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ANTHONY & CROSS, Editors and Publishers.

TERMS: \$1.25 Per Year In Advance.

VOLUME I

CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1888.

NUMBER 8.

Father Time. Above the world I sit and sail... Moving on, moving on; The things I pass no more avail...

hives, and these are often shifted from place to place as the season passes. For moving a sub-colony to fresh pastures, the boys have a platform set upon four wheels, and drawn by two steady mules...

sturdy pilferer did actually clasp his arm about the hive and raising it off the rest, started to walk slowly off with it. 'It's some Indian, I guess, by the looks of him,' muttered Roswell...

"HIGHBINDERS." An Outgrowth of Chinese Life in San Francisco. Secret Societies for Purposes of Murder and Blackmail. The Highbinder societies in San Francisco number about fifty. They are an outgrowth of the life of the Chinese on this coast...

alternatives. A more perfect system of terrorizing the timid or the obstinate was never devised, and the Chinese who have escaped the death sentence by disguise and flight may be numbered on one's fingers. In conversation with Lee Ah Fook, who is the head man of one of the strongest of the highbinder societies, he smilingly admitted that murder was one of the fine arts in which his society excelled...

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS. Paper containing ligneous substances, such as straw, wood and jute, is rapidly discolored by electric light. The yellowing is due to the phenomenon of oxidation. German experiments have shown that cast-iron pillars remain nearly upright and sustain their load in very hot fires, while those of wrought iron bend to such a degree as to be valueless as supports...

Some Days of Days. Some day, some day of days, threading the street With idle, heedless pace, Unlooking for such grace, I shall behold your face! Some day, some day of days, thus we may meet. Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May, Or winter's icy chill Touch whitely vale and hill. What matter? I shall thrill Through every vein with summer on that day...

A Thief Among the Bees.

The Holden brothers, Roswell and Frank, went to California from a New England town, in 1881, for the benefit of Roswell's health, upon medical advice; and subsequently they found themselves engaged in the business of bee-keeping near Los Angeles—for circumstances, accident rather than design, first led them into it. The children had inherited a constitutional tendency to pulmonary diseases, which had already begun to develop itself in Roswell. Indeed, he had become so far an invalid that his friends deemed it unsafe for him to set off on so long a journey alone. After many family deliberations, it was arranged that Frank, and Ellen, their sister, should accompany him, and remain in one winter, if not longer, in the west. As their means were limited, Frank and Ellen began, soon after arriving in California, to look about for some way to earn a living. Roswell, too, as his health improved, wished for something to do; and at length they were, by chance, led to buy thirteen hives of bees of a lady who—herself formerly an invalid—had been employing her leisure in apiculture, but now was about returning to her home in New York. With these thirteen hives the young Holdens entered upon the honey-producing business early in 1882. For a year they resided in the vicinity of Los Angeles, but finding that the bees, as the number of swarms increased, were unpopular among their neighbors, they were led to move from so thickly inhabited a district, and lived for a time near Mojave. Thence, however, early the following spring, they again moved to a tract of unoccupied country farther back among the mountains, in a kind of long defile, or crooked valley, inclosed by a wooded range on either hand, but which, from the great abundance of wild flowers, affords good pasture for bees. Here they are at present dwelling, and it is from a number of letters from them to their friends at home that the present sketch is compiled. The weather there is so favorable and the climate so mild that bees require but little feeding with artificial sweets, though, of course, more honey can be produced for market if, at certain times of the year, the swarms are thus provided with food. The hives are arranged so that drawers, or boxes, when filled with honey by the bees, can be withdrawn, and empty ones substituted in their places. Swarms of bees vary in size and industry as honey-gatherers. Some swarms produce in a year not more than twenty pounds that can presently be withdrawn from them; some, indeed, from certain causes, will not even gather enough honey for their own support. Other swarms produce forty or fifty pounds, and still others much more. The Holdens have now between two and three hundred hives, having made it a rule so far to keep all the new swarms which come out, though a few have escaped. The care of this numerous colony occupies all their time and attention, and they hire two Indian girls to assist them to watch the numerous sub-colonies which they have established in different parts of the valley, generally within a mile of each other. For it will not do to have all these two hundred swarms, or more, collected near one spot, on account of the pasture supply of flowers being overfed, and the bees having to go too far. The whole number of swarms is divided up into groups of ten or fifteen

Having seen to it therefore, that the hives were well placed, they returned down the valley to their shanty-house, where their sister and the Indian girls looked after the few simple domestic affairs of the household. In fact, it was quite their custom thus to colonize a new pasture, and thus they had met with few losses. Honey in small quantity, had been stolen from them on one or two occasions and once a number of deer, in their flight across the valley, had upset three or four hives. But on this occasion they met with a mishap; for on going to the place two or three days afterward, to see how their swarms "Italians" were prospering, Frank found one hive upset, and another of the ten missing altogether. From the latter circumstance, as also from certain marks and traces in the grass, resembling footprints, he at once concluded that some thief had "jumped" the hive. A few days before they had heard the report of a gun several times, faint and at a distance, and had conjectured that there was a hunting party, either of whites or Indians, on the other side of the mountain. "Some of them have probably been spying about and got their eyes on that rove of hives," was Frank's thought. Whether the rogues would rest content with the honey of one hive, or come back after more, was what no one could guess. The brothers, however, deemed it prudent to expect them again, and would have gone up and drawn the remaining hives down to camp, if the two Indian girls had not seen sent down to the postoffice—a little settlement twelve miles away—with the mules, to get the mail and a stock of groceries. Roswell therefore proposed that, after supper, they should take a little shelter tent which they had, and go up to the new nest, in order to pass the night where they could guard the hives. For by this time the elder brother had so far recovered his health as to be the stronger of the two. As Ellen did not like to be left entirely alone she proposed to accompany them. They accordingly set off, taking along the tent, three blankets and a Winchester carbine. Arriving at the rest just at dusk, they pitched their little shelter tent near the trunk of one of the oaks already referred to, and in such a manner that the ends of the drooping branches nearly or quite concealed the tent from view. The night was warm and the place was quite dry. Accordingly they did not kindle a fire, but made themselves comfortable with their blankets under cover of the tent and the sheltering foliage of the tree. They had really no serious expectation that the thief would come back; and after a time all three of them fell asleep, for Ellen Holden had become quite accustomed to this free, out-of-door life. They slept thus for three or four hours. During the early part of the night there was a moon, but the moon set toward midnight; the stars, however, gave some light, though everything was rather misty and dim. The now somewhat and quiet hives reposed on their rest, a few yards from the tree and the tent. At length the sleepers were suddenly roused by a heavy thump, followed by a grating noise and a deep humming sound from the hives. They all started up and listened intently. "Something's afoot of the bees, Ros," whispered Frank. Roswell, starting up, took the Winchester and peeped out amongst the oak branches. What looked like a tall, "slouching" man was in the very act of taking one of the hives in his arms, despite the loudly buzzing bees. As Roswell stared in astonishment, the

sturdy pilferer did actually clasp his arm about the hive and raising it off the rest, started to walk slowly off with it. 'It's some Indian, I guess, by the looks of him,' muttered Roswell. 'I don't just like to fire at him; he don't seem to have any gun. But let's go for him and give him a good thrashing.' Frank, agreeing at once to his proposition, snatched up two stakes which they had cut for the tent, and handing one of these to his brother, who laid down the rifle, both young men ran quickly, but stealthily, after the heavily-loaded thief, who was shambling awkwardly across the open ground, beyond the rest. The grass was thick and soft, and they were not long closing in with the marauder. 'You scoundrel!' yelled Frank. 'Lug off our honey, will you?' and drawing off with his stake, gave the thief such a tremendous whack across the back and shoulders as to knock him half-forward over the hive. 'Take that!' Drawing off again, he was about to repeat the dose, and Roswell on his part was just getting in a blow, when the supposed "Indian" suddenly came round on all fours and gave vent to a growl which made the whole valley re-echo. It was a grizzly! and as he growled, he rose on his hind legs and "lunged" at Frank. Prodigious as it was, Frank gave a long jump backward—not so far, however, but that one of the ugly creature's paws raked along his right side and sent him rolling over and over again on the ground. Roswell, too, had executed an almost equally long leap backward, and ran plump into Miss Holden who with commendable foresight, had come quietly after her brothers, with the Winchester in her hands. 'Here, quick, shoot!' she exclaimed, thrusting the loaded piece into his hands. Turning on the instant, Roswell fired one, two, three, four shots into the bear, now in the very act of lunging again at Frank, and with such effect that the animal fell, roaring and whining, unable to rise for another lunge. A few more shots finished it. Frank, though considerably bruised and shaken up, was not seriously injured. 'Ellen,' exclaimed Roswell, turning to his sister, when the bear had been fairly floored and Frank had picked himself up, 'Ellen, you're a brick! You got round just in the nick of time!' 'Well,' said she laughing, 'when two fellows go after a grizzly with a couple of sticks, it's a good plan to have a Winchester not far behind.'—[Youth's Companion. Ventilation of Bedrooms. Dr. Brown-Séquard, who has been preaching that bad ventilation of sleeping rooms and poor and monotonous food are the great causes of phthisis, treated of that disease at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, taking many of his examples from England. Wherever population is dense, and sleeping rooms ill-aired or overcrowded, consumption prevails. Dr. Bailey reported that in the Millbank Prison there were, out of one hundred deaths, forty-five from this disease. According to the illustrious French doctor a room in which a consumptive person sleeps is reeking with contagious germs, if the air he exhales is not carried off. But how to get rid of it in ill-built houses or very cold weather, when it is as dangerous to open windows as to keep them shut? To meet this difficulty Dr. Brown-Séquard showed the Academy an 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 it is 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 is none it is taken through a heating apparatus to an air-hole. The heat is great enough to burn the disease germs. The Pig and the Lady. A lady who was passing along a Lane came upon a pig rolling in the Mud and called out in disgust: 'Wretched creature, but what a Miserable Life you must lead!' 'On the contrary, no one takes more comfort,' rejoined the Piker. 'But you roll in the Mud.' 'Just like a Pig. Had Nature intended me to boss a greenhouse, I should not be here.' Moral: The above happened a hundred years ago. All the pigs of today want to be Canary Birds.—[Detroit Free Press. Backing a Horse. 'Did you ever back a horse, Darringer?' 'Only once, Bromley.' 'Did you win?' 'I lost \$50. I backed him into a shop window on Chestnut street.—[Boston Budget.

Keeping the Oyster's Mouth Shut. Oysters cannot be kept without a thorough knowledge of their habits. They feed twice in a day of twenty-four hours—and then just at that stillness preceding the turn of the tide. At no other time, except when feeding, do they open their mouths. When taken out of the water they naturally attempt to feed at regular intervals, and as soon as their mouths are open the liquor is all lost, the air takes its place, and the oyster is covered with a thick coating of slime. This is the first stage of decomposition, after which the oyster is shut it is fit to eat, and a means by which this can be accomplished has been the study of some enterprising men for a considerable length of time. In 1884 Mr. A. A. Freeman of Philadelphia shipped to Denver, Col., some oysters with their mouths fastened by means of the patent wire spring Yankee clothespin. Upon their arrival in the latter city the oysters were opened, and were found to be in an excellent state of preservation. Mr. Freeman immediately set about finding some device less cumbersome than the Yankee clothespin. He finally hit upon the practicable plan. When the mouth of the oyster is closed, it feeds upon the liquor in the shell, and will keep thus for a considerable length of time. Mr. Freeman's plan is to fasten the oyster securely around the mouth with a stout wire. This is done by the hand and a pair of pincers, and as it can be done very rapidly, great quantities are wired every day. Mr. Freeman has established at Oxford, Talbot county, the American Patent Lock Oyster Company, with headquarters at Oxford and office at Philadelphia. Already he has shipped car loads to Detroit, San Francisco, and other cities, with satisfactory results, and some are even on the way to London. He is now completing arrangements to send next season shipments to Paris, Rome, and other cities, and if the attempt proves successful, the American oyster will be eaten in its natural condition and with much gusto all over the world.—[Baltimore American. Tea Drinking in Russia. In Russia tea is drunk as beer is in Germany or wine in France. It may be called the national beverage, and there are especial saloons or restaurants all about the city, both rich and poor. The truly Russian restaurant is very different from the European ones. The waiters are all attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist, and are always all men. There is generally a large barrel organ, which gives out the latest airs. It is wonderful how much tea a Russian will drink. The writer entered one morning one of these restaurants with a young Russian. Tea was ordered, and one glass followed another with the Russian until he had drank seven. He said he had often drank eleven, and that fifteen were not too many for an old hand. The tea is drunk alone or with lemon, and the sugar eaten from the hand. A peculiar kind of bread or roll is eaten with it.—[Albany Journal. A Wonderful Grapevine. Mr. A. F. Tift has upon his place in Key West, Fla., a wonderful grapevine covering a great trellis. This vine bears four crops every year. The grapes grow in exceedingly compact clusters, many of them weighing as much as eight pounds and the vine is literally loaded with bunches. It is a native of the West India islands, probably of Jamaica. As an illustration of the dense nature of the bunches, the grapes grow so thick upon them that the center grapes frequently cannot reach the sunlight to mature. The outside grapes can be picked off as they are, and the mass of grapes beneath the outside layer left to ripen.—[Chicago Times.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS. Paper containing ligneous substances, such as straw, wood and jute, is rapidly discolored by electric light. The yellowing is due to the phenomenon of oxidation. German experiments have shown that cast-iron pillars remain nearly upright and sustain their load in very hot fires, while those of wrought iron bend to such a degree as to be valueless as supports. The old idea that sufferers from heart disease should avoid physical exertion has been dispelled by Prof. Oertel, who has successfully employed regulated exercise in the treatment of some forms. In a large proportion of cases, the nutrition of the cardiac muscle, as of the muscular system generally, is thus improved. After many years of experimenting, with the object of increasing the speed of vessels and lessening their draught by a change in the formation of the hull, a Pennsylvania inventor has succeeded in constructing a boat which he claims fulfils the desiderata so long sought, and is in entire accordance with true scientific theory. A singular freak of nature originally discovered in Western Australia is likely to remain unexplained. It consists of fine blue pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross—seven in the shaft, and one on each side of the second pearl. A suggestion is that a fragment of seaweed in the shell of the oyster formed the frame on which the cross was built. The most convenient way to fumigate apartments where there is diphtheria is to drop a small pinch of sulphur upon a hot stove, if there is one in the room. If there is no stove in the room, a few coals on a shovel or other convenient utensil may be carried into the room and the sulphur dropped on the coals. A little experience soon enables anyone to determine how much sulphur to burn in each room. Attention has just been called in a scientific paper to two races of men that must soon become extinct. It is confidently predicted that at the present rate of decrease the Maoris of New Zealand, now reduced to less than 45,000 men, from 100,000 in Capt. Cook's days, must have disappeared by the year 2000. The Laplanders are estimated not to exceed 30,000 in numbers, and are gradually becoming fewer. Dr. T. Langdon Down, inquiring into the cases of idiocy, has found that intemperance of parents is one of the most considerable factors in producing the affection. His view is confirmed by some French and German investigators, one of whom, Dr. Delasiauve, has said that in the village of Caremet, whose riches were in its vineyards, ten years' sobriety enforced by vine disease, has a sensible effect in diminishing the cases of idiocy. Nervous constitution and consumption exercise important influence. A Wealthy Woman in Rags. As Roscoe Conklin, Joseph H. Choate and William M. Everts were leaving the court house in New York City, after a big trial the other day they encountered a decrepit old woman in the corridor. She grimaced and the eminent jurists raised their hats and bowed with courtly dignity. A half-dozen big tenement houses, a bundle of government bonds and shares in an uptown savings bank represent the old woman's worldly possessions, and yet she can neither read, write nor cipher. She is the best-known character in the offices of the city government. When the late William M. Tweed first came into power "Aunt Sally," as she is called, used to peddle peanuts and apples in the various offices. By careful economy she had saved a little money. Tweed, who would do anything for any one he took a liking to, advised Sally to put her little savings into a "spec," which he promised would turn out well. Sally made several hundred per cent. profit on her investment. In those days every politician owned a high silk umbrella. Sally made it her business to become acquainted with every politician, lawyer and office-holder of consequence, and at stated times visited them to collect discarded hats, umbrellas and other articles of wearing apparel. She carries on that business to-day in connection with her peanut and apple trade. The hats and umbrellas she repairs herself, and sells them often for half their original cost. Coachmen, hack drivers and colored dudes are her best customers. Her income from this source alone is, very big. She adds several thousand dollars yearly to her fortune. Her age is a mystery. Some of the old-timers say she is over a century old, and that she is a witch. She dresses in rags and always pleads poverty. The records in the Register's office show that she is worth at least a fifth of a million.—[Mail and Express. A Young Egg. Bachelor H.—Why, Mary, that's a very small egg! Mary—Yes, sir; but it was only laid this morning, sir.—[Life.

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HUMOROUS. In months of sun, so live that months of rain shall be happy. "My first purchase is my last," said a cobbler, who was just starting in business. It doesn't abbreviate a three months' note to have the indorser make a minute of it. If there is any one who should be "rapped in slumber" it is the man who snores. At midnight: Young Bore—O, darling Miss Ada, I'd do anything for you. Miss Ada—Really? Well, go home. Customer: "I should like to look at a 'fat goose.'" Shop boy: "If you'll wait a minute, missus will be here directly." Nothing is more annoying to a young man who has a bunch of keys at the end of his watch chain, than to be asked what time it is. "I'm going to leave, mum!" "What for? I am sure I have done all the work myself, in order to keep a girl." "Well, mum, her work's not done to suit me!" Mrs. Popinjay—Now, dear, you won't forget, will you, that to-morrow is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding day? Mr. Popinjay—Dunno. Guess I'd better tie a string around my finger. Teacher—"John, what are your books made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots, and gives you meat to eat?" "My father's." "George, there is a sadness and melancholy in your eyes to-night, and your cheeks seem bleached." "Yes, Naomi, I am far from being happy." "Confide in me, dearest. Let me share your sorrow. Have the buffeting of this cruel world cast a gloom over your soul?" "Well, not exactly, but you see these shoes are new and they pinch like the 'teen." Just tack this legend on your door. For those who're going through it, "Fie! take this door along with you—As far as you can do it." A Unique Farm Lease. A doctor in Kent county, Delaware, leased his farm last year. An ironclad lease was drawn up, but at the end of the year the tenant was unable to settle his account. An attempt to secure himself developed to the doctor the fact that all the goods of his tenant were covered by a chattel mortgage held by some one else, and the doctor was "left." He again leased his farm, and here is a copy of perhaps the most unique lease on record. The names given are fictitious: "I, John Smith, do hereby rent my farm, consisting of 240 acres, more or less, to Abel Youngman for the year 1888. I, on my part, agree to do the best I can, and I hope God Almighty will let Abel Youngman do the best he can." Distilling Gold. It has long been known that gold is to some extent volatile at high temperatures; but it is evidently far more volatile than has hitherto been believed. Mr. Crooks mentioned incidentally at the last meeting of the Chemical Society that he had found gold to boil violently when heated in the oxyhydrogen flame, and, in fact, to be so volatile that there would seem to be no doubt that it might be distilled in an apparatus similar to that employed by Stas in distilling silver.—[Athensum. Choosing Live Fish For Dinner. A correspondent writing from Russia says that in the dining room of one of the large cafes of Moscow there is a pool of fresh water in which fish of various kinds and sizes swim about. Any patron of the restaurant who may wish a course of fish for his dinner, goes to the pool, picks out the particular fish which strikes his fancy, and in a jiffy the waiter has captured it with a dip net and sent it out to the chef.