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THE STANDARD.

VOL. IV.---NO. 40. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1891. WHOLE NO. 196.

THE STANDARD
LARGEST PAPER
—PUBLISHED IN CONCORD.—
CONTAINS MORE READING
MATTER THAN ANY OTHER
PAPER IN THIS SECTION.

WATCHING A BOY GROW.

BY R. S. KELLER.

They were twins, Will and Susie, and I had been watching them grow for six years. During that short period in their young lives I had not been able to discern much difference between their individual tastes, likes, dislikes and inclinations. Susie handled a rattle with Will's dexterity, and Will was equally adaptable to nicety of touch in formulating doll's garmenture out of stray bits of cloth, paper or ribbon. There was only one slight disparity and it puzzled me not a little when I first observed it. While Susie was satisfied to draw her little self up to a chair and stand there crowing with delight, Will went a step farther and tried to crawl upon the chair. There was only one other littled mark feature which presented itself; Susie would wait to be helped at the table while Will pounded his plate with his spoon with impatience. That was all that I can recall that showed the difference between their sex. Susie waited for the good things; Will called after the good things. Susie crawled to the level of a chair; Will crawled upon the chair. When the twins reached the remarkable age of six and a half a great epoch dawned upon them.

Will presented himself with his first pair of pants. He chucked his chubby hands deep into the pockets and strutted proudly about the room. It was a curious little study in human nature and was comical to observe. Susie for the first time in her life was jealous of her brother. He was receiving more attention, he was more observed, he was getting above her. She told her mama that she wanted to wear pants, too; she said that she was just as big as Will, and she didn't see any reason why she shouldn't don a pair of pants, poke her hands into the pockets and stand before papa to be admired, or strut up and down the walk in front of the house, or go to the picture gallery. It took a deal of explanation to explode the tot's curious fancy; but in a short time she noted Will's disdain for dolls, also a growing fancy for balls, tops, whips and, last of all, a little tricycle. And there the twins separated in their baby fancies. Susie became the lady, and I commenced over again to watch the boy grow.

A growing boy is a curious creature and it requires a man of nerve to watch him and stay by him. A growing boy is full of pranks—some need to be curbed and explained as to the future consequences. Some must be nipped in the bud and cautioned against. Wise servants have their hands full with growing boys, and many an intellectual father's brain has been mightily puzzled over the quaint streaks that creep into and out of a growing boy's mind.

When Will reached the age of 12 he knew more about birds, bugs and beetles than I had ever learned in the natural history days of my boyhood. He soon gave up that bent and began to prowl around old desks for postage stamps of value. He spent all his pennies for quaint stamps, and soon had a collection worth $50—the prize of which was one particular stamp which cost him $4. The purchase of this stamp must have cost the dear boy much self denial and deprivation of goodies; however, he owned the rare specimen and was proud of it. Then Will reached the age of 15 and became catcher in his school nine. There were older lads in this special nine, but none could go behind the bat and catch the swiftly-thrown ball quite as well as Will. He became so aroused with the frenzy of base ball that he had four or five dozen cabinet photos taken with a catcher's mask over his face. He talked base ball in his sleep, he gave us base ball for breakfast, dinner and supper, finally Susie said that base ball was only fit for little boys, at which Will began to expound the laws, rules, regulations and features of the game so hotly that mama said she surely couldn't have the tiresome subject mentioned at the table again. Will's fine eyes blazed furiously when "tiresome subject" was spoken of. He closed his mouth and kept mum. The next morning he told me he wanted to go away to school, some school where there were no womenfolks. I gave him my advice and Will went away and a strange quiet crept over our little circle. Susie missed the jolly fellow, and I doubt she would have taken him back with "foul tips," "dandy slide," "in curve" and "yellar decision" and all.

When Will did come back the down was no longer upon his chin and cheeks. There was a suspicion of sleekness of the razor's touch; also a little shadow was upon his upper lip. His hair no longer crinkled in the neck and curled about his ears; it was cropped short behind and stood up straight on top. There was one little thing that I noticed—his fingers, especially those of the right hand, were yellow about the tips. I knew what it meant. I took Will aside and told him if he loved me he'd stop smoking cigarettes. While I was opposed to tobacco in every form, I'd rather buy a respectable amount of cigars for him than to think of his smoking the disgusting cigarette. Will saw that I was greatly concerned and he promised to quit cigarettes at once. He was a manly boy and, though he has often blown a whiff of smoke over my shoulder, he has never indulged since in cigarettes. After he graduated he took a desk in my office and began to grow ahead of me. That clear young head of his was gradually assuming the leadership and in a short time he knew more about the affairs of business than I did. It was a relief to me, and he was satisfied that I should be relieved. Will married nicely and settled in another part of the town. He is one of the growing business of the place and I, his father, am not ashamed to write, as I do, what I know about watching a boy grow.

THE PLANETS IN OCTOBER.

During October Jupiter will be the brightest star in the heavens. It will rise before dark, a little south of east and moving westward will pass the meridian long before midnight. In the early evening, it will be the most conspicuous object in the southeastern sky and, later in the night, the most conspicuous in the southern and in the southwestern.

It is the largest and one of the most interesting of the planets. Its diameter is nearly eleven times as great as that of the earth, and its volume is more than 1,300 times as great. Its day is short, being less than ten of our hours. When viewed with a good telescope its surface is seen to be covered with several more or less irregular belts lying parallel to its equator. Besides the belts there are spots, some of which are red and some white; none of them are permanent and, with one exception, none of them are prominent. This prominent one is known as "the great red spot." It became conspicuous in 1878 and has attracted great attention among astronomers on account of its great size, the sharpness of its outline and its intense red color. It is about 27,000 miles in length and 8,000 in breadth. From the time of its appearance until the autumn of 1882 it changed but little in outline and color. At that time it began to fade and a year later its outline began to change. In 1883 and 1884 it had become so faint that it could only be seen with large telescopes, and even then with difficulty. Since then it has grown brighter and at the present time is a conspicuous object, having a sharp outline and a pale reddish color.

Jupiter is attended by four moons, which revolve about the planet very rapidly. Frequently by watching an hour, it may be seen that they have changed their relative positions. They are, at times, all on one side of the planet, at other times three are on one side and one on the other and again two on each side. They are bright and may be seen with very little assistance; opera glasses may show them. In passing from one side of the planet to the other they disappear by transit or eclipse. At 9 o'clock on the evenings of October 5, 15, 19, 21, 29, and 31, only three of the moons will be visible. On other nights also, but at different hours, only three will be visible and at times only two may be seen.

Jupiter is in the constellation Aquarius During the month of October its motion is retrograde; that is, it is moving westward among the stars. This motion is only apparent, it is due to the motion of the earth. Jupiter's real motion among the stars is eastward.

All the other large planets except Neptune are near the sun, and are invisible during October or are visible in the east for a short time before sunrise. On the 12th of the mouth Mars and Saturn will be in conjunction; when nearest each other they will be less than a degree apart. Early in the month Venus rises a few minutes before the sun; towards the end of the month nearly an hour. Neptune, the most remote of the planets, is in the constellation Taurus, about four degrees north of the bright star Aldebaran. It is, of course, invisible to the naked eye.

Aldebaran is one of the brightest fixed stars in the eastern evening sky; Capella is the brightest in the northeast; Fomalhaut in the southern, Altair in the southwest, Arcturus in the northwest, Vega to the west of the zenith. The constellation Cygnus is overhead; four of its bright stars form a cross. The great square of Pegasus is high in the east, and to the northeast of it the great nebula in Andromeda may be seen, a faint object to the naked eye.

RASLIN' IN PRA'AR.

Some very illiterate men are peculiar'y gifted in prayer, and, by the law of averages, some learned and distinguished theologians are wanting in the ability to convey information to the Almighty in choice and ornate English; but those who have heard the Rev. Tom Dixon, at his best, on the lecture platform, would hardly expect to find him classed with the number of those who find any special difficulty in outlining a foreign or domestic policy to the Celestial powers. We are, therefore, somewhat surprised to find the Gastonia Gazette doing up our Tom in the following style:

"The opening prayer at the Exposition, at Raleigh, was delivered by the Rev. Tom Dixon. The event was for several weeks duly advertised in the papers. We have presented the prayer to our readers this week. We read a report of Tom's lecture on the "Almighty Dollar" and by the side of the lecture the prayer is a mighty tame affair. The praying business doesn't seem to come handy to Tom. He seems to be most at home when he is not making any prayers."

If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take six hens to lay five eggs?

A STATEMENT FROM COL. POLK

In Regard to the Charge That He Acted a Coward at Winchester.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 5.—Mr. Daniels: I wrote the enclosed communication for the News and Observer and requested that paper to publish it in tomorrow's issue. This it says it could not do and as I have special reasons for wanting it to appear tomorrow, may I ask you do me the kindness to give it a place in the columns of the Daily Chronicle and greatly oblige yours, &c.,

L. L. POLK.

STATEMENT FROM L. L. POLK.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 5.

Editor News and Observer:

It has been charged through the public prints that I skulked the battle of Winchester, Va., on the 16th of Sept., 1864, and as your paper has been prominent in giving willing aid to this charge, I ask that you publish the following:

THE CHARGE.

Letters have been written from Raleigh to certain papers and have been reproduced in other papers, which are understood to have been written by one Max Gorman, in which appears interviews with J. P. Devereux, charging that I was hidden behind a rock fence on the morning of the 19th of September at Winchester, when my Regiment had gone on and was engaged in battle, that Brigadier General Grimes and himself saw me there and had certain conversation with me—that I claimed to have a chill—that General Grimes called special attention of Devereux to the matter and said with an oath that he intended to court marshal me for it, and would summon Devereux as a witness—that for some reason I was not court-martialed but was allowed to resign—that Lieutenant Ellerbee also of our regiment was skulking at the same time and would have been court-martialed but for his death, caused by a ball which struck him while far in rear of the line.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

I shall not ask you or your readers to believe anything I may have to say about the matter, except this: that Lieutenant Ellerbee at that time, had been buried nearly two months, having been fatally and horribly wounded in the fight and in line of battle, a Snicker's Ferry, Va., on the 18th of July, and died eleven days thereafter.

Now as to myself, I have in my possession the official record of a court-martial, which proves on the sworn testimony of Brigadier General Grimes himself and fourteen other witnesses that the above charge contains no more truth in regard to myself than the one made against Lieutenant Ellerbee.

The official record shows that the charges were: "Misbehavior in the presence of the enemy" and "Absence without leave."

Gen. Grimes makes no allusion whatever, either in the charges or specifications or in his sworn testimony to any lack of duty on my part during the morning, nor did he summon Devereux as a witness.

You ask in a recent issue of your paper, if I can prove by my Colonel that I was honorably acquitted? I cannot, because my Colonel was wounded and captured at Gettysburg and had not been released from prison. You ask if I can prove it by the record? Let the record answer.

The record shows that up to the 18th of September, I was acting Adjutant of my regiment, that on that day I received a certificate from the sheriff of my county; showing that I had been elected a member of the North Carolina Legislature. That on that day I turned over my horse, books, etc., to the proper authorities, preparatory for leaving for Raleigh on the next day, the 19th. That the commanding officer of my regiment had released me from duty, and that on the morning of the 19th I had prepared to start home, having previously filed proper application for my release from duty, that finding a battle was imminent, I went to the commandant of the regiment and asked his opinion as to whether I ought to go into the battle; that he said I was under no obligation whatever to go, but suggested that I talk to Gen. Grimes about it. After the line of battle was formed I approached Gen. Grimes and asked his advice as a friend. He advised me to go in, saying that there might be talk about it if I did not. That I told him I would go, that I took charge of Company "H," it having no officers with it. That we advanced and were halted under a heavy fire of skirmishers in our front; that the order to forward was repeated, but for some reason the regiment did not advance until I went in front and called to the color sergeant and told him to follow me; that at that time, in addition to the skirmish line, the enemy had their lines of battle in our front in open ground and a battery infilading us; that I led the charge through open ground for two or three hours under a heavy and destructive fire; that I was the only officer seen in front during the charge, and that I remained in front until the line was ordered to halt; that when order to fall back by General Grimes I assisted him in rallying the regiment on a line indicated by him, until Capt. Hall, the commandant of the regiment, who was my former captain, was brought to me near General Grimes, and being, as he thought, fatally wounded implored me to take him to the rear, insisting that I had no business there, and appealing to me as a brother Mason. I took him from the field and to the hospital. Soon after reaching the hospital the report came that our line had been broken, and that the wounded should get out if possible; that I caught up my pistol and sword and went out and met some flying calverymen and drew my pistol on the officer and halted and held them until our troops came up. This is the record taken down in court by Maj. R. C. Badger, judge advocate at the time, and is now in my possession just as he handed it to me about the 1st of December, 1864. The witnesses were Brig-Gen. Bryan Grimes; Assistant Surgeon J. R. Goodwin, 2nd N. C. Battalion; Color Seargeant W. T. Barnes Co. "C" 43d N. C. Regiment; Corporal J. N. Henry, Co. "I" 43d N. C. Regiment; Adjutant Wm. S. Barnes, Adjutant 4th N. C. Regiment, "aide de camp" to General Grimes: John Stallings, Co. "G" 43d N. C. Regiment; A. W. Bridgers, Lieutenant Co. "G" 43d N. C. Regiment; W. L. M. Perkin, Lieutenant Co. "F" 43d N. C. Regiment; J. A. Boggan, Lieutenant Co. "K" 43d N. C. Regiment; S. D. Farrior, Co. N. C. Regiment; Cary Whitaker, Captain Co. "D" 43d Regiment; J. B. Strachen, Surgeon, 32d N. C. Regiment.

Upon my petition, Gen. Grimes was intructed to try the case before the Division Court Martial and thus was allowed to select the officers who should try the case, and the following officers were chosen:

Brig-Gen. W. R. Cox, President; Col. D. G. Coward, 32d N. C. Regiment; Col. W. H. Willis, 4th Georgia Regiment; Leut. Col. J. C. Goodgame, 12th Alabama Regiment Capt. Watkins Phelan, 3d Alabama Regiment; Capt H. T. Battle, 21st Georgia Regiment; Capt. J. C. Stancill, 4th N. C. Regiment; Capt. H. H. Tyson, 32d N. C. Regiment.

COURT MARTIAL, RHODES DIV.
CAMP RHODES DIVISION,
November 30th, 1864.

Lieutenant L. L. Polk, Co. I, 43 Reg't N. C. Troops.

My Dear Sir: In accordance with the act of Congress published in General Orders No. 53, Adjutant and Inspector General's office (present series) I have the honor to inform you that you have been honorably acquitted of the charges and specifications preferred against you.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
R. C. BADGER.
Major and Acting Judge Advocate.

About 12 o'clock that night I was aroused and pulled from my bunk and placed on a stump and made a speech to my friends—the Brigadge who had come to honor me with a serenade, on the evening of my departure for Raleigh. I left the next morning. A few days after my arrival in Raleigh I received the following from Chaplain E. W. Thompson.

CAMP 43D N. C. REGIMENT,
Near New Market, Va.,
Dec. 15, 1864.

According to previous notice the officers of the 43d N. C. Regiment held a meeting on the evening of the 5th of December to express their sentiments with regard to the departure of one of their number, Lieut. L. L. Polk, to take his seat in the Legislature of N. C. Lieut. W. A. Bridgers was called to the chair Chaplain E. W. Thompson was appointed secretary.

On motion a committee composed of Capt. W. I. Cobb, Chaplain E.W. Thompson and Lieut. H. Brown were appointed to offer resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting. The committee reported and the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas our brother officer, Lieut. L. L. Polk, has been elected to the Legislature of North Carolina and has left us to take his seat in that honorable body, therefore

Resolved 1st, That while we are highly gratified at the honor thus conferred upon him, we deeply regret that in the future we are to be deprived of his association as a Christian gentleman and his aid and example as a gallant officer.

Resolved 2d, That his gentlemanly deportment, his moral conduct, together with his gallant bearing as an officer, have won the esteem and confidence of the officers and men of the 43d N. C. Regiment.

Resolved 3d, That we hope his conduct, while serving his country in her legislative councils, may be marked by the same honesty of purpose, patriotic devotion and unfaltering courage that characterized him while serving it on the field of battle.

Resolved 4th, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Lieut. Polk, and also to the Raleigh Confederate and the North Carolina Argus for publication.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

A. W. BRIDGERS, Chm'n.
E. W. Thompson, Sec'y.

It is due Gen. Grimes to say, and it gives me great pleasure, that from the first time he met me after this to his death that our relations were pleasant and cordial.

If any honorable old soldier or other gentleman desires to see the record of this proceeding, in full, it will afford me pleasure to submit it in the handwriting and form in which Major Badger handed it to me.

I am sure that nothing that I could add would strengthen the stern condemnation in the minds of all impartial and honorable men of the malignant vindictiveness with which I have been pursued.

L. L. POLK.

The way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine.

HEART THROBS

And Pleasant Reflections by Henry Blount.

Pigs are frequently brought up in pen-ury.

Even the honest farmer will water his stock.

A deaf mute, it is said, is not a man of his word.

The flour of a family often makes a loaf-er-ill-bred.

The position of a judge is an exceedingly trying one.

It is a bold man, indeed, who will not dodge a boulder.

Among the impossibilities may be mentioned an ugly baby.

Woman may be a puzzle, but man is not willing to give her up.

Truth, like the sunbeam, cannot be soiled by any outward touch.

It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

"A" is go a-head letter. You often hear of "A leading industry."

Negroes have black eyes, and for that reason they are called dark-ies.

Youth sucks the sugar coating, and old age chews the bitter pill of life.

If you would not have affliction visit twice, listen once to what it teaches.

Persecution is often the wind that scatters the good seed of the kingdom.

Mock humility wears a gauze robe covered but not concealing its deformity.

Tight-lacing, like other evils, has its compensation, It prevents wastefulness.

The crow, after all, is the greatest chiropodist. It can remove more corns than a man.

Human things must be known to be loved; divine things must be loved to be known.

A deaf man cannot be legally convicted. It is unlawful to convict a man without a hearing.

The dictionary is not so large as the postoffice, but it contains more letters to the square inch.

There is a tide in the affairs of men which if not skillfully dodged at the proper time, drowns them.

It is sometimes hard to tell where business sagacity leaves off and downright rascality begins.

When a man measures out glory for himself he is always honest, and heaps up the half-bushel.

Culture is good; but there is no amount of culture that will make the cabbage blossom like a rose.

Certain trifling laws sit as gracefully on a character of elegance as a rugged button on a court dress.

If we would only call things by their right names, we should have more thieves and less defaulters.

The man with a single eyeglass looks as if he had a pain in his eye, and in such a condition presents an odd spectacle.

Beautiful souls are often put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness of humility which gives it grace.

A kind word and a loving smile have often plucked the aureole of depression from the aching brow, and placed thereon the soothing garland of beauteous cheer and hope.

To the christian, whose vision is faith-lit, there are no shadows seen at the approach of Death's deep night, for the gleamings of the brilliant sunbursts of Resurrection's effulgent morn ensilver the close of life's well spent day and make it bright and beautiful.

When It Hurt.

An army surgeon in the late Civil War had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow at Camp Douglas, and as the sore was obstinate it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he protested he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him, and calling up a few of the loungers ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work, and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as quiet as though in sleep.

When all was done, the surgeon laid aside the knife, and said, "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as seldom is heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "O doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries, and he was told that the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke, but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!" —Medical News.

"Praise be to him, whose wondrous skill
Has conquered every human ill—
And now alone, as Victor stands
The 'Golden' compound of his hands,"
So spake a man, with tribute crowned,
Of Dr. Pierce, the "world-renowned,"
Whose "Medical Discovery"
Had vanquished pain and set him free.

One can but speak in praise of a remedy so effectual and unfailing as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Acting promptly and thoroughly, it produces permanent cures. Consumption, in its early stages, scrofula, liver and kidney disorders, and all blood diseases, are within the field of its unbounded success.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

"THERE'S A CHIEL AMANG YE TAKIN NOTES
ND FAITH HE'LL PRENT THEM."

Another Fair.

There will be another Fair in this county for 1891. This one will be held in No. 7, at Rural Retreat, on the 31st of this month. It is an exhibit of No. 7's products. A large crowd will be present and a jolly good time is expected.

This Is Tuff.

It is reported that a certain Concord dentist, whose name we withhold through regard to the feelings of the Swink boys, while in Raleigh, this week, dropped a nickel in the slot of a letter box on a lamp post and said: "Play Home, Sweet Home," and waited for it to play until the editor of this four-pager came by and took him in charge.

Hurt at the Gin.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Daniel C. Faggart, of No. 8, met with a serious accident at his gin. His hand became entangled in the saws and was completely ruined. Dr. R. S. Young was sent for and gave the necessary medical assistance. The patient is doing well. The Standard's sympathies are with the sufferer.

The Briggs Case.

The New York Presbytery has determined, by a vote of 64 to 62, to put Dr. Briggs to trial, and the learned professor will have to make his answer to the charge of heresy November 4. The majority of the ministers of the New York Presbytery favored the dismissal of the charges, but the laymen carried the day, and a very interesting fight is now on.

Last Night.

A dearth of news caused this reporter to tackle a wandering encyclopædia on the front stoop of the Seminary building last night. He could tell us of Thucidides and Horace. He could expatiate on the Alliance and the issues of the day, but he was short of grub, and his clothing was a little more worse than that of the reporter's. For once this educated tramp was not a printer.

The Motz Case.

This famous case came up from the grand jury of Lincoln County, on Tuesday, in the form of a true bill against the Motz brothers for killing their cousin, Samuel C. Motz. After formal arraignment of the defendants, motion was made by their counsel for change of venue, which was granted. The judge has not yet designated a place for the trial, but a report in the Charlotte Chronicle says it is likely that Mecklenburg or Cleveland will be the place.

A Nice Building.

The foundation of the Episcopal church is cut out. Brick-laying will commence next week if the weather is suitable. The building will be an ornament to the town. It is situated on the corner of East Depot and Spring streets. It is of gothic style, and will cover an area of 62x25 feet. Our Episcopal friends will leave no stone unturned to make their house of worship equal to any other.

OLD SAYINGS.

The Standard gives a few old sayings. The list is not complete. We preferred to leave off those generally used by those people who are neither sanctimonious or hypocritical. Read 'em:

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale,
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpense,
As weak as a rat,
As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air,
As rich as Crœsus,
As cross as a bear,
As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin,
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet,
As round as an apple,
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick,
As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall,
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall,
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well,
As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock,
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee,
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

Business Men,

from close application and too little exercise, are especially liable to constipation—clogging up nature's great sewers—producing headache, biliousness, sluggish circulation and general derangement of the vital organs. A regular movement of the bowels is indispensable to perfect health; to neglect is to imperil! If constipated, Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure you. No interference with business. Very modest expense. Mild in action, yet powerful in cleansing, regulating the stomach, liver and bowels, curing constipation, headache and kindred ailments.

THE EDITOR ABROAD.

Sage Reflections on Various Scenes and Incidents in a Busy Editor's Field of Vision.

The following effusion from the facile pen of our missing editor was hailed with joy, in the Standaad office, this morning, not for any intrinsic merit it possesses, but for the simple reason that it is the first pointer we have had from the editor himself as to his whereabouts. It purports to be the production of one eye-witness of the scenes described and we infer from that fact, coupled with our personal knowledge of Plain Jim's veracity, that he departed from his usual custom, on this trip, and went by rail. The combined editorial force, after serious consideration of the question why he has marked the production "local," finally decided that it was because the author has, in Concord, a local habitation and a name. Here it is and we give it just as we got it:

(Local.)

One Hour's Watch.

Humanity is a funny thing. Did it even occur to you that there are no two people alike in this world, not even twins. Animals are unlike; trees and all vegetation. Really there are not in this broad world two leaves alike in every particular. Then why should humanity be alike—it rises justly to a higher and greater degree of individuality and should of right do so.

A good place to see the difference in personalities, and people's habits and ideas of propriety, is on a railroad train. or Fone hour we observed. We began with the fair and modest maid at our side. She refused to let us buy a lunch for her and she was afraid of losing a little grip she had with her. She could not sleep on the train. We played off as dozing to fool the conductor, but he woke (?) us and demanded our tickets—he got 'em.

There was before us a hat from which appeared a white spot (onion like) surrounded by thin gray hair and further away from the shining baldness it grew darker until around his neck—the horizon, so to speak. He watched every body and looked suspicious.

Leaning over to me and the modest maid at my side was a face full of furrows and appeared from a split bonnet, with a red Thurman kerchief around the long and withering neck. We were five miles from Greensboro. "Is uens gwine to get off the train at Greensboro?" said she. "I am; my son will meet me—I am his mother and I have not seen my son in two years." They met in Greensboro—they embraced; and the aged woman pulled her kerchief from her neck and wiped away her tears of joy. She is a good woman and never away from home, never on the train before, and she has never been to school—but she is good and loving, and her son (a successful teacher) loves this good old woman—his mother.

While several were standing for the want of seats, a number of men and women occupied as many seats to themselves—they stretched their carcass across the seats and snored loud and struggling snores.

Two fellows lay stretched on seats—they had their shoes off—their feet were extended across the arm of the seat—their socks looked sobby, sticky and slick—they were not white, the socks were not, and the odor that radiated shocked olfactories around the car—they snored, and needed clothes' pins on their noses and shoes over their feet; but they had the right of way and slept on. Men sat while women stood. The fellow that was drunk was there. The bright face and the dull face; the keen eye and the dull eye; the beauty and ugliness of youth and the frailties of age; character and no character; hopes and no hopes; all were there and bound for some point; they knew, I did not.

It is a fair sample of humanity; it sows the mixture as we go down the rugged turnpike of stormy lives to where we work our way. Yes, they were, there and we are all in the swim, but no two of us are alike but we want to go to the same hereafter which is beyond and unseen.

The Charlotte Burglar.

The particulars of the attempted burglarizing of Mr. John W. Wadsworth's residence, in Charlotte, is that a negro, Alf Downs, of Roanoke, Va., entered the house through a window. Mr. Wadsworth and wife were aroused by their little child crying for water. Mr. Wadsworth, feeling a cold draught of air, noticed that the blinds were open, and began an investigation. The burglar, becoming alarmed, ran down stairs and into the arms of Mr. Wadsworth. The two clutched, the negro making for the open window. His strength proved too much for the combined efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, and he succeeded in getting away. Dr. Fitzgerald, of Concord, and Mr. Charles Wadsworth followed the fleeing burglar, shooting at him as he ran. Policemen captured him by their assistance, and he is now behind the bars and has confessed.

There is a new paper at Burlington—the Hawkeye it is. The name is significant.

In Washington the other day a youth named Smith smelt powder while looking down the barrel of a pistol. The powder and bullet both went up his nose, the latter lodging in the left cheek. It is not necessary to say that Smith is an African, for no other race could furnish the owner of a nose in which a bullet could wander to the outer limits of the face and still be in the nose.

A DAY OFF.

Plain Jim Goes Rusticating.

Some time between the dusk and dawn of yesterday and to-day the editor of this alleged newspaper jumped the town. He has gone to Raleigh, seeking relief for a tired feeling in what he calls his brains, and recreation for a generally played out anatomy and physiology. He has all the symptoms of wreck and ruin so graphically portrayed in the patent medicine department of all well regulated newspapers, and goes to the Capital City flushed with a feverish hope that a few days amid the quiet and peace of that still spot will cool his head. The humble esteem in which he holds himself was never more apparent than in the elaborate preparations he made for the running of his paper during his absence. Close observers noticed, yesterday, a look of more than usual distraction upon his well favored features, as if the mental machinery which is supposed to have its habitat in the rear of the said features had slipped a cog, but it was not known, until this morning, how serious was the problem with which he was laboring. It was the momentous question, not what would become of "Sis" while her gentle master was away, as you might suppose; but, what will become of that glittering hummer—that star-eyed daisy—that—that—er, ah, STANDARD? How well he mastered the situation became apparent this morning when the results of his brain work began to materialize. Two preachers, two ex-editors, one ex-mayor, a lawyer and one gentleman of leisure, as with one heart and brain, spit on their hands and seized the STANDARD's helm. Among them they felt that by strict attention to duty, by unswerving fidelity, and by the help of that providence which is supposed to favor the good, they could hold her prow true to the guiding star which Plain Jim had designated. This editorial force has elected permanent chairman, vice-president and secretary, and hopes by faithful attention to duty to merit the confidence reposed in them and to meet the absent editor's hopes that they can substitute for him, at least for a day or two. In the meantime we shall abide by his parting injunction: "Be virtuous," he said, "Be virtuous and you will be happy, but you will be lonesome sometimes."

STANDARDITES.

Raleigh is filled with all kinds of fakes.

The Raleigh electric cars jump the track about every day.

A colored man was killed in Raleigh Friday morning by a train.

President Harrison is said to have small feet; what about the other end of his anatomy?

It is a wonder that they don't try to get the Statue of Liberty at the Southern Exposition.

The State Chronicle's special wire burnt out while two red-headed men stood near the ground wire.

Will X. Coley, who has charge of the female band at Raleigh, is said to be throughly demoralized.

Will Coley, of the Mocksville Times, is in charge of the Columbus remains, at the Southern Exposition.

C. Fake King, the correspondent of the Atlanta Journal, is doing up Raleigh. He is sending out all kinds of stuff to his favorites.

The Standard will in a few days have a full write-up of what was seen in a visit to the North Carolina Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in Raleigh, N. C.

The police courts in the State are flush. It is painful to see so many small boys figuring on the slate, and there is no reformatory for such. Let us hope.

Send us your job printing.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

In most diseases, cure depends upon the promptness with which remedies are administered. If the remedy be taken when symptoms of disease first manifest themselves and before the normal strength of the body is greatly impaired, the complaint may often be checked and cured in the beginning, the sufferer thus escaping sickness of perhaps a fatal character. This is especially true of complaints to which the young are liable.

First symptoms are often neglected, simply because no effective remedy happens to be at hand, and it is not until the disease has gained considerable headway that means are taken to arrest its course. Alas, how frequently these means prove too late!

Every household, therefore—and, for that matter, every individual—should be provided with a few simple remedies for the common complaints to which all are exposed. As no complaints are more common than those of the throat and lungs, a safe and efficacious anodyne should always be within reach.

We have been impelled to make these cautionary remarks by happening to notice in a recent paper the case of a child who would, undoubtedly, have died of croup had there not been in the house part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The following incident related by the father of the little one, should certainly impress every parent with the necessity of being forearmed for a similar emergency:—

"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to his bedside found him strangling. He had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines already administered, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time he was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved his life."