

THE STANDARD.

HE DID THE HANGING.

BY OPIE P. READ.

I had acquired the habit of "writing up" hangings, and had become so identified with that indulgence...

I agreed to his proposition, wrote a strong endorsement for him, mounted his old horse, and rode away...

I had traveled about ten miles when I came to an old-time planter's residence. Turkey gobblers straggled in the yard, mules brayed in the lot...

"What is your business?" I am going over to Buck Snort to report a hanging, and must get there by tomorrow morning.

"Let the hangin' go, an' stay here with me. My folks are all gone to a sort of camp meetin' an' I am sorter lonesome."

"No, I must go," I pleaded. "No, sir," he replied, reaching over and placing a hand on my shoulder, "you stay here with me and I'll send a nigger over to report the hangin'."

"My dear sir," said I, "nothing would give me more pleasure than to remain with you, but it is absolutely necessary that I should report that hanging."

"Bill," the old fellow shouted, "take that skilful of a horse out here and hitch him in the stable. Sit down here (turning to me). Oh, you mustn't fool with me. This is one of my julep days, and old nigger sent you along to keep me company."

"Come here, now, and tell us all about it," said the old man. Then addressing me, he said: "Git out your book, now, and take down what he says."

I did so, and this is his report: "Nebber seed de like o' folks. Da 'peered to come from ever'whar. Arter while de sheriff an' some nder generman tuk dat nigger outen jail, he did, put him in er a spring wagin an' hauled him out in er ole fiol whar da had put up er sort of er platform. De nigger he didn't pear to be skeered a bit, an' he walked up dem steps an' looked down like er preacher in a pulpit. I tell you he wasn't skeered, no he want; but I didn't feel jes right, an' wen de folks gunter sing, my knees gunter hit tergedder. Dis wouldn't do me, thinks I. Couldn't stan no sich progiekin as dat— I 'oan' want no man ter come puttin er rope roun' my naik like I wuz er calf. But dat nigger looked at dat rope and sorter smiled, he did— Uh, huh, thinks I, you aint got as much sense ez I is ter stan dar smilin at er rope dat gwine chok de life outen you. Den der nigger gunter ter talk; knowledget dat he killed de man an' 'lowed dat he want ter meet us all. Den er ole black man says, 'Oh, Lord, an' one ter lef' she 'lows, 'Ah, Lawd, wen dis yer cup gwine ter pass?'"

"Den da jut er black thing ober de man's head an' fixed de rope roun' his naik. Didn't say er word, but I 'lowed ter mese', ole feller, you aint got ez much 'uman nater in you ez I is, fur I'd be beggin, dem men monstrous, I tell ycu. Den de right han' 'oman snuffe like she er bad col' and delef han' 'oman sorter whine, an' jes' ez I was wonderin' wut da gwine to do, nex, ker flip! down come de nigger an' de fuz stood out de rope. Den de wimmin gunter holler an' I looked roun' an' says, I did: 'Ladies, dar ain' no 'u'sen hollerin' now, fur de man's dead.' Dat wuz al' dar wuz o' de 'ormance, an' I says, 'Hump, I doan' want no sich progiekin' 'bout me, an' I doan' nuther. Come er snatchin' er man roun' dat way. Ack like er man ain' human, da do.'"

I took down the report word for word and sent it in; and as it contained none of the professional remarks incident to the conventional hanging, people were at first surprised, but after they had realized that I was attempting to create a reform, they again admitted me into reasonably fair society.

"What about a boy who does not take up with a trade or a profession? Look around you and the question is speedily answered. He must cast his hook into any sort of pond and take such fish as may easily be caught. He is a sort of tramp. He may work in the brick-yard to-day, and in the harvest field to-morrow. He does the drudgery and gets the pay of the drudge. His wages are so small that he finds it impossible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of illness will see him dead broke.

"Tired John?" "More so than any horse in Detroit."

"What do you work at?" "I am a digger. Sometimes I work for gas companies, but oftener for plumbers."

"Good wages?" "So good that my family never has enough to eat, let alone buying decent clothes. If it wasn't for my wife and children I'd wish for the street-car to run over me."

"Why didn't you learn a trade?" "Because nobody had interest enough to argue and reason with me. I might have had a good trade and earned good wages, but here I am working harder for \$8 and \$9 a week than many a man does to earn \$18."

"And now, my boy, if men tell you that the trades are crowded, and that so many carpenters and blacksmiths and painters and shoemakers and other trades keep wages down, pay no attention to such talk. Compare the wages of common and skilled workmen. Take the trade which you seem fitted for. Begin with the determination to learn it thoroughly, and to become the best workman in the shop. Don't be satisfied to skin along from one week to another without being discharged, but make your services so valuable by being a thorough workman that your employer cannot afford to let you go."

"AN ALABAMA NEGRO IN SAXONY.—Among the curiosities of the population statistics of the Kingdom of Saxony is the application for naturalization of a negro boy, a native of Alabama, who arrived in Hamburg as a cabin boy at the age of 13 years, has since remained in Germany, and after having been baptized into the Lutheran church at Breslau three years ago, has now concluded to settle in Chemnitz—Paris American Register.

An excited military looking gentleman entered the editorial sanctum one afternoon, exclaiming, "That notice of my death is false, sir. I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life, Sir, if you don't apologize and express your regret in your next issue." The editor inserted the following next day. "We extremely regret to announce that the paragraph which stated that Major Blazer was dead is without foundation."—Ex.

A PLANTATION PLOW SONG.

The Quasi Melody Sung by the Simon Pure Southern Darkie.

The following is a crude photograph of a plowing scene, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, on a Louisiana plantation. As the picture is taken from life, the names of the two mules in the team, Sherman and Morgan, are given; and the prose interpolations are rendered verbatim, and the uncatch song reproduced as nearly as possible:

Git up, mules! Brer Moses say dat music Is gwine to but de soul, And Satin's in de fiddle. Sho's sugar's in de bowl!— Git dar, Shumman. De blackbird ax de jaybird What make him war such cros, He better put on mo' an' 'Cause all de ground is froze, D. s' worl is full o' trouble, Fom summer till de spring, Den pra's an' tears is proper For dem dat dance an' sing. 'Haw, Morgan—don't you hear me tell you to haw, mule! Now go 'long.

"De jaybird tell de blackbird De winter 'holly hard— 'Wough, dar! you pestiferent beases, you! You been pas' dat burnt stump fo' times already dis mawwin', an' now yo's cockin, yo' ears an' cap'n an' prancin,' like you 'lows it must be a gret big terrifyin' black bar, or sech. Wough, dar, I say! Git up.

"I been down to de weddin' I see Miss Mandy Green; She's 'bout de livelies' lady Dat ever you nas seen— 'Hi! dat ain't what I was singin'—pleg tek a mule, nohow! dey 'stroys eber bit de sense a man was born wid—what wid strivin' an' nater'l con'tray'nass dey's nuff to make even a hungry man forgit 'bout he vittles—Oh, yes, I 'members now.

"De jaybird tell de blackbird De winter's sho'ly hard, But what's de use of grumblin' 'Less yo' po'k ain't ez no lard; You gwine to let you 'ligion Freeze up yo' sperrit too. An' help along de misery We's got to trable fro— 'De Lawd bless dese mules! dey been workin' o' cane craps nigh on to fifteen years, an' de ain't larn't de diffu's betwixt de water furrow an' de stable row yit! Will you! Git up dar, consueded varmint, you!

"Miss Mandy look so smilin'— Look a heah, ain't I got dat 'Mandy gal chune out'n my head yit!

Brer Moses shout at meetin' An' we can't sing at work. Brer Moses jump to hyun tunes Tell all de fo' is suuk— 'What yo' doin' dar, Shumman? You wants to kick up, dose you? Ween yo' ole heels gits to fannan' de yar hit look like you got a spite again de sun, an' gwine to kick it up all de way to 12 o'clock. Take dat—an' dat—an' dat! Now you got sumpen to kick up 'bout—don't you hear me? Now go 'long. I say!

"Dis yarth warn't made for trouble. Nor 'pente'n' he was born; Some sinners at salvation Is gwine to play de horn, An' some dat heah de fiddle Will get a higher place. Dan some dat wars dat 'ligion Upon a solum face— 'Bless Gawd, dar goes de dinner bell! You hear it, does you? Oh, yes, you's a hollerin' now! Stan' roun' heah, Morgan, tell I gite on yo' pleggity ole back. Dar, now! If Shumman ain't done gone an' juk de bridle clean outen he mouf an' gone home a clatin'. Git up, Morgan!

"Miss Mandy looks so smilin'; An' her mouf chimp like a chune I wish I had o' axed her For anubber wedd n' soon."

The Coreans Puzzled.

A Washington letter in the Christian at Work says: A story, too good to keep, was told at a late social gathering here of the effect on the Corean Embassy of the dressing of American ladies. At the first party in this city which the Coreans attended, many of the ladies were dressed in decollete. The Coreans gazed at them in a sort of wonder, and remarked to the interpreter: "These ladies seem to be above their dresses; are we permitted to look at them? A few minutes afterwards they noticed one of the ladies, who, besides being in decollete, wore a long train, standing by an open door and shivering from the effects of the draught. The Corean Ambassador turned to the interpreter and asked with the utmost simplicity: Why does not that American take up her dress from the floor and put it on?"

Gazing at the Moon.

I could gaze at the moon for hours, Mr. Sampson, she said in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia. I never tire of it. Ah, he responded, would that I were the man in it! Yes, she assented softly. And why, Miss Clara? he asked, getting ready to take her hand. Because, Mr. Sampson, she said, shyly veiling her eyes with her long lashes, you would be 4,000,000 mile away.—Epoch.

Useful and Interesting.

There are 2,750 languages. Two persons die every second. The average human life is thirty-one years.

Slow rivers flow four miles per hour. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour. A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.

Sound moves 743 miles per hour. Light moves 192,000 miles per hour. Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807. The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848. The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first printing-press in the United States was introduced in 1829. The first almanac was printed by George Von Furbach in 1460.

Until 1779 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel. The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch. An acre contains 4,850 square yards.

A square mile contains 640 acres. A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards in length.

A fathom is six feet. A league is three miles. A Sabbath-day's journey is 1,155 yards; (this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile).

A day's journey is thirty-three and one-eighth miles. A cubit is two feet. A great cubit is eleven feet.

A hand (horse measure) is four inches. A palm is three inches. A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.

A pace is three feet. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A barrel of rice weighs 900 pounds. A barrel of powder weighs twenty-five pounds. A firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds.

A tub of butter weighs eighty-four pounds. The following are sold by weight per bushel: Wheat, beans, and clover seeds, sixty pounds per bushel. Corn, rye, and flaxseed, fifty-six pounds per bushel. Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel. Barley, forty-eight pounds per bushel. Oats, thirty-five pounds per bushel. Bran, thirty-five pounds per bushel. Timothy seed, forty-five pounds per bushel. Coarse salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel.

The Bible Written in a Square Inch. A contrivance may be seen in the rooms of the Royal Microscopical Society, of London, Eng., the invention of Mr. Peters, which enables its user to write with such marvellous minuteness as no one unaware of the existence of the machine would believe to be possible. The mechanism consists of a series of levers supported by four brass rods, and into the centre of these levers a pencil is screwed which points to a sheet of paper placed on a plate below. Above is a very fine diamond point which touches a sheet of glass and transmits it to it in wonderfully reduced form any writing done by the operator with the pencil beneath.

The writing on glass is quite invisible to the naked eye, but a strong microscope will show the Lord's Prayer written legibly within the compass of one ten-thousandth part of a square inch. Mr. Webb, who made a special study of this ingenious machine, succeeded in writing the entire Bible, which contains 3,566,480 letters, within the space of a square inch, and by continuous practice he attained such proficiency that he was able to transcribe the Bible no fewer than fifty-nine times within the same small compass.—Chamber's Journal.

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purse to frustrate thieves?" "Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a receipt for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother."

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." "Oh, it does, eh? In the spring a young man's fancy doesn't do anything of the sort. It turns of thoughts of how he's going to get in about five thousand hours of four-hundred-dollar-a-week fund in money in fourteen days of ten dollar vacation."

They have a way out in Kansas of bringing to time unruly members of the Legislature, Mr. Funston, member of the Committee on Agriculture, was late at a committee meeting and the Chairman fined him six cans of corn.—Commercial Advertiser.

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE ROUTE

RICHMOND AND ANNVILLE RAILROAD. Condensed schedule in effect September 4th, 1887. Trains run by 75° Meridian Time.

Table with columns: SOUTHBOUND, Daily, No. 50, Daily, No. 52. Rows include stations like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, etc.

Table with columns: NORTHBOUND, Daily, No. 51, Daily, No. 53. Rows include stations like Atlanta, Greenville, Spartanburg, etc.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE. On trains 50 and 51 Pullman Buffet sleeper between Atlanta and New York. On trains 52 and 53 Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and Montgomery; Washington and Augusta. Pullman sleeper between Richmond and Greensboro. Pullman sleeper between Greensboro, and Raleigh. Pullman parlor car between Salisbury and Knoxville. Through tickets on sale at principal stations to all points.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.

I would inform the ladies of Concord and surrounding country that I have opened a new Millinery Store. Hats and Bonnets. Ribbons, Collars, Corsets, Bustles, Ruching, Veiling, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

GIVE ME A CALL. Respectfully, MRS. MOLLIE ELLIOT.

THE KAFFIR CORN.

This crop was cultivated very largely in some sections of the South the past year with great success. It should be sown or planted early in spring, when required for forage, sow either broadcast or thickly in rows about three feet apart, or if desired for the grain, plant a few seed every foot in the row and thin out to three or four stalks according to the quality of the soil. When the grain turns white, clip the heads, and other heads will come; this ensures the largest yield of grain. It gives the best results by cutting the first growth for forage when in early bloom, and letting the second growth yield both grain and forage late in fall. If forage only is desired, the seed may be drilled lightly in the furrow. It withstands drought and is particularly adapted to the thin land of the Cotton Belt section. The grain when ground makes excellent food for stock, and equal to flour for bread. Price per lb 25 cts; 5 lbs. \$1.00. For sale at FEIZE'S DRUG STORE.

YORKE & WADSWORTH. Hardware Headquarters.

SEE HERE, MERCHA'S, MECHANICS, ENGINEERS, MINERS, Farmers and Everybody Else

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

YORKE & WADSWORTH.

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

UNDERBUY! UNDERSELL! Great Reduction in Prices of Flour to Reduce our IMMENSE STOCK!

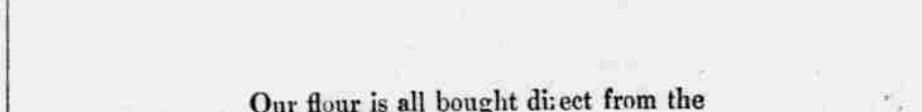
WE OFFER 1 Car Load of Pilgrim, 1 " " Light Loaf, 1 " " Choice Family, 25 Barrels " Bob White.

Our flour is all bought direct from the Largest and Best Mills for CASH, And we can sell you flour for less money than you can buy elsewhere. We have a large stock of GROCERIES, And you will always find our prices as low as the lowest. PATTERSON'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

STOP THAT COUGH. FURNITURE CHEAP FOR CASH AT M. E. CASTOR'S FURNITURE STORE.

For to delay is dangerous. Moore's Cough Syrup is the best, for coughs, colds, hoarseness, Bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and diseases of the throat and lungs, as many attest who have used it. For sale at Fetzer's drug store. For Sale Cheap, A SECOND HAND OMNIBUS with a capacity for twelve passengers in good running order. Call at this office.

I do not sell for cost, but for a small profit. Come and examine my line of goods. Old furniture repaired. M. E. CASTOR.



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