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TO

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This week we are offering Moleskin Plants for 85 cts. Just like you have been buying at \$1.25.

ALSO

Just received 15 cases Men's Fur Hats in latest summer styles and colors, and at 25 per cent under value.

A elegant line of Fur Coats in four different colors, 75 cents and \$1.

Also we want to say that we are headquarters for Overalls in all styles. We have a Blue Denim Overall for 50 cents that you guarantee against any you can buy for 45 cents. Also Brown and Mode Ducks, Jackets, Coats, Shirts and Jumpers.

ALL STYLES.

A FULL LINE OF THE CELEBRATED SWEET & ORR OVERALL SUITS THAT WILL KEEP YOU AS CLEAN AS IF YOU WERE IN A BATH-ROOM.

COME AND SEE THEM COME AND SEE THEM

JUST FOR CURIOSITY. JUST FOR CURIOSITY.

A new line. A new line.

Colored Mahairs Colored Mahairs and Alpaccas, and Alpaccas.

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SEERSUCKERS AND FANCY FLANNELS, at \$1 FOR COAT AND VEST.

Single Coats at 50 cents in Cotton Cheviots.

Cannons & Fetzer.

THE STANDARD.

VOL. III.--NO. 37.

CONCORD, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 150.

A FAITHFUL CHILD.

Across the tossing angry waves, Of the wild Atlantic so blue, Beneath whose billowy crest Have perished the brave and the true.

On the sunny shore of England Stood a cottage by the sea; Here the songsters sang their sweet-est songs, And here hummed the busy bee.

Here with a loving father Lived a maiden young and fair; With eyes like the blue of heaven, And tresses of golden hair.

And often his eyes were dimmed with tears, As she in her childish way Talked of her mother in accents sweet.

And asked, "Would she always stay? An I would she see her when she died If she minded her papa's word, And loved that blessed Saviour?

When an earnest prayer always heard? An I thus her childhood days were spent In merry, innocent glee; Her heart was light from morn till night.

As she toiled like a busy bee, The years rolled by, and Bessie grew To a woman now has grown; As perfect in form as the woman Phidias carved from the block of stone.

Her kind and gentle nature Is a sunshine in which all rejoice; Even the birds of the field and the birds of the air.

Seem to know her loving voice But who is that coming down the lane, Dressed in garments of silver and gold?

Ab! 'tis the Count from over the way To tell that story of old. He halts at the humble cottage, And on is at Bessie's side, And with all a lover's devotion He says, "My darling, be my bride."

Why spend your days with this old man When a countess you might be, Take him to the Old Man's Home, Forsake him, and come with me.

For a moment a tear-drop trembled In that daughter's eyes so true: "What! forsake my aged father? To go and live with you?"

"Never! my noble Count," she said, "And I plainly told to thee That whoever despises my father The same despises me.

"And may you, my Lord, when the years roll by, And you are as helpless as he, Have the tender hand of a woman To love and care for thee, The Count arose from his bended knee, And mounting his steed, he said, "God bless the father of such a child.

And send blessings on her head." His cold and calloused heart had been touched. By this maiden's word so kind; Ah, the influence of a noble thought From a pure and holy mind! Perhaps there are some who wonder Why these riches were declined, Why she choose not to be a countess And leave her father behind.

IF THE END WERE NEAR.

ALL BASE PASSIONS WOULD DIE AND LOVE BE SUPREME.

If an authoritative bulletin were to be issued this moment from the court of heaven, that in just seven days the world would be destroyed, what passion, do you think, would survive during that final week?

Would it be hate, or envy, or ambition, or the greed of gain? Oh, no; of all the passions that animate the human breast, the only one to endure would be love. There would be a frenzied rush to grasp love's final opportunity. Mothers would gather their children about them, and there would be no impatience, no cruel putting aside of bothering little arms, no withholding of caresses because they disarranged the well-arranged hair and laces.

There would be no turning the boys out into the street for the reason that in their play at home they were prone to make havoc with the tidies on the chair backs and the bric-a-brac on the shelves. There would be no lack of knowledge as to where the girls were at evening, or at train time when the depot swarms with idle loungers. Indifferent husbands and nagging, bickering wives would forget their coldness and their quarrels, to vie with one another to redeem the past, during the brief time allotted them. Friends would be more faithful, lovers more true, associates more thoughtful of each other's comfort, as the swift hours sped away. But we need no bulletin from heaven to acquaint us of the brevity of love's opportunity. The span of our days is already set, and I wonder if the thought brought home to us, may not quicken us to improve the chance to brighten up our homes with the full and constant shining of the love that is in our hearts, although dimmed and corroded by the sordid environments of life.—Chicago Herald.

TRAMP VS. RAILROAD BARKEY.

Last night when the midnight train stopped at the depot, a tourist, who preferred riding on the "blind," alighted from his easy seat, and made inquiries as to where he could find good sleeping apartments. Express Agent Caldwell told him "up town," and a well known railroad darkey, always ready to show politeness, had the triggers of his mouth sprung, and before he could stop it, said: "Yes, boss; git dat up town."

His trampship did not like the idea of as prominent a man as himself being talked to by a darkey, and informed him so in pretty hot language. He drew his knife and threatened to cut the darkey's throat if he opened his mouth any more. The darkey seized a "bottle note" to be sold, and defied the antagonistic tourist to make the attempt.

The traveler, realizing that he might get the feathers stamped out of him, either ordered a suit of rooms in a neighboring haystack or resumed his journey on a freight train that pulled out shortly afterward.

THEY'VE GOT HOME.

"Why, is that you?" cries the first woman, as they met on the street. "And is that you?" "Just got home?" "Yes." "So'd I. Have a good time?" "Beautiful?" "So'd I. Splendid time. What'd you see?" "Everything." "So'd I. Gain any?" "Five pounds." "So'd I. Baby sick?" "Yes." "So was mine. Have any mosquitoes?" "Lots." "So'd I. Hate to come home?" "Yes." "So'd I. Make lots of friends?" "Yes." "So'd I. I just cried when I left. Did your trunks get smashed?" "Yes." "So did mine. Isn't it horrid? Did your dresses wrinkle?" "Awfully." "So'd mine. Got a girl yet?" "No." "Neither have I. Isn't it dread ful? Well, good-bye." "Good-bye."

STRANGE INDEED.

What strange reading that is which comes from Washington. Just as the crops are gathering and for the most part equal to all consumption if not in excess, and with the largest cotton crop that has ever grown, to be told that there is danger of a serious financial panic is indeed startling. It is without excuse. That there is imminent danger appears from the facts that the president is anxious to avoid a panic, and is also trying to postpone the time when the outrageous and most absurd and most wickedly high tariff is to go into operation.

These two facts are significant, and tell plainly enough that there is danger ahead. If a panic shall occur it will simply be because of the villainous legislation and wild and reckless extravagance of the present Radical congress. Going into power with a great surplus of \$100,000,000 in the United States treasury, they have in nine months wasted it all and gone over on the other side, creating a deficit of more than \$46,000,000 to probably \$60,000,000. Wilmington Messenger.

A DEADLY EXPLOSION.

We learn from the Charlotte News of the terrible explosion of a steam boiler which instantly killed one young man and seriously wounded three others. The explosion occurred at the saw mill belonging to Mr. Hugh Boyce, in Sharon township, Wednesday morning. The boiler was an old one, having been in use for a number of years. When it exploded the saw mill was the only part of the machinery attached to the engine, and a full head of steam was on. Will Boyce, the victim of the accident, was only 21 years of age, and was the son of Mr. Hugh Boyce. He was standing in front of the fire box, and was blown into the air thirty feet and fell seventy-five feet distant. Mr. Doc Alexander was attending the saw; Dick Harris, colored, was working the blocks, and Tom Bowden, colored, was shoveling saw dust. They were all wounded, and that they were not killed seems to be something miraculous.

DOG, DOGGER, DOGGER.

If we were going to write the history of Concord we would have to head one chapter with the above words. Taking everything into consideration Concord is very luxurious, because the dogs cannot be stiled one of the "necessities," and, of course, will have to be placed on the list of "luxuries." They are beautiful little musical machines, too. You can wind them up with a biscuit at supper time and they will run down till six o'clock in the morning. The machine serves another good purpose (?), too. If a man retires, and especially if he is sick, he can tell exactly how long he has slept, because he won't sleep any. The music they make is sweet and soft. It is as enchanting as a hundred screech-owls were pouring forth their melodious songs in his ears, while he was striving to throw himself into the arms of Morpheus.

Wilmington Messenger: Active work at the permanent camp ground at Wrightsville, will now be pushed forward under the direction of the Quartermaster General. By next summer it will be one of the most attractive places on the entire coast.

SECOND DAY OF THE FAIR.

GRAND DAILY AND FARMERS' INSTITUTE. PUBLIC SPEAKING BY DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN.

One of the important features of the coming Fair will be a Farmers' Institute, which will be held on October 1st, that being the second day of the Fair. Hon. John Robinson, Commissioner of Agriculture; Dr. H. B. Battle, State Chemist and Director of Experiment Station; President Holladay and one or more of the professors of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, will deliver addresses on that day.

The exercises will be very interesting, and there is not a farmer in the county who can afford to miss it. The gentlemen named have a reputation too well established, and are too well known to need any comments from us. If nothing else was booked for the whole Fair this part alone would be worth the cost of all and would guarantee it a success.

Mr. W. A. Smith, of Concord, has been made chief marshal, and all of the assistant marshals are requested to report to him for instructions on or before the morning of the first day of the Fair.

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FUNERAL SERVICES OF MISS MAGRUDER.

The funeral services of this lady were conducted from All Saints' Episcopal church Friday morning at 10 o'clock. A large congregation of friends and relatives were present. The services were conducted by Rev. B. S. McKenzie. The pallbearers were Messrs. C. G. Montgomery, Frank Smith, W. G. Means, A. B. Young, Frank Goodson, G. W. Dusenberry and Rev. W. G. Campbell.

The services were sad and impressive, and especially so to those who had known Miss Magruder in life. It is sad to part with friends and never meet again until we meet to pay our last tribute of respect. We were imposed upon when we said Miss Magruder left here about a month ago the picture of health. We were misinformed. Miss Magruder was in the last stages of consumption, and went to Glenn Allen, hoping to find a climate in which she could better protect herself against the results of the dreaded disease.

BOAT'S COIL ITEMS.

Morr on the bottoms of Rocky River has been greatly damaged by the recent freshet. Mr. M. F. Little closed his school at Georgeville last Friday. Mrs. Alfred Smith, of Davidson College, is visiting her son, Mr. F. P. Smith. Mr. C. E. Boger, of Union Institute, came home on a visit last Saturday and returned Monday. Messrs. A. W. Bost and W. A. Joyner have gone to Monroe court to trade horses. Messrs. A. M. Wilhelm & Sons are putting up a saw mill and cotton gin on Mr. Allen Boger's farm for the accommodation of the public. The new church at St. Paul's is nearing completion, and, when completed, it will be a good country church. The protracted meeting at that place has been postponed from the second Sunday in September till the second Sunday in October in order to have the services held in the new church.

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Wilmington Messenger: Marsden are said to be as fat as they can be, and the sportsmen are having big fun every day shooting them along the marshes of the sounds.

STATE NOTES.

The town of Marion has voted \$10,000, for street improvements. Tobacco nine feet tall and thirty leaves to the stalk is what Wilson brings on.

Trinity College has 123 students enrolled already and more coming on every train.

The Alamance Gleaner reports the disappearance of Franklin Ingle the store keeper of the Beaver Creek Alliance, with cash amounting to \$150.00 or \$175.00 in his pocket.

Lexington Dispatch: We are sorry to say that the proposed meeting to be held by Evangelist Life has fallen through. For what reason we do not know, but we feel sure that great good to the town would have been done by this true and devoted man.

The Roanoke News says that it is an open secret in Halifax county that at the suggestion of the Farmer's Alliance the executive committee of the two parties have been conferring with a view to dividing the county offices and avoid an acrimonious campaign.

The whole South is indeed manifesting an interest in Senator Vance's future which has seldom been shown for that of any public man, and it is because he has fearlessly and intelligently, from his place in the Senate, defended the South against the cowardly aspersions of her enemies.—North Carolina Intelligencer.

Richard C. Skhan died at his home in Salisbury Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, of consumption. He was thirty-two years of age, and leaves a wife and four little girls. The funeral took place in the Catholic church Thursday afternoon at four o'clock. A priest was telegraphed for at Belmont.

A special to the Kansas City Star from Topeka says: Charles M. Busbee, of Raleigh, N. C., has been agreed upon by the Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. for Grand Sire, to succeed General J. C. Underwood. Mr. Busbee is a native of North Carolina, forty-four years of age, and will be the youngest Grand Sire ever elected.

Wilmington Messenger: As yet the rice crop does not seem to be damaged worth mentioning in this section, but continued rains promise no good to the crop. Col. John Wilder Atkinson, who is good authority, says that rice hereabouts is now in just such condition that it will not take very much more rain to cause serious damages.

Jas. H. Young (colored), of Raleigh, who was "pushed" for the Collectorship of Wilmington by the delegation of colored Republicans who recently called on the President, has received a "fat" office at last. He has been elected Secretary of the Republican Executive Committee of Wake county. Oh! lucky young man.—Wilmington Star.

Wilmington Star: It is said that the Cleveland Democrat of New York are very much excited over a report that Mr. Cleveland will leave New York and take up his residence in Massachusetts. He may find Massachusetts a very pleasant State to live in, and may even have cultivated a fondness for Boston beans, but he would, if he contemplates it, hardly make a move of that kind before the next Democratic Convention meets.

Charlotte News 16th: Mr. Walter McCall, son of Mr. W. McCall, died at the home of his father, in Sharon township, at ten o'clock last night, after two weeks' sickness with typhoid fever. Mr. McCall was in his 20th year, and was one of the best young men of the whole county. He was popular with all who knew him and had many personal friends in Charlotte who will deeply regret to learn of his death. His body was buried this afternoon at 4 o'clock at Amity church.

Yesterday about noon, a colored woman, who said she was old enough to know what she was doing, took a seat on the rail of the D. & N. R. R. near the cotton factory. She was warned, but she was old enough, she said, to take care of herself. The engine came along and couldn't be stopped in time and, the woman was knocked from the track. She was badly injured, but the doctor thinks that she will recover.—Durham Globe. Wonder if she knew what she was doing when she got up?

Charlotte News: The tower of the government building in this city is now being roofed over. The general cast of the roof is somewhat disappointing. A square top would have been decidedly more imposing. The view from the tower is a wonderfully fine one. Six mountain peaks can be seen to the west, and the chimney stacks at Gastonia are visible to the naked eye. A splendid view of Charlotte is had, while farms and farm houses can be seen for miles around. A great many people climbed to the top of the tower to enjoy the view.

Monroe, N. C., Sept. 18.—There was a murder committed in this county last night, near Silver Springs, and about twenty yards this side of the South Carolina line. As usual, the subject of the row was a woman, about which two negroes, Recce Bird and Jim Castar, had a dispute, and got into a difficulty. It was in the dark, and both men drew their knives and pistols. Bird shot Castar twice, and killed him almost instantly, Castar dying with a knife in one hand and a pistol in the other. Bird was arrested and lodged in jail here to await his trial.

The State Convicts.

THERE ARE 111 IN STANLY CAMP.

CAPTAIN LASHLEY HAS CONTROL—THEIR TREATMENT—WHAT THEY EAT AND WEAR—HOW THEY SLEEP AND WHY THEY ARE THERE, &c., &c.

The Yadkin railroad, being built through Rowan and Stanly counties, offers many things worthy of an effort to see. The road is being graded in Rowan county by free labor, but in Stanly county State convicts are worked. It is not the writer's purpose to give a lengthy article on the road, the country opened up by it, or to discuss the influence this road may have over the conditions that now exist in Stanly county. There are two squads of convicts working on the Stanly end, one at Bileville and the other just four miles north of Albemarle. A third squad is to be located between Albemarle and Norwood. A STANDARD reporter spent some time, as a private and free citizen, in the camp just north of Albemarle. What he saw and heard and was told, is so different from the opinions entertained in regard to the convicts, their treatment, &c., that he felt called upon to correct some false notions known to be prevalent among our people.

Located on a knoll and covering about three acres of ground, the camp with its 111 convicts and fifteen guards and bosses presents a lively and business air. As supervisor of this squad of convicts, in camp and on actual duty, Capt. J. C. Lashley is a superior and efficient officer. He has the respect of every convict, and has won it, not from cold, hard superiority and authority, but from kind, manly, humane treatment of those who, by acts of their own, have lost their liberty.

There are about eight cloth tents, 10x18 feet. These tents are located in a circle around the boundary edges of the camp grounds. They are as comfortable as frame houses, with interiors neat and well furnished.

This tent is about 300 feet long by 100 feet wide, and is the night house of the convicts. To give a clear idea of just how it looks and is designed, is almost impossible. The tent is high and made of the best material to be had, perfectly waterproof; a ditch surrounds the tent that carries all the water away from it, making it absolutely dry. The interior attracts more attention than any other feature. You ask how the men sleep, what provisions are made for their comfort, &c.? First sight would convince any one of the perfection of the system. To accommodate 111 men, there is but one bed. It is constructed as any other bedstead, except that it is two stories (upper and lower berths) high, and is divided up into apartments sufficiently wide and long for two men. The bedstead is "two deep," being entered from both sides.

There are two stoves in this tent to be used during damp, cool weather. In this same tent is built a long table, where the convicts take, altogether, their meals. But more about this further on.

THEIR BEDS AND HOW THEY SLEEP.

Each fellow has his "chum." The bed clothing is ample for ease and comfort. A good mattress, with quilts and blankets, afford good sleeping arrangements. Each man, on being introduced to the penitentiary, gets a steel bracelet riveted around his leg just above his foot. There is a chain (large and solid) extending the entire length of the bed structure. Reaching from this chain to the bracelet on each man's leg is a "branch" chain. Through the rings in the other end of the branch chain the long chain is run, like the leather that runs around the mouth of Uncle Sam's mail bag—each convict is, in other words, strung like so many beads. This causes him no inconvenience. Each man is required to remove every particle of clothing he wore during the day and don himself in a clean night shirt. They are allowed to laugh and talk until 8:30, when the lights are put out and the men are ordered to "fall in." During the night five guards, with double-barreled, breech-loading shot guns, watch over the "ties that bind" them. They are not called up to make fires, &c.

CLOTHING.

Each man has a regulation uniform—stripes. Clean suits are given them once a week, or when wet or very dirty from some cause they are dressed as often as the case demands. There are certain ones known as the trusties (more so than some of the Cabarrus chain gang, though they are not given a mule and sent alone to town) who are generally dressed in red shirts and made to bathe twice a week. On Saturday night every man is required to bathe and scour himself thoroughly with a good article of soap; this he can do oftener if he desires. The arrangement for bathing is good, though not as handsome and tony as you find in some hotels, to be sure. One guard remarked to the reporter that "it is impossible to smell them, they are so clean." This we believe to be true, though some cranks may argue that it destroys individuality.

THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT.

This department is directed by a trusty, with several subs. Just like most kitchens, is the one used at the camp, except on a larger scale than most of them. A large bake oven (not unlike those you see in the country) is used for baking bread. The pantry is quite a building and

full of wood. The supervisor carries a key to this.

WHAT THEY EAT.

You ask what they eat? In quantity and variety and in quality, too, more and better things than is gotten by nine-tenths of the freedmen, is an honest answer. They get coffee twice a day, wheat and corn bread, beans, onions, cabbage, cucumbers, in fact, any and every kind of vegetables, except corn; they get meat, pies, rice, fruits and fruit. The truth of the matter is, the bill of fare beats that the reporter has seen at some hotels. All of these are served to the convicts on nice ware.

HOW THEY SPEND SUNDAYS.

Those that desire it are given reading matter. They have preaching every Sunday; the services are conducted by some preacher that always happens to be among the convicts. He is given time to prepare his sermon. It is said that the singing is perfectly grand. No swearing is allowed at any time, nor fighting. During the week days, on rainy days, those that have a desire are allowed to play cards, as any other game; but no quarrelling is tolerated. Once a month each man is given a stamp, envelope and a sheet of paper; so monthly there is regular letter writing.

HOW THEY WORK.

The convicts are made to work; there is no doubt about that. They are unchained, and have perfect freedom in their movements within certain borders. They put in ten hours at steady work. They are not allowed to waste time. But they are never worked in the rain, and when there is a strong probability of rain they are kept in camp, thus avoiding the inconvenience and expense of getting wet. They are permitted to talk and laugh while at work, though never allowed to use profane language or to quarrel.

PUNISHMENT.

The convicts are sometimes punished, but in no case cruelly. Punishment is inflicted for swearing, quarreling, fighting, disobeying orders, or refusing to work. Punishment consists in whipping with a hickory, and the dose is regulated by the greatness of the offense. It is always administered, not as a pleasure or gratification, but as a necessity in maintaining discipline, order and in securing good work. Urrly or grum men are watched more closely. This squad came from the Roanoke & Southern road; while there a member took to his heels, determined on an escape. He paid no attention to the guard and was shot, dying instantly. This is the only case in the history of the squad.

THE CONVICTS.

Some are fifty-five years of age and a few only fourteen years of age; the majority of them, however, are about twenty-eight or thirty years old. There are but few old-time darkeys among them, and we are told that there are but few in the penitentiary. This is quite significant for we are led to believe that radical changes, and probably for the worse, have been made. Be that as it may, the small number of old ones offer something for the thought.

THE GENUINE DARKEY, THE COPPER COLORED, THE MULATTO, AND THE ALMOST WHITE, ARE THERE.

The genuine darkey, the copper colored, the mulatto, and the almost white, are there. The bright colored ones predominate in number; this again is significant, as there are but few genuine, full-blooded darkeys among them. They are constantly smiling, grinning, laughing or singing. They all seem well satisfied. Some are there for two years and some for twenty years; some are there for stealing chickens, tobacco, a little bacon, or for murder or insults to weaker ones. Some are there for their second time, being well pleased with the treatment and accommodations given them.

There are sixteen white men among them. They are roughers. The majority of them are committed for stealing horses and forging notes. While both races are compelled to work and the treatment the same, yet social equality is not recognized to an extent to mortify the feelings of the whites or wound the dignity of the colored men.

CARE FOR THE SICK.

Everything possible is done to prevent sickness. At all these camps wells are sunk, even if a spring be near by, as the management is determined to have pure, clean water in sufficient quantities. When a convict complains, the camp physician is called in to make an examination. If there is the slightest trace of illness, the convict is sent to the hospital, where he is well attended to.

COUNTIES REPRESENTED.

Nearly every section of the State is represented. There are none there from Cabarrus. This may be explained by the language of Sam Pemberton: "They are too mean to put on the railroad." Capt. Lashley pointed out Jim Barringer, colored, who represents Charlotte in this assembly; he was sent there for having killed a colored man in Charlotte sometime during the early part of the year.

Even the guards come from different sections of the State. VALUE OF CONVICT LABOR. The impression, that convicts compete with honest labor, is quite prevalent. In some work their labor may cause some competition, but in railroad making it is, by no means the case. The labor is organized and trained. It is said that more can be accomplished with fifty convicts than can be with one hundred free men. Without going into a discussion of this, we are prepared to state it is true. It is certainly more

satisfactory for the community through which they are working.

At night, the convict boys are at home, while free men are roaming over the country and in many instances are committing depredations.

THE PENITENTIARY.

This institution, for the first time in its history, is paying for itself. The State contributes nothing at this time for the support of the institution. We believe that the management is most excellent. Capt. Lashley informed me that he was required to report, monthly, the number of days each man worked, his behavior, the number of punishments each man received, the number of days sick, and the expenses. This is required of all supervisors and heads of the different departments. This is system and business. But while the officers of this institution are doing their duty, we do not hesitate to say that there are too many convicts; too many, because of little frivolous crimes, for the punishment of which quicker and better and juster means should be adopted. It is a question as to the penitentiary being a punishment. To make it a punishment outside of depriving a man of his liberty, you make it cruel—the State or common, decent humanity ought not to allow. So to deprive a man of his liberty does not strike a certain class very forcibly, as is proven by the fact that many are there on their second course. We believe that something like the "whipping post" has more terror about it and as a reforming measure and a preventative, it is superior to the penitentiary.

This writer, after spending some time there (as a visitor) believes that the convicts on the Yadkin railroad are treated with as much kindness as are day laborers on our farms. They are fed well, get good sleeping quarters and are cared for in the best of manner. This writer appreciates the kindness of Capt. J. C. Lashley, the efficient and courteous supervisor.

Charles M. Busbee.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 19.—Telegrams received here today announcing the election of Charles M. Busbee, Esq., of Raleigh, as Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, gave great satisfaction to the members of that order. Mr. Busbee is a distinguished family; was born in Raleigh in 1845. He is a son of Perrin Busbee, a leading lawyer of this city, who died young, and a grandson of Attorney General Jas. T. Taylor. When only seven years of age he enlisted in the Confederate army and after capture by the Federal troops was imprisoned at Fort Delaware. He was after the war Register of Deeds of this county and later began the practice of law in which he has been very successful. He served in both branches of the Legislature and was one of the Democratic leaders in each branch. He is a man of fine presence and graceful address and has singular force as a speaker. For twenty years he has been a leading Odd Fellow here and has served as Grand Master of that order in the State. Two years ago he was, at Los Angeles, California, elected Deputy Grand Sire and his further promotion was expected, he will return to Raleigh in a fortnight and on the 30th inst. a banquet will be tendered him by the Odd Fellows and citizens generally. It will be the handsomest reception given here since that given to LaFayette in 1825.

Bad on Chickens.

Charlotte Chronicle: Geo. alias Julius Fowell, the negro who has been in jail for several days, charged with stealing chickens, yesterday confessed that he had stolen the f