

THE STANDARD.

JAMES P. COOK, EDITOR.

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VIEWS OF ASHEVILLE.

The Standard thanks its esteemed and interesting exchange, the Asheville Citizen, of the land of the sky, for a large "Bird's Eye View of Asheville." The Citizen is making a present of one of these for a six months' subscription (\$3.00) to the Citizen. The work is really superior, and we can trace on it the path of Al. Fairbrother, of the Durham Globe, when found in his lust and bewildered condition while in attendance upon the Immigration Convention in December.

CERTAINLY MISTAKEN.

The report that Lecturer Ben Terrell, who has been addressing large meetings of representative men in the State, "said Vance, Vest, Carlisle and Mills were not statesmen, but contemptible demagogues," is certainly false. At any rate, Mr. Terrell, in his speech here, said nothing of the kind. To say such a thing would be out of place and uncalled for, and Mr. Terrell was certainly fair, conservative and very gentlemanly in all his utterances, and we don't believe the remarks credited to him to be correct. Even now, Alliance men were deeply impressed with his speech.

"OF SOME INFIRMITIES."

Judge Schenck's tribute to Gov. Fowle: "A man of some infirmities but no vices." Those who knew the lamented Fowle best are ready to say amen to this.

Like all men, and especially politicians, Gov. Fowle had his infirmities. These things enter into the make-up of all, a kind of contagion that lurks around to lay hold of every new-comer among the human family; and some the soil and its preparation are more adapted for imbibing this contagion than other specimens.

But Governor Fowle had "no vices." This is worth no little in the biography of any man.

There is no doubt that a number of public men have held warmer places in the hearts of North Carolinians; yet North Carolinians will honor themselves, in years to come, by the just and proper memory of the truly gallant Fowle, with his devotion and love for the State and with his spotless record in times of war and peace.

A NEW YORK M. D. ON NORTHERN PRISONS OF WAR.

That article of Dr. John A. Wyeth, in April Century, on the treatment of Confederate war prisoners at Camp Morton, near Indianapolis, is likely to give rise to a fine controversy. Dr. Wyeth was himself in prison, and he says he has waited twenty-eight years, until sectional bitterness had in a measure passed away, before publishing to the world the inexcusable cruelty practiced upon helpless captives. No sooner does the article see the light than one W. R. Holladay, Private Secretary of Gov. Morton during the war, declare it a willful misrepresentation, and claims to be able to disprove every statement made by Dr. W.

The Doctor says he is prepared with incontrovertible evidence of the truth of his assertion, and is anxious for Holladay to attempt to carry out his purpose.

It seems a little strange that Dr. Wyeth should have waited all these years to give the facts to the public, especially when such a howl has been raised by the northern press about Libby and Andersonville.

THERE ARE TWO SIDES.

"One fellow works, the other doesn't; but the one that does not work gets the milk."—This is a saying which sometimes hits this every day—sometimes it hits and sometimes it misses. There may be truth in it, but it is pretty sorry philosophy. There are results for every act, for every influence and for every effort. There may be luck—he is being identified long ago—in human affairs; but luck is another name for push, shrewdness, common sense or knowledge how to strive when the iron is hot. This thing of men wanting on luck is all stuff, sorry at that.

But there are phases of life for us all—some are hard, 'tis true, but there are conditions that enter into the affairs of men that must be recognized and they are felt.

One fellow, in luxury and idleness perhaps, gets the goat all over; another, with nose to the grindstone and fights like a little man to keep the wolf from the door and to keep something in the cupboard, gets weak at the knees, shows age and struggles on till he dies—something we all have to do.

The story of the way people live has never been written except in reality; disease, health, comfort, want, happiness, sorrow, sweetness, bitterness, kindness, meanness, success and failure battle with each other in the lives of men, yet pretty generally mixed before the thing is over, and the story of a life is checked, scalloped and badly freckled.

It takes grit and a grip to hold on—all is not sweetness; for all is not gold that glitters. The rich have sorrows, so have the poor; and all have pleasures peculiar to themselves. And these things have to be tasted, for you can't sit off and see the procession go by—you are in it, one of 'em.

Some men kick about equality and heights and depths, but there is a level, a common level: the bottom of the grave levels all humanity.

Rev. J. L. White, of Durham, has gone to Richmond to assist in a projected meeting.

THE COLORED MAN RECOGNIZED.

President Harrison is by no means blind to the political recognition of the colored man. He has appointed John C. Daney, a colored man of Tarboro, to be collector of customs for the Wilmington District. There were a number of applicants, among others a white man at Maxton, N. C. But Daney was a fancy in the eye of the President and he got there.

MAN'S SIZING UP.

A very able divine of one of the Concord churches said recently: "It is a great blessing to humanity that man's estimate of man is not authoritative; for if it required a unanimous vote of the town, there would not be a dozen in Concord that get to heaven."

This is too true. But human nature is a study, the wide world over. The savage may possess some good traits not found in civilization, yet civilized man has the advantage of the savage in the possession of many superior traits. Man's a funny thing in some of his tastes; he contemplates a thing in one man that he overlooks in another; he helps in one case where he pulls back in a similar one; and he likes one man that he dislikes another one that is superior. You can't bet on what a man's going to do. His selfishness blinds him; his tastes make him partial and actions make him, in the sight of some good; in the sight of others, a scoundrel.

Some men delight in the failures of others; some men step on a fellow after he is down; some men say they pity a fellow, when they don't; and they wish all manner of stuff when they don't wish anything at all.

In this day and time, when interests differ, when men have iron in the fire, when things drop on men's heads, every fellow is looking out for No. 1. He's the gentleman that gets the attention.

Men get mad and angry and surly and spiteful and irritable and peevish and childish too easily and too often. They are too ready to impute the motives of other men, to cry "self-interest" when a fellow proposes a scheme, and to attack sinister motives to the actions of men.

Some men won't work unless they are bell sheep, and falling there they become stubborn and draw their followers around them and make factions.

Some men forget that it's a free country and that every man has a right to think for himself, if he has a thinker, and to entertain opinions, etc.

But it's this everywhere. The truth of the matter is, we men and women all over the country don't "love our neighbor as ourselves."

THE WORLD KNOWS NOTHING.

Some one—his acquaintance is a little rusty now—said: "Of all the words of months or years ago, the saddest are 'It might have been.'"

For sentiment and generalities that pass muster. But there are other conditions, born of a variety of stuff, that make ugly pictures and holes that refuse to be healed.

Here's a man (a husband and here's a woman (a wife). From the teachings of Holy Writ, from written and unwritten law, and from our neighbors, we learn of the duties of the contracting parties. They say there is a good deal of love connected with it, and an injunction to overlook weaknesses, faults and shortcomings, and such like.

That ought to be done at all times and under all conditions. But 'tis not. When we hear of those who, in the presence of living witnesses and in the sight of the great Creator, promise to love and care for each other, go wrong, cross swords and test the merits of law, we think them of sad things, of sin, of meanness, of bitterness, of contention, and of general hard-headedness. We also think of the blindness of humanity. There is such a thing of loving too much, too ardently and too devotedly.

Men love too hard or hate too bitterly; women love blindly and strongly or hate the same way. There is a golden mean in everything. Neatly every boy—when he strikes him, and masters him and leads him round by the nose—thinks his favorite (if that be the technical term) is the collection of perfection, is a goddess, and before whom he worships idol-like, forgetting that she is human and has faults. The "favorite," through the same influence and through mistaken notions about the character of humanity, learns to look upon her suitor as a hero, an emblem of royal greatness and goodness. They sometimes marry—children do! The story is told and told sadly.

But there is jangling and discord everywhere. When an old man and an old woman, after years of hard toil and trouble and sorrow and blessings, let their tempers create dislike and let discord reign riot—nothing is sadder, but it is the testimony of "how whom life and existence had their origin in the lives of those who nurse the discord and battle for supremacy.

It is bad when law, peace-warrants, bonds and such like have to be resorted to in order to bring the lives and actions of those who long ago swore to love in sickness and in health, etc.

This is not the stuff that is pleasant; it makes hearts sad; it throws gloom over whole families and sometimes wrecks lives that might have set in the very splendor of peace, love and eternal hopes. Occasionally a briar like this makes a ripple in the matrimonial sea.

These remarks are suggested by several family disturbances recently.

Dr. L. G. Broughton, of Reidsville, who has been sick for some thirteen weeks, is recovering rapidly.

Mr. J. C. Caddell, the traveling correspondent and agent for the Raleigh News and Observer, has resigned his position and taken a position as correspondent of the Biblical Recorder.

POOR CINCINNATI.

This place is in Ohio, and, whilst booming up on the map of the world as a great city, it has mud—the kind that actually kills people.

A few days ago a preacher was walking along on the pavement, and stepping off, fell his last fall. He landed in the mud. Unable to extricate himself from the sticky stuff, he perished there from suffocation.

This is by way of a slight apology for the mud Concord and Cabarrus county thrust upon the travelling public.

Least something is done ere next winter, verily our names, too, will be mud.

TOO RIDICULOUS.

While the New Orleans affair is deplorable, and is regretted by all that rejoice in the full dignity of the law being observed, yet it seems a little on the verge of ridiculous stuff to even suppose that the action of the mob, that put to death men in the custody of the law, should precipitate war between the United States and Italy.

The Italian mob may kick, bluster and make ugly faces at us, but it is almost absurd to dread war being declared. Italy might be able to whip us on water—but Americans are just now living on soil; she might attempt to annoy us in other ways, yet the United States is in no immediate danger.

The action of Italian authorities reminds us of a little man giving a fellow a quarter to hold him under the pretext that should he get loose he would completely demolish some big fellow.

There may be war, but up to date the dust Italy and sensational papers are kicking up does not smell like war in the nostrils of the cool and level-headed.

AN "INNOCENT" ABROAD.

A handsome young North Carolinian, who has recently moved to a great Northern city to live, has written home to a warm friend, who is a married man, and his letter is rich, rare and rare.

The Chronicle was permitted to read it, and at the risk of "giving our country away" we print the following extract:

"I'll just remark before closing that there are 19,000 more women than men here, and a fellow has to be in an eternal fight against having what some people call 'a good time.' What a gloriously good time you could have here if you 'just weren't married.' You can have it anyhow if you will come here and play single. Well, the fact is, being married doesn't make much difference. Let me know when you are coming. I'll tell you an incident. I was talking with a very handsome girl a short time since. Was at the same boarding house with her, and you see it was perfectly natural to talk. Both hands standing and in some remark I made I stretched out my arm to emphasize with a gesture.

"I don't know what she thought, but she careened over my way, and I caught her with an almighty grip too. You won't blame me when I tell you that she is employed as a 'model' in the tourist store in Washington. She is the most perfect figure I ever saw.

Well, I stood her up again on beam ends, and let her go; and instead of any confusion or apology on her part, she looked at me and uttered a contemptuous 'humpf.' Tricks like that are mighty common here. I think there ought to be a band to protect the 'innocents.'—State Chronicle.

The Standard is up to Joe Daniels in the above; the thing is a worse "sell" than the immortal Douglas, the shoe man. Joe got this thing up from his fertile brain. There are dummies in all towns, and a fellow that knocks over a dummy, he ought to catch it. There are two or three dummies in Concord, but they don't wear women attire.

STINGS FROM NO. 7.

Wheat and oats are looking well. The heaviest rain that fell this Spring fell on the morning of the 11th inst.

Geo. H. Barnhardt is making preparations to build a house on his plantation.

The late frost has not left many peach-trees.

The debating society at Misenheimer hall adjourned until next Fall, as the nights are too short.

On the 11th inst. J. A. Harkey discovered something white on a tree in his bottom. He concluded he would take his gun and find what virtue there was in lead. When the gun cracked a large fish hawk fell lifeless to the ground, which measured 5 feet 31 inches from tip to tip.

Cherry trees are in bloom.

C. L. Nossman has bought him a typewriter, which does very excellent work.

C. A. Barnhardt will go to Mt. Pleasant Monday to work. H. S.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas in the providence of Almighty God we have been called upon to part with our beloved sister and co-worker, Mrs. Margaret A. Beater, who died March 3, '91; and whereas we feel the loss to our W. H. and F. M. Society, since she was one of the first to enter the work;

Resolved 1. That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father in this our bereavement.

2. That we as a society express hereby our deepest sympathy for her husband and children, who have lost a kind wife and mother, and also for her father and mother, brothers and sisters.

3. That we desire her mantle to fall on some one who has not yet departed, and whose heart will be as truly in the work as hers.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be tendered the family, that they be recorded in our minutes, and also in the Lutheran Visitor, Our Church Paper and the Concord Standard for publication.

LITTLE DROPS OF.

Frederickson's hosts of the excellence of its street car service.

Five story brick 50x55 feet factory was begun in Greenboro Tuesday.

The new Baptist church in Tarboro will be dedicated on the fifth Sunday in May.

Over \$3,000 of stock has been subscribed for the rebuilding of the Monroe Hotel.

The first contract for printing posters for the Great Southern Exposition has been awarded, and the bill amounts to \$3,000.

W. H. Morris, late postmaster at Nelson, Durham county, has been arrested and bound over to court upon the charge of robbing the mails.

It is said that never, in the history of any State, so far as known has the Capitol at Raleigh been draped in the same time as it was last week.

Miss Helen Fowl, eldest unmarried daughter of the late Governor Fowl, qualified before the clerk of the Superior Court of Wake county, executor of her father's estate.

The portrait of Brigadier Gen. John R. Cooke, of Cooke's North Carolina Brigade, hanging in the State Library at Raleigh, has been draped in mourning out of respect to his memory.

Over \$28,000 has been raised for the Chair of History at the University. Hon. K. C. Battle, who is to occupy the chair, says that only \$35,000 more is needed, and that will be raised at an early date.

News and Observers: Gov. Holt Monday appointed the following officials to go to Washington and take a copy of the stubs now on file there, from which the direct taxes will be paid to claimants: Messrs. A. L. Delosset, David Anderson, Miss Annie Jones, of Wilmington, Mrs. Minnie Haywood Bagley, Miss Burkhead, of Goldsboro.

Mr. Airy News: Several real estate transactions have taken place at Pilot Mountain this week. The outcome of these trades will be more new dwelling and business houses. Dr. Flippen has sold out and will locate in Thomasville. While the citizens of Pilot regret the loss of Dr. Flippen, they have another physician who, we learn, has moved in to take his place.

Few men in their day and generation have done more for the national upbuilding of their section and State than Governor Holt, and every interest of North Carolina will feel the loss of his services. He will be in the chair of history at the University of North Carolina. A plain, practical man of the people, a patriot for him an efficient administration, and great popularity in office.—Winston Sentinel.

AMOUNT OF CURRENCY.

Below is given the currency per capita. If the figures are correct, the showing is better than thought. Yet many of us may not have our "poc capita," but somebody has.

The figures furnished by the Treasury Department show the following calculations being made by Mr. W. F. Lantz:

Per capita	Total
1873.....	\$20,011,000
1874.....	20,155,000
1875.....	20,300,000
1876.....	20,445,000
1877.....	20,590,000
1878.....	20,735,000
1879.....	20,880,000
1880.....	21,025,000
1881.....	21,170,000
1882.....	21,315,000
1883.....	21,460,000
1884.....	21,605,000
1885.....	21,750,000
1886.....	21,895,000
1887.....	22,040,000
1888.....	22,185,000
1889.....	22,330,000
1890.....	22,475,000
1891.....	22,620,000
1892.....	22,765,000
1893.....	22,910,000
1894.....	23,055,000
1895.....	23,200,000
1896.....	23,345,000
1897.....	23,490,000
1898.....	23,635,000
1899.....	23,780,000
1900.....	23,925,000
1901.....	24,070,000
1902.....	24,215,000
1903.....	24,360,000
1904.....	24,505,000
1905.....	24,650,000
1906.....	24,795,000
1907.....	24,940,000
1908.....	25,085,000
1909.....	25,230,000
1910.....	25,375,000
1911.....	25,520,000
1912.....	25,665,000
1913.....	25,810,000
1914.....	25,955,000
1915.....	26,100,000
1916.....	26,245,000
1917.....	26,390,000
1918.....	26,535,000
1919.....	26,680,000
1920.....	26,825,000
1921.....	26,970,000
1922.....	27,115,000
1923.....	27,260,000
1924.....	27,405,000
1925.....	27,550,000
1926.....	27,695,000
1927.....	27,840,000
1928.....	27,985,000
1929.....	28,130,000
1930.....	28,275,000
1931.....	28,420,000
1932.....	28,565,000
1933.....	28,710,000
1934.....	28,855,000
1935.....	29,000,000
1936.....	29,145,000
1937.....	29,290,000
1938.....	29,435,000
1939.....	29,580,000
1940.....	29,725,000
1941.....	29,870,000
1942.....	30,015,000
1943.....	30,160,000
1944.....	30,305,000
1945.....	30,450,000
1946.....	30,595,000
1947.....	30,740,000
1948.....	30,885,000
1949.....	31,030,000
1950.....	31,175,000
1951.....	31,320,000
1952.....	31,465,000
1953.....	31,610,000
1954.....	31,755,000
1955.....	31,900,000
1956.....	32,045,000
1957.....	32,190,000
1958.....	32,335,000
1959.....	32,480,000
1960.....	32,625,000
1961.....	32,770,000
1962.....	32,915,000
1963.....	33,060,000
1964.....	33,205,000
1965.....	33,350,000
1966.....	33,495,000
1967.....	33,640,000
1968.....	33,785,000
1969.....	33,930,000
1970.....	34,075,000
1971.....	34,220,000
1972.....	34,365,000
1973.....	34,510,000
1974.....	34,655,000
1975.....	34,800,000
1976.....	34,945,000
1977.....	35,090,000
1978.....	35,235,000
1979.....	35,380,000
1980.....	35,525,000
1981.....	35,670,000
1982.....	35,815,000
1983.....	35,960,000
1984.....	36,105,000
1985.....	36,250,000
1986.....	36,395,000
1987.....	36,540,000
1988.....	36,685,000
1989.....	36,830,000
1990.....	36,975,000
1991.....	37,120,000
1992.....	37,265,000
1993.....	37,410,000
1994.....	37,555,000
1995.....	37,700,000
1996.....	37,845,000
1997.....	37,990,000
1998.....	38,135,000
1999.....	38,280,000
2000.....	38,425,000
2001.....	38,570,000
2002.....	38,715,000
2003.....	38,860,000
2004.....	39,005,000
2005.....	39,150,000
2006.....	39,295,000
2007.....	39,440,000
2008.....	39,585,000
2009.....	39,730,000
2010.....	39,875,000
2011.....	40,020,000
2012.....	40,165,000
2013.....	40,310,000
2014.....	40,455,000
2015.....	40,600,000
2016.....	40,745,000
2017.....	40,890,000
2018.....	41,035,000
2019.....	41,180,000
2020.....	41,325,000
2021.....	41,470,000
2022.....	41,615,000
2023.....	41,760,000
2024.....	41,905,000
2025.....	42,050,000
2026.....	42,195,000
2027.....	42,340,000
2028.....	42,485,000
2029.....	42,630,000
2030.....	42,775,000
2031.....	42,920,000
2032.....	43,065,000
2033.....	43,210,000
2034.....	43,355,000
2035.....	43,500,000
2036.....	43,645,000
2037.....	43,790,000
2038.....	43,935,000
2039.....	44,080,000
2040.....	44,225,000
2041.....	44,370,000
2042.....	44,515,000
2043.....	44,660,000
2044.....	44,805,000
2045.....	44,950,000
2046.....	45,095,000
2047.....	45,240,000
2048.....	45,385,000
2049.....	45,530,000
2050.....	45,675