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THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.

VOL. IV.---NO. 10. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1891. WHOLE NO. 166.

THE STANDARD.

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

TWO PRAYERS.

A woman knelt in prayer and bowed her head
As to an angel passing by she said:
"Oh, angel! tell me, have the fates above
Decreed that I'll be blessed in my love?
I love so dearly, and I fain would learn
If he I love doth love me in return."
The angel paused as he was passing by,
And in soft, pitying tones he made reply:
"Even as you love your love, so he loves thee,
But fate decrees that you must parted be."
She sighed, then said: "Oh, angel! still I'm blessed,
If he but loves me, I can bear the rest."

Another woman prayed with drooping head:
"Oh, angel! will my love love me?" she said:
The angel's tears fell fast as summer rain,
As soft he answered her: "Thy prayer is vain:
He loves another and can never be
More than a true and earnest friend to thee."
And then she slowly raised her drooping head,
And, smiling through her tears, she softly said:
"He may not love me other than a friend,
But I love him and will unto the end
Of time; aye, and for all eternity;
And that alone is heaven enough for me."

DOCTORS SOMETIMES DIFFER.

The now pending medical commission bill, by which the fellows on the inside expect to make it warm for the fellows on the outside, recalls facts concerning a little merry out in the family of an esteemed para... surgeon, which are about as follows, says Detroit Free Press: It seems that Dr. Pilsbury, of the United States service, was married about three years ago to a lovely Los Angeles lady, but was almost immediately ordered to join the Asiatic squadron, his bride remaining here. From one emergency to another he was kept abroad until a few weeks ago. During his absence his wife prepared a surprise for her husband by studying medicine. Unfortunately, however, she entered a homœopathic college, her husband being of the allopathic persuasion. She had just received a diploma when her husband returned, but they had hardly exchanged affectionate greetings when a messenger came rushing in to say that a man had just fallen out of a three-story window around the block, and for whom a physician was required at once. The husband made haste to obtain his instruments, but when he reached the scene of the accident he was astonished at beholding his wife engaged in feeling the patient's pulse.

"What does this mean?" said the surprised practitioner.

"I forgot to tell you, darling," explained his wife. "You see I am a regularly qualified homœopathic physician."

"Homœopathic?" sneered the husband, getting very red in the face.

"Yes, pet," said the doctress, sweetly. "This dosing people with bucketsful of slop is getting out of date, precious."

"And so you have actually been roped in by that gang of pill-peddling pirates?"

"Don't be rude, my dear," replied the female specialist. "You can't expect to keep up with the march of science in China. Just stand back and let me save the patient."

"Save fiddlesticks!" snapped the allopath; "go home, woman, and cease trifling with the human life, or perhaps you had better scrape lint while I resuscitate the subject."

"Why don't you two quit fighting and go to work," said the victim's wife, who had just concluded she wouldn't look well in black.

"When this female person withdraws," said Dr. P., stiffly, "I shall proceed in the regular way."

"I will not be responsible for the consequences until the old fogy is removed," snapped the wife.

"You're a quack!" roared the male M. D.

"You're a butcher!" screamed the female one. And in this way they went on until somebody announced that the man was dead.

And now the judge says if he refuses their divorce (which he is afraid they will begin practicing on each other, and he thinks there have been enough murders committed recently as it is.

A Just Rebuke.

As an example of indignant righteousness the following is unsurpassed in the English language. The subject thereof, Gen. Charles Lee, subsequent to Gen. Washington's sharp reprimand of his insubordination at the battle of Monmouth and during his suspension from command, resided in Virginia; here he was recognized socially, but personally disliked. Disappointed in ambition and soured in feeling, he lived a recluse, surrounded by his dogs and found solace only in the chase. Wherever he went his dogs followed him, and even at a dinner party were often allowed to rest under the table during the meal. Tradition hands down the story that at dinner he would stick his fork into a fowl and throw it under the table to his dogs, regardless of the annoying consequences that would result from such procedure to his hostess. Upon one occasion, when he was dining at a widow's table in company with a Baptist minister, his conduct and his sneers could no longer be submitted to, and the old preacher rose up in his wrath, and, with his long, bony finger pointed at Lee, hurled into his teeth this invective given below.

I am not aware that it has ever been printed, the story and the lampoon having been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation:

You hate mankind,
How just the ways of Heaven.
Mankind hate you,
So you and they are even.
Hie thee, like Cain,
To the land of Nod;
Despised by man,
And stigmatized by God.
Or, like the cynic
Misanthrope of yore,
Who in his house of tub,
Did rant and rear,
Get thee a kennel,
And a bed of straw,
Reign dog of dogs,
To keep all dogs in awe.
There you may growl and snarl,
But do not bite;
For Monmouth says
A mongrel will not fight.

Goldsboro is to have a cigar manufactory. It is to be opened at once and will be conducted on a large extent, to supply the demands of its patronage may require.

AFTER THE STORM---PALMER.

It is Palmer. The Senator-elect to succeed Senator Farwell, of Illinois, is John M. Palmer.

The contest that brought forth Palmer is history. For nearly two months the Legislature of Illinois has been balloting for a representative in the nation's Senate.

The vote stood, with but little material change, Palmer, 101; Oglesby, 100; Streeter, 3. The "three" were Alliancemen. They finally concluded that their man could not be pulled through; the Republicans made overtures to them, but two of them went to Palmer, the Democrat. This gave him 103, which elected him.

The Democratic and Alliance members manifested a deep trueness in sticking so close to their favorites. The Republicans were not so—anybody except Palmer.

Senator-elect Palmer's address to the Legislature after his election is a peculiar thing, as much so as it is personal. It is:

"Gentlemen of the thirty-seventh General Assembly: You ought scarcely expect me to speak at this time. I feel more like saying: 'Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness?' I thank you, 101 members, for vindicating the rights of the people. By a majority of votes, was expressed the desire of the people to select me senator and my election is historical. You men who have labored so long to elect your independent candidate also deserve my thanks. (Applause)—My republican friends, I thank you, too—you in this contest represented the old method of electing senators. I thank you that the contest has been free from personalities. (Applause.)

Clear Creek Items.

The farmers fear they will not get any oats sowed this time; it has been raining you see.

Mr. Alex Flow has done more farm work that anybody we know of.

Those who aimed to use acid compost will use guano instead, provided the roads dry out in time for them to haul it.

Fruit is not all killed.

The widow, Mrs. McAnulty, and Willie Garmon married the other day; also Mr. E. P. Black to Miss Laura Black.

Last Saturday evening the rain fell in torrents till ten o'clock in the night. The creeks were last fording for the fifteenth time this winter.

Bethel Alliance still survives, though she is quite feeble.

Mr. Robt. Gourley is recovering very fast from the pneumonia.

The suit between Polk and Small terminated last Saturday in favor of Polk, Esq. F. P. Boger at the helm.

There seems to be a general inclination on the part of the farmers to wish for a few weeks of sunshing; their wishes may soon be gratified, but chances, according to present indications, are against them.

Your correspondent started to go to Concord last Saturday, but after churning through the mud about an hour he stopped to make his reckonings and found himself in latitude two miles from home, a bespattered with mud and almost froze. He was [illegible] up his mind to the sensible thing—go back home, scrape the mud off, [illegible] could be washed and dried [illegible] found time to stop on his way back at the thriving village of Flows. They [illegible] out their [illegible] business.

[illegible]

Tuesday morning, March 10th, Peter Bost and family moved back with us. Mr. B. is going to farming, also is a blacksmith, so he says. He may be handy enough this latter feature seems to have been overlooked by the fair sex, as Mr. B. is yet a stranger to the sacred tie of conjugal affection. Jackson, his brother and bed-fellow, is a rising young man of promise, though not so prepossessing in appearance as his brother. "Pete," he has a larger acquaintance. As constable of No. 9 he never fails to bring down his game, but is too good a boy to make a champion tax collector. He and his brother keep "batch." Jack is "chief cook and bottle-washer."

Mr. Daniel Kiutts, the genial clerk in Dr. Flow's, has the winning ways of the most cultured lady and the bearing of a refined business man. By strict integrity, close application to business principles, and an invincible courage, he has hammered out for himself a substantial foundation for an easy fortune.

Benj. Burleyson, Esq., is a rather to work, don't mind getting up before day, don't know how to lead, and is probably interested as much in the educating of his children as any man in the county. He belongs to the Farmers' Alliance and holds church membership at Rocky River.

Dr. Flowe is probably the first and the oldest citizen of the village, and has, beyond any question, proved himself a benefactor to the citizens of the surrounding country both as a doctor and as a merchant. He long since retired from the medical profession, but continues to do a good mercantile business, including those who can't pay cash and paying them more for their produce in the fall than the market price. He is also a good farmer, and being a merchant is unqualified for membership in the Alliance.

CORNCRACKER.

Laurinburg Exchange: About 18 years ago Mr. Robt. N. Fairley was stricken with paralysis, but finally recovered enough to stand and walk around, and he never required care and attention until Monday morning when he died. He was about 90 years old.

THE UNKNOWN NEGRO

That Was Found Dead Below Town.

A Standard reporter visited the point where the dead colored man was found. The coroner and a crowd of people stood around. The place is just about twenty five yards from the railroad right east of Mr. David Parish's residence.

The negro's dead body was discovered on Wednesday morning by a colored woman. All that is known is as follows: He was seen by a little colored boy the evening before; the boy went to a neighboring house to ask lodging for him, but the boy, not finding a place, never returned. He says that the man told him he was sick and trying to get home, which is about twenty-five miles from Concord. He says that the negro was coughing almost incessantly, and that he understood his name to be Lilly and that the man claimed to have a brother in Concord. No one was positive about his name, and nothing on his person threw any light on the subject. No mark or sign of violence could be found. He had a bottle of Olive Tar, an empty purse, a few buttons, &c. He died without a struggle and with his hands folded. It is almost certain that he died of consumption; surely he was not killed by any train or by foul hands.

It may be that his name was Lilly and that he was raised about Albemarle, or else his name may never be known.

No inquest, by jury, was held, it being deemed unnecessary. Just how old the man was cannot be told. From all that is known he must have footed it from Charlotte to where his strength failed him and where he lay down and died.

Newspapers.

Rowell reports for 1890 the number of newspapers published in the United States and Canada as 17,760. Of these, 812 were Canadian publications. The following was the frequency of issue: Weekly, 13,164; monthly, 2,191; daily, 1,626; semi-monthly, 280; semi-weekly, 217; quarterly, 126; bi-weekly, 82; bi-monthly, 38; tri-weekly, 36—total, 17,760.

The following table exhibits the number of papers printed in the several States and in Canada in 1890:

New York	1,878
Illinois	1,308
Pennsylvania	1,281
Ohio	1,043
Canada	812
Kansas	807
Iowa	799
Missouri	756
Massachusetts	885
Indiana	651
Michigan	644
Nebraska	565
California	536
Wisconsin	528
Texas	594
Minnesota	427
New Jersey	318
Colorado	268
Georgia	257
Kentucky	257
South Dakota	250
Tennessee	236
The Territories	290
Virginia	220
North Carolina	192
Arkansas	185
Connecticut	182
Maryland	178
Alabama	175
Maine	159
Mississippi	155
Louisiana	152
[illegible]	146
West Virginia	143
Oregon	133
New Hampshire	126
Utah	121
[illegible]	120
[illegible]	119
[illegible]	83
[illegible]	68
[illegible]	63
[illegible]	8
[illegible]	38
[illegible]	24
Total	17,760

Words By a Friend.

Died, near Poplar Tent church, in No. 4, March 9th, 1891, Mrs. Margaret, wife of William Beaver, aged 36 years, 10 months and 28 days.

Only those who have felt the bitter anguish of such sorrow can truly sympathize with the bereaved husband and the seven motherless children. It is sad, sad indeed, to see a life laid down upon which it seemed there was so much depending; yet the dark winged messenger was sent by Him who is too good to be unkind and too wise to make a mistake. Knowing this, may the bereaved ones be enabled to say with one of old, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it."

At the early age of fifteen years Mrs. Beaver united herself with St. Enoch's E. L. church, of which she has been a consistent member for more than a score of years. Her funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. A. Lutz, from 2 Tim., 4th chap., the latter clause of the 6th verse, including the 7th and 8th. She loved the church of her Redeemer, and her faith grew stronger and brighter with the years, and when the summons home came to her we believe that she fell asleep to wake unto joy eternal, unto rest evermore, unto endless victory over sin, unto perfect union with Christ, unto likeness with God.

Bereaved ones, take comfort from the many precious promises God has given. He will never leave nor forsake, although all earthly hopes may seem in vain when you

Sigh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

A FRIEND.

A Rebate Wanted.

The following startling news is from the Oxford Day:

"A young man from the country came to town today to return a marriage license that he bought Saturday. The woman in the case went back on him, he said."

The man is to be congratulated and the girl is to be pitied. She is no good, unreliable and not half as good as the young man. She is worth enough powder to blow her up; and if she were a man she ought to be. She will marry a fellow far beneath her disappointed suitor.

THE LECTURE THURSDAY NIGHT.

Miss Clothier is an Interesting Talker and the Large Audience was Well Entertained.

Miss Clothier, of Baltimore, gave an address to a large audience in the Lutheran church Thursday evening. She is a very pleasant speaker and every one present seemed to enjoy her talk, which was stored with countless gems of truth and beauty. She presents facts and figures that are beyond disputing. Her garland of oratory was interwoven with threads of beautiful words, inspiring thoughts, majestic pictures.

The exercises were opened by songs, and then scriptural reading by Rev. W. G. Campbell, and prayer by D. B. Coltrane. Miss Clothier then began her admirable address, of which we give a few notes:

She stated that what women ought to have they would have and this was one of such things—that the cause was quite unpopular, but that was why they should work and pray the more—that W. C. T. U. meant, we came to upset, we came to unite. That three-fourths of the jail-birds are under twenty-five years of age. That it is usual for temperance workers to exaggerate, in the opinion of some, but she would stick to the truth. That one of the worst habits of young ladies was in saying they have not time for certain things, when this is no excuse at all. She pleaded very eloquently for the young people to fight on in this work. She recited the poem by Longfellow of a monk's vision. She now speaks to the Y. W. C. T. U.; stated that these words include young men as well as maidens. That the chief obstacle in the way of temperance was prejudice. That she was reared in a temperance home, and that one does not deserve credit for being a temperance person, but should be from principle like being honest, and that she became a temperance lecturer from a combination of circumstances she saw while in college. She told of her first talk to an audience, which was more than four years ago, and then compared her work to the spokes in a wheel as the W. C. T. U. were the right wings of it and a few men the left wings. That the outcome of this work lay with the young people and she pleaded that they would carry it out—that as pure gold cannot be rubbed out, so purity of life—she demanded purity, for purity among ladies and gentlemen. Asked the young ladies not to be unlovely and unwomanly, but act from principle. That to say a young man is "tied to his mother's apron string" is one of the grandest compliments that can be paid to any one. She wants justice, because women are helpless by themselves. That every twenty-four hours 2,000 souls are lost by rum. After a song, Miss Clothier stated that for the first time in her life she would now ask an audience for a collection. At the close of the exercises the speaker was taken to the home of W. R. Odell.

NEARLY HAD A RIOT.

Another Speaker Who Believes in Heroic Parliamentary Procedure--Prohibition Starts the Row and Spectators Take a Hand.

Kansas City, Mo., March 11.—A Journal special from Topeka, Kansas, says: The assembly chamber was the scene of great excitement last evening during the final session of the house. The report of the committee which investigated the metropolitan police system, created for the purpose of enforcing the prohibition law, stated that the prohibition law had been a failure so far as it applied to the cities of Kansas, and recommended that the governor withdraw the State police from such cities. The report was amended making the withdrawal of the police discretionary with the governor and then adopted.

A question arose on the adoption of the report of the committee investigating the conduct of the State house commissioners. Several republicans denounced the committee and the Farmers' Alliance in bitter terms. Rice, republican, rose to speak when Elder demanded the previous question.

Rice protested against this action, and termed it a "damnable disgrace."

Speaker Elder in reply became exceedingly angry, and said that the Farmers' Alliance was running the house and the republicans must submit whether right or wrong. Then the excitement began.

The galleries hissed, the Farmers' Alliance men cheered and the republicans groaned.

Elder demanded that the lobby and galleries be cleared. The hissing, shouting and groaning continued, and the chair, unable to restore order, said he would give up the chamber to the voice of the mob.

The sergeant-at-arms and doorkeepers attempted to clear the galleries and lobbies and several lively encounters took place. Several Senators who were witnesses of the proceedings were unceremoniously hustled out of the chamber. A general riot became imminent, but finally Speaker Elder resumed the chair and said he was ashamed of his conduct and his motion to close debate, and appealed to all present to maintain order.

Speaker Elder's motion to continue the report of the investigating committee was adopted, with an amendment. The house then adjourned.

Canada has not received an invitation to attend the World's Fair.

LITTLE DROPS OF

Tar, Pitch, Turpentine and Other Tar Heel Products.

Harriet McKesson, a colored woman living near Morganton, N. C., whose husband was in the Federal army, drew $1,500 back pension last week.

The Governor has appointed the following directors of the Soldiers' Home: W. C. Stronach, F. H. Busbee, of Wake; A. D. McGill, of Cumberland; W. E. Andrey, of Mecklenburg.

Raleigh Capital: We regret to hear of the death of Mr. John Faison, brother of Col. P. F. Faison, of this city, who died very suddenly at his home in Winston last Sunday morning.

Wilson Mirror: Mr. Jesse Hinnant got into a difficulty on Saturday night with two negroes at Black Creek and cut them both very severely. It is though that one of them will die.

Dr. Thos. Hume, of the University, has been invited to deliver an address before the National Educational Association at Toronto, Canada, next summer, on "The Co-ordination English Work in Seconary Schools and Universities."

Mount Airy News: The immense quantity of granite rock in and around Mount Airy is worth millions of dollars. Already the demand for this fine granite is assuming large proportions and big shipments are being made every day or two.

Durham Sun: New residences going up, new stores in prospect, Trinity under way, new industries springing up, and the land companies hard at it—all speaks volumes for Durham and means several thousand more people during the next twelve months.

On April 2d the town of Reidsville will vote to issue bonds to the amount of $50,000, for the purpose of street improvements and water works, and later on will vote a subscription of $100,000, for a new railroad to be built in an easterly and westerly direction.

Among the graduates of Wake Forest College there are 121 ministers, 94 lawyers, 38 farmers, 29 physicians, 16 merchants, 18 ministers and teachers, 8 journalists, 6 soldiers killed in war, 5 foreign missionaries, 5 druggists and chemists, 20 scattering or occupation unknown.

Rocky Mount Phoenix: We regret to note the death of Mrs. L. C. Conyers, of Nashville, wife of Major Conyers, Supt. Public Instruction for Nash county.——Mr. J. G. Arrington shipped a consignment of game cocks to Texas last Friday. There is a large demand for his birds in different parts of the Union.

New Berne Journal: One hundred and fifteen vessels and boats passed through the New Berne and Beaufort canal during the month of February.——News has reached here of the shooting of a man by the name of Bob Edwards, a moonshiner, at Purgatory, Duplin county, by revenue officer Pope. Further than the shooting is serious and the man is not expected to live, no particulars could be ascertained.

Ashe county, of this State, contains probably the oldest surviving couple in the State, Uncle Stephen Osborne and wife. The husband was born in Grayson county, February 21, 1791, and his wife in the same county in 1800. They were married in 1819. And are the parents of twelve children, sixty-nine grandchildren, more than two hundred great-grand children and several great-great grandchildren.

Tarboro Southerner: John Lancaster tells of a strange affection that seized upon one of his cows. She kept the head to one side and vigorously licked one place on that side. When her neck was straightened, it at once flew back to the same side, when released. He placed tar on her forehead and where she was licking. After remaining thus one day she becomes as before and no recurrence has taken place.

Greenville Reflector: Mr. G. T. Tyson told us the other day that Mr. John Crawford, of Beaver Dam township, was knocked down and right painfully hurt by a young bull one day last week. Mr. Crawford went to drive the bull out of his garden when the animal became enraged and ran upon him.—The animal being a young one his horns were fortunately not long enough to inflict any serious injury more than bruises.

Washington Gazette; Two Bohemain boys were playing with a pistol some three weeks ago, and one was accidentally shot in the knee. Lock-jaw resulted and the boy died on Thursday last.——Mr. John Willis, one of the pilots from Hatteras, informs the New Berne Journal that the swash buoys at Hatteras have been washed away and lost and that the bar buoys are all out of place, rendering it dangerous for vessels to pass through Hatteras inlet. We call the attention of the authorities to this matter and urge immediate attention thereto.

Montgomery Vidette; Mr. F. F. Andrews, an esteemed citizen of the southern part of this county, died from softening of the brain last Friday, the 27th ult., aged 58 years.—We learned Monday, from Mr. J. D. Haywood, of the death by accident of Josah Haywood, which occurred on the 20th ult., at his home near Onville, this county. The deceased was at a chopping at Mr. J. R. Haywood's the Friday before his death, when he was caught under a falling tree which fractured his skull, causing his death a week after the accident.

EDITORIAL CLIPS.

The first act of a Democratic Congress should be the incorporation of the ten commandments into the politics of the country.—Reidsville Review.

Washington Progress: The six year old son of Mr. Martin Moore, of Chocowinity, fell in a hole of water in the yard and was drowned on Wednesday last.

Hon. Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, scouts the idea of gold being a money standard when there "isn't enough of it in the world to fill the decayed teeth of humanity."—Wilmington Star.

We don't expect to buy a bill of goods in London so long as the McKinley tariff bill is in force. We will spend our silver dollar "at the corner grocery," in the United States.—Hickory Press.

The Indians put no confidence in the promises made to them by the Indian agents, but with their manhood broken and self-respect lost, they feel that all they can do is to abjectly, helplessly and hopelessly yield to superior force.—Goldsboro Argus.

The Progressive Farmer says that this is the first time in the history of the State when the farmers and planters had a clear majority in both branches of the legislature; and it will be instructive in many ways to make a calm review of the work done by them.—Mecklenburg Times.

The late legislature allowed the State tax for general purposes to remain the same as last year, 25 cents. The school tax was raised from 12½ to fifteen cents. The appropriations are about $150,000 more than for last year. The Raleigh News and Observer does not believe the State tax will be sufficient to meet those additional appropriations. We will find out before the next legislature meets.—Durham Sun.

The Congress which has just expired made appropriations exceeding by two hundred millions of dollars the appropriations made by the last preceding Congress. Those who are in the habit of taking notice of public expenditures and who have some prejudices in favor of economical government, should bear in mind the fact just stated.—Statesville Landmark.

The Republican party was repudiated at the polls last November. Then it went into Congress, and with the votes of many members whom the people had announced it had no use for, created a deficiency in the treasury. Consequently there will probably be an increase of taxation. These facts ought to be enough to keep the Republican party out of power for a generation; they ought also to change our illogical way of allowing repudiated legislators to legislate. The people having elected a man he ought not to be compelled to stand around and see his defeated rival making laws.—Asheville Citizen.

GENUINE BA KBONE AND HONOR.

Some are disposed to doubt the perfect honesty of a politician, or to fear even the faithfulness of an elected representative. While there are doubtless some who would succumb to influences and bribes, yet there are men, representative men, and even politicians, who would indignantly resent the offer of a bribe or the semblance of it.

There is one character, one man's name, that the Standard wishes to print today in caps. He is MOORE one of the Alliance members of the Illinois Legislature. He worked faithfully for the election of Streeter to the United States Senate; the Republicans offered to unite on Moore—make him Senator, put in his annual income $5,000 for six years in succession, if he would but allow them. Like truth, like honor, with courage, backbone and an eye single to what he deemed his duty, Representative Moore flatly refused. Moore is a man, all man. Though his man failed, an occurrence that seemed inevitable, he did his duty.

Breeches, Trowsers, Pantaloons.

Pantaloons first came into use in Venice during the fifteenth century. They were worn by the devotees of the Patron Saint Pantaloon, and were called pontalinis by the Italians. To put them on was thought to be an evidence of foolishness or buffoonery, they being nothing more than a long pair of stockings, the wearer resembling a clown. The ancient Saxons wore "breeches" very similar to the above, rendering them even more attractive to barbarian eyes by sewing on stripes of various hues. Breeches, in the strict meaning of the term—for trowsers is the only proper word to express the existing style of wearing apparel from the hips to the ankles—were worn by many of the nations of ancient times, notably the Medes and Persians, Phrygians Gauls and Teutons. "Bombastees" were introduced into England by the Normans. Henry VII. wore the puffed out style; the knee breeches were popular until about 1812, when the change to modern trowsers took place.—St. Louis Republic.

Solomon Was the Fellow's Name.

Some fellow—he is dead now—said there was "nothing new under the sun."—Concord Standard.

That is the head Dr. Caldwell gives a Standard article. The doctor is mistaken; since writing the above the Standard has learned that the Durham Globe and the Asheville Citizen are contending for the authorship. Mr. Solomon, therefore, had nothing to do with it.

HE IS OPPOSED TO TRUTH.

All is not good in North Carolina. The people are not perfect—not a single one—the climate is not perfect and our soil is not everywhere the best. This is true.

But about the meanest thing ever said about any part of the State is credited to a Savannah (Ga.) banker by the Washington Post. It says:

"A Savannah banker says that in the western part of North Carolina there are several counties amid almost inaccessible mountains, of which there is as little known to the outside world as there is of Central Africa. No railroads penetrate this region. The natives have no idea of morality, live in a manner little above the lowest brutes and have absolutely no knowledge of the world outside their own communities. Polygamy is practiced with shameless openness, and marriage ceremonies are rare."

The first sentence is maliciously mean, because it is utterly and absolutely false. The second is false, because of no such region.

But when it comes to morality, to the observation of laws, State and divine, and to general intelligence on the part of North Carolinians, let us think.

Comparatively speaking the State is making as much progress educationally as "banker's" State: on the line of morality, our people need not fear a comparison with "banker," for his capacity for truth is a doubtful quantity.

There is no such region in North Carolina. It is true a bigamist is sometimes found even in the most enlightened parts, so they are in every city of the North, in Savannah and in every State in the Union. There are regions in North Carolina that have no railroads, and Savannah and many other places have no mountains.

The statement is false, though such could be supposed to be true by giving credit to some of the dispatches that liars send from our midst to city journals.

North Carolina has not reached the zenith of anything, but it has no fears of a general comparison with other commonwealths.

TIED TO HIS MOTHER'S APRON STRING.

Miss Clothier, among other things in her lecture Thursday night, said "Tied to his mother's apron string" is one of the grandest of compliments; and it is, not because Miss Clothier said so or any one else. It is true. Hung on to a true mother's apron string means something; it means many somethings. It means a boy and girl are at home at night; it means that they are in good, wholesome company, and that means good behavior; it means better health, better morals and manners; it means more promise and less trouble and fewer tears.

The origion of the expression was in words of ridicule and sarcasm; it was probably intended to picture the tenderness and caution and gentleness and modesty of a boy. Some bully of a boy, with blood in his eye and recklessness in his heart, is ready most any time to squirt that expression out at some gentle, modest boy who is unwilling to join in the devilment that is born of street roaming, day or night.

The old string, though, has become pretty weak in some places—it is rotten. There are lots of boys that have torn loose and are at large. What is an eleven year old boy on the street at night, when his father is at home? Or what business has even a fifteen year old American on the street at night when his parents are in bed? It simply means that the boy is loose upon the night; he is "having a time," so to speak and becoming (?) a progressive, fashionable man.

The lack of good, strong apron strings is doing lots of devilment for schools, building tears and troubles for fathers and mothers, making young boys fuller of wisdom (?) than their parents, ruining their health, their prospects, and robbing the next ranks of good, strong, competent, manly manhood. That is what it is doing!

Great Excitement at High Point.

From Mr. D. A. Hoskins, who is here today from High Point, it is learned that there is great excitement in that place over what is known as Slaughter's Patent Bed Brace. Numbers of people have invested in State and County rights. The Messers. Pickett Bros. have bought the State of Missouri, Mr Rufe Weldorn has bought Tennessee; the Elwood Cox Co. have bought Virginia, and perhaps other states. Ragan and Payne have bought North Carolina, and are supposed to have sold about half the state.—Greensboro Workman.

[In the language of—yes, "What fools these mortals be." This buying of stars rights, &c., is known in this country as the "buying of sky." My masters, it is NOT a worm every time it looks like one—the hook will catch you every time you bite. If some cross eyed, knock kneed son of a Bohemian (just so you don't know him) comes along and swears that he owns three acres of stars near the milk-way overhead some fool will buy it and feel happy over the for—two hours.]

And so the silver question is to figure in the next campaign. All right so be it; let the friends and enemies of free coinage stand up and be counted, and then let the will of the majority be obeyed, not thwarted, what the consequences may be.—Salisbury Watchman.

HE FELL BY THE WAYSIDE.

The poor fellow is dead; his light has gone out, and in this world will never shine again. We write of the unknown dead man found near the section house south of Concord.

The particulars in another column furnish the text for sad thought. He may have been young, or he may have been in middle life—it is hard to tell the age of a colored person. At any rate he was stiff, cold, wet, dead. What did the poor fellow think—in sight of homes where comfort was, where good warm fires were, where comfortable beds were! He was in an open field, on a hill, upon the damp ground, one lung entirely gone, the other struggling to sustain life in the wasting weak body—he was alone. No one there in his last moments—the moments of death—the cold ground was his dying bed, the star-lit canopy of the sky his shroud, the hooting owl his only company. 'Tis sad, very sad! The dead man's skin was black, for he was a negro; but what difference does that make? It is sad; the life, the struggles and the death of that poor consumptive negro are very sad. He was poor; his pockets prove that, unless some vile sneak robbed his dead body; he carried two buttons—there were places on clothes for them; he had a small piece of bread, though too weak to eat—charity, perhaps, gave him that; he had a knitted purse—it was empty for his foot journey proves that; he had a bottle of Olive Tar (its label guarantees to cure everything), the straw that the drowning man grabs—it did him no good, for he died. That is all the unknown negro had, and he left it with his decaying body behind.

Where he came from, where he was going and such led us to think. Where you reckon charity was when the poor fellow asked for food, for shelter, for help, for his passage home? When he asked for food, "we have none to give away" he heard; when he asked for shelter, "we don't house tramps" he heard; he did not beat his way on the railroad, let us hope that he was too honest; he was not given passage free, he was not the right kind and no regulation fitted his case. He had no monkey or hand organ to collect a few nickles, he was too poor to own a monkey, too weak to carry an organ—and his color, his skin, his hair, his nose, his nationality were not such to draw the nickles and the pennies. In short the little half-blind eye of charity did not see and his lungs were too weak to send a pleading into the ears of Miss Charity.

He got no help from the whites, it seems, for he was refused shelter; and most assuredly he got none from his own color. They have but little sympathy for, but little charity towards, and no concern for their stranger fellows in trouble. It is true, therefore hard to say. But we are all bad—substantial charity—the kind that helps and comforts—doesn't hurt many people.

But pulling for his home, no one knows where, he fell by the wayside; by accident he was found, otherwise buzzards would have left his bony frame to bleach the coming summer. The coroner, by virtue of his office, declares him dead, unclaimed, has him dumped into a two-dollar box without shave, without burial garb, without funeral ceremony, without a tear! How sad! One day he lived, suffered, died, the next he is forgotten—and no tomb will ever contain an epitaph over the body that suffered and fell by the wayside.

A POOR CONCERN.

The United States, though one of the greatest if not the greatest nation on the globe, is pretty low down in chink. The government's vaults are not groaning with the weight of their usual millions; a hand has been there—a collective hand. The policy, that pays men who never heard a battle gun fire, or even saw a "Rebel," has fleeced Uncle Sam, and the much-talked-of surplus is no more. Such is fate!

Copal Grove Items.

So much rain and bad roads we can't get to Concord.

Property sold very high at George Parker's sale last Friday and Saturday notwithstanding it was a cash sale.

Rev. C. C. Lyerly's school has closed at Bethel Academy. He finished out the term last week.

Mr. E. D. Lentz has been down about the springs recently looking after his property, &c.

Our mail has been very irregular and much behind ime since the line has been changed from China Grove to Salisbury. Many are talking of stopping their papers on account of being so much behind. We can't see the cause of the mail being so much behind. It can certainly reach Salisbury as well as it could reach China Grove in time. It takes the Stanly Observer until Tuesday very often to reach here instead of Friday or Saturday when it should come. It don't reach Bilesville in time for Friday's mail, and then it goes around by Salisbury to reach us on Saturday, and sometimes don't get here then.

X.

Struck by a Piece of Plank.

A painful accident occurred to Mr. J. F. Bolick last Thursday afternoon at the Phoenix Mills. Mr. Bolick was running a matching machine, and the saws hurled a piece of splintered timber with terrific force and struck him in the eye. Several splinters stuck in the eye, the use of which Mr. Bolick fears has been destroyed. Mr. Bolick says he has been running the machine for seven years and one day, and never received any injury before.—Hickory Press.