

PEOPLE AND SUBJECTS, AS SEEN AND TALKED ABOUT IN OUR EXCHANGES, GET ADDITIONAL ADVERTISING.

Testing Himself Out of Danger, the Editor Makes Some Comments and Observations.

Chestnut: The winter set in last Saturday.

Remember the orphans on Thanksgiving day.

There are 280 patients in the Raleigh Asylum.

Forty thousand dollars is a big sum to pay for a filly!

The State Chronicle's last issue is an unusually good one—it is history.

Cross and White's doom is sealed. Justice a long time coming.

Six hundred and fifty negroes left the State for Mississippi last Tuesday.

It does not pay for the Federal government to interfere in Southern elections.

Sunday was a gloomy day; besides the big rain on Charlotte Chronicle and Wilmington papers put in their appearance.

The tramps are tramping around Charlotte. Since the arrest of several, the tramps are boycotting the "Queen City."

Cotton receipts in Charlotte to Nov. 15th, 1888, were 13,578 bales; to Nov. 15th, 1889, 9,682 bales—shortage 3,896 bales.

It takes 2,200 yards of carpet to cover the floor of the national house of representatives. It takes a good article, for there is much foot among them.

The town of Rutherfordton has caught the step. A colored "festive" and a row constitute the latest. One negro was shot and will probably die.

How peculiar! You very seldom see the name of Hayes in public print. About the only time you hear of him, is when some rooster or hen of his breed is spoken of.

Bright, brilliant and sensible are the characteristics of the Charlotte Democrat. It's growing better every day. Bro. Christian and the old reliable Strong are a team.

The manufacture of salt is a big industry than many suppose. One factory at Syracuse in New York produces annually over 12,000,000 bushels.

A collision of two freight trains occurred on the Virginia Midland Railroad last Friday. Both engines and one fireman were killed and several men seriously injured. The trains were running at full speed. It took 12 hours to clear away the debris.

The General Synod of the Lutheran Church South, in session at Wilmington this week, elected the following officers: President, Rev. E. T. Horn, D. D., of Charleston; Vice President, Rev. Prof. W. B. Yonce, Ph. D., of Roanoke College, Va.; Secretary, Rev. A. L. Cronse, editor of the German department of Our Church Paper, Va.; and Capt. W. A. Barner, of Charlotte Male High School, was re-elected treasurer.

It seems that Webster's "Blue Book" is bound to go from the State. But when it is buried, every man and woman in the State over twenty years old should drop a flower upon its grave—it is a friend. It was good enough for our fathers, but they think it not good enough for their children. If it was bound a little more handsomely and had a few more pictures in it, the modern school methods would still hold on to it.

Gov. Fowle has made some appointments recently. Hon. A. S. Merrimon is promoted to the high office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Judge Walter Clarke succeeds Judge Merrimon; and Spier Whitaker is appointed to Clarke's place on the Superior Court bench. There is subject matter enough for legislation, if not comment. Judge Clark's promotion will be a loss to the State much greater than the good he can possibly do where he is now. He ought to have been left where he was, for the impression he was making upon evil doers was having good results. The appointments will be a surprise to not a few.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, printer. Don't strike off my name yet; You know how times are stringent, And dollars hard to get; But I'll tug a little harder In what I mean to do, And scrape the dimes together, Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it, I find it doesn't pay To do without your paper, However others may; I hate to ask my neighbors To give me theirs on loan; They don't just say—but mean it— Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it; If it, by any fate, Should happen not to reach us, Or come a little late; Then all is a bubble, All things go all awry, And printer, if you're married, You know the reason why.

The children want their stories, And wife is anxious, too, At first to glance it over, And then read it through; And I to read the leaders, And con the book reviews, And scan the correspondence, And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it, It is no use to try, My neighbors all take it, And printer, so must I; I, too, must keep myself posted And know what's going on, Or feel and be accounted A foggy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer, If payment be somewhat slow, For cash with me is not so plenty, And wants not few, you know; But I must have your paper, Cost what it may to me. I'd rather doek my sweet sugar, And do without coffee and tea.

So, printer, don't stop it, Unless you want my frown, For here's a year's subscription, And credit it right down; And send the paper promptly And regularly on, And let it bring to us weekly Its welcome benison, For which we'll "tender thanks."

Facts of Curious Interest.

The report that the Washington monument is a little out of plumb is contradicted by the officers in charge. They have been unable to discover at any point any indication that would lead to the belief that the shaft had sunk the smallest fraction since the work done about the foundation.

Mummies guaranteed to be 5,000 years old may now be purchased in Egypt for \$85 a piece.

It is estimated that American tourists have spent \$70,000,000 in Europe this year.

With new smokeless powder, the fire of a whole battery of artillery does not make half so much smoke as that made by a company of infantry using the old black powder.

Some estimates that getting born costs the people of the United States \$225,000,000 annually; getting married, \$300,000; getting buried, \$4,000,000.

A large pearl was found in a clam at Belfast, Me., the other day.

Emile de Laveleye, the distinguished publicist, says that a hundred years hence, leaving China out of the question, there will be two colossal powers in the world beside which Germany, France, England and Italy will be as pigmies—the United States and Russia.

The following are the accepted reasons for the selection of various colors for mourning in different countries:

Black, expresses privation of light. Worn throughout Europe.

Scarlet, mourning color, occasionally worn by French kings.

Yellow, the sere and yellow leaf. Egypt and Burmah. In Brittany, widow's caps among the peasants are yellow.

Purple and violet, to express royalty. Mourning for cardinals and kings of France. Violet, color for mourning in Turkey.

White, emblem of "white handed hope." China.

Deep blue, Bokhara mourning. Pale brown, the withered leaves. Persia.

Greyish brown, earth. Ethiopia and Abyssinia.

The Eiffel Tower, in Paris, is 994 feet high; the next tallest building is the Washington Monument, 555 feet high; after that comes the tower of the City Hall in Philadelphia, 535 feet high. The spire of Cologne Cathedral is 511 feet high, that of St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, is 470 feet high. The St. Rollox chimney, at Glasgow, is 460 feet high, and Cleopatra's Needle, in New York City, is 68 feet high.

One of the growing industries of San Diego county, Cal., is the manufacture of asbestos goods.

ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 10.—One rainy day in September last there arrived in Annapolis a young man whose appearance indicated that he had come from a poverty-stricken region. He wore a large felt hat, an old pair of shoes and a suit that would have suggested, even to the least critical observer, that there was a time when it could have made sunnier and more pleasant impressions. The lad was veritably a stranger in a strange land, and one whose experience in the world's rough ways had been confined to his own little locality and among his own hard-working and honest fellows. Withal he had a bright eye, a good, honest, candid face and a pleasing address. There was something in his looks that recommended him to those whom he came into contact. Having landed at the depot he sat down to deliberate as to what he should do, and sitting there by his old carpet-bag, with a rope for a handle, he decided that it is no disgrace to be poor, and cheerily picking up his bag, he started on a tramp through the town.

How to Convert Sinners.

WENTWORTH, N. C., Oct. 14.—In the northern part of this, Rockingham county, there is a community where they still adhere to that demonstrative, almost violent sort of religious belief which, many years ago, was warmly fostered and hotly fought for by old Peter Cartwright. In this community, known as Nubbins Ridge, the inhabitants are so far removed from the world's throbs and thrills that they do not believe that telegraphic communication is a possibility, and in fact, a young fellow who, after a short absence from the neighborhood, stated that he had seen a whole string of covered wagons pulled by a big chunk of iron that smoked like a tar kiln, was arranged before a Justice of the Peace, tried, convicted by twelve solemn jurors and sentenced to pay a fine of six bushels of corn meal.

During a recent revival at Nubbins Ridge meeting house, the chief exhorter, old Dave Henly, was so successful in his mourners' bench persuasiveness that but one sinner remained. This obdurate sinner was a brawny young fellow named Calvin Hicks. One afternoon, while the meeting house was crowded, a number of brethren held a consultation with old Dave Henly, and shortly afterward old Dave arose and said:

"Everybody that wants to go to heaven stand up." Everybody, except Calvin, who was sitting over in a corner, arose. "Calvin," said old Dave, "don't you want to go to heaven?" "Ain't hurtin' to go," Calvin answered.

"Is it possible that you want us to leave you behind?" "Well, I don't reckon I'll be so mighty fur behind when you fellers get thar."

"Now look here, Calvin, these fellers have put me up as an exhorter; they have confidence in me, and I want to tell you right here that you've got to stand up. If you don't shame Satan you shan't shame us. Do you hear?" "Ain't deaf."

"Wall, then, harken to my voice." "Ain't out a harkenin' to-day." "Calvin!"

"That's what they call me." "Air you goin' to stand up?" "When I git tired of settin'."

"Young man, you air a cuss to this here community." "Wall, the community is a cuss to me, too."

"Calvin, you have been know'd to git drunk." "So did old Noah, git drunk, and I reckon he's all right now."

"Calvin, you go to shindigs and dance." "So did old David dance, but I ain't heard no complaint about him."

"Brethren," said the exhorter, "we'll sing a stirrin' hime and see what effect that will have on this here black sheep."

They sang with swelling tumult. Calvin sat chewing his tobacco and squirting through his front teeth. A young woman, greatly excited, made her way to the stubborn sinner, and seizing him by the arm, implored him to get up.

"If you love me Calvin, you—" "Oh I love you well enough." "If you'll do as they want you to— if you'll only go to heaven, I'll marry you to-day."

"Kain't marry me if I go to heaven. They ain't give in marriage thar."

"Oh, you know what I mean. Just see how they air lookin' at you."

"Yes, see how I'm lookin' at them."

"You'll break my heart." "If I do I'll keep the pieces."

"Air you goin' to git up?" "Yes, when I get tired a settin'."

"Calvin," said the exhorter, "I am tired foinin' with you." "All right then, stop."

"I'll not stop yet, want you to understand that. Answer me yes or no. Do you want to go to heaven?" "Do you?" "Yes."

"When I git tired of settin'." Old Dave brushed aside the people as he advanced, approached Calvin, and taking him by the ear, said:

"Calvin get up"—he got up with a bound, catching Dave on his hip with a quickness that surprised the old man. The congregation made room, and in a series of irregular bounces, the combatants reached the door and bounded out under the trees. The congregation poured out; the two men capered picturesquely. Calvin got old Dave's head under his arm. Dave bit him painfully in the ribs. The effect of the bite was so noticeable that an ancient though much interested brother remarked:

"The old man's teeth set diggin'." The combatants danced a schottische, then softened into a waltz with chances about equal, but when the performance was suddenly thrown into that species of dance known as "doing the bunch," old Dave, aided by his great experience, sprawled him upon the ground.

"Calvin," said old Dave, as he sat on the sinner.

"That's what they call me." "Do you want to go to heaven?" "B'Ve I do."

"Will you profess?" "B'Ve I will."

"Wall, then, come on in here and get down at the bench. Brethren, let us have a stirrin' time."

Calvin "professed" and instead of regretting it he is now the chief exhorter of the Nubbins Ridge Meeting House.

OPIN P. REED.

Rating No. 1. Eligibility.

The following persons are not eligible to membership under the Constitution of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America, and if any such are now members of the Farmers' Alliance of Agricultural Wheel, they are not entitled to, and must not be given, the new secret, to wit:

Merchants, merchants' clerks, or any one who owns interest in a dry goods, hardware, furniture, drug store or any other mercantile business, unless said member is selected to take charge of a co-operative Farmers' and Laborers' Union store; no lawyers who have a license to practice in a county, district, or Supreme Court; no one who owns stock in any National, State, or other banking association.

Given under my hand and seal this 18th day of October, 1889. [Seal.] EVAN JONES, Pres. F. and L. U. of A.

Death of Chief Justice Smith.

Wilmington Star.] A special telegram from Raleigh to the Star Thursday announced the death at his residence in that city at 12 m. of Hon. W. N. H. Smith, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, an announcement which, although not a surprise, will be received with sorrow throughout the State where he was universally respected. He had been in failing health for several years, but was able to perform the duties of his office until within the past few weeks, since when disease took such a strong hold that it was evident that the end was near.

He was a native of Hertford county, where he was born September 24, 1812. His father was a physician, a native of Connecticut, his mother a native of Hertford county.

He was educated at Yale College, where he graduated in 1834, where he also read law, entering the practice of the profession in Hertford. In 1870 he moved to Norfolk, where he resided for three years, when he took up his residence in Raleigh. In 1840-49 he was elected by the Legislature, Solicitor for the First Judicial District, which office he held for eight years. He served several terms in the Legislature between 1840, when he entered political life, and 1865. In 1857 he was the Whig candidate for Congress, in his district, and was beaten by a small majority, but was elected in 1850, and was in Congress when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. During the war he was a member of the Confederate Congress, and in 1865 was elected to the House of Commons. In 1878 Gov. Vance appointed him Chief Justice, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Pearson, who was elected the same year and re-elected in 1886.

The largest back shot in the Adirondacks this season was brought down by Edward Lansing of Troy. It weighed 330 pounds.

Henry Wiles, of Cleariston, W. Va., turned over his pillow the other morning on arising and found a rattlesnake coiled up under it and quietly sleeping.

There are statistics in several countries, the best known of whom is the learned German, Herr Schein, who endeavors to present from time to time statistics of the population of the entire world. Inasmuch as many populous countries have no census and often nothing like a census these world statisticians can only put together, as to these countries, the best attainable guesses.

Nevertheless, they probably make a tolerably near estimate of the population of the entire world, which they put at twelve hundred million. The number of men is supposed to be somewhat smaller than the number of women.

The number of deaths in the entire world, each year, is placed at about 25,250,000, which would make nearly 100,000 a day, 4,000 an hour and six hundred and seventy per minute.

The average duration of life, in the world as a whole, is thirty-eight years. One-quarter of the people upon the earth die before reaching the seventeenth year. About six of each 1,000 persons born reaches the age of seventy-five years.

Married people live to a greater age than the unmarried; temperate people and workmen live longer than excessive eaters and the indolent; and the people of civilized nations outlive the savage races.

Col. Allen introduces a Vote Among Us.

Statesville Landmark. Col. Julian Allen arrived home last Friday, bringing with him a Pole, Stanislaw Karpaeki, by name, who reached Baltimore on an emigrant ship the first of last week. Stanislaw is of the servile class, whose forefathers for generations were serfs, and is the embodiment of humility and obsequiousness. He is a young man of 22, but has a wife and children whom he left behind when he came to this country. He is a handy man—a farmer, carpenter, hostler, barber, and a man of all work. He had not been at Col. Allen's half an hour before he said he wanted to go to work, and was put to straightening up the tool room, harness room, gear house, &c., and in a hour's time had them all in perfect order, with everything in its place.

The new arrival cannot speak a word of English and brought his Polish manners with him. At Raleigh, where Col. Allen stopped with him on his trip from Baltimore, he kissed the hands of gentlemen who spoke to him. On the train Senator Vance, engaged in conversation with Col. Allen, learned who his companion was and spoke to him. Col. Allen told him the gentleman was a distinguished man, a Senator of the United States, upon which the poor fellow seized the Senator's hand and kissed it servily. Col. Allen, however, has given him to understand that in this country one man is just as good as another if not a little better, and is gradually breaking him of his osculatory habit.

Stanislaw's first sight of the black man was in Baltimore. He was walking the street when he saw two negroes, whereupon he crossed himself and took to his heels. His impressions of this country are delightful and he wrote back from Raleigh to the Polish Priest at Baltimore that this must be the next thing to heaven. This priest will soon make a tour of the State, in company with Col. Allen, with a view to locating a Polish colony in North Carolina. Five hundred families of them reached Baltimore on the ship which brought Stanislaw Karpaeki.

Simple Yet Fatal.

Harold P. Brown in North American Review.] The preparations necessary for electrical execution are very simple. The condemned criminal's cell is visited by the prison authorities and his hands and feet are saturated with the weak potash solution which so rapidly overcomes the skin's resistance; during this space of thirty seconds or less, his electrical resistance may be measured, though Mr. Edison's researches in this line have rendered even this unnecessary. Shod in wet felt slippers, the convict walks to the chair and is instantly strapped into position, his feet and hands are again immersed in the potash solution contained in a foot tub connected to one pole and in hand basins connected to the other. With this perfect contact there is no possibility of burning the flesh and thus reducing the effect of the current upon the body. Dials of electrical instruments indicate that all the apparatus is in perfect order and record the pressure at every moment. The deputy sheriff closes the switch. Respiration and heart action instantly cease, and electricity with a velocity equaling that of light, destroys life before nerve-sensation, at a speed of only 180 feet per second, can reach the brain. There is a stiffening of the muscles, which gradually relax after five seconds have passed; but there is no struggle and no sound. The majesty of the law has been vindicated, but no physical pain has been caused.

HE HAS EXPLAINED.—"My wife, Mr. Perkins," said the husband across the aisle of the street car.

"Ah! Glad to see you Mrs. Winters. Why, how you have changed in two weeks?"

"Changed! No one has spoken of it," she blankly replied.

"Why, when I saw you with your husband at the theater two weeks ago to-night, you seemed to be a girl of about 18."

"At the theater! You—you— you!"

Her husband had been winking and winking, but near-sighted Mr. Perkins had seen nothing. She settled back, figured it out that she was home alone with the toothache that night, and the frozen stare she turned on her husband as they got off, covered the platform with a glare of ice. She has asked for explanations ere this.

NEEDING A TONIC, or children that want building up, or those who are suffering from BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

Putting up the White House Stove-Pipe.

J. L. Ford in Puck.] A pleasant odor of fried bacon pervaded the great Blue Room, in which sat the President of the United States, brooding sadly over the future. Outside the wind moaned sadly through the trees, and the dry leaves fell to the ground and were tossed hither and thither by each fitful gust.

"De missus wants you," said a colored servant, bursting in upon the presidential musings; "dey's gwine ter put up dem stove pipes, and dey wants you to help 'em."

The president found the members of his immediate family rapidly assembling on the scene of operations, for it was after four, and the departments were closed for the day.

Father-in-law Scott, who had left his accustomed seat by the kitchen range to superintend that important household event, was favoring the company with reminiscences of stove-pipe raising in the early history of Indiana. "In them days we never put up no pipes till it gotter be putty nigh onto hog-killin' time. Now, Benjamin, when do you kalkerlate to begin killin' this fall?"

"I didn't know I was expected to do any work when I came to Washington," muttered the Brother's daughter's Husband, who had just lounged in from his day's rest at the Public Crib.

"Why don't you hire somebody to do the work?" asked the Son-in-law's Cousin sulkily. "That's the way we do in the Manger Department when there's anything to be done?"

"How long do you think were going to stay here?" exclaimed the President. "You seem to forget that this isn't a life office, and we must make lay hold the sun shines. Now just take hold of that stove-pipe, or somebody will get a letter assuring him of my firm belief in his personal honesty, and then where will that somebody be?"

This threat had an instant effect, and the Presidential Relations sprang forward with an alacrity such as they had not displayed since the inauguration.

"Suppose," said Son-in-law McKee, "that we work in blocks of five—that is—I mean—we'd better all take hold at once," and in order to cover up his unfortunate slip of the tongue, he seized the stove and dragged it by main force across the floor. Each one of the twelve Relations took a joint of pipe and mounted a chair, while the President, with the angle in his arms, mounted the centre table, and prepared to adjust it.

"Now, then, look alive, and remember you're not in the Manger office!" he shouted to the perspiring Son-in-law's Cousin, who was vainly trying to fit a section of pipe into the angle in the President's hands.

"I be a-lookin' alive," he retorted, "but the pesky thing won't go in. You there, Obadiah! Why in tarnation don't ye hold that j'int stiddy, so folks kin work?"

"Ye don't none on ye know how to put up a stove-pipe," began the Father-in-law; but the President poured some soot down his back and told him to hold his tongue.

"Now, then, all together!" shouted the Brother's Daughter's husband, and the twelve Relations stood on tip-toe, and fitted one joint into another till the structure was almost as complete as an Indiana Colonization Bureau at election time; but at this critical moment the Sister-in-law entered the room, raised two dough-encrusted hands in horror, and exclaimed:

"Benjamin Harrison, be you a-standin on the settin' room table without taking your shoes off? Get right down this minnit!"

Down went the angle on the Son-in-law's head. Down went the rest of the pipe and the twelve Relations, in a long, sooty line on the floor. Aways scuttled the Father-in-law to his warm kitchen nook, and in came Postmaster Wanmaker and surveyed the sorrowful group.

"Why in the world," he remarked, "didn't you buy that patent stove-pipe persnader I tried to sell you? It's sellin like hot cakes, and it'll last a dozen years."

"Yes," retorted the President, as he shook the soot out of his ears with a vehemence that burst his paper collar like a campaign promise, "and who'll get the benefit of it for two-thirds of the time? I'm not fixing this place for a siege, John, I can tell you that."

LADIES Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, or those who are suffering from BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

THE STANDARD.

WHOLE NO. 96.

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