

Democratic Nominees

For Chief Justice of Supreme Court, Hon. A. S. MERRIMON.

For Assoc. Justice Supreme Court, Hon. WALTER CLARK.

For Superior Court Judges: 1st Dis.—George H. Brown, Jr., of Beaufort.

2d " —Henry R. Bryan, of Craven.

3d " —Smer Whitaker, of Wake.

4th " —R. W. Winston, of Granville.

5th " —E. T. Boykin, of Sampson.

6th " —Jas. D. McIver, of Moore.

7th " —R. E. Arundell, of Iredell.

8th " —Jno. G. Rynum, of Burke.

9th " —W. A. Hoke, of Lincoln.

For Congress, Sixth District, S. B. ALEXANDER, of Mecklenburg.

For the Legislature, ANDREW FRANKLIN HELEMAN.

COUNTY TICKET: For Sheriff, Lafayette McKamie Morrison.

For Clerk of Court, James Cunningham Gibson.

For Register of Deeds, John Ketter Patterson.

For Treasurer, John Allison Sims.

For Cotton Weigher, Edgar Farrell White.

For Coroner, Martin Crawford Walter.

For Surveyor, John Henry Long.

EAVES comes down. Maj. W. W. Rollins, of Madison county, has been nominated as collector for the Fifth North Carolina district.

Particulars of the last moments in the struggle will be seen in another column.

THE STANDARD was peculiarly pained when Mr. Fairbrother carried Miss Mamie Hatchett off to Nebraska, but his wife proposes to make a North Carolinian of him. It is announced that he will assume—at no distant day—the editorial control of the Durham Daily Globe.

THE Crawford-Ewart campaign in the Ninth is very interesting. Crawford is just laying it on thick and fast, and Ewart is kept very busy just now in making explanations on his force bill speech and how he got into the Farmers' Alliance.

Crawford has read affidavits from J. Wiley Shook, a straightforward gentleman, saying that he had prepared the force bill speech for Ewart and then had had work to get him to deliver it, as Ewart said it would ruin him. Ewart has read a telegram from Shook saying he never said any such thing. It is hard to tell how the thing will end, but it seems that Crawford has the Ninth and a down-hill pull.

THE LOTTRY'S DEATH.

At last the people are to be rid of this wholesale swindling machine, the Louisiana State Lottery. For a long time it has been carrying on a high-handed robbery, and the people have submitted to its iniquitous practices.

The money of the land has been pouring into the pockets of the bosses in a constant stream ever since the war. Millions and millions of dollars have been wrung from the pockets of the people because they pulled between them a curtain to keep the world from knowing just how small a chance there was to gain anything.

Papers containing advertisements of the Lottery have been excluded from the mails. A great injustice has been done the newspapers of North Carolina. They have been prohibited from advertising the lottery and other papers would circulate over the State with the advertisement in them. It was wrong and unjust. It looks as if the lottery would not get a charter from any State to operate in.

It is a pity that two Confederate Generals should connect themselves with such an infamous gambling machine, as did Beauregard and Early. The names of Lee and Jackson and Johnston will shine on as long as great men are honored, but the names of Beauregard and Early have lost all of their beauty, and these men are already dis honored and will soon be lost to memory.

THE Housekeepers' Union.

The weekly meeting of the Asheville housekeepers' union was held in the Asheville Y. M. C. A. Saturday afternoon. Sixteen new members were taken in and Mrs. Fitch, president of the union, read a paper showing the method of conducting the training school for servants in Austria.

It is not hoped by the Asheville union to adopt the same method as the one used in Austria, but the paper was read in order to give the ladies an idea of what others are doing and encourage them in the work. Several of the members have expressed a wish to have Swedish servants brought to Asheville, as they prefer them to the colored people, and at the next meeting the question of holding a mass meeting of gentlemen and ladies of the city for the purpose of taking steps for this will be discussed. It is proposed to get the gentlemen interested in the work, so as to have their aid in matters of this kind.—Asheville Citizen.

It is quite likely that the gentlemen are the most interested now, and if they speak their mind, they may desire that the women do some of it themselves.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

New York, Sept. 27.—Gen. Abram Duryea died of paralysis this morning at his residence.

New York, Sept. 27.—The stockholders of the Star Fire Insurance Co. have decided to institute civil proceedings against president Miller. Assets to the amount of \$237,254 are missing.

Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 27.—The Western Union Telegraph Company has bought the Knoxville, Cumberland Gap & Louisville to Middleborough, and took possession today.

The present house of representatives has chosen several of its own members instead of fairly deciding who was elected by the people in case of a contested seat.—From the New York Times.

Winnipeg, Sept. 27.—Bishop Farnand, of Athabasca, died yesterday at St. Boniface from general breaking down of his system, the result of forty years' arduous work among the Indians of the far northwest.

London, Sept. 26.—The fight between Slavin and McAuliffe came off yesterday morning. Slavin won the fight in six and three-quarter minutes. McAuliffe's face showed marks of severe punishment.

Danville, Va., Sept. 29.—At a late hour Saturday night the large grist mill and box factory of J. H. Walker was destroyed by fire at Redville, N. C. Loss \$45,000. Insurance \$20,000. The mills will be rebuilt.

Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 27.—It has leaked out that David H. Patten, a prominent grocery drummer, has eloped from here with his sister-in-law, Miss Lola Williams, a young woman who lived in the suburbs.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 29.—Leads M. Griffin, a well known tobaccoist, was found dead in bed this morning having committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. He was to have been married on the 25th of October.

Vienna, Sept. 27.—Polish journals assert that during the recent manoeuvres of the Russian army at Koy-no the Krasnotov bridge collapsed and 400 soldiers who were crossing the bridge were drowned. The papers state that among those who lost their lives was Gen. Bardowski.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 29.—The celebration of the 100th anniversary of cotton spinning by power, by Samuel Slater, in the city of Pawtucket, began today. In commemoration of the fact that Samuel Slater established one of the first Sunday Schools in America, today known as Sunday School day, the morning being devoted to Sunday School exercises.

Winchester, Mass., Sept. 27.—Edward Tryan, aged 18, and George Barnard, aged 20, were instantly killed last night by an electric trolley wire coming in contact with an incandescent circuit on Bond street. Both had had hold of the wire. Barnard's hands were badly burned, and it is supposed that Tryan attempted to assist him and himself fell a victim. Word was telephoned to the station, where the current was shut off, so the men could be rescued.

Anniston, Ala., September 25.—[Special.]—One of the most remarkable cases ever tried in any court in this country was tried in the Cleburn county circuit court a few days ago. Over twenty years ago a man named Zaneer killed another man named Hohn in a row which they had over a hog. Zaneer was arrested, but his trial has been continued from term to term for the past twenty years, and now he is sentenced to a term of only one year for his deed.

The postmaster of the House, Wheat by name, is in trouble. He has carried on his roll of employees one Bradley, who did no work, and whose pay went into the pockets of Col. Wheat's son. And he let out the contract for carrying the mail for \$5,000, but took from the contractor the sum of \$150 a month by way of "perquisite." Not content with that he sought to cover his misdeeds by claiming that the former Democratic postmaster did the same thing. That, however, is denied both by the old postmaster and the old mail carrier.

Madison, Ohio, Sept. 29.—The old stone ware house of the Richmond distillery, situated in Kentucky, opposite this city, was destroyed by fire yesterday. The house contained 10,000 barrels of tax paid whiskey. The property and whiskey belonged to Levy & Bro., of Cincinnati, Ohio. The fire department of Madison crossed the river and succeeded in saving the distillery and the adjoining ware house which contained over 7,000 barrels of whiskey. The loss is roughly estimated at \$1,000,000. The fire originated in a brick yard and was conveyed to the ware house by the high winds prevailing.

Pottit's Pointers.

The President has nominated William Wallace Rollins to be collector of internal revenue for the Fifth North Carolina District. Here is what the Asheville Citizen says about him:

W. W. Rollins is a citizen of Asheville and is a prominent tobaccoist being engaged in the warehouse business. He is one of the largest growers of the weed in the western section of the state. Major Rollins is now in Washington. His nomination will have to be confirmed by the senate. He is a republican of course.

The average farm tenant buys \$100 worth of goods in a year besides his meat and bread. Of that \$100 he pays \$40 in tariff to the government at Washington but does not pay more than \$5 in tax to his own State government. Judge Wright was once a member of Congress and told me in a whisper that if the farmers of this country knew how much they paid for their hats and shoes and clothes, and axes and hoes and plows and knives and forks and paper and pens and lamps and kitchen ware and every other thing they would rise up to a man and shoulder their muskets and swear by the eternal God that they would stand it. He said it wouldn't be safe to let them know it.—Bill Arp.

STATE NOTES.

The Morning News has been received as a Legal Republican organ. A new paper is to be started in Hendersonville called "The Alliance."

Mr. Will T. Rogers, of Raleigh, a native of Kentucky, died in that city Friday in his 59th year.

The Asheville Journal says that that city has 11,834 inhabitants by the count of the directory agent.

Near the mouth of Neuse river, on the south side, bears are reported very numerous and troublesome.

The Republicans of the Third district have nominated G. C. Scrabble, a colored man of Cumberland county, as their candidate for Congress.

Statesville Landmark: A severe hail storm passed through a narrow strip on the level and Darle line, Tuesday of last week, riddling the houses and feller in its path.

Steve Jacobs, the Croatan desperado and outlaw of Robeson county, was to have been hanged Saturday, but for good reasons the Governor respite him until October 10th.

Not far from Nonotia postoffice there lives an Indian giantess, not quite twelve years of age, who weighs over 200 pounds, and continues to grow in size.—Murphy Scout.

A fine buck deer was found in the Smoky mountains last week that weighed 150 pounds. From appearances the animal came to his death by being snugged.—Bryson City Herald.

Cards are out for the marriage of Thos. Atkinson Jones, the talented young lawyer of Asheville, N. C., to Miss Josie Myers, of Wilmington, N. C., on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, at St. James church.

Landmark: The ladies who gave notice to Mr. J. W. Neill, of Davidson township, on the 9th inst., that he must shut up his distillery in ten days and quit the business or take the consequences, had not repeated their visit at last accounts.

Mr. E. M. Posee, a prominent citizen of Jones county, died Monday night of paralysis of the brain. It was a sudden death.—He was taken sick that morning. He was about 50 years old. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn their loss.

Greensboro Workman: Charles Dick, a well known colored man, came into the Workman office this morning to say that the trap which he had set at the edge of his corn field had caught a fine opossum, adding: "I want you to establish him in your paper for me."

Col. Thomas J. Sumner, a very prominent citizen of Rowan county, and a railroad official, died last Saturday night. Col. Sumner was in his 65th year. He was an uncle of Rev. Ben McKeezie, rector of the Episcopal church. A highly esteemed and big hearted man has passed away.

Monroe Register: Last week Sandy Ridge township dismounted Cabarrus county on the red pepper question, and now Vance township steps suitably to the front and lays Sandy Ridge in the shade. Mr. Clark Hankey, of Vance, has a stalk of pepper with 430 pods on it. There are six other townships in Union county to be heard from yet.

Winston Daily: News reaches here to day of a serious cutting affair which occurred near Danbury last Saturday. Two men named Bud Manning and Francis Conaway got into a difficulty which resulted in the latter getting the face badly gashed up by a knife in the hands of the former. Manning was arrested and lodged in jail, but was released yesterday by giving a \$150 bond for his appearance at court.

Wilmington Star: A female dress reformer presents Eve as an example to her sisters. Eve, she says, wore no corsets. Neither did she wear a number two shoe on a number four foot, nor a two story hat at the throat, nor bangs, and didn't chew gum. There are a good many things that she didn't do that her daughters might take a hint from, but it would not do for them to imitate her too closely in matters of dress.

Henderson Gold Leaf: Miss Rosa L. Wood, the sprightly and pretty traveling correspondent of the Raleigh State Chronicle, was interviewing our business men Tuesday. She did the Gold Leaf the honor of paying it a brotherly—or rather sisterly—or perhaps better still a fraternal call—and threw the enchanting spell of her bewitching presence into the remotest corner of our sanctum, if indeed, she did not penetrate the recesses of the single man of the concern.

Greensboro Patriot: A prominent merchant of this city, who deals largely in pottery ware, informs us that he received the information from a reliable source that the celebrated Ohio Pottery, that is bought and used by our citizens—was manufactured from clay shipped from the "Old North State." This is a pretty state of affairs, when we even have to ship our clay off to a North Carolina State to get it manufactured into useful articles for domestic use. We have clay, known as Kaolin, near this city, that will make ware equal in every respect to the celebrated English Stone China. This has been demonstrated by actual experiment. Are we not, while looking and longing for the stars, missing the diamonds under our feet?

Goldsboro Argus: The substantial compliment and endorsement of the administration of his Excellency Governor Fowle contained in the showing of Chairman Carr and Smith before the state convention of Democratic Clubs in Raleigh, that \$100,000 is now saved to the state annually at the penitentiary alone, will be exceedingly gratifying to his excellency's many friends throughout the State. He has had more than 15,000 slaves previously governor of the state; and so, too, have brainless newspaper critics, with no party fealty or sense or propriety or justice befouled themselves at him as never before; but the facts of his administration speak for themselves, and they are going to tell for a victory in November.

A Remarkable Jury.

The County Commissioners have covered themselves with glory. The jury, the names published elsewhere, is an extraordinarily fine one, so far as representing the different sections of the county, for standing in the community, for intelligence, and for having the different vocations represented. There is a good deal of family in it, too. Mr. Ed. Patterson, son of L. I.; Mr. P. O. Goodman and son, G. C. The tallest man in the county—Johnnie A. Cline; a towns-ship constable—Dick White; a cotton gin man—R. M. Kimmons; a miller—Jake Shinn; a rural magistrate—M. A. Emerson; the richest countryman—Martin Boge; a fat, jolly horse judge—D. G. Holdbrooks; a bridge builder—Dave McEachern; a young man with an interesting family—D. B. Morrison; a Sunday-school superintendent—Charles F. Fisher; a man to handle the reel in case of fire—D. Luther Bost; a man who can go at winter in his shirt sleeves—Dan Lips; an elder in the church—D. B. Hoover; a man to paint the ting red—Ed. Correll; a choir leader—Jerry Lippard; the biggest, little man in the county—Marshall Darton. But, however, one heard of an editor being on a jury before? Ever since a boy the editor has been under some peculiar impressions about the qualifications for a juror. We heard two carpenters speak of their expertness; one was intelligent and well-read, the other perfectly illiterate, though he had just returned from jury service. "I don't know why it is, but I have never been on a jury, and I don't very much mind what was coming in the jury box," with all the pomp and pride of a greenhorn could assume, the illiterate carpenter remarked. "I'm sure you men as have good common sense, well-informed and of good character." As a fight was about to be precipitated by this learned "defense of the jury box system, we'll let the sheriff called on us this morning, and beginning to pull some papers from his pocket, he remarked, "is your name Jan. P. Cook?" we sat down, getting so weak all at once; during the moments it took the sheriff to get a list of names, we didn't breathe, being frightened within an inch of death. Before he announced the contents of his paper and began his little speech, we wondered who would go on our bond and a thousand other things—we actually heard handkerchiefs rattle in his pockets. The truth of the matter is, THE STANDARD has been threatened with a \$50,000 suit, and we did not know who was coming. But when the sheriff announced that we were summoned as a juror for the next term of court, it made us sad. We have always taken much pride in the fact that we have never had business in our county, or been in the (county) courthouse, or in the Legislature—the summons hurt our feelings. We have one consolation, if the judge don't let us out, we will find a lot of good subjects to write up that will interest THE STANDARD readers, and as a side issue we can help two or three on the jury to "hang it."

LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, August 28, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I have written two letters or articles since I left Old North Carolina. The last was dated Para, Brazil. I think I must restate my estimation of the population of that city. I believe I said that it was 180,000, but I found that I was mistaken, and that there were only about 80,000 souls. We spent the day on shore, and visited all places worth seeing.

We left Para on the eve of the 14th of August for Pernambuco, and arrived at that port on the 19th all safe and sound. It is a long and tedious voyage of 1,200 miles, with nothing to see but water and the starlit canopy of heaven. But for two days this monotony was broken by seeing numerous schools of whales, which we took the opportunity of shooting at—or, at least, I did.

We did not go ashore at Pernambuco, on account of smallpox, there having been an epidemic at the port for some time.

We left Pernambuco on the 29th and landed at Bahia on the 21st. Here we went ashore and visited all that was worth seeing—viz: Fruit and monkey markets, elevator, inclined railway, churches, &c. This city is beyond description. You cannot describe the beautiful scenery that is to be seen here. This port affords many curiosities not to be found elsewhere. Among them is one of the oldest churches, built no one knows when. Catholic priests are to be found on all sides, ready to forgive your sins for from 50 cents up, according to the load you are carrying. No one seems to be going to "Old Harry" in that city. Glorious country, this. Here is the place to get the famous seedless Bahia oranges, the largest in the world but not the best.

From here we sailed to that beautiful city, Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the new republic of Brazil, and arrived here on the 25th. Rio is the finest and largest city in Brazil; population 500,000, principally natives. Here a white man is just as much thought of as a negro as long as he behaves himself. There are a great many English and Americans here, all engaged in some kind of business. Here we met Gen. O. B. Dockery and wife, the United States consul at this place. They are very kind to everybody, and are well liked by all. Mrs. Dockery has made it very pleasant to all the American ladies stopping here for the steamer south. I told the Colonel if he would turn Democrat and go back to North Carolina we would elect him to any office he wanted. But his reply was that when he returned Democrat the seven stars would fall and roll around on the ground as big as goose eggs.

We sail from here on the 29th for Buenos Ayres on the steamer Patosi of the Pacific Navigation Company, and will arrive at that place on the 3d of September. Yours truly, G. T. CROWELL.

P. S.—Will write you soon again.

Letter from Texas.

ROCKWELL, SEP. 21, 1890.

Dear Sir: Since a long delay I will attempt to write a few lines to your paper from this part of Texas.

Col. Mackin is the owner of the day. Farmers have had a good time to gather their crops up to the present, but we have had a lot of rain since yesterday morning, the heavy rain has gone to the end of May that would make any stock water. I live in the best watered neighborhood in Rockwell county, and you could see wagons daily hauling water from our Saline well. This has been one of the driest years I have ever seen in Texas, but old farmers say when they have to haul water they are sure of a good cotton crop, and that is the case now. I have more cotton than there is hands to gather it, making from one-half to one bale per acre, and we are paying six bits or 75 cents per hundred for picking. Since the rain has gone to the end of May, the probabilities are that it will go to \$1.00 in a short time.

Rockwell would be glad to see emigration just now. Corn cro-ers are a little short and will be a good price. Flour will also be high next year; is now worth \$2.00 and \$3.00.

I guess all the colored people in Old Cabarrus will be pleased to learn of Uncle Peter Frensch's success in farming. His landlord said the other day that Peter would make 50 bales of cotton this year. He said he was going back to the Old State this winter to see his old master, Col. Sander Propert.

Prof. G. A. Fink, of Green county, Indian Territory, is now in our midst superintending a cotton gin. Mr. Fink is a cousin of your townsman, Jim Fink, and son of Mr. Allison Fink, deceased. Mr. Fink is a man of great popularity, and if he has days to live will make a mark in our country. I will send you a copy of the song which was written by him for the reunion of the old soldiers at Navajo, which, if you publish, will no doubt be read by his many friends and relatives in Old Cabarrus county. I will now close wishing THE STANDARD much success. I remain your friend, J. WESLEY WALTER.

Shankle to the front.

It has been reported that Eli Shankle, the man who Stanley nominated to represent her and Cabarrus in the Legislature, was opposed to Vance. Shankle is out in a card in the Stanley Observer stating his position, and as Cabarrus is interested we copy it.

Shankle.

Mr. Editor, N. C. Sept. 22nd 1890.

Please allow me a small space in your paper to express my high appreciation of the confidence in me as manifested by the good people of Cabarrus county by their election to the 15th inst., by endorsing me as the Democratic standard bearer in this, the 28th Senatorial District. If elected I shall vote for Hon. Z. B. Vance as United States Senator. It was with that understanding that I allowed my name to go before the convention, and that I will enter the campaign at the proper time, my age is sixty and not sixty-five. With the correction.

Yours truly, Eli Shankle.

It is estimated that teachers' salaries in the United States annually amount to more than \$60,000,000.

LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, August 28, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I have written two letters or articles since I left Old North Carolina. The last was dated Para, Brazil. I think I must restate my estimation of the population of that city. I believe I said that it was 180,000, but I found that I was mistaken, and that there were only about 80,000 souls. We spent the day on shore, and visited all places worth seeing.

We left Para on the eve of the 14th of August for Pernambuco, and arrived at that port on the 19th all safe and sound. It is a long and tedious voyage of 1,200 miles, with nothing to see but water and the starlit canopy of heaven. But for two days this monotony was broken by seeing numerous schools of whales, which we took the opportunity of shooting at—or, at least, I did.

We did not go ashore at Pernambuco, on account of smallpox, there having been an epidemic at the port for some time.

We left Pernambuco on the 29th and landed at Bahia on the 21st. Here we went ashore and visited all that was worth seeing—viz: Fruit and monkey markets, elevator, inclined railway, churches, &c. This city is beyond description. You cannot describe the beautiful scenery that is to be seen here. This port affords many curiosities not to be found elsewhere. Among them is one of the oldest churches, built no one knows when. Catholic priests are to be found on all sides, ready to forgive your sins for from 50 cents up, according to the load you are carrying. No one seems to be going to "Old Harry" in that city. Glorious country, this. Here is the place to get the famous seedless Bahia oranges, the largest in the world but not the best.

From here we sailed to that beautiful city, Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the new republic of Brazil, and arrived here on the 25th. Rio is the finest and largest city in Brazil; population 500,000, principally natives. Here a white man is just as much thought of as a negro as long as he behaves himself. There are a great many English and Americans here, all engaged in some kind of business. Here we met Gen. O. B. Dockery and wife, the United States consul at this place. They are very kind to everybody, and are well liked by all. Mrs. Dockery has made it very pleasant to all the American ladies stopping here for the steamer south. I told the Colonel if he would turn Democrat and go back to North Carolina we would elect him to any office he wanted. But his reply was that when he returned Democrat the seven stars would fall and roll around on the ground as big as goose eggs.

We sail from here on the 29th for Buenos Ayres on the steamer Patosi of the Pacific Navigation Company, and will arrive at that place on the 3d of September. Yours truly, G. T. CROWELL.

P. S.—Will write you soon again.

Letter from Texas.

ROCKWELL, SEP. 21, 1890.

Dear Sir: Since a long delay I will attempt to write a few lines to your paper from this part of Texas.

Col. Mackin is the owner of the day. Farmers have had a good time to gather their crops up to the present, but we have had a lot of rain since yesterday morning, the heavy rain has gone to the end of May that would make any stock water. I live in the best watered neighborhood in Rockwell county, and you could see wagons daily hauling water from our Saline well. This has been one of the driest years I have ever seen in Texas, but old farmers say when they have to haul water they are sure of a good cotton crop, and that is the case now. I have more cotton than there is hands to gather it, making from one-half to one bale per acre, and we are paying six bits or 75 cents per hundred for picking. Since the rain has gone to the end of May, the probabilities are that it will go to \$1.00 in a short time.

Rockwell would be glad to see emigration just now. Corn cro-ers are a little short and will be a good price. Flour will also be high next year; is now worth \$2.00 and \$3.00.

I guess all the colored people in Old Cabarrus will be pleased to learn of Uncle Peter Frensch's success in farming. His landlord said the other day that Peter would make 50 bales of cotton this year. He said he was going back to the Old State this winter to see his old master, Col. Sander Propert.

Prof. G. A. Fink, of Green county, Indian Territory, is now in our midst superintending a cotton gin. Mr. Fink is a cousin of your townsman, Jim Fink, and son of Mr. Allison Fink, deceased. Mr. Fink is a man of great popularity, and if he has days to live will make a mark in our country. I will send you a copy of the song which was written by him for the reunion of the old soldiers at Navajo, which, if you publish, will no doubt be read by his many friends and relatives in Old Cabarrus county. I will now close wishing THE STANDARD much success. I remain your friend, J. WESLEY WALTER.

Shankle to the front.

It has been reported that Eli Shankle, the man who Stanley nominated to represent her and Cabarrus in the Legislature, was opposed to Vance. Shankle is out in a card in the Stanley Observer stating his position, and as Cabarrus is interested we copy it.

Shankle.

Mr. Editor, N. C. Sept. 22nd 1890.

Please allow me a small space in your paper to express my high appreciation of the confidence in me as manifested by the good people of Cabarrus county by their election to the 15th inst., by endorsing me as the Democratic standard bearer in this, the 28th Senatorial District. If elected I shall vote for Hon. Z. B. Vance as United States Senator. It was with that understanding that I allowed my name to go before the convention, and that I will enter the campaign at the proper time, my age is sixty and not sixty-five. With the correction.

Yours truly, Eli Shankle.

It is estimated that teachers' salaries in the United States annually amount to more than \$60,000,000.

A Remarkable Jury.

The County Commissioners have covered themselves with glory. The jury, the names published elsewhere, is an extraordinarily fine one, so far as representing the different sections of the county, for standing in the community, for intelligence, and for having the different vocations represented. There is a good deal of family in it, too. Mr. Ed. Patterson, son of L. I.; Mr. P. O. Goodman and son, G. C. The tallest man in the county—Johnnie A. Cline; a towns-ship constable—Dick White; a cotton gin man—R. M. Kimmons; a miller—Jake Shinn; a rural magistrate—M. A. Emerson; the richest countryman—Martin Boge; a fat, jolly horse judge—D. G. Holdbrooks; a bridge builder—Dave McEachern; a young man with an interesting family—D. B. Morrison; a Sunday-school superintendent—Charles F. Fisher; a man to handle the reel in case of fire—D. Luther Bost; a man who can go at winter in his shirt sleeves—Dan Lips; an elder in the church—D. B. Hoover; a man to paint the ting red—Ed. Correll; a choir leader—Jerry Lippard; the biggest, little man in the county—Marshall Darton. But, however, one heard of an editor being on a jury before? Ever since a boy the editor has been under some peculiar impressions about the qualifications for a juror. We heard two carpenters speak of their expertness; one was intelligent and well-read, the other perfectly illiterate, though he had just returned from jury service. "I don't know why it is, but I have never been on a jury, and I don't very much mind what was coming in the jury box," with all the pomp and pride of a greenhorn could assume, the illiterate carpenter remarked. "I'm sure you men as have good common sense, well-informed and of good character." As a fight was about to be precipitated by this learned "defense of the jury box system, we'll let the sheriff called on us this morning, and beginning to pull some papers from his pocket, he remarked, "is your name Jan. P. Cook?" we sat down, getting so weak all at once; during the moments it took the sheriff to get a list of names, we didn't breathe, being frightened within an inch of death. Before he announced the contents of his paper and began his little speech, we wondered who would go on our bond and a thousand other things—we actually heard handkerchiefs rattle in his pockets. The truth of the matter is, THE STANDARD has been threatened with a \$50,000 suit, and we did not know who was coming. But when the sheriff announced that we were summoned as a juror for the next term of court, it made us sad. We have always taken much pride in the fact that we have never had business in our county, or been in the (county) courthouse, or in the Legislature—the summons hurt our feelings. We have one consolation, if the judge don't let us out, we will find a lot of good subjects to write up that will interest THE STANDARD readers, and as a side issue we can help two or three on the jury to "hang it."

LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, August 28, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I have written two letters or articles since I left Old North Carolina. The last was dated Para, Brazil. I think I must restate my estimation of the population of that city. I believe I said that it was 180,000, but I found that I was mistaken, and that there were only about 80,000 souls. We spent the day on shore, and visited all places worth seeing.

We left Para on the eve of the 14th of August for Pernambuco, and arrived at that port on the 19th all safe and sound. It is a long and tedious voyage of 1,200 miles, with nothing to see but water and the starlit canopy of heaven. But for two days this monotony was broken by seeing numerous schools of whales, which we took the opportunity of shooting at—or, at least, I did.

We did not go ashore at Pernambuco, on account of smallpox,