

THE CHRONICLE.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

Some of the German scientists are hunting for the germ of epilepsy. They will give it fits if they ever catch it.

A movement has been started among a number of the progressive farmers of Georgia to have an exhibition of its agricultural products and resources next fall.

There has been an alarming increase in crime during the years between 1850 and 1890, as shown by the United States Census, rising from one criminal in 8442 to one in 757.

Enormous purchases for the pulp mills will make this year's lumber cut in Maine larger than ever. The Kennebec Journal says that two mills will buy 15,000,000 feet of spruce to grind up.

Altogether the most remarkable development in the theatrical world in recent years, declares the New York Sun, has been the astonishing growth of that form of entertainment known nowadays as the vaudeville, but in olden times passing under the name of variety.

Wolfe Barry, President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, warns British manufacturers that they must wake up to the fact that American castings are being used in the new underground tunnels in London. Mr. Barry says: "A decade ago the idea of Americans exporting castings to England would have been laughed at. Now it is a fact."

In the Berlin Produce Exchange a commission, composed of five representatives of agricultural interests and two from the milling trade, supervise all trading. Dealing in futures is strictly prohibited. All trading must be done on the exchange and between certain hours. Prices are fixed by members of the committee and daily quotations are officially listed. While the German grain gamblers are inclined to rebel, observes Farm, Field and Fireside, they are powerless against the great public sentiment in favor of a system which insures a fair return to the farmer for his toil.

The New York Herald remarks: The production and distribution of sugar constitute one of the largest factors in the great aggregate of the world's business. The business of refining sugar, or rendering the raw sugars pure and fit for consumption, measured by the value of its products, ranks ninth among the so-called manufacturing industries of the United States. Now this gigantic industry, which directly affects every citizen in the United States, which is more or less directly affiliated with a score of other industries, is practically in the hands of one man. That man is Henry O. Havemeyer, the head of that consolidation of firms which calls itself the American Sugar Refineries Company.

The railroads, next to our farms, represent the greatest properties owned by our people. In no other country in the world have so many and such valuable lines been built. The sum of all the mileage in the United States exceeds 180,000 miles, and their value with their equipments is about twelve thousand millions of dollars. The great bulk of these roads are now the property of our own citizens, though they were largely built with foreign capital—a circumstance which, in the opinion of Robert P. Porter, "is responsible for much of the prejudice against them. It would be vastly to the advantage of the whole country if these investments were profitable, but as a matter of fact they are not."

Malcom Townsend has pointed out coincidences of events in the lives of Lincoln and Jeff Davis. Both were born in Kentucky—Lincoln in 1809 Davis in 1808. Both removed from their native State in childhood, Davis going to the Southwest, Lincoln to the Northwest. In the Black Hawk War Davis was a Second Lieutenant of regulars; Lincoln a Captain of volunteers. Both began their political careers at the same period—1844—Davis being a Presidential Elector for Folk, Lincoln a Presidential Elector for Henry Clay. Both were elected to Congress at about the same time, Davis in 1845, Lincoln in 1846. Lastly, in the same year and almost the same day, they were called upon to preside over the destinies of their respective Governments, Davis as President of the Confederate States, February 8, 1862, and Lincoln as President of the United States, March 4, 1861.

THE GOOD TIMES.

Let's sing about the good times—the happy times to be—
As sing the rivers rippling on in music to the sea!
As sing the birds—they know not why—when springtime days begin;
So let us sing the sad times out, and sing the glad times in!
Let's sing about the good times, when every cot and elod
Shall send a benediction to the living skies of God!
When the world a brighter beauty and a rarer grace shall win,
And life shall sing the sad times out and ring the glad times in!
Let's sing about the good times! They'll greet us on the way—
A rose upon the morning's breast—a sun throughout the day;
When life springs like a blossom from the color of the elod,
And the world rolls on in music to the shining gates of God!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

IN LOVE WITH HIS ENEMY.

BY EUGENIA D. BIGHAM.

WOULD rather hear that old man talk about his early life than listen to a play at a first-class theatre, said an intelligent-looking gentleman, addressing the hotel clerk.

I glanced in the direction indicated by a nod of his head, and I saw a silvery-haired old man with a stout walking cane pass slowly by on the sidewalk.

I was an utter stranger in the village, but a month of enforced idleness was ahead of me, and I determined to become friendly with the old man. This did not prove hard to do, for he was genial, and I have always had a liking for elderly people. Short and stout, ruddy of face, with perfectly white hair and whiskers, and blue eyes quick to light up with laughter, he was very good to look at. In talking, he had a trick of occasionally repeating the last words of a sentence, a habit amusing to strangers, but rather pleasing than otherwise on closer acquaintance.

When I had put myself on a fairly good footing with him, some two weeks after our introduction, I found him one afternoon in an easy-chair on his front piazza. Sitting down on the steps, I leaned against a post and soon led him to talk about his young days.

"Well," he said, "I will tell you the story straight, for I see you have had several second-hand nibbles at it already.

"When I was a young blood, like yourself, I lived on a large plantation in Georgia, my father being one of the richest planters in his State. On the same road that our house faced, with about two miles of field and woodland between, was another extensive farm. This was owned by the Grantlands, a family who were our bitter enemies, though we had once been on the friendliest terms—yes, friendliest terms. The oldest son of that house had killed the oldest son of my father's house; that caused the enmity, bitter to the core. The young men had been bosom friends; one wouldn't go 'possum hunting unless the other went. I remember the morning when my brother's body was brought home. I was about sixteen then, and he twenty-three. My father stood by the corpse and swore eternal hatred of the whole Grantland family, and the rest of us partook of his spirit.

"Why, you married a Grantland, didn't you, Mr. Dearing," I asked.

"Not so fast, young man, not so fast! You are like one of these electric machines; didn't have such in my day.

"To go back to my story. Of course none of the Grantlands came to the funeral, and the young fellow who had done the killing had skipped the country. It was a fine thing for him that he got away, and his family took good care that he did not come back—good care, I tell you. They held their heads as high as we did, for none of them believed the killing had been intentional. We took our membership away from their church, going five miles further to another. They would not get their mail from the same office where we got ours, but sent fourteen miles to another office, and neither family would attend an entertainment in the neighborhood where the other family might be met.

"All this went on, and at last I found myself twenty-two years old. Then something happened that was like gall to my taste—like gall.

"Mr. Grantland had a daughter who was about eighteen years of age at that time, a girl named Henrietta. Living so near together, of course there were times when members of the two families were obliged to see each other, and it seemed to me that I was forever seeing Henrietta Grantland. I would pass her, face to face, both of us on horseback, run across her at a picnic where I did not dream she'd be, and meet her in town at the home of some mutual friend. Pretty soon I found myself watching out for her, looking at her on the sly, wondering what it was in the set of her head that was so taking, why it was that her hair seemed to catch and hold the glint of the sunshine—and all the like of that, you know.

"It made me angry every time I found myself watching her, for I hated her, you see—hated the whole Grantland generation. Despite all, however, there was something about the girl that compelled me to look her way and to think about her. I just fairly despised myself for it, felt worse than a traitor—worse than a traitor. And

father, he began to notice me; said he could see I was troubled.

"It was one night when he and I were together on the front piazza, he smoking, that he asked me about it. We always were companionable, and I just made a clean breast of it; told him I wanted to go away, that it seemed to me I could not turn around but that Henrietta Grantland was coming face to face with me, wielding a power over me a little short of torture.

"Father pitched his freshly-lighted cigar into the flower yard and sprang from his chair.

"Does she try to attract you—does she try?" he asked excitedly.

"I told him no, that she treated me like the sand under her feet—never noticed me at all. Father walked up and down the porch as if driven by the wind, but halting suddenly in front of me he said:

"You would better go away. How would you like a trip to the gold mines among the Rockies? The mountains might put you straight. Suppose now you go. I am sure your mother could get you your things together by Thursday."

"The idea pleased me, pleased me no little, and when Thursday came I was on my way to the Rocky Mountains. I pretty soon fell in with a party of young bloods like myself, and for a while I did not bother much about my attractive enemy—not much. All the time, though, I was traveling just as directly as I could toward an event that would bring her vividly before my mind, and would show me in a white light a truth I was then looking at through a very foggy atmosphere—very foggy.

"Perhaps it was two months after I left home I became separated from my party during a hunt and was lost. It was an unhappy experience, young man. I hallooed until I was hoarse, climbed a tree and tied a handkerchief to its highest limb, and did all the other things that lost people do, you know. At last, striking aimlessly down a ravine, I found myself at sunset emerging into an almost circular depression among mountain peaks. And right at me was a wigwam. It started me so that I jumped behind a tree.

The next moment some one called to me, told me to come on; that I would meet friends. An Indian boy advanced toward me, and in the wigwam I found a sick Indian. Both spoke English, and I was glad of the good supper the lad gave me. None of us cared to talk much, and I was soon fast asleep, worn out.

"I suppose it was long toward midnight when I awoke, feeling something punch me in the ribs. It was the sick Indian's bony hand. Enough light from the fire without came through the crevices to make the interior of the wigwam dimly discernible.

"What is it?" I asked. "Shall I call the boy?"

"No, I beg," he answered. "Give me water. I believe I am dying."

I gave him the water promptly enough, meaning to call the boy just as promptly—just as promptly. But while I was putting down the tin cup he uttered words that were paralyzing in their effect on me. I sank down on my blanket and clasped my hands around my knees, and gazed as best I could at the poor fellow.

"I am not an Indian; I am white," he said. "My name is Garland Grantland, and because I killed by accident the man I loved best in all the world, I was forced from home to live an outlaw's life. Under my head is a tin box; I trust its contents to you."

"He began gasping painfully then, and I tried to raise him, though I was trembling violently.

"Promise to help the Indian bury me, and to bury me deep," he said.

"I promised him that he should be buried as nearly as possible like the people back at home were buried, and that the box should be my care. There were a few struggles, poor fellow, and he died while trying to thank me. Then I sat there and thought about him until my heart throbbled itself tender. It seemed to me I had traveled all those miles from home just for this. Life is a strange mixture, young man, a strange mixture. I don't know what your faith is, but mine is an over-ruling Providence. My meditations during that night destroyed my enmity toward the Grantlands.

"I buried Garland two days later, at sundown. And I buried him in a coffin. Yes, it was a rude affair; the boy and I made it from the seasoned trunks of trees long since fallen. The wood was not difficult to split with the tools they had concealed among the rocks. The lad was greatly impressed by my care of the body of a half-breed, as he thought his one-time friend was, and it won his devotion—won his devotion.

"He finally guided me to a camp of miners, and he would have followed me home had I allowed it. I was so fortunate at the camp as to hear of my party who were searching for me, and to communicate with them, letting them know my intention to return home. First, though, I had a secret commission to fulfil.

"In the dead man's tin box I had found a letter addressed to his mother, and a note addressed, 'To the friend who receives this box.' Both had evidently been written during his illness, and the contents of my note made my young, hot blood tingle in my veins. It contained minute directions as to how to reach a certain place, and to find a certain crevice between two gigantic rocks, a crevice not extending straight down, but almost at once curving westward. With a stout, sharp hook attached to a pliable rod, I was to drag this crevice and fish out five skin bags containing gold dust and nuggets. I was to have my choice of the treasure bags, and the others were to be forwarded to Mr. Grantland.

"Of course I knew that no matter how the hate had vanished out of my

own heart, it burned just as fiercely as ever in the hearts of all at home. I meant to do all that Garland had requested, but I meant to do it secretly—do it secretly, you know. Then I meant to go home and live as usual. I was not so wise then as now. It is true that I found the treasure crevice, fished out the five bags, kept one for myself and sent the others to Mr. Grantland. Mrs. Grantland's letter pinned to one of them. I had pencilled the date of Garland's death on the letter, thinking they would like to know it. I say it is true I did all those things, and did them secretly; but I did not go home to live as I had in the old days.

"After hearing there a few weeks, after hearing from neighbors about the mysterious coming of the letter and the gold, after seeing Henrietta dressed in deep black, the self same poise to her head, the self same sweetness of face, I learned a lesson—yes, I learned a lesson. I learned that miners' camps, nor hunting parties, nor mysterious crevices of treasure, nor the Rockies themselves, can crush out of a life the emotion called love; not even if it spring to existence where hate is rife.

"I became more unhappy than ever, and was continually brooding over schemes to heal the breach between the two families—heap the breach. Else, how was I to make Henrietta so much as seem conscious of my existence? All this time my father watched me so closely that it made me nervous. Guess that hurried things—guess it did. Anyway, I was not very good humored one morning, and when my father said something about it I wheeled round and told him all about Garland's death and the things I had done afterward, ending with the bold statement that I loved Henrietta and could not help it.

"To this day I wonder that my fiery old father did not fell me to the floor with a chair, for he was a quick man—a quick man. He stood and looked at me pretty much as he would have looked at a cur that had dared to bite him. Then he turned on his heel and went away, took his hat and left the house—went straight to the woods. Needn't ask me how I felt; mean enough, that's certain, mean enough—mean enough. He didn't come home to dinner, and I did not eat any. Toward night I saw him coming down the spring hill from the direction of the family burying ground, and I knew where he had been last, if not all day. My elder brother had been his idol.

"You can talk about bravery, but I tell you it took bravery to make me face my father at the supper table a few minutes later. He said next to nothing during the meal, and his hands trembled when he passed the plates. I do hope I'll never again feel like I did during that meal. After it was over the big horn was sounded, a very unusual thing at such an hour, and the hands from all over the plantation came pouring up to the house. They gathered close about the back porch, and the house servants and the family were on the porch.

"I felt like running—felt like running; didn't know what on earth was coming; felt like I was to be cursed and sent from home. Father stood close to the old water shelf, and here's what he said, the words fairly burning into me:

"I have called you together to put you on notice that the trouble between Mr. Grantland's family and mine is at an end. Hereafter there will be peace. His family will dine here next Thursday; and the day following his hands and mine will have a barbecue in the spring grove. You may go to your places.

"I can't tell you how we all dispersed; but amid the pleased ejaculations of some of the servants I found myself wiping the tears off my face before the whole crowd. Perhaps I was shedding tears because mother was sobbing; never could bear to see her cry.

"Well, this about ends my story. The bag of gold dust and nuggets that fell to me helped to buy this house, young man. And you needn't think we're lonesome when you pass by here late in the day and see two old folks sitting close together, for they're Henrietta and me. We haven't been enemies now for many years—many years."—Waverley Magazine.

Ballon Lifeboats.

The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloons, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and, when turned forward, the big balloon acts as a sail, oars proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove of the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gunwales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

Man at His Best.

Said George Du Maurier once in a private chat: "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. A man at forty has ceased to hunt the moon. I should add that in order to enjoy life after forty it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success."

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

THE IDEAL FARM.

According to my own idea, the ideal farm is one of small or moderate size, all paid for, with good buildings, neat surroundings, ornamental shrubbery about the buildings, fruit trees in the background or near by, a good sized garden well cared for and the fields managed on the intensive system.

It is also the surest and safest to pursue what is termed diversified farming, so as to have a variety of products to sell at different seasons of the year, and thus be able to keep square with grocer and blacksmith. A little to sell often is more convenient than a large quantity at one time, so far as the use of it is concerned.

Whenever the farmer goes to town he ought to be able to take along something to sell; and if he has a few private families as customers, it will be better than if he is obliged to dispose of his load at the store.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

MOLASSES FOR FATTENING.

Molasses is now much used in Germany for fattening cattle and sheep, the consumption during the season of 1894-95 having been not less than 100,000 tons. The British consul at Stettin mentions that some difficulties have had to be overcome. Much of the raw molasses sold has less than the fifty per cent. of sugar contained on leaving the original factory, while a more serious matter has been to find a suitable substance to mix with the molasses to counteract the purging effect. Many experimenters now believe that the difficulty arising from injurious salts is met by the addition of a dust or "mull" from moss turf. The advocates of the "molasses-mull-fodder" claim that it tends to keep the animal in health, gives the skin a glossy appearance, increases the production and improves the quality of milk, improves the flavor of meat, and is much cheaper and more economical than any other fat-producing fodder.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

AN INGENUOUS TABLE.

An ingenious statistician has drawn up a table to show how many eggs the various kinds of domestic fowls lay per annum, and how many of the eggs go to the pound:

Geese, 4 to the lb.; 30 per annum.
Polish, 9 to the lb.; 150 per annum.
Bantams, 16 to the lb.; 100 per annum.
Hamburgs, 9 to the lb.; 200 per annum.
Turkeys, 5 to the lb.; 30 to 60 per annum.
Game Fowl, 9 to the lb.; 160 per annum.
Leghorns, 9 to the lb.; 200 per annum.
Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the lb.; 150 per annum.
Langshans, 8 to the lb.; 150 per annum.
Brahmas, 7 to the lb.; 130 per annum.
Ducks, 5 to the lb.; 30 to 60 per annum.

SHEEPSKIN ROBES.

A writer in a farm paper tells how she makes robes of sheepskins. She says: I take three sheepskins (black ones), wash them thoroughly with soap, having soaked them over night to get the blood out of them, spread them out and sprinkle one-half to three-fourths of a pound of alum, well pulverized, on each one (a large buck with heavy pelt would require one pound of alum). Then sprinkle two-thirds of a tinal of salt uniformly on the alum, double skin over along the back, putting flesh to flesh and fitting one side to the other, and roll up. Let them lie twenty-four hours. It is well to turn them upside down so that the alum and salt may all dissolve. Hang them up to dry. As they dry, stretch the pelt often, so as to keep them soft. When dry the flesh may be rubbed smooth and soft with pumice stone. To dress the wool hang the skin over a rail and beat with a stick. A horse card may be used lightly also. I straighten the broadest one across the butt, then the right and left sides of the other two, and sew them together; then I straighten them all across the butts and sew onto the broadest one. White skins may be colored any shade with aniline dyes, the quantity depending on the color desired. The skins should be clean and clear of grease in order to tan, also to take color. Dissolve the dye with boiling water and let it cool to 100 or 110 degrees, or until you can bear your hand in it—the hotter the better it will take, so that it does not burn the skin. This is a practical method, though I suppose a fine piece of work would require an expert. More than three skins make too clumsy a robe for buggy or sleigh, and for a handy robe the wool should not be too long. Such a robe, if lined and bordered with red flannel, pinked or scalloped, is a fair substitute for a buffalo robe.

Tarnished Nickel.

An excellent solution for removing tarnish from nickel is made as follows: Ammonia, eight ounces; cyanide of potash, two ounces; soft water, eight ounces. Dissolve the potash in the water and then mix in the ammonia. Sponge the parts with the solution and immediately wash in warm soapsuds; then rinse in water and rub dry with a soft dry cloth. If sponged with a little alcohol and wiped after the cleaning the nickel will not tarnish for a long time. Keep the solution in earthen or glass jars, as it can be used many times over.

Fire Department Lunch Cart.

The authorities in Pittsfield, Mass., have recently added to the fire department's apparatus a sort of restaurant on wheels, or "night lunch" cart, a vehicle stocked with doughnuts, sandwiches and coffee, which follows the engines to fires.—Boston Globe.

Great Place for Shipping.

Over 1000 ships of all kinds and sizes pass up and down the English Channel every twenty-four hours, and there are scarcely ever less than 200 near Land's End, leaving or bearing up for the Channel.

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ANIMAL EXTINCTION.

How Sport and Fashion are Devastating the Animal Kingdom.

How extensive and rapid are the changes occurring in the fauna of the world may not, perhaps, be generally realized. Race after race of animals has disappeared from the globe through the operation of natural causes, but the chief responsibility for the destruction must be placed at the door of man. The extinction of the great auk, or penguin, and the rytna, or arctic scaw, is of comparatively recent date; the bison is nearly on his last legs—except those the curators of the museums will supply him with—and the walrus has become very scarce. Ten years ago peccaries were abundant in Texas, but hogskin goods came into vogue, fifty cents a piece were offered for peccary hides, and in five years' time the peccary had practically become extinct. The famous halibut is becoming more difficult to find with each recurring season, and no longer is Chesapeake Bay the inexhaustible source of supply of the succulent oyster.

For years the danger of the elephant becoming extinct has been pointed out by scientists on account of the immense annual slaughter of these exceedingly useful, if ponderous animals, and the British government in India has been repeatedly warned to exercise authority in the matter. This beast plays such an important part in the military, as well as in the domestic, economy of the British government in India that the authorities have at last taken alarm at the decreasing numbers of the animal, and have at length decided on instituting repressive regulations regarding their slaughter.

These are to be very stringent and to be rigidly enforced. Elephant hunting will no longer be permitted as a mere pastime, and due supervision will be exercised over the trade in ivory. To supply the world with ivory necessitates the death, every year, of 100,000 elephants; and if these were placed in single file they would make a procession 180 miles long. So rapidly, of late years, has the elephant been done to death that the next generation of museum visitors will be gazing at his remains with the same interest that we do, now, at the remains of the mastodon.

Fashion—that inexorable dame whose dictates must be executed if the heavens fall—is responsible for much of the destruction of both beasts and birds. It was the demand for its feathers that brought about the extinction of the great auk—the only bird in the northern hemisphere that enjoyed the proud distinction of being incapable of flight—being ruthlessly killed by thousands, both in Europe and in the north of America, until, about 1840, it was no longer to be found. Seals, despite the restrictions placed around their killing; fur-bearing animals of all kinds; birds of gay plumage; alligators, crocodiles and reptiles of every variety, are being decimated to satisfy the insatiable demands of fashion. Among the items at one single sale in London, Eng., recently, were the following: 6,000 birds of paradise, 5,000 Impeyan pheasants, 400,000 humming birds, 350,000 skins of fur-bearing animals, and 250,000 'possum and 30,000 monkey skins. The fashionable sealskin sacque demands the lives of 200,000 fur seals every year, and fully 1,000,000 hair seals are annually slaughtered.

At the door of the sportsman also lies some of the responsibility for the extinction of animals. In South Africa the zebra is no longer to be seen in his accustomed haunts, and the giraffe is met with but seldom.

Dr. Ogle, of the English Registrar-General's Department, gives figures that show that out of every 1,000,000 persons 225 females and 82 males are alive at the age of 100. In general, it has been proved that for every male centenarian there are two females. And the dear men account for this phenomenon in connection with the weaker sex by asserting that the propensity of women to talk and gossip is conducive to the active circulation of the blood, while the body remains uninfatigued and undamaged. Other statisticians say that woman leads in general a more calm and unimpassioned existence than man, and a life less burdened with toil and trouble. Yet some of these centenarian women are from the poorer classes, where the women are home makers, bread winners and mothers of large families.

Class Water Pipes.

Some of the towns of Germany have their water pipes made of glass, protected with an asphalt covering to prevent fracture.