

THE STANDARD.

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W. D. ANTHONY & J. M. CROSS

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1888.

In another column, under the caption of "Put Yourself in his Place," we give our readers an able article from the Springfield Republican. It is a plain, pointed and common sense justification of every southerner who espoused the fortunes of his state in the late war, in the defence of those ideas of States Rights which he had been taught from childhood were constitutional. Emanating, as it does, from the very hot-bed of opposition to our ante bellum institutions, and written as a leader of a journal, the name of which allies it to the coercive party of the North, we can but appreciate the catholic spirit in which it is written.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The rapid and continued growth of the Farmers' Alliance is significant of the fact that the farmers as a body have set their brains, as well as their hands, to work to build up their own interests, and place themselves on an equal footing, at least financially, with all other pursuits and callings. And why not? In North Carolina they constitute, by far, the majority. Our schools are filled with their children, and in many instances the teacher himself is one of them, and follows the plow after the school term is over. Our churches all over the country are built and nurtured by them, and our state and county taxes are chiefly paid out of their pockets. The suicidal course that has been followed year after year of depending on others has well nigh brought them to bankruptcy and ruin through a system of trust deeds and mortgages, and the self dependence of former days is almost a thing of the past. The outlook is now more promising and the prospect is brightening. The Alliance, bringing together as it does the successful and experienced farmer with the inexperienced and unsuccessful tiller of the soil, will undoubtedly be of great benefit to each and every one. The work before it is a great one and embodies within its radius almost every public and private interest in the state. May its labors be crowned with success, and the day be not far distant when cash will take the place of crop liens and chattel mortgages.

The Plumed Knight—the Hon. James G. Blaine—from the far-away city of Florence, has written a letter. Mr. Blaine has written a great many letters, some of which it would have been wise in him not to have written, or for his zealous friends to have consigned to oblivion, as their publicity, coupled with ministerial toasts on Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, and other little side shows in the last national campaign, originated the cause for this latest very pronounced epistle. A long extended tour through foreign lands seems not to have buoyed up his flagging political spirits, nor to have convinced so astute a politician that victory awaits him as the bloody shirt standard bearer in the coming campaign. Meditations on high protective tariff "neath soft Italian skies have not strengthened his confidence in a Republican majority, nor enhanced his presidential prospects. No gentle whispering winds have borne to him the longed for words, "Yes, we miss thee at home," from a united party. But that one idea presidential tariff reduction message and the growing popularity of revenue reform notions with all classes have knocked into a "cocked hat" the Plumed Knight's presidential boom, so he has written this last letter, straightforward and sincere, so his friends say, declining the candidacy for the highest office in the gift of the nation he is so very anxious to protect. The Plumed Knight's political sagacity cannot be doubted, and his withdrawal, if sincere, indicates a fear of defeat. The Hon. John Sherman is outspoken in his regret at Mr. Blaine's course. Perhaps he sniffs from afar the danger of an end to his own well laid plans in a cohesion of the Blaine element with that of some other Republican aspirant. We shall see what we shall see.

They have an exhilarating way of doing things in Texas. Four robbers entered a bank at Cisco on Wednesday, took the bank officers in charge and appropriated the \$6,000 in the treasury. After the institution had "been cleaned out" the robbers locked the bankers in the back yard and departed. They did not go, however, in the shame-faced way customary in the effete East, but rode through the main street, firing off their revolvers and displaying their booty as they went.

The Richmond Whig sums it up well when it says: "The iniquitous internal revenue and the monopolistic trust are in the same boat. Both must go and the sooner the better for the country."

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

Springfield Republican. The resentments of the war are dying out, yet a feeling lingers at the North that the men who rebelled against the government were guilty of a crime and that they ought to repent of it. That feeling grows weaker; there is a disposition to give the South the benefit of a sort of moral statute of limitations, and forgive what was done so long ago; but whatever vividly recalls the events of the war is liable to revive a feeling that the southerners rebelled wickedly and without any excuse. Now, why did the southerners fight? Let the northern reader try to put himself in the place of the average white southerner of 1860, and see how things looked to him. Slavery was a part of his whole social life. As a child he had been nursed by a black "mammy." The servants in his house belonged to him. If he was a planter, his laborers were his property. This was the state of things he had grown up in. He believed it right; he read in his Bible how Jews and Christians owned slaves, and Christ and the apostles said not a word against it. He knew that there was a great deal of kindness and fidelity in the actual relations of masters and slaves—and let the northern reader who doubts this remember that as the war went on the blacks were left unguarded on every plantation by the withdrawal of the whites to the army, yet nowhere did they rise for revolt or revenge. The whole industrial system was built on slavery. The slaves represented a commercial value of over a thousand millions. Well, the southerner had for many years heard this system assailed throughout the North, and himself denounced as a criminal. He was barred from what he considered his clear rights of property. If his slave ran away, the northern peep would not let him be reclaimed, though constitution and law required it. If he wanted to go into a territory, and to take with him his house-servants and field-hands, he was told he could not keep them there. On just that point, the right to take slaves into territories, the republicans and democrats battled, until at last the republicans won in the election of Lincoln. Now the southerner saw the national government in the control of a party whose avowed purpose was to exclude from the territories, and to limit and discourage wherever possible, the right to hold slaves. Thereupon the South said to the North: "Since you hate our system of industry, and mean to restrict it, and hope by and by to abolish it, it is time we parted company. Good by!"

"Hold on," said the North, "this union is not a partnership terminable at will. It is a marriage, and there can be no divorce." But the South had long held that in effect the Union was a voluntary alliance of states. Secession, which in the eyes of the North was rebellion, was to the southern mind the exercise of an undoubted right. The southern people had little expectation that the North would oppose it by arms, and at the North and among republicans the right and expediency of "coercing a state" was very much in doubt till debate was cut short by the cannons of Sumpter. So, first, the Gulf states seceded; then, when blood was shed and passion roused, the other southern states went, too. Up to this point, many southerners had opposed secession, and in the border states had made some head against the passion of the hour and the tyranny of public sentiment. But when once a state had voted to leave the union, almost every southerner believed that his state had a right to its allegiance. Even if disapproving of secession, he felt himself in the position of any citizen whose country goes to war, contrary to his judgment, but with the right to command his services. After all, very few men reason out the right and wrong of things clearly, especially amid great social excitements. They catch fire from the feeling in the air. North and South alike, men enlisted under an impulse to fight for their homes and along with their neighbors and in defence for their country. To a Massachusetts man, his country meant the United States; to a Virginian, his country meant Virginia or the South. (Geo. Washington, in his letters during the Revolution, wrote "my country" when he meant Virginia.) When the war became to the South, what it never was to the North, a war of defense. The home and fire-side were threatened. Who blames the men who took arms against that? Who has no feeling for the women who sent their husbands and sons to keep back the hosts of Grant and Sherman, whose coming meant fire and sword? Who wonders if they found it hard to forgive?

This is the southerner's side. If we do not give the northerner's here, it is because our readers have heard it for many years. We need not repeat to them that slavery was a gigantic evil, or that to keep this people one nation was worth all it cost. But we would do justice to our fellow-countrymen of the South. They were mistaken, and they paid a tremendous penalty. Think how men love the flag they have fought under for four long years, and measure the anguish when that flag sank to rise no more! Beaten, thinned, impoverished, the men of the South had

to face and make a wholly new future. They accepted the overthrow of slavery, and the indissoluble unity of these states, as facts; as facts they made the best of them, until they grew reconciled to the result, glad slavery was gone, and attached to the Union they had fought to break. In building up their waste places, in looking forward and not back, in joining hands to create a new America, they have shown themselves braver men than on the battle-field. We are proud of them as our fellow-countrymen, and we would not ask them to repeat or to be ashamed of their past.

NEWS ITEMS.

There are said to be more than 60,000 northern visitors in Florida this winter.

Gen. Sherman has selected a committee to arrange for a celebration of Gen. Grant's birthday.

The Duke of Westminster in Great Britain has an income of \$50 per minute the year round.

Representative McCollough, of Pennsylvania, is said to be the handsomest man in Congress.

The colored people are raising subscriptions to erect a Lincoln monument in Washington.

It is stated that it will require upwards of 2,000 cars to transport the orange crop of California, now just coming to perfection, to Eastern markets.

The Congressional Hall of Representatives at Washington is 139 feet long and 83 feet wide and contains 333 desks, and the galleries will hold about 1500 people.

A Pennsylvania girl recently threw an apple paring over her shoulder, and it struck a Mr. Gibson edgewise in one of his eyes, entirely destroying the sight. Mr. Gibson, by the way, is not the first man a woman has brought to grief with a piece of apple.—Republican.

There are fifty-seven retail liquor houses in Atlanta, Ga., eight retail beer saloons, one wholesale beer house and four wholesale liquor houses. The income from the fifty-seven retail liquor houses alone if now were licensed, would amount to \$57,000 for this year, while the beer saloons are licensed for \$100 a year. The sale of liquor is confined to very restricted limits, and the saloons are pretty well bunched together.

A convict at Stillwater, Minn., known as Dr. August Towksy, has been identified as John A. G. Fawtoshi, who, six years ago, while a resident of Chicago, took out policies upon his life to the amount of \$8,500 and suddenly disappeared. He had married another woman and was sent to the Stillwater penitentiary for attempting to murder her because she refused to act in collusion with him to defraud an insurance company.

Mrs. Louisa Ramsball, of Canadaigua, N. Y. who died recently, possessed an estate valued at \$120,000. She leaves two insane children. Her will provides for the erection of a mausoleum to cost \$85,000, and then sets aside \$18,000 for statues of herself and husband, and for the maintenance of the mausoleum. The remainder, if there be any, is to be used for the support of the insane children.

After this year, unless a vacancy should occur by death or resignation, there will be no judge of the Supreme Court to elect until 1895. At that time Judge Paxton's time will expire, he, with the late Judge Woodward, having been the first elected under the present Constitution. Judge Paxton will become chief justice at the end of this year and will have six years to serve in that position.

The government will commence weighing the mail carried by the railroads in the South on February 20th, in order to determine the compensation to be allowed for the next four years. The mail will be weighed on the cars every day for thirty consecutive days from the date of commencement, to arrive at a fair average, and will be conducted by the postal clerks, the railroads having the privilege of representation to see that the weighing is done correctly.

In the southwestern portion of Allegan, county, Mich., there is a peculiar religious denomination known as "Sanctified Saints." They have but little faith in other sects, and consider the salaried minister an emissary of the devil. Their ministers receive no salary, and no contributions are taken at their meetings for any purpose. His support is dependent on his own labor and the freewill offerings that are made. Salvation is literally free. They refuse to send their children to the public schools, regarding them as "inventions of the devil." Their meeting-house is of a peculiar, primitive sort, equipped with wooden benches. On entering the sanctuary the men greet each other with what is termed a "holy kiss" and the salutation "Praise the Lord." The women kiss and salute each other in the same manner. The meeting is opened by singing. When the chorus is reached every member holds up his right hand and beats time. Then an elder preaches a sermon, every sentence of which ends with "Praise the Lord."

STATE NEWS.

Cleveland county has sixty-three churches.

Salisbury people are going to have a new cemetery laid off.

Meningitis prevails in Davidson township, Iredell county.

Catawba county receives \$931.58 tax from the Railroads in the county.

Mr. Thos. D. Mears has been chosen Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias in the State.

The first engine over the new Oxford and Clarksville Railroad steamed into Oxford on the 16th.

The Lenoir Topic gives a hearty endorsement to Judge A. C. Avery for the supreme court bench.

There are now 339 Farmers' Alliances in North Carolina. Since January 1st, 156 have been organized.

A furniture factory is to be built in Lincoln and furnished with the latest improved machinery.

A whale sixty-feet long, has been killed near Morehead City on the Shackleford banks, and is said to be worth \$2,000.

The Winston Republican reports that Col. A. B. Andrews will have control of the road to Wilkesboro, and will push it through at once.

The Reidsville Democrat says, the oldest Moravian settlement in the South was made November 17th, 1753 at Old Town, afterwards called Wachovia, five miles North of Winston, N. C. by emigrants from Pennsylvania. There is a stone church at this place one hundred years old.

A strong writer in the News and Observer proposes Hon. D. G. Fowle for Governor, and Thos. W. Mason for Lt. Governor. He says that Judge Fowle has every requisite for the position, and that he has done valiant service for the party in the past, and that his services have never been properly recognized.

NOTHING TO FIGHT FOR.

Maj. Skelton of Harwell, Ga., tells the following: "At the battle of Antietam, Gen. Barksdale drew up his brigade in line of battle and addressed them, telling them that the battle would probably decide the destiny of the Confederacy, of their homes, their property, their fathers, their mothers, their sweethearts and imploring them to acquit themselves like men. If there was a man in the ranks who felt he had nothing to fight for let him get out. Thereupon two lean, lank 'dirt-eaters' stepped out, and one drawled: 'Gen'l, me'n him haint got no home, no pappy, no mammy, no wife, no sweetheart, no nigger. 'Kin we go?' The general looked at them with contempt, and then thundred, 'Git! They got.'"

NOTHING NEW TO HIM.

A lady carrying an umbrella entered the street car, but before she could take a seat the car plunged forward with an awkward jerk. The lady, in attempting to regain her equilibrium, whacked her umbrella against the head of a gentleman. "Oh sir, I beg a thousand pardons, sir. These drivers are so careless. Hope you are not seriously injured, sir."

"Oh no, ma'am. I'm a married man and am used to little knocks like that."

Bob Burdett in Richmond Dispatch. "One to-day," remarks a wise man, "is worth two tomorrows." Oh, is it, then? You go into the market with today and see how many tomorrows you can get for it. You can't get one—not a solitary one; you can't even get a tomorrow morning for it. But if you have a tomorrow that you want to put on the market, you might get a whole week of tomorrows for it. The only man who wouldn't offer today for it is the man who is going to be hanged tomorrow, and has consequently very little use for it. What he wants to trade for is about two months of yesterdays and a couple of weeks before last.

The American reporter is beaten by the reporter of a German paper, who, after vainly attempting to gain an interview with a diplomat, finally disguised himself as a barber and proceeded to get ready for his work. The great man having been safely laid back in the chair, the seeming barber took him by the nose and, brandishing the open razor before him with one hand, while with the other he held him firmly down, pounded the question: "And now I beg your Excellency to answer my question. Is there to be an alliance or not?"

The tube for the great telescope of the Lick observatory, or Mt. Hamilton, Cal., is four feet in diameter in the center, and weighs in all eight thousand six hundred pounds. This huge instrument is so exactly made and nicely balanced that the pressure of a single finger will direct it to any point in the heavens.

The Board of Trustees of North Carolina University met in Raleigh on the 16th. The reports of the faculty show that good work is being done, and that the general tone and standard of instruction is more satisfactory than ever before.

A Kansas City barber says that the rats eat off the edges of his razors.

ALL SORTS.

Uh is the name of a Philadelphia grocer and Von Meyempensteinmetz of Stuttgart, sausage maker.

A man recently took a bath in the dark. He managed well enough, only he got hold of a piece of stove-blacking instead of soap—with marked results.

Heavner, a blacksmith aged 75, after living with his wife for fifty years in apparent harmony, at Newton, N. C., shouldered his hammers and skipped the town, either in want of a new scenery or a new partner.

Wife (pleading)—I'm afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to do. Husband—Why? W.—Because you always let me get up to light the fire. H.—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

"If I might venture to make a suggestion, madam," said the tombstone agent, in a sombre yet respectful way, "I should say the motto. 'He has gone to a better land' would be an appropriate one."

"You forget, sir," said the lady in black, with cold dignity, "that he lived in Boston."

A special commissioner of the Pall Mall Gazette, now at Vancouver, B. C., on his way around the world, undertook to carry on a conversation with the home office at London, nearly 8,000 miles, and the wires between the two continents were kept in play continually for nearly three hours. It was 1 p. m. in the British Columbia capital and 9 p. m. at the other end of the line, and it took just six minutes to send a question and get an answer back,—six minutes for a question to travel over 15,000 miles of wire. A storm was raging too, at various points along the line, and the thermometer ranged considerably below zero.

Henry Buckwald, a young man having an artificial nose, was in Magistrate Pole's court the other day charged with having stolen a watch and chain and some clothing belonging to H. A. Lambert, 1705 Bambray Street.

"That case reminds me of an unfortunate accident that befell a friend of mine," observed Detective Hulfish. "He was a butcher. One day while killing a sheep he placed the knife in his mouth. The animal kicked, striking the knife, which cut off part of my friend's nose. He hastily replaced the piece, and tied a bandage around the wound. When it healed he removed the cloth to discover his horror that his nose was upside down. It didn't worry him long, though, poor fellow! One day he got caught in a rain storm, and the water entering his nose drowned him." The detective sighed as he started out to follow a cold trail on a lost pug dog.

Judge John B. Rice was a prominent lawyer of Montgomery, Ala., when secession was being whipped up in the State the Judge made a speech in one of the small towns up in the pine woods country, and in the course of his heated and sanguine remarks exclaimed, "Why, fellow citizens! we can whip them Yankees with popguns."

After the war clouds had cleared away and the Judge had settled down to the practice of his profession, professional duties took him back to this same town. He was defending a criminal in his usual way. He assured the jury earnestly that every word that fell from his lips was true. At this point a one-armed, long-haired jester arose in his seat with doubt written all over his countenance and said: "Judge ain't you the man who said in this very Court House in '60 that we could whip them Yankees with popguns?" The Judge was silent for a moment, and then with great vehemence exclaimed: "Yes, I said it; but d—n their dirty souls, they wouldn't fight with popguns."

A Vassar girl tells in the New York Journal of the curious ways in which some of the poorer students at that institution earn their pocket money. "Some of the girls who come up to Vassar," are as helpless as babes. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one to do those things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make their pocket money. Last year a pretty blue-eyed girl came to the college and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car-fare and the thousand and one little incidentals she must earn herself.

Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door: Gloves and shoes neatly mended for ten cents each. Breakfast brought up for ten cents. Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a week. Beds made up at ten cents a week.

"That little freshman made just \$150 the first year," continues the account, "and that paid all of her expenses and a good part of her tuition fees."

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Hardware Headquarters.

SEE HERE,

MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, ENGINEERS, MINERS,

Farmers and Everybody Else

Can be suited in Hardware at YORKE & WADSWORTH'S at bottom prices for the CASH. Our stock is full and complete. A splendid line of Cook Stoves and cooking utensils in stock. Turning Plows, Plow Stocks, Harrows, Belting, Feed Cutters, Cornshellers, Tinware, Guns, Pistols, Knives, Powder, Shot and Lead, Doors, Sash and Blinds, Shingles, Glass, Oil, White Lead, Paints and Putty a specialty; Wire Screens, Oil Cloths, wrought, cut and Horse Shoe Nails, and in fact everything usually kept in a hardware store. We will sell all these goods as cheap, quality considered, as at any house in North Carolina.

Our warehouse is filled with Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Rakes, of the best make on the market, which must and will be sold at the lowest figures. Be sure to come to see us, whether you buy or not.

YORKE & WADSWORTH.

P. S. We have always on hand Lister's and Waldo Guano and Wando Acid, at prices to suit. Y. & W.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

I am now prepared to insure Cotton Gins, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, country dwellings, country stores and stocks. Give me a call before insuring. J. W. BURKHEAD, Ag't.

Notice.

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of John Young, col., deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them duly authenticated to the undersigned on or before the 23rd day of January 1889, or this notice will plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and save cost and trouble. This the 23rd day of January, 1889. J. F. WILLEFORD, Adm'r of John Young, Col.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator de bonis non of the estate of J. L. Honeycutt, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment; and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same for payment on or before the 10th day of February, 1889, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. EDMUND HONEYCUTT, Adm'r de bonis non. By W. G. MEANS, Att'y.

AT FETZER'S DRUG STORE,

We have in stock

10,000 Papers

BUISST'S PRIZE MEDAL

Garden Seeds,

The most popular and reliable seeds sold in the South, always giving satisfaction. Also onion sets, choice varieties of corn for garden and field culture, Red Clover, Lucerne, Orchard Grass, Kentucky Blue Grass, Red Top or Herds Grass, German Millet, &c. All choice selected seeds, which we offer at low prices.

N. D. FETZER, Manager.

N. B. We are offering the

BIGGEST BARGAINS

in chewing tobacco in this market.

Removal.

Having removed to the next store room on Litaler's corner I am prepared to furnish old and new customers with good goods, nice goods and cheap goods in the grocery line. Thankful for many past favors I trust to merit a continuance by strict attention to business and fair dealing. Respectfully, H. M. GOODMAN.

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NEW

MILLINERY STORE.

I would inform the ladies of Concord and surrounding country that I have opened a new

Millinery Store

At ALLISON'S CORNER, where they will find a well selected stock of

Hats and Bonnets

Ribbons, Collars, Corsets, Bustles, Tricings, Veilings, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

Respectfully, 63m MRS. MOLLIE ELLIOTT.

WALTER & SUTHERS,

GROCERS,

Are fully alive to the people's interest, and are prepared to make things lively in the sale of heavy and fancy

GROCERIES,

By putting them down to bottom prices for

Cash or Barter.

Their stock during 1888 will be of the very choicest and freshest, and is bound to please.

Don't forget the place, one door below Cannons & Fetzer.

WALTER & SUTHERS.

18m

"ISMS"

THE WORST "ISM" TO-DAY IS

Rheumatism

RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE MUSCLES Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM OF LONG STANDING Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS, buy of any Druggist

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

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