

THE STANDARD.  
LARGEST PAPER  
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PAPER IN THIS SECTION.

# THE STANDARD.

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WHOLE NO. 105.

THE STANDARD.  
WE DO ALL KINDS OF  
JOB WORK  
—IN THE  
NEATEST MANNER  
—AND AT—  
THE LOWEST RATES.

### THE HARP OF TOM MOORE.

At the Scotch-Irish Congress, May 8, 1889, Columbia, Tenn.  
BY WALLACE BRUCE, OF NEW YORK.  
The top of the morning to Ireland  
And the Scotch-Irish Congress today!  
All hearts respond at the banquet  
When the Harp of Tom Moore leads the way.  
The bells of the Shamrock are ringing  
Their music front over the sea,  
But sweeter the Harp of her poet  
In the mountains of old Tennessee.  
The sons of the Shamrock and Thistle  
Will cherish the visions of yore,  
A Harp of Old Tara awakens  
A strain to the voice of Tom Moore;  
Is stringed with memories sacred,  
Is tuned to Liberty's key;  
And the songs that float down the ages  
Are always the songs of the free.  
In days of the "Exile of Erin,"  
But her exiles are exiles no more,  
For the Isle of old Erin has drifted  
Close under Columbia's shore—  
"Where Liberty is, is my country"  
Has guided her over the way,  
And Columbia holds in her borders  
The heart of old Ireland today.  
Manhattan and Plymouth and Jamestown  
Can boast of their heritage true,  
But M. McKim's fame is immortal  
When we number the stars in the blue.  
The Scotch Irish Puritan fathers  
First drafted the words of the free  
And the speech of Virginia's Henry  
Is the crown of our liberty's plea.  
The sons and grandsons of heroes  
Who fought for freedom and right  
With joy hail the dawn of the morning  
"Mavourneen!" Awake to the light!  
The maidens of Lorne and Kilmaree  
Are swelling the chorus today,  
For the castles of Oban and Blarney  
Are only just over the way.  
Then welcome, a thrice hearty welcome,  
To legendry, lyric and lore,  
With a pledge and "Guill Fhiala"  
Welcome!  
To the voice and the Harp of Tom Moore;  
A toast to the Shamrock and Thistle,  
And sunshine both sides of the sea.  
As Erin clasps hands o'er the ocean  
With Columbia in fair Tennessee.

### DISPUTING OVER A GRAVE.

#### The Tomb of George Washington's Mother in Litigation.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Jan. 14.—The tomb of Mary Washington, the mother of George Washington, and the plot of ground in which her body were brought into a court controversy here today. The history of the case is as follows: George W. Shepherd, one of the wealthiest citizens of the town a few years ago, acquired by purchase from Dr. R. S. Herndon of \$250 the plot of ground on which stands the unfinished monument that was commenced to mark the spot where lies the body of Mary, the mother of George Washington. Colbert and Kirtley, real estate dealers, saw a chance for speculation and they at once sought to improve upon it. They now claim that Shepherd executed to them a sixty-day option of the property for the sum of \$2,500.  
Some time in February last Colbert & Kirtley advertised the property for sale, to be sold in Washington, D. C., March 4, the day following the inauguration of President Harrison. They appealed in the advertisement to the women of the nation to come forward and take an interest in the sale as Congress had failed to make the necessary appropriation to complete the same, which has been begged at their hands for the last twenty years. Whereupon the newspapers of the country, from ocean to ocean, appeared with articles protesting in the most indignant terms against the idea of selling the grave of Mary, the mother of Gen. George Washington. The people of this city held a mass-meeting and passed resolutions denouncing the sale of the grave. At that meeting Mr. Shepherd participated as a conspicuous character, denouncing the action of Colbert & Kirtley. After the meeting Colbert & Kirtley made a tender of a sum of money to Mr. Shepherd for the property and demanded from him a deed for the same, saying they had sold the property for \$20,000.  
Mr. Shepherd declined to execute the deed, whereupon Colbert & Kirtley instituted two suits against him, one for libel, claiming \$10,000 damages, and one for breach of contract, claiming \$20,000 damages. The libel case came up before Judge McLaughlin to-day upon a demurrer. The Judge took the papers and directed the sergeant to summon the jury for to-morrow. Great doubt is apprehended as to whether a jury can be obtained in this city to sit in the cases, so great has been the feeling. The women of the city held a mass meeting this evening and adopted resolutions as to raising funds to purchase the disputed grave and complete the monument to Mary Washington's memory. The cases will probably last ten days or more.

### A COURT SCENE.

When court opened this morning the room was densely crowded. Mr. Kirtley, of the real estate firm of Colbert & Kirtley, took the stand and his cross-examination was resumed. He claimed that he had a contract with Mr. Shepherd, the defendant, to sell the lot with the Mary Washington monument on it within sixty days; that Mr. Shepherd would execute a deed to the same on the payment of \$2,500 to him, and that within that time he had tendered that sum to Mr. Shepherd, who had refused to receive it.  
The cross-examination was very severe, and the attorneys in the case frequently engaged in heated colloquies. When J. W. Colbert, Kirtley's partner, was introduced, he was taken in hand by Mr. Dickerson. The examination had not proceeded very far when Mr. Fitzhugh, counsel for defendant, interrupted Mr. Dickerson on his examination of Mr. Colbert. Mr. Dickerson replied to him in a curt manner, saying he had better wait for his turn for examination, whereupon Mr. Fitzhugh threatened to give him a thrashing. At this Mr. Dickerson invited him outside of the courtroom several times, but Mr. Fitzhugh declined to go. Mr. Dickerson called him a coward, and attempted to strike Mr. Fitzhugh with his cane on his arm and broke it. This weapon being rendered useless, Mr. Dickerson seized a large bottle of ink that was on the table in front of him and threw it at the face of Mr. Fitzhugh.  
Mr. Fitzhugh dodged, and the bottle landed on the breast of one of the jurors, scattering the ink all over the jury, counsel of both sides and bystanders. Great confusion followed, in which the audience took part generally.  
The following incidents then occurred with bewildering rapidity

### Jogging His Memory.

A clergyman in Iowa relates the following anecdote, which, as he says, ought to be a hint to all couples who are going to be married. A lady called upon him and announced her name as Mrs. M., a widow living in a distant part of the State. Her husband had been killed in the civil war, and she had applied for a pension. But it was necessary for her to prove her marriage. This she had not been able to do, as her marriage certificate was lost, and all the witnesses except the minister himself were dead.  
She had come a long distance to get the minister's evidence, insisting upon it that he was the person who had performed the ceremony.  
"But I do not remember anything about it, madam," said the minister, after listening carefully to the woman's story. "I have married hundreds of people in the last twenty years, and cannot recall your case at all."  
"Why, you must remember that evening. I wore a traveling suit, and my husband was a tall man with black whiskers."  
"I have married a great many tall men with black whiskers."  
"But don't you remember, we came in when you were at supper, and you asked us to wait in the parlor a few minutes?"  
"I don't remember it."  
"Don't you recall how my husband was very much embarrassed, and during the ceremony knocked a vase off the table near where we were standing? And then he apologized right in the middle of the service, and we all laughed about it afterward?"  
"I don't remember even that. Other things like it have happened since. Can't you name something else?"  
Other little things were mentioned and the clergyman hunted up all his old letters and journals in hopes of discovering something that would recall the ceremony and enable him to truthfully identify the widow. But all in vain.  
Finally the lady with some hesitation and confession, said: "There is one thing that I am sure you cannot have forgotten. My husband had driven over from the next town. In his absent-mindedness he had left every cent of money at home."  
"Now, don't you remember that after the ceremony he came up to you as if to hand you the regular fee, and then instead of doing that, he stammered and blushed, and finally asked you to lend him five dollars with which to pay his hotel bill, promising to return the money the next day. Surely you must remember that!"  
"Ah, yes, indeed, I remember that very well!" exclaimed the minister. And he could not help adding, "I haven't seen the money yet."  
The widow received her pension shortly afterward, and not long after that the minister received a ten dollar bill, with the words: "Payment for good memory."

### Notes of Health.

Eat plain food.  
Be regular in your habits.  
Begin your morning meal with fruit.  
Wear woolen clothing the year round.  
It is safer to filter and boil drinking water.  
Rise in the morning soon after you are awake.  
Don't go to work immediately after eating.  
Be moderate in the use of liquids at all seasons.  
Keep the feet comfortable and well protected.  
If possible go to bed at the same hour every night.  
Exercise in the open air whenever the weather permits.  
Brush your teeth at least twice a day, night and morning.  
In malarious districts do your walking in the middle of the day.  
Don't worry, it interferes with the healthful action of the stomach.  
A sponge bath of cold or tepid water should be followed by friction with towel or hand.  
See that your sleeping rooms and living rooms are well ventilated, and that sewer gas does not enter them.  
You must have interesting occupation in vigorous old age. Continue to keep the brain active. Rest means rust.  
Heaven preserve me, however, from the perfumery kiss of two women. There is something about a kiss of this kind that is as dismal as the desert of Sahara. There is not even one oasis in it to mark the dreary waste. It is worse than melody measured out with yard stick or poetry doled out by the quart. There is no inspiration about it—none whatever of any kind. What a dull, sodden affair is the face of a pretty girl! How the same face becomes illuminated with the fire of the soul when it is kissed by—well, perhaps this is getting to be an over-delicate matter, and something ought to be left to the imagination of the reader. However, there is no rhapsody in the kiss exchanged by two girls or two women. It is as uninviting as the fields in winter.  
It is astonishing how much easier it is to do evil than bear to be told of the evil we have done.  
Idleness is hard work to those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.  
He raises the tone and feeling of his inferiors who always treats them with courtesy and dignity and a kindly intention.  
Dispose of the time past to observation and reflection; time present, to duty; and time to come, to Providence.

### Come Down a Few Pegs.

Yankee Blade.  
Cue morning scarcely a fortnight after Gen. Jackson's arrival at the White House a shabby-genteel-looking man presented himself at his parlor and, after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the venerable old gentleman at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, his talents and his unimpeachable rectitude fully entitled him.  
"We have had a hard time of it," said he, "in our little place; but our exertions were unremitting; I myself went round to stimulate my neighbors, and at last the victory was ours. We beat them by a majority of ten votes, and I now behold the result of that glorious triumph!"  
The General thanked him in terms of studied politeness, assuring him that he would resign his office in an instant if he did not think his election gave satisfaction to a vast majority of the people, and at last regretted his admirer's zeal for the public weal should have been so severely taxed on his account.  
"Oh, no matter for that, sir," said he, "I did it with pleasure—I did it for myself and for my country" (the general bowed); "and I now come to congratulate you on your success" (the general bowed again); "I thought, sir, that as you are now President of the United States, I might, perhaps, be useful to you in some official capacity." (The general looked somewhat embarrassed.) "Pray, sir, have you already made a choice of your Cabinet Ministers?"  
"I have," was the reply of the general.  
"Well, no matter for that; I shall be satisfied with an embassy to Europe."  
"I am sorry to say there is no vacancy."  
"Then you will, perhaps, require a headclerk in a department of state?"  
"These are generally appointed by the respective secretaries."  
"I am very sorry for that; then I must be satisfied with some inferior appointment."  
"I never interfere with these; you must address yourself to the heads of departments."  
"But could I not be postmaster in Washington? Only think, general how I worked for you!"  
"I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and for your kind offices at the last election, but the postmaster of the city of Washington is already appointed."  
"Well, I don't much care for that; I should be satisfied with being his clerk."  
"This is a subject you must mention to the postmaster."  
"Why, then, general," exclaimed the disappointed candidate for office, "haven't you got an old black coat?"  
"You may well imagine that the general gave him one."

### A Horse's Memory.

"Say, friend, you are on my horse," said one gentleman to another as he reined his horse before the door.  
"Your horse! Oh, no; why, I bought this horse two years ago."  
"You did?" answered the other; "well, I lost my horse—it was stolen—just two years ago."  
The conversation took place under the far spreading oaks of an old time plantation home. A planter was surprised to see his horse return home after two years, and ridden by a gentleman, who evidently had bought the horse in good faith. After some conversation the old owner of the horse, with much earnestness, said: "Well, sir, if you will dismount and unsaddle the horse and he don't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and if he don't find water in the bucket let it down the well, and then walk off to his old stable, I will give up and that horse isn't mine!" "At your word," cried the visitor, and leaping from the horse, unsaddled it. What was his astonishment when the horse went straight to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over, went to the well, and finding no water, let the bucket down, and then, as though he had left home but yesterday, walked to the old stable. The animal remembered the trick, and the owner recovered his horse. There are those living now who can attest to the truth of this story, though it happened years ago.  
The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

### Newspapers as Life Preservers.

Washington Star.]  
General Bussey, the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has a novel use for newspapers. The other day when the weather was sharp he was preparing to go out of the department building for lunch. A reporter who happened to be in the room at the same time was surprised to see him unbutton the lower buttons on his vest, fold up a newspaper and, placing it over his abdomen, button the vest over it.  
"I always do that," he said in reply to a surprised inquiry from the reporter, "when I am going to be out in the cold. The newspaper is a non-conductor of heat, and when placed over the stomach preserves the supply in what has been called the reservoir of heat of the body. A newspaper is a good substitute for an overcoat, and in cold weather is the best device that people with scanty wardrobes can adopt. Insufficient bedclothing can be reinforced in the same way, and the newspaper may be said to be the poor man's friend in more senses than one. When chilled by sudden cold a newspaper placed over the stomach soon restores the normal temperature of the body and prevents an attack of pneumonia. I have frequently recommended this use of newspapers, but I find that practically very few people really appreciate its value."

### She Bleached the Horses.

At Batesville, Ark., a recent shooting affray brought into notice a woman known as "Sorrel Sue." She always appeared in public riding a sorrel horse. It was believed she belonged to a gang who stole horses. A surgeon, who was summoned to attend one of her admirers who had been wounded in the row, mistook his way and wandered to Sue's cabin. Before he could be hustled out he saw certain things which aroused his suspicions. These he reported to Sheriff Simcoe, who, with a posse, managed to surround the den of the horse thieves, capturing Sue and two of her gang. He found that Sue had applied the means of bleaching her own hair to that of the horses. When the posse entered they found a horse enveloped in a jacket made out of rubber coats, being treated to a sulphur vapor bath. The appliances were very ingenious, and worked very well. A black or bay horse would be stolen and run into the bleachery. After its color was changed and its tail and mane trimmed, the disguise became so perfect that without any great risk the animal could be taken in daylight through the very district from which it had been stolen. It was Sue's business to not only superintend the bleaching, but also to ride the animal out of the country.  
Those few members whom stress of unfortunate circumstances had not compelled to draw their mileage performed that pleasant duty yesterday. There is a great deal of humbug about this mileage business, but still it will never be abolished. The government allows each Representative and Senator twenty cents a mile for every mile-traveled by them in making the journey to and from Washington to each session of Congress. As the majority of these gentlemen travel free, or at least are supposed to, the mileage compensation is little short of an actual gift. The delegate from Arizona is supposed to live at a more remote distance from Washington than any of his associates, in either branch of Congress. As a result he receives the largest compensation paid—\$1,600. The Oregon Representative comes next with \$1,350 to his credit. The California Representatives and Senators average \$1,300 apiece, while the delegation from the new State of Washington are paid about \$1,200 apiece. The Texans receive about \$100 less. The computations of the accounting officers show that the Representatives from the States of Florida and Illinois travel about the same distance to reach Washington, for they are paid in each case about \$400. The average mileage credit to the Representatives from Maine is \$260. To their confederates from Massachusetts an average of \$185 is paid. The Maryland men fare worse. Mr. Gibson gets the biggest fee. He is supposed to pay twenty cents a mile each way for 108 miles. His mileage is \$79.20. Mr. McComas comes next with \$51.30. Next is Mr. Stump, whom it is supposed to cost \$27.20 to come from and return to "Oatington Farm." The two Baltimore Congressmen are supposed to spend \$16 in going from home and back. Poor Mr. Comton gets only the beggarly pittance of \$7.20 for his trip from Laurel and return. They all draw their mileage, be it big or little.

### How They Made It.

The New York Times prints an interview with "one of the oldest inhabitants," who, in the course of his remarks, says:  
"John Jacob Astor had his store in Vessey street, in the building in which Dr. Halleck lived. Fitz Greene Halleck, the doctor's son, was one of Astor's clerks. Old Astor got his start in life by hiring out to a furrier to beat furs—keeping the moths out of them—at a dollar a day. He was economical and saving and presently began to buy cat furs and muskrat furs, and when he had accumulated a lot of them, he took them to England and sold them at a large profit. Then he established his own business here, and extended his connections westward and northward until he became the largest dealer in the country.  
"Commodore Vanderbilt was at this time running a 'perry-anger' (perrianga—a small ferryboat, carrying two masts and a lee board) between quarantine station and the city, and was becoming very popular with boatmen and others who were thrown in his way. Fulton & Livingston owned an exclusive charter to run steamboats between New York and Albany, and the monopoly was paying immensely. Two old Jerseymen then started an opposition line, but as they could not run direct between New York and Albany they got around the difficulty by going from New York to Jersey City, and making that the starting point for Albany. They encountered all sorts of difficulties, however, the monopolists going so far as to willfully run their boats down and otherwise crippling them, and they were threatened with bankruptcy.  
"One of the proprietors was at New Drop one day, when he asked old Mr. Guion if he knew of a man who was competent to take hold of their line and make a success of it. 'Yes,' said Guion, 'I know such a man. His name is Cornelius Vanderbilt. He'll take your boats to the mouth of hell if you want him to.' 'That's just the man I want,' was the response, and in a little while the bargain was concluded and Cornelius Vanderbilt took charge of the line. The monopolists tried every possible means to prevent the line from doing business in New York, and at last put a sheriff on board with instructions to arrest Vanderbilt if he should attempt to move the steamer from the wharf. Vanderbilt got all ready to go and then stood by with an axe, and when the wheels had begun to revolve and there was a good strain on the hawsers he le up with his axe and cut the hawsers and steamed away to Albany with the sheriff on board. A continuation of his vigorous policy finally broke up the Fulton and Livingston monopoly and established the opposition line on a profitable basis.  
"Vanderbilt's daughters were a wild kind of girls. They were perfectly at home everywhere on Staten Island, and were very popular. I used to see them in a grocery over there sitting on the counter and swinging their feet and talking to the young fellows who were chaffing them.  
"The Lorillards had a snuff and tobacco business, and they made a good deal of money out of it. There were three brothers of them—Jacob and Peter and George. Jacob had a butcher shop up near the Bowery Theater—that was the Dutch of it; it came to be Pierre after it had been translated into French soil a few months; Peter and George were a snuff and tobacco dealers. After they got wealthy nothing would do but old Lorillard must have a carriage and a coat-of-arms upon it. He chose for his coat-of-arms 'Who'd thought it—snuff bought it.' This made the people laugh, and to be changed it after a while, putting on in place: 'Quid rides,' which means: 'At what do you laugh?' His tobacco store was in Chatham street."

### Atlanta to the Sea.

Atlanta Journal.]  
In another year a new highway of iron and steel will be built from Atlanta to the Virginia coast.  
Starting at this city, and equally dividing the rich territory lying between the Richmond & Danville and the Georgia railroads, it will pass through Athens and Elberton, Ga., and cross the Savannah river at the famous Fish Dam. Passing into South Carolina it traverses the magnificent cotton belt lying between the Savannah and Catawba rivers. It will go through Abbeville and Chesler, South Carolina, connecting at Monroe, N. C., with the Seaboard system, thus pushing on to the sea, and to the great arteries of traffic between the North and South.

### Nuts Worth Cracking.

J. R. Lendon, in Old Homestead.  
If the cotton crop of 1889 is as large as that of 1888, 49,000,000 yards of bagging will be required to wrap the crop.  
If the cotton is wrapped in jute \$1,900,000 will pass out of the planter's hands.  
If the cotton is wrapped in cotton bagging, \$4,900,000 will remain inside the lines of the cotton States to be added to the circulating medium.  
The making of \$49,000,000 yards of cotton bagging will consume 100,000 bales of cotton, which decreases the number of bales for market and enhances the value of the remainder one fourth per pound, making the gain to the planters \$8,565,000.  
The J. R. Adams factory can put a bale of cotton in its spinning room for \$6.77 less than it can be laid down in Lowell, Mass.  
If the cotton was spun in the South, \$47,390,000 would be saved in the freight charges, etc.  
A better day is coming for in 1887 the product of the Southern cotton mills was \$48,000,000 against \$1,000,000 in 1880.  
It is a fact worthy of strong emphasis that cotton mills are increasing more rapidly in the South than anywhere else.  
Common sense will, at no distant day, compel the spinning of raw material where it can be done the cheapest.  
The way to have cheap goods is to make them at the least expense.  
The cotton of 1889, if sold as heretofore, will give the planters \$300,000,000; if wholly manufactured in the South, the great sum of \$1,000,000,000.  
The difference in the price of the raw material and that of the manufactured article is \$700,000,000 in favor of the South.  
No other country in the world could have existed as long as the South has under such a system of drainage.  
Let the day be hastened when the farmers of these United States will receive just profits for their products.

### A Monument to Tilden.

The following striking resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives last week by Mr. Cummings, of New York:  
Resolved, That there is appropriated from the treasury of the United States the sum of \$50,000 to erect a bronze statue of the late Samuel J. Tilden, to be placed in the centre of the rotunda of the capitol. That on the tablet at the front of base of said statue there shall be conspicuously engraved these words: "Samuel J. Tilden, nineteenth President of the United States, elected but not seated." [Applause on Democratic side.] That on the right of the square base shall be engraved the date of birth, election and death of such President, and that on the opposite side shall be engraved an eagle with a snake in his talons, and under them these words: "For the right."  
Resolved, That the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives be authorized to superintend the expenditure of the money, and that a copy of these resolutions, with the names and dignities, be engraven on the rear of said base.  
Mr. Sweeney, of Iowa, inquired whether the gentleman expected the inscriptions to be in cipher. [Applause on the Republican side.]  
Where He Got The Fee.  
"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilder to an Examiner reporter, "was the defense of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court because the prisoner said he had no money.  
"The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and as the defendant was leaving the court room I called him back, and just as a joke, handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first \$50 he got.  
"Next day he walked into my office and planked down two 20s and a 10.  
"Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak.  
"Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out."  
Neurotic Persons  
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from overwork will be relieved by taking *Brown's Iron Bitters*. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.