

UNATTAINABLE.

The sails we see on the ocean,
Are as white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

THE SHOWMAN

That gave up here in 1827.—His
Tombstone.—The Account of His
Last Days.—His Memory
Honored.

On the 7th of November, 1827,
George Yeaman, the showman, gave
up his life here in Concord. He
fell the victim of death, the in-
vading and stern power that takes,
sooner or later, every one, whether
willing and ready or not.

George Yeaman was a Scotchman;
he was a young man; he chose the
life of a showman; in the duties of

SOME THOUGHTS.

From a Practical Teacher, on the
Blueback Speller.

Editor Standard:
The effort to belittle the Blue-
back and banish it from the school
room is a senseless undertaking, and
the educators engaged in it ought to
be ashamed of themselves. If they
have found a better way of begin-
ning the teaching of "the hill of knowl-
edge," why do they not content
themselves with showing the merits
and advantages of that way, instead
of using their time and talent to
depreciate the tried and beaten
way? By raising a hue and cry
against the use of the Blueback
they are not only not convincing
the friends of this speller that it is
worthless and should be discarded
in the work of the school room,
Teachers of thought and action
competent to refer to themselves
on hearing what can be said in favor
of the "word method," but they
will be slow to adopt it if the chief
argument for its adoption is success
in the hands of progressive and wide
ranging educators. It is a success
fully employed in laying a solid edu-
cational foundation. How senseless
then to condemn it as having lost its
value and potency as a factor in the
early training of the pupil! Every
sensible person must admit that by
its proper and faithful use the same
progress may be made now that has
been made in years gone by.

The portion of the Blueback most
criticized is that found at the
beginning. It is said that in this
part of the speller there are combi-
nations of letters that spell nothing
and mean nothing. I admit that
there are some combinations of this
sort, but when we are told that
fifteen or twenty pages are thus
filled, we must ask permission to
say in our most affable manner,
"Excuse me, but I do not see the
exaggeration. The truth is there are
not more than two or three pages
that contain the combinations so
often mentioned. The combinations
with very few exceptions are found
as syllables in reputable words, or
play a prominent part in the for-
mation of such syllables.

Mr. Window has been interested
in some railway schemes, and is
believed to have died a wealthy man.
His administration of the treasury
was infinitely creditable and most
useful to the country, and our funds
were safe in his hands.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

We are indebted to Treasurer Bain
for a copy of his bi-annual report,
from which we gather that if there
be no increased appropriations there
need be no increased taxation.
Whether there are to be increased
appropriations is then a matter of
policy. His estimates are for the
penitentiary, \$250,000; Insane Asy-
lums, \$172,500; Deaf and Dumb
and Blind Institute, \$50,000; in-
terest on the 4 per cent bonds,
\$123,000; for pensions, \$20,000;
public printing, \$20,000; for other
things, \$252,000; making a total of
\$660,400, not including the interest
on 6 per cent bonds, which will be
met by railroad dividends.

THE REVENUE MEN COME DOWN ON A
DISTILLER.

We take the following from the
Salsbury Herald:
On Tuesday Mr. J. B. Lanier is-
sued a circular letter to his custom-
ers announcing the fact that owing
to "circumstances beyond his control"
his distilleries would be closed.
The "circumstances" alluded to,
while not stated in the circular, are
that Mr. Lanier is being singled out
by the revenue department as a spe-
cial pet upon whom to bestow all the
favors possible in the way of im-
posing unreasonable and unjust re-
strictions. A short while since Mr.
Lanier was notified that in future
his largest distillery would be as-
sessed 34 gallons of spirits to each
bushel of corn, and more recently
he was notified that his other distil-
lery would be assessed 31 gallons per
bushel. Here-fore the assess-ment
upon these distilleries has been 24
gallons per bushel, and as no other
distiller in the district was placed
under such restrictions as Mr. Lanier,
the injustice and malevolence
of the action was shown at once.
Some of the revenue spies, and
by the revenue department, and
Mr. Lanier was selected, being the
largest and most prominent dis-
tiller in the district. But for once
the revenue folks got more than they
bargained for. Mr. Lanier deter-
mined that he would not submit to
such treatment, being singled out
from all the distillers in the district
for oppression, and accordingly when
the officers called upon him and no-
tified him of the fact that they had
come to assess the capacity of his
latter distillery he very promptly
told them that he would work no
longer. Both distilleries will close
after this week, and a big slice of
money will be lost to the department.
We glory in the spirit of Mr. Lanier.
An attempt was made to impose un-
usual restrictions upon him, and he
very properly resented it. Whether
or not the distilleries will resume
work depends upon the action of the
department.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ALOWS
\$150,000 ADDITIONAL FOR BALTIMORE
HARBOR IMPROVEMENT.

The House committee allows
\$150,000 additional for Baltimore
harbor improvement.

WILLIAM WINDOW.

William Window, late Secretary
of the Treasury, was born in Bel-
mont county, Ohio, on May 10th,
1827, of Quaker parents. When he
had completed his education he
studied law and was admitted to the
bar at Mount Vernon in 1853. Two
years later he emigrated to Wisconsin,
Minnesota, where he practiced law
until 1859, when he was elected to
Congress, being re-elected for four
successive terms. In 1871 he was
elected to the United States Senate,
and re-elected in 1877. He left this



body to enter President Garfield's
administration as secretary of the
Treasury, but resigned after Gen.
Arthur's accession. He made an ex-
cellent secretary, showing both wis-
dom and courage in his successful
efforts to refund the high interest
bearing bonds at a much lower rate.
He was conspicuous by the reliable
conservatism, which is the soundest
policy in the world for a financial
head of any government.

In the memorable year 1883, Mr.
Window was again a candidate for
the Senate, and was apparently the
choice of the Republicans of the
State, but he was bitterly opposed
by M. H. Dunne, member of Con-
gress from the First Minnesota dis-
trict. In caucus Mr. Window re-
ceived eighty-three votes out of
eighty-four necessary to a choice.
Dunne fought him openly and se-
cretly, and the deadlock continued
for some time. Finally a break was
made and Dwight M. Sabine was
elected. After his defeat in the
Senate Mr. Window spent most of
his time in New York with his fam-
ily, but always put in an appearance
in Minnesota before each general
election.

THE STANDARD GETS MAD.

At the way some kickers make
remarks about things that do not
concern them.

To see fashions change before
the garment is worn out.

To see a man let a golden oppor-
tunity pass by; and he same fellow
have occasion to criticize some one
else for doing the same thing.

To hear the "industrious Alexan-
der" positively assert that he could
have told you so before. It is pro-
ductive of a weary feeling to hear a
man say "I told you so." But the
words are full of such cattle these
days.

To step into a dry looking place
on the pavement, and then mire
down over the shoe.

To find no one else about Mount
Pleasant to catch on our subscrip-
tion net; the trap has caught nearly
every man in that neighborhood.
But then, when they get a railroad
down there, it is probable that some
immigrants will go in—they will be
"yanked in," too.

To see some would-be Christian
men—of things that call themselves
men—sneaking and step on a fellow
mortal and roll him in the mud
when he is already downed, possibly
forever.

To see a man try to be cheerful
and happy when he has the tooth-
ache right bad.

When a lazy, poky son of Adam
remarks about the lack of enter-
prise in a town that he can't keep
up with.

To hear men regret an awful oc-
currence before there is any sign of
it except the ground-hog theory.

Because the stores don't close ear-
lier and allow the clerks time to read
newspapers, good books and study
their Sunday-school lessons.

And it makes the Standard mad
because it has nothing else to get
mad about.

AMERICAN COTTONS IS STILL AHEAD.

Since Southern mills have begun
making a good quality of the coarse
grades of cotton fabric and the pro-
duction has shown a steady increase,
New England manufacturers have
turned their attention to making the
fine goods. For that purpose they
have undertaken to build a new
mill in some remote spot in the
State, and it looks as if an impor-
tant branch of the cotton industry
is to be revived. The new mill is
located in a beautiful spot, and
will be a good deal of cotton.

In Egypt the average crop is about
450,000 bales of about 750 pounds
weight. They do not manufacture
any there. Most of it goes to Eng-
land. In 1885, however, 4,533 bales
were brought to the country; in
1886, 3,815 bales came; in 1887, 7,700
bales; in 1888, 5,792 bales; in 1889 the
number increased to 8,430 bales, and
last year the aggregate was 9,000
bales.

This shows that the imports have
steadily grown from the beginning.
Only a few days ago the largest sin-
gle importation of it ever received
in this country, besides the one
aggregated 2,150 bales, valued at
\$350,000. It was a good grade and
was well handled. But even those
who use it confess that the best of it
is that produced in the East Indian
product.—St.annah News.

UNCONTROLLED TEMPEHS.

Causes Two Maids to Quarrel and Fight
and the Dignity of the Law
Keeps the Benefit.

Since the fall of Adam, way back
in the early history of the garden of
Eden, man has been getting mad
and his fair neighbor, in a dress, in
response to the rulings of an un-
governed inheritance, gets mad, too.
This is an angry world, my friends;
brute and man, alike, in moments of
some grievance, some wrath and
perhaps an imagined wrong, go to-
gether battling—fighting for a cause.
The hickories, the quarrals, the
spites, the scorchings and all fighting
—oh, it is sad to recall. All these
things, in a boasted age—a glorious
time—civilizing civilization—in the
land of the free, the brave and where
right is preached and taught. It is
a made state! A sorrowing picture,
strife, contention, it is!

Two heated tempers—stamped up,
boiling, scorching, burning—im-
agined wrong, they quarrelled, the
young girls did; one gave the lie—
the other struck the blow, with a
soft hand doubled into wrath. Ah,
it is sad—to see the gentle ones
—lose their tempers, forget the pec-
uliar charms and graces that belong
to them, give the lie and strike, like
men do!

The eyes of the law sees—it sees
straight, sometimes—and the young
maids surrender to the law's de-
mands. They are fined; they con-
tribute, each, \$4.35 to the wounded
dignity of the law. That settles it?
No, no. The fine is paid, the young
maids appear in His Honor's office,
the blow and the lie were given—
these are the facts. It is not settled!
If the scar was not there; if the
\$4.35 removed the scar; if the
"making of friends" followed—all
would not yet be right. It is the
sorrow for the wrong, the resolve to
control the temper and the execu-
tion of the resolution—these consti-
tute the healing, the betterment, the
good.

But such is life! It is a man,
mad, fighting with, this is.

LITTLE DROPS OF

Tar, Pitch, Turpentine and Other Tar
Tree Products.

Inspector-General Cameron re-
signs.
Mecklenburg farmers cancelling
mortgages.
Raleigh electric street cars arrived
Wednesday.
Episcopal convocation at Fayette-
ville this week.
Charlotte May Festival promises
brilliant success.
Lowest temperature in Wilming-
ton during January 29.53.

New and extensive cottage im-
provements at Wrightsville.
Crown cotton mills run day and
night, and behind on orders.
New Hanover people want imposi-
tion of \$500 liquor license.
Raleigh colored people raised \$300
more for the State Exposition.
Confederate pensioners propose a
summer reunion near Asheville.
Greensboro is negotiating for the
Hammond Manufacturing plant.
Droves of mules are prohibited in
the streets by Charlotte ordinance.
Pine planting in full blast through-
out the tracking regions of the State.
Wilmington had 13 cloudless days
in January; highest temperature 75.
Wilmington January cotton re-
ceipts, 18,594; 11,223 same time last
year.

North Carolina railroad directors
declare 3 per cent. semi-annual di-
vidend.
Wilkesboro votes the 14th inst.
on issuing \$5,000 bonds for improve-
ments.
Capt. Platt D. Cowan has charge
of the uptown railroad ticket office,
Asheville.
J. W. Rutledge, of Stokes has lo-
cated in Greensboro in the tobacco
business.
Heard of \$200 out for Charles
Williamson, of Cleveland for killing
his brother.
Durham Globe: It is stated that
a company will be formed in Dur-
ham to bore for petroleum.

The Commonwealth Cotton Manu-
facturing Company, of Durham,
begins business at an early day.
Miss Dora Hill, of Laurinburg, a
beautiful girl of 17, has gone blind
from the effects of the la grippe.

Hereafter the partridge shooting
season will begin November 1st, and
end March 1st, in North Carolina.
North Carolina's increased tobacco
production and improvement in
quality is most marked this season.
Governor Fowle has conditioned
Sidney Smith in Columbia jail on
requisition of Governor Tillman, of
South Carolina.
Charlotte Aldermen vote 6 to 2 to
submit a proposition to the city
voters for issuing \$300,000 local im-
provement bonds.
Kinston's new knitting mill em-
ploying seventy operatives, adds one-
third more machinery, and has or-
ders three months ahead.

The Chronicle objects to the name
New Wilkesboro, for the twin town
on the North side of the Yadkin.
It insists upon the name of Gordon,
or North Wilkesboro.

Carpenters and painters on the
government building at Charlotte
struck, because the Superintendent
paid a negro mechanic, which the
laws of their union forbid.
Stockholders, all practical work-
ingmen, have organized a cash, door
and blind manufacturing company
with \$25,000 capital at Charlotte,
\$13,000 already subscribed.

The New Berne Journal says the
Beaufort Canning Company is using
bushels of oysters per day. This is
the only packing house in the State
owned by North Carolinians.

The Progressive Farmer is in fa-
vor of working the roads in North
Carolina by taxation, and we hope
the present Legislature may take
some action in that direction.

The New Berne Journal says:
Yesterday the steamer George H.
Stout, of the Clyde line, took out a
part of her cargo 8,755 cases con-
taining 210,120 cans of oysters, the
total weight of which was 150 tons.
Mr. E. K. P. Osborne, who lately
failed in Charlotte, has just recov-
ered from a severe illness, and now
gives a most encouraging report of
his situation, and says notwithstanding
the reports about him, not a sin-
gle person will lose a dollar by him.

Some Facts About Wannamaker's Store
More than 141 acres of floor space.
Thirty-five hundred to five thous-
and employees, according to the sea-
son.
Eleven boilers, aggregating 900
horse power.
Seven steam engines, with a com-
bined power of 625 horses.
Four hundred and seventy-two
are lights and 550 incandescent
lights—the largest private electric
light plant in this country, besides
these there are 4,550 gas jets.

Sixty delivery wagons and 120
horses, delivering at times as many
as 20,000 packages in a day.
Fifty-three merchandise depart-
ments, of which dress goods, millin-
ery, furniture, house furnishings,
books and linens are the largest
retail stocks of their kind in the
country, while any of the others will
compare favorably in size and com-
pleteness of assortment with any
retail store devoted exclusively to
the one branch of trade.
The dairy has a seating capacity
of persons served daily is upward of
3,000.

Near Camilla, Ga., there is a justice
of the peace who uses the oath to
witnesses as follows: "The evidence
you shall give in this case shall be
the truth, the whole truth, and pay
all costs, so help you God."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Kicks Worthy of a Kicker.

We extract the following from the
last issue of the Arizona Kicker:
A WISE MAN.—The deadlock in the
Common Council was broken last
night by the absence of Col. Taylor.
The colonel couldn't help being ab-
sent. Some of the boys had him out
in the suburbs, under a tree, with a
rose around his neck. It was either
hang or break the combination, and
the colonel decided to help break it.
We want to say right here and now
that if there is any more fussing
about the dignity of the city, we will
impale the whole gang, and if we
can't get 'em impaled we'll head a
body of outraged citizens and clean
'em out to a man. They were elected
to do public business, and the public
is in no humor to put up with their
personal quarrels. Col. Taylor ex-
hibited wisdom in coming down off
his high horse, and we trust the
lesson he received will not soon be
forgotten.

A WORD TO THE MAYOR.—The mayor
of this town hasn't the decency of a
wolf nor the size of a monkey.
Yeaman, the showman, was buried
in the old cemetery (Presbyterian)
near the Episcopal church.

A Standard man, prompted by curi-
osity and a desire to learn what
could be ascertained, visited the
tomb of Yeaman. It is not magnifi-
cent, neither is it well kept, but it
is a tomb, and the tomb of the old
showman that ever departed his life
in this town. Though dead for 64
years, unknown to us—a stranger in
a strange country—a feeling of
sadness mingles with that of curi-
osity as one looks at the slab that
covers the spot where lies the dust
of Geo. Yeaman's mortal parts.

Geo. Yeaman—Scotland—27 years
old—thousands of miles from native
home—it is this that touches one.
To know his history, to know what
killed him, and the circumstances
attending his death—here is what
causes curiosity.

On the slab, supported by a frail
foundation of crumbling brick, bears
signs of thoughtless and unskilled
sculptors other than the original in-
scription. "In memory of" forms
a semi-circle, and beneath it in a
horizontal line, is "Geo. Yeaman,
Scotland," then follows this:
"Equestrian, born in Edinburgh,
Scotland, Jan. 13, 1801, departed
this life Nov. 7, 1827." Below,
finishing up the original inscription,

"Fare thee well, and sleep forever,
Fare thee well, my husband dear,
May guardian angels ever hover
While on earth I linger here."

Since the slab was placed, other
parties have cut with chisels and
knives their names. It is said that
some of them are those of showmen
that have come here from time to
time with other shows. Some are
not showmen's names, they are other
parties—they ought not to have been
put there, neither the names of
showmen nor those of Cabarrus peo-
ple. But the slab is filled with sig-
natures and initials, executed rudely,
to be sure, in various ways, designs
and in many positions. We give
some below. Who knows that one
of these parties may not yet be alive,
or his son or daughter may be? But
should it be caught up by a special
friend or relative—well, it's all
right any way. Some names found
on it, among many others: "Gill
Robinson, Frank Robinson, Christie
F. Ashton, C. J. Parker, W. T.
Lynch, T. Burn, J. T. Ray, J. D.
Lynch, J. Mills, Ned Howson, C. Val-
land, J. Riley, 1880, jugler (this is
in a square border), Jas. Pay, W.
Yeaman, J. Oliver, G. Holland, W.
Johnson, J. Fox Weaver, C. Morrison,
1857, J. F. Fox, 1880, M. G. Gaston,
J. Holland, C. A. Peterson, J. Sher-
man, F. Rice, S. Neave, J. M. Hutch-
F. F. Holland, E. W. Dawe."

THE CAUSE OF HIS DEATH.
George Yeaman was an equestrian
(the finest ever in this country, as is
claimed by many old men and wo-
men, and the boys assert it, too,
from strong faith and confidence in
the reports handed down) and while
in Salisbury, during the exhibition
of the circus, Yeaman fell from his
horse and received injuries that
proved to be fatal ones. He was
brought to Concord the following
day (which was on Wednesday, as
calculation shows) this being the
next point for exhibition. The only
note taken was what is now known
as the "Ford House," near the
Lutheran church; it was kept by
either a Lilly or a Moss, this being
unimportant exactly. The house being
so much crowded and the noise so
great, Yeaman was quartered, in his
serious condition, in a house dis-
tantly across the street from the ho-
tel. The house is now the property
of Mrs. Hettie Lataker. It was in
this house George Yeaman's life took
flight. The noted equestrian, though
young, lay cold in death. His wife
was with him in these sad moments.
Devotion of associates, watching and
caring of his wife, and the skilled
nursing of physicians, all failed to
successfully battle with the grim
monster, death. He died.

THE SHOW.
The death of an important actor did
not prevent an exhibition. It
opened doors as if nothing had hap-
pened. Mrs. George Yeaman was a
leading figure in the exhibition at
other points. Here, when her time
came, she stepped out. She was at-
tired in mourning habiliments, and
wore the first long black veil ever
seen in this section, made a "nice
and tender" speech to the audience,
and left the canvass, the heroine of
that immense crowd. She went to
the hotel.

THE INTERVAL BEFORE BURIAL.
Before the coffin was made, George
Yeaman's remains lay upon a board
over the still form of the dead hero

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willing and ready or not.

George Yeaman was a Scotchman;
he was a young man; he chose the
life of a showman; in the duties of

his profession he cut short the ties
of his earthly life—he simply died
from the effects of a fall.

All that was mortal of young Geo.
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Yeaman's remains lay upon a board
over the still form of the dead hero

THE SHOWMAN

That gave up here in 1827.—His
Tombstone.—The Account of His
Last Days.—His Memory
Honored.

On the 7th of November, 1827,
George Yeaman, the showman, gave
up his life here in Concord. He
fell the victim of death, the in-
vading and stern power that takes,
sooner or later, every one, whether
willing and ready or not.

George Yeaman was a Scotchman;
he was a young man; he chose the
life of a showman; in the duties of

his profession he cut short the ties
of his earthly life—he simply died
from the effects of a fall.

All that was mortal of young Geo.
Yeaman, the showman, was buried
in the old cemetery (Presbyterian)
near the Episcopal church.

A Standard man, prompted by curi-
osity and a desire to learn what
could be ascertained, visited the
tomb of Yeaman. It is not magnifi-
cent, neither is it well kept, but it
is a tomb, and the tomb of the old
showman that ever departed his life
in this town. Though dead for 64
years, unknown to us—a stranger in
a strange country—a feeling of
sadness mingles with that of curi-
osity as one looks at the slab that
covers the spot where lies the dust
of Geo. Yeaman's mortal parts.

Geo. Yeaman—Scotland—27 years
old—thousands of miles from native
home—it is this that touches one.
To know his history, to know what
killed him, and the circumstances
attending his death—here is what
causes curiosity.

On the slab, supported by a frail
foundation of crumbling brick, bears
signs of thoughtless and unskilled
sculptors other than the original in-
scription. "In memory of" forms
a semi-circle, and beneath it in a
horizontal line, is "Geo. Yeaman,
Scotland," then follows this:
"Equestrian, born in Edinburgh,
Scotland, Jan. 13, 1801, departed
this life Nov. 7, 1827." Below,
finishing up the original inscription,

"Fare thee well, and sleep forever,
Fare thee well, my husband dear,
May guardian angels ever hover
While on earth I linger here."

Since the slab was placed, other
parties have cut with chisels and
knives their names. It is said that
some of them are those of showmen
that have come here from time to
time with other shows. Some are
not showmen's names, they are other
parties—they ought not to have been
put there, neither the names of
showmen nor those of Cabarrus peo-
ple. But the slab is filled with sig-
natures and initials, executed rudely,
to be sure, in various ways, designs
and in many positions. We give
some below.