

# THE STANDARD.

ANTHONY & CROSS, Editors and Publishers.

TERMS: \$1.25 Per Year In Advance.

VOLUME I.

CONCORD, N. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

NUMBER 1.

J. C. Birdsong

**The Singing Loper.**  
A Saxton king with merry thror  
Of nobles hunted in a wood  
At evening, when lo! a song  
Most wondrous broke, a tremulous flood  
Praise from distant lips unseem.  
The hunters halted, listening keen  
To catch each nearing echo, till  
Among the trees a form unseen,  
A leper white moved up the hill  
Across their path, and sang the while.  
His livid features wove a smile;  
His wrinkled hands were clasped in prayer;  
While living death, a master vile,  
Made all his flesh a thoroughfare  
For swift and myriad footed pain.  
And all the while he sang his strain;  
Then spake the king with stirring call,  
And unto him bade, and with his train  
The king moved on with care wital  
And questioned him with pitying gaze.  
"How sing you thus these words of praise  
When life is death?" A moment's pause,  
Then smiling answered he: "I raise  
My voice in songs of joy because  
Although a leper, yet I know  
"That as my frame decays I grow  
More near the sure deliverance  
That comes from God, whose graces flow  
Through all the wastes of circumstance  
And moves by life and soul to Him."  
The king's and nobles' eyes grew dim.  
Then to him with his train the king  
Spoke thus: "Unto the very brim  
Is this man's sorrow, yet they b  
Rejoicing, for he trusts his Lord  
This leper's voice shall here rev  
We have not hunted all in vain.  
Our spells this day is as a sword  
Whose shining blade shall conquer pain.  
And to our homes we turn again  
With larger faith and nobler word."  
—Lyman Whitney Allen in the Independent.

## KITTY DALE.

"If ever I marry," Kitty Dale used to say, half in earnest and half in fun, "the fortunate man—or, if you like it better, the unfortunate man—must be a person who possesses these three qualities—wealth, good looks, sense. I name wealth first, because I think it is the most necessary and desirable quality of the three. Although I would never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, yet I think I would sooner talk sensibly for the one or shine for the other, provided he were rich, than to economize and live in obscurity with any man, however handsome and sensible he might be."  
I know not how much of this came from Kitty's heart; that some of it did the sequel will show. Without doubt she built her full share of Spanish castles, for her education in the duties and objects of life were exceedingly imperfect, if not absolutely false. But whoever became acquainted with Kitty's truly womanly nature, could not doubt that she was capable of deeper and nobler sentiments.  
And the time approached when Kitty must take the important step—the most important in a woman's life—of which she had so often spoken so lightly; when she would give her friends an opportunity to judge how much of her heart there was in the words we have cited.  
At the joyous age of eighteen she had a goodly number of suitors. As she never seriously encouraged but two, we will follow her example, and leaving the others unnoticed, consider the only relative advantages and merits of her favorites.  
Frank Gothwait possessed many excellent qualities, which gave him the reputation among the early and more discriminating portion of his acquaintances as being "a highly estimable young man;" among his comrades as being "a very good fellow;" and among the young ladies of being "just as nice as he could be."  
Kitty loved Frank; she couldn't help it, and Frank knew it. He was convinced she preferred his society to that of Tom Wellington, his only rival.  
This Tom Wellington, his comrades called him the "Duke," was neither an idiot, or hump-backed or bow-legged, all of which I wish he had been; it would have made my story much more interesting. On the contrary he was a sensible, handsome, well-bred young man; and so far as I know, there was not a trace of the rascal in his composition.  
Besides these advantages, he, the son of one of our merchant princes, possessed an income sufficient to enable him to live superbly. He counted his thousands when his rival counted hundreds.  
Frank rested his hopes, therefore, entirely on the influence he possessed over Kitty's heart. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every particular, as he was rich, handsome and sensible, could never succeed in winning her affections; and the amiable Frank could not or would not believe she would allow the better promptings of her nobler and better nature to be over-ruled by worldly considerations.  
When he, however, one day insisted on knowing his fate, she startled him by saying, with a deep-drawn sigh, "Ah, Frank, I am sorry we ever met!"  
"Sorry?"  
"Yes, I have thought it all over; we can never be anything but friends."  
"What!" exclaimed Frank, turning suddenly, and nervously twisting his blonde mustache.

"Never," said Kitty in a tone scarcely audible.  
Frank sat down beside her on the sofa; put his arm around her waist in spite of a gentle "Don't do that," and letting his voice sink almost to a murmur, spoke to her—to the proud Kitty—until she wept bitterly.  
"Kitty," said he, in a tone full of tender emotion—"Kitty, I know that you love me, but you are proud, ambitious, selfish. If it is really your will that I should leave you, speak the word, and I will go."  
"Go, then," murmured Kitty.  
"Have you fully decided?" asked Frank, hardly able to believe his ears.  
"Yes."  
"Then, farewell!"  
He took her hand in his, looked for a moment at her pretty, tearful face, and then, unable to control himself, pressed her passionately to his bosom.  
She not only submitted to his embrace without a struggle, but giving way to an irresistible impulse, threw her arms lovingly around his neck. Suddenly, however, recollecting her resolution, she loosened her hold and pushed him from her with a sigh.  
"Shall I go?" he stammered.  
A faint "Yes" fell from Kitty's lips—the next moment she lay alone, sobbing and weeping on the sofa. But, little by little, grief seemed to wear itself out. Her tears ceased to flow and her breathing became more regular. Her head rested on her arm, and her face was half concealed beneath a flood of dark brown curls.  
The struggle was over; the pain was already stilled. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and sprang up gaily to meet and welcome him. His manner pleased her; his social position and wealth fascinated her. His heart, he said, had long been hers; would she not accept his hand? She would, and did. A kiss sealed the betrothal; but it was no such kiss as she had given Frank, and she could scarcely suppress a sigh. Poor Kitty!  
The wedding was superb. Elegantly attired, her beauty was truly dazzling; while everything around her seemed to float in the witching atmosphere of a fairy land, she gave her hand to the man that her ambition and not her heart had chosen.  
Her friends were numerous; her husband was tender, devoted and loving; but all their friendship and all his tenderness were not sufficient to satisfy the longings of her woman's heart. She had known what it is to love—to be under the influence of that divine enchantment which cannot be bought and sold like chattels in the market; but her heart seemed dead; it found no consolation or sympathy in her luxurious life.  
Then came a change in her husband. He could no longer remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the companionship of those whose gaiety enabled him, in some measure, to forget his grief; he betook himself of those social byways which are the refuge of so many disappointed husbands, and sought to warm his heart at foreign hearths. Kitty complained to her husband that he had neglected her. He replied with reproaches that she had spoiled him, had never loved him—reproaches that her conscience told her she deserved.  
"What right have you," he cried, "to call me to account, go where I will, or do what I will—you who have never loved me?"  
"But I am wrong, sinful! remonstrated Kitty.  
"True," said he. "It is the sinful fruit of sinful seed. And who sowed this seed? Who gave me her hand without her heart? Who became the sharer of my fortune without giving me a share of her affections? Who has taught me the pangs of unrequited love? No, no, do not weep and clasp your hands! I say nothing that you do not deserve to hear."  
"I have not said I do not deserve your reproaches; but, whether I am or not, it could do no good to say I am, you must see that this state of things cannot continue."  
"I know it," he said, firmly.  
"Well?"  
Wellington's brow bore a portentous aspect. He fixed his eyes for a moment on his wife, and then said, in a measured tone: "I have decided to live with you no longer, madam. I am tired of being called the husband of the charming Mrs. Wellington. You must go your road. I will go mine. Neither shall stand in the other's way. We will be free."  
"But the world!" cried poor Kitty, trembling.  
"The world, ha!—the world will flatter you and admire you then as now. What more do you want? To call a simple joining of worldly interests, in accordance with certain forms, a union—what an absurdity! The farce has lasted long enough. But few understand the meaning of the word man and wife. And do you understand their meaning? Do you know that there can be no union unless mutual love be the connecting link? Enough of this mummery! I will consult with my friends regarding the conditions of our separation. No, no, you need have no fears. You need not weep and cling to me.

I will be generous with you. You shall have as much of my fortune as you demand."  
He pushed her from him. She fell on the sofa, and from the depths of her despair she cried: "Frank! Frank! why, why did I send you from me? Why was I so blind until this came upon me to open my eyes?"  
She laid upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping bitterly. Gradually her grief seemed to subside; she breathed calmly; her tears ceased to flow, and her lay lightly on arm, over which hung her loosened tresses in all their luxurious profusion.  
"Frank!" she murmurs suddenly; "dear Frank, come back to me, come back to me!"  
"Here I am," said a gentle voice.  
She opened her eyes and raised her head. Frank stood beside her.  
"You have been asleep," said he, smiling.  
"Asleep?"  
"Ay, and have been dreaming."  
"Dreaming?" murmured Kitty; "and is this all a dream?"  
"I hope so," taking her hand. "I knew you would not drive me from you so cruelly; so I waited in your father's room, where I have been talking with him for the last hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you asleep where I left you."  
"Ah, what a frightful dream!" murmured Kitty, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a hideous reality that I tremble when I think of it. I thought I was married!"  
"If it was so terrible," said Frank, "I hope you did not dream you were married to me."  
"No; I thought that I had given my hand to one who had not, and to whom I could never give my heart."  
"So, then, he to whom you give your hand must first have won your heart?"  
"Yes, Frank, he must," said Kitty, smiling through her tears; "and—there it is!"  
"A Drink and a Rock."  
I shall never again say that the Massachusetts people are not hospitable, writes the New Orleans Picayune's Boston correspondent. A day or two ago I was driving along a country road just outside of Boston, and chanced to stop at a farm house to inquire my way. An old lady came to the door and, having given me the information I desired, politely asked me to have, so she expressed it—"a drink and a rock." By a "drink" I rather supposed she meant a glass of milk. The "rock" was a luxury the nature of which was beyond imagining. Satisfied, however, that it was something inviting, I accepted the offer with thanks, and, having tied my horse, went inside. My hostess thereupon requested me to be seated in her best rocking chair, and poured me out a glass of water. "Now," she said "you can have a drink and a rock, and rest yourself as long as you like." Certainly this is the most inexpensive entertainment I have ever heard of. It beats the 5 o'clock tea all hollow.  
Art Running to Extremes.  
"Here, come into our sitting-room, will you?" said a Buffalo gentleman to a Courier reporter; "I just want to show you how art can be prostituted. My wife has gone and bought a stove and paid \$75 for it—\$40 for the heating apparatus and \$35 for those nickel grackles and figures on it, and those tiles jammed into it. I told her she had no sense of the fitness of things. If we want nickel statuettes and tiles, let's have 'em where they belong, and not on a pesky stove. A stove is made to give warmth, not to serve as a crockery cabinet. The next step will be art coal-hods, art dish-pans, art potato-barrels and art rat-traps. The plainer and less conspicuous a stove is the better. A stove covered with these gewgaws is as out of place as a coal heaver going to work in a dress suit and patent leather pumps."  
Nearly 400,000,000 People in China.  
The authorities of Peking have recently taken a census of the Empire, and as it was for taxing purposes the proneness to disbelieve in the large estimates must be modified accordingly. The figures returned by the village bailiffs made the population 316,383,500, which together with the estimates of five provinces omitted, makes the aggregate about 392,000,000. These figures are independent of the population of Corea, Thibet and Kashgar. As the population of India exceeds 250,000,000, the Hindoos and Chinese constitute more than half the entire human race. [—London Times.  
Prices of Sealskins.  
A Californian, largely interested in the fur seal industry, says that sealskins are expensive, not because they are scarce, but because the trade limits the supply. If all the skins that could be taken were poured upon the market, the fur would become so common that it would cease to be desired by the wealthy. So the seal catchers agree upon the total number that they will put upon the market, and they make their report to the furriers of London and Paris, who meet each year and decide upon prices.

## ELEPHANT HUNTING.

### How the Monstrous Brutes are Captured Alive in India.

#### Driving the Animals Into a Funnel-Shaped Inclosure.

The first thing to be done is to find the herd of elephants which it is intended to hunt. Its position has been previously ascertained, as nearly as possible; but of course a few days or a few hours may have made some great changes, and some sudden alarm may have driven them all right away, or the herd may have become divided, or it may turn out that another herd has approached it and may be induced, by adroit maneuvering, to join it. The herd having been found, without its being alarmed, the next thing is to surround it at a distance by a light cordon of men, and guide its unconscious steps toward the kheddah in which it is to be inclosed and captured. The general idea of a kheddah may be taken from an open pair of compasses, of which the round head or hinge represents the inclosure into which the elephants are to be driven; while the outspread arms of the compass represent the long lines of obstacles or snares by which the elephants are prevented from straying to one side or the other, so that they advance through the purposely undisturbed jungle in the centre, between the gradually converging lines of obstacles in the kheddah or inclosure already mentioned. The elephant is a timid and cautious animal. It meets with any chopped branches of trees, or indications of the presence of man, or anything to which its eyes are unaccustomed, it will not advance in that direction. The real difficulty of the hunter lies in making their lateral lines of obstacles sufficiently obvious to the elephants without alarming them too much. At this early stage of the proceedings not a man should show himself, lest the wild elephants should be frightened and make a stampede. The animal should be left to probe himself on his own cleverness at having detected signs of danger, in consequence of which he advances in that direction. But as the devoted herd gets further and further into the funnel of the converging lines, much stronger measures have to be adopted. Considerable pressure is put on them from behind, to urge them on in the right direction; and simultaneously the visible obstacles along the sides have to be much strengthened and effectively guarded, to prevent the herd from breaking through them. As the elephants actually approach the kheddah itself there is no longer any concealment on the part of the hunters. The firing of guns and the beating of drums, and loud shouts and noises, with long lines of fire, made out of the dried grass and brushwood, which have been collected for this purpose, compel the frightened animals to push onward, until they finally enter the kheddah itself, where at first all seems comparatively silent and safe.  
With regard to the actual kheddah or inclosure, in which the elephants are captured, a few words may suffice. It is, of course, surrounded by a fence; but the posts and rails are huge trees and large branches stoutly interwoven, and strongly supported by groins to prevent them from yielding to the rush of the elephants trying to escape from their captors. And if there is time to dig it, a comparatively small ditch inside the fence adds greatly to its strength. The elephant sees the newly dug earth and fears a pitfall. Its feet sink into mud and water, and the force of its charge against the fence itself is thus broken. Presently, when all the herd have entered the inclosure, a ponderous gate is closed behind them; and this gate has to be stoutly fortified, and also defended by a number of men, firing blank cartridges in the face of any elephant that charges at them. In the same way, the whole circle of the kheddah is lined on its outer side with men, firing guns and brandishing torches to repel the charges of the elephants, until the whole herd morally and physically collapses, and tries to shelter itself in whatever cover may still be found from the trees and jungle left standing in the inclosure. [—Longman's Magazine.

## Coursing the Jack-Rabbit.

One of the most exhilarating sports known in the West is the jack-rabbit coursing on the plains. It is not indulged in in the Eastern States to any extent, owing to the lack of plains and jack-rabbits. But to many a man who has lived in the West the mere mention of the words will call up a train of memories of stirring dashes over the snow-covered prairies after the rabbit and hounds.  
A brace of racing greyhounds held with a leash, followed by a score or more of lovers of the sport on horseback, start out on a bracing winter morning, when there is a light covering of snow on the ground, for the places where the jack-rabbits are wont to congregate. The jack-rabbit is unknown to the eastern part of this country. He is the counterpart of the English hare. He is larger than the common rabbit or "cotton tail." He has long legs, and in a race is a runner worthy the attention of the fleetest of greyhounds. The coursers search in the snow for a fresh jack-rabbit track and follow it up. When the rabbit is spied the hounds are let loose and rush after him. The whole crowd of horsemen follow after, whooping and yelling and urging on their horses to the top of their speed.  
The hounds do not at first attempt to catch the rabbit. They are too wary for that. They simply try to run him down. The jack-rabbit is an expert at dodging, and the hounds try to head him off whenever he attempts to make a sharp turn. At last by superior strength, and the advantage of two to one, they succeed in tiring him out, and he falls an easy victim. Every time a hound heads the rabbit off it is a point in his favor. Two points are placed to the credit of the dog which catches the rabbit. A referee, mounted on a swift, sure horse, leads the followers of the dog and marks the points. In this way it is decided which hound wins. Stakes of from \$25 to \$100 are usually up on these races. [—Boston Transcript.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

**Norman Lockyer, the English scientist, claims to have discovered that the origin of the universe is found in the meteorite.**  
No less than 269 little planets are now known in the asteroid zone, sixty of them having been discovered by Dr. J. Palisa, the well-known astronomer of Vienna.  
The municipal gardeners of Paris raise 232 varieties of apples in the orchard of the Luxembourg Gardens. The fruit is divided into three parts; the finest specimens are sent to the Prefect of the Seine, the second part is given to the Val-de-Grâce Military Hospital and the third is sold to the great Paris restaurants.  
The singular fact is demonstrated that, while the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 metres a second—over 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000, or even 60,000 metres per second, a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of from 4,000 to 6,000 degrees Cent.  
Experiments with the "diffusion process" of extracting sugar from the cane, which have recently been made in Louisiana, are very encouraging to those who believe in this mode of manufacture. It is claimed that by the diffusion process almost all the sugar is extracted, and, on this account, that the cane can be profitably grown in this country.  
There have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and a number of other relics of the stone age, such as axes, knives, etc., used in pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss writers emphasize the historical importance of this discovery, in that it is a proof that Mt. Saint Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and also that as far back as the age of stone the Canton Valais was inhabited by human beings.  
The plan for signalling accurate time from sea-coasts was first adopted by Great Britain about thirty years ago. That country has now on its coasts fourteen time-balls and five other time signals, and its colonies and dependencies have twenty-six time-balls; Germany has seven time-balls; France, four time-balls and two other signals; Sweden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Holland and Belgium, and the United States, have five time-balls each; Denmark has two; Spain and Portugal, one each; Italy, none.  
Alfalfa, according to Prof. Morrow, endured the drought better than any other forage plant on the farms of the University of Illinois, and red clover came next. Of the true grasses orchard grass was best for quickness of starting after cutting or after rain, and for the amount of food furnished while the droughts was at its worst. Timothy was slow to start after cutting and did not respond readily to the rains. Blue grass stopped growing first of all the pasture grasses, but quickly revived after moderate rains.  
The use of oil by vessels at sea for soothing the waves in time of storm, appears to be on the point of very extended and practical application. It is stated that "sea breakers," appliances for the distribution of oil, have been patented both at home and abroad, and are used by all cattle-carrying steamers and some other vessels, while a special oil is now manufactured for the purpose. The hydrographer of the United States has published within the last two years, in pamphlet form, digested from the Monthly Pilot Chart, a list of 120 authenticated cases in which furious seas were allayed by the use of oil.  
The Chloral Habit.  
Chloral hydrate is one of the best sleep-producers known to science. It leaves few pernicious after-effects, and does not lessen pain like opium or produce the delightful, dreamy condition that follows the use of the last-named drug in many people. As taken by some as an habitual dose to induce sleep it is not free from danger. Sleep should be natural in order to be refreshing. The effect of chloral is to induce an artificial condition resembling natural sleep in some respects, but not giving the weary brain all the rest it needs in order that waste of substance shall be followed by complete repair. The chloral habit is not easily formed, for the taste of the mixtures in which it is necessarily given is not pleasant. There are instances of it being formed and the consequences are mental and physical debility, the former sometimes amounting almost to complete imbecility. Like the other drugs of its class, it should not be taken except by the advice of a competent physician. Insomnia—sleeplessness—is better treated by exercise carried to fatigue, by baths, avoidance of stimulants, including tea and coffee, and by methodical attention to diet, ventilation of sleeping apartments, and massage when necessary, than by any of the drugs which produce a condition more or less closely imitating sleep. [—Harold of Health.

## Wealth Untold.

Seek your treasure, and you'll find it exists but in the mind.  
Wealth is but the power that hires Blessings that the heart desires;  
And if these are mine to hold Independently of gold,  
And the gifts it can bestow, I'm richer than I know!  
Rich I am, if when I pass 'Mid the daisies on the grass,  
Every daisy in my sight Seems a jewel of delight!  
Rich am I, if I can see 'Treasure in the flower and tree,  
And can hear 'mid forest leaves Music in the summer eve;  
If the lark that sings aloud, On the fringes of the cloud,  
Scatters melodies around,  
Fresh as raindrops on the ground;  
And I bless the happy bird For the joy it has conferred;  
If the lily on the shore Chant me anthems evermore;  
And I feel in every mood That life is fair and good!  
I am rich if I possess Such a fund of happiness,  
And can find where'er I stray Humble blessings on the way,  
And deserve them ere they're given By my gratitude to heaven.  
—[Chambers' Journal.

## HUMOROUS.

A watch that don't run doesn't need any chain.  
The most ignane of the cereals is undoubtedly cracked wheat.  
Money is so tight now that some people haven't even any loose change.  
A poet sings: "A little further on I shall find rest." Keep him moving.  
The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by freight.  
The thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.  
Odd, isn't it, but people who pass their lives, so to speak, on beds of down, seldom get down in the mouth.  
Giving slippers to clergymen has gone out of fashion. The disobedient children get them just the same, however.  
George Westinghouse, Jr., inventor of the air brake, is worth \$9,000,000. This is, perhaps, the largest fortune ever made out of wind.  
When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join a temperance society.  
Daughter—Wasn't Julius Caesar one of the strongest men that ever lived, pa? Father—What makes you ask that question? Daughter—I was just reading that he threw a bridge over the Rhine.  
Six Stricken Sioux.  
In 1881 I was hunting some lost horses in the broken country west of the Big Horn river. I had ridden all the morning over a country that was strange to me. About eleven o'clock I crossed a plateau, and was surprised to come suddenly to the edge of a canyon, the existence of which I had not even suspected. In the canyon was a stream with clumps of cottonwood timber along its banks, and in one of the open spaces was an Indian lodge. The Indians that hunted in that country were peaceable, but the war was just over, and the Sioux was feeling very sore. If they were Crows or Arapahoes I might get some information about my horses. I lay down and watched. No smoke came from the tepee; no one moved around it; half a dozen ponies grazed a few hundred yards distant. There was not even a dog, which looked rather suspicious. After waiting five minutes I knew no more than at first. Suddenly three white-tailed deer came from the timber and walked leisurely across the opening. Then I knew that the camp was deserted, and the strangeness of it startled me. I mounted and rode down to the creek, and straight to the tepee. I threw back the flap, and I shall remember what I saw until death. In the centre of the tepee was spread a buffalo robe and on the robe were guns and scalp and many arrows; and sitting cross-legged in a circle around the robe were six braves of the Sioux Nation. All were in their prime—all decked out in war paint, and each one held a bow and arrow in his hand. On every face was an expression of calm indifference, as of one who neither suffers nor enjoys, neither hopes nor fears. The faces were those of dead men, and small-pox had marked them with its awful mark. They took their misery with their heads up, and even the horrors of this disease could leave upon their hearts no stain of fear, upon their brows no marks of suffering. And this that their God might judge them men, and fit them to pitch their camps forever in the groves and green fields of paradise. [—Washington Star.

## A Harj Hit.

"If I were bald as you," said Gus Smith to one of the most prominent citizens of Austin, "I would wear a wig."  
"I don't see why you should ever wear a wig if you were bald," was the quiet response. "An empty barn doesn't need any roof." [—Siftings.