

A REFLEX GLORY.

His little head comes up the stair
With frequent and suggestive nod,
And smiling vaguely everywhere
He says, "Me just saw God."

IT WAS GRAND.

By Z. D.
"Was the play good, my dear?"
asked Mr. Greylock the other night
after his wife had come home from
the theatre, where she had been with
"good friends."
"Well," cried little Mrs. Greylock,
"it was just grand, and it was
just grand, and it was just grand."
The next morning, the Standard
published an article on the play, and
it was the best article it has ever
published. It was the best article it
has ever published. It was the best
article it has ever published.

THE STORY OF TWO WOMEN.

The following from the Durham
Globe is readable. It tells two tales
feelingly:
In a dark room, in the midst of
poverty, with gnawing pains at
heart, a young woman is working.
Her eyes are weary, her temples are
throbbing and a deadly despair is
in her soul. Still her needle goes
back and forth as inexorably as the
pendulum of yonder clock, that is
measuring the seconds as they glide
away into eternity. Her fingers are
worn, but she may not rest them;
her eyes heavy, but she may not close
them. She must toil on, there in
her rags and wretchedness, far into
the night, and has again to toil on as
ever. There is no home for her, but
the future is as dark as the room in
which she sits, and the sum of it is
the world. Nothing but that
until the kindly sleeper of death
touches her brow, and the tired eyes
may close forever. Then she will be
taken to the city of rest, the earth
will close over her, and another poor
but brave, virtuous and honorable
life will be forgotten. Her struggle
was long and heroic and the reward
is oblivion; the night winds sob for
her, and the dew falls upon the grave
—perhaps the dew is the tears of
the angels.

EDITOR CADE AND THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

There's a new man among the
North Carolina W's. It is Rev.
Baylus Cade, who has assumed
editorial control of the Progressive
Farmer, the organ of the State Alliance.
Bro. Cade was raised on the
farm and knows the hardships that
attend agricultural life.
Politically, the editor has this to
say: "I want to say, once for all,
that I am a Democrat—have never
been anything else. But that state-
ment of my political faith must not
be taken as an admission, on my
part, that I wear the collar of any
self-appointed clique of political
bosses, in or out of office." The
Standard holds that Rev. Cade will
like the harness.

THE REFORM SCHOOL.

Among other high endorsements
of our article, by the leading State
papers, the Wilmington Star remarks
editorially:
The Concord Standard, of the 9th
inst., has a very well written and
forcible article advocating the estab-
lishment of a house of correction
in this State for youthful criminals,
instead of putting them in the peni-
tentiary. The object of incarceration
should be reform when possible,
as well as for punishment, and it
goes without saying that reform is
not only out of question when youth-
ful criminals are placed in contact
and daily intercourse with old and
hardened criminals, but that they
become more demoralized, and come
out of confinement set in their
ways and equipped for a life of lawless-
ness and wickedness. The State
does injustice to the erring youth
and makes a confirmed criminal out
of one who might have been saved if
the proper course has been pursued.
There should, by all means, be a
reformatory institution in connec-
tion with, but separate from the
penitentiary, so separated that the
two classes of criminals, young and
old, would not be thrown in contact
with each other.

Lost a Piece of His Ear.

A colored train hand on the D. &
N. railroad lost a piece of his ear a
day or two since, and he did not
seem to mind the loss very much.
We did not learn his name. He was
unloading kgs of nails, and should-
ering one of them a nail in the keg
gripped him in the ear and tore out
a piece, leaving it hanging by a
small fragment. It was suggested to
him to visit a doctor and have it
replaced. He did not care to do
this. He was then advised to cut
off the dismembered part. With a
knife he removed it, and is now get-
ting on as well with an ear and two-
thirds as if he had two whole ears
to arouse to the signals of his train.
—Durham Sun.
Editor Scott, of the Lenoir Topic,
has been elected captain of a base
ball club. The editor did not an-
nounce what place he filled—prob-
ably always "on deck."
The State Board has added Mrs.
Spencer's history to the State list.
The State Board has a good deal of
liberty in the selection of school
books; and the Standard, judging
from a number of changes it has
made, would not be surprised to see
most any book introduced. The
State needs a history, but it does not
need Mrs. Spencer's history in the
public schools.

THE COMING LEGISLATURE.

The State is safe!
The legislature meets in January
to legislate for the people, and we
hope will not fail in its purpose.
These biennial gatherings of the
people's representatives are a neces-
sary evil. From the number of com-
mittees appointed by the sponsors
of different causes and schemes, to
canvass for signatures to petitions and
to memorialize the legislature for
appropriations, the Standard feels
like exclaiming, KEEP DOWN THE
TAXES.
The governor's mansion is about
completed and needs but little more
money; the State penitentiary is
virtually self-sustaining and needs
but little of the State's funds; but
now comes the Agricultural and Me-
chanical College that will ask for
\$25,000; the W. C. T. U. will ask
for \$15,000 or \$20,000 for the estab-
lishment of a training school for
girls, and representatives of the
North Carolina Teachers' Assem-
bly will ask the legislature to pro-
vide funds for the establishment of
a University Normal School for
girls. So it goes!
The Standard does not believe it
right for a great State to be nig-
gardly in its appreciation of and ap-
propriations to needed reforms and
measures. But there is a stopping
point. The agricultural college is
costing too much, the men are paid
high prices for the work they do—
not that they are not worth it, but
this work does not justify it. The
industrial training school for girls
is unnecessary in this State. The
idea is a mere fancy that has origi-
nated in the brain of an enthusiastic
body of women. There's no need
for it. The homes we have ought to
be training (industrially) enough;
the female colleges ought to supple-
ment what may be needed in the in-
dustrial line; and there is scarcely
any doubt that the legislature will
provide for a University Normal
School for girls—that is enough.
There are institutions that are
surdly needed, and the matter will
be thoroughly discussed at the proper
time.

THE WILMINGTON MESSENGER.

The Wilmington Messenger is
wedded to the belief that crime is
increasing in North Carolina. It
says:
"We will not insist in the face of
what Judges say that crime is in-
creasing in North Carolina, but the
trying of 10,427 persons in a year
and a half for crimes is not hope-
ful of a diminution. We will say
that such a record is distressingly
bad, although it may be no worse
than that of other states."
That is an average of 110 per
century. There is doubtless more
cases brought to court than in former
years, but our courts, it must be re-
membered, are called on to dispose
of a few chicken scrapes, little fist
exercises, and a good many specim-
ens of malice and pine-branch lying.
That there are fewer cases of very
aggravating crime, cannot be doubt-
ed. Speaking on this subject, it oc-
curs to us that some magistrates
have considerable more legal work
to do than others. The Standard
believes that the Justices of Peace
can work a great improvement along
this line. A lot of discretion and a
number of refusals to issue warrants
on the part of these officers of the
law, might save a great deal of nei-
ghborhood hard feeling, prevent use-
less court costs and make affairs
more pleasant all around.
No. 2 Takes Her.
They do some mighty funny
things out west sometimes. If a
man does not like anything he does
not care to say so. The other day
at Casper, Wyoming, George Sprack-
lin concluded that he did not love
his wife, and Marsal Buxton knew
that he always had loved Mrs.
Spracklin, and so they went down
to Spracklin's house, and the follow-
ing conversation took place:
"I don't love her, Buxton; do you
want her?"
Buxton answered: "Yes, I always
loved her."
Spracklin said: "Take her, and
I'll throw in the furniture."
"Thank you, George," replied
Buxton; "I will get 'em up when I
come up town tonight."
Spracklin gave Buxton a bill of
sale for the household goods. All
the parties have heretofore enjoyed
a good reputation, and the town is
thunderstruck at their doings. Mrs.
Spracklin is a Long Pine minister's
daughter, and is a pretty, intelligent
woman of twenty.
A Crucial Blow.
It would not be surprising at any
time now to hear that Superintend-
ent Censur Porter had committed
suicide or had fled to England
whence he came. A great many at-
tacks have been made on his work,
but the final blow came without
warning, and from a quarter least
expected. It remained for Father
Jule, who visited the Sioux hostiles
in their camp in the Bad Lands last
week, to discover the real cause of
their thirst of blood. Mr. Crow
Dog said:
"We object to the recent census
returns," and all the other braves
said substantially, "me too." It
only remains for the Chinamen who
have illegally come into this country
to add their clamorous cry to send a
petition to Congress asking for a
recount, and Mr. Porter's cup will
be full to running.—Asheville Citizen.

COURT CLERK MATTERS.

Some Wild Reports of the Bonds
Some Facts About Chas. D. Up-
church as Shown by the Pub-
lic Record.—The Suits and
Claims Against Him.
Ever since the last election reports
have been sent out from Raleigh al-
most every day concerning the
office of the clerk of the Superior
court. As a sample of these rumors
it may be stated that the Richmond
Dispatch of yesterday printed a tele-
gram to the effect that the Guardian
account book of the office had been
found, and it showed a deficit in
accounts of \$16,000 on the part of
Chas. D. Upchurch, former clerk of
the court.
Since Mr. John W. Thompson was
sworn into office, he has not seen any
Guardian account book. The former
office clerks state that Upchurch
kept the book in a private drawer
under lock and key, and regarded it
as private property. It is claimed,
however, that the book is in Raleigh
and can be produced. But this
claim carries with it no certain in-
formation as to whose possession the
book is in.
Justice M. B. Barbee has been
before the new clerk and accepted
services as attorney-in-fact for Mr.
Upchurch, and on this may be based
the claim that the book can be pro-
duced. But he it remembered now
that this is only a rumor.
The Chronicle has made such in-
vestigations as the public records
will admit, and from that investiga-
tion can state the following facts:
Suits have been entered against
Upchurch by minors, aggregating
\$5,500. Besides these there are other
claims made for which suit has not
been entered which increases the
above amount to about \$7,000. The
Chronicle has no advice of any cash
formation as to whose possession the
book is in.
The responsibility of the bonds-
man is cumulative, and each one is
fully responsible for any deficit
which may have occurred at any
time while he was a surety.
Two of the bondsmen above men-
tioned—L. D. Stevenson and W. C.
Upchurch—have made assignments
since Upchurch gave up the office,
and at the time their assignments
were given in this paper as well as
the amounts for which they were on
the bond.—Raleigh Chronicle.

THE R. & D. HAS ITS ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Rich-
mond & Danville stockholders was
held in Richmond Tuesday. The
officers elected were: John H. In-
gram, president; Directors: T. M.
Logan, Calvin S. Brice, C. M. McGee,
H. B. Plant, Pat Calhoun, Simon
Woomer, John A. Rutherford, John
G. Moore, Samuel Thomas, James
Swann, Jay Gould, George J. Gould,
Sidney Dillon, Abram S. Hewitt, R.
T. Wilson and J. C. Mabur.
The Wilkesboro Chronicle is au-
thoritative for the statement that a 75
year old man, with perfectly white
hair, woke on the morning of Dec.
1 with scarcely a gray one. The
editor failed to state whether the man's
wife was living.

CARL DUNDER.

"Nobody Thas Two Times Alike in
This Country."
"Well, where have you been for
the last three months?" queried I Sar-
geant Rendell yesterday, as Carl
Dunder softly opened the door of the
Woodbridgestreet station about a
foot and squeezed through the
aperture.
"Oh, I vhas keeping quiet. I like
to shpake to you a few words to-
day."
"All right."
"Der odder day a man comes
my place and drinks a glass of beer
und plays me a game of dominoes
und says his name vhas Shon White.
Dot makes no deference to me if
he vhas Steorge Washington. He
must pay me shust so quack or I
knock him out."
"Of course."
"Vhell, he pays me und seems like
a decent fellow, und poody soon he
has a check over der ask und likes
me to go und say he vhas Shon
White."
"And you went?"
"Vnell, I like to oblige."
"Yes, und you'll have to pay for it."
"Vnell, when I knows he v, as Shon
White how could I help it? Dot
vhas a bozus check for fifteen d. lar,
und I haf to pay it. I doan see
how it vhas."
"Und Anything more?"
"Somebody doan play me dot
vhasy again. My eye teeth vvas cut
awfully quack. In two days a fel-
low comes along mit a subscription
paper. He says he likes me, und he
tows a dollar for der poor. I ask him
for his name, und he says he
vhas Peter Davis. Sergeant,
der middle of his name, he oifer
me der sack der shuck und he pay for
it. He was at the Police Court this
morning to get a warrant for you."
"A warrant for me! But he vhas
a shvinder!"
"Of no, he vhasn't; he vhas all
right."
"Vnell, I might say yhell shup
into der rifer. How vvas I to tell
about things? Notvvas I has two
times alike in this country, und
I know bid you goot from Troy."
"Anything else?"
"Vhell, you see, a man comes in
my place mit a package und says
vhas I Carl Dunder. I vhas. Here
vhas some express from Chicago,
und he bid you oifer \$2. Vvas dot
all right, sergeant?"
"Looks that way."
"Of course she does, but after he
goes avay und I open dot package
I find some brick you doan see me
some package for me from New
York, und I haf to pay one dollar.
Sergeant, I shumps out dot man und
knocks him so cold mit my own
claw doan know him und be-
liefs he vhas a young man from Troy."
"Then you spat him?"
"Spots! Spots! Yes, I see some
spots! He belongs by der regular
express company, und vvas going
to send me for five thousand dollars.
Can you see how she vhas? One
time it vhas all wrong, und der next
time it vhas all right. Nopody vhas
two times alike in dis country, und
I know bid you goot by."
"Going avay?"
"No matter. I vhas sixteen years
in dis country und all der time I
vhas in some mistakes. I vvas now
to send me for five thousand dollars.
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ghborhood hard feeling, prevent use-
less court costs and make affairs
more pleasant all around.

STATE NOTES.

Charlotte will have a new steam
laundry at work, before many days,
in position.
Erskine College will remain at
Due West, S. C. Sardis, a good
community of Mecklenburg coun-
ty, tried to get the college.
The North Carolina Conference is
now in session at Wilson, with
Bishop John C. Keener presiding,
and Donald W. Bain secretary.
Shelby Aurora: Last week
chronicled a murder at a negro festi-
val near a still-house and on ex-
changes told of four other murders
on the same night at four other dis-
tilleries in North Carolina! My
countrymen, think of this!
—Shelby Grove Dart: The potato
crop (Irish and sweet) is not saying
very well, so say our farmers. Mr.
Robert Boston tells us that he has
already lost twenty-five bushels of
his late crop of Irish potatoes. At
this rate "taters" will be "taters" by
planting time.
Alamance Gleener: A negro
named Thompson, was found lying
before the fire in his room dead, on
last Saturday morning. He is sup-
posed to have killed himself drink-
ing whiskey, as he went home drunk
the night before, and it is said that
he drank a pint and a half.
A great many northern bird hunt-
ers are now making headquarters
near Taylorsville. Some times they
are hel' up by the farmers and but
for their prompt answers and gener-
ous disposition, they would be fired
off the premises. But if the farmer
is mad about them hunting on his
land, when it is posted, they just pay
his tax and they all shake hands
and are friendly.
Durham Globe: Mr. A. E. Lloyd
has just brought to this office a full
grown, fresh born rose, which he
plucked yesterday from his front
yard and which had escaped the sev-
erity of old winter as he passed
through the town night before last.
Roses in December are, to the Globe,
something of a novelty, and speak
volumes in favor of the grandest
climate in the world.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

We extract the following interest-
ing items from the last issue of the
Arizona Kicker:
One Lesson.—We know of one In-
dian who won't gamble along the
flowerly war-path any more to speak
of. We refer to Jay-Down-and-Roll-
Over-On-The-Grass, or, at other wise
known as Big Jim. He was help-
ing himself to a mule from Thomp-
son's corral the other night, when
one of the herd's killed him so
dead that he didn't have time to get
in his tounge. As usual, most of
the funeral expenses had to come
out of our pocket, although he was
not our meat.
GETTING MONOTONOUS.—Some one
in Omaha is selling off land in this
neighborhood for gardens and pas-
turage, and every day or two a ten-
cent card shows up to take possession.
He finds the land to belong to the
government, and to be composed as
follows:
Cactus 18
Sage brush 18
Sand 64
100
In five different cases our private
graveyard has been included in sales,
putting us to considerable trouble
and expense to hold it. We are get-
ting rather tired of this sort of
thing, and the next pilgrim who
comes along and takes that grave-
yard for a cattle range of which he
is the sole owner has to skip at
the word, or make the tenth man
sleeping under the sands.

WE APOLOGIZE.

The editor, own-
er or publisher of a proprietor of the
thing called "Our Contemporary,"
was driven frantic with jealousy be-
cause we were able to order and pay
for three bundles of paper at once.
We happened to meet him in Bonn-
ville on the 17th inst. He was get-
ting a grudge to use as a balance wheel
on his "only steam press," and he
boiled over and called us a liar. We
say he can be pitched out, sewed
together and saved from the grave,
though the latest reports are dis-
couraging. We didn't mean to. If
he only will get well he may abuse
us as the rest of his natural life and
we won't say word.
ANNOUNCEMENT.—We hereby an-
nounce ourselves as a candidate for
Mayor in the election in April. It is
a little early, but no matter we
secured an office by being a little late.
We don't propose to set any sense
of false modesty stand in any way
of our getting there. We can read
and write and understand. We represent
the intelligence and manners of this
community. We are the out and
of society and can borrow a hun-
dred dollars at the bank any day.
In brief, we are the best candidate
that can be put up for this office,
and we are doing the public a favor
by consenting to run. We shall
have so nothing further to say on
the subject of our office, but the office
wants us. At least, we think she does.
IT'S OUR WAY.—We understand
that Judge Rice has very fittingly
towards us because we said in The
Kicker, last week that he got only
his just deserts in the row with Maj.
Baldwin. It's our way to state facts.
The two gentlemen were disputing
as to the color of a jack-rabbit's eye.
The major was the soul of good na-
ture until the judge pulled his nose.
We stood close by and saw it all,
and distinctly the "spat" of the
bullet as it struck the judge's
shoulder. The fact Major Bald-
win subscribes for five copies of the
Kicker, while Judge Rice would
have it in the house, does not bias
us in the least. We say that when
a man pulls another man's nose in
malice he should be prepared for the
worst. If the judge was not pre-
pared it was his own fault. He is
arrogant and will serve out nursing
in the same way before Judge Rice
1891. Judge, don't you try it—
not unless you are tired of this vain
world and want to go hence!—De-
troit Free Press.

THE REFORM SCHOOL.

It is with a profound feeling of
gratitude to the State, for many papers
in the State speaking favorably of
it, and even urging the coming Leg-
islature to provide for a Reform School
for youthful offenders. The Stand-
ard is confident of the fact that the
State owes this debt to the people,
and the debt is one that humanity
and the lives of hundreds of boys
and girls will not, with consistency
and right, allow a delay in payment.
Since our long article in Tuesday's
issue, advocating such an institution,
we have heard from various sources
that there are such institutions in
some of the northern states, and
that after the first year they were
self-sustaining; and further, the
records of those institutions show
that nine-tenths of the boys and
girls released from them become re-
spected and useful citizens—many
of them actually rising to promi-
nence in some chosen profession.
Are there even ten who, after being
released from our State prisons, ever
became citizens in the degree that
their services, influences and lives
amounted to much force? Let the
matter be agitated, thoroughly and
to a successful issue.
The law that provides for such an
institution will cause no expense to
the State; when the betterment of
this offending class follows, the de-
crease of crime follows, and the sat-
isfaction of having done our duty
pleases us. A value exchange, in
referring to our suggestion, says:
"The boy who errs—whose vice is
called crime—and thrown in the
penitentiary among hardened and
abandoned wretches, has no hope
and no chance to do better. His
daily walk is with the lowest; his
ambitions are crushed; his pride is
drowned—and the dreary days that
he consumes in trading the wine
press are devoted alone to what de-
velopment he will indulge in upon his
release."
In New York City there are 50,
000 negroes. Some of them have
gotten rich, several being worth as
much as \$200,000.
The Standard appreciates no little
the number of enthusiastic endorse-
ments of our article on a "House of
Correction." In fact, the matter
does not seem to be at all debatable;
but the duty that now concerns us
is the working up an enthusiastic
appeal to the Legislature for such a
measure.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

Prof. Ingram's Vacation.
Prof. J. N. Ingram, who has been
on a lecture tour—on Asiatic and
Polynesian countries—in Tennessee
and the mountains of Western North
Carolina, returned from the Blue
Ridge on Friday. He will go North
in a few days and meet King Kal-
akava, with whom he was acquainted
when in the Hawaiian Kingdom,
having lectured on his Majesty's
dominions in half of the United
States.
The Cotton was Not Stolen.
"It was reported here Thursday that
Capt. J. M. W. Alexander had lost a
bale of cotton, and its mysterious
disappearance led him to believe that
it had been stolen. The Captain
had made arrangements with the
township constable to go to Char-
lotte and look for the cotton and the
man, while he intended coming to
Concord and keeping an eye out for
man and cotton. But the 'Squire'
was not exactly satisfied with this
movement and so went back to the
gin and counted his bales, then
counted again the amount that he
had ginned. He found that it had
turned out all right and all of his
cotton was still safe.
Fearsful Murder.
A friend hands us a paper, con-
taining a long account of the bloody
killing of Maj. J. A. West, of Ma-
rietta, Ga., by his own brother. The
Major had come to Brownsville,
Miss., where he owned a plantation,
superintended by the brother in
question. This is what occurred:
Hugh West attacked his brother
with a pistol, and after shooting
him three times and when he had
fallen to the ground and was strug-
gling to get up, shouted, "lie still,
sir," and running into the house,
procured a shot-gun and shot the
top of his brother's head off, scatter-
ing his brains over the yard. Maj.
West was a teacher of Mr. L. D.
Duval's son, who is now with his
father's family here in Concord.
A Very Serious Wound.
Sitting a while with the tax-col-
lector these days affords one consid-
erable insight into the affairs of gov-
ernment. The pension business is
likely. Some men, who are tolerably
stout and able-bodied, though hav-
ing been wounded, get pensions all
the way from \$17.75 to \$71.00. Pen-
sions are not paid wounded parties
who are worth over \$500. On one
occasion, while sitting in the col-
lector's office, Mr. Dan. S. Foil came
to pay his taxes. This gentleman
was shot through the jaw, fractur-
ing it so that his jaws cannot be
opened and his teeth separate not
more than three-eighths of an inch.
The gentleman has great difficulty
in eating, it requiring him more
than half an hour, and then he can
enjoy no food unless it is in a shape
to be eaten without mastication on
his part. A man, wounded as he is,
deserves a pension; but being worth
more than \$500 debars him from
drawing one. Mr. Foil lives in No.
5 township and is 55 years of age.

THE REFORM SCHOOL.

It is with a profound feeling of
gratitude to the State, for many papers
in the State speaking favorably of
it, and even urging the coming Leg-
islature to provide for a Reform School
for youthful offenders. The Stand-
ard is confident of the fact that the
State owes this debt to the people,
and the debt is one that humanity
and the lives of hundreds of boys
and girls will not, with consistency
and right, allow a delay in payment.
Since our long article in Tuesday's
issue, advocating such an institution,
we have heard from various sources
that there are such institutions in
some of the northern states, and
that after the first year they were
self-sustaining; and further, the
records of those institutions show
that nine-tenths of the boys and
girls released from them become re-
spected and useful citizens—many
of them actually rising to promi-
nence in some chosen profession.
Are there even ten who, after being
released from our State prisons, ever
became citizens in the degree that
their services, influences and lives
amounted to much force? Let the
matter be agitated, thoroughly and
to a successful issue.
The law that provides for such an
institution will cause no expense to
the State; when the betterment of
this offending class follows, the de-
crease of crime follows, and the sat-
isfaction of having done our duty
pleases us. A value exchange, in
referring to our suggestion, says:
"The boy who errs—whose vice is
called crime—and thrown in the
penitentiary among hardened and
abandoned wretches, has no hope
and no chance to do better. His
daily walk is with the lowest; his
ambitions are crushed; his pride is
drowned—and the dreary days that
he consumes in trading the wine
press are devoted alone to what de-
velopment he will indulge in upon his
release."
In New York City there are 50,
000 negroes. Some of them have
gotten rich, several being worth as
much as \$200,000.
The Standard appreciates no little
the number of enthusiastic endorse-
ments of our article on a "House of
Correction." In fact, the matter
does not seem to be at all debatable;
but the duty that now concerns us
is the working up an enthusiastic
appeal to the Legislature for such a
measure.