

THE STANDARD.

J. M. CROSS. - BUSINESS MANAGER. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1888.

Effects of Mental Overwork.

Some interesting though not novel observations on the symptoms of mental fatigue were discussed at a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society. The result of these investigations goes to prove that weariness of mind, the result of work, like other forms of exhaustion, is recognizable under the two different though related aspects of irritability and incapacity. Further careful inquiry into the same subject would probably show that here, as elsewhere, the former of these conditions is introductory to the latter, and is the natural sequel of that stage of apparently successful overaction which is seen when an organ still fully capable is unduly stimulated.

The observations referred to were culled from a series of reports by school-teachers, and included details of their own sensations as well as of the children under their care. The signs of mental irritability were apparent in sleeplessness and nervous laughter; of fatigue, in sleepiness and incapacity for task work. Lolling, yawning, and a languid manner told that the will was flagging. Headache suggested overstrain in study combined with defective ventilation, and perhaps a too sparing diet; while some curious facts bearing on the causation of color-blindness and somnambulism were also noted. Thus, in one case the blue-color perception was for a time obliterated, and the sufferer from this defect found herself painting ivy leaves a bright orange; while in another a student, having retired to rest on the eve of an examination, awoke at his desk to find that he had been busily engaged in drawing humorous cartoons relating to a former conversation. Here we have an instance of cerebral irritation due to overwork, which suggests a somewhat close connection between dreaming and somnambulism, and affords a clue to the physiology of the latter condition.

Overwork, both mental and bodily, is at once the most general and the least regarded form of illness to which we are liable in the present age. Do what we may, it is next to impossible to escape from it; but there is, at all events, a certain satisfaction in being able to recognize its features. We must not forget, however, that it is also to a considerable extent a preventable evil, and it is certainly a matter for satisfaction that this fact is not ignored by the reforming party in the legislature. Its treatment in individual cases requires chiefly that due attention be paid to the two great essentials of timely rest and wholesome diet. Work, however irksome, may, it is generally allowed, be undertaken on a liberal scale, if only it is not too continuous, but it is broken by timely and adequate intervals of rest. The value of a plain and liberal diet is hardly less, and we may take it as a maxim for the times that, so long as appetite and sleep are unimpaired, there is no dangerous degree of overwork, and, conversely, that a failure in either of these respects should be regarded as a warning signal, to which attention should be paid by relieving the strain of exertion.—London Lancet.

How the Devil Tempted Jim.

Albany (Ga.) News. A gray headed, weather beaten old darkey named Jim Short was arraigned before the criminal court of Decatur county charged with stealing a juicy ham from Haban's store. After the State closed the old "vet" was put up to make his statement.

"Judge I was jus pabbin' by an seed de ham. De debil say, 'Jim, dar's a nice ham, take um.' De Lawd say, 'Jim, you's a preacher, don't ron'take um.' I mind de Lawd an' pass on. When I gits down de street de debil say, 'Jim, dat's er mighty fine ham; ain't no one watchin'; better go back an' git um.' Bless de Lawd! I for-gits what he say. I goes back—mind what I say—bit was de debil's work—his work—snatched de ham, tuck under my coat and goes an' hide um behind Mr. Fordham's stable. Den I cum back an' walks up de street to see if dey miss um. Dos as I gets clos' ter Mr. Cowart's bar-room der perlice fling he hand in my collar an' say, 'Jim, whar's de ham?' Dat tuck me so on sudden, boss, dat I tells whar de ham was and he gits um."

"What tink of a preacher are you?" asked de judge. "Dat heker, boss." "What kind of a preacher is that?" "Boss, he's de fellow dat stands on de floor an' zorts. De big fellows gits up in de pulpit like yo'-self, but we little fellows, we stand on de floor, and day calls us pot feker preachers."

His honor sent him up six months to "do." in de chain gang.

Faithful.

Youth's Companion. Several years ago, when floods upon the Mississippi destroyed a vast amount of property and a great many lives, an account of the heroic devotion of a poor colored man appeared in some of the Southern papers.

A field hand on a plantation on the banks of the Mississippi bayons, when crossing the meadows near nightfall, observed a few drops of water oozing through the levee. He had worked upon the levees too long not to know the danger, and the necessity of instant action.

There was no time to summon help. His employer's horse was within sight, and he could even see figures passing in and out, but before he could reach it, the water might have forced its way through the crevasse, which would widen and allow the flood of water to pour through it, to carry devastation in its course.

He tore up the reeds and bushes at hand, and crumpling them into the hole, plastered them with clay. He seems to have worked all that night, and a part of the next day, but the water slowly oozed through drop by drop.

He shouted for help, but no help came. To stop for a moment was to give up the house and farm to destruction. It was found, afterward, that he had actually dragged young saplings out by their roots with superhuman strength to fill the gap as it widened.

During the time the negro had nothing whatever to eat; when the water at last urged its way through, therefore, he fell exhausted before it, and was found dead by the gap he had tried to fill. But his work had delayed the disaster, until a crevasse had opened below, which drained away much of the overflow. The planter's house and the village beyond were saved. The negro's name, it was stated, was Dan. He was buried where he was found dead.

The sequel of the story is as follows: Last Decoration Day, the people of this village turned out with music and flowers to pay honors to the Confederate dead. After leaving flowers and flags on the few soldiers' graves in the churchyard, they turned homeward. But when they approached the lonely grave of the negro who had no name but Dan, the procession stopped with one accord. They marched to it, encircled it, laid a wreath on it, and then with arms reversed as in the presence of a hero, went on their way.

For it is not the birth of a man, nor his education, nor the color of his skin, but the soul within him, that shall determine his rank and standing before God.

An Unfortunate Interruption. L. E. Chittenden, in Our Little Ones. Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, and Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could plainly hear the good minister preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

The Human Conscience.

Whether or not a man's conscience inclines him to the right, that is to say, to that which biblical and civil laws concede to be just, is an interesting ethical question, and one on both sides of which much may be said. It is a frequent confession of the great Kant that the conscience of man and the stars of heaven above all else excite awe within him, inferring, as he does, that the human conscience tends naturally toward the good, i. e., what has been found to be, or at least appears to be, the best for society in general.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a recent paper, takes issue with Kant in this. He says that in Kant's day there were not so many books of travel as now, not so many expert investigators abroad, and consequently not so much was known of savage tribes or half-civilized peoples, but that now the conscience of man, as inductively known, has none of that universality of presence and unity of nature which Kant's saying tacitly assumes. He quotes Sir John Lubbock in support of his position ("Origin of Civilization," p. 404, 405): "In fact I believe that the lower races of men may be said to be deficient in the idea of right. * * * That there should be any races of men so deficient in moral feeling was altogether opposed to the preconceived ideas with which I commenced the study of savage life, and I have arrived at the conviction by slow degrees, and even with reluctance."

Mr. Spencer first quotes from the observations of travelers of known reliability to show that the savage conscience often holds as worthy of respect and expression of those qualities which those of the higher civilization are taught to abhor. Then he shows that the savage is sometimes found practicing all the virtues; and again, that so-called Christian people often thirst for blood, the stronger robbing the weak, the rich grinding the faces of the poor. In other words, he holds that the conscience is neither wholly good nor wholly bad, tending neither the one way nor the other, but adapting itself to circumstances and conditions. Kant believed the stellar universe to be evolved, and, from the meager evidence before him, attributed to the human conscience the same origin and the possession of a real nature.—Scientific American.

Habits of the Icelanders. The Icelanders were always a people of considerable literary skill, and their tales or sagas are innumerable. They have a long list of poets, who in the Middle Ages were received at the courts of England and traveled throughout Scandinavia. They are renowned as fighters as well as poets.

The Icelanders can all read and write, and they have a natural talent for languages. They easily pick up the English language after living here a short time, but they don't adapt themselves very readily to our style of living, or at least they think it is very awkward. At home they live on farms, each farm consisting of about ten houses, with only room in each house. The chief house, the parlor, is called the "Shoali," and there is a fire house, a washing house, an eating house, a store house, a bathing house, etc. There is only one place in Iceland that deserves the name of a town, Reykjavik, the capital, a place of about 700 inhabitants. There are no railroads on the island, nor even carriage roads twenty miles outside of Reykjavik.

All the traveling is done on horseback or on foot. The Icelandic ponies are hardy and serviceable and cost but little to keep. In the summer they graze in the public pastures and in winter they are content with a few pounds of hay a day and a little shelter. A good pony can be bought for \$20, and travelers on the island, as a rule, buy their own ponies before they start on a journey. Though under Danish rule, Iceland has its own legislative body, called the "Althing."

Few of the Icelanders are skilled workmen, but all are very industrious, and when they come here they engage chiefly in agricultural pursuits and help to swell the vote polled by the "solid farmers." At eventide, gathered about their hearths, they listen to or tell tales of the achievements of their fathers long ago. Every Icelander knows the old sagas almost by heart, and folk lore is nowhere more dearly cherished than in their far-off land of snow and ice.—New York Telegram.

Unlucky Fate of a Hotel Clerk.

Clerk—"Will you register now?" Lord Divvian (taking pen)—"Aw, aw, James!" Lord Divvian—"What is my full name, James?" James—"Ceil Fauntus Victor Albert Quincy Bursleigh Bacon Wallowan Warwick Divvian, sixth Earl of Gileourtage, me lud. Lord Divvian—"Aw, thank you James."—Mail and Express.

Are Women Ever Bald?

Globe-Democrat. "An innocent young fellow came in yesterday and asked me why women are never bald-headed," says a woman correspondent. "I at first wondered where he had lived all his days, and then, considering that he was not in the trade and didn't know the schemes that women have, I pitied him. The fact is, there are more bald-headed women than there are men with shiny faces. Especially is this the case in the higher classes of society. The richer the food, the poorer the sustenance given the egg of the hair. It receives more external attention, to be sure, and that partially makes up for it, but you would be surprised to be behind the scenes and see a woman, prominent in the best society, and who the night before bore her head, adorned with a luxuriant mass of 'woman's glory,' proudly aloft—you would be surprised to see her in here with her hair on her head, bowing the polished cranium meekly before the brush of one of my maids, while the latter arranged the V-shaped bangs (which are all the rage now, everything in hair-dressing tending to a point) or the Grecian knot (the style for full dress) so artistically as to deceive even her husband."

"What a sensation these maids of mine could create could they reach the husbands of many of the society women of St. Louis. Many a man is happy in the possession of a wife with what he thinks an original head of hair. One well known woman residing in the west end came in the other day and said her husband was prone to pull her hair and wanted to know if her chignon could be made proof against this danger. We fixed it on with paste, and, though she says they have had some regular hair-pulling matches since, her locks have held out. He thinks he is torturing her, but he is only drawing on his pocketbook to pay me for rearranging it. Factory girls seldom get bald. But if you intend getting a society girl for a wife fasten her hair to a bush unbeknown to her and surprise her into starting suddenly. If her waterfall doesn't give way you are pretty safe, though that will not be absolute proof. Why are women not bald-headed? Poor innocence."

Said Ever No Many Things. "Oh, George!" cried young Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you."

"No," said George, "what is it?" "Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk. He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him!" George went in. "Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say, 'How do you do, papa?'" "Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby. "Hear him!" shrieks mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as can be?" George says it is, and tries to think so too. "Now say I'm glad to see you, papa?" "Da, da, boo, bee, boo." "Did you ever?" cries mamma. "He can just say everything! Now, you precious, little, honey, bunny boy, say: 'Are you well, papa?'" "Boo, ba, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does! He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear, little, darling precious, you?" "Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo." "Hear that? He says: 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

A Summer Vacation Trip. The haying was done, and the farmer's wife. With a weary sigh, said: "John, A little vacation 'ud come pretty good afore the harvestin' on, I'll take Nellie and Ned and spend a week At Cousin Fan's in town." The trunk was packed, when Cousin Fan, Four boys and maid, came down For a dear, nice month in the country sweet, For there's nothing else you know, That does the dear little dears such good, And my nerves do rest here so."

The Boston Post in its comments on Gen. Harrison's letter of acceptance says: "The letter appears to be an amiable attempt to make white men black and black men white. The contrast between its false promises and illogical conclusions and the direct and cogent arguments of Cleveland is a sharp one and will be clearly recognized by the people."

High rent—A hole in the top of your hat

Governing a Boy. Get hold of the boy's heart. You-der locomotive with the thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon on the sea in spite of adverse winds of current. The sensitive and soft spot, by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp firm and gentle on that helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and willful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to mother or sister, or even pet dog. See him at his home or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to do some little service of trust for you, love him practically. Any way rule him through his heart.

Governing a Boy.

A slow match—Four years of courtship. How to cut a person—Look daggers at him. A pin can generally be relied upon to carry its point. A very poor oil, and one that should never be used at home, is turmoil. The dearest object to a man should be his wife, but it is not unfrequently her clothes. A man who is hung is usually cool. It is the fellow that is gullotted that loses his head. We are all creatures of habit, especially the girls who are out horseback riding.—Rochester Post.

Piedmont Air-Line Route. Richmond and Danville Railroad. Condensed schedule in effect June 24th, 1887. Trains run by 75° Meridian Time.

Table with columns: SOUTHBOUND, Daily, No. 50, Daily, No. 52. Lists train schedules for various stations including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, etc.

Table with columns: NORTHBOUND, Daily, No. 51, Daily, No. 53. Lists train schedules for various stations including Atlanta, Greenville, Spartanburg, Charlotte, etc.

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NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

Next session begins, the first Monday of September. Location healthy. Terms moderate. For catalogue or particulars, address, Rev. J. G. SCHAID, Pres't, Mt. Pleasant, N. C. August 3, 1888.

Mortgage Sale of Town Lot.

By authority of mortgage-deed executed to me by Wilson Icard and his life, Mary Jane, on the 3rd day of November, 1883 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Catawbas county, in book 37, page 394. I will sell, by public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Concord, N. C., on Monday the 3rd day of September, '88, at 12 m., one fine lot in Coleburg, near Concord, on Tarranment Place street, fifty feet front, with good dwelling etc., being the same described in and conveyed to me, by said mortgage-deed. ASA BOST, Trustee. Concord, N. C., July, 26, '88. Aug 3, '88

Concord Female Academy.

The next session of this Institution opens Monday, Aug. 12th., 1888. Having secured the services of competent teachers, the Principals offer to the community the advantages of a first class school, and ask a continuance of the same patronage so liberally given in the past. Tuition in Literary Departments \$1.50 to \$3.50. Music \$3.00 to \$4.00. For further information apply to Misses BESSERT & FETZER, Principals.

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