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THE STANDARD.

WE DO ALL KINDS OF

JOB WORK

—IN THE—

NEATEST MANNER

—AND AT—

THE LOWEST RATES.

THE STANDARD.

VOL. IV.---NO. 3. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1891. WHOLE NO. 159.

THE STANDARD.

LARGEST PAPER

—PUBLISHED IN CONCORD.—

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

HOW SHE CAUGHT HIM.

I'd hardly given hint of love,
Much less of then proposing,
But while she sat, her hands above
The ivory keys disposing.

Then defily wrought such tones as spring
From the throat of thrush or linet,
I said: "I like your fingering,
There's dainty brilliance in it."

"My finger ring?" she said, as joy
Beamed in her glance so steady:
"You darling, dear audacious boy!
You've ordered it already?"

"How dared you?" Then a blush intense
Lent charm to words so clever.
"Well, since you've gone to that expense
I—I—I'm yours forever."

Hon. VICTOR BARRINGER'S LETTER

To His Sister, Mrs. Margaret Grier--It is Good Reading.

By the kindness of Dr. Grier, the Standard is enabled to publish a part of a letter written to Mrs. Margaret Grier, of Harrisburg, this county, by her brother, Hon. Victor Barringer, who is now in Alexandria, Egypt. Among other things, the letter reads:

* * * There is hardly anything wherein I envy you more than the gift of second sight. Glasses are an annoyance to me. Large and distinct type I can read easily without them. But in this country we have not good writing or good printing. The Arabs at their best write, indeed, almost like the best illuminated manuscripts, but the ordinary style is indistinct. Yet my vision is fairly good; but I begin to nurse it, never reading or writing at night—always only under the best conditions of our superb days.

During our summer vacations we have enjoyed ourselves very much. We left here in July. It has been our fortune or misfortune to revisit many times nearly every country and every capital in Europe. This time we went, as usual, by Venice direct to the highlands of Bavaria. This is a region full of interest, abounding in the grandest snow-covered mountains, the loveliest valleys and a population of simple, honest folks. We wanted to witness especially the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau. This village, situated in the heart of the Bavarian Highlands, is famous for its representation of our Lord's passion—a survival or a revival of "the mysteries" of the Middle Ages—out of which has risen our modern drama. These sacred mystery plays, taken chiefly from the Bible, were very common in Europe during the Dark Ages, and you can find survivals of them even at this day in several villages in Austria and Germany, but always enacted in a debased form. They were not uncommon in England and France three centuries ago, and everywhere they did good. These plays were written by the monks, who had the key of knowledge, as at once combining instruction and amusement to the neighborhood. For nearly a thousand years these representations, more or less bad and good, were the sole teachers of the people. And in all these mystery plays, chiefly that of Oberammergau, almost the literal text of Scripture is strictly maintained. What a well-spring of life must this have been to the populations that had no other fountain from which to draw spiritual drink. Hence it was that behind Popes, cardinals, princedoms and powers there was a mighty reserve of Biblical knowledge to rise up and hail the reformers of the sixteenth century, when in due order they appeared. Luther was an avowed advocate for all passion plays.

But to come back to Oberammergau. It is a village of about 1,500 inhabitants—very simple, honest, virtuous. Nothing can exceed the general good order and behavior of all classes, or rather the one class, of which the population consists. They are all, or nearly all, carvers in wood—figures of our Saviour and the saints, Josef Mayer, who has represented Christ since '70 in the Passion Play, is himself a wood carver. He earns much more by his trade than by his role of Christ, to which he devotes six months every ten years, and for which he gets about $250. I was at his house. His family is interesting. He has so long carved images of our Saviour, and read the Gospels so much, that his face has come to be almost the exact likeness of that of our Lord, as given in the best pictures of the Son of Man. His acting is full of dignity—no ranting, no stilting, no stalking, as on the ordinary stage. This is equally true of all the actors, and the marvel is how mere pageantry can present so grand a tragedy as that of the Gospels with so much naturalness. It far surpasses any picture, any sculpture, any descriptive sermon I ever saw or heard of these awful events.

We arrived in Oberammergau the 19th of July. The next day we witnessed the play. It began at 8 a. m. At 12 m. there was an interval for a slight repast of one hour. We returned to see the second part till 6 p. m. During this prolonged sitting there were at least 5,000 listeners. Not a whisper was heard, hardly a motion. Tears on every side, rapt attention, unbroken solemnity. I have never seen anything like it.

The representation consists of two parts: The first is that of "tableaux vivants"—mere silent figures, in the best taste, taken from the Old Testament from Adam down to Malachi. Of these, that which impressed me the most was the fall of manna in the wilderness. On the stage were 600 persons, from the age of one hundred years to infants at the breast. There was not a word; there was not a motion. They stood in the midst of a desert, whose features are so familiar to me, the grand forms of Moses and Aaron upright among the congregation, while something like fine snow was falling gently on the sand. Never was a pencil sketch like that.

Of the second part, which is the real, active passion of our Lord, full of dialogue and incident taken from the Gospels, that which interested me most was the denial of Peter. I have no time to go into this scene, the sketch of which in the Gospels is life-like, and the presentation of which in the Passion Play is beyond conception touching.

I send you by this mail a pamphlet written by one of our countrymen. This will give you much information respecting this renowned play if you care to look into it.

After Oberammergau we went as usual to Hamburg, France, England and Italy.

In returning along the shore of the Mediterranean (our second visit on this coast), we stopped for three days (the first one being Sunday), at Monaco, where we had never been before. Monaco, as you may know, is the gambling hell of Europe. It is at once the beauty spot and the plague spot of the world. It is the joy of the whole world for situation, even beyond Jerusalem. But the gaming tables are open there night and day and all the year round. Maria and I went in for half an hour one day, for everybody has the right of entry, and there is no one urging you to play. The crowd was crushing, but when we got in we found more than half the tables without an occupant the season not being at high tide. But such worn, anxious faces as we saw around the tables, as the game went on, we never saw elsewhere or ever wish to see again. The players sat almost like dead images, hard and stiff. Even when one lost or gained much there was no emotion, not even a visible flush. This was the more remarkable as at least half of the players were women, chiefly French and English.

Monaco is a sort of independent principality. It has the best roads, the most beautiful tropical gardens and plantations perhaps in the world. Its small population is debased, but utterly free from taxation of any kind, and plenty of work, which they don't like to do. The gaming tables, owned by a company, pays the prince, makes the roads, ornaments the grounds, in brief does everything, and pockets millions besides for itself. States, as well as individuals, have many ways of getting on, but for all these things God will surely call them into judgment.

My dear sister, I must close. I hope to see you again, but it is not strange that this hope should be put farther and farther away, as my ties to my native land are more and more weakened. Most affectionately,

VICTOR.

BY ACCLAMATION.

Josephus Daniels, Editor of the Chronicle, Re-elected State Printer.

The editor of the Chronicle has no words with which to thank the Democratic members of the General Assembly for the great honor they did him last night when he was re-elected State Printer by acclamation.

The position of State Printer was sought by Mr. Josephus Daniels, editor of this paper, not alone because of the pay attached; though our friends know that this consideration is of peculiar value to the enlarged usefulness of the Daily State Chronicle. In North Carolina the public printing has been awarded to the Democratic paper that was most useful to the party, and the paper whose editor was State Printer has always been regarded as having the imprimaqur of the Democratic party and begins its chosen medium of expression. This endorsement—the highest that a paper can receive—this paper received last night, and it is our earnest hope that the future course of the State Chronicle will be such as to advance the interests of the Democratic party, and the prosperity of the State.

The election of Mr. Daniels by acclamation shows the estimate that the elected and accredited representatives of the Democracy in every section of the State place upon the State Chronicle; and it shows that a paper that is true to its honest convictions, is clean and hightoned, is appreciated by the people of North Carolina.

Our sincerest thanks go out to every member of the General Assembly for this honor, and, through them, to their patriotic constituencies. We do not believe any paper, considering everything, ever received a more flattering endorsement in the State. Certain it is, that no man could be more profoundly grateful for the honor, or more profoundly sensible for the great responsibility which such an honor carries with it than the editor of the Chronicle.—State Chronicle.

[That's the way the State Chronicle, Mr. Daniel's paper, takes the re-election of Mr. Daniels as State Printer. The Standard congratulates Mr. Daniels both upon his re-election and having Edwards and Broughton to do all the work; but at the same time regretting that the Legislature, of whom the Standard expected better, continues the system that gives $3,000 towards a Democratic organ.]

Capt. Tom Murphy, one of the most popular conductors on the Western North Carolina railroad, is sick at the Swannanoa hotel in Asheville of pneumonia.

WOMEN IN MALE ATTIRE.

Dr. Mary E. Walker Writes to Frank Leslie's Weekly.

THE STANDARD gives space to some extracts from a letter written by Dr. Mary E. Walker (female) to Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. Dr. Mary, having courage and practises wearing a silk hat, Prince Albert coat, vest, pants and neat-fitting patent-leather shoes, is entitled to a faithful and patient hearing on "Why Women Should Wear Male Attire":

As a scientist, I have everywhere maintained my right to clothe my person according to the laws of physical science, without other regard for ignorance than effort to enlighten. I should all of these years been unworthy of the great trust for the benefit of humanity, and especially to woman, had I blown out my lighted taper because those in darkness could not comprehend uses and duties, to say nothing about terrible consequences resulting from neglected needs. Intelligent convictions that are not lived out, argue either cowardice, weakness, or an environment hedge.

And now the question, "How are the trousers to stay on a woman?" It is a well established fact that there are men who have as large busts as women, and they are yet to be heard of as making complaint about suspenders. But if any one wearing trousers needed an extra cross-piece it could be furnished.

There is nothing that is an advantage to man but that may be of still greater use by the co-operation of woman. The laboring man tied his suspenders together below his collar to keep it in place, until woman saw the advantage to be gained by having an extra piece on her own suspenders. No woman is out of her doll-babyhood who is in petticoat trammels instead of trousers. There is no slavery like the petticoat and its belongings, and whatever the slaves may say regarding their ignorance of better attire, or their cowardice in not wearing, or an environment that keeps them in perpetual slavery, their condition is deplorable. Their slavery is established were there nothing more than the ordinary length dress with Lady Ashburton's "divided skirt," which is simply open dark drawers that some American women have claimed the origin of, after some ten or more years of English originality.

Soiling with mud, snow or dirt, or the dragging on stairs or being stepped upon when near another person, thus making the bottom of the clothing a constant care, is mental slavery as well as physical. I have conversed with but few women who have not expressed a wish that they were men, because of this slavery of attire, and nearly all have informed me that they had tried on men's clothes and wished a thousand times that they could dress like men without ridicule or remark.

The anatomy of women is similar to that of men, and skeletons of large women, who have not been deformed by dress, have at first been mistaken for those of men. But few women can be found who have not been deformed in the bone structure by their mode of dress.

The physiology of woman is still more seriously injured by her clothing.

If but one sex were to wear trousers altogether, woman should be the wearer, as she is injured in ways not possible to injure man. The law of strong attraction of gravitation for everything near the ground makes the (so to speak) pulling down of ordinary length a viscera-deranger, as such apparel is much heavier than the scales chronicle.

If trousers will give women better use of themselves, will afford them more comfort, will promote better health and therefore maintain more happiness than the wearing of skirts and petticoats, by all means the women should wear them. The prime object in wearing dress is for the protection of the body and the maintainance of health, and if the custom of wearing petticoats should stand in the way of these things, let that custom be thrown away. Surely woman is not so physically constructed that she cannot dress as healthfully as man and not impair her modesty. The question of woman's wearing trousers is not only an æsthetic but it is a scientific and moral one. Custom, according to æsthetics, is ready to condemn the innovation on the ground that woman would appear uncomely and unattractive. Well, we will have to see the women in trousers, get accustomed to seeing them in trousers before we can decide that they are less attractive than in petticoats. Custom cannot scientifically argue the question, because science does not respect custom. It is every day pulling the veil of falsehood from the face of custom and sentiment and establishing new customs. Science has proven a much better moral guide than custom, therefore the arguments of custom purely should be ruled out of the question.

We all want woman to look as comely and as beautiful as she can, but we assert that it has not been shown that her comliness and beauty are incompatible with her usefulness and health. But as a fact her comliness and beauty, supposed to be promoted by lacing and drapery, has been acquired at the expense of her health and usefulness. The wearing of trousers will lift a burden from woman at least, and a very great burden, if by this attire she can dispense with tight lacing.

Man cannot for a moment tolerate the idea of wearing woman's attire. He would be almost as helpless in petticoats as a woman is. He has studied and formulated his habit for usefulness and health, but woman has been made to promote her helplessness and weakness by her habit. The historical truth of the matter is this: man has been afraid of woman ever since she made apple pie for him way back in Eden.

There are one or two comic arguments against woman's wearing trousers. One is the abandonment of gender in dress which would create innumerable cases of mistaken identity, and another is this: the knee breeches of our forefathers, a custom which a few New York dudes are trying to revive.

Now for your imagination. See all of your female friends attired in trousers, Prince Alberts, high top silk hats, carrying canes, whistling, "That Girl I Left Behind."

But we check the imagination, or we will all be flinching. It is not a question for imagination, but for science and morals to settle. All sensible and intelligent women in the better circles of life are bound to be annoyed at times with their unnatural and cumbersome attire. It has, to a very great extent, absorbed the mind and energies of the average woman, and her excessive trappings are costing the world millions of toil and care that should be devoted to higher endeavors.

THEY ARE PARDONED.

Cross and White are no longer convicts—they are heroes! It appears that thousands signed petitions asking their pardon; among them prominent men of the State. They had a right to do it, and the Governor had a right to heed the prayers of the petioners. Why run them down in Canada? Why bring them back and struggle in a trial or trials to convict them? Why convict them and why sentence them for a term of years when a few months "satisfies justice?" The prayer was not made on account of positive physical injury, liable to follow imprisonment even, but because the "ends of justice had been reached." Parties that squander large sums—more that one-half of it as the final closing up of the National bank shows—satisfy justice in a few months; a poor old cuss steals a mortgaged mule or a sack of sorry flour and he generally pays the penalty with about five years; or even a hungry old negro cabbages some man's barn rooster and the penitentiary holds the negro for about two years!

These things may be right, but the Standard can't see it that way. If we are wrong, we are sorry for it.

If Cross and White have satisfied justice, then they must have worked faithfully night and day, or the judge who sentenced them had a poor judgement as to the character of the case. If the law prescribed the minimum years, then the action of the pardoning power shows the law not right.

Which is worse: Embezzlement or stealing a mule? Is it less harm for a social character to steal than it is for an ignoramus?

At any rate, the Standard does not understand it.

Shearing Sheep by Electricity.

The latest and one of the most humane and labor saving machines is a recent invention for shearing sheep. The animals are driven into the machine by means of a V shaped entrance admitting one at a time through the open end, when it is stripped of its jacket in a twinkling by little fingered clippers on spring arms that fit every part and limb by pressuee, down to the tail, which is also shaven, and the fleece in one solid roll from nose to tail is taken off alike from the largest to the smallest without a scratch of the skin, just as fast as they can be driven through—five or six a minute. They come through like cobs from a corn sheller and seem perfectly amazed at the operation. One old horny fellow was so completely astonished that he refused to get out of the way but turned and looked at the others coming through—as much as to say "What's that, anyway?" The entire machine is in a case four feet wide, eight feet long by four and a half deep, and is operated by electricity. It can be loaded and unloaded into a wagon like a piano box, set down and go to work anywhere without preliminaries or fixing. The whole plant cost $250.00 and will last almost as long as taken care of. The cost of shearing sheep by this machine is one cent each. By the old hand process it is six cents with the fleece hacked and great pieces of skin flayed from the poor dumb thing that is as truly barbarous, often coming to death.

Four hands can average a thousand sheep a day, do all the herding and keep the wool assorted and piled away. Properly speaking it is a "wool gin" that gins the wool off the sheep as a cotton gin does the lint from the seed without breaking the skin of the seed, and is as valuable on a sheep ranch as the cotton gin to the cotton planter.—O. R. Smith, special correspondence of the Henderson Gold Leaf.

NO DISAPPOINTMENT NOR DISCOURAGEMENT.

The editor of the Concord Standard applied for a renewal of his pass on the Richmond & Danville road for 1891, and in a column and a quarter item he tells that he didn't get it. He should not be discouraged, for these little disappointments come every once in a while in to an editor's life. The trouble between the Standard and the Richmond & Danville Railroad Company seems to have been a series of very sharp strictures on the company by the Standard, and the company has withdrawn alike its advertising and its passes from the Standard.—Charlotte News.

No pass was applied for; we are not discouraged; we consider the matter no disappointment. The railroad company can do what it pleases with the passes—it has that right! But the Standard will never, so long as the present management survives, allow its mouth closed, for about $40 per year, in regard to matters that effect the town, the convenience of the people and grind the masses with cruel and unjust charges. A half of a column could have been bought for $40, but such as that will never dictate the paper's policy and throttle its speech. In the meantime, we walk.

At Asheville, Saturday, a syndicate of Massachusetts men completed the purchase of 57,000 acres of timber land in Madison county, 40,000 acres in fee simple and 17,000 acres in mineral rights.

WOMAN AS A WITNESS.

The Dear Creature is Exasperating, But She Can't Help It.

I know a lawyer with an office on Broadway and a big reputation. "Do you know," said he, "I honestly believe that it is the most difficult thing in the world for the average woman to tell the plain, unvarnished truth." As this particular man of the law is both married and happy, I was somewhat startled, and asked him what he meant. "I mean what I say, and if you were a lawyer you would agree with me. Now, when a woman goes to law she is bound to make a mess of it, and to make life a burden to her lawyer. Here is a case in point. Three months ago a society woman sat where you are sitting now and told me as straight a story as ever kindled the enthusiasm of an ambitious attorney. She had had some trouble—but that's another story—and when she had given me all the details and a fat retainer, I was satisfied that the verdict was a foregone conclusion. That was three months ago. Last week the case was tried, and what do you think my pretty client did as a witness? She told a story that sounded strange, even to my ears, and caused some of the jurors to indulge in smiles of incredulity. It was no more like her original story than the verse of Shelley is like Mr McKinley's views on the tariff. A severe cross-examination failed to phase her, but the testimony offered by my opponent came pretty close to convicting her of unveracity. Of course I lost the case. A dozen lawyers couldn't have saved it. Now comes the odd part of it. My client is a church member, and her reputation is of the very best. She was sincere, but most exasperating. After it was all over, she asked me if she had not made a good witness, and if I didn't think it a burning shame that the witnesses should have told so many lies and that the jury should have believed them. Now, as a matter of fact, the other side had told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and my client had given the court and jury one of the most improbable yarns I had ever heard. This is only one case, but I could cite you many. Few women can resist the temptation of embellishing the naked fact by the coloring of romance, and in most cases no cross-examination—no matter how severe—can break down the evidence of a woman. She sticks to her first story through thick and thin. Such women are not to blame; they were born so."—New York Star.

A Ghost's Photograph.

Society circles in Los Angeles have been excited over the strange case of spirit photography that occurred a short time ago in a leading gallery. The lady who was the chief actor, says the New York Sunday Journal, will not consent to the use of her name, but there is no question of the reality of the event, and it is made all the stronger by the fact that both she and the photographer are skeptics of spiritualism.

She took her position in the gallery and the photographer threw his cloth over his head to arrange the focus when, with an exclamation of fright, his head bobbed suddenly out from behind its covering, and he stared at the lady.

"Did any one pass behind you just then?"

"Why, certainly not," she answered.

He then took the picture and went into the dark room with it. He came bounding out in a few minutes, and with a white face and strange manner said she must sit again. She complied, and again when he proceeded to adjust the lenses he could not restrain his terror.

His face became beaded with a cold perspiration, his hands trembled so that he could hardly proceed with the work. Five times did he take the lady's picture, refusing to give her any explanation of his strange behavior.

At last he told her she would have to go to some other place—he could not take her picture satisfactoryily. Then she insisted on an explanation. He refused for a long time, but at last he brought her five plates from the dark room. In each of them by her side, dressed in grave clothes, with outstretched arm and beckoning finger, stood the figure of a person who had been very dear to her but who had recently died.

The lady nearly fainted, and denounced the thing as a trick, but was soon convinced that if there was fraud the photographer did not know it. The photographer developed the plates, and the partraits of the living and the dead are exact and startling. The lady is not superstitious, but the inexplicable affair wore on her nerves so as to render her seriously ill.

THAT CONTRACT.

The Legislature, it appears, has continued the squandering printing contract. Why should $3,000 be expended out of the State treasury in recognition of campaign services? The Standard is a Democratic organ; but not that kind of a Democrat, if you please. There is no logic, nor code of moral or political laws that can justify the expenditure of $3,000 per year from the tax payers of the State, when it is positively and absolutely a waste of money, pure and simple. Something will drap yet!

The Farmers' Alliance Manufacturing Company, of Durham has been sending out first-class plug tobacco. Some of their bands have become great favorites. The capital stock has been increased to $10,000.

LITTLE DROPS OF

Tar, Pitch, Turpentine and Other Tar Heel Products.

They like the tower lights in Asheville.

Snow in Alleghaney nearly two feet deep.

Raleigh cotton exchange crowded with wagons.

Wilmington has the Gamewell fire alarm system.

The Governor pardons S. L. Wilson, of Iredell.

Goldsboro streets are blocked with cotton this week.

A large Danville tobacconist will remove to Oxford.

Fifteen timber rafts arrived at Wilmington in one day.

Hog cholera in Tyro and Boon townships, Davidson county.

Many clearances from Wilmington for foreign ports these days.

The main building of the Oxford Orphan Asylum is much in need of repairs.

There are two hundred and sixteen children at the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

The Department of Engineering at the University makes a good beginning.

Oscar W. Hicks, of Oxford, was seriously hurt in a Georgia Railroad smash up.

New Berne is agitating issuance of city and county bonds for public improvements.

Mississippi immigration agents failed to get away with Granville negroes this year.

A general movement among the merchants of the State for repeal of the purchase tax.

Raleigh is mass-meeting on a Southern exposition and Southern immigration bureau.

The tobacco out-look is reported brighter and encouraging in all North Carolina markets.

Frank R. Brown, of Mocksville, has been appointed a cadet to the West Point Military Academy.

The Wilson Lumber Company has begun on the upper end of its pole road from Lenoir to Mulberry.

Dr. R. W. King, of Wilson, an ex-State Senator and long a prominent man of his section, is dead.

South Greensboro will come into the corporation, and the city limits may be extended a half mile each way.

Mr. Ackerman, a large New York poulterer, has located near New Berne to establish a large poultry farm.

Hon. J. M. L. Curry says the Piedmont country of North Carolina has the finest climate in the United States.

Petition introduced in the Legislature for location of a colored agricultural and mechanical college at Durham.

The Atlantic Railroad pays Kleber Denmark, of Goldsboro, $2,000 compromise, and all costs, for loss of leg ten years ago.

Reidsville Cotton Mills has increased its capital stock. The capacity will be increased and additional machinery added.

Captain Wilkinson, of Wilmington, undertook to eat six crackers in five minutes without water, and failed on the third one.

In some counties of Eastern Carolina not half the cotton crop has been marketed. Farmers are able to hold for higher prices.

Rev. Dr. Miller, of Charlotte, has a letter from Jerusalem, stating that 80,000 Russian Jews had reached the Holy Land since December.

Ben Terrell, the Alliance orator of Texas, will address the people of Eastern Carolina at various points during the month of February.

The Governor transmits a letter to the Legislature, from the Census office, that our population by counties is not yet tabulated and ascertained.

Tilla Grady and daughter-in-law, who were arrested and lodged in Wake jail on suspicion of poisoning Tilla Grady's wife, were released by Judge Clark on $100 bonds.

Col. Charles Bradshaw and Frank Snider, of Charlotte, and Mr. Scott of Durham, are the only survivors of twenty passengers on a North Carolina railroad train that took five days to reach Raleigh from Charlotte in the great snow of 1857.

The Pimion detective agency of Asheville, has received a rendition warrant, signed by Governor McKinney, of Virginia, authorizing the arrest of James M. King. King is charged with the larceny of $170 from J. R. Garres. Both live in Buncombe.

There was a meeting of the members of the Educational Committees of both Houses, addressed by Maj. S. M. Finger, Prof. E. A. Alderman and Chas. D. McIver and Dr. J. L. M. Curry, in advocacy of a Normal and Industrial Training School for white girls in North Carolina.

The property bought in Madison by the Massachusetts syndicate is thought to be one of the best timber tracts in the State, and is known to contain vast deposit of magnetic iron ore. The purchasers contemplate the rapid development of their large possessions.

All persons in Greensboro are prohibited from going into the reception rooms of the Richmond and Danville and of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Companies except for the purpose of waiting for the arrival or departure of some train on which either they expect to depart, or expect some friend.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

It has been a fortnight of surprise to me and I hardly expect the public to believe what I am about to relate.

The other morning, as we were seated at breakfast, Mr. Bowser suddenly observed:

'You don't look exactly well, Mrs. Bowser, and it has worried me for the last three or four days. Are you ailing?'

'It's that—that same tooth, you know,' I replied. 'I think the filling will have to come out and the work done over again.'

'Too bad! If there's anything on earth to make one miserable it's the toothache. I'll go down with you this afternoon if you wish.'

I looked up at him in the greatest amazement. Mr. Bowser is not a cold-hearted husband, but, like so many others, he is prone to keep much of his tenderness and most of his praise for himself. Ninety nine times out of a hundred his reply would have been:

"Tooth aching again, eh? Well, if you don't know any better than to get your feet wet or to sit in a draft, you must take the consequences. I've got sixteen hollow teeth, and yet none of them ever ache."

Mr. Bowser's kindness and solicitude surprised me and touched my heart, but there was more to come. When he was ready to go down town he asked:

'Anything I can send up from the drug store? No? Well, better make up your mind to go down to the dentist's this afternoon. My! but how that boy of ours does grow! And, say, I have been watching him for the past few days, and I must praise you for the tidy manner in which you dress him and for his respectful and genteel manners. So long, little one—home by 12."

Well, I stood and looked after him, and then I sat down and stared at the wall, and then I tumbled on the lounge and began to boo-hoo like a girl who had lost her first beau. The cook came in and caught me at it, and raising her hands to heaven she exclaimed:

'Pigs and pipers! but he's been walking all over you again! If I had such a husband I'd put rats in his bed!'

It was no use to tell her that I was crying because Mr. Bowser had not walked all over me, and she withdrew declaring that she almost felt it her duty to mix rough on rats with his pudding.

In a day or two there was another surprise. At noon Mr. Bowser observed:

'You haven't been out of the house an evening for two weeks. Suppose we go to the theatre tonight?'

I looked at him in wonder.

'It's a play I know we shall both enjoy, and we'll take Harry along. He's old enough to realize something about it, and he won't be the least bother.'

'Do you mean that we shall all go—go—go——"

'Go to the theatre, Mrs. Bowser. Just make your arrangements accordingly.'

When he had gone I stood up and shed tears. Then I sat down and cried. Then I fell over on the lounge and indulged in some more boo-hoo, and I hadn't got through when the lady next door ran in of an errand and caught me, and exclaimed:

'Mrs. Bowser, I wouldn't stand it another day! I'd get up and assert my independence even if I had to go out and do washing at fifty cents a day! The idea of that man sitting down on you the way he does is something shameful!'

We went to the theatre, and Mr. Bowser praised the play, the actors, the house and everything else. He even permitted five different men, who had forgotten to bring their beer in bottles, to get up and crowd past us three different times to go out and guzzle. On the way home seventy-nine of us were packed into one street car, because the company had no oil to grease the wheels of any more. I expected that Mr. Bowser would exclaim, explode and inveigh, and end by calling upon everybody who preferred death to tyranny to leave the car, but he didn't. On the contrary, he seemed to enjoy the crush. They trod on his toes, rubbed the hind buttons off his coat, jammed his hat over his eyes, and elbowed his ribs, and yet Mr. Bowser smiled and remarked:

'Rather tight quarters, but if we all preserve our good nature we shall pull through all right.'

I lay awake more than two hours that night, puzzled and mystified, and wondering if Mr. Bowser contemplated suicide or was going crazy. I finally decided that he was all right. All husbands run in streaks, like pork, and this happened to be the beginning of a new one. I didn't know whether the end was reached or not, and was, therefore, somewhat anxious next morning. Imagine my surprise, after breakfast, when Mr. Bowser said:

'You were speaking about a new carpet for the front chamber. Better run down this morning and pick out something.'

'But you—you——'

'Oh, I'll trust it all to you. There isn't a woman in this town with a better eye for colors and harmony. Just get something to please yourself and you will please me.'

I looked after him with open mouth as he went away, and I stood staring so long that Harry came and pulled at me and called:

'Ma! Ma! Do you think papa is going crazy?'

Well, I had to sit down and cry, and just as I had reached the boo-hoo part of the performance in came the cook to know whether she should stew or bake the chicken. She caught me fairly, and, standing before me with arms akimbo, she exclaimed:

'And he's been walking all over you again! Mrs. Bowser, why don't you appeal to the police? If you say so I'll go right out now and call the patrol wagon!'

That evening, after supper, Mr. Bowser laid down his paper and said:

"Come, let's have a game of euchre.'

'But you—you——'

'Oh, I'm not much of a player, but I'll do the best I can.'

I was in dread of an explosion when I won the first game, and I noticed that cook had posted herself in the back hall, to be on hand in case foul play was attempted, but Mr. Bowser indulged in a hearty laugh and said:

'You were too many for me that time, old girl.'

To my surprise, as we played on, he did not contend that the queen of hearts was higher than the ace of spades as an 'off' card, or that the jack of hearts could take the jack of diamonds when clubs were trumps. He even let me take his right bower with the joker without calling me a fraud, and when I had won five straight games he pushed back with a laugh and said:

'First time we have an hour to spare I'll have you learn me how to play euchre. Better arrange to have a little card party some night this week. They are very pleasant affairs, and I'll do all I can to make things go pleasantly.'

That was three days ago, and Mr. Bowser hasn't 'backslid' yet. On the contrary, he is growing better and better every day. The cook came up stairs this morning to say to me:

'I'll tell you just what it is, ma'am. The whole caboodle of 'em goes by fits and starts. One day they walk on you, and the next day you can pull their noses. He's just got one of his good fits on, but you look out. I expect nothing less than to hear him breaking up the furniture the first thing in the morning.'

An Old Letter.

The letter below was furnished us by Mr. D. F. Cannon, he having found it among a collection of old papers and letters of some deceased relative. The letter was addressed to Mr. David Long, the grandfather of the Cannons, and this gentleman lived near the Vic Caldwell place, and the plantation is now owned by Mr. J. P. Allison. From reading the letter one can but be impressed with the great confidence between man and man in those days. The letter encloses itself, as no envelope is used or needed. It is addressed: Left hand top corner, "Leesburg, T. Jan. 24, 1825. Right corner, "Free, M. Stephenson, P. M.

"*Mr. David Long,*
"Near Concord,
"Cabarrus County,
"North Carolina.

LEESBURG, WASHINGTON CO., TENN., January 24th, 1825.

DEAR SIR:

On the Friday evening after I left your house I arrived safe at home and in good health. I had the pleasure of finding my family and friends enjoying a good state of health with which they had been blessed during the whole of my absence from them, which was very refreshing and gratifying to me, and surely demands the most cordial gratitude to Him who is the giver of every blessing. I found the distance from your house to this place something near 200 miles. John Carroll has not yet got home with my waggon, but we expect him the last of this week. We heard of him a few days ago; he was then near the Deep Gap, and had, as I expected, progressed slowly, say at the rate of 13 miles a day, which I think was poor business, considering the fineness of the weather and the roads. I intend to send to meet him tomorrow.

We have scarce any news here. The people calculate almost to a certainty that Gen. Jackson will be President.

You will please to write to me and inform me how my Bacon is likely to do and whether the prospect of a market for that article is getting any more flattering. I still wish you to do with it as you would with your own, and will not pretend to give you any instructions, as you on the spot will be more competent to judge than I probably can be at so great a distance. You will therefore sell it at home or send it off to market as you may judge best.

Present my salutation to Mrs. Long, &c., and accept the same for yourself.

I remain yours respectfully,
MATTHEW STEPHENSON.

On the 24th the letter is just 66 years old.

EDITOR BLOUNT

Can be Seen Puckering His Mouth as he Writes About "That Kiss."

There is scarcely a life, however forlorn, that has not at sometime felt the deep heart sanctifying and inspiring power of some special kiss—either the gentle impress of mother love, the fervent seal of cherished friendship or the impassioned pledge of deathless devotion. It touched a thrilling chord within the heart which must ever vibrate at the recollection, and open a fresh well of emotion into which no drop from the Lethean fountain can ever find its way. Its record is inscribed within the life volume as with a diamond pen; and even in our dreams we feel its faint touch upon lip and brow as if fanned by the wings of angelic visitants.—Wilson Mirror.

How Sitting Bull Got His Name.

Sitting Bull's name in his own language—that of Uncapapas—is given as "Tatanka-e-o-Tocha," which means literally "The Bull Sitting down." It has been the general impression that he received this name at his birth, but such appears not to have been the case. It is said that in early life, while but a lad in years in fact, he killed a half-grown buffalo. He dragged the carcass many weary miles, to within a short distance of his father's tepee, when he sank to his knees exhausted, the head and forelegs of his prey dangling over his shoulders. Hence the name Sitting Bull, given, as all Indian names are on the spur of the moment and with some noteworthy occurrence as a basis. The determination which actuated him in this instance has characterized him all through life.—Columbus Press.

A GOOD PAPER.

The Concord Standard, which is also a hummer, has entered upon its fourth volume. It is a good paper, and we wish for it the measure of success it has gained during the years of its existence just passed.—Lexington Dispatch.

The Reidsville Times appears again; this time in behalf of the Prohibition movement.