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THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.

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

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolve in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well made day.

BUYING A HORSE.

Rules to Be Followed in So Doing.

In case you have fully and firmly decided to buy a family horse, and nothing on the face of this earth, or above or below it, will cause you to change your mind, be careful to observe certain rules and be guided by certain fixed principles.

It may shock you to be told that there are many reasons why you should buy a white horse, but wait and see. In the first place, the boy who takes care of him has to put in more work for his wages, and that's a rebate for you. In the next, you can see him if out driving in a dark night, whereas you couldn't tell whether a black horse was in front or behind you.

Thirdly, if you happen to go out to the barn of a night, your white horse defines his position, whereas you are quite liable to blunder up against the heels of a black one, and get hurt. If you need wing around town your white horse can be seen a mile away; and the ambulance, fire engines, brick and ice wagons can get ready to turn into the side streets and avoid being run down. Lastly, you can wear any colored socks or suspenders while driving a white horse and always combine harmony and effect. Whenever you see a man with a blue necktie driving a sorrel pacer, you may be sure that he knows nothing about harmony of dress.

Do not advertise your want, but casually mention to some friend that if he hears of something extra good and cheap he might mention it, though you are in no hurry to buy. It will surprise you to find out how many good things your friend knows of in the way of horseflesh and how anxious he is to do you a kindness. The first horse will be around to your house in exactly twenty-five minutes.

Don't get the idea that everybody in town wants to sell his nag. Not more than one-half of the horses will be sent around to you.

The first point to settle is the price. You are willing to pay $200. Every man with a horse is willing to sell for $250, which is, of course, a sacrifice of at least $50 on his part. It is a sad thing to see a man have to knock off $50 from the actual value of the best family horse in the world, but you are not advised to shed any tears over it. In the course of an hour, if you exhibit proper firmness and indifference, you can beat him down to your figure. You feel that you are robbing him and that it is a mean action on your part, but feelings don't count in buying a horse.

Now, first examine the animal's mouth. If there are any tenpenny nails between his teeth or he has a piece of boot leg hid away alongside of his cheek for a quid, he's a hearty feeder and all right. The black spots on the teeth indicate the horse's age. If there are only three, then he is a 3-year old. If there are sixty, then he is a 60-year-old.

The eyes come next. Be sure that his sight is all right, and that he won't take a dancing bear or a minstrel parade for a load of new hay coming in town from Taylor Township. The best way to try a horse's vision is to stand off with piece of board and make as if you would hit him across the nose.

The feet have considerable to do with a horse, as he is popularly supposed to walk around on them. Look out for quarter-cracks, half-cracks and whole-cracks. Don't pay as much for a quarter-crack as a whole one. The frog of the foot should be located somewhere near the center in a good horse.

Then look for ring bones and spavins. Take the chances that the other fellow doesn't know any more than you do about it and look around the legs instead of the head and neck. It will be best to find some, or something to make him believe that you are not a greenhorn. Then ask the following questions:

"Has he ever been sick?"

"No."

"Does he crib?"

"No."

"Does he kick?"

"Never."

"Has he ever run away?"

"You couldn't scare him into a thing."

"Will he stand?"

"Like a rock."

"Afraid of anything?"

"Nothing on earth."

"What's his best record?"

"2:31."

"Can my wife drive him?"

"Right up to an elephant if she wants to."

"How is he on shoes?"

"Say! I was going to speak to you about that. He only needs shoeing twice a year. Never saw a horse so easy on shoes."

"Looks like a heavy feeder."

"But he isn't. Six quarts of oats and a pinch of hay daily will keep him rolling fat."

"Then you guarantee him all around?"

"I do. If there's one single thing wrong with that horse I don't know it."

"Well, I guess I'll take him."

And he'll turn out to be just as good a horse as if you had gone out to a pasture some night, shut your eyes and flung a stone, and cried out that you'd take the nag the missile fell nearest to.

Ovid's art of conducting a school exhibition is a trifle peculiar. Ovid is a town in Indiana, and the school exhibition there the other day was opened with prayer by the local minister, and after the usual literary and elocutionary features, closed with a rattling prize-fight between P. Reed and Pen Bars, Jack Henely, an Indianapolis pugilist of note, acting as referee. The local paper says that "Reed was knocked out in the fifth round and the fun closed." In the excitement of the moment the minister seems to have omitted the benediction.—Charlotte News.

The Dead Executive.

LYING IN STATE IN THE CAPITOL.

Thos. M. Holt Sworn in as Governor—Biographical Sketches—Telegrams of Condolence, &c.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 8, 1891.

The State Council of officers met Tuesday night at 1:30 o'clock at the executive mansion, Capt. Coke, Secretary of State, presiding. There were many visitors to the mansion, and people came and went all night. The Council decided to take charge of all the arrangements for the funeral, and also that the body should lie in state at the capitol.

The flags on the capitol and the city hall were half masted, and the work of draping the interior of the capitol in mourning began. Telegrams were sent in all directions, giving the news to all the State and to ex-Governors Jarvis and Scales, Lieut. Gov. Holt, Private Secretary Telfair, who was in Baltimore, S. R. Fowle, the Governor's brother, of Washington, N. C., and others.

Just after noon the body was taken from the stately new mansion to the capitol. A procession was formed. Eight men, commissioned officers of the Governor's Guard, bore the casket to the hearse. The march to the capital began. The Governor's Guard, Capt. S. S. Batchelor commanding, formed the escort. Following this were Rev. Dr. Watkins, chaplain of the Governor's Guard, the state officers, these being Secretary of State Coke, Treasurer Bain, Audi or Sanderlin and Attorney General Davidson. After these were Chief Justice Merrimon, Associate Justices Avery, Clark and Shepherd, Clerk Kenan and Marshal Bradley, of the Supreme Court; Dr. Wood, Superintendent of the State Hospital; Col. Faison, President of the Penitentiary Directors; Mr. Young, Principal of the Deaf Mute Institution, and other prominent officials.

The streets and capitol square were thronged with people. The casket was placed on a caparisoned cafalque in the rotunda, and guard was at once mounted. A stream of people began to pour through the building, each person looking at the familiar face. The rotunda was heavily draped in black and white, in bands and festoons. To the exterior funeral decoration placed there after Col. Saunders' death more were added, and the building is more sombre than ever.

The Council of state officers appointed Auditor Sanderlin to go to the depot this afternoon and meet Lieut. Gov. Holt. Capt. Coke also met him, as did Associate Justice Avery, the latter representing the Superior Court. Lieut. Gov. Holt arrived at 2 p. m. He was expected early this morning, having been telegraphed for last night, but the telegram did not reach him until this morning. In a few minutes after his arrival he was escorted to the capitol and in the executive office, and there in the presence of all the State officers, save Major Finger, who is in New York, Chief Justice Merrimon administered the oath. The new governor spoke in a clear low voice, in repeating the words after the Chief Justice. When this ceremony, an impressive one though brief, was ended, the new Governor was first congratulated by the Chief Justice, then by a number of prominent gentlemen present. He then went into the rotunda and viewed the remains of his predecessor.

Scores of telegrams of condolence from this and other States poured in today. It was decided that the funeral will be held at 4:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. News was received here that at that hour several cities and towns would hold memorial services in honor of the dead Governor. Adjutant General Glenn arrived with Gov. Holt. Telegrams were received from ex-Governor Jarvis and Brigadier General John W. Cotton that they would be here on the first train.

Governor Tod R. Caldwell was the last governor to die in office. Governor Ellis also died in office and had the largest military funeral ever seen in this State.

Business will be suspended here tomorrow, and many buildings are already in mourning. Among these are the court house, the capital club, the Yarborough, the executive mansion, and many stores and offices.

The tributes paid the memory of the Governor show truly the esteem in which the public held him. An honorable, pure, high minded man, he always did his duty as he saw it. His last official act of moment was the appointment of Capt. Octavius Coke as Secretary of State.

Governor Fowle had a peculiar hold upon the affectionate regard of men. He loved them and their society. His home life was very lovely. His children were devoted to him, and in no home in North Carolina was there more genuine pleasure and mutual love and confidence.

No tribute we could pay the Governor could convey any proper idea of the hold he had upon the people here, of both races. He was a devout member of the First Presbyterian church here, and had been for many years.

Secretary of State Coke today received the following telegram from Gov. Phillip W. McKinley, of Virginia: "I desire to express my deep regret at the loss which North Carolina has just sustained in the death of her distinguished Governor. Please convey my personal sympathy to his family."

From Jerome Dowd's "Sketches of Prominent North Carolinians" we extract the following sketches:

HON. DANIEL G. FOWLE

was born in the town of Washington, in Beaufort county, N. C., on the 3d of March, 1831. At the age of fourteen he was entered at the school of North Carolina's most celebrated teacher, William Bingham, where he remained until he matriculated at Princeton, N. J., at the age of sixteen. While at Princeton he was appointed by the literary society of which he was a member, junior orator, and acquitted himself so well as to call forth a complimentary and particular mention by one of the leading New York dailies.

In 1851 he graduated at Princeton, and having studied law under Judge Pearson for two years, was admitted to the bar in 1853, and in 1854 settled in Raleigh. In 1856 he married Ellen Brent, daughter of Hon. R. M. Pearson, who died in 1862, leaving two children, Margaret, now wife of P. H. Andrews, and Martha, wife of David B. Avera, of Raleigh.

On the surrender of Fort Sumter and the proclamation of Lincoln calling for troops to coerce the seceding States, he volunteered as a private in a company known as the Raleigh Rifles, and upon the organization of the company was elected second lieutenant. Upon the organization of the State military department he was appointed major of the commissary department. In the summer of 1861 he resigned his commission, helped to raise the regiment afterwards known as the 31st, was made captain of one of its companies, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and as such served at Fort Hill, in Beaufort county, and at Roanoke Island, where he was captured by Burnside's forces, February 8th, 1862, and after a short imprisonment paroled. In October, 1862, he was elected to the House of Commons from Wake county, and upon the adjournment of the Legislature was appointed Adjutant General of North Carolina with the rank of Major General. In the fall of 1863 he resigned this commission. In 1864 he ran for the House of Commons from Wake on the anti-Holden ticket, and was the only one on this ticket who was elected. In 1865, during his absence from home, he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court by Governor Holden, and was by the Legislature of 1865-'66 elected to the same office for life. In November, 1867, he resigned this office rather than obey and enforce the orders of Gen. Sickles, then Military Governor of North and South Carolina. He was a Democratic candidate for the convention of 1867 and was defeated, but led his ticket by over a hundred votes. In 1868 he was chairman of the State Democratic Committee, and threw his whole energy into that campaign. In 1870 he was one of the Democratic candidates for the State Senate from the counties of Franklin and Wake, reduced the Republican majority of twelve hundred to two hundred and again led his ticket.

In 1876 he was Democratic elector for the State at large, and upon the election of Tilden, so conspicuous and preeminent had been his canvass that the members of the North Carolina Electoral College recommended him to the President and requested that he be nominated Attorney General of the United States. In 1880 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, was defeated by Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis, and during that campaign thoroughly canvassed the State for his late competitor, making some sixty speeches in different parts of the State, from the mountains to the sea. In 1872 he canvassed Pamlico and made speeches in other counties of the State in behalf of the Democratic candidate for Governor. In 1878 he assisted Hon. W. H. Kitchin in his canvass for Congress, making speeches in Scotland Neck, Wilson, Goldsboro and New Berne. In 1881 he was a candidate for the nomination for Congress, was defeated by Hon. W. R. Cox, but during that campaign his eloquent voice was heard in forty or fifty counties of the State pleading for the glorious principles of the Democratic party. During the session of the Legislature of 1884-'85 all the Democratic members of that body united in a petition to President Cleveland requesting him to appoint Judge Fowle Solicitor General.

We failed to mention in its chronological order that in January, 1866, he married Mary E., the only daughter of Dr. F. J. Haywood, of Raleigh, who died in April, 1886, leaving now surviving her three little children.

From his early manhood in 1861 up to the present time Daniel G. Fowle has ever been a constant, earnest, able and effective advocate of civil liberty, good government and that greatest of all blessings, the Constitution, as understood and defined by that grand old Roman, Thomas Jefferson. His moral character is without blemish. As a soldier, he was true to his flag, as a legislator he was able and conservative, as a lawyer he stands without a superior, as a judge he was great and pure, and an ornament to that bench which had been occupied by such men as Caldwell, Manly, Nash, Pearson, Battle, Ruffin and Badger, and as a political orator none can surpass him. Well do we remember how in 1876 in a canvass of the State as a Tilden elector he stirred the hearts and minds of the people as they had never been stirred before. Wherever he went he aroused the people to the importance of the political issues of the day and left behind him a determination to win and an enthusiasm for the cause of Democracy that had not been seen for years. And thus it has been in every political campaign, except the one of 1882, when unfortunately for him and the Democratic party his private affairs were in such condition as to demand his constant attention. On June 30th, 1888, he was nominated for Governor by the Democratic Convention, and was triumphantly elected.

Col. Thomas M. Holt.

Col. Thomas M. Holt, of Haw River, who succeeds the late Gov. Fowle, is the second son of Edwin M. and Emily Holt, of Alamance county, N. C. He was born July 15th, 1831; was prepared for college at Caldwell Institute, Hillsboro, and matriculated at the University of North Carolina in 1849; but so strongly was he imbued with the spirit of his father, and being more fond of his factory than college fame, he left Chapel Hill in 1851, when half advanced in the junior class, and at once addressed his time and talents to the manufacture of cotton yarns and fabrics in his father's employ until 1860, when in a brick building 36x64, with only 528 spindles (now a wing to that immense factory known throughout the Southern and Eastern States as the Granite Mills,) he commenced business on his own account. They are the largest and best equipped mills in North Carolina, and rank with any in the Southern States. They are provided with everything necessary, and last, but not least, an attractive and comfortable chapel, in which Col. Holt and family and the operatives worship, and whose pulpit is filled at Col. H.'s expense. He is the owner of that famous plantation known as "Linwood," at Linwood station, on the North Carolina railroad, a few miles from Lexington. It is here he raises such vast quantities of wheat, clover, hay and choice cattle and sheep. The property herein described, with other not mentioned, together with the stock and lands he holds, makes his estate worth at least half a million dollars—the proceeds of his own industry.

Col. Holt was elected by the people of Alamance as a county commissioner two terms and served as chairman. In the fall of 1876 he was elected to the State Senate from Alamance and Guilford. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1882 and in 1884-'86. He was elected Speaker of the House in January, 1885. For twelve years he was president of the North Carolina Railroad Company, and has long been a member of the Board of Agriculture. For eight years he was president of the North Carolina State Agricultural Society. Before the war he was a magistrate and a member of the Special Court under our old county court system. Col. Holt has been found a ready and liberal supporter of any measure tending to the progress of the State.

HE WAS INTERRED AT OAKWOOD CEMETERY THURSDAY.

A Large Funeral Demonstration—The State Military and Civic Bodies Do Honor to the Late Magistrate.

From a Raleigh correspondent's report the Standard gets the following concerning the funeral of the deceased Governor:

Early Thursday morning the casket containing the body of the Governor was almost buried in flowers of the most beautiful kinds. The State officers, the officers of the various State institutions, the Masons and the Odd Fellows and the Confederate veterans sent floral tributes. The Governor was a member of the last named organizations. The Masonic and Odd Fellows' halls, the former being that of the Grand Lodge, were also in mourning.

The crowd in the city steadily increased until 4:30 o'clock, the hour for the funeral. At that time the throng on the streets all along the line of the procession was one of the greatest ever seen here. Punctually at the time named above the casket was taken from the capitol to the First Presbyterian church. It was escorted there by Adjutant-General Glenn and the full staff of the Governor, and by the State officials, heads of the State institutions and others. The casket was borne past the line of troops who saluted it, and was carried into the church by eight colored men, mostly employees of the public building.

Not a tenth of the people could find room in the church. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. John Watkins, the pastor. All the other preachers in the city were present. There were present many members of the Governor's family. The following gentlemen were the honorary pall bearers: Matt W. Ransom, Thomas J. Jarvis, Charles M. Busbee, A. S. Seymour, Thomas S. Kenan, E. G. Reade, Kemp P. Battle, Thomas R. Jernigan, James C. McRae, B. F. Park, James McKee and Alexander B. Andrews. The procession was formed after the services, which lasted thirty minutes.

The procession was one which will never be forgotten here. The sidewalks were packed with people all silent and respectful. The procession was made up as follows:

Platoon of police under command of Charles D. Heartt, chief of police; Adjutant General James D. Glenn, and the full staff of the Governor mounted; a battallion of troops, composed of companies from Durham, Goldsboro, Wilson, Raleigh, Henderson and Burlington, under command of Brigadier General John W. Cotton; the hearse, carriages containing the family and intimate friends; Governor Holt, Secretary of State Coke, Treasurer Bain, Auditor Sanderlin; Chief Justice Merrimon, Associate Justices Avery, Clark and Shepherd; Attorney General Davidson; members of the Senate and House; officers of all the State institutions; municipal officers; Masons and Odd Fellows, to the number of over four hundred; the entire fire department of this city; seventy-five students from Wake Forest College, and a large number of citizens.

The interment was at Oak Wood Cemetery, about a mile from the capitol. On arrival there the staff saluted the casket containing the remains, and the Masons and Odd Fellows formed around the grave. The burial services were conducted by the Masons, and at its conclusion three volleys were fired by Company D, of the third regiment, from Durham.

Governor Holt was escorted from the cemetery to the capitol by the staff and the troops. On arrival at the capital he made some touching remarks to he officers of the staff, assuring them of his appreciation of the respect shown the late Governor, and informing them that he desired them to retain their positions. He pledged his hearty support to the State Guard. Adjutant Glenn replied appropriately on behalf of the staff. The people here and from other parts of the State spared nothing in their effort to show a proper respect to the dead Governor, and every detail of the arrangements was carried out perfectly. The assemblage of distinguished North Carolinians was certainly a notable one.

O'RELL ON AMERICAN SOCIETY

This gay young Frenchman classes American aristocracy under three heads: The Aristocracy of Blood, the Aristocracy of Money, and the Aristocracy of Talent, Literary and Artistic Society. Of the latter he has this to say:

The third aristocracy is the aristocracy of talent, literary and artistic society. This third aristocracy is incontestably the first, if you will excuse the Hibernianism.

I do not think that one could find anywhere, or even imagine, a society more refined, more affable, more hospitable, more witty, or more brilliant. I should like just here to indulge in a string of adjectives, after the fashion of Madame de Sevigne.

One of the consequences of the position which woman takes in the United States, is that in good American drawing rooms conversation is never dull.

"If I were queen," exclaimed Madame Recamier one day, "I would command Madame de Stael to talk to me all day long." One would like to be able to give the same order to plenty of American woman. In their company conversation never flags and always remains within the domain of causerie; they glide lightly from one subject to another, extracting something fresh from each, pass from the serious to the gay, even to the frivolus without becoming commonplace, soar again to lofty heights, but do not disdain to come down to gossip for a minute or two; all this without a grain of affectation, but with a charm of naturalness that is delightfully winning.

French women are the only ones I know who can compare with the American lady in charm of conversation, and even them I am obliged to admit two things: that the American women of intellectual society are often more natural than their French rivals, and that they make less effort to charm. In a word, with them you are amiable without having to be gallant, and none of those stereotyped compliments, which so often spoil the charm of a conversation between a man and a woman, are expected of you.

In this society, the reunions are not only veritable feasts for the mind, the heart also plays its part. You are welcomed with such cordiality that you feel at once among friends, friends whom you will have profound regret at being obliged to quit so soon, and with whom you hope to keep relations all your days.

When the steamer left New York harbor, and I was bound for Europe, I hardly knew whether the desire to see my own country again was stronger than my regret at leaving America.

After all, I thought, I am not saying adieu to the Americans, but au revoir; a seven days' journey, and I can be among them again.

A Negro Ambitious to be a Geologist.

Prof. Holmes, the newly appointed State geologist, is giving all his spare time to the arrangement for the work of the survey to begin in June.

It would be interesting to know the number and variety of applications for positions on the survey. The law inaugurating the work says the "survey shall have as its object the thorough examination of the nature and extent of the mineral and timber resources of the State," and and it is understood that every person appointed on the survey must be something of a specialist in geology and mineralogy. But strange enough, out of upwards of one hundred applicants for position, it is said that not more than half a dozen have even laid claim to any knowledge of these subjects.

The one hundredth applicant appeared a few days ago at Geological Department of the University in the person of a tall and gaunt looking colored man, and the following took place between him and the State geologist:

"Fessor, is you got a minit to spare?"

"Oh, yes; what can I do for you?"

"I'd like to git a job wid you dis summer on de survey."

"Well, uncle, I'm sorry to say that I can't help you out along that line, for the only men we need on the survey are those who have studied rocks and minerals a long time, and who know a good deal about them. You don't know much about them, do you?"

"Well, boss, I'se been a handlin' of 'em all my days, and I thought if you could give me a place I could work 'em up a little of nights."

"But, uncle, you don't quite understand me. The geologists who make this survey must know enough about rocks and minerals to be able to tell what a rock is, how much of it there is at any given place, and what its value is."

"Well, boss, how long do it take fur to git to be a geologist?"

"It usually requires from five to ten years of pretty hard and constant studying and thinking, under the guidance of a good teacher, much of the time."

This was too much for the darkey, who had hoped to begin work this summer, but he ventured to ask as he was leaving:

"Fessor, dey ain't no nigger geologists, no how, is dey?"

"No, I don't think I ever heard of one," was the reply.

"Well, you ain't agwine to hear of none, neither!"

The Landmark says: "A drove of 250 sheep was unloaded from the cars here a few days ago and left on foot over the muddy roads for Watauga county to be summered. It was a sight.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

"THERE'S A CHIEL AMANG YE TAKIN NOTES AND FAITH HE'LL PRENT THEM."

Likely a Mistake.

Some farmers from the southern portion of Cabarrus, finding the roads impassable to Concord, came to this market to buy guano, but the weather changed and it began to rain again. They were afraid to take the fertilizer through the rain and were a blue set till the sun came out again.—Monroe Register.

Are you not mistaken? We heard about them—they were from southern Stanly.

Compromised.

Readers of the Standard will remember the accident that occurred on the Chester and Lenoir Narrow Guage Railroad just below Newton, in which Rev. M. L. Little and others were killed, and some that were badly injured. Among others C. A. Starr, a student of Catawba College, brought suit. A compromise was effected, Starr getting $1,500 damages.

A Wreck Below the Depot.

About four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, as south bound freight train came thundering along, by some disarrangement of the switch the train was derailed, causing a good deal of excitement and bustle among the railroad hands. All hands went to work with crow bars, sledge hammers, and old pieces of iron railing, and succeeded in getting the cars back on the track. There was no damage done, except a slight jarring of two or three brakemen who were on the top of the cars.

The Dummy all O. K.

The dummy head and casing has arrived, and as soon as the other parts arrive, as the cross head, piston rod, follower, gland, etc., will be in ship-shape for hauling freight and passengers. It is not known just why everything was not shipped at once. While the broken parts of the dummy have been in Richmond for repairs, various parts of the engine and tender have been painted, and new brasses for the trucks have been put in. When the pieces are all gotten together she will be quite a daisy.

Stealing His Thunder.

The Landmark claims that Esq. Hill's suggestion to cover the public roads is not original. That paper says:

"This idea is not original with Mr. Hill. Mr. J. L. Ramsey, now editor of the Salisbury Watchman, presented and argued it in one or more communications to the Landmark several years ago."

Well, if J. L. Ramsey suggested the thing, the Standard discards the whole idea of covering the public roads, and we will try to have Esq. Hill discard it too. If Ramsey is the daddy of the idea, we are done with it right now.

We Have One.

The Wilmington Messenger has this to say:

"The Dry Goods Chronicle notes that in the South there is need of cotton bleacheries. It reports that Eastern capitalists will remedy this deficiency, and establish some bleacheries. The Chronicle thinks in a few years there will be a full development on this line."

Concord has a bleachery that will supply the wants. Every factory cannot afford to have a bleachery. The capacity of even one being equal to the demands of a large number of mills, not many bleacheries are needed. The Kerr Bag Manufacturing Company have one in successful operation here.

That Roof Again.

Joe Caldwell, of the Landmard, is entirely wrong about J. L. Ramsey, of the Salisbury Watchman, originating the idea of covering the roads. If that had been the case, the Standard was done with the matter. But in conversation with a prominent business man we are informed that he suggested this plan long before Ramsey began contributing to the columns of the Landmark. This gentleman advocated roofing the roads and having holes punched in the roof to admit of a little water so as to avoid the roads getting dusty. Ramsey has been caught. He stole the thunder, and leaving out the holes in the roof he claimed the fathership of the road roofing business. Ramsey ought to acknowledge his crime and the courts will be easy with him.

A Stanly Man Charged with Trying to Wreck a Train.

From the Newton Enterprise the Standard learns of the difficulty in which a former Stanly county man has gotten into. That paper says:

As soon as the wounded were cared for a warrant was issued for the arrest of Henry Williams, a young white man living about three miles of Newton, who came here a year or two ago from Stanley county. On the day before he got offended with Conductor Pope, because he refused to let him ride on his train from Newton to Maiden. As soon as Mr. Pope recovered from the shock of the accident he suspected Williams from his actions the day before. Williams' actions during the night before and on the morning of the accident are also strong circumstances against him. He sent for his wife, by whom he claimed he could prove an alibi, but she refused to swear that she had seen him for 24 hours before the accident. He waived examination, and failing to give bond for $1,000 was sent to jail.

AT ENOCHVILLE.

The School Closing and Other Matter.

The closing exercises of the Enochville High School took place on Wednesday night and on Thursday. The entire programme, as carried out by the school, reflected so little credit upon the efforts of the principal, Rev. W. A. Lutz, and his efficient assistant, Miss Addie Lentz, of Alexander county. Some of the recitations by the little folks were, indeed, far above the average, while larger pupils acquitted themselves in an admirable manner.

At the close of the exercises, Rev. Lutz made some statements regarding the school. Mr. Lutz's connection with the school was only for the year, yet in his temporary charge the enrollment was greater than any previous year, being 126. He announced that Rev. Prof. P. E. Wright would, by action of the Board of Trustees, be in charge as principal at the next session.

This school has done a good for Enochville and that whole section that can not be easily estimated. And it is gratifying, too, to know that those people, upon the whole, appreciate the importance of sustaining a classical school in their midst.

This writer, by invitation, made a few remarks.

It would be a bad oversight were we to overlook the fact that Concord's orchestra was present and played as it never played before. It would not do for us to tell the nice things that we heard about the boys and their really excellent music.

Enochville is an incorported town, and has nearly 100 inhabitants. There are two churches in town and another not far away.

The roller mill is nearing completing. In addition to the roller machinery owned by the late Jacob Stirewalt, the company have purchased several other valuable pieces of machinery, that will add materially to the character of the plant. The construction of the building and the placing of the machinery is being done by Mr. J. A. Lipe, an experienced mill man.

Enochville is certainly a delightful place.

The Young Man was Caught.

The chain gang is employed near Harrisburg on the Irvin hill. Wednesday night about nine o'clock, Huber Smith attempted to escape, but the guard, J. T. Harris, being a good racer, pursued him. After a mile run through woods, briar patches and over rocks, Harris captured Smith. This guard deserves a gold medal for his running race.

Judge Gaston and a Popular Song.

We notice on the programme of the musical festival to be held in Charlotte May 5th and 6th, that "The Old North State," is one of the choruses. We are sure it will be given with a vim by loyal North Carolinians, and may we be there to see.

Most of our readers know that Judge Gaston wrote the poem, but few perhaps remember the circumstances under which it was composed. An intelligent old lady of the county gives this interesting reminiscence of the talented and patriotic Judge:

In 1835 during the convention held in Raleigh to revise the State constitution, several members of the convention sat talking together in Judge Gaston's office. One of these was Hon. D. Moreau Barringer, of Cabarrus, a warm personal friend of the Judge. The conversation, turning upon State affairs, some of the gentlemen asked him to write some lines expressing the sentiments of a true and loyal Carolinian. He agreed, and the result was the verses of which we are all so proud.

It is said that Judge Gaston's mother spun and wove cotton, wool, and flax through weary days and weeks in order that her boy might be able to finish his education.

Ah! These wonderful mothers.

Sad, but True.

The Durham Sun says Durham will ask for an election on prohibition. From the Sun's editorial it seems that a sad state of affairs existed in that town under local option. Evidently prohibition, in Durham, did no prohibit. We quote:

"Is it not better to bear the evils we have than fly back to those we once had, when the prohibitionists had all the prohibition they wanted and the drinkers all the liquor they wanted without tax or restrictions?

Are we again to go back to the holes and dens in the ground; worthless negroes carrying it around in their pockets; and even boys, under age, peddling it around town, debauching their associates? Are our old stables to become favorite resorts for all classes, at all times, and even desecrating every hour of Sunday? A state of affairs existing, such as employed detectives could not ferret out and secure a conviction upon—illegal whiskey dens, controled by unscrupulous men, that paid nothing into the town treasury, yet lent a full hand to drunkenness and crime.

Hadn't Durham better control the liquor traffic than turn it loose in the community under the name of local option; or prohibition, which does not prohibit? These are questions to consider before you sign the petition calling for an election, or vote for the measure if the election is called."

But why such condition of things? Concord, too, has tried both regimes, and Concord's verdict is very different from that of our progressive neighbor where the "Sun" sheds its beams and the "Globe" serenely rotates.

IN THE CHICKEN TOWN.

Peace Reigns Supreme, Eggs Selling High and the Street Lights Are Bright.

The R. & D. train stopped at China Grove to load up on chickens and eggs, and while this was going on the Standard man got off. A delegation met us at the depot—that is, the depot agent met us.

China Grove is the biggest little town in Rowan county—it has a half dozen street lamps and a post office.

The Standard man was entertained by bachelor Brown, of the China Grove Dart, an encyclopedia of recipes. Mr. Brown is a good entertainer, but he is a powerful fellow to sleep with—he talks all the time in his sleep, and it is pretty hard to "take" some things off him. But bachelor Brown is not responsible for what he does in his sleep. The Dart office has a new rope to its entrance, and has introduced a windlass. They are thinking about moving the office into the depot, so as to catch all the chicken news.

The High School is pulling for the end of the term. This school is under the management of Prof. George D. Brown, principal, and Miss Cora Patterson is in charge of the primary department and that of music. We hear many nice things complimentary of the work done by these two very earnest and efficient teachers. The enrollment now is 56. The closing exercises are to take place on April 30th and May 1st.

John D. Barrier, the man who keeps the shuttle block business in a move, is happy, so Brown says. The truth of the matter is, this man Barrier is a Cabarrus man, and the people of China Grove liked him so well that they made him superintendent of the Sunday school.

The town election takes place on May 4th. The woods is full of candidates, but Mayor Thom feels assured of his re-election. The position pays nothing but a relief from taxes and the glory—that's a consideration that the Dart man looks at and may himself become a candidate.

This town improves day after day on the fowl business; they come in from Eastern North Carolina.

From Elkins' Town.

Mr. John Atkins was disappointed in seeing the large crowd at Albemarle on Monday and Tuesday, as he expected. The crowd was not very large. The first train ran into Albemarle on Saturday night, April 4th. Court continued only three days—scarcely any business for it. Only one case went to the jury, not a conviction, and the jail is empty. The people in that town are thoroughly excited over the railroad.

A Beautiful View.

That is a beautiful view of Concord—from one of those long hills, south of town on Rocky River road. We noticed it particularly on Wednesday afternoon, when the rays of the setting sun were filling all the land with beauty at the close of that spring day—but we are plagiarizing, and if we go on we shall trespass upon Harry Blount's territory! It was here that one of the State's brightest sons said last year: "This is the prettiest view of a small town, at this distance, I have ever seen."

Dr. Payne has an article in the Lexington Dispatch that assures the public that there is no danger of small pox in Lexington.

The Monroe Register says: Mr. Allen Boger and son and Mr. Barbee, all of Cabarrus, spent some time here during the first of the week. They were looking after some mining interests lying in this county.

A FAMOUS REMEDY.

The man who invented pills, especially those of the sugar-coated sort, deserves the gratitude of mankind; for, if we must swallow physic at all, the smaller and more agreeable the dose is made the better. But, we presume, the first ingenious pill-roller must continue to remain in obscurity among the great Unknown. Not so, however, the maker of Ayer's Pills, the most famous of modern medicines. Few names are more familiar than that of Dr. J. C. Ayer, whose sugar-coated pills are manufactured by the ton and are used all over the world.

The immense popularity of Ayer's Pills is due to a happy combination of qualities: they are agreeable and easy to take, mild but thorough in operation, beneficial for a great variety of ailments, adapted to all ages, climates, and conditions, and their use is attended with no ill-effects. What more could be desired?

These excellent results are secured by the combination of purely vegetable specifics, of which the essential virtues alone, and not the coarse fibre, are used in compounding Ayer's Pills. No calomel, or any other injurious drug, enters into their composition—a recommendation that all must appreciate, especially when in need of a domestic cathartic; for, however useful and even necessary calomel may be in certain cases, it is, without doubt, one of the most hazardous of drugs and should be taken with extreme caution.

In the liver derangements peculiar to southern climates, where calomel is so often resorted to as a specific, Ayer's Pills are strongly recommended, being quite as effective as calomel, and without its dangerous results.

An intelligent Texan puts the case in a nutshell when he says: "After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangements of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express my high appreciation of the merits of this medicine for the class of disorders I have named."

We are assured that Ayer's Pills have largely superseded the old-time remedies for stomach and liver troubles, not only in the South and West, but all over this country as well as in foreign lands,