

# THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

A Pennsylvania court has decided that to call a man a Mugwump is not a libel, but a compliment.

Leap year is a fraud, maintains the Chicago Times-Herald. "There are now 3,000,000 bachelors in this country and the surplus of matrimonial raw material is constantly growing. The new woman, matrimonially considered, is not so effective as the old woman."

From 70,000 to 75,000 human beings, or the equivalent of one in every twenty-six or twenty-seven of the 2,000,000 inhabitants of New York City are employed "after night," as a Westerner would say, and they and their families and those who supply them would fill up a city of more than 300,000.

College football in Ohio is evidently growing too tame, concludes the New Orleans Picayune. With the consent of Warden Coffin, of the State Prison at Columbus, Ohio, eight students of the law school of the State University were recently initiated into a Greek letter fraternity, with experiences in the methods of punishment used in the prison, including the ducking tub, the padding machine, the thumb chains and the humming bird, after being brought to the prison blindfolded in cabs.

A very curious point has been submitted to the Derbyshire (England) Football Association for decision. It is as to whether artificial limbs are to be permitted in the play. It seems that the Buxton Football Club had several members of its team severely injured in consequence of a member of the Matlock eleven having played with an artificial arm. It was reported that in Derbyshire alone there are number of football players who, owing to the loss of an arm, use artificial limbs. They are described as "regular terrors" on the football field, since when once they get "on" to the ball they swing their dummy arms around with such force as to either fracture skulls or cause concussion of the brain. It has now been determined by the association that artificial limbs are henceforth to be barred in all football games.

Professor G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has made a peculiarly interesting report on the results of a long study of the various kinds of fear to which children are subject. It seems that thunder and lightning cause terror to more children than any other one thing, and following in the order named come reptiles, strangers, darkness, fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, ghosts, insects, rats and mice, robbers, and high winds. It is pleasant to notice that the fear of ghosts comes very low on the list. Some forms of dread are to be found in all parts of the country. For instance, the thought of high winds excites no alarm in the East, while in the cyclone States it is a common cause of apprehension. Still more narrowly localized is fear of the world's end. This exists only where some little band of fanatics have been trying on their ascension robes.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "The political history of Indiana furnishes a very interesting study. Although the Hoosier State has participated in twenty Presidential contests, since first entering the sisterhood of American commonwealths, she has cast her vote on the losing side only four times. There is no other State in the Union which can boast of a similar record. In 1824 the vote of Indiana was given to the losing candidate, and also in 1828, 1848 and 1876, but with these exceptions the State has always named the winning candidate. James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, James K. Polk and James Buchanan all received the vote of Indiana in their respective races. In 1860 Mr. Lincoln captured the State from the Democrats, and again in 1864 secured the electoral vote. From that time until 1876 the State remained in the Republican column, voting for General Grant in both of his campaigns. In 1876, however, the State returned to its former Democratic allegiance and voted for Samuel J. Tilden by a handsome majority. In 1880 the vote of the State was cast for Garfield; in 1884 for Cleveland; in 1888 for Harrison; in 1892 for Cleveland again, and in 1896 for McKinley. Since Indiana has been a State it has voted twice with the Whigs, seven times with the Republicans and eleven times with the Democrats."

## IN THE TWILIGHT.

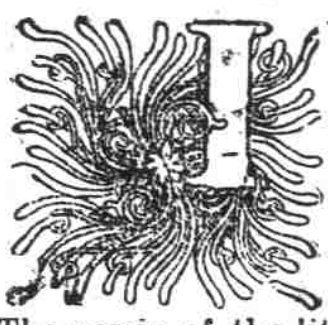
Over the dusky verge  
Of the quiet sea,  
Slowly I watch emerge  
The silver rim  
Of the crescent moon; pale, dim,  
The soft stars, one by one,  
With holy gleam,  
Steal out and light their lamps;  
For day is done.

The tempests are asleep;  
Only the balm;  
Of some cool evening wind  
Ruffles the calm;  
The listening ear of night  
Can catch no sound,  
Save when, in slumber bound,  
Earth turns and sighs;  
Peace rules the deep.

Aye, peace! across the dark  
Star-paven sky,  
The Night Queen's silver bark  
Goes gliding by;  
With murmuring faint, the streams  
Drowse as they flow  
In their hid channels; slow  
Down-dropping dews  
Slide from the heavens like gleams  
Of love-born dreams.

Frail breaths of violet,  
Of roses fair,  
Shy hints of mignonettes,  
Rise through the air  
From unseen gardens, there—  
Beneath my feet.  
Ah, mel' how at their spell  
Swift fancies rise!  
What touching sympathies,  
What golden memories,  
And thoughts, how sweet!  
—Good Words.

## GRIS LAPIN.



WAS wandering, gun in hand, in the forest, when I saw a stone cross. I had been so long a way from the country that this cross was new to me. The gossip of the little hamlet, on the skirt of the woods, was Taupet, who had once kept the village cafe, and was the barber of the country, but he was too old now to exercise either calling. I knew Taupet could tell me all about that cross. Meeting him next day, he gave me with much detail the story of Gris Lapin:

They called the man Gris Lapin because of his beard, which was thick and gray, and he had prominent teeth—and did Monsieur notice the prominent teeth of M. de Blenville, the master of the hounds? He was not of this country, this Gris Lapin, but from Brittany, and was once valet de chiens to the Comte de Blenville—with his hounds and his other distinctions. The Count had to sell his estate, and he went in hiding, nobody knew where. As for Gris Lapin, he would not take another place; he loved his freedom and to live after his own pleasure, and he set up as a woodcutter, a business at which he was very expert—too expert, perhaps, for the forest keepers, who suspected him of felling more wood than he paid for, but for a long time they could prove nothing against him.

He would often come to my little cafe, and we became great friends. He told me he had a wife in Brittany and a son there named Eustase, and that in the neighborhood lived Mlle. Agnes, the Count de Blenville's daughter, who was being cared for by her aunt. Sometimes Gris Lapin would quit the forest and go to Brittany.

It was Gris Lapin who brought us the news of all this, and soon we heard how the chateau was to be newly furnished and furnished up, and the Count's old debts paid off, and presently we hear of nothing but M. de Blenville and Mme. la Comtesse. And the new housekeeper at the chateau was no other than the wife of Gris Lapin; and their son, the little Eustase, was running about the place, a fine playfellow for Mlle. Agnes, who had now come back to her father's house. The Count had married a rich wife, but it turned out that the new Countess had no love for her stepdaughter. All the lady thought was to get rid of Mlle. Agnes—by marrying her off to some rich man. Eustase, that was Gris Lapin's boy, was going to school, and was to be brought up to be a priest. He studied Latin and all that kind of thing. Gris Lapin did not like the idea of the boy becoming a priest. "Make him a soldier," said he. But Gris Lapin's wife and her mistress insisted that Eustase showed a disposition to be a cure, and it was arranged, so that he was shipped to the seminary. The fact is that Gris Lapin absorbed a great deal of brandy, and was not exactly a reputable sort of a father.

Now, as ill luck would have it, when Eustase came home for his vacation, Madame had gone to her own estate in Brittany, and the Count had taken the opportunity to bring home his daughter from the convent to give her pleasure, and our young Monsieur must needs become enamored of this Mlle. Agnes; you see, Eustase had taken no vows, and so, when it was found out that the boy and the girl cared for one another, there was a precious row, and Mademoiselle was packed off to a convent, and the lad to the seminary.

Then the war with the Prussians took place, and M. le Comte went into service, and after a while the Germans were here in force, and a Prussian General had his headquarters at the chateau.

What was Gris Lapin doing? Cutting wood for the Prussians and earning a good bit of money. The fact is, my own little place of entertainment was doing a deal of business. Sometimes I said to Gris Lapin: "Take care, the Count may hold you responsible some day for all the wood you are cutting. Watch out, the Count

may have somebody looking to his interests."

Well, one day a man came into my place—there were ever so many Prussian soldiers there—and he was dressed like a peasant, with his bill hook hanging at his girdle, an honest woodman, as it would seem. Some of the soldiers laughed and made faces at him and called him Herr Crapaud. But he did not seem to mind. A quiet, middle-aged man, his resemblance to Gris Lapin struck me at once, only he was younger in the face, though his hair looked grayish. Then suddenly he said: "Monsieur Taupet, will you cut my hair?" "Walk into my back room," said I. You see, these Prussians dreaded spies and were very suspicious. No sooner was he seated in my barber's chair than I noticed that his hair was powdered, so as to give him an older look. Says he at once: "I am Eustase. Find me some way of getting into the chateau. I cannot ask my father to help me. He must not know I am here. I saw him as I came here. My father was drunk and was fraternizing with our enemies."

Then I was sure the Germans were watching us. Now, a sudden inspiration seized me, and I said aloud: "Yes, they buy chickens at the chateau, and if you had any pigeons you could sell them. Any kind of poultry is in demand." Then I noticed that Eustase started. "Pere Taupet," said he, in a low voice, "that guess about pigeons was a dangerously good one. Look!" and, opening the bosom of his blouse, he showed me a white carrier pigeon there, one of the true Antwerp breed.

"But tell me about the chateau and Mademoiselle Agnes?" he asked.

I gave him the last news. "They are all well," I said. Then he told me that he was no longer a seminarist, but had taken up arms in defense of France. That he had been promised his epaulettes if he would undertake a dangerous service, and it was to find out the exact force of Prussians in this province. That he had three pigeons, and that two of them had been loosed, and the third, with the final news, the most important, was to be sent to the French headquarters.

I managed somehow that Eustase had entrance to the chateau, and you may fancy what joy there was when I saw the pretty Agnes found out who was the elderly pigeon merchant who had brought the birds for the kitchen. Such information as Eustase obtained he wrote and put in a quill and attached it to the pigeon, and I think Mademoiselle herself carried it to the upper window of the chateau and let it fly; and the bird winged her way right over the forest. And now Eustase said to Agnes: "You have won for me the cross and my epaulettes." But just then they heard a shot.

That evening Gris Lapin came to my place, and I told him about his son, and he could hardly believe it. And as we were talking together in a low voice we heard the sound of a military party, tramp, tramp, tramp; and behold, there came along at the double an armed guard of Prussians, with a prisoner in the middle of them, his hands tied behind him, as pale as death, with a strange glazed look in his eyes. "That is a poor fellow whom they have caught sending messages to our army by a carrier pigeon, heaven bless him!" somebody said. And at that Gris Lapin staggered forward and threw himself among the soldiers with a loud cry, while the prisoner turned his head. "Mon pere," he cried, springing toward him as well as he could, but the soldiers urged him along with their bayonets, and drove away Gris Lapin with blows, and he fell backward among us more dead than alive.

It was terrible! The young man was to be shot. The Countess and Mlle. Agnes were to be sent out of France. The pigeon, which had been shot, had told the whole story. That evening Gris Lapin came to see me. I tried to comfort him, but he bade me hold my tongue, for that I knew nothing about the matter. "That might be," I said, "but I know this much; that if I knew the traitor who had betrayed him I would do my best to strangle him with these two hands of mine." At this Gris Lapin dashed at me, tearing the wrapper from his brawny throat. "Do you say so? Then strangle me, for I am the traitor!"

He had shot the pigeon and had taken it to the Prussians and sold it for fifty francs, with the little burden it carried. "Yes; I have sold my son's life," he groaned. "Well, I am going away—I am going to take charge of Mademoiselle and my wife. They need never know," looking at me fiercely. "No," I said, "they need never know—nor anybody else, for that matter. I should not betray you." "You will not betray me," repeated Gris Lapin; "but you will not touch hands upon that." "No," I said, drawing back, "I will not." At that his mood changed, and he flung himself into the operating chair, and bade me light my lamp and shave his beard. In a new country he would be a new man.

And indeed he looked a new man with his gray beard taken off and his hair shortened. A much younger man, for his hair was still black, or only sprinkled with gray. When I had finished he muffled up his face, saying with a bitter laugh, that it would not do to take a chill. "And now," he said, "I am promised ten minutes with my son. It will be a pleasant interview, don't you think?" with a hollow laugh that made my blood run cold; "and before daylight to-morrow," he continued, "I shall be far away from here, and we shall never meet again. Will you not touch hands?" "My friend," I said, "may Heaven forgive you, but I cannot take your hand," and Gris Lapin turned away and was lost to sight in the darkness.

I slept soundly enough that night, for whatever people's troubles may be one must work, and work brings the

need of repose; but just before day-break I was aroused by the soldiers who were billeted upon me turning out. I got up to see what was the matter, when a Sergeant, catching sight of me, made signs to me in a rough, authoritative way to take up a spade and follow him. I turned sick at what was going to happen, but these were people not to be trifled with, and I marched away to the forest with the rest.

It was in this little clearing, monsieur, where the firing party was drawn up, with one solitary figure stripped to his shirt standing before them. I flung myself down on the ground and buried my face in the moss, and then the volley rang out loud and clear. And then the firing party marched off, and I was left with the Sergeant, who was carelessly pacing up and down, and who motioned to me to dig the grave. But first I went up to the body to close the eyes that were staring wildly, with, I fancy, some little consciousness still left in them. But the face was quite different from what I expected. With the marks of my razor upon it, and a gasp that I made in my agitation the night before! It was the face of Gris Lapin. Ah, how I pressed his hands and I fancied that the numbed fingers feebly returned the pressure! His crime was expiated, he might rest in peace. And, ma foi, I should like to lie here myself, with the sound of the axe in the distance and the wood pigeons cooing. But that is all folly, for when we are dead, what matters? Mind, I do not believe for a moment that the young man thought that he had left his father to die. He could not think it possible that they should shoot one man for another. Nor would they have done so but for the ruse of Gris Lapin in having his well-known beard taken off. But, anyhow, the young man escaped, and the guard did not recognize the change. And perhaps he does not know to this day, for when the war was over none could tell what had become of Gris Lapin. And I also held my peace, for I thought that such would be the wish of my old comrade.

But M. Eustase got his epaulettes after all, and in the end the Comte gave his permission that he should marry Mlle. Agnes. And madame, who was at first very angry, was afterward reconciled, and when she died—both she and the Comte are now dead—she left the bulk of her fortune to the young couple. And so the little Eustase is now M. de Blenville, and hunts the forest like a grand seigneur, but some of us remember that, after all, he is the son of Gris Lapin.—All the Year Round.

## A Remarkable Kentucky Clock.

The oldest clock in Breathitt County, Kentucky, is owned by Mrs. R. C. Hord, and is thus described by the Jackson Hustler: "It is one of these old-fashioned, seven-foot tall timekeepers, and the year 1746, in which it was made, is stamped on one of the wooden wheels, together with another inscription, indicating that it was manufactured in Liverpool, and still another showing that a firm in Leitchfield, Conn., handled it as an article of merchandise on this side of the Atlantic. Just before his death, eight years ago, Alfred Marcum gave it to his daughter, Mrs. Hord. Alfred Marcum purchased the timepiece at the administrator's sale of Simeon Bohannon, who lived on Troublesome in 1843. It was in the possession of Simeon Bohannon fifteen years and ran constantly all that time. Simeon's father, who came from Virginia, presented his son with the clock after he had owned it fifty years. It was brought from Virginia, taken to pieces, on the backs of slaves. Thus there is accurate account that the clock is 150 years old, and, as far as is known, it has never had to be repaired. It is still running and keeps good time. All the wheels except one are made of hard wood. A relative of Mrs. Hord offered her \$500 for the ancient horologe, but she refused the offer, having made up her mind that she never will part with it during her life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## American Rubbers.

There is a big field in Germany for American rubbers, says United States Consul Monaghan, at Chemnitz, in a report to the State Department. At present Russia is supplying most of the rubbers worn in Germany, selling through agencies all over the empire, but neither the Russian nor the German-made article is as good as the American product, being clumsy and lacking in durability, although it commands the market just now by reason of its lower price. The Consul also submits some statistics to show how Germany is building up a large trade at England's expense with New South Wales. He gives a list of the principal German exports to that colony, and says they are not nearly as good as our own wares, and with the advantage of cheaper and quicker freights across the Pacific the United States should certainly have this trade. The Germans, however, keep their goods up to or above sample, pack them with great care and employ competent salesmen speaking several languages, and thus continue to extend their trade in all quarters. Circulars are, in Mr. Monaghan's opinion, not worth the paper they are printed on as a means of introducing goods.—Washington Star.

## Remarkable Madstones.

Madstones which are said to have come from the maw of a Rocky Mountain goat more than fifty years ago, and to have been applied to 1000 mad-dog bites, successfully in every instance except one, are still in service in the counties of Casey and Lincoln, Ky. They are owned by W. M. Daddarar, whose father brought them from Missouri.—New York Sun.

## AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

### POTASH SALT FOR MANURE HEAPS.

The German potash salts are not caustic potash, hence they do not dissipate ammonia by hastening fermentation when applied to manure. Instead, they form a compound with the ammonia, thus helping to keep it from wasting. The nitrate of potash thus formed is the most powerful fertilizer known, and it is one that can be applied to nearly every kind of crop or fruit with benefit.

### TO MAKE THE FARM PAY.

One of the greatest hindrances to profitable farming is a desire to go too fast at first and to purchase things we could get along without.

The obliging agents tell you that you need not trouble about the money; your note will do just as well; but you will find that you must pay big interest for the privilege of going in debt, and you are always at a disadvantage to your creditor.

Have the money ready to pay and you can then make your half of the bargain. Take good care of your farm and your stock, and they will furnish the money for necessary outlays.

I will just say to young men who expect to make farming their occupation that they may expect hard work and plenty of it, and will not need to join any baseball nine for exercise; but if they take care of their health and habits it will not hurt them, for I have tried it for sixty years and am to-day a well-preserved man. I can truly say that, with the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon the labors of myself and family, I have made farming pay, and what I have done others can do.—John Laramore before the Bloomingburg (Ohio) Institute.

### A NEW ROSE, THE "YELLOW RAMBLER."

This rose marks a very important epoch in the history of rose growing. It represents a long step in the direction which rosarians have been trying to reach for many years past, but hitherto unsuccessfully. A yellow climbing rose is something that has always been denied to Northern gardens because of the severity of the winters and the tenderness of all climbing roses having yellow coloring, for the combination of hardiness, climbing habit and yellow color in a rose was one which it seemed impossible to obtain, although the efforts of many hybridizers have been directed to that end.

Mr. Peter Lambert, the German rosarian, is the man to whom the honor of the greatest success belongs. In his new rose "Aglais," or "Yellow Rambler," we have yellow color, climbing habit and very considerable hardiness. It has withstood, unprotected and without injury, a continued temperature of from zero to two degrees below, and although it has not yet been fully enough tested in different localities to know positively about its capability for undergoing still lower temperatures, yet there is no reason to think that it will not also withstand a much greater degree of cold.

To those unfamiliar with such things it seems strange to talk of "crossing" roses, or rather "breeding" them, which is exactly what is attempted in hybridizing. It is, or should be, gone at with a definite end in view, with a clear idea of what qualities are wanted in the proposed new rose, so that a judicious choice of varieties for the parents can be made, the same as one would do in breeding horses or cattle. In producing the "Yellow Rambler" the originator selected for the "mother" the Japanese "Polyantha Sarmantosa," a wild rose that is native to Japan and which is a very vigorous climber as well as extremely hardy, both of which qualities were especially wanted in the hybrid. Flowers of this "Polyantha Sarmantosa" were then fertilized with pollen of a yellow rose called "Reve d'Or," which, on account of its having somewhat greater hardiness than most yellow roses, was a suitable variety for the purpose. The seed resulting from this hybridization was then planted and the "Aglais," or "Yellow Rambler," is the result.

It all seems very simple and easy to read about, but where success is met with once failure comes hundreds of times. The hybridizing has to be done when both the pollen of the one flower and the stigma or fertilizing surface of the other are in just the right stage, or else no cross will be effected; insects or the wind may spoil the work by introducing other pollen; seed may not be formed, or if formed at all may not germinate, or if germinated may not have combined the qualities desired, and so many more failures than successes must be expected.

Mr. Lambert has tested the "Yellow Rambler" for the past eight years, which shows a very commendable caution on his part about putting out a new variety.

It is interesting to note that there is a very strong probability of blood relationship between the "Yellow Rambler" and a rose that was introduced some three years ago, the "Crimson Rambler." The "Crimson Rambler" was first found growing wild in Japan, and from its foliage, growth and manner of blooming is thought to have been produced from the Japanese "Polyantha Sarmantosa," which was the seed parent of the "Yellow Rambler." If this was the case, it would make the "Yellow Rambler" and the "Crimson Rambler" "first cousins." This supposed relationship is rendered still more probable by their very considerable similarity in foliage, habit of growth and manner of blooming. The flowers of the "Yellow Rambler" are borne in immense trusses, like those of the "Crimson Rambler," often as many as 120 to 150 in a bunch, are very sweetly fragrant, and last a long time without fading.

## R. N. HACKETT,

Attorney-at-Law,  
WILKESBORO, N. C.

Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

## ISAAC C. WELLBORN,

Attorney-at-Law,

Wilkesboro, N. C.

Will practice in all the courts. Dealer in real estate. Prompt attention paid to collection of claims.

T. B. Finley. H. L. Greene.

## FINLEY & GREENE

Attorneys - at - Law,  
WILKESBORO, N. C.

Will practice in all the courts. Collections a specialty. Real estate sold on commission.

## MONEY IN APPLE CORES.

Worth a Quarter of a Cent a Pound, Even Cigar Stumps Have a Value.

Apple cores and cigar stumps are factors in the commercial world, and there are regular markets for their sale. The market for cores and skins of apples has recently been opened in South Water street, Chicago. Yet even with the opening of this unique market the apple cores have not yet risen to the dignity that another market of unconsidered trifles has, for in Paris they have the tobacco stump exchange, where dealings in discarded cigar and cigarette ends amount to thousands of francs yearly.

There is, however, an element of masquerade about the tobacco ends before they are fit for the market again. This is not so with the apple core and skin. Both are sold for just what they are. The core of the robust Baldwin stands no higher than the core of the modest crab.

The source of the supply of the apple cores is not found in those channels which might be most apparent, as, for instance, manufacturers who prepare desiccated apples, cutting the core from the fruit and paring it with elaborate machinery. They utilize the cores and skins in other branches of their business, so they never have any for sale. It is from thrifty cooks and housewives who pride themselves on their adherence to principles of strict economy that the supply is chiefly drawn. Yet how many persons who throw away the core and skin of an apple imagine that they are committing an act of extravagance in doing so?

In the large hotels apple cores accumulate in goodly quantity each day and the collection of a month would have a selling value of several dollars. In most of the restaurants and hotels this fruit refuse is thrown away with the garbage. If it were collected and desiccated it could be turned into delicious jelly and syrup. This is the use to which the apple cores and skins are put in Chicago and this is the reason there is a market for them. Confectioners purchase them occasionally in large quantities and pay as high as one cent a pound. The average price is about one-quarter cent a pound.

It matters not what kind of an apple core it is. Nor is it important whether the core has been cut with a silver knife or gnawed by the teeth—everything goes, for when these dried cores and skins are used to make jelly, syrup or gelatine they pass through a process of cleansing and filtration.

In the ancient Place Maubert, at Paris, is the tobacco stump exchange. There is no place in the world where more odd characters can be seen every pleasant afternoon. There are several grades of merchants and brokers in this queer exchange. Wholesalers do an active business and accumulate riches. They buy all the cigar stumps they can get at an average price of one franc a pound.

These stumps are cleaned, cut up fine by machinery, and the produce is put up in packages with fancy covers and sold as staggled tobacco from Belgium for three or four francs a pound. The regular Government tobacco of similar quality costs between five and six francs a pound.

There are also the retailers, who buy cigar stumps in small quantities—two or three pounds at a time—for personal consumption.

## New Oil Fields.

Indiana is coming to the front as an oil field, and nearly three thousand oil wells were bored in that State during the year 1895. It is asserted that Indiana is likely very soon to rank with Ohio and Pennsylvania in its value as an oil-producing State. An agreeable feature of the oil industry is that during the past year the work has been prosecuted with very few serious accidents.

Enthusiasts declare that Indiana will become famous as an oil State within the next few years. The wells hold out wonderfully. According to figures given, out of 2,700 wells only 750 went dry. This is considered a remarkable showing.

A novel course of college instruction is offered by the Louisiana University which in its "Audubon Sugar School" gives students practical and scientific tuition in sugar culture. The course extends over four years and has become popular with students from Cuba. A famous French surgeon, Dr. Peau, was able the other day, with the aid of a Roentgen photograph, to save the life of a child which had swallowed a copper coin. The radiograph showed the exact location of the coin in the oesophagus, and the doctor forced it up by pressure till he could get at it with a pair of tweezers.