carriage, is placed in the bottom of the well and the current regulated so that the heater receives just enough to produce an enormous heat without melting the metal. By this peculiar construction of the carbon-packed chambers the intense heat is radiated about into the rock in all directions. Thus the paraffin and other refuse are softened and melted so that they run, and when the well is started a fresh flow takes place, just as strong as it did when the well was just sunk.

Criminology has been exalted into a special department of science, and has its authorities, whose statements are received as exact by many men of science and as absurd by a large proportion of the unscientific public.