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**Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie.**  
When Charleston built for the Briton's sport  
The spongy, hardy palmetto fort,  
And the ships with their topsails taut and thin  
Stormed over the bar at break of day,  
Gun and swivel and culverin  
Shouting their murderous roundelay!  
When the hissing shot was immured for good,  
Time after time, in the soft, sly wood,  
A venturesome shell, from the Moreland's deck,  
Struck the patriot staff, and snapped it quite,  
Nest in the middle, without one flock,  
And whirled the flag from the rampart's height.  
But William Jasper saw from his post,  
And, his young blood seething, still as a ghost,  
Straight through the portous fire leaped down,  
Leaped down, and back, by a leopard spring,  
The smoke in his eyes, erect and brown,  
All in the best of a swallow's wing.  
And held close, close, as he climbed alone,  
The banner sacred and overthrown;  
And quick, with that steady hand of his,  
Notching his loops on his ramrod bare,  
With a "So, my beauty!" and one frank kiss,  
Flung it again to the glad, free air!  
Then the friendly tides turned clean about,  
And slipped from under the frigates stout,  
And Sir Peter Parker's crippled fleet,  
With its disembarking, bewildered crew,  
Groped and fumbled, and got its feet,  
And rolled off into the sea anon.  
'Tis the old tale; how ours sat down  
At dusk in their fair, beleaguered town,  
We seal their valor, repeat their vows;  
We keep their memories east and west;  
We sing their praise through the happy house;  
But of Sergeant Jasper, who knows the rest!  
Who asks it? Peace to his ashes cold  
The Carolinian grasses fold!  
To the foal boy heart, in its little hour  
Symbol and vision of boyhood,  
Houngue! The rooster where he was flown—  
Boars hundreds, happily, such as he.  
Let capturers sleep in their gorgeous fame;  
For us, forever, some quiet name,  
In which no armor's skill is versed,  
To mock at history's calendar,  
And once through its ordered page to burst  
Like a headlong, glorious August star!  
—[Louise I. Guiney in Boston Post.]

## Fate of John Ramsay, M. D.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

I am a physician. I have made a life-long study of the human brain, and may, perhaps, be pardoned if I say that my opinions upon diseases of the mind now carry considerable weight among members of the profession.  
It is only a week or two since I was called to a large asylum for the insane in Northern Ohio to examine a case which baffled the skill of the local doctors. After disposing of that matter I took an unprofessional stroll through the institution in company with my old friend, the superintendent.  
The asylum over which I now made a tour of inspection was a most beautiful building, resembling in its appointments the homes of the wealthy and opulent. We wandered through room after room and along successive halls and corridors where men and women in every stage of insanity passed the time in various harmless amusements, or were restlessly confined in the care of wardens and nurses. Of all the misfortunes to which humanity is heir, this loss of reason is, to my mind, the saddest by far; and, though I might be expected to have grown hardened by long years of familiarity with all phases of weak intellect, I never cease to feel devoutly thankful for that greatest of all benefits conferred upon me by a beneficent Creator—a sound brain.  
We had passed through the greater part of the enormous institution and were approaching that portion of the building set apart for the residence of the superintending physician—my friend, Dr. Habershon. Taking from his pocket a key, Dr. Habershon inserted it in the keyhole of a door. Before turning it, he looked at me in a strange manner and said: "If you were not an old meddler, Hartly, and as familiar with strange cases as I am myself, I should warn you to keep your countenance and betray no surprise on entering here. And I speak, anyhow, so as to be on the safe side." So saying he turned the key in the lock and opened the door. We quietly entered a very neat but plainly furnished room, and I confess that, although I have witnessed queer, weird, wild and, oftentimes blood-curdling sights, I never felt so startled in all my life as I did at that moment. The room was not by any means dark, for it was well lighted by a large window running all along one side, but placed above the reach of a man, even though he should stand upon a chair; yet at the farther end of the room I noticed a student's lamp burning over a plain pine-wood table, upon which rested a human skull and some writing paper. Seated at this table, pencil in hand, was a man about the same age as myself and Dr. Habershon (40 years) gazing intently upon the skull. What startled me so severely was the fact that when I had last seen that man more than fifteen years since—I had seen him in exactly such a position, with precisely similar surroundings. And yet, what a difference! Then he had just graduated

at the head of his class from our college, and was looked upon as one of the most promising young physicians in the country—now, he was a helpless maniac! "Ramsay?" I involuntarily queried, only partially believing my own eyesight. Habershon nodded. "You need not speak to him; he won't reply. It is just 6 o'clock. He will sit at that table gazing at the old skull until daybreak and then he will throw himself upon his bed and sleep until noon. That's the way he used to do, you know, and humor him all I can. Poor old Ramsay; I love him a good deal, you know, Hartly. You remember all about it?" "Yes I remember the story, though I had almost forgotten it."  
Ramsay, Habershon and myself were all students together in Philadelphia. We were in the same classes in college and jointly occupied the same suite of rooms. Furthermore we were all making a specialty of studying the human brain, and the only point wherein we materially differed from each other was that Ramsay knew more than we two fellows together.  
True, Ramsay was, in regard to his theories and speculations, what many people would call a "crank"—but then successful cranks are esteemed to be geniuses, and certainly Ramsay was, in my judgment, quite as near the one as the other.  
We three fellows all fitted in the same social set, and although both Ramsay and Habershon knew good and beautiful girls by the score, the fates decreed that they should fall in love with the same young lady. And yet, strange enough, they never displayed bad feeling toward each other, nor ever sought to make the lady's position an unpleasant one on account of the rivalry. It seemed to me, an onlooker, as though there was a tacit understanding between them, that no undue influence should be brought into play, but that, knowing how both loved and admired her, the object of their admiration and esteem should be left quietly to choose between them.  
Grace Thornycroft was a most beautiful and estimable girl, and though I have been an old bachelor all my days, I do not wonder that any man should have sought her for his wife.  
One day Grace, with her father, mother and a brother, were down to Atlantic City, where they took a sailboat and went out. A sudden squall overtaking them the frail pleasure boat was upset and Grace was the only member of the party who escaped with her life. She was picked up in a fainting condition and tenderly cared for, but when restored, physically, it was found that her mind was shattered—she was insane. All that wealth, combined with skill, could do was done for Grace, but it availed nothing and the physicians and friends at last gave up the case as hopeless. Habershon was himself almost crazy with grief and could not bear to go near the poor girl. As for Ramsay, he shut himself up in his den—a small, barely furnished room where he was in the habit of pursuing his studies and experiments. There was a determined expression on the fellow's face and when I looked in on him (which was seldom) he was always busy with his papers and books—sometimes engaged in dissecting the brains of dogs and other animals, and once examining a human brain.  
He seldom spoke or even so much as remarked my presence, though once he said in an excited tone: "I shall cure her, Hartly—it shall be done at any cost."  
So for days and weeks he sat over that bare pine table gazing at the skull in front of him—ever and anon rapidly penciling diagrams of the human brain and of the nervous system.  
Late one evening I was sitting with Habershon when there came a rap at the door and Ramsay entered. He was very quiet, but knowing him as well as I did I could tell he had something beyond the ordinary on his mind.  
"Boys," he said, "I think I have found what I have been searching for—I think I can cure Grace. I say this, because, after all, it is only a theory of mine and may utterly fail, but I think not. Perhaps you say I should not theorize and experiment on a woman whom, as you know, I love. Well, it won't do any harm to her and it may do her all possible good. To-morrow morning I shall try to do this work."  
Then turning more particularly to Habershon, he continued: "Ed, you and I both love Grace Thornycroft. Now, in the presence of Hartly, here, I want you to promise me that, whatever the consequences of my operation, you will care for Grace as long as she lives, and, if necessary, care for me, too."  
I think neither Habershon or myself understood the purport of these words, when they were spoken, though their meaning was clear enough later on. However, Habershon gave the requested promise and we parted for the night.  
The next day, in the forenoon, Ramsay, in the presence of the two physicians who had been in charge of Grace, began his operations. I was an interested observer from a distant part of the room, but Habershon could not be induced to be present. Ramsay told

the older doctors that if his theory proved perfectly successful in practice he would be able to give his method of cure in writing for the benefit of the medical world—at present, he said that it was utterly impossible for him to intelligently explain his ideas. However, he guaranteed that the attempt would be perfectly harmless to the patient and the doctors stood by ready to prevent any undue or dangerous experiment. For myself, I have not the least idea to this day just what the means were which Ramsay employed to produce the end he had in view, nor have I any theory to advance. The whole thing was a strange affair to me then and appears just as strange when I look back upon it from the present moment, with all the experience which I have gained with fifteen years' practice.  
Ramsay first of all administered a draught to Grace Thornycroft, who was seated in a reclining chair. A few moments later he made a small incision in an artery in the patient's right arm, which movement he followed by making a similar incision in an artery of his own left arm. The two arteries he then connected by means of a small silver tube. Facing his subject, Ramsay tapped her head, near the base of the brain, two or three times with his knuckles, and then gazed into her eyes. Ten minutes passed slowly by and no perceptible difference was noticeable in Grace's condition. Ten more minutes, and a gleam of intelligence seemed to be forcing its way into the face of the poor girl—but, strange to relate, a wild, far-away look was settling upon Ramsay! Another ten minutes, and Grace Thornycroft recognized every one in the room, including myself, while John Ramsay was led away from the newly conscious girl, a raving maniac!  
As I have before remarked, I have no explanation to offer—I can only chronicle bare facts. Ramsay was a man of genius, surely, though in the one act of his life in which he proved that genius, he partially failed; and, in that by losing his mind he was unable to give his theories to the world, his genius will never benefit posterity.  
Habershon married Grace Thornycroft two years later, and they have always taken the best care of the man who saved a woman's reason at the expense of his own.—[Detroit Free Press.]

## A NORWEGIAN SPORT.

The National Pastime of the Sturdy Norseman is "Ski."

Binding on the "Skis," He Glides Down the Mountains.

"Ski" running is to the Norwegian what base-ball is to the American, or cricket to the Briton—the national sport. It is also something more; it is a necessary and practical mode of locomotion, as is skating to the Dutchman, and snow-shoeing to the denizen of the Canadas. Broken by hills, and crossed by valleys, the Norwegian fatherland when wrapped in its winter mantle of deep snow presents difficulties to travelers requiring extraordinary means to surmount. Heavily drifted, the roads become well-nigh impassable to horses for long periods, and then the only means of communication from farmhouse to farm-house and hamlet to hamlet is pedestrian. In this strait the sturdy Norseman binds upon his legs his long fleet "skis" and flies easily and gracefully over the drifts and shoots like lightning down the hills and steep mountain sides, and out of stern necessity has learned to draw a vigorous amusement. The history of the "ski" is the history of the wonderful people who use it as a birthright. Norse mythology is full of it, and some of the most stirring passages in Norwegian history draw their romance from the bold and daring feats of hardy "ski" runners.  
The "ski," pronounced softly and defiantly "sh," familiar and dear to the runner as his sweetheart's oftentimes, is a long and narrow strip of wood, often pine, better of hard wood, made with a curving nose to override the snow, and bearing near its centre a strap and rest for the foot of the rider or "runner." The length varies according to the strength of the runner and the purpose of the "ski," seldom exceeding ten feet, however. For mountain and dense forest traveling they are made shorter and for military maneuvers, when worn by soldiers, are of unequal length to facilitate turning readily. Generally they present only the wooden surface to the snow, but sometimes, especially when designed for travel where many hills are to be ascended, their bottoms are covered with deer hide, the hair pointing backward, and acting as a secure anchor against retrogression. They solve the problem of walking on the snow on the same principle as the more clumsy and slower plaited snowshoe familiar in American forests, by dividing the weight of the wearer over a large surface. The American snowshoe is also in use in Norway, but, as was remarked by an expert runner, "it is too slow for men, and we give it to old women and put it on horses."  
The feats of speed and dexterity performed on their "skis" by expert runners are wonderful. On a level surface they move as fast as a good horse, but it is coming down hill that they show their mettle. Curving gracefully over the crest, as the slope grows steeper they gather speed like lightning, until, with full headway, they shoot through the air with the speed of a railroad train, fairly taking away the breath of the daring runner with the rapid motion. A well authenticated account is current in Norway that one Finnish woman, a very expert runner, one day tried the descent of a peculiarly steep mountain side, and attained such fearful speed that when those who awaited her at the end of her bird-like flight received her, she stood bolt upright on her "skis," dead, the breath literally ravished from her lips by her rapid descent. The "hop" is the most difficult and dangerous of the many feats of the "ski" runner. In descending hills, broken spots and small precipices are often met with, and over these the careful and the timid runners simply slide, but expert and venturesome runners augment the danger and the excitement at the same time by leaping into the air just at the verge of the cliff, landing far beyond the point where the sliding runner would alight. In the races and games with the "skis," a "hop" is generally made by building up a cliff with snow at some convenient point of the declivity, and this is made high according to the skill and daring of the runners. One moment on the earth, a sudden spring, and away he flies through the air, 50, 70, 100 feet, enough of a fall, one would think to break every bone in his sturdy body, but landing safely and gracefully and shooting away on his course.  
As a national pastime "ski" running has attracted the widest attention in Norway, the royal family leading the enthusiasm of their presence to the yearly carnival. In this country it is only recently coming into notice, and Minneapolis is entitled to the first of having been the home of the first "ski" club ever organized in America.—[Minneapolis Journal.]

## The Wild Animal Trade.

"There is scarcely anything going on in the trade this year," recently observed Mr. F. J. Thompson, who is perhaps the largest wild animal dealer in the United States, and who resides in New York. "You see, this year," he continued, "is the presidential year, and like theatrical business, our trade is seriously affected. In off years circuses and other shows put in their heaviest work, while in years like this the countrymen, when they have a holiday, instead of going to the circus go off to a mass meeting or to see the parade."  
"But the wild animal trade has never flourished as it did before 1873," added Mr. Thompson. "It was during the war times and immediately after, when every one was flush of money, that the greatest seasons were experienced. Then there were hundreds of circuses, big and little, and various side shows, which patrolled the country from ocean to ocean. Out in the west, too, many of the small shows had gambling attachments, which helped materially to rake in the money. A proprietor of one of these thought nothing of paying \$1000 for any animal which happened to strike his fancy."  
"But many of these parties made money so fast that they shortly closed up business and quit. Then came the financial crash of 1873, and the stagnation of every kind of business, and the failures of most of these circuses and showmen remaining. The few who remained who came into the business did not have much money, and could not afford to buy large numbers of animals or very valuable specimens. So it has been ever since, with a consequent stagnation in animal trade."  
Another thing which has affected the business a good deal is the growing scarcity of certain kinds of wild animals, and the closing of some of the depots for their collection and exportation. Nubia and upper Egypt, for example, for a long time were the great headquarters for the supply of giraffes, elephants, hippopotami, and the double-horned rhinoceros, with many other wild animals, but since the troubles there, subsequent to the death of Gen. Gordon at Khartoum, absolutely nothing has been received from this region, which is now barred, for an indefinite period by the impending Italo-Abyssinian war. And then again the depot in South Africa are beginning to close because the hunters have to go such immense distances before they can reach the lairs of the wild animals, hundreds of miles from their former haunts. The cause of this is the extermination of all kinds by the so-called sportsmen, who pour into that region like they did into the United States when the buffaloes roved the plains.—[New York Sun.]

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Prof. Moritz Benedict says that the brain of a professional murderer bears a striking resemblance to that of a beast of prey.  
Experiments on the speed of the electric current prove that if a proper conductor could be wound around the globe a signal parting from it at any point of it would return to the starting point in one-half of a second.  
A scheme is in progress in Mexico for tunneling the volcano of Popocatepetl through the wall of the crater, in order to reach the immense sulphur deposits inside the mountain. A narrow-gauge railroad will connect the tunnel with the town of Amecameca, which, in turn, will connect with the Morelos road, leading to the national capital.  
The experiments which were successfully carried out at Washington some time ago of sending nitro-gelatine shells from an ordinary gun have been repeated by the Turkish government. A breach-loading howitzer was pointed on a target of twelve steel plates 200 metres away. The shell exploded on contact and completely destroyed the target.  
A wonderful fire-proof paint has been invented by A. Jamieson. According to the Electrical Review, a "shanty" of dry pine wood was covered with the paint, and by means of oiled shavings, two attempts to burn it were made, but without success. The hot fire was only able to char the face of the wood, and would not take hold of it. The test was so satisfactory that Captain Cameron, of the White Star line, intends taking several gallons of it over to England in his ship, the Adriatic.  
Dr. Brown-Sequard, who has been preaching that bad ventilation and poor and monotonous food are the great causes of phthisis, has exhibited to the Paris Academy of Science a ventilating apparatus of his invention. A reversed funnel, the shape of a lamp shade, is placed at the end of a tube, so arranged in its curves and angles that when placed beside a bed the reversed funnel will be above the sleeper and draw up the air he breathes. The other end runs into the chimney of the room. If there be none, it is taken through a heating apparatus to an air-hole. The heat is great enough to burn the disease germs.  
The average watch is composed of one hundred and seventy-five different pieces, comprising upward of two thousand four hundred separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has eighteen thousand beats or vibrations per hour, twelve million nine hundred and sixty thousand and eight in thirty days, one hundred and fifty-seven million six hundred and eighty thousand in one year; it travels one and forty-three one-hundredth inches with each vibration, which is equal to nine and three-quarter miles in twenty-four hours, two hundred and ninety-two and a half miles in thirty days, or three thousand five hundred and fifty-eight and three-quarter miles in one year.  
It is estimated that the air in a room becomes distinctly bad for health when its carbonic acid exceeds 1 part in 1000. An apparatus has been recently patented by Prof. Wolpert of Nurnberg, which affords a measure of the carbonic acid present. From a vessel containing a red liquid (soda-solution with phenolphthalein) there comes every 100 seconds, through a siphon-arrangement, a red drop on a prepared white thread about a foot and a half long, and trickles down this. Behind the thread is a scale beginning with "pure air" (up to 0.7 per 1000) at the bottom, and ending above with "extremely bad" (4 to 7 per 1000 and more). In pure air the drop continues red down to the bottom, but it loses its color by the action of carbonic acid, and the sooner, the more there is of that gas present.  
A Curious and Valuable Book.  
Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf, and being interleaved with blue paper, is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed upon its composition must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II. of Germany offered for it in 1640 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country, and by whom owned, has never been ascertained.—[The Bookworm.]

## Diedrich and Gretchen.

Sat a prince within his castle,  
Sad and lone;  
Far beneath a winding river  
Danced and shone.  
"Ah!" he sighed, "I wish and pray  
I were happy now as they—  
Yonder peasants on their way."  
Paused a peasant, gayly humming  
Simple song,  
Glancing upward toward the castle  
Grim and strong:  
"Would that I were there," said he,  
"Ah, how happy I should be,  
Feasting, singing merrily!"  
"Nay," said Gretchen, now beside him  
"Covet not;  
You art happy, honest Diedrich,  
In thy cot.  
God hath given thee thy place,  
Castle walls would pale thy face,  
Waste thy strength and mar thy grace."  
Sunday came and bells were tolling  
Soft and low;  
From the castle walls a cortege  
Moved, and slow.  
"Diedrich," said fair Gretchen, "see!  
Whom thou enviest so, 'tis he—  
Wouldst thou prince or Diedrich be?"  
"Diedrich ever with my Gretchen  
By my side  
In the cot—if thou wilt grace it,"  
He replied.  
"Yes," she whispered, "thine, command!"  
Then he slipped a golden band  
On the blushing maiden's hand.  
—[J. Adams, in Courant.]

## HUMOROUS.

A hotel clerk-boy never takes affront when the clerk yells "Front!"  
The English language sounds odd to a foreigner, as when one says, "I will come by-and-by to buy a bicycle."  
Did you ever see a doctor kick a banana peel off the sidewalk, or tell an acquaintance that he was sitting in a draught?  
A laundry which stands in the shadow of an east-side church, Buffalo, bears the appropriate legend on its sign board: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."  
A sportsman is a man who spends all day away from his business, \$2 for powder and shot, and comes home at night tired, hungry and ugly, dragging a fourteen cent rabbit by its ears.  
A scientist says: "If the land were flattened out the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." If any man is caught flattening out the land I shoot him on the spot. A great many of us can't swim.  
Timid Young Suitor (who has won consent of Papa): And now may I ask you, sir, whether—ah—whether your daughter has any domestic accomplishments? Papa (sarcastically): Yes, sir; she sometimes knits her brows.  
Charming young hostess: "Why, Major, you are not going so soon?" Major (who prides himself on being one of those fine old-school fellows who can say a neat thing without knowing it): "Soon? Madam, it may seem soon to you; but it seems to me I have been here a lifetime."  
"I saw you looking on at the toboggan slide in the baseball park on the west side yesterday," said Brown to the Chinaman who had just brought in his laundry. "What do you think of tobogganing, John?" "W-h-i-s-h! Walkee backee mitee!" said the Chinaman.  
The man who makes your knuckles snap  
And says, "I'm glad to meet you,"  
Is very frequently a chap  
Who'll readily forget you.  
The First Razor.  
The earliest reference to shaving is found in Genesis xii: 14, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the king shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of scripture. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries such an act would have been ignominious. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians allowed their beards to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at other times that to have neglected it was a subject of reproach and ridicule, and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition and slovenly habits the artists represented him with a beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both beard and head. The priests also shaved the head. Shaving the head became customary among the Romans about 360 B. C. According to Pliny, Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved daily. In France the custom of shaving arose when Louis XIII. came to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo-Saxons wore their beards until, at the conquest, they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans, who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to Charles I. beards were universally worn. In Charles II.'s reign the mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after this the practice of shaving became general throughout Europe. The revival of the custom of wearing the beard dates from the time of the Crimea, 1854-55.—[Penman's Journal.]