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THE STANDARD.

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

THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.

LARGEST PAPER —PUBLISHED IN CONCORD.—

CONTAINS MORE READING MATTER THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN THIS SECTION.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

You should see her
In the kitchen,
Cap and apron
White as snow.
In her eyes
The love-light shining—
On her cheeks
A rosy glow

Oh, that pleasant
Farmhouse kitchen,
What a charm
It has for me.
When I view
Its broad dimensions
Where the firelight
Leaps in glee.

But the picture
Would be dimmer,
And the colors
Not so bright,
With sweet Nancy,
Pretty Nancy,
Young and cheery;
Not in sight.

Sleeves rolled up
Above white elbows,
Sweeping here
And dusting there,
This fair daughter
Of the farmer
For the household
Hath a care.

And her song
Is just as tuneful,
And her step
Is just as light,
As when she,
Swee marysmaker,
Joined her mates
In play, last night.

By and by will,
In a moment,
Cap and apron
Disappear,
And in snowy gown
And ribbons,
Piety Nancy
Will appear.

Oh, the little
Farmer's daughter,
(Heaven bless her
As she goes),
She is fairer than a lilly,
She is sweeter
Than the rose.

A SAD STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE

There is in New York, upon one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, a magnificent house, a veritable palace, which can never be looked upon by the sentimental woman without a tear coming to her eye—because of the story connected with it.

It was designed and built by one of the wealthiest men in New York—the head of an old Dutch family—for the woman he loved. Throughout the whole edifice, which might have been called "The House Beautiful," were the colors, furnishings, ornaments and dainty touches that were the young bride's taste. The ball room in which she expected to trip so many merry measures, was walled and ceiled in many colored marbles, but the lover himself directed the building of the porte cochere, under which her carriage was to roll, so that, stepping out, she would be touched by no drop of rain or flake of snow. Everything was ready, the horses were pawing in the stable waiting for the day when they should whirl through park and town, bearing their new mistress; the liveried footman had their white robes at hand to don upon the wedding day; the house was steeped in fragrance, for beautiful flowers were grouped and massed to captivate the fancy of the coming fair chatelaine, and everything seemed in harmony with this thoughtful loving care, for the sun shone bright, and it was somebody's wedding day.

Yes, but it wasn't an earthly wedding; for when, with quick footsteps, the mother went to wake the expectant bride, she found her dead. The last kiss she had given had been to her lover the night before. The last kiss he ever imprinted on human lips he pressed upon her's as she lay in her coffin. But he lives alone in the beautiful house, and with his great fortune does much good—all in the name of the woman he loved. The shutters are never open in the wonderful house, the carriages have never been used, no graceful forms with "twinkling feet" have ever glided over the glistening floor of the spacious ball-room; but it and the solitary man are there as evidences that love can so completely fill the heart that all life is nothing without it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A WEDDING THAT DIDN'T OCCUR.

Yesterday morning Mr. Adam Ryles, an expectant bridegroom of fifty summers, got into his best suit of clothes, and, taking Miss Lizzie Lewis, a maiden lady of forty summers in his buggy, drove to this city to get the "fatal noose adjusted," or, in other words, to get married. On reaching the city the lady said she had some shopping to do before the ceremony was performed and would marry him at 3 o'clock p. m. Mr. Ryles consented and treated his lady love to a fine dinner, and otherwise did all he could to make her comfortable. At 3 o'clock Mr. Ryles was on hand, but the lady again objected to marrying him just then. A rather spirited discussion took place between them, during which the lady remarked "she did not come to town to marry, but to get a new dress." This was the last straw, and Mr. Ryles indignantly ordered Miss Lewis to get in the buggy, and he would take her to a friend's house near the city and leave her, and she could make her way home the best she could, but on reaching the house she refused to get out, and told him he had to take her home. When last seen they were homeward bound, and their conversation was not of a very amiable character.—Greensboro Patriot.

GREENSBORO.

A DAY'S REST WITH THE BOYS.

Greensboro is a nice place—it's a noisy town, too. The firm rock streets and pavements form a solid base for moving teams and hustling humanity. To eat a square meal at the Benbow House, a re, orter who is used to hanging around a printing office and lounging on a goods box with crowds of friends, will not get much of a move on him. We hunted up a part of the boys, however.

The man who holds down the central tripod of the Daily Workman is by no means a juvenile at the throttle. Bro. Michaux shows the effects of years, but while frosts of many winters have left their prints, the old gentleman manifests a spirit and shows activity that puts to shame many of our young Americas. The Workman office is out and out on the woman's suffrage platform, &c. Two of the compositors are ladies, and the way they touch the type—well, it rattles and tumbles like rain drops on a tin roof.—We showed the old gentleman our love for the work by mounting a big box and feeding the press.

The Patriot—weekly and daily—is all of a Patriot. The office is the connecting link between old times and the heaving bosom of modern activity. Over the door to the composing room hangs a horse shoe with the Patriot's superfluous silver dollars, and at its side is suspended a handsomt valentine that shows that some single-cussed single man navigates about those parts. The Patriot is right smart of a farmer, too. Suspended from the chandelier hang a half dozen large Irish "taters" and a hand of tobacco. The office hasn't got an owl, as the Charlotte Chronicle has. The Patriot is a good daily, and is doing fine service in the campaign.

Col. Jno. C. Tipton is a newspaper man, and he shows on which political side he stands by the way he baptized his child, now two months old, "The Southern Democrat." Col. Tipton personally is almost as handsome as the handsome weekly he publishes. The Colonel is an old newspaper man, popular, and as graceful as any lady.

The corporate limits of Greensboro do not contain a larger population than Concord has, but there is what is known as South Greensboro which makes the place quite a city.

It was our purpose to go out to the Guilford Battle Ground, but circumstances over which we had no control, prevented the pleasure of the desired trip.

Everybody in Greensboro is talking boom. Boom on; for that matter all the towns in North Carolina are enjoying good life.

Mixed Pickles.

Below we give a recipe for making mixed pickles. The recipe was gotten up by one of the best women in Concord, and we being a pre ty good Cook ourselves, know that it is a good one. By request of several ladies of Concord we publish it below:

Half peck green tomatoes; one peck cucumbers; one and a half dozen onions or half peck small onions; three or four heads of cabbage; one pint grated horse radish; half pound white mustard seed; one fourth pound ground mustard; half teacup ground black pepper; one ounce celery seed; two ounces turmeric; three pounds sugar; three table spoons green peppers. Cut up the cucumbers into small pieces and soak for three days in brine strong enough to float an egg.—Slice tomatoes and onions, sprinkle with salt and let stand over night. If small onions are used leave them whole. Cut up cabbage and boil till about half done in water a little more salted than for table, then press all the juice out, squeezing in a cloth. Cut up green peppers and soak over night in salt water. Grate a pint of horse radish and cover with vinegar. Squeeze out tomatoes and onions from the salt and cook till onions are done in vinegar and water, half of each enough to cover them; put them with cabbage into a stone jar, cover with vinegar in which they were cooked, and let them stand one or two days. Press the cucumbers out of the salt water thoroughly, and scald well in vinegar and water, and put away covered with it in a stone jar to stand a day or two. Then put into a kettle about a gallon of vinegar, add all the seasonings, including peppers, except ground mustard and horse radish, and let it boil a few minutes, then press all the ingredients out of the vinegar and water, getting them as dry as possible, put into a strong jar and pour over the vinegar from the kettle; if not enough to cover, add cold vinegar; stir the ground mustard up in vinegar, and when the pickle is cold add it and the horse radish, stirring them all through it. Let stand a day or two, examine it, and if necessary add more vinegar. Be sure to use good apple vinegar if you can get it.

FROM NUSSMAN.

We have a good mail contractor, Mr. Ed Ridenhour. We have not missed a mail in 12 months.

Corn is badly damaged. Standing straight on the stalk, where the water could stand in the shuck, the corn in some fields is one third damaged.

The bird hunters from New York are coming back again, and are buying the right to hunt birds on farms.

If any one wishes to keep up with the news he ought to take the Standard. We would like to see our people take so good a paper and keep posted as to what is going on in the county and State.

The Stanly people are expecting to ride to Salisbury on the new railroad by January. Everybody is fixing to ride on the first train. It will be a great convenience to Stanly county. REX.

NEVER CHOOSE A WIFE.

Never marry a girl who does not love her mother—she never will love you; and if she permits her mother to do the house work while she pounds the piano, primps, powders, paints and receives callers, it is the best of evidence that she does not love her.

Never marry a "flirt"—"flirt" and virtue are never intimate terms.

Never marry a "belle"—she is not worth marrying, and is too common for a wife. Wives should be above suspicion.

Never marry a "fashionable" girl—she will prove to be a spend thrift, besides being devoid of many of the choicest womanly virtues.

Never marry a girl who is not industrious and is not willing to work—a girl who does not work and make herself useful, never is very loving, kind, and affectionate.

Never be too hasty about marrying "rich" girls—very few of them make good, gentle, affectionate, loving wives. Loving kindness is born of tribulation.

Never marry an unhealthy girl—you always will be reminded of the fact that you have "paid too much for the whistle."

Never marry a woman who is a victim to tight lacing—she is not well balanced and is not fit to be the mother of your children.

Never marry a girl who has a small waist—a small waist is an infallable sign of a feeble constitution, and is almost synonymous with "doctors bills."

Never marry a girl who paints and powders much—she may be mistaken for a woman of loose virtue.

Never marry any girl unless you love her—it would be better that you were never born.

Never marry a girl who wishes she had been born a boy—unless you are a feminine creature yourself.

Never marry a girl whose religious belief is different from yours.

Never marry a girl whose ancestors possessed any hereditary peculiaries, such as insanity, idiocy, etc.

Never marry a girl who has been in the habit of spending one half of her time attending tea parties, sewing circles, class meetings, opera, etc.—she will not make a model wife, and may know too much for a virtuous woman.

Never marry a girl unless she knows how to cook. You may not expect her to do the cooking, but unless she knows how, you will not be happy. Eating is one of the indispensibles of life, and is the source of much happiness or misery.

THE PENSION STEAL.

More than half the Grand Army were foreign hirelings and substitutes who fought for the money and nothing else, and these are the fellows who are drawing most of the pensions. They were hospital rats and camp followers and teamsters, and got sick easy, and have played sick and disabled ever since. Their numbers prove what a set they were, nearly 3,000,000 against 700,000, and they have 900,000 pensioners still alive and kicking. Sam Jones told them up in Missouri that if our boys had have known how bad we were whipping them they would have fought on until now. "You fellers," said he, "are drawing all the pensions, and that's right. You fought for money, and you ought to have it. Our boys fought for patriotism—for love of their country, and they've got that yet. You never conquered it out of 'em, and you never will. So it's all right. Every soldier ought to have what he fought for."

That is very fine sarcasm, but I am not happy as long as some of that pension money comes out of me. If the war is over how many years must the south pay out $40,000,000 to northern soldiers and draw none for her own? If we could pick out the patriots who really needed a pension we wouldn't say a word, but it's a northern outrage to continue this business. It is an outrage on the north as well as the south, and if the Alliance don't stop it, it won't be stopped. The Alliance can do some big things if they will. The nation can't stand this extravagance. How can the tariff be reformed and reduced with an empty treasury? Mr. Cleveland left it full, but it's empty now.—Bill Arp.

PIGEONS AS WAR MESSENGERS.

Major-General Cameron, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada, was recently instrumental in organizing a homing pigeon club in connection with the Canadian Militia. The first practical test was made the other day, and it illustrated the uses to which the birds could be put in the event of war. Ten homing pigeons were sent out the day before by express from Kingston. Next morning, in the presence of the military officers and Sir Hector Langevin, the birds were given their liberty. A dispatch from General Cameron at Kingston says that six pigeons arrived there at 1 o'clock, covering the distance from Ottawa, 120 miles, in two hours and fifteen minutes. Two arrived fifteen minutes later.

Richmond, Va., October 16.—The streets were filled with colored people this morning along the route that the procession of freedmen marched in commemoration of the emancipation proclamation. This, the second day of the proceedings, eclipsed anything in the way of rejoicing they have done since the war. The parade composed of military and civic societies, chiefly of a local character. Public exercises were held this evening at the exposition grounds.

STATE NOTES.

La Grange Spectator. An effort will be made during the session of the next Legislature by the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad to lease or buy the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad.

There is a yellow jacket's nest on the farm of Mr. William Johnston, near Mooresville, which is estimated to be 3 feet in diameter and 14 inches high. Nobody has had enough curiosity to go up to measure it with rule or tape-line, but it is the best judgment of those who have surveyed it from a safe distance that it is at least this large.

Monroe Cor. Charlotte Chronicle: John Winchester, a colored brakeman on the G., C. & N. R. R., was killed last night in Chester, S. C. The train on which he was brakeman was moving backward, and he fell off of the car and in front of it and was very badly mangled. He was perfectly sober and was the victim of a mere accident.

Greensboro Patriot: A full grown and partly ripe bunch of blackberries of the second crop was pulled to day off the ground of the new cotton factory site. Truly, the forest is giving away to the material advance and progress of our enterprising Greensboro people. Our lovely city is making no great noise, but moving right onward and upward, just the same.

The Winston Daily says that Messrs. W. W. Barber and Thomas Settle, Democratic and Republican candidates for Solicitor, are very agreeable candidates. They travel in the same buggy together, stop at the same hotels, and are making a canvass similar to the one Vance and Settle made for the governorship.—Of course Settle will get left in this race as bad as his father did in the race with Vance.

Winston Daily: There is a married man in Winston whose wife is interrupted in her peaceful slumbers by him, while in "dreamland," hurraihing at the top of his voice, "I am a Vance man, and I say hurrah for him!" The gentleman was awkened last night and informed by his better half that she had no objections to his being for Zeb Vance, but that she did object to being disturbed by hideous yells at night.

Wilmington Star: Great preparations are made and being made for the approaching "Border Exposition of the Carolinas," to be held at Maxton on the 22d, 23d and 24th insts. Buildings are about completed and every house and dwelling will be turned into a hotel for the time. Gov. Vance is expected to arrive there on Friday morning by special train from Charlotte and make a speech. All the railroads will run special trains; rates are exceedingly cheap—one cent per mile.

Twin City Daily: Mr. W. L. Horne returned from Greensboro last night where he was summoned as a witness at the Federal court in the case of W. F. Stutts, who was to have been tried yesterday upon the charge of robbing the mails in July while assistant post-master at Carthage. Stutts decided that the evidence was too strong against him on Monday night, and after borrowing a few dollars from friends in Greensboro, he skipped for parts unknown, leaving his bondsmen with the bag to hold to the tune of $1,000.

Salisbury Herald: The meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association Convention in Salisbury last week was indeed a most pleasant one. The young gentlemen who visited us were an earnest, consecrated body, who favorably impressed our people. The meetings were attended by many people and much good accomplished. The raising of $500 for the establishment of a reading room and the fitting up of the Salisbury Association was a creditable act on the part of our citizens.

Jay Will Templeton, son of R. S Templeton, Esq., of Barringer township, recently found in the old Georgia road, not far from his father's, a silver badge, scarf pin or some such ornament, bearing in the centre, front, a large "K," and around this in two half circles, "Wm. H. G. Denhart, 16th Ills. Cav." Like several other such articles that have at different times been found in this section, it must have been lost about the close of the war by one of Stoneman's men during their raid through here.

Wilmington Messenger: Several papers we notice have commented upon the Virginians who paid attention to the French pretender in his visit to Richmond. It seems that the attentions were not by any means general. The people did not bother themselves about the coming and going of this enemy of liberty and slanderer of a brave people. The State says "in any community of people the snob and tuft-hunter will abound, and Richmond could not be a big city without that specimen of humanity."

New Berne Journal: At 11:30 o'clock Monday night fire broke out in the drug store of R. N. Duffy, on the corner of Middle and Pollock streets. The whole of the interior of the building was a solid mass of flame which burst out on the north side and led into the offices of Drs. Chas. and Frank Duffy, the two barber shops of J. B. Brown and Robert Green, and the tailor shop of Richard Sawyer. Also the law office of Duffy & Nixon over the drug store was burned out. R. N. Duffy suffered the heaviest loss, probably $4,000 or $5,000 in drugs and druggist stationary, and about half that amount on buildings. Other losses by fire and water we would suppose to be not over $1,500 or $2,000.

Laurinburg Exchange: Including those in course of erection eight new brick stores are to be built here right away.——Up to date 3,500 bales of cotton have been shipped from this point this season.

Murfreesboro Index: Capt. Geo. A. Hussey, owner of the steamer Tahoma, has established a steamboat line from Murfreesboro to Edenton, connecting with the Norfolk & Southern Railroad.

Charlotte Chronicle: Maxton, Oct. 17.—Alex Williams, a negro shot his brother in-law, a youth, this afternoon, killing him instantly. No motive is assigned for the deed, as Alex fled. The weapon used was a small revolver.

Goldsboro Headlight: Owing to the bountiful cotton crop this fall, there is more money in circulation just now than there has been in the past twenty years, and the merchants here tell us that farmers are more readily paying their debts than ever before.

Gastonia Gazette: Mr. J. R. Shannon of this township will make $1000 worth of cotton and 400 bushel of corn, besides "roughness," wheat, oats, peas and other crops. Mr. Shannon has done all his work with his own family, and didn't get an even start either as he had bought a new place and had a great deal of cleaning up and repairing to do.

Stanly Observer: Mr. J. P. Nash, nominee for the House, says it is charged on him that he is a prohibitionist, and that if elected he would put the county under prohibition. He requests us to state that the report is false and of course no one who knows Mr. Nash believes such 'silly stuff,' and that if elected to the Legislature he will have nothing to do with prohibition. Any well informed man knows that prohibition is not an issue in this campaign.

Durham Globe: When he catches hold of the contradictions and inconsistencies of the tariff bill, Senator Vance is wildly at home. He tore it into shreds in his Durham speech, but as all the people here know that the bill is a fraud, framed in the interest of the monied kings of the North, there is no use to waste time in dissecting it in these parts. Senator Vance owes it to the country to take a trip through the North and West to show up the fallacy of the political millionaires. It is in those sections where he coul! do much good.

Yesterday a man named Gilbert, who had a good wife, but who was a hog himself, was killed on the railroad track in Durham. Gilbert was drunk, and like all drunk men, thought something mean about his wife. His wife had gone to see her sister, and Thad Gilbert sat down on a cross tie to see if any one went to the house. A freight train came along, and in his drunken stupor he did not hear it and was killed. That ought to be told to every boy in the country, and posted upon all the fences along the road as a public reminder that a drunk man is a fool, and sees everybody's frailties except his own. The murderous engine wheels crushed him to death, but his death was not much more horrible than that which every drunkard is sure to meet some day. Remember this, boys.

Gastonia Gazette: In the late court at Dallas, Judge Brown made the reputation of tempering judgment with mercy. A good deal of dissatisfaction is expressed with his sentences, notably those of Baldwin, and the parties who shot into houses at Cherryville. Baldwin was glad—or ought to have been—to submit to the charge of manslaughter, and yet he got of with an almost nominal sentence. It was claimed by the defense that his victim's death may have resulted from a fall from a buggy after he was shot, yet Dr. Wilson, the only witness whose evidence could have been worth anything on this point, was not called. In this case the solicitor seems not to have sustained his fine reputation. In Cherryville case the Judge's sentence is thought to have been unaccountably light; and so of others. Notice, in the proceedings of court, how frequently occurs, "judgment suspended.' Be it known, however, that we were not present and the foregoing is chiefly the echo of public expression.

Shelby Aurora: The revenue party went Saturday night to destroy illicit stills near the celebrated King's Mountain Gold Mine, in the edge of Cleveland and Gaston counties. They went, they say, they conqured not, but left in hot haste. The moonshiners were up in arms against the depredations of the revenue party, consisting of Messrs. E. S. Walton, deputy collector; J. A. McFalls, deputy marshal; T. N. Hallyburton, Samuel Marks and G. W. Chambers, store-keepers. This party that night had seized an illicit still supposed to belong to John and Rufus Costner, near King's Mountain Gold Mine and near Alfred Costner's, and destroyed the beer. On their return towards King's Mountain, and one mile distant from the moonshiners' haunts, they were halted in the road near Wm. Rhea and Alfred Costner's. The revenue party's carriage and buggy were stopped about 11 o'clock by armed men, and an attempt was made to seize the driver's reins. After a colloquy and a peaceful talk from the revenue a pistol from a blockader was fired and hit the horse in the neck, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. Then the revenue made hot haste to "git up and git," and away they went. Soon the carriage was overturned and, after some delay, the revenue party were glad to reach Shelby unhurt.

BILL NYE'S SABBATH.

HE WAKES AT AN UNEARTHLY EARLY HOUR AND THEN GOES TO SLEEP AGAIN.

I awake in the morning at an unearthly hour on Sunday, after which I turn over and go to sleep again. This second or beauty sleep I find to be almost invaluable. I do it also with much more earnestness and expression than in the earlier part of the night. All the rest of the people in the house gradually wake up as I begin to get in my more fancy strokes.

By 8 o'clock everybody is stirring, and so I get up and glide about in my pajamas, which make me look almost like the "Clemencean Case" in search of an engagement.

Mr. Rogers is going to have me to sit to him in my pajamas for a group of statuary. He also wishes to model an iron hitching-post from it. I will sit for it now in a few days.

On waking I almost at once take to me tub and give myself a good cold bath.

I then put in my teeth.

After doing some little studies in chiropody I throw a silk-velvet dressing gown over my shoulders and look at my bright and girlish beauty in a full-length mirror, comparing the dimpling curves as I see them reflected with those shown in the morning paper.

After reading a little from the chess column of some good author, I descend to the salon and greet my family smilingly in order to open the day auspiciously. We all then sing around the parlor organ a little pean entitled, "Its funny when you feel that way."

We now go to the breakfast room, where the children are taught to set aside the daintiest bits for papa, because he might die some time and then it would be a life-long regret to those who are spared that they did not give him the tender part of the steer or the second joint of the hen.

After breakfast, which consists of chops, hashed brown potatoes, muffins and coffee, preceded by cantelope or baked bean, we proceed to quarrel over who shall go to church and who shall remain at home to keep the cattle out of the corn.

We then go to church, those who can at least, whilst the others remain and read something that will be improving. Sometimes I shave myself on Sunday mornings. Then it takes me quite a while to get back into a religious frame of mind. I do not manage very well in shaving myself, and people who go by the house are often attracted by my yells.

I go to church quite regularly and enjoy the sermon unless it is too firm or personal. If it goes into doctrine too much I am apt to be quite fatigued by the end of the service on account of the mental reservations I have made along through it.

I like to go and hear about God's love, but I am rarely benefited by a discourse which enlarges upon his jealousy. When I am told also that God spares no pains in getting even with people, I not only do not enjoy the information but I would sit up till late hour at night to doubt it.

I shake hands with the pastor, and after suggesting something for him to preach about on the following Sabbath, I go home.

In the afternoon I go walking if no one calls. We have dinner at 2 o'clock on Sunday, consisting of jerked beef smothered in milk gravy. This is the remove. For side dishes we have squash or meat pie. We sometimes open with soup and then have clean plates all around, with jowl and greens, tapering off with some kind of rich pie.

After dinner I sometimes nap a little and then fool with the colt. This is done quietly, however, so as not to break in upon the devotional spirit of the day. After this I go for a walk or converse intelligently with foreign powers who may be visiting our shores.

When I walk I am generally accompanied by a restless Queen Anne dog, which precedes me by about a mile, smelling of the road to see that all his well. He sometimes succeeds in getting himself disliked by some other dog and then I can observe the fight when I catch up with him.

As the twilight gathers all seem ready again for more food and we begin to clamor for pabulum, keeping it up until either square or round crackers and smearkase are produced. These are washed down with foaming beakers of sarsaparilla sec.

As the evening lamp is now lighted I produce some good book or pamphlet like "The Greatest Thing in the World" and read from it, occasionally cuffing a child in order to keep everything calm and reposeful. At 9 o'clock the cat is expelled and the eight-day clock is wound up for the week. Gazing up at the bright cold stars after kicking forth the cat, I realize that Mother Sabbath has been filed away in the great big brawny bosom of the past, and with a little remorseful sigh and an incipient sob when I think that I am not making a better record, I drive a fence nail over the door latch and seek my liberty which, on being properly approached, opens and becomes a beautiful couch.

BILL NYE

A BABY PLAYS WITH A SNAKE.

Somerville, October 14.—This morning the family of Wm. Porter left their child, one-year-old boy, playing upon their kitchen floor, while they busied themselves at their work upstairs. Shortly after they heard the youngester crowing and laughing, and one of the women ran down to see who or what it was that was furnishing the youngster's amusement.

She was horrified to find a snake coiled up on the baby's lap with its head on a line with his face. The child was stroking the snake's body and laughing at its dangerous plaything, and the snake apparently enjoyed it as much as the child, as it made no demonstrations of anger.

The reptile was driven off and killed. It was a yard long, and from the description which the family give of it, is suposed to have been a flat-headed adder. The child manifested great grief at being deprived of his source of amusement.

Look! after next Saturday you can't register. Do you understand that? It is a fact just the same, and if you had voted a hundred times, you won't vote any more till you register again.

SOME SENSE

BY A SENSIBLE CONCORD WOMAN.

Mr. Editor,

Purty continuously, some feller is giving the publik the benefit of his opinion, thrue the nusepaper, what kind of a Fee-mail will or will not make the korrect kind of a helpmait; so how to chuse a wife an so on. Even your admirable Jurnel has ben trying its hand at the job, and like the rest of em has maid some purty good rules for celectirg a wife, or leastwise who not to celect.

I am glad to see such hole-some aids to society, distributed thrue your old Jurnel.

I think it does much to advance the happiness an well being of posterity.

Keep hit up Mr. Editur.

Tell that lovely little dude whose brain has bn racked, for three mortal hours in trying to deside the propper thing for a necktie, while his ma is finishing that sowing that will pay for sade necktie, and git him a dinner: never marry a gurl that don't love her ma—no dont.

Go around to the club in the evening when he is enjoying his sigaret an laying plans with his chum, who by the way has after fore or five years of hard study and close application succeeded in beeing able to lead the German, how they can bamboozle some gurl an urge on him the fallasy of marrying a flirt, but hit mite do him some good and be the means of saving him from the snares an pit falls of sum flirt.

Perhaps an opportunity may turn up, when, you see, a feller whose mane stock in trade is his good looks an fine cloths and who makes his sister by his corsets for him, to warn him agin marryin a belle, an thus save him from this deplorable katastrofe.

I seed a feller out to our Fair who changed his clothes three times in one day an wore a dimund ring a top of his gloves, now I think hit would bee a act of charity to warn sich as him agin marryin a fashionable gurl, for as that letter in your paper sais she will turn out a spendthrift and that would be bad. Kan't you see.

The fact is Mr. Editur this is a big thing, these Righters have taken a hold of an kan't bee ventilated too much; hit els hard please.

Perhaps if hit could be so arranged that they could ketch some of the boys when they are jist gettin home at two or three o'clock in the morning from the club or some of the societies that they attend so punctually and give them that racket about gurls who spend half their time atending tea parties, sowing circles, class meetings, operas an sich; tell them these gurls no too much, of course they do, and hit will open their eyes shore. If some of these fellers who chew tobacco, smoke mean cigars and stinkin pipes an drink mean whiskey, could no more of the deadly effects of tite lacing they would certainly be careful of how they swing on the gates where a tite laced girl staid; they certainly would. But Mr Editur I am trespassin to much on your good nature which I no is much more extended than your space. If I was not aware of the ability of these persons to show up the snares of these same treacherous gurls I would sa more but hit aint no use. other pens more abler than mine will show them up so as no feller need be caught a napping.

Yours till deth JEEMS.

COLORED MEN AS ENGINEERS.

Colored men are now working their way into many of the skilled trades in New York, and there are employers who speak highly of their capacity, industry and faithfulness. "We can hold our ground in this business," said a negro carpet layer, "though it needs more brains and harder work than some other trades." "There are black type-setters in some large offices in New York," said one of them, "and they can pick up both nonpareil and pica as well as other people." "We have several dusky engineers in our service," said the boss of an establishment, "and they are both expert and trustworthy." There has been a considerable migration of colored men from the Southern States to the Northern within the past few years, and those of them who have taken quarters in New York get along quite as well as the newcomers of the white breed. This view is sustained by representative men of the African race here who have been interviewed on the subject.—N. Y. Sun.

THE BUSTLE.

"Did you ever hear the cause of the bustle being discarded in America?" said a well known newspaper correspondent yesteday. "Well, I will tell you. One Sunday afternoon Fletcher Hodges, of the Courier Journal, Jay Durham, of the Galvestion News, and myself were in the "fake mill, when Durham remarked that a story was needed for a weekly letter and asked for a suggestion. Durham said that a White House fake was the best, when Hodges laughingly said, "Let's make Mrs. Cleveland discard the bustle and see how it will take."

"The suggestion was adopted, Hodges wrote the story and the three of us sent it out simultaneously. Immediately it was copied and recopied; there were editorials on it, fashion journals took it up and women all over the country commenced discarding the bustle. Mrs. Cleveland was one of the last to do it but even she eventually came into line, and now it seems to be the universal custom. Thus you see the benefit of an occasional fake."

The uses of electricity are innumerable. The Penn Mutual Insurance Company is about to solve the problem of illuminating a clock face at night by leaving the face istelf in darkness and using incandescent electric lights to shire through the numerals and also to make the hands like lines of fire. It is a simple device, but promises to be effective. —Phila. Ledger.

REGISTRATION LAW.

The following synopsis of the new law providing for the registration of voters, prepared for the Goldsboro Dispatch by a lawyer of that town, will be found useful both to registrars and voters:

1. First there must be a new registration of voters, the County Commissioners having so ordered.

2. The voter shall give, and the registration books shall show, as near as may be, the age, occupation, place of birth and place of residence, and also the full name of the voter, and in case of removal the township or county from which he has removed.

3. The registration books shall be kept open for registration from sunrise to sunset each day, except Sundays, from the 20th day of September to the 24th day of October, 1890, inclusive, and no registration will be allowed after the last named day, unless the voter shall have become qualified by becoming of age since the closing of the registration books, as above provided.

4. On Saturday, October 25, 1890, it shall be the duty of the registrars and judges of election to attend at the polling places of their townships, or precincts, with the registration books, from 9 a. m. till 5 p. m., when and where the registration books shall be open to the inspection of the voters, and objections to voters shall then be made and the word "challenged" noted on the books, and a time and place before election day shall be appointed to hear such challenges, upon giving notice to the person challenged. But such challenges may be made at any time.

5. All male persons, twenty-one years old and upwards (not being idiots or lunatics, or having been convicted of an infamous crime committed after January 1, 1877, and not having been legally restored to rights of citizenship), born in the United States, or who have been legally naturalized, who shall have resided in the State twelve months next preceding the election and ninety days in the county in which he proposes to vote shall be entitled to vote.

The residence of a married man shall be where his family resides, and that of a single man where he boards and sleeps, and should he stay in one precinct and board in another, his residence shall be where he sleeps.

And if an elector has previously been registered in any ward, precinct or township in the county he shall not be allowed to register again until he procures a certificate of the registrar of the former township, ward or precinct that he has removed from the same, and that his name has been erased from the registration books of said ward, township or precinct.

And the identity of any person claiming a right to be registered in any precinct of the same county by virtue of such certificate with the person therein named shall be proved by the oath of the claimant, and, when required by the registrar, by the oath of at least one other elector.

6. Every person who shall present himself for registration shall state under oath how long he has continuously resided in this State and in the county in which he offers to vote; whether he is an alien or native born; when he becomes twenty-one years of age; whether married or single, and where or with whom he resides. Upon the request of any elector the registrar shall require the applicant to prove his identity or age and residence by such testimony, under oath, as may be satisfactory to the registrar.

SUMMONED BY THE POPE.

London, October 15.—Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor's paper, the Star, announces that the Most Rev. Michael Logue, D. D., archbishop of the Diocese of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, the Most Rev. William J. Walsh, D. D., arshbishop of of Chashel, and the Most Rev. John MacEvily, D. D., archbishop of Tuam, have been summoned by the Pope, to appear at Rome in the early part next year. This, the Star says, is seldom adopted. The fact that a summons for the archbishops has been issued has been known only to a limited circle.

Catholic Archiepiscopacy is deeply interested. It is believed the summons is issued in connection with the Irish political situation and kindred subjects. The Archbishops and Bishops are now deliberating, and it is probable that they will soon issue a series of resolutions with reference to Irish affairs.

Do You Know Him?

"They say it is a standing joke among the men of our town" that there are certain animals in this country that walk around on two legs, but whose voice and actions are so much like the animal that Balaam rode that he is often mistaken for him. This animal is not over burdened with brains, but his head hangs heavy with conceit. He criticises every thing he does not originate, and finds fault with every thing that savors of merit. They abuse your town, abuse your progressive citizens. Their brayings are a contemptible nuisance, and if nothing else can be done with them they ought to be muzzled and hobbled into the wood—Winston Daily.

FROM MT. PLEASANT.

Farmers are about through sowing wheat and oats, and with good weather will soon be through picking cotton.

There are fifty-one boys enrolled at North Carolina College.

Mr. Claud Schank has a walking cane that has the resemblance of a human face, where a knot was cut off it.

A protracted meeting will begin here in the Methodist church next Sunday.

The boys are all having a fine time now. They take it in turn to footing up the bill to a joke that has been played on him by his school mates.

Washington has not a few guides who show strangers the sights of the city, among which, of course is the statue of Luther, standing in front of the Memorial church. A gentleman and lady were making the rounds with a colored hackman. When they reached the intersection of Fourteenth street and Vermont Avenue, the communicative guide began: "Dis, sah, is de Garfield Moral church." "But," said the lawyer, "this is Martin Luther's statue in front." "Certainly, sah, he's de pastor of de church, and a mighty fine man, sah, mighty fine, I tell you."—Lutheran Observer.