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THE STANDARD.

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

THE STANDARD.

VOL. III.---NO. 29. CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1890. WHOLE NO. 142.

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

STANDARD NOTES.

The merchants may have to settle the Force Bill before any other.

In a year like this—election year—new leaders are born, if only to live but a few months.

Tillan will be to South Carolina what Mahone has been to Virginia. Mark you.

The Atlanta Constitution is red hot over the Force Bill. It is stirring things up with a burning pole.

Jas. G. Blaine is thought to be presidentially inclined. He had the same disease in 1884.

Bill Arp's son-in-law died a few days since. He was an editor, bright and industrious.

Mr. Ben. Harrison, the President of the United States, is a member of a land speculating syndicate.

It is positively untrue that Editor Underwood, of Georgia, is the father of thirty-seven children. He claims only twenty-seven.

The Republicans want to put a tax of 120 per cent on tinplates that every body uses, and yet there is not a single industry of that kind in America.

One of the ablest mathematicians in America has made a very difficult and even accurate calculation. He says that between 36,000,000 and 26,057,000 babies are born every year—an infant enterprise.

It is said in the North that the Force Bill will be defeated; if it is, alright. If not, the South can drink it, if it is bitter; but she reserves the right to say how much of the vile stuff shall go down our throats.

Congressman Bunn was renominated on the first ballot, defeating Scarborough and Stroud, both Alliance men. Scarborough is the former State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The defeated candidates endorsed, in speeches, the action of the convention.

If there is a man in North Carolina who can foretell the movements of the various elements in the coming campaign, if he can realize the extent and depth of the determination and result of the plans and and operations of a class heretofore taking but little interest in politics—that man is wiser than a Soloman.

Mr. R. A. Grier, president of the Alliance of Mecklenburg county, in the convention held in Charlotte on the 25th, offered this resolution: "Resolved that we have full confidence in the integrity, ability and patriotism of the Hon. Z. B. Vance, and urge his re-election to the position he now fills with so much honor and credit to himself and the State." It was unanimously adopted amid loud applause.

A great deal is being said throughout the South about boycotting the North. It cannot, and if it could, it should not be done. If boycotting is wrong in one instance, it is wrong in all. There was one time when such a thing was practicable—when the whole South lived on comparatively nothing and wore just what was manufactured around the firesides—but it is not now. You can't screw up the courage of our people (so many having become wedded to the tastes and deep love of modern living) to deprive themselves of actual necessities and pleasures. A remedy for the injury and insult of the Force Bill, if it becomes a law, must be had in measures other than boycotting.

A sixteen-year-old boy, near Greenville, S. C., hanged himself because "his girl" would not "have" him. There's something wrong with the character of our social system when boys not yet old enough to keep their noses clean, and certainly not old enough to be away from their mothers, are allowed to surround themselves with influences and conditions that produce a desire to marry. It's spoiling chances for making useful and industrious men, if not an open shame. Too many boys are becoming men (?) too soon. They need something more than a sweet-heart; they need education; they need trades; they need permanent employment; and a good many of them need a frequent application of strap oil.

Godsboro Argus: Three bushels of entirely red corn was carried to mill one day this week by our good friend, Mr. Asa B. Collier, of Pikeville township, and the meal therefrom was so rough and dark as not to be fit for table use, so it had to be converted into stock feed. Thus much for the experiment.

4,166.

CONCORD IS THE MOST RAPIDLY GROWING TOWN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

In 1880 we had 1264 and in 1890 we Have Over 3 1-4 Times as Many People—The Growth Since the Census Will Make it 4,225.—We are Satisfied With the Census Takers' Work. Some Enterprises, etc.

The biggest town in the State; the most thrifty town in North Carolina; the busiest and most hustling young city in the Tar Heel Commonwealth!

What, Concord?

Yes, sir! Concord got a move on herself several years ago; that move is still moving on. There is more good, hard business sense and push to the square inch in Concord than can be found in any town of the State.

When you remember that the increase in her population has been, in ten years, over 229 per cent, you can then realize her rapid growth. No town in the State can show such an increase. Our growth, too, is substantial; it is not like that of a blacksmith's bellows—it is solid. We believe that the census is just as correct as any one could have taken it; there is no doubt that Capt. Alexander missed some, and any body else would have done the same. Owing to the natural increase and parties moving in, we believe that our population will number 4,225 at this very time.

The citizens of Concord who have money, invest it in enterprises that give work and employment to hundreds of people. There are a few old moss-backs, blind to Concord's growth and the prosperity of the people, who hang on to a nickle and grin for more—but thanks to a beneficent truth, we have only a few and we propose to get rid of them when their time comes. The men who have no money and can control it are helping to build up the town.

Below we give some of the enterprises. In the main the statements are not 1 per cent from right. It did not occur to us until 11 A M that it would be wise to enumerate some of our enterprises, hence our time in gathering facts was very limited. We would not have our readers to suppose that the facts below cover the entire business of the town—far from it.

THE Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. was organized in 1890. The rooms are handsomely furnished. There are 105 members. Officers: D B Coltrane, president; H I Woodhouse, vice-president; Jas C Fink, treasurer; B E Harris, secretary.

LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLES.

Brown Brothers keep, on an average, 40 horses and 36 vehicles. A big business in buying and selling is done.

M. J. Corl keeps a sale, feed and livery stable; he has, on an average, about 20 horses and 18 vehicles.

PRINTING HOUSES.

J. B. Sherrill's office—Publishes the Times (weekly), the outside of several other weeklies and does handsome job work in all its departments.

Jas. P. Cook's office—Publishes THE Daily and Weekly STANDARD, and does job work.

BANK.

The Concord National Bank was opened for business on July 18, 1888. Capital stock $50,000; deposits from $55,000 to $100,000; surplus $5,500. Officers: J M Odell, president; D F Cannon, vice-president; D B Coltrane, cashier.

THE WOOD AND IRON WORKS.

This enterprise was started in 1889. Do all kinds of wood work, and the machinery for doing work in iron is complete. Capital stock is $15,000. The officers: P B Fetzer, president; A B Young, secretary and treasurer.

NEW SOUTH CLUB.

The rooms are commodious and nicely furnished. Membership 35. Officers: George L Patterson, president; L D Coltrane, secretary; T F Pharr, treasurer.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Mayor, J. L. Boger; Aldermen: P. B. Fetzer, G. M. Lore, W. R. Odell, M. L. Brown, W. C. Correll and J. C. Wadsworth; Jas. C. Fink, secretary and treasurer.

MERCANTILE.

There are about 40 places of business; several quite large ones. All do a thriving business.

CHURCHES.

Presbyterian church, Rev. C. M. Payne, D. D. pastor, with all its property and fixtures cost $11,000.

The Presbyterian Chapel, at Forest Hill, cost $800.

The German Reformed church, Rev. P. M. Trexler, D. D. pastor, is valued at $1,800.

The Methodist church and property are valued at $10,000. Rev. J. H. Page is pastor.

The Lutheran church and property cost $12,500. Rev. W. G. Campbell is pastor.

Cannonville Lutheran church will cost, when completed, $1,100.

The Baptist church cost $1,200. Rev. J. D. Newton is pastor.

Forest Hill M. E. Church cost $10,000. Rev. H. M. Blair is pastor.

There are four churches for the colored people; two of them are real handsome.

STREET RAILWAY.

Capital stock $15,000; hauls freight and passengers. Officers: J. P. Allison, Pres.; J. B. Sherrill, Sect'y.; D. B. Coltrane, Treas. Started in 1889.

HOTELS.

St. James Hotel is owned and kept by Mrs. Mollie Dusenbury.

Morris House is owned by P. M. Morris and kept by J. M. Cross.

St. Cloud Hotel is owned by a stock company; capital $15,000. D. F. Cannon, president; G. M. Lore, Sect'y. & Treas. This hotel was opened in 1889. J. W. Clarke is proprietor.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

The chamber was organized on the 1st of July. N. D. Fetzer, President; Jas. P. Cook, Sect'y. & Treas. Board of Directors: N. D. Fetzer, D. B. Coltrane, D. P. Bayvault, J. P. Allison, J. C. Gibson, C. G. Montgomery, H. C. Herring, W. J. Swink. and P. B. Fetzer.

FEMALE ACADEMY.

Recognizing the need of better facilities for female education, a stock company was formed for the purpose of erecting a suitable building for the education of girls. The building is a handsome one and beautifully located; it cost $6,000. W R Odell is president, D R Hoover is vice president and Jno A Cline is secretary and Treasurer of the Company. Misses Bessent and Fetzer, the principals, have had a flourishing school for two years.

THE ODELL MF'G. COMPANY.

Of this company, J. M. Odell is president and W. R. Odell is secretary and treasurer. This company operates four mills. Capital stock is $500,000; 852 looms; 20,000 spindles; hands employed, 800; and 8,000 bales of cotton are used per year.

CANNON MF'G. COMPANY.

This factory is constantly enlarging its capacity in the different departments. J. M. Odell is president and J. W. Cannon is secretary and treasurer of the company. In operation are 230 looms; 8,000 spindles, 130 hands are employed and 2,200 bales of cotton are used annually. The capital stock is $126,000.

THE WATER WORKS.

Mr. P. B. Fetzer, alone and single handed, constructed for the town a system of water works that cost $11,000. The water comes from a spring that has a daily capacity of 40,000 gallons. There are two tanks, one for fire that holds 30,000 gallons, and one for domestic purposes that holds 25,000 gallons. There are eight double fire plugs, and it is probable that the system will be extended. Mr. Fetzer has given to the town the best system of water works that can be found in the State.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Lodge: W G Campbell, W M; C M Walter, secretary.

Knights of Honor: J W Burkhead, director; John A Kimmons, financial reporter.

I. O. O. F.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows was organized in 1890. N D Fetzer is N. G.; W. G. Campbell is secretary.

Royal Arcanum: R E Gibson, Regent; J F Williford, secretary; D L Bost, treasurer.

CABARRUS BLACK BOYS.

This military company was organized in January 1889. It has 60 men in rank and file. Captain, JEO. F. Reed.

KERR BAG MF'G. COMPANY.

Officers: J. M. Odell, president; W. R. Odell, secretary and treasurer; W. H. Kerr, manager. This company operates a bleachery (the only one in the South except one in Atlanta) that has a capacity of 4 tons of cloth per day. The company also operates 10 bag machines (invented by Mr. Kerr), the capacity of which cannot be found out as it is private matter. But the annual products of these machines would sack up the whole world—their work is immense. The capital stock of the company is $224,000.

RAILROAD, &C.

From the depot at this place during the past 12 months, 7,407,652 pounds were shipped; 24,001,273 pounds shipped in—a great deal of this was machinery to the factories. Nearly $21,000 from passenger fares, this of course does not include many 1,000-mile and 2,000-mile tickets.

COTTON.

Nearly 10,000 bales of cotton are shipped from this depot; it is not as heavy now since the capacity of the factories has been increased.

OTHER NOTES.

Not a single barroom in the town or county.

There are ten white ministers living in town.

The health of this community was once so good that they had to kill a man to start a grave yard.

The streets are "tolerably" good.

Not many loafers; those we have behave themselves.

A roller mill is likely to be erected.

Most of the business men were raised in the country.

We have a fine barber shop.

The express business is very heavy.

The public schools are, in town, three months long.

The guard house always stands open.

About 4,000,000 bricks are made every year.

Over 350 houses were erected in town during 1889.

The town cemetery does not fill up rapidly.

There is a Building and Loan Association that does a big business.

The women are all good looking, and the men are industrious.

Everybody is welcome to the town.

THE CONCORD DAILY STANDARD loves everybody in town and a great many out of town.

SOME OF THE GUESSERS.

A. M. Allman, of Mt. Pleasant, guessed the exact number of Concord's population. W. M. Harris missed the number by only one; J. Whit Burkhead guessed three too many; A. L. Sappenfield guessed 34 too many; D. L. Bost shot 81 too low; little David Ramseur aimed 31 too low; J. M. Cross was 16 too low; M. J. Corl missed it by 66; and Dr. Theodore F. Pharr, of Concord, having guessed 6,500, gets the tincup, with his name engraved on it.

Mayor Thompson on the Boycotting scheme.

Cor. of the News and Observer.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 23.—Notwithstanding a "double-headed editorial" in the News and Observer advising a boycott of all Northern goods, it need not argue an entire ignorance of the question when one holds that a boycott for the purpose of defeating the Force bill would not be wise or practicable.

With the present facility for reaching every hamlet in the South, it would be well nigh impossible to institute a boycott that would be even partially successful. In the first place, the merchants themselves would not be a unite in favor of it, and if to a man they did undertake it, branch stores of Northern houses to supply the demand would be established. This would be further supplemented by a large mail order business and by itenerant merchants who would go into every settlement in the South. The end aimed at would not be attained but the business of our merchants would be gone.

I hope I may be pardoned for suggesting a plan which perhaps may be worthy of consideration.

The nerve, known as the "pocket nerve," is said to be very sensitive, particularly so in the "Yankee." The Northern merchants are large creditors of the South, and nearly all of this indebtedness matures about "election times." If every merchant in the South would write his correspondents in the North that the derangement of labor, and the general distraction and disturbance of the country, incident to the passage of the Lodge bill, would prohibit speedy collections, and probably prevent the gathering of the largest crop of cotton ever produced by the South, such a flood of petitions would flow into the Senate from the right direction that the bill would fail to become a law. This is practical and timely, and certainly as effective as a boycott, while no ill will between the sections would be engendered.

Very truly yours,
ALF. A. THOMPSON.

Care for the Boys.

Down in the humblest home in your community, earning an humble living, may be a boy, who is scarcely thought of by anyone save a mother, yet who has a brilliant intellect and whom the world will some day delight to honor. It need not be said that such was the earlier advantages of Columbus, the explorer, of Clay, the statesman, and of Jacob Astor, the money prince. Because a boy is ragged do not cast him aside but help him to fight the battles of life and when he has gained the victory he will reward you with abundance of good will. He may be like a neglected jewel, that when the dust has been rubbed off, will shine with a brilliancy that will surprise the world.

Cannonville Notes.

Our sick people are all improving. We have no new cases of fever, and are hopeful that our end of town will again enjoy good health.

Misses Ida and Mollie Hornbuckle, of Burlington, are visiting at their uncle's, Mr. J. P. Hornbuckle,

Mr. W. E. Bacon of Cannonville and Miss Nannie Robins, of Randolph county, were married last Wednesday, at the home of the bride. Mr. W. C. Yorke attended the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon will arrive on the noon train tomorrow, and make Concord their home. July 26

News and Observer: It is reported that some of Raleigh's visitors at Cleveland Springs and surrounding country were taken for revenue officers a day or two ogo, and had a thrilling and hair-breadth escape from the "moonshiners" in the mountains of that section.

Big preparations are being made for the Mt. Holly fair.

TALK OF THE DAY.

The oyster joke is now in season. Roast it.—[Boston Post.

You can flatter the worst idler on earth by telling him he is working too hard.—[Atchison Globe.

A bilious man hunting for something to get mad at is generally successful in his search.—[Elmira Free Press.

It improves your memory to lend a friend $5, but it destroys the memory of your friend.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.—[Lawrence American.

Mrs. D'Arte—"The 'Angelus,' I see, has gone to Canada." Grubber—"Angelus? I guess I never heard of him. What bank was he in?"—[Boston Transcript.

The conductor (to train robbers)—"Boys, there's no money in this job; the Pullman porter has just jumped off the train and escaped."—[Scribner's Magazine.

Jackson—"What sort of a cigar is that you're smoking?" Joblot—"That's a Key West. How do you like it?" Jackson—"I like it in Key West."—[Lowell Citizen.

Somehow a man feels much worse the day after he has lost an hour's sleep on account of the baby than he does the day after he has lost five hours' sleep at the club.—[Atchison Globe.

Had to be fast—A. "What a wonderfully fast horse that Axtel is?" B. "Bound to be fast. Just look at the gang at the race track he is obliged to associate with."—[Texas Siftings.

They all do it.—Young Brindle—"Pa, can't I have a flannel shirt like yours?" Mr. Brindle (speaking from experience)—"My son, you may have this after it's washed."—[Lippincott's.

Prominent jewelers now affirm that the diamond solitaire earring is going out. This will be cheering news to ears that have never been able to get them in.—[Boston Commonwealth.

Safe hiding place.—"I am about scared to death. I hear that the anarchists have sworn to kill me if they find me. What shall I do?" "Get a position in a bath house."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Not yet universally adopted.—"What's that on your coat collar, Jack? Been calling?" "Ya-as. You see, my girl hasn't got onto this new smokeless powder yet."—[Merchant Traveler.

Farmer's wife—"If you will help beat this carpet, I will give you something to eat." Dirty Davidson, the tramp (haughtily)—"Ma'am! I'm a gentleman! I never beat my way."—[Toledo Blade.

Struck hard.—Wife—"What makes you so pale?" Husband—"I just dodged Hardup. If he had seen me he would have hit me hard." "Hit you? What for?" "Ten dollars."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A silvery tongue.—Swell—"Very sorry, my man. Got no coppers." Tramp—"Ah, thin! Would I be afther supposin' that a gintleman of your quality would carry the dirty things?" Gets a quarter.—[Fun.

Young American pluck.—Father—"Will you divide the marbles with your little brother with or without being whipped?" Bobby—"I 'spect I've got to divide, pa, but I'll take the lickin' first."—[New York Press.

Xantippe—"I declare, how cheerful my husband looks to-day." "No wonder, sister; you know to-day is election, and the poor man is naturally delighted to have his say about something."—[Fliegende Blaetter.

A wise course—"I fell over the rail," said the sailor, "and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg." "And what did you do?" "I let him have the leg. I never dispute with a shark."

A benevolent wish.—Cumso—"My dear, do you think that our occupations in the next world will be the same as in this?" Mrs. Cumso—"Well, I should be sorry to think you would smoke as much there as here."—[Life.

Teacher—"What's the matter? You look all puffed up." Pupil—"I began studying the Welsh language last night, and accidentally swallowed the word 'Dwllwchmuwffddfrynnddywch.' That's all."—[New York Journal.

WHAT AILS THE BLACK MAN.

He Has No Philosophy as a Rule and Lets His Troubles Worry Him.

Out about four miles from Natchez, says a Detroit Free Press man, I came across a colored man who had head d for town with a jag of wood on a one mule wagon. At a narrow spot in the road, where the mud was a foot deep, his old mule had given out and the wagon was stalled. The man sat on a log by the road side, smoking a corncob pipe and enjoying a sun bath, and after viewing the situation I asked;

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Nuffin', boss," he answered.

"Going to leave the rig right there until it sinks out of sight?"

"Oh, she's dun gone down about as fur as she kin."

"And you are in no hurry?"

"No, sah. I'ze got all dis week to get to town."

"Well, you take things pretty cool, I must say."

"Say, boss, jist set down he h half an hour an' see de filosophy of de thing," he answered. "I'ze working a common sense plan on dis difficulty."

I got down and took a seat, and it wasn't ten minutes before a cotton team, with four darkies perched on the bales, came up from the rear.

"Yo', dar—what's de rumpus?" demanded the driver as he checked his mules.

"Dun got stuck fast."

"Oh—ho! Come along, boys, an' git dat ole mewl outer his trubble."

They all got down, each took a wheel, and with a "heave-o" the wagon was lifted out of the mud and was ready to go on.

"See de pint!" queried the owner of the rig, who hadn't lifted a pound himself.

"I do."

"Dat's what ails de black man to-day—han't got no filosophy. He-haw, now, Julius—git right up'n bend yore ole backbone! Solong, white man—see yo' later!"

"I come," the lecturer began,
And then came a gentle cough,
For in the audience a man
Irreverently said, "Come off!"
—[New York Herald.

It seems that the highwaymen down about Wilmington are "monarch of all they survey." A crippled negro was robbed and nearly beaten to death by them, near Wrightsville the other day.

Rev. Jas. R. Scroggs, of Randleman will succeed Rev. P. F. W. Stamey as presiding elder of the Trinity College District.

A WORD.

I caught one word—one whisper low—
The word of a thousand meanings, "No."

Have you heard the organ's tone grow dim
At the closing of some grand old hymn,
While echoed and tossed from arch to stone
That sweet "Amen" when the hymn was done?

Have you heard the birds their carols sing
Till the whole wild forest seemed to ring,
As the golden sunlight swept the plain
After a day of mist and of rain?

Have you heard the bells at eventide
In the distance o'er the valley wide,
And then stopped to catch the minor plaint
Of Ora pro Nobis, sweet and faint?

As sweet as these came the answer "No,"
When he whispered softly, "Shall I go?"
—[Flaval Scott Miles.

PADRE VERDUGO'S CATS.

Padre Mateo Verdugo was the venerable priest in charge of an Indian mission near the coast of California. The mission is now a majestic ruin; but 60 years ago Padre Mateo was a busy man.

One morning, while the sacristan slept, Padre Mateo sat outside his door with a big book on his knees.

The padre had almost fallen asleep, when, hearing the patter of bare feet, he looked up to see dark skinned boys carrying a litter of kittens toward the creek.

"Que! Que!" cried the padre, rubbing his eyes. "Would you destroy the poor kittens?"

"Si, padre," replied one little Indian.

"Para que?" questioned the priest.

"They are too many, padre," answered the little Indian, poking his great toe in the dust.

"But wait! The pretty things! They have not yet beheld the light of day. Give them to me!" cried the benignant priest. "They shall not perish, for I will care for them myself. Are they not pretty, my worthy Guadaloupe? Open thine eyes for one instant."

Had the sacristan foreseen the consequences he would have made remonstrance before the padre's passion strengthened; but being sleepy and selfish, Guadaloupe settled himself for another nap.

At the end of the second year Padre Mateo's cats were the bane of the sacristan's life.

"Must I," thought he, with rising spleen, "I, who am 70 years old and have a stitch in my back—must I, besides dusting the altar and ringing four heavy bells and tending the padre's house—must I do obedience to yowling cats? Es vergonzoso, indeed!"

Had he not feared the padre's malediction he would have murdered the creatures without compunction. The cats flourished and the padre's fondness increased, and Guadaloupe was scolded more frequently than ever. "Heart of stone!" the priest would exclaim, "would you let them starve? I am sure you gave no milk to Carmina's new kittens this day! and well you know she has not nourishment enough for them all! You shall do penance for your iniquities!"

"But, your excellency," the sacristan would remonstrate with great humility, "I had no milk left after supplying the sick babe of the squaw who died last week. Surely the kittens can wait."

"Wait?" stormed the padre. "Are they not wailing from hunger even now? Their cries pierce my heart. How can I leave them to your charge, and go away for eight long days—and go I must!"

At these words hope sprang up anew in Guadaloupe's perfidious heart.

"Art thou going away, reverend padre?" he asked meekly. "Am I, indeed, to be left alone for eight days?"

"It is true," replied the priest sadly. "I must go. I am summoned to report to my superior at San Luis Rey; and the journey will require eight days. But how can I go? The Indians can get along well enough, to be sure, but what, I ask you, heart of wood, what will become of my cats?"

Next day, as Padre Mateo trudged slowly down the road, a sardonic smile came upon the countenance of the wicked sacristan.

It was nearing midday. Already Ignatius, the oldest and leanest and hungriest of the cats, had appeared, sniffing, to learn if dinner was being cooked.

"I will teach thee—villain!" muttered the sacristan, fiercely, as he busied himself building a fire. "I will teach thee to sit and glower at me while I work till my body shakes with weariness!"

When the meal was ready Guadaloupe went to the door. Come, Carlotta, dearest! Come, my Pedro! Come, Carlos!" he called tenderly. "Hasten within, for thy dinner waits! Be quick, then; all of you!"

When the cats were seated Guadaloupe, after tightly closing the doors, hurried to the chapel. From the altar he selected the largest crucifix, and, bearing this in the left hand, and a great whip behind him in his right hand, he returned to the padre's house.

Holding the crucifix before him, the sacristan entered the room where the cats were assembled. "Now wretches! brutes! villains!" he shouted—and at each word came a cut from the whip—"fiends! monsters! ungrateful beasts! Receive your punishment!"

The astonished creatures leaped from their seats and tore madly about the little room, but they could not get beyond the reach of Guadaloupe's whip. He lashed right and left, still holding the crucifix before him, till at last he could no longer wield the whip.

Thrice each day a similar scene was enacted, till at the sight of the crucifix the creatures would spring wildly from their seats and seek to escape.

Padre Mateo returned at night, and was welcomed cordially by the prefidious sacristan. In the morning Guadaloupe called the padre to the breakfast meal.

"But—where are the cats?" asked Padre Mateo.

Guadaloupe shrugged his shoulders, with a look of sadness: "Speak not of them, reverend padre!"

"But I want my cats!"

"Your excellency—I fear you have been befooled."

"Where are my cats?"

"Well, then, I will call them, venerable padre, but first let me speak. I fear the creatures are not mere common cats, else why did they conduct themselves so strangely in your absence?"

"Nonsense!" roared the padre. "Call my cats!"

"But wait, your reverence. As your reverence knows, it is my duty always, on a Thursday, to clean the candlesticks and the sacred crucifixes on the altar. Your reverence well remembers that it is my custom always to bring them outside into the air that the dust may not soil the altar cloth. What will your reverence think when I reveal the wickedness of your reverence's cats? They are all devils, surely, else why should they run from the crucifix, as the evil one would flee?"

"Nonsense!" roared the padre. "Call my cats?"

So the sacristan did as he was bid.

"Now," said Padre Mateo, triumphantly, when all the cats were seated about the table, "we will test this thing! Bring in the crucifix!"

Without a word the wicked sacristan flew to the chapel, and returned holding the sacred emblem aloft before him. At its appearance the unhappy cats gave a discordant howl of despair and fled.

As the last swollen tail disappeared the padre gave a gasp and caught the sacristan's arm for support.

"Devils!" he wailed at last, wringing his trembling hands. "Things of evil! Alas! alas! How ye have deceived me! My worthy Guadaloupe, thou hast spoken truly—but—oh! how I have loved them!

"Get thy gun, my Guadaloupe. They are fiends! Get thy gun and rend their wicked hearts!"—[Amy Elizabeth Leigh.

Queer Things About Wild Ducks.

Charles B. Westcott, a well known authority in such matters, says that ducks are becoming fewer and fewer every year, especially coast ducks, and he attributes it to the destruction of the eggs by professional egg hunters more than to the shooting of the ducks.

There is a peculiarity about the flight of wild ducks which Mr. Westcott, in common with other observing duck hunters, has noticed. A flight of ducks coming south on one day, if followed by other flights in the same direction days or weeks afterward, will not vary to exceed 25 feet from the path of the ducks which have preceded them, and they will alight in almost the exact spot where preceding flights have settled. This is a coincidence of such continuous occurrence as to reasonably establish the theory that the lines to be pursued and the resting or feeding places have been a matter of prearrangement, but how the plans were intelligibly communicated and followed through the pathless air must remain a profound mystery until the hunters become as familiar with the duck language as they are with the habits of the fowls, for the monotonous quack of the duck must be as full of meaning to it as the Chinese gibberish is to the coffee colored children of the Orient.—[Savannah News.

Wonders of the British Museum.

"Max O'Rell isn't coming to America this year," said Major J. B. Pond, "but Louis Fagan, the master of prints of the British Museum, and the only living man who can put his hand on every volume in that wonderful collection, is coming to tell the people on this side of the water about the treasures of the museum. I had heard it said," quoth the major, who is as brown as if he had been with Stanley in Africa, "that Mr. Fagan could, in just two minutes after demand made on him, produce or locate any treasure in his charge. It has also been said that everything worth keeping is kept under the roof below which he reigns supreme. When introduced to him I asked casually if he would let me look at a copy of the 'Vermont Farmers' Almanac,' a pamphlet I hadn't heard of since my boyhoood, and which I didn't suppose any Vermont farmer even had ever preserved. 'Certainly,' said he, touching a bell and calling an old attendant, to whom he gave a slip of paper containing the name of the thing desired and its location. In just 110 seconds the old attendant came back with a complete file of that almanac."

He Stumped Out.

Little Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's admirers until she appeared.

"Don't you come to see my sister?" he inquired.

"Yes, Tommy; that's what I come for."

"You like her immensely, don't you?"

"Of course, I like her very much. Don't you think she's nice?"

"Well, I have to, cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty hard sometimes. But let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it tight until I count ten. There—I knowed you could do it."

"Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?"

"Oh, nobody but sister!"

"What did she say?"

"Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big apples you had; and you have, haven't you? And you'll make her stump up the apples, won't you?"

That young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not.—[New York Ledger.

Insurance of Babies.

One of the flourishing industries of New York is the insurance of babies. More than one company is engaged in the traffic, and it produces a lucrative income. The sum paid is usually 5 cents a week on each child, and collectors have to trot about in a lively fashion to make anything like a decent income. The system is productive of good in so far that it assures very poor people against being put to extremes in the event of a death in the family. On the other hand, the possible and even probable abuses are obvious, for it gives heartless parents a direct personal interest in the death of one who is entirely at their mercy.

An Oversight.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Prohibitionist—Ah, yes; I had meant to give you a copy of the *Voice*. Here you are, sir.

It is now evident that our railroad will not stop in Mocksville. Mr. J. A. Nichols, R. E., has just returned from Washington with a corps of surveyors, who are now making the final survey from here to Mooresville. The grading force will not stop in Mocksville, but will finish grading the road on to Mooresville at once.—Davie Times.

A woman has been convicted of bigamy in Catawba county and sent to the penitentiary.

HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN.

BY BREATHING RIGHT HE CAN HAVE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Little Good in the Gymnasiums—To Breathe Correctly Means an Erect Body and a Graceful Carriage—Every Boy May Reach a Green Old Age.

Edwin Checkley, a teacher of physical education in Brooklyn, N. Y., has some new ideas which he has given to the public in regard to the physical training of children.

"The present system is wrong from beginning to end," he said to a reporter.

"Pick up a 6 month's old infant," he added, "hold him in an unstrained upright position, and you will find that his back is broad and flat and that his spine is perfectly straight. As soon as the child begins to walk the spine begins to curve. Why? The weight of his abdomen causes the lower part of his back—the 'hollow of his back,' so called—to sink forward and sag down. There is error number one. Subsequent physical training takes no notice of it.

"You will find, too, that an infant in arms has the power, while sitting bolt upright, of putting his foot, or at least a part of it, in his mouth. This is because his hip joint is perfectly free and flexible. He loses this flexibility almost from the moment he begins to walk. The ordinary system of athletic or calisthenic training takes no notice of this loss

"Now, I claim that above all else a child should be taught how to stand and how to breathe. Next he should be instructed as to the proper way of using every muscle and joint. Teach him those things and he will be a graceful healthy strong man. Neglect them and while he may become temporarily strong his power is neither lasting nor conducive to long life and vigor.

"Nothing is more important than to teach children the general principles of right development. It is a mere makeshift to bring forward calisthenics. Only a small minority of the children in classes for physical training give any vigor or meaning to the few insignificant movements of the arms. Most of the boys and almost all of the girls make merely superficial movements, with no sense of the meaning and no feeling of exhilaration. If anything has been said to the children about breathing no effect is visible. If anything has been said about the carriage of the body the instruction has been confined to an injunction to 'keep back the shoulders.'

"In a nervous effort to obey the latter injunction children are often found with hollowed backs and shoulder blades driven in against the spine. When the shoulders are violently and persistently thrown back the shoulder blades almost meet. They press on the spine and jam the upper part of it forward. This effect is simply unavoidable.

"If a child is sent to school at the age of 5 or 6 the teacher should watch him at his desk to make sure that he maintains an erect position. It will be found that if the head is kept properly held erect the chin is bound to draw up the breast bone. By holding the body erect and straight the child will find it easy to breathe in the costal way—that is, with the upper part of the chest. This, I claim, is the proper way to breathe. Of course it is not easy to learn all this at once, but a careful teacher, by taking pains, could soon bring her class into such a condition that they would find it easier to stand, walk, and sit right than wrong.

"It is not necessary to spend any special half hour a day in teaching these things. The instructor who is with children all the time is the one to keep them standing or sitting properly. 'Folding the arms,' the present attitude of respectful attention, is one that cramps the chest and the breathing apparatus. It should never be practiced. Let the teacher instruct her children to keep the upper point of the forehead and the most prominent part of the chest always uplifted, as if trying to push up through the ceiling. A word now and again will soon inculcate the right sort of carriage. Let all bending forward be done from the hip joint—not from the waist. The backbone need not and should not be bent in stooping to pick up anything.

"Instead of wasting time over rods and wands, teachers should make the children learn how to hold their bodies and how to move the shoulders, hips, and other joints properly in the ordinary business of life. Children can get little good from what they learn mechanically. The youngster's interest must be aroused. Teach him that not dumbbells, but the knowledge he acquires in the carriage and deportment of his body, will make him agile and strong, and then his physical education will amount to something. Physical education is properly accomplished only through the mind.

"The mere acquirement of muscular tissue is not of so much importance as a good sheath of sound healthy agile body covering. By that I mean elastic supple tendons and muscles working in harmony, directed by a well regulated mind. This is what children need. The shoulders should not be strained back of the hip joint. These two joints should be on the same perpendicular line. The chest must have prominence on its own account, and the shoulders when held back far enough to give the chest free development find a natural and comfortable center. I am no believer in the theory of extensive destruction in tissues and hurried rebuilding of them to secure health. Such training is abnormal. The cat, the horse, dog, tiger, and other lower animals keep their strength for the most part with light exercise. The tendency of hard exercise is hard muscles, and hard muscles are bad. It is in the conservation of energy, and not in the prodigal dissipation of energy, that the greatest strength and endurance of the body will always lie. Our bodies should remain firm but pliant, and in most parts soft. There is no reason why any of us should become inactive before our 80th birthday.

Whatever may be the case elsewhere, it stands to reason that an editor in his sanctum is the write man in the write place.

The Wilmington papers announce that it is possible that some light may be thrown upon the murder of Mr. Nathan Fails. Arrests were made several days ago of persons suspected of complicity in the murder, and who have since been confined in jail.

Wake county grapes are in demand on the Northern markets. It is said they are the favorite.